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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2, 1893.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

The Celestials buy \$6,000,000 worth from us per year. We reciprocate by buying \$18,000,000 worth from them. Petroleum is our largest item of export, for every gallon of which we buy \$1 worth of ten.

> The city of New York, the population of which is now beyond 2,000,000, must within a very few years, predicts the New York Sun, be the second city in the world. The next census will most likely show its population to be greater than that of Paris. This city is growing more rapidly than any of the other chief cities of the world. There were but 60,000 people here at the opening of the century; there are now over 2,000,000.

One very novel feature of the new suffrage law which was recently wrested from the Belgian Parliament by the uprising of the working class is the bestowal of a double vote upon every man who is married, or who has attained the age of thirty-five. The theory of this is that in the former case he represents, not merely his own share in the public weal, but that of his family. In the latter he is supposed to have at least a double share of judg-

F A curious exodus has been for some years and is still going on from Canada to the United States. The descendants of Revolutionary Tories and sympathizers with Great Britain in the war of 1812-14 are emigrating to the State of New York and to the Northern New England States in large numbers. They come quietly, and because this country was the home of their fathers they feel it to be their natural home. The New York News asserts that the feeling is hereditary, and of a piece with the desire of the Israelites in Babylon and Egypt to go back to the homes of their ancestors.

Among the most beautiful charities of New York, remarks the Independent, is an estate of about 184 acres ten miles north of the city, left by the late Robert B. Minturn as the seat of a number of buildings crowded out of the city itself. Several of them have recently been completed and are to be dedicated this week. The main object in view in erecting the buildings has been to provide homes, instruction and worship for the boys and girls gathered from the slums of the city by organizations, such "Sheltering Arms," "Children's Fold," etc. Special attention will be given to industrial training.

The Sultan of Turkey has, it is said, got the notion into his head that he must have a world's fair at Constantinople in 1894. It is to be hoped, observes the New York World, that the civilized Nations of Europe will frown severely upon the scheme. The taxridden people of his dominions are already muleted of nearly \$10,000,000 annually to support his harem. The Turkish notion of a world's fair will necessitate the invention of a new levy, the appointment of a horde of new taxgathers and the enlargement of the present system of official incompetency and tyranny that makes life in Arabia and Syria little better than slavery.

The inventor of the bullet proof uniform, Herr Dowe, in Mannheim, who only a few months ago refused to fill an American order for a single bullet proof overcost, for which garment the American offered \$250, has had the misfortune of accumulating small debts as fast as newspaper notoriety, and the other day all his personal property, including his furniture and the evening dross suit which he bought to wear at a hoped for audience with the Kaiser, was sold at auction. Thus another one-day wonder has been trampled into the dust. The man who seemed to be destined to bring about a change in modern warfare in the hands of the sheriff! This is, indeed, a queer world.

The following table shows the armies of Europe on a war footing in 1869

and 1892:		
	869;	1892.
France	350,000	4,350,000
Germany	900,000	5,000,000
Bussia	000,001	4,000,000
Asistria	750,000	1,900,000
	000,076	2,256,000
	458,000	602,000
	450,000	800,000
	320,000	1,150,000
	150,000	489,000
	130,000	335,600
Beligium	55,000	258,000
Portugal	70,000	254,000
Denmark	45,009	91,000
Holland	45,000	185,000
Montenegro	40,000	55,000
Grocoo,	85,009	180,000
Houmands by	88.000	280,000

25,000 We see that in 1869 Europe had 6,958,000 soldiers and that now she has 22,248,000, more than triple the aumber in 1860.

"WHERE HELEN SITS.""

Where Helen sits, the darkness is so deep,

No golden sunbeam strikes athwart the No mother's smile, no glance of loving eves, Lightens the shadow of that lonely room, Yet the clear whiteness of her radiant soul

Decks the dim walls, like angel vestments

The lovely light of holy innocence Shines like a halo round her bended head, Where Helen sits.

Where Helen sits, the stillness is so deep, No children's laughter comes, no song of

The great world storms along its noisy way, But in this place no sound is ever heard. Yet do her gentle thoughts make melody Sweeter than aught from harn or viol flung And Love and Beauty, quiring each to each, Sing as the stars of Eden's morning sung,

Where Helen sits, -Laura E. Richards, in the Century.

* Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind.

