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\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

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One Square, one inch, one month...
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Marriages and death notices grutis.
All bills for yearly advertisements es gdarterly. Temporary advertisement be paid in advance.
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RATES OF ADVERTISING

Marriage seems to the New York Mail and Express to be a failure in Switzerland, where one divorce is granted for every twenty-two wed-

It appears that canned horse meat is really to come on the market. It is said, in the New York Sun, to be sweetish and not so good as dog, but it is not nasty.

Herbert Spencer takes a gloomy view of the future. He believes the world is approaching an era of State socialism, "which," he says, "will be the greatest disaster the world has ever known."

The Chicago Times-Herald offers four prizes, aggregating \$5000, for the best American inventions in the line of "horseless carriages." They must be ready to run from Chicago to Milwaukee in November.

The San Francisco Examiner believes that the English habit of carrying one's wife into an active political campaign could be adopted in this country without the wife being pelted with a stale cabbage or an out-of-date

Some of the republics south of us are said to order a good deal of railroad iron from the United States. "If these States would buy more railroad iron and fewer guns they would get on much more comfortably," remarks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When it is remembered that on the lines of a single railroad system in Georgia there are 2,088,000 peach trees that grow fruit for shipment, something may be known of the prescut magnitude of an industry that scarcely existed twenty years ago, The peach belt now extends over the greater part of the State, and some single orchards number 100,000 trees.

Western Pennsylvania, according to the report of the United States Geological Survey, has twenty-one or twenty-two bituminous coal seams of commercial value. Dr. Chance, the Assistant Geologist of the State Geological Survey, estimates the quantity of coal contained in these seams at 33,-547,200,000 long tons. It is estimated that this supply would not be exhausted for 830 years taking the average annual production for the past five years, which has been 43,000,000

The existence of an international criminal league, recently discovered at Brussels, is only another proof that the world is growing smaller day by day. Just as with us one State is too bounded a sphere for the exuberant activities of the artists in the craft of appropriating other people's goods, so it is abroad. A European federation of thieves, secret agents and receivers of stolen goods has been unveiled. The headquarters were in London, where the fence had his quarters. This is a development of the theory of the solidarity of Nations that is not

The Chicago Tribune observes that a newspaper reporter named William Weldon invented the idea of the "bicycle sulky," the record-breaking sulky with ball bearings and pneumatic tires. He suggested the innovation in a newpaper "fake" article, not really as a practical thing. The Tribune bewails the fact that he never took a patent for the idea, thus losing "millions." The Tribune is offscent, however, comments the Pathfinder, for the application of bicycle wheels to a sulky would not to be patentable. To entitle to patent the invention must be "novel," and the Patent Office holds that a mere adaptation of a device to a logical though new use, is not such a "novel" use as will carry a patent.

This is apparently to be the greates? corn year ever known, and the season is now so far advanced, according to a contemporary, as to reduce the chances of disaster to a minimum. In 1891 we raised the greatest corn crop ever grown, but we are going to ren der it insignificant this year. In 1891 corn covered 76,204,000 acres and yielded an average of twenty-seven bushels to the scre. This year the corn fields amount to 82,304,000 acres, or 6,000,000 more than in 1891, and all reports indicate a larger yield per acre than in that year. But at the same average yield the erop will amount to 2,222,208,000-two billion two hundred and twenty-two million two hundred and eight thousand bushels. Corn is worth about fifty cents a bushel, not only in the markets, but in the feeding of hogs. This crop will therefore add \$1,111,101,000 to the country's wealth. Think of it! More than a billion dollars of actual wealth produced in a single year in the shape of a single crop!

A LITTLE SONG.

A detle cot in a little spot, With a little heaven hath sent; A little way from that got each day; A song to sing, and a word to say; A little winter-a little May, And a heart content, contenti

A little wife, and a little life In love and duty spent; A song and sigh as the years go by: A grave, perhaps, where the violets lie; But a heaven on earth and a heaven

In life and death content! -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution

OLD SWANLEE'S DAUGHTER



WO men were riding tired horses down an ill-defined Carolina woods. The one was a New Yorker-keen, alert, dark haired

his deer-stalker cap to his yellow pig-skin gaiters, with their buttons down importation from the islands beyond sea. They were not friends, roads, and, finding that they were heading in the same direction, had

jogged along in company.

