VOL. XXVI. NO. 49. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1894. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

Marriages and death notices gratic.
All bills for yearly advertisements collect quarterly. Temporary advertisements are be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Oranges are selling cheaper than apples in apple-producing regions.

Frenchmen are slarmed to find that there is a sharp decline in the thrift of the republic.

Somebody who claims to know says that a child three years old is half the beight it will ever be.

The revival of interest in gold-mining in California is beginning to attract a good deal of attention, notes the Argonant.

The total amount spent in foreign missions last year by the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians aggregated \$3,500,000.

"As to that European war," exclaims the St. Louis Republic, "we don't want them to fight, but by jingo if they do, we've got the wheat, we've got the pork and we need the money too."

The name of Herr Breman, the statisticisn, is well known in Germany. His latest discovery is that in three thousand years there will be only one man to every two hundred and twenty

George W. Childs illustrates in his career, relates the New York Independent, the possibilities lying before every wide-awake American boy, and the good which men of wealth may do with their money.

According to Captain R. D. Bell, of Alaska, the Alaskan Indian will be a curiosity in ten years unless something is done to keep bad whisky from him and free him from the awful disease from which he is a sufferer.

Johns Hopkins is a young university, but if is a very lucky one. Gifts to it pour in like an unceasing flood. The latest is the herbarium and botanical library of Captain John Donnel Smith, said to be one of the most valuable collections of the kind in the world and representing the labor of twenty years.

The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. The telegram would cross North America, Newfoundland, the Atlantic, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatio), China, Japan, Java and Australia. It would make nearly a circuit of the globe, and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.

It is not likely, predicts Frank Leslie's Weekly, that there will be any further trouble with the Chinese now in this country on account of the registration law, The Chinese Six Companies in San Francisco have issued a notice ordering all their members to from Carrington's face to the fire. into the rhythmic respiration of the selector under the new law, and this "Yes, I have had my romance," she sleeper. So Marion lay down on the action will no doubt be largely influenced in determing Chinamen generally to comply with its provisions.

The fantastic and somewhat grotesque humor of the Thirteen Club, of New York, expended itself recently at a dinner which was intended to assist in giving the finishing stroke to the superstitious notions which still linger about the world from the days of our ancestors. Everything was done by the club to challenge, defy and ridicule the current superstitions. The members and their friends dined in thirteens, walked under ladders, spilt salt, crossed knives, had lamps in plaster skulls and did many other curious and absurd things at which many simple people still tremble in these days,

One of the most characteristic anecdotes ever told of England's greatest man since Pitt is recorded in Mr. Smalley's cable letter to the New York Tribune. It brings out Mr. Gladstone's courage and grit. When his eyes were examined at Hawarden not long ago one was found to be sightless from an old cataract and the other seriously impaired from the formation of a new entaract. The nerve displayed by this veteran of eighty-four in demanding the removal of the old cataract then and there, so that he could have one good eye while the other was becoming useless, was phenomenal. The surgeon lacked the courage required for performing the operation, but the incident stands as a luminous illustration of the invincible strength of Mr. Gladstone's character. It justifies Mr. Smalley's conclusion that it is not in the Grand Old Man's nature to accept defeat, or to flinch from any conflict, and that he will fight to the end. He is true to his name, which in the Lowland Scotch means hawk and stone. Like a hawk, he has soared with constant poise above the low levels of English politics; and in inflexibility of moral purpose and in naked majesty of character he is like the matchless granite of the Scotch mountains.

A SONG OF HER LOVE.

O hills, in glory lean And both your brows in light; O velvet valleys, soft between Dream gently wo the night : For she hath said : "I love," and she Hath given all that love to me!

O birds, with thrilling throats, Glad let your music be : O rivers, where the splendor floats, Flow singing to the sea! For she hath said, "I love," and she Hath made that love a crown for me

O world, grown green to greet The joy that comes apace ; Your roses for her footsteps sweet -Your sunlight for her face! For she hath said: "I love," and she Hath made that love a heaven for me! Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitutio

#### SISTER MARION.

BY CLARENCE BOOK.