BARBARA'S ESCAPE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



ful, in a dark, glittering style of beanand in that elegant room she might have reminded one of a pearl in its satin casket. - Black-eyed and haired, with a creamy skin, finegrained as velvet, and straight, delicately chiseled features, hers was an

uncommon beauty, yet strangely fas-Eighteen years old, and engaged to be married! It was a new leaf in the book of life for Barbara Esmond; a sensation as novel as it was delightful.

a loving, tender, elder sister," mused Barbara, restlessly. "I scarcely understand my own feelings. I wonder if I do love him as I should love the man I intend to make my husband. Husband!" she added, with a little tremulous sort of shudder. The word implies a great deal. And Har- Esmond?"

ry Milbrook is to be my husband!" invisible bars of her prisoned exis- whim. tence; captured with her own toils, yet "And the piano, too, that you sent

Mr. Henry Milbrook, however, was erous!" troubled with no such the right to share her wealth.

cart-horses. Therefore it follows that at your feet." I must have money, and, possessing none of my own, I must marry the article. And although I object to red hair 'time ever come? and a crooked spine, I am quite willing to accept the incumbrance of a beauti- that day. ful girl along with said cash !"

brook contemplated his approaching veiled, and walked swiftly through the felicity. He kept his rhapsodies of romance and soft poetic whisperings for Barbara's ear alone, and she, like lieved in him.

She told no one of the precious secret enshrined in her heart; it would have seemed almost like desecration; but her lover was by no means so deli-

"So you're to be married, Hal!" said Mr. Joseph Piercy, at the club.
"Yes, I'm going to be married; to a cool hundred thousand, too," answered Mr. Milbrook, rubbing his hands.

"Who is it?" "Oh, the lady, you mean?" "Yes, I mean the lady."

"It's old Esmond's daughter." "What, the star-eyed Barbara?"

"Exactly so." "I congratulate you, old fellow." 'Much obliged," answered Mr. Milbrook, indifferently pulling his mustache. "I flatter myself it's a pretty good speculation for a fellow that travels on his good looks alone. "I wish she had a sister for me," ob-

There was a general laugh among the youths of fashion in the club room at this scintillation of wit, and Mr. Milbrook sauntered leisurely out. "I promised she should have my

picture," thought Mr. Harry, "and I suppose the cheapest place I can have it done is at the establishment of that I guess I'll go round there. It was hard for so exquisitely gotten

up a youth as Mr. Milbrook to be com- ple pile with her contemptuous foot. pelled to hide his light under the bushel of so obscure a street as that her set teeth; "the miserable poltoward which he now bent his footsteps, but economy was just at present for a single second that I loved him? something of an object with this mod- Reply to this letter? Of course I ern Apollo of ours. Signor Pernelli, the artist, was at

home, a dark, courteous little Italian, with a wife and seven small children, and very glad he was to receive Mr. brook's petty spite. Milbrook's order.

"On ivory, I suppose, sir?" "Yes, I suppose so. It's dreadfully Rufus Kenward lounged in spensive," thought Harry, with a "Halo, Milbrook! I've j

their own way, of course.

dark silk dress brush by, and the pure, knew, Barbara Esmond's face.

"Hello!" ejaculated our hero. 'Fernelli, who the duse is that young ady, and how came she here?" "That young lady, signor, with the brown dress and the long throat, and the head like the goddess Diana?"

LONG THE STATE OF THE AND AND THE STATE OF THE AND THE STATE OF THE

a week, and sings, my word, like a nightingale

'Who is Pauline Delatour?" "A poor girl, signor, who sews on dresses; but one day she will come out on the stage—she will sing at the

Harry Milbrook stared at Signor Fernelli like one demented. "Which size did you say sir?"

"I-I don't think I'll make a selection to-day. I will call to-morrow."

And Mr. Milbrook rushed headlong down stairs, greatly to the surprise of

Signor Fernelli.
"The duse!" he ejaculated to himstreet, with difficulty restraining himself from tumbling at every other step over the babies who swarmed on the 'Is Miss Esmond at h lessons in such a hole as that. Upon | the door. feeling, and yet it my word I've come preciously near isn't unpleasant. being taken in and done for! So it's specially that she was never at home Barbara Esmond all show and empty pretense that to Mr. Milrbook any more." was the stood in the middle wealth of hers, and she was going to old reply.

