each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All hills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements arises be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

Hard times have decreased meat

Over two-thirds of the population of Utah are of foreign birth or ex-

The Japanese have a better scientific knowledge of earthquakes than any other nationality.

The gold production of this country for ten years has varied but little from \$32,000,000 annually.

Americans own sixty-four steel of fron steamships, of a gross tonnage of 197, 108 tons, sailing under foreign

A Brooklyn public official says that he cannot see why so many widows are moving into that city. The latest census report shows that there are more marriages in Brooklyn in proportion to its population than in any city of the Union. "Isn't that reason enough?" asks the New Orleans Picayune.

The ornamental features of the pampas alone are known here, says Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong, in the Los Angeles (Cal.) Times, 1 discovered that the plumes could not be destroyed in water. Hence, as a product for bank note paper they are valuable. Again, the fiber will make rope. This was brought out in Jackson Park through one of the judges of awards, who informed me that at the present time the strongest rope in the world is being made in South America, where also they have tested the paper-making qualities of the plumes. They also weave a cloth with which they make dresses for their women.

Reports from United States consuls in Mexico to the State Department warn Americans against emigrating to Mexico, with a view to permanent settlement, with insufficient means, or without informing themselves in a rehable way as to the prospects for earning livelihoods. Many Americans have been induced by alluring statements as to the cheapness of coffee raising, etc., to emigrate to Mexico within the past year, and some have lost their all by doing so. There are good opportunities in Mexico for enterprise, frugality and thrift if backed by the resources necessary to success in a new country.

A peculiar solution of England's problem in India may evolve before many years, predicts the New York Independent. There is a growing tendency among Indian princes to marry European wives; and the result is likely to be that many of the States now governed by them will in course of time pass into the hands of Eurasian rulers. If it should become the rage among the Rajahs and Nawabs to have European wives as it now is to have European horse trainers, etc., then the heads of the great native States will before long be of mixed race, and such a state of things would put a new phase on the political destiny of the country.

Attention was so centered upon the labor troubles that the close of the San Francisco Midwinter Fair on the Fourth of July passed almost unnoticed. Yet the event was worthy of comment. The Fair, despite the hard times and the interminable industrial difficulties, was a remarkable success. There were more than 2,000,000 paid admissions, which is a most gratifying showing considering that the Pacific coast contributed practically all the attendants. The managers of the Exposition and the people of San Francisco deserve the highest credit for their pluck and enterprise in carrying the Fair to a successful conclusion. They will find their reward in the advertising which it will give

The United States Court of Cheyenne has just rendered a decision of great interest to insurers, as it invalidates the clause found in most policies, that no agent has authority to alter the clauses printed on a policy. It appears that a Mr. Henderson went to an agent there and applied for an insurance on his life, stating that he was afraid of being shot by an enemy, who, he had reason to believe, was looking for him. The agent told him he would give him a policy covering his case, and Henderson paid him the premium. Shortly afterward he was killed by the enemy, as he had anticipated, and the company refused to pay the insurance to the widow, as the policy contained a clause expressly exempting the company in case death resulted from the doings of some party with declared hostile intent. The court says that the clause does not

There are 1785 separate railroad companies in the United States.

The German Emperor has advised the universities to establish rowing clubs, after the English model.

The population of Massachusetts is nearly as large as that of all the other New England States combined.

The High Court of the Transvas! Republic in Africa has recently decided that foreigners are liable to military service after two years' residence in the country.

An old gentleman, of Dexter, Me., has been doing a great deal of public good in his town, and the Board of Assessors, as a delicate compliment, reduced his taxes. When he found it out he was very much annoved, and going to the Assessor's office, swore them up again.