For the past hour the multitude of trails had bothered them much, and there had been a good deal of toss up in their choice, and at last neither had any further ideas to offer about the route, and there was no question that they were most satisfactorily lost.

The last blue of the ake The last blue of the sky was turning to a cooler purple, and a couple of tree toads were already commencing the overture of their nightly opera.

'have you ever ridden down a strange trail of this sort after nightfall?" 'Can't say that I have.'

store which won't be all molasses. You wait till the trees begin to sneak up and hit you on the knee-cap, then you'll—Great Co-lumbus! see that?"

"What, these green shrubs?"
"Corn, sir. 'Indian corn,' you call it 'way back in the old country. And here's a house.

They wheeled round the edge of the corn patch, their horses picking a way cautiously over the outshooting roots of the timber, and pulled up before a small frame dwelling. As though their arrival had been expected, the the woods when the rough door swung open and a man hastened back when the sound of stepped out and faced them. He was heavy firing came down to him over an old man, and heavily bearded. He the timber. He gained the hut, perstood quite four inches above the haps luckily, too late for interference, fathom in his boots, and in the hol- but the history of what had occurred low of his left arm he carried a was written out before him in ruddy weapon, single barreled and hammer- lettering. Three officers of the excise

He pointed to this and introduced

repeating shotgun. The first of you up over a stump like a half-tilled meal that slips a hand toward the sly poc-ket of his pants will get a hole let into still farther down the trail, were four him that a yoke of steers could drive saddled horses leisurely grazing. there was a curious look of through. If you want to stay, you've There was no sign of Old Man tion.—New York Advertiser. got to fight it out."

He of the yellow gaiters laughed. "What quaint people you Americans are!" he said. "Why you should threaten war in this unexpected fashion, I can't imagine!" 'Ho! you're a Britisher?"

"English-quite English." "And your companion, isn't he an The Englishman shrugged his shoul-

ders, and the New Yorker answered for himself. 'S. T. Vanrennan, real estate agent, Irving place, New York City.

Stick to my own trade, Colonel, and shouldn't know what a blockade still was if I were shown one. For a moment the old man seemed

only for a moment. Then Southern and .-- Hullo! who are you?" hospitality asserted itself. Well, gentlemen," he said, "how

"By putting us on the road for

trail's far too bad for strangers to folme, gentlemen, this night."

then the horses were led round to a my head. barn at the back, unsaddled, rubbed down roughly, and presented with six thoughts, and then went on afresh. corn cobs apiece; after which the two heavy corn bread and strong flavored ask you an intense favor. I've had pleading tiredness, retired to the far in the war and some have died since, room and slept. The Briton, who was and the rest are scattered I know not traveling in the mountains to pick up where. There isn't a soul to whom I character, was glad enough to sit up can trust my little girl. with his host and talk beside the smelly kerosene lamp over granulated speaking about?" co and corn cob pipes.

desultory. Only twice was it inter-truck with the lot down here, and rupted. On these occasions footsteps didn't intend to until the place was pause, a silver half-dollar rolled in when she came upon the estate. Yes, under the door. The old man pocket- sir, that's what I've been toiling and darkness, brought in a quart bottly, cents an acre for taxes; holding onto which he proceeded to fill from a keg the land with a miser's grip, while the smell of smoky spirit. Afterward he of sight, thrust out the bottle into the night, for the mountaineers around. No, and died out in diminuendo.

commented to his guest: "Say, sir, back on the saccestral dunghill. I've and the mortality is sog you're what they call in the mountains, done my crowing. But, sir, when my and probably soon be a stenderfoot, but, from the face of little girl was born in Richmond durrace left in the district.

you, you seem straight. salt," said the Englishman.

