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The favorite course of study among the Yale students this year is the Con stitutional history of the United States.

From all over the country comes to the San Francisco Examiner "an ominous intimation that the tramp who will not work shall not eat."

Appendicitis, which has become a fashionable disease during the past few years, has had more victims at Yale College this term than in all the rest of the State of Connecticut.

Now the cry of suffering comes from India, where, it is reported, 50,000, 000 are on the verge of starvation, not because there is unusual deficiency of food, but because excessive taxation and the monetary uncertainty have reduced the pittance left to the people to a line bordering on pauperism.

The four leading Danville (IIL) newsdealers have entered into an agreement not to sell the dime trash of the "Jesse James" type. Since the boy murderers, Pate and Stark, declared that they owed their ruin to these novels there has been a decided crusade against their sale in Danville.

Only thirty-five vessels have been built at Baltimore during 1893, while sixty-one were built there in 1892, The registered tonnage shows an even greater decline. In 1892 it was 17,277 tons, while in 1893 it was but 5589, "This," comments the New York Sun, "Is a striking indication of the extent of the depression in the shipping industry during the year."

Those who read juvenile literature of thirty years ago will recall the queer pseudonym "A. L. O. E." weich appeared on the books of Miss Charlotte Tucker. A London cable records the death of this lady in India, where she was engaged in missionary work. She had the gift in an unusual degree of interesting young readers, and many of her stories are so good that, in the estimation of the San Francisco Chronicle, they are worth reprinting for a new generation.

The healthfulness of New York is a reason for rejoicing in the midst of the prevailing gloom, maintains the Tribune. In spite of the increase of population, the number of deaths in 1893 was little greater than in 1892only forty-one larger-while the number of births increased more than 2000. The death rate for last year was 23.46 per 1000, against 24.26 in the previous year, while for the last ten years the average has been 24,72, The Board of Health's most recent estimate of the population of the city is 1,891,306, the estimated increase from the previous year being nearly 50,-000, so that a year from now the population will approximate closely to 2,

The Manufacturers' Record has pub-Sished two pages of letters from bankers in all parts of the South in regard to the general condition of business, but especially as regards the financial position of Southern farmers. Without exception these letters say that the enforced economy of the last two years has caused a complete change in Southern farm methods; that the farmers are giving more attention to diversified agriculture, and that they are now well supplied with corn and provisions, which will prevent the heavy drain of former years to pay for Western food-stuffs. Summing up these reports the Manufacturers' Record says: "They show that the whole economic policy of Southern farm interests is undergoing a change and the credit system is being superceded by a cash basis. The low price of cotton for the last few years forced upon the farmers the necessity of raising their own foodstuffs, and added to this was the deeision of bankers and factors to advance much less money on cotton than formerly. The result has been a change that for the time being, while passing from the credit with its liberal buying to a cash system requiring the closest economy, there has been less trade with farmers, and hence a decreased volume of general business in the South. But this has brought about a more solid condition of business in those dependent upon farm trade throughout the South than we have had for many years. Merchants are carrying small stocks and buying only as needed; farmers are paying off their debts to such an extent thats without exception these letters from bankers say that the farmers are less in debt than for years. The money that formerly went North and West for provisions and grain has been retained at home, and the full result is that this section is probably less in debt to its own banks and less in debt to the

any year since the war ended,"

In Holland the year 1893 was only marked by a first trial of an extension of the right of suffrage.

The Chicago Times alleges that trolley mortality statistics are filling the daily space formerly given to cholers

The Boston Commercial Bulletin estimates that the total yield of wool in 1893 was 364,156,666 pounds, the largest American clip ever raised.

The impression prevails in leading commercial circles in Germany that the seven lean years are ended and that better times are coming with the new

Ouida describes the ninetcenth century clothing of an Englishman as "the most frightful, grotesque and disgraceful male costume which the world has ever seen."

Charity pawn shops, where people may get more nearly the worth of their goods that they are compelled to part with than now, are suggested by some of the charitably disposed, states the Detroit Free Press.

