VOL. XXVIII. NO. 16. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1895. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

The American bicycler divides the honors abroad with the American

Colonel John Cockerill thinks that the attitude of Russia in the East must force an alliance between England, Japan and China.

Cornwall, in England, leads all other countries in freedom from crimes against property. Next in comparative honesty come the western counties

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that if she was Street Cleaning Commissioner of New York City, she would organize | For truant little brown bare feeta brigade of needy, deserving women to do the work, and it would be done.

The Boston Journal of Commerce announces that an electrical type-setting machine has been invented in Italy by a Dominican friar, which is said to produce words in type faster than the linotype can make them in

The Salvation Army is said to have secured a strong foothold in Buenos Ayres. During the financial troubles it was able, according to Ram's Horn, to help thousands of men out of work to food and shelter. It has a thriving farm colony, and is training Spanishspeaking cadets.

If some archaeologist in the year 5000 A. D., happens to dig up a fashionable woman's costume of the present day, he will draw some very queer conclusions from it concerning the shape of its one-time wearer, predicts the Washington Pathfinder. Women wear big sleeves because they are "pretty." If a thing is pretty, that settles it with the conventional woman. Next thing one shall see society belles hauging themselves about with oil paintings and water colors in gold frames to make themselves "pretty."

The whaleboat Kite is to be sent Arcticward after Peary, and in a little while a new Peary will probably have to be sent after the whaleboat Kite. That, adds the New York Tribune, is the general operation of Polar discovery. The magnet of the North draws eternally, operative on ships and men, perhaps finally on balloons and bicycles as it is on the mariner's needle. Whether the fruits of Polar adventure equal their cost and peril is a question on which the economist and the geographical and scientific cuthusiast are entitled to hold different opinions; but it is a quest never likely to be intermitted. The line of discoverers will continue, however lean and conjectural their tales of discovery, and such of them as are not lost in Symme's Hole will have to be sent for now and then to organize new expeditions and keep alive a healthy interest in the region.

We look with horror on the pictures left us by Assyrian and Egyptian conquerors of prisoners' hands and feet cut off, their bodies impaled. and their heads nailed up against the city walls, forgetful, suggests the New York Independent, that just such things may happen nowadays within a few hundred miles of the world's great capitals. A telegram from Tangier reported the other day that four loads of human heads were being brought to Fez, to show the Sultan that people were really punished for the last revolt. The telegram in the London Times says that the "heads were in bad condition when they reached Rabat, and were re-salted at that place, the work being done by Hebrews under compulsion of the Government." It was pictured deeds no worse than this which led Gutsmid to declare that the old Assyrians were the schreklichste of all Nations.

Opposition to erime is growing fast in the mountains of Kentucky, notes the Louisville Courier-Journal. The Jackson (Breathitt County) Hustler says: "Word comes to us from every direction of the revolution in the sentiment of the people of this section of the mountains in regard to punishing eriminals. A man told us this week that he had been in eight counties since the Fields-Adkins trial at Barboursville, and that the intense feeling against lawlessness was universal A gentleman who has been in Perry County much of the time in the past six weeks told us that there would be Lo trouble to get a jury in that county to hang a man if he deserved it. In the counties where lawlessness has ing and digging out of ashes.

beau worst this feeling is greatest.

"My coat is getting shabby," Seth it with his silk handkerchief. The revolt from the state of terror and death will sweep a number of men into the State Prison and some into their graves. Woe to the desperadoes of these counties now. Their race is run. The grand juries are do ing their work and the petit juries their duty."

THE MORNING BIRD,

[One of the most treasured relies I have is a poem which my father wrote when I was a little boy. My father was a native of Maine, but for all that he was a man of sentiment, and he had much literary taste and ability, too. The poem which he gave and which I have always treasured, will (if I am not grievously in streath of the propositive chord in many in error) touch a responsive chord in many a human heart, for all humanity looks back with tenderness to the time of youth.— Eugene Field, in Chicago Besord.]