is Colonel Swanlee, which you may hour or so's time, and with it a mathave seen mentioned in accounts of the ter of \$50,000. Now, sir, will you war, and once I had a forty-room house here and close on two hundred hands working on a fine estate. The house and the hands are gone, and the estate has run back for the most part into forest. I've been luckier than some. I haven't sold a rod of ground. I've been spared seeing a filthy railroad plowing through my land, and I've ing tired horses some other mercies to be thankful for.
down an ill-defined Come, sir; you said last night you
trail through North were in no hurry toget on. Will you

stay awhile and rough it with me?"
The invitation was genuine, and because the life was fresh and interesting to him, and because Old Man and chronically one Swanlee was loath to let him go, he day behind with stayed on tili the weeks grew to over his shaving. His a month. There was much to occupy companion, who rode with difficulty his time. Any one with a taste for his rough-gaited Kentucky mare, was obtrusively British. Everything, from the wooded mountains and valleys of the Alleghany country. Sometimes he took his horse and rode along the Smokies, and looked down on Tennessee. Sometimes he roamed through scarcely acquaintances; they had fore-gathered some few miles back at cross-sprung up in tropical luxuriance over the once cleared land, occasionally shooting a wild turkey or a hawk or a flying squirrel, or whipping in two a small rattlesnake, but for the most part finding full enjoyment in admiring this gallery of pictures which nature by herself had painted.

over the crude appliances with which the flery corn whisky was produced. But that was only once, and, indeed, the still was seldom referred to. In "Say," remarked the American, the evening, when they sat together its myriad insect noises, or el e the old man would talk and unfold pictures of past Southern splendor. They seemed to be living then in an atmosphere of nearly half a century before, and at times the Englishman had hard work to bring himself back to the true

realities. But at last there came a breaking up of the pastoral, and it arrived in a barbarous shape. The place was raided

The visitor was away bee hunting in lay twisted and dead on the red soil, shot down by that terrible 10-fire repeater, which carried its charge like a "Gentlemen," he said, "that is heavy ball for the short distance. about the latest. Rawnsley's 10-fire Farther out was Vaurennan, doubled

> Had he run for the woods, or-The newcomer rushed cross the clearing and into the cabin. The

> blockade distiller, was stretched out on the floor with blood cozing into pools around him. The Englishman shuddered and bent down for examination. An ear shredded through by one bullet, temple grazed by another, left elbow shattered by a third; none of these were mortal, none could cause this prostration. Ah! there was a worse wound, in the groin---that meant

> Under the impromtu surgery the old man woke up.

"That blasted detective, Vanrennan ! However, he's got his gruel, and so inclined to resent this last remark, but have the revenue men, and I'm dying, Old Man Swanlee gripped his gun

again and started up full of fight. "Ob, it's you, sir, is it? I ask your pardon, I'm sure," lie said, bowing with old-fashioned courtesy, "but this "I could not do it. Asheville's good little domestic trouble must be my thirty miles beyond this, and the excuse. Those fellows have pumped lead into me till I've been a triffe low in the dark. You must bunk with thrust off my balance. Thanks, if you would assist me on the floor again and There was a little more talk, and bring the corner of that box under

He rested a minute to collect his "Now, Mr. (I've forgotten your adjourned to the cabin, supped off name), circumstances compel me to After the meal the Yankec, staunch friends, but some were shot

"Your daughter is this that you're

'That's so. I haven't mentioned Their conversation was on the whole her before. I don't let her have any make themselves heard on the hard, ready to receive her as she should be red ground outside, and then, after a received-as my mother was received the coin, lifted the latch, slaving for all these years, barely and, reaching a hand out into the spending a dollar in cash except a few that wafted through the hut a strong forest stamped the snake fences out brewing a vile and the heavy footsteps recommenced | sir; I've not sold moonlight whishy because I liked it, or hugged my balance On the first occasion, the old man at the banks merely to put myself

Please re- ing the siege, my wife made me prommember you've seen nothing." iso before she died that, come what "I'm under the tie of bread and might, I'd see the child mistress of the house we'd been driven from here. needn't fear me," and fell to talking My wife was a very proud woman, sir; about the game in the woods.

My wife was a very proud woman, sir; ber family claimed descent from Poca-When the Englishman awoke next hontas. I sent the child to a convent morning he found that his traveling in Paris, and there she's remained companion had already departed.

"I didn't press him to stay," said the old man, "but I hope you will honorme with a longer visit. My name Yes, sir, the estate will be here in an

> give a dying man a hand?" "I will do anything that lies within

ny power."
"Then find out my daughter," came the astonishing reply, "and marry her."
Horror struck, the Englishman started to his feet. Did not this man realize that he was a murderer, still

red handed? "My God!" said Old Man Swanlee, 'you are not going to refuse me?' He stretched out a bony hand and caught at the other's gaiter. "Heavens, man, think what you are saying. Think what this means to me!"