State Geologist Smock, of New Jersey, who has been on a business trip to Holland, says he thinks 300,000 acres of Jersey meadow land can be reclaimed by adopting the Holland system of embankments and dikes.

The Cleveland Leader thinks that the proposed improvement of country roads, by laying steel railway tracks to be used by wagons and electric cars, will hardly satisfy the wheelmen, to whom all the credit for the agitation in favor of better roads is due.

The New York Journal avers that the hard times have had a curious effect in reducing the sales of condiments, sauces and similar table luxuries. A man who has a family to provide for would rather buy corned beef than curry when the money runs

A composite picture of the Ameri can of the future would be worth going a long way to see. According to Henry Watterson, of the Courier-Journal, he will be a union of Cavalier, Puritan, Celt, Teuton, Scandinavian and other elements too numerous to mention.

Reports received at the War Department of recent small-arms competitions among the troops in the Far West show conclusively, relates the Washington Star, that the noble red man as represented in Uncle Sam's military service does not compare very favorably with his pale-face brother in the matter of sharpshooting. There is a popular idea, gained from Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales and even more modern literature about the "dusky denizens of the forest." that all warriors are superior marksmen. Army statistics prove that this is a romantic delusion, so far as

the Indian soldier is concerned. Some time ago Mr. Carnegie, the extensive iron-muster, was approached by the relief committee of Pittsburg and asked what he was willing to do for the suffering unemployed of that city. Mr. Carnegie replied that he would duplicate the subscriptions of the whole city. The committee went to work with a will to make him give as much as possible, and had up to a few days since secured subscriptions amounting to \$60,795, when by some means Mr. Carnegie's offer became public. The committee says that the publication has done an incalculable injury to the good work, as the subscriptions at once fell off to almost nothing. The people of the city argue that if the millionaire is going to give so large a sum it is unnecessary to make an

The "Excelsior," the largest diamond in the world, is now deposited in one of the safes of the Bank of England. It was found in June last in the mines of Jagersfontein, Cape Colony, by Captain Edward Jorganson, the inspector of the mine. In his opinion, corroborated by that of the director, Mr. Gifford, the "Excelsior" is a stone of the purest water, and is worth about \$5,000,000. It is fully three inches in height, and nearly three inches in breadth, weighing 971 carsts, or about seven ounces troy. The color of the Jagersfontein diamond is white, with a very slight bluish tint; and its tustre is matchless. At the centre is a very small black spot, which experts consider will be easily removed in the satting. According to M. X. West, the British Government have offered half a million pounds sterling for this diamond to the proprietors, Messrs. North and West for supplies than in , Breitmeyer and Bernheimer, but the offer has been refused.

THE COMING OF NIGHT.

The leitering Day looked backward, smiling, And slipped out through the west, Where rosy, misty forms beguiling Besought her for their guest "Ob, follow, follow through the west !

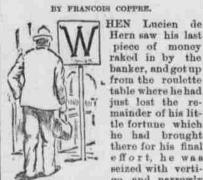
'Our golden portals wide are swinging For thee alone, for thee. And wistful volces clear are ringing Across the darkling sea, In eager welcoming to thee."

Aloft her silver censer holding, The star-eyed Night drew close. Her mantle round the husbed earth folding More sweetly breathed the rose, As Night with tender tears drew close,

Her dusky sandals softly gleaming With wandering threads of gold, Broidered by vagrant fireflies, seeming Beneath each wing to hold A fairy spinning threads of gold,

With silent footfall, weaving slowly A mystic, slumb rous spell, She came; and something sweet and holy The weary earth befell When woven in the slumb'rous spell.

-Celia A. Hayward, in Lippencott. ON THE BRINK.