A bird sat in the maple tree And this was the song he sang to me; "O little boy, awake, awake, arise! The sun is high in the morning skies; The brook's a-play in the pasture lot And wondereth that the little boy

It leveth dearly cometh not To share its turbulance and joy; The grass bath kisses cool and sweet So come, O child, awake, arise! The sun is high in the morning skies!"

The bird kept singing unto me; But that was very long ago-I did not think-I did not know-Else would I not have longer slept And dreamt the precious hours away;

Else would I from my bed have leapt To great another happy day— A day, untouched of care and truth, With sweet companionship of youth-The dear old friends which you and I Knew in the happy years gone by!

Still in the maple can be heard The music of the morning bird, And still the song is of the day That runneth o'er with childish play; Still of each pleasant old-time place And of the old-time friends I know-

The pool where hid the furtive dace, The lot the brook went scampering through The mill, the lane, the beliflower tree That used to love to shelter me-And all those others I knew then, But which I cannot know again!

Alas! from yonder maple tree, The morning bird sings not to me; Else would his ghostly voice prolong An evening, not a morning, song; And he would tell of each dear spot I knew so well and cherished then.

As all forgetting, not forgot By him who would be young again! O child, the voice from yonder tree Calleth to you and not to me; So wake and know those friendships all I would to God I could recall!

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

BY HELEN PORREST GRAVES.



that breaks the camel's back," ing into tears. The pleasant

derly array; great stone pots stood under the shelves, and a blue-painted churn was already placed on the table

That she had never yet had a farm in pleasant weather.

She had fainted among the butterChurn was already placed on the table

But she was magnanimous and held

Description of the place of the pleasant weather.

for service.
Mr. Bellenden was justly proud of his dairy. Not a chance guest came him!" said her husband, lightly to the house but was invited down to "There's that little room at the end see it; not a housekeeper in the of the hall where the spinning-wheel neighborhood but secretly envied its is. many conveniences and exquisite

"And it isn't the dairy alone!" triumphantly remarked Seth Bellenden. gether out of those old pieces from 'And you may go through the house the Bedfords' room, and it's no trouble from garret to cellar, and you will to put up a muslin curtain to the winnever find a speek of dust or a stain dow and lift in a cot-bed. There are salvation. of rust. There never was such a plenty of good sweet husks in the "I don

den.

"It's very strange," Lucy had written to her father. "The farm is beautiful. You never saw such monbeautiful. You never saw such monbeautiful. The saw such monbeautiful buttenball trees, nor such little laugh, and changed into a sigh. superb roses, and the meadows are full of clover and the strawberries shine like jewels on the sanny hill-sides. But nobody sketches or reads. I don't think there is a copy of Tennyson in the whole neighborhood, and no one ever heard of Dore or Millais. All they think of is how many dozens of eggs the hens lay, and how many chooses they can make in a year. And the woman who has a new receipt for waffles, or a new pattern for a horritle thing that they call crazy

quilts, is the leader in society."

But presently young Mrs. Bellenden herself caught the fever and became a model housewife. Example is allthat the whole end and aim of life was domestic thrift, money-saving and the him. threadmill of work.

"My dear," said Setb, "if you thought you could get along without Hepsy, the maid, I might be able to afford that new reaper before the oat crop comes in.

'I'll try," said Lucy. And after that she rose before day-break and worked later into the night

"What is the matter with your hands, Lucy?" Seth asked one day. "They are not so white and beautiful as they used to be.'

Lucy colored as she glanced down at the members in question. "I suppose it is making the fires,"

And then she took to wearing old Eliab's!" kid gloves at her sweeping and dust-

"Why don't you buy another one?" asked his wife.

Seth laughed-a short laugh. "What do you think Mrs. Higginbotham has done?" said he. "She man, Nephew Seth, did the housework ripped up her husband's old suit and for eight persons. Eliab didn't even ripped up her husband's old suit and for eight persons. Eliab didn't even Northwest, those the principal scat cut a pattern by it, and made a new let her have a woman to help with the of this manufacture has always been in one, and entirely saved him ten dol-

"I could do that!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "I will try it!" die a little. "All the sewing, too," added Uncle

said Mr. Bellenden, admiringly.
And Lucy felt that she had her rich reward.