Railway construction in the United States for the six months ending June 30 was 525.25 miles, built by fiftyone lines in twenty-five States. Colorado led with fifty-four miles; South Carolina added fifty miles; Florida, forty-eight; West Virginia and Louisiana, forty-eight: Pennsylvania, forty-two, and New Jersey and Texas

Steel is now cheaper than iron. It seems hardly possible, remarks the Boston Cultivator, but the estimates of cost in a recent bidding for a bridge in Pennsylvania to be made with steel stringers and steel rivets was lower than a like estimate for the same bridge made with iron stringers and iron rivets. Four bids were made, and in each case the bridge could be made cheaper of steel than of iron. The successful bid was \$1965, as against \$2157, which was the lowest bid for the iron bridge. Owing to the greater strength of steel, the weight of metal in the steel bridge is much less than it must necessarily be for one of iron.

The American Register, of Paris, is authority for the statement that the descendants of Queen Victoria are either now in possession of, or will in the natural course of events come to occupy, seven thrones-those of the British Empire, the German Empire, the Russian Empire, the Kingdom of Greece, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen. According to this the Anglo Saxons may shortly come to universal rule in Europe, as its language is coming to be the universal language of the world. Possibly in this way, muses the Trenton (N. J.) American, the universal Republic, so long predicted by dreamers, may be established.

This is called the age of electricity, That, in the opinion of the New York Recorder, is a mistake. We haven't crossed the threshold yet. The advance has been wonderful, however. In 1870 two examiners in the United States Patent Office did all the work of the bureau; now twenty are required, and they are months behind. Then two electrical patents were issued a week; now there are fifty. Notwithstanding all this advance the small amount of electric energy obtained from a pound of coal is sufficient to stimulate every inventor in this line to renewed effort. The next great step will be to dispense with the boiler, engine and dynamo and create electric energy direct from fuel. Until that is done the age of electricity will not have begun.

As an offset to the movement for a

general disarmament of Europe there has recently been going on a discussion as to its probable effects on the labor market. Mr. Longhurst, Honorary Secretary of the English Chamber of Commerce in Paris, has come out boldly in favor of large armies in the interests of the working classes. He shows that the armies of Europe on a peace footing number 3,775,000 men. Allowing 775,000 to be retained for keeping peace at home, how could the remainder be provided for if disbanded? They could not find occapation in the fields or the factories, because production has far exceeded consumption. A fall of wages would become inevitable, and the struggle for life be much severer. Rather than throw the liberated men on charity he argues that it would be better for them to remain in the regiments. The cost to the astion would not be more, and service in the army is less demoralizing than idleness. Besides a military training has its advantages, It teaches habits of order and dicipline, and it prevents early marriages. which in countries that have no concount, and that the money must be acciption are among the chief causes of poverty and distress,

A SUMMER LONGING.

Where broad, slow streams flow cool and atlently,

And idle barges flap their listless salis-For me the summer sunset glows and pales And green fields watt for me,

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree. I long for blossomed leaves and lowing

herds. And nature's voices say, in mystic words, "The green fields wait for thee."

dream of uplands, where the primrose And waves her yellow lamps above the

Of tangled copses, swung with trailing vines Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines, Where green fields walt for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons, when May lie and listen to the distant sea, Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh, Or insect voices chirping shrill and dry, In fields that wait for me,

These dreams of summer come to bid me The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody.

While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined. While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,

-George Arnold, DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

And green fields wait for me.

BY HELEN PORREST GRAVES,



HERE'S nothing in rora Clymer-"abso-Intely nothing !"

She threw down the printed sheet as shespoke-a tall girl, with wistful blue eyes and hair drooping a la Psyche over her forehead.
"Then," said Miriam, "that's three

cents wasted. And there are not "Oatmeal and coffee for breakfast!"

sighed Aurora. "And it was coffee and oatmeal yesterday! Oh, dear, how wretched it is to be poor! How sick one does get of things!" "Try to remember that it's always

'darkest just before daylight,'" en-couraged Miriam. "Sit up to the table, dear, and eat something. It's Miriam was a sweet, fresh-faced girl

of eighteen. Not, perhaps gifted with Aurora's beauty, but when you looked at Miriam Clymer once, you always wanted to look the second "Where is Polly?" fretfully ques-

tioned the elder sister. 'It does seem to me as if-At that self same moment, however, the door flew open and a rosy, flushed damsel burst into the room like a

southwest gale. "Breakfast time already?" cried Polly. "My goodness me, how the

Polly Clymer had very black eyes, which laughed at you like a sunbeam, a crop of short black curls, and teeth which, although rather irregular, were milk white, and her two cheeks were like two roses newly blossomed. "Girls, I've been so busy!" said