HE lover is always selfish, especially if it be a woman. another woman."

girl at the table wrote them down. glass of milk-and went to bed. Then there was a silence and the girl

For Lewis Carrington had been blind for nearly six months. That was why he had engaged Marion Norman as his

"Yes, 1 can scarcely see," answered "Shall I light the lamp?" "No, I am tired," answered Carring-

on. "Let us stop now and talk."
Marion put together the sheets in their proper order, tidied up the table, and came over to the fire, by which she stood, leaning against the mantelpiece and watching her companion. She was no older than Carrington,

scorch at times. "Is that true, do you think?" asked

Carrington, lifting his head. own could see nothing. 'Is what true?"

"That sentence about love and sel-

by the fire and leaned her chin upon her hand as she watched Carrington. Indeed, I am sure of it."

I should not have asked that.

replied. And then she told him the sofa in the sitting room. story. It was a poor, feeble little ly a young doctor who was poor, a few doorway between the sitting room and dowers and a note, which Marion still his bedroom. kept in her workbox, though she did time, and would have forgotten all tween her and the certainty that she which a heavy pair of curtains hung. had never found favor in the eyes of

"You know I lost more than my sight when my eyes went," said Carrington, after a pause. "That is why I am so anxious about the operation next week.

Yes?" You mean-"I was just engaged. And her peo-

'And she?" 'She cried and obeyed her people.' "If I had been she-" Marion be-

"Nothing. Only I never had any

You were a nurse once, Miss Nor-

man, were you not?" said Carrington Yet it is still strange to hear Yes. myself called Miss Norman. I was Sister Marion until a year ago. But my health broke down and I had to

"Would you mind very much going back to it for a time-a week or so?' "Ah! You would like me to-?" "I must have a nurse, and I would

rather have some one I know. His hand went out in the vague way eculiar to the blind. Marion met it and held it a moment in her own.

"I will come," she said quietly.

Marion rose to go. "And when-when it is all over, ou won't require me any more," said with a laugh that only just escaped being a sigh.

shall be able to see you," said Carring- ful sleep. Then she bent down and well, I have never seen you."

the mantlepiece, and Marion was face tempted, and then because she was not it used to be very rare to see a noteto face with her own reflection. She wicked enough to yield to temptahad 'mown all her life that she was tion. plain. But no : in the light of a new

beaten it back and prayed that Lewis Carrington might see again.

Marion went her way home, and climbed up three flights of stairs to her room. It looked dark and cold almost as cold as the streets outside, where the sleet was falling. She lit the gas stove and made herself a cup Then she looked out the nurse's clothes which she used to wear. The aprons wanted a stitch here and This occupied her for some By eight o'clock all was finished. The sleet was still beating against the window. Even if she had had anywhere to go she could not have one. But it was having nowhere to go that made her feel so lonely. There was nothing to do but sit still and think. Marion was generally too busy for this, but to-night she could not help thinking a little bitterly of the loveless life she led. And then she fell to wondering what that other one was like. Of course she was pretty. There She would kill her was a photograph of a girl upon Car- sobbed. lover with her own rington's mantlepiece, with "Nora hand rather than Thurston" scrawled across the foot. see him happy with | Doubtless that was she.

"Oh, if I might be just a little beau-The man in the corner by the fire sighed to herself. Then, reflecting dictated these that the wish was absurd, she had her words slowly and carefully; and the supper-a couple of biscuits and a

There are two kinds of womenlooked across at the man expectantly. those who offer sacrifice and those "Is it getting dark?" he asked, after | who demand it. The latter must have something to lean upon; the former must have some one to support, somebody to feed or fondle or convert. It ing salesman in that line for years, may be a husband, it may be a curate "Ten and fifteen years ago near or a cat or a cannibal. Now Marion three-fourths of the male population Norman was one of those women who in the West and Southwest wore what long vaguely for some one for whose sake they shall have a right to sacri- But civilization, you know, affects the fice themselves.