And Harry went his way lamenting. of the room, one entrap a husband on the strength of slender hand poised it. My stars! it's enough to make the He had chosen his lot, and he must by its forefinger on hair stand right straight up on a felthe table, the other low's head. What a lucky thing it the snares laid for her.—New York holding back the was I saw through the stratagem be- Weekly.

jetty tresses from fore I was netted past escape."
her pure, low brow. He lifted his hat, and wiped the She was very beauti- chill beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"No, you don't, Miss Barbara Es-mond," he muttered to himself with a bitter, sarcastic smile wreathing his "I am not quite such a fool as that, thank goodness.

Barbara Esmond had fluttered lightly up the narrow staircase, all uncon-scious of the eyes that were noting her, through Signor Fernelli's partially opened door, and entered a small room in the story above. A pale young girl, with a sweet, spirituelle face, sat at her sewing by the window. She "I wish I had a mother to go to, or brightened up as the delicate figure came in.

"Miss Esmond, it is so kind of you to remember me so punctually."
"Not at all kind. I am a genius worshiper, Pauline, and I have discovered the divine spark in you. "How shall I ever pay you, Miss

"By cultivating the talent heaven Barbara was like a newly-caged has bestowed upon you. Nay, nay, bird, restless, fluttering against the Pauline, I am but following out a pet

half disposed to break away into the here. Oh, Miss Esmond, one of heavsolitude and independence once more. en's angels could hardly be more gen-

had won the heart of Miss Esmond, lesson. I never thought, when first I the heiress, and what was of rather heard you singing at your work and more consequence to him, he had won paused to listen to the flute-like notes, that you would be half way through "I'm a fellow of talent," mused Mr. the exercise book in less than six Milbrook, "and fellows of talent never months. When you sing at the opera could endure to work like common I shall be the first to throw bouquets

Pauline looked with a shy brightness at her benefactress. Would that

The lesson was longer than usual Pauline and Miss Esmond That was the decidedly practical and nearly twilight before Barbara unromantic manner in which Mr. Mil- emerged from the house, closely

darkening streets. "There's a note for you, Miss Barbara," said her housekeeper, as she sat any enthusiastic girl of eighteen, be- down to rest a minute or two in the reception-room of her own mansion

before she laid off her things.

it come?" 'About fifteen minutes ago, miss. A little boy brought it." "Light the gas, please, Mrs. Moore,

and take these wraps upstairs."

A soft rose tint flushed over Barbara's cheek as she recognized Harry Milbrook's handwriting. She broke the seal and glanced eagerly at its contents; but, as she read, the soft crimson flush died away into pallor. It was very, very brief, but cruel as

"Miss Esmond," it read, commencing shortly and sternly, instead of the "Dearest Barbara" she had expected, 'allow me to claim back the troth I have plighted to you. I had supposed when I engaged myself to you that I was about to ally myself fo a lady, not them while he goes to sleep again.' to a music mistress in Grove street. It "I don't. I can't afford to go halves will scarcely be worth while for you to reply to this letter, as I can never, unin the cash." will searcely be worth while for you to Therefore, I shall take it for granted that all relations are ended between

yourself and "Yours very respectfully, "H. Mussook

Barbara dropped the insulting letter with a sparkle in her black eyes, a poor devil of an artist in Grove street. curve to her lip, which were wondrously eloquent, and as it lay on the carpet she ground it down into the deep pur-

> troon! How could I ever have fancied shall not reply to it." And Miss Esmond walked up stairs

> carrying her head high in the air, far, far beyond the reach of Harry Milbreakfast table next morning when

As he sat waiting for Signer Fernelli than all her bonds and mortgages.

style, he saw through the open door a stress, one Pauline Delatour, because the child has a glorious voice and can't clear profile of a face that he well afford to have it cultivated. I wish you could hear Pauline rave about her benefactress. I think her enthusiasm would satisfy even your true lover's ear. Really, it isn't often that an heiress like old Esmond's daughter

Harry Milbrook had sat down his "It is the music mistress of Pauline chocolate cup, and was staring with Delatour upstairs; she comes twice of glassy eyes at Mr. Kenward.

"Why, what's the matter?" de-manded that gentleman, somewhat shortly. "N-nothing !"