Company began to come as soon as the bright weather set in. All the affectionate relations of Mr. Bellenden soon discovered that the farmhouse was cool and shady, that Lucy's cooking was excellent, and that

the bedrooms were neatness itself.

All the clergymen made it their home at Brother Bellenden's when they came to Silvan Bridge for ecclesiastical conventions; all the agents for unheard-of articles discovered that they knew somebody who was acquainted with the Bellendens, and brought their carpet-bags and valises, with that faith in human hospitality which is one of life's best gifts,

Mrs. Bellenden's fame went abroad mong the Doresses of the neighborhood in the matter of butter and cheese. She took prizes in the do-mestic department of all the agricultural fairs, and the adjoining housewives took no trouble to make things that they could borrow of Mrs. Bellonden, "just as well as not."

And one day, when poor Lucy, under the blighting influence of a horrible sick headache, was endeavoring to strain three or four gallons of milk into the shining paus, the news arrived that Uncle Paul was coming to And one day, when poor Lucy, unthe farm.

"Another guest!" said Lucy, de-

"And Sarah Eliza don't like company."
"I am supposed to be fond of it!"
observed Lucy, bitterly.
"And Reuben's girls don't want old

folks staying there. It's too much trouble, they say, added Seth. Lucy bit her lip to keep back the words she might have uttered, and the house.

and the four Miss Pattersons sleep to men have the garret room.'

She might have added that she and June sunbeams her husband and the baby had slept in stone-paved dairy, where pans of Mr. and Mrs. Belford to depart, and milk and cream were ranged in or- that she had never yet had a chance

"But it isn't furnished?" pleaded Lucy. "You can easily sew a carpet to-

housekeeper as my wife."

Mrs. Bellenden was young, too—
scarcely three-and-twenty. She had
ceiling, and— What's that, Beniah? been the daughter of a retired army The cows in the rye lot! Dear me! officer, delicately reared and the norant of all the machinery of domestic life until she married Seth BellenLutie, these things are your busines—not mine!" he added, irritably. Everything goes wrong if I step into the house for a moment. And really,

and soon changed into a sigh. "I wonder," said she, in a whisper "if my poor, tired-out ghost would haunt these stone pavements and scrubbed shelves if I were to die? I never heard of a ghost in a dairy be fore, but I should think that it might

But the little bedroom was filled up for all that, as fresh as a rose, and Uncle Paul arrived, a dried-up, yel-low-complexioned old man, with an old-fashioned cravattied in many folds around his neck, and a suit of navyblue, with brass buttom.

He had the polite way of half a and noted how the men, and even the century ago, and Lucy thought she timest baby boys, thrust themselves should like him very much, if only she had time to get acquainted with

butter a day, and there was the baby, and the company, and the young sewing society, which was to meet at

She was almost too busy to sleep. But Uncle Paul was watching her quietly all the time. He came out one day to the barn, where his nephew was putting a new handle on a sickle blade.

Protty busy times, ch, Uncle Paul?" said the farmer, scarcely taking the leisure to look up.

"Aye," absortly answered the old man. "Did I tell you, Nepbew Seth, about the reason I left your Cousia "Not that I remember," mil Seth,

breathing on the blade and polishing Dorothy died-his wife!

"Oh, yes!" said Seth. "Mal rial tion .-- London News. fever, wasn't it?" bluntly answered Uncle "It was hard work. That wo-

"Must have been a regular-going crat. New England, ... St. Lynis Globe Demo-

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

Paul-"the mending and making. Never went anywhere except to church Eliab didn't believe in women gad-

ding about.' 'The old savage !" maid Seth. "She was fond of reading, but she

never got any time for it," said Uncle Paul. "She rose before sun-up, and never lay down until eleven o'clock. It was hard work that killed that wo-Some of them were even good enough man, and Eliab coolly declared that it to invite their relations as well, and so was sheer laziness when she couldn't the house was full from April to De drag herself around any longer. And when she died he rolled up his eyes and called it the visitation of Provi-

"Why didn't the neighbors lynch him?" cried Seth, fairly aroused to indignation at last. Uncle Paul took off his glasses, wiped

them vigorously and looked his nephew hard in the face.

hard in the face.