operation was over. For some days gear of eagle feathers, having rubbed Lewis Carrington had lain upon his up against civilization, now wants to sofa in a darkened room with a bandage across his eyes and a terrible dread thirty-five or thereabouts; but she looked older than he did. A woman who has lived her life out of the sun- whether he was to see or be blind for thrown their old slouch aside for styles shine-which is love-fades early. For the rest of his life. Marion had been the sunshine is good, even though it with him all the time, waiting upon him and reading to him. She had not been so happy for years. For Lewis Carrington depended entirely upon Marion blushed a little, and then she her. Every day she had been down-remembered that the eyes that met her stairs to answer the inquiries of a fair-It was the girl whose haired girl. photograph stood upon the mantel-"That sentence about love and sel-fishness. Men know so little of to tell her that Lewis was going on to tell her that Lewis was going on well, and that there was every hope that he would see as soon as his eyes Marion Norman sat down in a chair that he would see as soon as his eyes

were strong enough to bear the light. lic. The evening before the day on which "I hardly know," she replied, the question was to be decided, Car-owly. "I hope not I think—no. rington was restless and nervous. Marion read aloud to him to keep his "How do you know?" asked Car-rington, quickly. "Ah! forgive me. saw his fingers twitch upon the arm of ness, they had grown into the habit of than an hour Marion, who was listenand her departure as the pleasantest draught when his breathing became time of the day. She turned her eyes | more regular, and at last settled down

She had been asleep, as it seemed. romance, dead almost before it was but a little while when something born, ten years ago, when Marion was awoke her, and from where she lay a nurse at the London Hospital. Mere- she saw Carrington standing in the

"Mr. Carrington! What is the matact tell Carrington that. Some girls ter? Can I get anything for would scarcely have noticed it at the you?" she said, starting up in alarm. He did not reply, but walked slowabout it in a fortnight. But Marion ly, without turning his head, straight sherished its memory, for it stood be- across the room to the window, over

"Mr. Carrington," she said again.

But he did not answor. And then she understood that he was asleen. For the moment, in her half-awakened state, she could not think of the right thing to do. She watched him pull one of the curtains aside. The light from a gas lamp in the street be-low fell full upon his face. And by ple would not let her marry a blind the light she saw that his hands were man. They were quite right-weren't pulling and tugging at something upon the back of his head. He was eyes. In another moment, if he succeeded, the glare of the gas lamp would meet them and extinguish forever the feeble glimmer of sigfit. Her senses half dazed with fatigue and Marion, in that instant of

be blind, and being blind Her heart gave a great leap of exulwas tation. Motionless she sat, watching But him as he still fumbled with the ban-

> The lover is always selfish, especially if it be a woman. The words broke in a flash acros her mind-the last sentence she had

> taken down from Carrington's lips. In an instant she was by his side, wide awake, every nerve tingling with

> "Come-come with me," she whispered in his ear, laving her hand upon from the window.

With a sigh he turned, and suffered himself to be led back to his room. For a minute or two Marion watched Say, rather, when it is all over I him as he settled again into a peace-

month, she appeared plainer and more escape during the night, was waiting commonplace than ever.

"If he never saw me perhaps—"
The thought had forced itself more

opened the door and whispered somefor his eyes to be uncovered. The doc than once in her mind, but she had thing to Marion. Without saying anything Marion left the room and ran down stairs. Nora Thurston was

> "Come up," said Marion, "You are just in time. I think he can see

They went up the stairs together. "Go in there, dear-quietly. One moment." Marion took the girl's face between her hands and kissed her. "Oh, is my hat straight? Do I look

all right? I want to look nice if he does see me. "Yes, yes. Be quick."
Marion stood by the door listening. There was silence for some moments.

Then she heard the doctor's voice "Nora-ah! it is good to see you!" A few moments afterward the doctor came into the sitting room. "What, nurse! Broken down, eh?" For Marion was lying upon the sofa,

her face hidden in the cushions. "Oh, I am glad! I am glad!" she "Oh, God, make me glad!" -Pall Mall Budget.