The other turned away his head in despair. "It is not much I am asking. She's beautiful. I had her photograph sent me only the other day. She's highly educated; she's well born; she's rich.

What more can a young man want in "But," broke in the Englishman, the shin, betrayed him for a recent rough trails far afield—over the Great desperately, "I am not free. I met a girl in Paris a while back, and crossed with her here in the boat from Havre. Before we landed in New York she had promised to become my wife. I never

could marry any one else. I-er-in short, I love her.' The old man's knotted hands wrestled with one another tremulously. "I see," he said at last, with a heavy sigh. "I should like it to have been, but what you say is final. Still, sir, you must do something else for me, if you

"Anything that lies within 'my power," exclaimed the other eagerly. Believe me, anything.

"Then find out my daughter and act as her guardian. Give her my dying the evening, when they sat together command to obey you in everything, under the wooden piazza, the Englishman and his host either rocked and her rights; guard her from advensmoked in silence, looking into the turers; watch that she marries a good "Then, sir, you've an experience in warm Southern night and listening to husband, a man that is worthy of her, one who will treat her well.

The old man's voice had died down almost to a whisper.

His companion stooped over him. "I will do all you ask," he said carnestly. "But you had better tell me now where I shall find Miss Swanlee.

"Thanks; you are very good. But ought to have told you she is not bearing that name now. To avoid complications which arose after the war I made her take another, which she will carry until she comes back the woods when they arrived, but here. She was christened Miriam, after mother, and-"

The old man's voice drooped. "Yes, yes," said the Englishman, impatiently; "but what was the sur-

"What, Miriam Lee?"

"Yes, sir; Miriam Frances Lee." "Just God! That is the girl to shom I am engaged!

The Englishman reelel against the table, staring wildly at his host. Old Man Swanlee had ceased to live, but the angle of the hut propped him against falling. On his grim old face

Baby in a Ten-Inch Well,

The eighteen-months-old child of Bill Gee, a farmer living near Tigertown, had a terrible experience on Tuesday evening, says the Galveston News. A ten-inch bored well had just reached a depth of twenty-nine feet being near the house, when the little one went out alone to investigate. Somehow he managed to fall in feet first and was impaled upon the end of the boring machinery, a part of which was yet in the well. The frantic mother was a witness to the horror and immediately gave the alarm. The child could not be gotten out of the hole, so the neighbors were all summoned and some eighty of them went to work digging a great square hole near the well. This being completed to a depth on a level with the child, a tunnel was made from the hole to the well and the child rescued after being in its perilous condition twenty-three hours. Its plaintive cries, "Mamma! mamma, come take me out!" were heartrending. The child will recover.

Curious Tyranny.

A newspaper printed at Lubeck, Germany, gives a curlous instance of police tyranny in the neighboring town of Dassow. A poor laboring woman named Dorothea Bruhu, whose husband had for many years been bedridden, went to the pastor of the town with a request that he would officiate at the burial of one of her children. The pastor merely said that he would se about it, and failed to appear at to grave at the appointed hour. In default of other religious services the mourning mother recited over the grave a single verse of a hymn expressing her faith in the child's welfare n the other world. For doing this he was reported by a zealous policeian as having violated an ordinance forbidding any lay person to make s liscourse at an interment. The Police Justice found her guilty and she was fined the sum of a little less than \$1, with the alternative on non-payment of a day's imprisonment.

Kalmucks Are Dying.

In Astrakhan, Russia, the Kalmucks are dying out. They are afflicted by some mysterious mental disease that is filling the asylums and hospitals, I've and the mortality is so great that there THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

After Tribute-Neighborly Feeling-Instanter-Doubly Afflicted-The Small Boy's Idea, Etc., Etc.

Come let us wander o'er the mead
This picasant summer day;
Let's watch the bovine at his feed,
The farmers toss the hay;
And through the clover let us stray,
O summer girl—and I
The usual tribute sweet will pay
When coming through the rye.
—Harper's Bazar.

DOUBLY AFFLICTED. "Hi, Jimmy, wot's de matter?" "Back's blistered." "Swimmin' or lickin'?"

"Both."-Chicago Record.

NEIGHBORLY PEELING. Fond Parent-"She's got a lot of Sarcastic Neighbor - "Yes. What a pity it's allowed to escape."-Truth.

INSTANTER. Thomas-"Have they named the twins over at your house yet?"