"Dyspepsia, ch?"
"No. I tell you I'm well enough." Harry had made a mistake—a mistake that was likely to be fatal to his bril-

liant matrimonial aspirations. "Why didn't I wait? What the mischief was I in such a hurry for?" he demanded of himself, without any very satisfactory answer, as he hurried along

the street toward Barbara's residence The boy might not have delivered the note-Barbara might not have read self as he strode along the narrow it—there were a thousand "might street, with difficulty restraining him-nots," and he resolved to try his luck,

"Is Miss Esmond at home?" he asked sidewalk, "A music-mistress! Giving of the old housekeeper, who came to

A Thrilling Adventure. -Ezra Thomas, a prospector of Shasta County (where he is known as the "Mountain Boy"), had an exciting adventure on Sunday last in the neighborhood of Taylor's Flat. leisurely walking along the trail with his pick on his shoulder his attention was suddenly called to the fact that something was running along behind him. On turning around he saw a deer coming on the dead run and within a few feet of him. He stepped aside, and, as the deer reached him, he struck it on the head with his pick the point of which was embedded deep in the deer's forehead. The deer dropped dead. No sooner had he dispatched the deer than his attention was again directed to the trail over which the deer had come, when, to his utter astonishment and alarm, he saw a huge California lion bounding along after the deer. The "Mountain Boy had barely time to step aside to give the animal the right of way and get his pick in readiness for an attack when the lion came leaping to where he was. He made a lick at the animal's head with the pick, but as the lion was going at such velocity he missed his mark and struck one of the lion's hind legs, breaking it. The lion with a savage growl and snapping its teeth in rage bounded away on three legs and disappeared. The dead deer was brought to the residence of J. D. Hayward, where it served to satisfy the cravings of the inner man,-Weaverville (Cal.) Journal.

Dried Files From Mexico. "No matter what it may be, if an article brings a fair price I deal in it,' said a commission merchant to writer in the Waverly Magazine. were both deeply interested, and it was last venture consists of dried flies, just common flies which come from Mexico. People buy them for their singing birds. I sell them retail to the dealers. Flies are plentiful in the tropical valleys and the time of the Mexican Indian is not particularly valuable When he can no longer sleep in his hut on account of the swarms of flies attracted by the filth which accumu-"A note? Let me see it. When did lates about his front door, he sometimes is stung into a desire for revenge on his enemies. Revenge is sweet,

and sweeter if there is any money is it. He goes to the woods and collects a number of green twigs of a certain tree. These he lays in a pile on the floor of his hut, with some dry twigs under them. Then from another tree he gets a gum which he boils into a thin syrup and spreads on the walls of his hut. The flies are attracted by its fragrant and far-reaching odor. They gather to feed on it. When the hut is black with them the Indian sets fire to the twigs on the floor and closes the apertures from the outside. The twigs emit an aromatic smoke which kills the flies and they fall to the floor in thousands. Then the native's wife dries

The First Posts.

The first posts are said to have riginated in the regular couriers established by Cyrus about 550 B. C., who erected posthouses throughout the Kingdom of Persia. Augustus was the first to introduce this institution among the Romans, 31 B. C., and he was imitated by Charlemagne about 800 A. D. Louis XI. was the first sovereign to establish posthouses in France, owing to his eagerness for news, and they were also the first institution of this nature in Europe.

This was in 1470, or about 2000 years after they were started in Persia. In England in the reign of Edward IV. (1481) riders on posthorses went stages of the distance of twenty miles from each other, in order to procure the King the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war that had arisen with the Scots. A proclamation was issued by Charles That young man was scated at his I. in 1631, that "whereas to this time there bath been no certain intercourse between the Kingdoms of England and "Halo, Millsgook! I've just heard a Scotland, the King now commands his expensive," thought Harry, with a "Halo, Millocok! I've just heard a Scotiand, the king now commands his grimsce; "but engaged girls must have little item about your lady love, Miss Postmaster of England for foreign Esmond, that is, to my mind, better parts to settle a running post or two than all her bonds and mortgages. between Edinburgh and London, to go to bring out some specimens of his art. What do you think? She's giving sing-thither and come back again in six to select the most appropriate size and ing lessons to my wife's little seam-days."—Chambers's Journal.

MARKETING FARM PRODUCE

LOADED FARM WAGONS CARRIED TO NEW YORK ON TRAINS.

How the Long Island Farmer Gets His Truck to Town for the Early Morning Trade.