"Why don't the neighbors lynch
you?" said her
Seth dropped the sickle and started.

"Nephew Seth," said Uncle Paul,
impressively, "thou art the man! Are
you not doing the very same thing?"

"I?" gasped Seth.

"Your wife is doing the work of a
household of sixteen people," said
Uncle Paul, "She is drudging as you
could hire no foreigner to drudge.

could hire no foreigner to drudge. been here. I have carried water and split wood for her because there was no one else to do it. I have seen her And then she uttered the proverb daily to her room, because Mrs. Beltord's breakfast daily to her room, because Mrs. Beltord preferred to lie in bed; and "Oh, it's only Uncle Paul!" said cooking dainty dishes for Helen Pat-Mr. Bellenden. "Don't fret, Lutie; terson, because Helen wouldn't eat he's the most peaceable old gentleman what the rest like. No galley-slave in the world. He'll make no more ever worked as she does. And you, trouble than a cricket. John's wife thought she couldn't have him, because she has no hired girljust now—"
"Neither have I!" said Lucy, rebelliously.
"And Sarah Flive don't like come."

We worked as and does. And you, with your hired men—whose board only adds to her cares—and your array of labor-saving machinery, stand coolly by and see her commit slow suicide. Yes, Nephew Seth, I think it is a case for lynching?"

Soth had grown pale.
"I—I never thought of this," said
a. "Why didn't some one tell me?" "Where were your own eyes?" said

Uncle Paul. Seth Bellenden rolled down his shirt sleeves, put on his coat, and went into

said, instead:

"Where is he to sleep? The Belfords and Pattersons that it was inconvenient to keep them fords have the front bedroom, and your Cousin Susan occupies the back, He made arrangements to board the said Lucy, burst- the two hall chambers, and the hired bired men at the vacant farmhouse, and engaged a stout dairyman and a house-servant to wait on Lucy. And he telegraphed to her father to come

to Silvan Bridge at once. "She deserves a treat," he said. "He shall spend the summer with

utterly refused to revolve any longer.

His heart grew cold within him. "She will die," he thought, "and I shall have murdered her?' But she did not die. She recovered

her strength by degrees. better than any medicine, she said, "to know that Seth is think ing of me and for me."

as she had called him-had proved her "I don't want her to go as Eliab's wife did," said Uncle Paul. - Saturday

house-boat -men, women,

canal, the offshoot of a main water-way, was the only street between or

before the village houses. There was

route was by a second path leading behind the houses. By following that

we passed through the farms and

thrashing the rice by beating a log with handfuls of it to scatter the ker-

nels on the ground. We saw the

farmers turning the soil over and

breaking it up laboriously, or punch-

ing holes in the thick clay, dropping

seeds in them, and then smearing the holes over with a rake. We went into

the inner courts of the better houses,

forward to greet us, while the women

peoped through the doorways and

open windows - the latter being Eliza-

pages of oiled paper or the enamelled

inner coating of seashells. White goats, wolfish dogs, common-sense chickens, hump-backed cows and

nose-led buffaloes make up the animal

life that is so painfully missing in

Japan and so abundant in China. - Julian Ralph in Harper's.

Fortunate Waiters.

restaurant the waiters of which have

just received what must assuredly be the largest "tip" on record. Among

their customers for many years was a

gentleman of independent means, Herr Wilhelm Pentzel. Recontly this

goutleman went on a trip to Ezypt,

and died while there, at Port Said.

By his will, it is found, he has left

\$4000 to the fortunate waiters in ques-

Extent of Cotton Making.

Cotton manufactories are found in

early every State except the extreme

In Frankfort, Germany, there is a

bethan contrivances, framed for little

always the towpath, but the

'How was that?" chorused the In Chinese Villages. Mr. Weldon and I often went into

the villages, walking between the

fields of shivering rice, but far oftener the villagers came to see us in our

HOW HE GOT PT.