#### Passing of the Sombrero.

"Nobody wears big sombreros nowadays but the cowboys on the ranches out West, the Indians and the 'tenderfeet' who have smoked cigarities and read yellow-tinged literature in the East and go West with highly inflamed imaginations only to come back with cartloads of experience," remarked big, genial George Storer at the Lindell. And Mr. Storer knows a thing or two about hats, for he has been a travel-

"Ten and fifteen years ago nearly are popularly termed 'cowboy hats. style of a hat as well as the culture of the brain beneath it. The Indian chief A fortnight had passed, and the that used to pride himself on his headwear the same hat he sees the pale faces wear around him-the cowboy thrown their old slouch aside for styles nearer the modern taste. At one time there was an immense trade in sombreros in Texas, and I placed large wholesale orders there, but civilization is having its effect, and now this class of trade practically amounts to nothing down there. Yes, the old slouch hat of the West, made famous in the stories of Bret Harte and Mark Twain,

#### Food vs. Medicine.

People often wonder why it is that physicians so universally prescribe cod liver oil nowadays instead of medicines. The reason is easily explained. should not have asked that."

his chair, and knew of what he was Of late years the medical profession thinking. At 10 o'clock she insisted has depended less upon powerful drugs panionship, begun as a matter of busi- on his going to bed. But for more and medicines and more upon nourishment to effect cures, the result being talking over many things together; and ing by his half-open door, heard him that where they formerly took cases Marion looked forward to the ten min- tossing from side to side. She had in their own hands, physicians now utes or so between the close of work decided to give him a soothing are content to assist nature in her work of overcoming the ills of life in

her own way. The modern school of physicians has found that ced liver oil is one of the most nutritious of foods, and will do more to give a natural strength and tone to the body than almost any other known nourishment. It is in itself a fat, but it contains substances that make it a peculiarity rich fat. It not only insures a proper nourishment of the body, but it supplies the waste of disease or chronic ailments,

and thus serves a double purpose. In former years there were two obections to cod liver oil. These were its vile taste and its rax upon the stomach. Many preferred being ill to taking such a nauscating dose, while others could not retain the oil after taking it. It remained for the chemist to render the oil palatable and make it in an easy form for the stomach by converting it into an emulsion, thus accomplishing by mechanical process what had been left for the system to do. - New York Telegram.

## Here's Richness For You.

It is no exaggeration to say that trying to take off the bandage from his there is practically in sight in Colorado \$1,000,000,000 of low-grade ore. It may cost \$500,000,000 or \$900,000,-000 to take it all out, but it will furnish employment to hundreds of thousands and make business enough to give Denver 500,000 people. Cripple startled comprehension, saw but one Creek alone cannot have less than thing, that Lewis Carrington would \$100,000,000 in its hills, already partially opened. The great tunnel from Idaho Springs under the mountains to beneath Central will take out several hundred millions from old and known veina. A dozen similar tunnels will be built in other localities. Many thousands of gold seams have been opened at periods and under conditions that offered no profit. Most of them will now pay. Colorado's gold belt extends from Boulder, Manhattan, in Larimer County, and Hahn's Peak, with a broad sweep southwest, to the corner of the State. It is the largest and richest gold field in the world. his arm and gently drawing him away We doubtless have more gold than silver. - New York Dispatch.

### Are We Losing Our Memories?

"I think that men must be getting more forgetful than they used to be, "You remember, though we hastily touched his forehead with her said a prominent doctor recently," and grown to know one another so lips, and returned to her sofa. But my principal reason for thinking so is not to sleep. She was crying, first be- the fact that there are so many more There was a small pier-glass over cause she was wicked enough to be notebooks used than formerly. Why, book, while now every other man you meet is pulling out a notebook and plain. But no in the light of a new The next morning Lewis Carring jotting down some fact than he wishes hope that had dawned in the past ton, knowing nothing of his narrow to remember."—Philadelphia Call.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A splendid series of photographs of Brooks's comet has been obtained In the space of one minute the poly ous can change its form a hundred

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during

Dr. Hermann Zeigler, the German scientist, says a forecast of the weather may be determined by photographs of the sun's disk. Peas and beans cooked in hard water

containing lime or gypsum will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable caseine. Scotch manufacturers of carbon disulphide supply most of the French de-

mand for this article, which is exten-

sively used in the destruction of phylloxers on grape vines. The Capitol of Hartford, Conn., is f marble. Local engineers claim that it expands an inch to each 100 feet, being three inches longer in

summer than in winter. In the tanning industry electricity is beginning to play an important part. The largest tannery in Switzer-land will soon be reconstructed and enlarged for the purpose of adopting the process of electric tanning.