ONG ISLAND farmers who bring fresh country produce to town each morning and offer it for sale on the big west side plaza called Gansevoort Market do not, as is generally supposed, drive their teams all the way in from their farms. That used to be the way in the old days, but now the farm wagons are placed upon flat cars and

come in by rail. The only way by which farmers could reach their early morning cus tomers in the city a few years ago was to drive; but this was very inconvenient, for the country roads were usually bad and the distances great. The morning market was an early one, and it was generally necessary to start the evening before and drive all night in order to reach Gansevoort in time,

From 10 to 11 o'clock every night the long and dusty roads reaching out from Long Island City into the great truck farming country along the North Shore were traveled by long lines of big two-horse wagons loaded with fresh country produce and driven by sleepy farm hands. It was an expen-sive matter for the farmer, too, for it was necessary to have two complete outfits of horses and wagons and men. The round trip, including the market, required in most cases nearly all of the

twenty-four hours. Nowadays the North Shore farmer loads his truck wagon the evening before and goes to bed. He gets up before the sky has yet shown signs of dawn, hitches up his horses and drives to the nearest railroad station. He finds there an elevated platform the height of a flat car, built alongside the track. It is approached by a long incline of slight pitch, up which his horses have no difficulty in dragging the wagon. Then he rolls over on his seat and goes to sleep, or falls to talk-ing country gossip with his neighbor. Long before the train comes the platform is filled with wagons, and others are waiting below.

The train at length comes puffing

and rumbling along and stops beside the platform. It consists of a dozen or two broad flat cars and a caboose or an old and shabby passenger car. The farm wagons are pushed aboard the flat cars, the wheels rolling in grooves which hold them in position. They are strapped fast so they won't roll off, for the wagons are run cross-way on the ears. Each car carries

four wagons placed side by side. When the wagon is secured the farmer takes his horses into one of the box cars and puts them in stalls which are built in the car and plentifully strewn with straw. Finally he betakes car and smokes black tobacco in wood pipe all the way to Long Island City while he talks crops and markets to his fellow farmers. The chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that he growls the whole distance over the bad season and low prices.

Long Island City is reached and the farmer hitches up his horses again, drives on a ferryboat and finds himself in Thirty-fourth street. He then makes for Gansevoort Market at a round trot so as to get there early and secure a good place; for at Gansevoort Market first come is first served in matter of position.

By this time it is daylight, but the sun is only just out of bed. The big plaza is full of farm wagons from Long Island and Westchester County and New Jersey. In a short time the streets all around are choked with grocers' and butchers' wagons, and a great swarm of retail dealers call upon the farmors and buy the vegetables they require for their day's trade. If the farmer is lucky he is sold out

by the middle of the morning. Then he drives on to Long Island City again, puts his horses and wagon on the train and comes back to New York, if he has time, to enjoy himself after the fashion of farmers when they come to town, until the afternoon hour arrives for the market train to go back into the country.
At home the farmer finds that his

men have gathered a supply of truck for the next day's marketing. This is loaded on the wagon at once, and the farmer goes indoors to his ham and fried potatoes, his pipe and his feather bed .- New York Herald.

Found Hoeing Profitable. As J. M. Cook, formerly of Wood-

land, but who is now farming on the ranch of W. M. McGriff, about one mile below Knights Landing, was engaged in hoeing potatoes, says the Woodland (Cal.) Democrat, he unearthed a half dollar, and after a short while he uncovered another coin of like donomination. Believing that there might be more in the vicinity, he aban doned all thought of potatoes and turned his attention to a search for more coin. By digging to a depth of about two feet, he was rewarded by his hoe striking some metallic substance, and upon seeking the cause he found a veritable gold mine, for an almost compact body there lay before him four twenty-dollar gold pieces, one ten-dol-lar piece and \$4.50 in silver, making the total amount of his find \$95,50. Mr. Cook immediately declared the remainder of the day a holiday and came to this city, feeling quite clated over his fortunate discovery. He informed a reporter that the entire ground on which the money was found was less than six feet in extent and that none of the coins were of later date than 1870. He also announced his intention of resuming the search upon his arrival The mystery is, how came the coins there?

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The sea contains a solution of 2,000,. 000 tons of salt.