"Did that farmer's wife give you Wibbles of his pal, as he came running down the road.

turned. Aud, as he produced the remains of fine piece of roast mutton from under his coat, his comrade saw the joke and joined in the laugh. -Brook-

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER. two front teeth missing, "Minnie Williams's mother says Minnie can't in her side.

"Who is Minnie Williams's mother?" the new school teacher asked. "She's the dressmaker."

"How wonderful are the influences of heredity," muttered he. - Rockland

"Gentlemen," said the college Prosident at the meeting of the faculty, "we must take means at once to stop the game of football. It is bringing our grand old institution into disre

"News has been received." ex-

celing is the best of all.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRE

The Angler's Guide-Her Choice Faithless-The imperious Hired Girl-A Humorist, Etc., Etc.

Burnish up the reel and rod, Straighten out the line.

Take a spade and turn the sod—
Fishiu's gettin' fine.

Tramp along to where they say
Speckled beauties swish.

Sit around for half a day t around for man.
Go and buy your fish.
—Buffalo Courier.

A-"I fail to see how you can augh at such a silly remark. B-"My doar fellow, I can't help it, I owe the man a hundred dollars."

UNDER THE BAN. Teacher-"Speaking of imports, with what does Canada supply us?" Bright Boy-"Silver coins that won't pass in the horse-cars."—Judge.

HER CHOICE FAITHLESS. "I love, and I am loved."

"Then you must be perfectly happy."
"But it isn't the same man!"—Life.

THE IMPERIOUS HIRED OTHER. "Are you the boss here?" Mr. Meekly—"Do I look like a man that would allow his wife to get along without a cook?"--Chicago Inter-

PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

"When your son graduated did he eave anything behind him to enrich the traditions of the college?" "I guess so; his manners are gone."

RATHER SNAPPY. Man (to Baker Boy) - "What is your log's name, sonny?"

Baker Boy--- "Ginger." Man--- "Does Ginger bite?" Baker Boy ... "Naw, Ginger snaps," -Atlanta Journal.

RAIL REPARTEE. Trolley Car Conductor-"Settle now

Dignified Citizen-"What do you take me for, sir?"
Conductor—"Fi' cents, same as anybody else."--Indianapolis Journal.

A COAL-OIL JOHANNA. "Rich," exclaimed one emancipated voman to another; "why, she's the queen of the stock exchange."
"She's very lavish, I'm told, in her

"She can afford it. She's so rich that she uses hundred-dollar bills for curl papers."—Washington Star.

NOT UP TO DATE. Jones found Smith vigorously polishing his shoes. "What are you doing that for? I

"These used to be patent leather," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinsl column into its normal position; "but the patent on them has expired."--- Washington Pathfinder.

Several men were talking about how they happened to marry.
"I married my wife," said one, after the others had all had their say, because she was different from any woman I had ever met."

"She was the only women I ever met who would have me."-Detroit

the cold shoulder?" asked Wobbly 'She didn't give it to me," replied Wiggley Waggles, with a grin, "I swipped it when her back was

"Please, sir," whistled the boy with come to school, 'cos she's got a stitch

The teacher turned reflectively to

THE BULING PARSION.

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and the President demanded the cause of it.

plained one of the younger professors, apologetically, "that nine of our eleven will surely be back in college next year, and that our chances of beating Yale next fall are of the best." "Good!" shouted the President, flushing with pleasure. "Er-I think -er, young gentlemen, we had bet-ter not be too-er-hasty in this mat-

It is stated that Assam ten is the ichest in theine, that Ceylon and Indian teas will not keep, and that Day-

Aluminum is being used in making the bodies of eabs.

In nearly all the arid land regions water can be obtained at a depth of 300 to 600 feet.

A Pittsburg company has secured a large foreign contract for aluminum for army purposes.