Hern saw his last piece of money raked in by the banker, and got up from the roulette table where he had mainder of his little fortune which he had brought there for his final effort, he was seized with vertigo and narrowly

escaped falling to the floor. With a weary brain and trembling egs, he threw himself upon a long leather safe which surrounded the

gambling table. For several minutes he looked vaguely about these private gambling oms where he had spoiled the most beautiful years of his youth, recog-nized the worn features of the different gamblers, cruelly lighted by the great shaded lamps, heard the soft clinking of the gold upon the green table, felt that he was ruined, lost, and remembered that he had at home, in the drawer of the commode, a pair of pistols which had once been the erty of his father, General de Hern, when he was a captain; then, only, worn out with fatigue, he fell into a

profound sleep. When he awakened, his mouth dry and parched, he ascertained by glanc ing at the clock that he had scarcely slept a quarter of an hour, and he felt an overwhelming desire to breathe the fresh, cool, night air. The hands of stretched himself, he remembered that

At this moment, old Drouski, a pillar of the place, a typical Pole, wearing a rusty, long coat, trimmed with braid and large ornaments, approsched Lucien and muttered these words through his gray beard:

"Lend me five francs, sir. It is now two days since I have not left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. may laugh at me, if you wish, but I will cut off my right hand if soon, at midnight, this number is not the

Lucien de Hern shrugged his shoulpockets to give to that beggar, whom the frequenters of the place called "les cents sous du Polonais." passed into the antercom, took his hat and coat and went down the staircase with a feverish agility.

Since 4 o'clock, when Lucien went into the club, the snow had been falling steadily and the street-a narrow one in the centre of Paris, with high houses on either side-was white with In the calm, black-blue sky the cold stars scintillated.

The ruined gambler shivered in his furs and began to walk rapidly, turning over always in his mind those hopeless thoughts and dreaming more than ever of the box of pistols which of awaited him in the drawer of his com- girl. mode; but after having taken several steps, he stopped suddenly before a there. heart-rending spectacle.

Upon a stone bench, placed according to an old custom near the large "Oh, ho door of a private house, a little girl scarcely six or seven year old, dressed in a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had fallen asleep there despite the ernel cold, in a pitiful attitude of fatigue and dejection, and her poor little head and tiny shoulder had dropped into corner of the wall and were resting upon the icy stone. from the foot, which was hanging gently a loved one. down, and lay drearily before her.

Mechanically Lucien de Hern put his hand to his vest pocket, but he remembered that a moment before he did not find even a franc, and that he could not give a fee to the club waiter; nevertheless, pushed by an instinctive sentiment of pity, he approached the little girl, and he started, perhaps, to raise her in his arms and to give her a place of shelter for the night, when he saw something glisten in the shoe which had fallen from her foot. He bent over it; it was a twenty-

five-franc piece. doubt-had passed that way, had seen legend, she had carefully placed there of the gambling room, in going out a practical exhibition of anarchy."

doned child could believe yet in Santa Claus, and should retain, in spite of her unhappiness and misery, some confidence and some hope in the good-

ness of Providence. beggar, and Lucien was upon the point African Infantry. of awakening her to tell her of it,

years old, who was descended from a Lucien had given to the child. race of honorable people, who bore a superb military name, was possessed with a mad, hysterical, monstrous desire; with one look he assured himself that he was really alone in that deserted street, and bending his knee and pushing his hand tremblingly into the fallen shoe, he stole the twenty-fivefranc piece.

Then, running with all his strength, he returned to the gambling house, climbed the staircases with a few strides, pushed open with his fist the padded door of the cursed room, and reached it just as the clock was striking twelve placed upon the green cloth the gold piece and cried:

"I stake it all on 'seventeen!" Number seventeen was the winning With a turn of the hand Lucien

placed his double funds on "red." Red was the winning color. He tried all of his money again on

he same color. Red came the second time He doubled his preceding stakes twice, three times, always with the same luck. He had before him now a cup of gold and banknotes, and he scattered them over the table franti-