Buckwheat cakes, according to a Berlin physician, will give heartburn. A scientist has discovered that wo-

nen live longer than men because they In the northern hemisphere all storms revolve from right to left; in

the southern hemisphere they revolve from left to right. Simultaneous telephoning and telegraphing on the same wire has been

nocessfully tested in Germany on a line 120 miles long. Poison ivy is considered less poisonous when the sun is shining on it, while at night or in the shadow it is

especially dangerous, At Selms, Ala., there is an artesian well provided with two tubes, one of which spouts pure cold water, the other warm water strongly impregnated

A petrified whale, 216 feet long, has been discovered in Costa Rica in a rift between two mountain peaks some distance from San Jose, and 3300 feet

above the level of the sea. The world's rainfall peeord has been broken, with a foot or so to spare, at Crohamhurst, a small settlement on the western slope of Mont Blanc, in southeast Queensland. The standard gauge at the meteorological office registered 101, 20, 351 and 101 inches, respec tively, on four successive days,

Brilliancy of color is obtained by placing complementary colors together and a combination of uncomplementary colors subdues them. Thus, when green and red are placed side by side ach becomes brighter, but if yellow be placed beside green it throws a blue shade on the green and the green throws a red shade on the yellow, both thus losing some of their brightness.

According to a table prepared recently by a French scientist, the average growth of the human species varies at different ages. During the first year after birth the growth is 71 inches; from 2 to 3, 41 inches; from 3 to 4, 1} inches; from 4 to 6, about 2} inches annually; from 7 to 8, 21 inches; from 8 to 12, 2 inches yearly; from 12 to 13, 1 and 8-10 inches; from 13 to 14, 2; inches; from 45 to 16, 2 inches; from 16 to 17, nearly 2 inches. After this, although growth continues until sometimes late in the 20's, it rap-

idly diminishes in quantity. Professor Wiggins believes that telegraph wires cause drouth, that the atmosphere cannot absorb moisture unless it is charged with electricity, and that upon an oblate spheroid like the earth the electricity will inevitably collect at the equator. In this way he explains the frequency of rains at the equator. "If, however," he says, "there be elevated spots on a sphere, electricity will collect on them. Should these spots or continents be connected y wires it might accumulate on alternately. This has happened this year, and America has all the electric energy and Europe has lost it; so that our continent is flooded and Europe is burned up with drouth." sion from all this is that electric wires should be buried.

Curious Growth of Rattan.

Every one knows the pretty, light and graceful chairs and other articles of furniture made from rattan, but every one does not know that the ex tremely tough and flexible wood called rattan is that of the climbing palm tree. This curious climber, which is more of a vine than a tree, is said by the Phila delphia Times to be one of the singu lar characteristics of forest growth in the Celebes and other Malayan countries. Starting with a trunk a little thicker than a man's arm, it winds through the forest, now wrapping a tall tree in its fold, like some gigantic snake, and then descending again to the earth and trailing along in snake like curves until it can find some other stately tree to fasten and climb upon in its pursuit of light and air. forest is so thick and jungle-like that it seems impossible to follow the course of any of these serpent climbers, but there is little doubt that at the last the successful aspirant, which stooped and cringed so long below, will be found shooting up like a flag-staff a dozen feet or more above the tree which has helped it to rise. A use of rattan, which is unknown to those who who have not seen it in its native forest, is as a water carrier. The thristy traveler has at all times a tumbler of cool, refreshing water at his command by cutting off six or eight feet of rattan and putting one of the severed ends to his mouth or holding it over a dish to eatch the water.

Living Over a Volcano,

China is populated so thickly that hundreds of thousands of people live all the year round in house-bonts. Japan is not so overcrowded as China, but it is populated so thickly that about twenty thousand persons live in the erater of Aso San, a volcano about thirty miles distant from the city of Kumamoto. "Think," says a writer in the Chicago Times, "of walking for miles among fertile farms and prosperous villages, peering into school-house the shell of an old time crater, whose walls rise 800 feet all about you. It gives one a queer feeling. Hot springs abound everywhere. In one place saw the brick-red water utilized to turn a rice mill. The inner crater is | Transcript. nearly half a mile in dismeter, and a steady column of roaring steam pours was in 1884, when immense quantities of black ushes and dust were ejected and carried by the wind as far as Kumamoto, where for three days it was so dark that artificial light had to be used."

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One Square, one inch, one insertion. \$
One Square, one inch, one month.
One Square, one inch, one year.
Two Square, one jech, one year.
Quarter Column, one year.
Haif Column, one year.
One Column, one year.

One Column, one year. 100
Legal advertisements ten cents per ils
eson insertion.
Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collect
quarterly. Temporary advertisements ass
be paid in advance. Job work-onah on delivery.