Aurora frowned a little. "I wish I was busy," said she. Miriam helped her younger sister to

"I should be busy too," said Miriam, "if there was anything to do." "How perfectly ridiculous all this cried Polly, waving her spoon. "As if there wasn't always something to do! Of course Aurora would rather do typewriting, because that's the trade she's learned-"

"Trade?" echoed the scandalized "And Miriam knows more about music lessons than anything else; but

if one can't get what one wants, one must want what one can get. And I've earned a dollar this morning al-

"What I" cried Miriam. "More catmeal, please," said Polly. "Oh, yes, I've washed and dressed a dear little girlie in the flat down stairs, and packed her little doll's toy of a trank for the train. You see, the nurse got angry and went away. The mother was that pallid consumptive who was buried last week, and the father is a sort of ne'er-do-well, who plays the cymbals in Jones's Theatre and don't pay any of his bills. the janitress was at her wits' end what to do, and I stepped into the breach. It made me think of the good old times when I played with a doll almost as big as I was.

"But where on earth is the child

going?" asked Miriam. "To her friends I suppose. I left her asleep in the crib, and the landlady's little girl watching her. I'm to go back after my breakfast. There, Mirry"—as she tossed a big silver dolback after my breakfast. There, lar to the housekeeper-sister-"take that to buy more outmeal. And look here, Miriam, Doctor Puffitt has got a big order for the Rosebud Balm to go to a watering place somewhere on the Jersey coast, and wants some one to paste on labels and tie up the bottles, without loss of time. There's a

Aurora drew herself up. "I don't think George Belden would

like it," said she. "Oh, George-bother George! He's nothing but a drug clerk himself. It's none of his business one way or the other!" eried Polly.

"Well, perhaps if you won't mention it," said Aurora, timidly. has one's professional reputation to maintain, you know."

"Stuff!" said Polly. "Doctor Puffit's a good-natured old soul, and I really think if some one don't rally to "Why, Polly, is this you?" de- beth,

I must away to wooded hills and vales, "And," suggested Miriam, "since there's nothing in the 'Wanteds' to- George Belden!" day, you might as well be earning a little in some way, Aurora."

VOL. XXVII. NO. 19. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1894.

Doctor Puffit was in the front basetains of bottles. He looked despair-

Then my business character is saved! be done here. The Silver Beach hotels will know of the greatest discovery of the age, and tion-which is not a cosmetic nor a drug, but a marvel!"

Polly went back to her baby, who was awake now and smiling like a mediæval cherub in an altar painting. "You darling!" said she, with a hug and a kiss. "How any one could go

off and leave you, I cannot - Oh! with a sudden stiffening of her rosy features, "so you are Dolly Temple's father, are you?" For a middle-aged mother's friends are to take her away at once. And perhaps, if you hadn't been so dissipated and neglectful of one ought to tell you what the people the paper," said Au- in this house are saying about it, don't want to be hard on you," she added, "but if you were to sign the pledge, and try-really try to do bet-

ter for the future-"I really think that is unnecessary, interrupted a composed voice, "for I returning to that Madison Avenue palam already a strict temperance man. You are mistaken, young woman. I am not Sergius Temple, but Mr. Carthew, the father of the late Mrs. Temple. The telegram was delayed, and I have only just received the summons

Polly blushed to the very roots of her curly hair. She had not a word to say for herself.

"Oh, why couldn't I have minded my own business," thought she. "It's just as the girls are always telling me. My tongue is a deal too long. "Are you the nurse?" Le asked, sternly.

But the janitress, hurrying up at this moment, speedily enlightened him as to the exigencies of the case. "It's a young lady, sir," said she, 'from one of the other apartments, and what we should have done without her I'm sure I don't know. The dear little miss has took to her so kind."