The anableb, a fish that inhabits the rivers of Guiana and Surinam, has two pupils in each eye, an upper and s lower one. When the fish is swim ming it keeps this upper optic, which protrudes above the head, out of the water.

The green ants of Australia make nests by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue. Cook saw hundreds at a time on one leaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to re-

ceive, hold and fasten it. Earthenware sleepers, the invention of Matsui Tokutaro, a Japanese, were recently experimented on at Shimbashi Station, Japan. Fairly good results were obtained. It is claimed that the increased cost of earthenware sleepers is amply compensated by their freedom from decay.

Dentists are great users of costly metal. Beside gold for stopping, two-sevenths of the world's consumption of platinum is employed by them in making the wires by which the artificial teeth are firmly fastened to a plate. It is the only metal possesing the required properties.

In the Institute of Experimental Pathology in Vienna Professors Hasterlik and Stockmayer, four students and others, swallowed a quantity of comms They suffered no bad effects beyond headsche and nausea. Pro-fessor Stricker therefore draws the conclusion that the comma bacilli will not cause cholera in the case of strong,

The Russian naval authorities have not been slow to take advantage of the lessons taught by the sinking of Her Majesty's steamer Victoria. An exact model of the sunken vessel is, it is said, being constructed in Cronstadt, and this, together with the information available as to the causes of the accident, will serve as an object lesson to Russian naval architects as well as what shall be avoided in designing new vessels.

### Rabbits for the Market,

It is not generally known that a rabbit ranch exists near this city on what promises to be quite an extensive scale, J. B. Baumgartner and Matthias Foerg are the owners of the ranch, and already have a barn forty feet long and divided up into stalls all of which are now occupried by bonny and his numerous progeny.

The rabbits are the lop-eared variety, a breed exceding scarce and held at fancy prices in the United States. Mr. Baumgartner imported two pairs from Switzerland a year and a half ago, paying \$200 for them. He now has over sixty rabbits from those two

The rabbits breed seven times a year and have from eight to ten to a litter. When full grown they weigh from fourteen to eighteen pounds. They are most delicious eating, their flesh being considered superior to chicken. As they command from fifteen to twenty cents per pound, rabbit farming is much more profitable than chicken raising.

Like ordinary rabbits they are practically omniverous. They are beautiful animals, with their long, silky hair and fluffy fur. Unlike other rab bits, they do not burrow except at breeding time, and are exceedingly tame by nature and easily kept. Baum garten & Foerg say that they have only made a fair beginning in the business and are already planning to enlarge their building and ranch. South Bend (Ind.) Journal.

#### Saw a Meteor in Mid Ocean.

On the German-American Company's steamship Standard about 6 a. m. January 26, in latitude 39, longitude 69.20, Second Officer Paradies saw a meteor. He says it fell from the zonith a ball of blue light, descending slowly to south-southwest, where it changed to flery red. Just before reaching the horizon Mr. Paradies says the meteor seemed to explode into thousands of scintillating pieces, illuminating the sea and the ship as bright as day, —Washington Star.

#### The Wealth of Cuba.

Cuba is a rich country. On this island there are 90,960 sugar and toseco plantations and fruit and vegotable farms, the total value of which is \$325,000,000. Cuba's yearly exports amount to \$90,000,000, while the im ports are only \$43,750,000. atter \$16,250,000 is from this country. Nearly \$50,000,000 goes annually the support of Spain, - Detroit

### STATION HOUSE LODGERS.

WHERE NEW YORK'S HOMELESS ARMY SLEEP.

Scenes at Midnight in a Police Station -Going to the "laland" Until Mild Weather Comes.