A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, with the standing rigging, as well as hull, all of steel. The castor oil plant and the tobacco plant are both looked upon by the

animal world with almost unanimous M. de Montessus de Ballore has calculated that in the known earthquake

regions of the world a shock occurs on the average every half hour. The Simplon tunnel in Switzerland will begin two and a half kilometres

from Brieg and come out twenty-five kilometres from Domo D'Ossola. A plumb-line suspended a few feet from the side of a large building inclines a little from the perpendicular, because the weight is attracted by the

There have been iustances where bodies, when exhumed, have been found turned on their faces; but that has been explained as having been caused by some chemical action accruing during the process of decomposi-

The Bolivian tin mines are very rich, but they are generally situated at an altitude of over 14,000 feet above sea level, so that between high freights, lack of railroads and insufficient capital they are hardly devel-

oped at all. A new device for utilizing coal dust for fuel is to mix coal, molasses and water, coal dust and petroleum. Auother fuel mixture is that of sawdust, Irish moss, asbestos fibre and burned limestone, these being heated together

and made into bricks with coal dust. Take a polished knitting-needle and dip it into a deep vessel full of milk; withdraw it immediately in an upright position. Some of the fluid will hang on to the needle if the milk is pure, but if water has been added, even in small proportions, no milk will re-

main on the needle. An engineer of the Chicago Drainage Board has figured out from careful experiments and computations that the level of the great lakes will be lowered permanently between one and a half and two inches by the big drainage canal. The effect will be greater

on the upper than on the lower lakes. While genuine hydrophobia is not understood, there is an increasing suspicion among pathologists that many cases of what is supposed to be hydrophobia are merely acute hysteria. As it is as fatal to the sufferer, however, it will make no difference what it is called unless a renedy is

Making Wall Paper,

It is very interesting to go through a wall paper factory and follow the processes of manufacture. The designs are the first things observed. Formerly there was a scarcity of these but now there is a flood, and a manu facturer must exercise much artistic taste and business ability in making selections. Various designers have different specialties - some flowers, others architectural ideas, etc. - and of recent years architects have devoted many of their spare moments to originating wall paper designs. A complete design consists of three pieces -side wall, border and ceiling. The general width of patterns of th side wall and ceiling as used in the trade and manufactured by American machinery is eighteen inches, and the length of the repeat in the pattern is eight, eleven and three-fourths or fourteen and three-fourths inches, as suggested by the character of the design, the shorter repeats being the most satisfactory to the trade in gen eral. Many of the best effects are produced in papers containing only four to six colors, but as many as twenty or twenty-five are sometin used. Each color and shade in a de sign means a separate roller to the manufacturer. - New York Telegram.

Weight of the Hair. An interesting article was published in a Paris paper recently regarding the weight which a hair from the human head can support. ".fair," says the author, "have a force of resistance hard to believe unless one has con vinced himself by the experiment. Biehat does not fear to say that nothing else, not even excepting a fibrous tissue, can support so large a weight in proportion to its volume. Grellier, who shares his opinion, has estimated that a single hair can carry a weight of 1034 decigrams (more than a hundred grams). According to Richter, a blond hair can bear more than six ounces, and a black one still more. One can thus appreciate the great strength of the ropes which the Car-thaginians made of the hair.—New York Advertiser.

Startled the Congregation,

The new canon of Westminster, England, is credited with a ready wit. A story is told of his having once been terribly interrupted by the incessant coughing of his congregation. Whereupon he suddenly paused in his sermon, and interjected the remark :

"Last night I was dining with the Prince of Wales." The effect was miraculous, and deathly silence reigned as the preacher

continued: "As a matter of fact, I was not din ing with the Prince of Wales last night, but with my own family. I am glad, however, to find that I have at last secured your attention."-Pearson's Weekly.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices graits.

All bills for yearly advertisements or quarterly. Temporary advertisement be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

SHALOW SONG,

In twilight's gray-one hour alone Time yields, unburdened, all my own--Soft winging thoughts the silence fill With wondrous peace-a love-sweet thrill, Soothing my heart, o'er pensive grown

Poor heart, its ley mood of stone In this calm hour is giadly thrown | Aside with every pain and ill,

In twillight's gray

In twilight's gray. Forgotten all the wrong: the tone Of misery; the visions blown By sinful storms -my beart is still, Obedient to the kindest will Of gentle courtiers, only known

leorge E. Bowen, in Chicago Inter-Ocean

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In twilight's gray.