All the combinations brought him success. It was a chance never heard of before. Something supernatural. One would have said that the little ivory ball jumping into the pigeon holes of the roulette table was fascinated and magnetized by the gambler and obeyed him. He had recovered in a score of plays the few miserable

notes of a thousand francs, his last resource, which he had lost at the beginning of the evening. At present covering with several hundred francs at a time, and served always by his fantastic luck, he was in a fair way to regain all, and more than his family fortune which he had in so

few years squandered. In his haste and desire to play he had not taken off his overcoat; already he had filled the great pockets with rolls of notes and gold pieces; and not knowing where to heap up his gains he thrust paper and gold into the the clock pointed to a quarter of an he thrust paper and gold into the hour of midnight. As he arose and pockets of his inside coat, his vest and trousers pockets, his cigar case, his it was Christmas eve, and with an handkerchief, every place that could ironical play of the memory, he saw serve as a receptacle. And he played himself a little child and putting, be always, and he gained always, like a fore he went to bed, his shoes in front of the fireplace. made in front threw his handfuls of gold upon the table at hazard, with a gesture of cer-

tainty and disdain! and disordered grass, and the scalp Only there was something burning was missing. It was buried on the spot, and the legend of Edwards's Coulie is one of the best known in the in his breast like a red-hot iron, and he thought constantly of the little beggar from whom he had stolen. far West. The folks at the stockade

She is still in the same place! She must be there! Immediately, yes, when the clock strikes one, I swear to myself that I will get away from this place. I will take her, asleep, in my arms. I will take her home with me she shall sleep in my bed to-night; I will bring her up and I will settle a large amount on her; I will love her Park street a few evenings since, "reders. He had not even enough in his as my daughter, and I will take care

of her always, always! But the clock struck one, and a quarter past and half past, and a quarter to two, and Lucien was still seated at that infernal table.

At last, one minute before two, the head of the house got up abrubtly and said in a loud voices: "The bank is said in a loud voices: broken, gentlemen; enough for to-

With one bound Lucien was on his feet and, pushing aside recklessly the curious who surrounded and regarded him with an envious admiration, he went out quickly, rushing down the stairs and running to the stone bench there. From a distance, by the light a gas jet, he could see the little

"Thank God !" he cried, "she is still

He approached her, and seized her Oh, how cold she is. Poor little

He took her in his arms, and raised her to carry her. The head of the child fell back without awakening

'How one sleeps at her age ! He pressed her against his breast to varm her; and, seized with a vague nquietude, he tried, in order to draw One of the old wooden shoes with her from this heavy sleep, to kiss her versity of Pennsylvania in 1888 to exwhich the child was shod had fallen on the eyelids, as one does to awaken

> open, and that the eyeballs were dussy, set and sightless. His brain whirled with a horrible that of the little girl; not a breath

> that the eyelids of the child were half-

came from it. During the time Lucien had gained fortune with the money stolen from the little beggar, the poor child without a home had died, died from expos-

ure to the cold. Feeling in his throat a horrible choking sensation. Lucien tried to cry A charitable person-a woman, no out, and in the effort that he made he

a great gift, so that the little aban- about 5 o'clock, had left him sleeping, out of pity for the ruined man.

A misty December sunrise lighted

up the window panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, took a bath, breakfasted, and went to Twenty-five francs! There was in a recruiting officer, where he signed a it several days' rost and wealth for the voluntary engagement in the First

To-day Lucien de Hern is a lieutenwhen he heard near his ear, like an ant, he has only his pay to live on, hallucination, a voice the voice of but he gets out of it very well, being the Pole with his thick and drawing a steady officer and never touching secent-that murmured low these card; it would seem also that he finds it possible to save something out of it, "It is now two days that I have not left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. I for the other day, at Algiers, one of his comrades walking a little behind in a hilly street of the Kaspa, saw him I will cut off my right hand if soon, at give something to a little sleeping midnight, this number is not the one." Spanish girl in a doorway, and he had Then this young man, twenty-three | the indiscreet curiosity to see what

The inquisitive one was much surprised at the generosity of the poor lieutenant.

Lucien de Hern had put in the hand of this indigent child a twenty-five-franc piece.—Translated for Boston Transcript.