UT of the black shadow of the alley, like a great bat's wing, came the head of the line of men across Oak street to the basement gate of the station-house. The doorman now developed as much activity as the German had shown. He flew at the first man in the line, and catching his shoulders, flung him ten

feet away along the pavement.
"Git out of here," said he; "a-a-a-h,
give me no talk. I know yer. You was here last night. Git, now, or I'll give yer my foot. And you too; git, now, and don't let me see yer any

As his eye rested on each familiar face he lesped at the owner of it and gave him a knock or a twist that sent him spinning out of the line like a top.
"Them's old soaks, that's been here
before," said he in explanation, "and we don't take 'em if they're regulars. There's not room enough for them that deserves a lodging."

I suppose those poor devils were the most to be pitied of all the men I saw that day. What under heaven they were to do if the station-house spurned them was indeed a question. But they were spun out of sight and out of mind. Down in the brightly lighted basement of the station-house the German and the doorman lined up the men in a crescent-shaped file with many a curt order to "turn your face this way; let's see your face, man." The manner of the policeman was rough, his tones were sharp; but it was only a manner and a tone. The New York policeman is a professional man. His business is adopted for life, and familiarity with the conditions in which he moves renders him decidedly businesslike, As for the men, those who were jerked out of the line like calves in a cattle-yard, simply hung their heads and shuffled away like calves. Those who were ad-

ically, as if they were rather helpless than stupid, and had made up their minds to pay that price for a lodging without complaint or resentment. They were new to such a place. They were not tramps or professional lodgers Seven in ten were such men as one is used to seeing about the wharves, or carrying dinner pails homeward in the uptown streets at supper t me. They were unskilled laborers, with here and there a man not so easy to place-a countryman, perhaps, or a man from a distant city. They stood with their heads up and their eyes moving, to take in everything around them.

mitted to the station-house and or-

dered about moved dully and mechan-

the workhouse-a new departure in lodging-room practice. "Do you want to go 'way?" he asked of each. "Do you want to go 'way?

German patrolman began at the head

of the line and asked for recruits for

Do you want to go 'way?" him I don't know, for I had to have his meaning explained. The fact was that the Department of Charities and Correction has determined in order to relieve the distress and pressure for lodging room, to send to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island all New Yorkers of several years' residence who have no homes and are willing to leave town for the winter. The strangers are to be sent back to the places they

hail from. "Do you want to go 'way?"

"No, sir." "Do you want to go 'way?" "I don't mind." It was a longshore-

man who spoke. "No, sir;" "No, sir;" "No, sir," said others in monotonous succession. Then a second man, who might have long been a truck-driver, said he, "didn't care." And a third one, a young fellow, answered, "Yes, if you please." There were boys in the line at least two lads of seventeen or eighteen years badly off, but yet better placed than if they had ten cents with which to get into the average lodging house, where thieves are made as if they were factories for turning discouragement and poverty into crime.

"What do you want to go to the Island for?" I asked the man who had been a longshoremun. "Well, sir, what else can I do?" he replied. "I have no work and no money and no home. I buried my five years ago, and I have no children. I've been here twenty-five

years, and I understand I can be took

care of for the winter-till times is Some one slipped some silver in his hand-for tobacco on the Island .-Harper's Weekly.

#### The Stamp Collecting Flend.

"I know a stamp collecting fiend," said Earl Becker, "who never tires of disputing the correctness of the oftrepeated statement that used stamps have no value, and that the million stamp charity story is a myth. He carries around with him a written offer of \$100 for 1,000,000 stamps and shows it with great glee. Any man who wants to get rich should svoid filling an order of this kind, if he gets one, because to collect 1,009,000 stamps it is necessary to secure more than 300 a day for ten years, without even resting on Sunday. To get this number daily would take at least half a man's time, unless he happened to have se coss to the waste basket of a large firm, and for his reward he would get just \$10 a year, waiting, however, ten years for pay day. Under these circumstances it seems protty safe to offer \$100 for 1,000,000 stamps, for no one acquainted with principles of arithme tie would be very likely to seriously consider the proposition. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### THE HUMMING TOP

The top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song To my dear little boy at play-Merrily singeth all day long, As it spinneth and spinneth away. And my dear little boy He laugheth with joy