The man who always looks before a leaps, never leaps.—Puck The size of a lunch basket depends together on who carries it, the hus-

and or wife. - Los Angeles Express. In angry mood she flirts her fan, Small wonder she's enraged, For every eligible man She finds out is engaged.

Mrs. Hazeum-"How in the world lid your husband get so terribly choked?" Mrs. Snapper—"Estin' concless codfish."—Boston Courier. Overheard at the Horse Show: "That sorse is full of ginger, and seems well

bred." "Yes; he's a sort of ginger-bread horse."—Philadelphia Record. "Oh, wed with me; oh, be my wife,
I'll be the sunshine of your life."
"Sunshine! Horrors!" said the maid
"Such talk at ninety in the shade!"
—Indianapolis Journa

"There is something about you," emarked Rubberneck Bill, as he gently removed the traveler's money 'there is something about you that I like."-Indianapolis Journal.

A great deal has been written lately about the three rings of Saturn, but nobody seems to have thought of the field that planet offers for an enter-prising circus mau.—Buffalo Courier.

Once more the summer brings to view

This most extraordinary chap.
The farther from the sea he gets.
The more he wears that yachting cap.
—Washington Star. Whyte-"I thought you said your wife wrapped up this bundle." Browne -"I did." Whyte-"You must be

mistaken. There isn't a pin in the wrapping-paper anywhere."—Somer-ville Journal. Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet.
Now the sweet girl graduate,
Expectant, eager and elate,
Devotes her every thought and care
To what is just the thing to wear.
—Defroit Free Press.

"I hear that you are engaged to a girl with an ideal. You are likely to find that sort of girl pretty hard to get along with." "Oh, I guess I am all right. You see, I am the ideal."— Cincinnati Tribune. Kansas Farmer-"Yes, sir; that well is seventy-five feet deep. Had to

dig down all that distance to get water." Visitor (from Kentucky)-'And you dug seventy-five feet for it? Great Scott."--Chicago Tribune. Colonel Clay (of Lexington)-"What's that curious hole in the ground over yonder?" "They're dig-ging a well." "Ah, yes. For water, ging a well." "Ah, yes. For water, I suppose. What queer things one

sees away from home."-New York Lady (in Central Park, to baby in carriage)-"Why, you pretty little thing!" Nurse, proudly-"Yes; it's a good thing." Policeman, approach-ing-"Well, push it along, then. You're blocking the sidewalk."—New

York Herald. Freddy-"I told Mr. Loveman that you said you were going to kiss him next time he came to the house." Maud—"You horrid boy. What did he say?" Freddy—"Said he wouldn't believe it till he had it from your own

lips."-Truth. Wyld-"See that woman sitting alone in the corner? That's Miss Antique, the lecturer. The women rave thoroughly grasps her subject." Mack
-- "What is it?" Wyld-"Hen."-Brooklyn Life.

Scientific Uses of Liquid Air.

In a recent lecture on the scientific uses of liquid air Professor Dewar froze a soap bubble by means of the intense cold produced near the surface of liquid air. The same effect, however, was obtained by Mr. Pim by natural cold in Colorado last winter, when the thermometer stood at fourteen degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, that is to say at forty-six degrees of frost. Acting on the suggestion of his little boy, who was blowing soap bubbles, he sent one into the cold air utside. It froze instantly, and settled to the ground as a hollow shell of ice. When the thermometer rose to zero the bubbles would not freeze, nt whether this was owing to the change of temperature or some other condition of the air Mr. Pim is unable to say. - London Globe.

A Hen With Teeth.

Nathan Bitzick, a poultry dealer of 123 Suffolk street, has a hen without a beak or bill, but instead a large mouth with lips clearly defined and teeth which can be easily felt. She has a nose, forehead and extraordinarily large eyes, which show intelligence, like those of a dog. The face resembles that of a monkey.

The tongue is unlike that of any fowl and she licks her chops like a

cat. She bites off a piece of bread crust, holding it with one claw while she cats. When asleep she breathes like a quadruped, with a sound very much like a gentle snore. She weighs between five and six

pounds and was brought from the country a few days ago with other towl. - New York World,