The sternness of Mr. Carthew's bearing abated somewhat. "She is very good," said he. "As his movements this way and that with I have no one to take charge of my the scarlet cape. He will follow a engage her services for the present." busy from the beginning of the fight good to her," observed the janitress. Polly looked at the baby, the baby

the hedges.
"I'll go," said Polly. "The train leaves in twenty minutes," said Mr. Carthew, looking at

his watch. Polly rushed up stairs for her hat and shawl. She left a scribbled note on the table for her sisters, neither of whom was in the room, and with Mr. Carthew and the baby just caught the ribbons, to carry the buil and the

"I- I don't know where we are going," stammered Polly.
"How neglectful of me not to have mentioned it," said Mr. Carthew. "To

ny country seat at Silver Beach. "Oh," thought Polly, "if Aurora only knew! He has got a country seat, has he? I do hope Mrs. Carthew will be good to me. I wonder if there are any daughters, and if they would like a musical governess? Because if Miriam could get a place, I think we

should be perfectly happy."

But she glanced surreptitionsly at Mr. Carthew's grave, handsome face, and lacked the courage to ask any

more questions. "He must have married very young," thought she.

A stout lady, in a black silk gown and white muslin apron, met them on the steps of a pretty seaside cottage, with a belt of pine trees in the rear. and the curling fringes of the Atlantic Ocean in front, and welcomed the new treasure warmly.

"This is my housekeeper," said Mr. Carthew. "Mrs. Mott, Miss Clymer is the new nursery governess for Miss Temple. Make her as comfortable as "Mrs. Carthew is not at home?"

Polly ventured to ask, as the blacksilk matron led the way down a long corridor covered with cool, checked "Bless your heart," said Mrs. Mott,

'there ain't any Mrs. Carthew. If she'd been living, my young lady would never have made that foulish, runaway match.

"Nor any Miss Carthews?" "Nor any Miss Carthews," noded Mrs. Mott.

Polly took the baby out on the beach for a walk next day. It seemed more like the doll-playing days of her childhood than ever, or else like a run : pleasant summer dream.

"I'll walk as far as the drug store," said she to herself. "There's quite a settlement of houses around the hotel. and some very prutty stores. I've a bottle of Doctor Puffitt's Rosebud Balm for the Complexion." She did so, Polly Clymer was never

lacking in cool audacity, whatever might have been her other deficien-

"Goodness me!" cried Polly. "It's "Yes," said the tall, straight young druggist. "Why, didn't you know it?

I've bought out this business, and I've ment of the big flat where the Clymer | telegraphed for Aurora to come down sisters dwelt, surrounded by gallon and marry me. We may as well spend jars of "Rosekud Balm" and moun-our honeymoon by the seaside attending to business. The dear little girl, ingly up from this chaos.

"The order goes out on the three them labels herself! Puffit told me o'clock express," said he, "and that about it. Puffit supplies the capital, wretch Alphonse, has not been near meto-day. I will discharge Alphonse. his specialty. I've taken a cottage, I won't put up with his nonsense another hour. My dear young lady, you and Miriam along, too. Silver Beach don't say you will actually help me?

"I'm awfully obliged to you George," said Polly, holding up the I shall vindicate this great prepara-tion—which is not a cosmetic nor a at present, and can't leave my situation. But I'll call and see you and Mrs. Belden as often as possible.

And she strolled back to the Carthew cottage along the edge of the Atlantic, talking soft, unintelligible nonsense to the baby as she went.

Three months afterward, George Belden shut up the "seaside branch" to return to the New York store which Doctor Puffitt had purchased and decgentleman stood in the doorway, look-ing questioningly at her. "Well, you with more gold-leaf and peacock needn't come back here. The child's plumes than would have seemed possible to the uninitiated mind.

"The Rosebud Balm has been a suc cess," cackled Doctor Puffitt. poor Mrs. Temple, she might have I owe it in no small degree to Belden's been here now. I can't help it; some enterprise. Belden's is a genius." Mrs. Belden had decided to assist

her husband in the store. "It's a great deal nicer than typewriting," said she, "and twice as profitable. And Miriam will keep ouse for us. You haven't ventured to ask Mr. Carthew whether he'll be

ace of his, Polly?" "Oh, I have asked him!" Polly. "I'm not afraid of Mr. Carthew any longer.'