## His Hair Turned White, Andrew Lindsey, who has lived near Pease Bottom, Montana, for many

years, was strolling through the Cochran. He was topped out in a sombrero, and had a Western flavor to his speech. Said he: I want to tell you a yarn about how a man's hair was turned gray in one whack. It was just after the Custer massacre that the Philadelphia Telegraph. an old fellow named Pease-we called him Major Pease, because I believe he had been in the great and only Civil War-well, he pressed forward several miles beyond the hog-back where the famous fight took place, and built a stockade at what came to be called, after him, Pease Bottom. He and his men were carrying on a very thriving trade with the redskins, but at that time this business had to be conducted with great caution, because the savages were ugly and scalp hungry. Two miles from the stockade was high point, from which a survey of the country could be had for miles in all directions. A lookout was kept here for Indians, and suspicious circumstances or warlike demonstrations were at once reported to headquarters. One afternoon in the summer a man named Paul McCormick and his partner, named Edwards, were sent out to the observatory. They were riding along at a gallop through the tall grass, and were approaching the mouth of a little coulie. Edwards wasn't a tenderfoot, but he was a new comer in that region. As they careered along, McCormick said: "Edwards, what would you do if the Indians should bounce out of that hold any more? coulie?" "Well, I'd either fight or run." These words hadn't fallen from his lips before bang! went a rifle and war-whoops rent the air. Poor Edwards dropped from his horse, and Mac, hard pressed by a band of Blackfeet Sioux, made for the stockade. The people there knew what was up, and the pursuers were picked off as

# A Mining Opportunity Missed.

put up a rude headboard, but this has

long ago gone to decay.

they came within range of the lead.

The gates were opened and McCormick

has continued so. The body of Ed-

wards was found lying in the bloody

"Speaking of gold excitements," said George W. Beal in the presence of a little social gathering in West minds me of a chance I once had to purchase a placer claim in Confederate gulch. The men wo owned the bar offered it to me for \$400 cash and were anxious to sell at that figure, but I hesitated. Finally I told them I would have an expert examine and test the ground and if it was what they represented it to be I would purchase it. This was satisfactory, and my expert made the test and reported unfavorably upon it. That settled the deal, went on my way in search of other fields. About two months later I returned to Confederate gulch and found a six-mule team and a wagou behind it containing two tons of gold taken from a portion of the bar those men wanted to sell me for \$400. The team was ready to start for Fort Benton with the gold and was surrounded by thirty armed men, who were to guard the metal on the way. After I refused to purchase the ground the men concluded to work it themselves, and from a space of 100 feet square had taken the two tons of gold. I have not seen the 'expert' since then. -Butte Miner.

#### The Arab at Home, Dr. J. P. Peters was the manager of

the expedition sent out by the Uniplore the ruins of Babylon. "During the two years I was there," said he, " And then he perceived with horror lived with many of the wild tribes around the marshes of Arabistan. The conditions in which I found them were most deplorable. They were a most depraved race, robbing, cheating, lying uspicion; he put his mouth close to and fighting being the daily outline of their existence. The principal diet of these people is half-cooked barley bread, and with a large percentage of the tribes this forms the sole diet. When I offered twelve cents a day for diggers and guards I had half the population applying to me for work, and was forced to reduce the day's wages to ten cents. When one of these men has a headache his friends burn woke up from this nightmare and him with red-hot irons, and many on that Christmas eve that shoes that found himself on the club-room sofa, times I have seen wounds carefully had fallen in front of the sleeping where he had fallen asleep a little be- filled with iron rust. Their governchild, and recalling the touching fore midnight, and where the waiter mont, or rather lack of government, is

# A WONDERFUL TIMEPILCE.

MARVELS OF THE CLOCK IN STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

Wound Up to Run From 1840 Until 9999 - Crowds Daily Walt Its Noonday Hour.

FOR the third time the municipality of Strassburg decided, in 1836, that a new astro nomical clock should be placed a the framework of the old one. Strassburg watchmaker named Schwilgue was entrusted with the undertaking, and within four years he finished the unique mechanism which stands to-day the wonder and amusement of natives and visitors. Not only does this clock keep the time from day to day, but it runs from year to year without the intervention of any clockmaker. Besides this, its face con tains a disk indicating all the variable

holidays of the year, Easter, and so It regulates itself in the leap years. It gives the phases of the moon, the eclipses, the equinoxes, and the revolutions of all the planets of the solar system. The fineness of the structure can be understood when it is known that of the seven golden balls, of different size, representing the planets, the nearest to the sun, Mercury, takes eighty-eight days to make the circuit of its orbit, while Saturn only can complete its course in 1747 days, or nearly three years, says