When he heareth the tuneful tone Of that busy thing That loveth to sing The song that is all his own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight, That the song be loud and clear; Now hurl the top with all your might Upon the banquette here; And straight from the string The joyous thing

Boundeth and spinneth along ; And it whirrs and it chirrs And it bires and it purrs Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old, As some have grown before? Will ever his heart feel faint and cold. When he heareth the songs of yore! Will ever this toy Of my dear little boy,

When the years have worn away, Sing sad and low Of the long ago, As it singeth to me to-day? -Eugene Field, in Chicago Becord-

# HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sisters of Charity-Faith and Hope. Political platforms are commonly

uilt of deal .- Puck. A low voice is an excellent thing in

voman-also a low hat. A coat of mail—The letter-carrier's livery.—Philadelphia Record.

A forced laugh should never be confounded with a "strain of mirth." When money talks, even the purist es not stop to criticise its grammar. -Puck.

When a good idea strikes a musician it is only proper that he should make a note of it.—Buffalo Courier.

He-"I think Miss Fairleigh is a dream of beauty." She (spitefully)—"Dreams go by contraries."—Prek. The huntsman who brings home the antiers proves that he has been able to

get a head of the game. - Elmira Ga-Dinks-"Was Smith's purpose of whipping the editor carried out?" Denke "No: but Smith was."—Buf-

falo Courier.

Claire-"How extremely simple that gown was Miss De Vere wore at the ball." Marie-"Yes; almost idiotic." -Detroit Free Press.

"Serves me right," said the drum. Thought I could keep tight and never feel it-and here I am beaten at my own game."-Truth. It isn't always the stenographer that takes down the Congressman's speech.

It is sometimes the orator on the other side.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Hicks-"What is that horrible stench; gas escaping?" Mrs. Hicks-

"No-o-o; cook was out shopping for perfumery again to-day,"—P

There is one thing queer about stairways,
And not in the least bit new;
A man will find a creaking step
When he comes home after two,
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Harduppy tells me he never de-

stroys a receipted bill." "No; he's more likely to have them framed and hung up in his parlor as curiosities.' -Tit Bits. Uncle George-- "I trust, Henry that on are out of debt?" Henry-"No.

I haven't got quite so far as that; but I am out of everything else."-Bostor Transcript. "Mrs. Grit has a constitution like "What makes you think so?" Her husband has been troubled with

dyspepsia for eighteen years."-New The editor who is always feeling the pulse of the people is not really interested in their heart-bests. It is his own circulation that he is looking after. - Lafe.

"I wish," said a railway passenger as a bunch of comics were dropped into his lap by the train boy, "that these people would quit poking fun at me." Washington Star.

"Mandy, did you read that notice on the counter, 'Your choice for fifteen cents?' " Mandy-"Land sakes! yes; but it looks like an awful price to ask for them clerks."-Chicago Inter-Visitor-"Tommy, I wish to ask you

a few questions in grammar." Tommy

"Yes, sir." "If I give you the sen-

tence, 'The pupil loves his teacher,' what is that?" 'Sarcasm."-Texas what is that?' Siftings. Yabsley-"You say you wouldn't marry any but a womanly woman, but what is your idea of a womanly woman?" Mudge-"One who would

think I was the smartest man on earth." -Indianapolis Journal. A lady asked an astronomer if the moon was inhabited. "Madam," he replied, "I know of one moon in which there is always a man and a woman." "Which is that?" "The honey-

moon,"-Journal Amusant. Doctor -- "I left directions that these powders should be taken before each eal and only two are gone." "I know; but you see cook is taking a vacation, and we only have one meal a

day."-Chicago Inter-Ocean. Friend-"Are you happy?" Spirit (through medium) - 'Perfectly so.' 'Can you state what has pleased you most since you left us?" taph on my tombstone. It both amazes and delights me."-Texas Siftings.

Glibby-"A man can never make anything out of politics unless he's a hog." Gabby—"I don't know. I've been in politics a good deal." Glibby "And nover made anything? Oh, well, there are always exceptions, you know."-- Boston Transcript,