ALWAYS SWEEP UNDER THE MAT. A story is told of a poor servant girl, Who once was moody and strange Who asked for admission to the fold of the

As she had experienced a change, then asked by the pastor a reason to give For a step so important as that, She answered-"Before, sir, I slighted my

But now I sweep under the mat."

There's a world of good sense

In this simple reply, And well worth study and thought To those who are traveling the way that is

Not doing the things which they ought. Be true to yourself; do the best that you

In business, at law, or the bat. Whatever you do, be faithful and true, And always "sweep under the mat."

-Fitz Nigel, in New York Tribune.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Many a man is sunstruck trying to nake hay while the sun shines.

When a man is generous to a fault, it is never one of his wife's. - Chicago Inter-Ocean. People speak of the face of a note,

when it's really the figure that interests them. -Sparks. A small boy says if time is made of

days and nights, it must be striped like a circus zebra. - Puck. It is contended that there is nothing in a name, and yet about all one has is

in it. -Galveston News.

The man who strikes for shorter hours is always willing to except the one allowed for dinner. - Puck. Independence is the inclination to nind one's own business, combined

A great deal of repentance nowadays is done in broadcloth and ashes of roses, instead of sackcloth and ashes, Texas Siftings.

with the ability to do so. - Pnck.

sidered complete these days until she can sing as if she were having her teeth pulled.-Atchison Globe. A correspondent wants to know if it is "the correct thing to eat shad with

No girl's musical education is con-

a fork only." It would be safer to eat it with a sieve. -Statesman. The chappie of to-day is the oldfashioned dude dipped in a little de-

pravity. He has just brains enough to e a nuisance.—Texas Siftings. She—"How do you suppose the apea crack the hard shells of the nuts they pick." He—"With a monkey wrench, of course."—American Hebrew.

Alas for the story of gloom
That chases a chill through the blood;
He starts with a wonderful boom
And concludes with a sickening thud,
—Washington Star.

The peck of trouble we hear so much about, if handled properly, could be easily gotten into a quart measure without knocking the bottom out .-Puck. Struckile-"I am beginning to think that one's ancestors are important."

the head, 'Important, if true.' "--Vogue. No matter how finely the display window of a store may be fitted up, the pretty young lady clerk will always

Miss McBean-"Yes, they come under

prove a counter-attraction. - Rochester You have all seen the little thimblesized after dinner coffee cups, that are so awkward to handle; well, that's the size of most men's cup of joy. - Atchi-

son Globe. Johnny-"Mamma, can't you tell me a new fairy story?" Mrs. Braggs-"I don't know any, Johnny. Maybe your father will tell me some when he comes

in to-night."-Bulletin. "Here, mamma, is the clock-key. Vill that do?" "Do for what?" Will that do?" Why, for you. I heard you saying down."-Rochester Democrat.

Little slots for nickels,
Open-mouthed but dumb,
Gives the jawlous schoolgirl
Wads of chewing-gum,
Detroit Free Press, A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity; but she wouldn't wear a bonnet that was out

of fashion to save the Government .-Tit-Bits. Husband—"Can't I help you pack that trunk?" Experienced Wife— "Yes, you can help me immensely by going straight in town to your office and leaving me to pack it as I see fit."

Somerville Journal. "Is Sir Robert Paulton a very tiny man, mamma? inquired little Manu-earnestly. "No, my dear, not very. Why do you ask?" "Because father says he's to sit on your right hand at dinner to night."—Funny Folks.

"Boys," said the teacher, "we must all work in this world. Did any of you ever get something for nothing?" What?" asked the teacher in surprise. "A lickin'," was the reply. - New York

Tribune. "You understand, Betty," said the mistress, "that we are to move out of this house the first of next month?" 'Yes'm," answered Betty. sweepin' all the dirt into the registers for the past three weeks."-Chicago Tribune.

Hicks- "Look at Gaddings! He has sat listening to Miss Pedalpounder play that piano for over an hour. I thought you told me that Gaddings wasn't fond of music." Wicks-"He isn't. But he's just daft on athletics."-Boston "No, sir," said the milkman, "I am

not going to have the sin on my head of injuring any one by giving impure well analyzed and it is bad. The well wants to be cleaned out, the analyst says, and I'm going to have it cleans out, and don't you forget it."- Boston