The entire mechanism, its maker calculated, would run until the year 9999, if the brass and other metal of which it is built do not wear out in the meantime. This wonderful contriv-ance is unfortunately in a dark place, where those who constantly wish to view it well are scarcely able to do so. Its site is a wing, which can be en-tered through the Cathedral proper or a portal, which directly leads thither from outdoors. The time of greatest interest is at noon each day, though there are little performances at every quarter hour. At noon is the time the cock crows, and that is what every one wants to hear. The interest never seems to wane. For an hour before 12 o'clock, day after day, a crowd gathers in this corner, waiting for the exhibition. This early arrival is partly in order to get a good place, and part ly because the clock keeps solar time, which now is a half hour behind ordinary Strassburg time. Here are tourists, soldiers, nuns, bridal couples, peasant women with baskets, boys with bundles, who have run in from the street to get another look at the thing. Now, it is only a half hour

until the performance; will the room The beadles, like the street-car conductors, are sure there is plenty of room "up front," or rather, in this case, behind. They wave the wands of their majesty, and back the people surge. Still more are coming. The natives, who never seem to tire of the sight, and who know better about the variance in the times, are now dropping in-mothers with babies, business men from around the corner, and everybody else. There is not space to sneeze. Now there are only five minutes until the rooster crows. Maybe he will not crow to-day. Everybody a looking at the clock. Don't wink.

Now comes the fateful minute. In the very centre of the big monument to the clockmaker's ingenuity is a gallery. Here stands Father Time, representing Death. He has about him, on a revolving plane, four figures -Childhood, a boy; Youth, a young hunter; Manhood, a fully-armed knight; Old Age, a gray-haired man, clothed in the skin of a beast. Childhood had struck the first quarter-hour, Youth the second, Manhood the third and Old Age the other hours of the day; but now at noon it is Death's own chance. The four figures come ont in view before him, while, with a grim hammer of bone, he sounds with twelve strokes the death of another

A little figure down near the face of the clock now has his turn, and, with a little shake reverses his hour glass. Above all this is another gallery. segins to squeak. The machinery is motion. In the middle is a figure of Christ, and around Him are to pass the twelve Apostles. Out they come, one by one. Each stops an instant before the Saviour, turns his face, bows, and receives the blessing from His outstretched hand. But the rooster; where is he? There he still is, high up on a pedestal, besides a stained-glass window. Now he clucks. Now his old metal-plated throat swells, He flaps his wings and crows. Anwings and crows. And a third time. Was there ever such a rooster as this? It is all over. The beadles drive the people out, shut up the cathedral, and

but once a year, in the night from De-cember 31 to New Year's Day. Then an immense crowd always assembles to watch the revolutions of the machinery as it regulates itself ready for the labors of the coming year.

## Twentieth Century Agriculture,

The belief is gaining ground that the model farm of the future will be an electric one. The necessary current can be had by utilizing the wasted forces of nature—the waterfalls being sufficient in many places, while in others windmills can be used in connection with storage batteries. ventors are undoubtedly capable of adapting electric machines to every kind of farm work. With well-made roads, electrically-lighted houses, and a well-planned equipment of electric tric carts and carriages—the lot of the tiller of the soil will be greatly im proved. -- Trenton (N. J.) American.

WHERE MY HONEY S. MAPS.

Soft the Southern moon is shining;

Marriages and death notices graits.

Marriages and death notices graits.

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

Job work—oash on delivery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Sly the star of evening peeps Through the honeysuckles, twining Round the window where she sleeps Where my honey, true-love sleeps, weetly now the wind is blowing :

Mong the leaves the dewdrop gleams. While the scent of roses growing Fills the excetness of her dreams. An' her face with love-light beams

Now, my mocking-bird, sing true, The the old owl hoots "To who?" An' the ring-dove says "Not you!" the mock-bird's softly trilling.