"Notwithstanding his princely

vays," for Aurora stood in great awe of the stately gentleman. "And you will be continued on?" "No," Polly answered. "Mr. Carthew has engaged a new nursery gov-

erness for Dotty. Aurora clasped her hands tragic-"Oh, Polly!" she cried. "And you

will lose your place?"
Polly lifted the roguish eyes which had been temporarily hidden behind Dotty's yellow curls. "I am going to be baby's grand-

mother," said she. The Matador's Last Thrust,

The art of the matador is not to run up to the bull and stab him, but to have him come to you and fling himself upon the sword, while you direct his movements this way and that with daughter's child, I shall be pleased to | red cape anywhere, and the chulas are "I know that other woman wasn't to the end, leading the bull away from the fallen picadors or the imperilled banderilleros or the matador. held out its little hands, with an in- after the sword is thrust into his neck distinct, cooing sound, like a bird in up to the hilt, it takes the bull a long time to die. A harrowing sight it is. The noble creature—the only noble creature, as it seems, in the ringstands up as long as he can, vomiting forth torrents of blood, as all his enemies crowd around him, sticking to it until he drops trombling against the fender. Then in come the teams of mules, gayly decorated with flags and horses around the ring at a gallop, leaving a bloody track behind. They are not content with removing the bodies by the nearest possible exit; oh, no! These gay teams go gallop-ing around the whole arena, each dragging its bloody careass, while the band

plays another quickstep.

They are hardly out of the ring be fore the drum rolls and the next bull bursts into the arena. So it goes on, until six buils are done for. All the while our neighbors in the next box are esting and drinking. As for us, see nothing but the suffering and death over and over again. It carries you back to the Roman circus, and you wonder what civilization has done for Spain, whose population is still so thirsty for blood. The Spaniards are used to it that they see none of the barbarity, only the skill and the science. And the English residents in Spain are more enthusiastic than the Spaniards themselves.

A Historie Gun.

The London Telegraph chronicles the removal of "Queen Bess's pocket pi-tol, "au enormous piece of brass ordnance which for generation has frowned from the cliffs of Dover, to make way for a battery of modern guus. The "pocket pistol" now rests in honorary retirement in a less conspicuous part of the castle. This gun is twenty-four feet long, takes a charge of fifteen pounds of powder and has a range, it is said, of eight miles. It has not been fired for so long, however, that nobody knows how far it will carry. It is claborately ornamented with figures representing Liberty and Victory. This gun was presented to Queen Elizabeth by the people of the ow countries in recognition of her efforts to protect them and their religion. It has an inscription in Flemish, which is popularly supposed to

And there is a popular notion that the gun was able to sweep the French port on the other side of the channel. The accurate translation of the inscription is, howevert

"O'er the hill and dale I can throw my ball, My name is 'Breaker of Mound and Wall." The "pocket pistol" has long since ceased to be regarded as valuable, save as a memento of the reign of Eliza-

his assistance, he'll get an apopled manded a familiar voice behind the GLACIERS IN THE WEST.

THE VAST ICE FIELDS OF THE SIERRAS.

California Has Some of the Most Remarkable Frozen Rivers in the World-Wells of Blue Water.

MONG the many attractions which California offers to strangers and her own peo-ple, says the San Francisco Call, are the glaciers that lie in the high Sierras that constitute the backbone of the State. The glaciers of Switzerland attract thousands to that region every season, and it would be interesting to know how many of these American glacier seekers are aware that some of the most remarkable glaciers in the world are in America. The California ice rivers found in the Sierra Nevadas are not remarkable for their size, but are, nevertheless, typical glaciers, and, taken with the fine scenery of the mountains, will repay the climbing that is necessary to ob-serve them. If one could ascend in a balloon from the summit of Mount Shasta a most interesting series of glaciers would be observed radiating from the central peak, and even while standing on the cone they may be followed with the eye, one being about four miles in length, with an average width of three to four miles. Imagining ourselves poised above the peak, we see below the sharp summit 14,511 feet high, and on the left Shastins crater. In old times, geographically speaking, Shasta has been a terrific