From his trembling heart and mouth That sweet song my heart is filling, For my honey, way down South

Down the winding river, drifting

I am coming, love, to you : Through the trees the moonlight's silling, Cross my dugout, gum canon-Coming, honey-love, to you. in the deep, dark woods a-hiding.

Pipes the pining whip-poor-will With his plaintive "Still, be still!" Like my heart, old whip-poor-will. -Will L. Visseher, in Chicago Figure,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Stands to reason-The debater.

Philadelphia Record. The characteristic of our time is that we have no time. - Fliegende Blaetter. Long hair on a man covers a multitude of crank notions. - New Orleans

Picavune.

It seems that the good points of some people have all been broken off. -Galveston News.

It is curious how quiet people can be about a thing without the least effort. - Indianapolia News.

"You say he is a bad egg. How did you find it out?" "He showed it the moment he was broke."—New York

Stranger—"How long have people been settling here?" Collector—"They haven't commenced yet." — Atlanta Constitution. Not only can a woman laugh in her sleeve but so can her whole family, and there's room for the neighbors - To-

peka Journal. The nearest thing to a vacuum is a letter written merely for the purpose of keeping up a correspondence. - Milwaukee Journal.

Miss Yale—"Do you ever play foot-ball, Mr. Kansas." Mr. Kansas.— "No; but I now and then dally with a cyclone."-Hallo, Gudders-"Why don't you act always

as your conscience tells you you should?" Cynicus—"I make enough enemies as it is."-Chicago Record. "What an ethereal, exquisite creature Miss Smilax is, isn't she? Just

look at the dainty poss of that left arm!" "Humph! That ain't pose; it's vaccination."—Chicago Record. Brown-"How long have you known that man you lent a dollar to this morning?" Jones-"I never knew morning?"

him long. He's been short ever since I first met him."—Detroit Free Press. "Is the man Grace is going to marry rich?" Jennie-"I am sure he must be from the way he acts." "Gives her expensive presents, ch?" "No; hor-

ribly stingy."-Chicago Inter-Ocean. "I'm even with Blimming at last," said the society reporter. "How?" "You know how jealous his wife is? Well, I have alluded to him as a 'great favorite among the ladies." - Indiana-

polis Journal. First Passenger-"I wonder why we are making such a long stop at this station?" Second Passenger (a traveler of experience)-"I presume it is because no one is trying to eatch the train."-Tit-Bits.

Chollie-"Don't you think it would be a noble thing for you to do with your wealth to establish a home for the feeble-minded?" Miss Box-"Oh, Mr. Sappe, this is so sudden!"-In dianapolis Journal. "What did you get, popper?" asked

the little fish, as he saw his parent make a dart at a nice fat worm. "Hooks," answered the parent. And then he soared to the world above .-Indianapolis Journal. Jackson-"I believe I have at last discovered a cure for the ills which

afflict our municipal politics," McCommick—"I was unaware tint you were auxious to be a political healer. -Raymond's Monthly Elephant-"Yea; I'd like to keep up

It would bankrupt me to have to buy even a spring overcost." Giraffe-But think what it would cost me to wear standing collars," -- Chicago Customer - "Among the other items on this bill you've got 'four and a half hours' work,' You worked just

exactly four hours by the clock," Paperhanger - 'Yes, sir; but it took me hall an hour to make out the bill."-Chicago Tribuns. "There goes Judge Solckem," said Meandering Mike. "An old acquaintnnes of yours, I s'pose, " rejoined Plod-

ding Pete, sarcastically. Oh, we're just on speakin terms. I know him well enough to say 'not guilty' to 'im oncet in a while." - Washingt in Star. "Just my luck !" exclaimed Sowerby, as he encountered an advertisement headed "All diseases healed free," "Lamis ut that for an offer! And here

an I without so much as a single soli-tary disease about me! Did any man ever have such luck?"—Boston Trensarright. Dusty Bhodes-"I had a private box at a food exhibit this afternoon." Fitz William-"How did you come to get Dusty Rhodes- "I was looking in a restaurant window to see a man make wheat cakes and a policeman stopped up and gave it to me."-Kate Field's Washington.