are cut into the lava deposits of ages. The greatest glaciers seem to reach to the north and east. Reaching down into the Shastina crater is the Mount Whitney glacier, that winds away from the summit to the west, sending a small glazier to the south, encom passing the Red Rocks, near the Sissons trail. From the ridge that reaches down southwest and on the north side are seen six or eight small glaciers. The Whitney turns to the north and after throwing a spur to the west extending in a moraine at about 9150 feet above the sea. The glacier is three-quarters of a mile long and covers an area of about 2000 square rards. It is an interesting fact that in nearly all the old descriptions of Shasta the writers appear to have taken these glaciers as simple deposits of snow that lie in the deep canons and so last. But such is not the case; they are true glaciers, exposed to the sun for three-quarters of the year. The view up Whitney glacier is grand and impressive, showing great fissures and crevasses, deep enough to be extremely dangerous in crossing and requiring no little Alpine climbing to

surmount.

volcano, and the canons of its flanks

Crossing a ridge to the east of Whitney glacier, we see the Polam glacier reaching down from the summit in a northerly direction. At the summit it sppears separated by a singous ledge of volcanic rock, and below is pierced by numerous jagged peaks. It is particulary noticeable rocks heaped up, the result of the crushing force of the ice river. There is one extremely deep crevasse at the altitude of 10,000 feet-a magnificent fissure reaching down deep into the heart of the glacier. Below this there is a succession of deep chasms. The entire glacier is about one and a half miles in length, and has an ice area of about 1,800,000 square yards. terminal moraine lies about 10,000 feet above the sea. From the slopes of this glacier an idea of the grandeur of Shasta may be derived. To the northwest it strotches away in a majestic slope for sixteen miles. the southwest the descent is 10,000 feet in eight miles. Passing over a dividing peak, 11,058 feet above the sea to the east, Hotlum glacier is reached, which extends in a northwest direction from the summit. It is wide and fan-shaped, its foot ending in a terminal moraine 10,500 feet above the sea. At night all is still on the glacier, but at noonday, when the heat of the summer sun is felt, myriads of streams find their way down, cutting the glacier and making passage often dangerous. The neve of Hotlum, or the upper portion, has two conspicuous ice streams that flow through it. One in

particular is forced between two rocky buttresses and so shattered that the ice assumes the appearance of lofty pinnacles fifty or sixty feet in height. These are typical of glacial ice, assuming rich opalescent blue colors well worth the climb to enjoy. The crevasses here are deep and dangerous, and from them issue strange sounds, caused by the melting and downward motion of the icy monster. Here are the famous glacial wells, filled with blue tinted water. Hotlum is about a mile and a quarter in length, and has an area of 9,600,000 square feet. Following round Hotlum glacier we come to the southeast tongue, whice is called Wintum glacier, and which appears to reach down farther than any of the others, sending a narrow limb into a deep canon. From its lower end rushes a glacial stream, forming Wintum Falls, about 8000 feet above the level of the sea. Of all the Shasta glaciers Wintum is perhaps the most remarkable. Here are 6,000,000 square feet of ice-a gigantic flat berg reaching to an unknown depth, three-quarters of a mile wide and nearly two miles in length. Its rate of movement has not been tested, but a glance at the surface shows the terrific power that is forcing the see on and on.

A humming bird is said to have been stung to death by a bec at Co-lumbia, Wis., recently.

The Queen of England never signs

THE LOW SUN.

O level dun, thy broken rays Lie on the winding mendow ways, And by the stream long shadows fling From willow trees that hedge the spring.

O level Sun, thy rays are tipped As wands in thy soft circle dipped ; Low-flying birds, touched as they pass,

Flirt gilded wings from grass to grass. O level Bun, these broken rays Presage another death of days : On meadow ways shades pricked by light Move, merge, and darken into night. -Margaret S. Briscoe, in Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Knocked into a cocked hat-The

crease. - Truth. A young man is a theory; an old

man a fact. - Atchison Globe A boy's idea of glory is to play baseball in a "suit,"-Atchison Globe

If a woman looks cool on a hot day, she doesn't mind being warm. - Atchi-

As soon as a man announces that he a reformer, he ought to be arrested. Atchison Globe.

The baseball player would be all right if he could only play as well as he practices. -Puck. Man is made of dust; and his name

becomes Mud through the watering cart of Fate .-- Puck. A man's confidence in his own ex-

perience is an inverse proportion to his age. -Ram's Horn. Hunger is the best sauce, but when you have no other it is fatal to the

stomach. - Ram's Horn. Women never get over the notion that they are entertaining angels unawares. - Atchison Globe. Be polite to everybody. There's

no telling when you may have some-thing to sell.—Atchison Globe. A growler is a man who would much

rather sleep in a cyclone than in an ordinary draft, -Galveston News. When the last man leaves the room, the women draw their chairs up

closer, and whisper. - Atchison Globe. "Thus we part, wretch, and this is the last letter from your unhappy Anna. P. S.—More to-morrow."— Fliegende Blaetter.

Laundry machinery really seems to have reached the stage of perfection. It can destroy a collar in a single wash. -Boston Transcript. "I fail," said the boarder, frantic-

ally sawing at the steak, "to find a weak point in this Armour plate." ---Cleveland Plain Dealer. Hiland-"What a nuisance that egotist Spudkins is!" Halket-

sore."-Pittsburg Chronicle. It is supposed that the fashion among women of reading the final pages of a novel first is due to their predilection for the last word. -Boston Transcript, Clara-"When you refused Freddie, did you tell him to brace up and be a man?" Saddie—"No, I didn't want to be unreasonable."—Detroit Tri-

Right you are. He's a regular 'I'

It is always discovered, when a man is killed while engaged in some hazardous business, that it was his intention to have retired next year .-

Atchison Globe. Hungry Higgins-"Say, it ain't hot on the road, here, ner nuthin'." Weary Watkins-"You said'er. Don't you wisht we was in some nice, cool

jail?"-Indianapolis Journal. Mrs. Carson-"I hear it was a runaway match." Mrs. Vokes-"Yes. The bride and her father caught up to him with a preacher when he was try-ing to escape."—New York Herald.

Doctor-"Let's see, did I prescribe for you the last time you were here?" Patient—"Let me see—oh, yes! I remember now, for I was deadly sick all the next day."-Boston Transcript. Beggar-"Kind sir, pray give me a

shilling for my six hungry children?"

Passerby-"Awfully sorry; but I'm

not buying hungry children just now; I've got nine at home already."-London Moonshine. Bangle-"Nature has been very kind to Mrs. Bluscher. See the roses on her cheeks?" Miss B.'s rival-"Yes, indeed. One must have a natural gift to paint like that."-

Arkansaw Traveler. "Did Miss Fyppe receive many proposals while at the seashore?" "Many? Why, receiving proposals got to be a habit with her. She got so she couldn't even hear a soda water bottle pop without exclaiming, 'This is so sudden!' "--Indianapolis Jour-

Mr. Dun-"But, my dear fellow, this account has been running seven years." Scientific Debtor-"That's right, old man. But you know every atom of a man's system changes in seven years. I am not the man who bought the goods."-Cincinnati Tri-

The good, kind old gentleman looked down benignantly on the small urchin blacking his shoes. "Now, my boy," he said, after he had finished blacking his shoes, "what would you think if I gave you a nice new \$1 The boy, down on all fours, cocked his head up at his prospective benefactor. "I guess I'd think you wanted ninety-five cents change," replied, and the subsequent proceedings proved his guess to be correct. -Detroit Free Press.

United States in 1893 is calculated to have had a value of \$3,100,000. The principal part of this export, or more than \$2,200,000, consisted of iron

The export from Sweden to the

The best straw in the world is grown in China and Japan, and is made into braid in England and Belgium.