John—"Yep; pa called them Thunder and Lightning as soon as he heard

THE SMALL BOY'S IDEA. Boy-"I want to buy some paper."
Dealer-"What kind of paper?" Boy-"I guess you better gimme fly paper. I want to make a kite."— Philadephia Record.

about them."-Puck.

HE WANTED TO KNOW,

Little Clarense-"Pa?" Mr. Callipers-"Well, my son?" Little Clarence-"Pa, which is the iggest nuisance-the man who talks in his sleep or the man who sleeps in his talk?"—Trutb.

A GREAT SACRIFICE. Miss Uppercrust - "She's awfully self-sacrificing. Do you know, she stayed away from church last Sunday in order to sit with a sick friend, Mr. Cynicus - "I don't see anything

self-sacrificing in that." Miss Uppercrust-"Yes; but she had just got a new dress and hat."— New York Ledger.

INTRICACIES OF OUR LANGUAGES. "Mother," said Johnnie, after deep thought, "suppose I should knock this vase off the table and catch it—then I

wouldn't catch it, would I?" "N-n-no, I suppose not," mother slowly assented. "But," continued Johnnie, still toy-

ing with the vase, "if I should knock it off and not eatch it-then I would catch it, wouldn't 1?"

"Yes, you would," his mother grimly returned, this time with quick decision. - Rockland Tribune.

TWO CORPORATIONS CLASH.

"This bill," protested the man at the window, "calls for \$2.61 for gas burned in June, and there wasn't anybody in the house during the entire

month to my certain knowledge. The meter tells a different story, sir," replied the cashier at the gas company's office, "and we have to go by the meter; \$2.64 is right.

"Well, I'll pay it," said the other, taking out his pocketbook with great apparent reluctance. "Your name, I apparent reluctance. think, is Ruggles. Here is your ice bill for last February, amounting to \$2.96. We have called your attention to it several times, but you have alfused to pay it on the ground that you did not know any ice was left at your door during that month and didn't need it. It wasn't our fault if you didn't know it. The books show that the ice was left there, and we have to go by our books. The difference is thirty-two cents, and if you will just hand over the amount-Here they clinched. - Chicago Tri-

THIS WAS A GOOD ONE. "Did I tell you the latest bright thing my little boy got off?" asked McBride, as he joined a group of

friends at the club.
"Yes, you did," replied all, in concert, with discouraging unanimity. "That's where I've caught you," torted McBride, "for it only happened last evening, and I haven't see soul of you fellows since. Besides,

this was really a good one. "Then you haven't told it to us, replied Kilduff, speaking for the crowd. "Go on."

'Yes, tell us quickly," added Skidmore, "and let us have the agony

Thus encouraged, McBride began "You know, boys, little people have sharp ears, and they are not at all backward about telling any little scraps of information they pick up. This peculiarity has led a good many parents to resort to spelling words when their young children are present. Of course that sort of thing of no avail after the youngsters learn to spell. Well, Mrs. McBride and I are in the spelling stage now, and little Freddy is often very much mystifled by our remarks to each other. Last night we had our new minister to dinner, and Freddy watched the good man helping himself very liberally to biscuits. He thought it a good opportunity to put into use the family verbal cipher, feel ing p refectly certain that the minister would find it unintelligible. So he called out, 'Mamma!'

"What is it, Freddy?" asked my

a good one. - Harper's Magazine.

'Mamma, isn't the m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r s p-i-g?' spelled out Freddy, triumph-The fellows had to admit that this story about McBride's boy was really

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The electric lines in Chicago now A metallic ribbon is the latest sub-

stitute for bicycle chains. The only dyes impervious to the bleaching power of the sun's rays are Prussian blue and chrome yellow.

The meat of the herring gives the muscles elasticity, the body strength and the brain vigor, and it is not flesh-forming.

A mastodon skeleton unearthed in Border County, Texas, in August, 1894, had tusks atached to the skull which were ten feet long.

The problem of employing spirits for lighting on a new principle similar to the incandescent gas light is re-ported to have been successfully solved by a German. A French medical authority asserts

that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time; then unconsciousness ensues

It is urged that photographers generally should be prepared to catch views of lightning in order that it may be studied photographically as effectively as astronomy is now done.

A new method for identifying handwriting is reported to have been discovered. It consists in enlarging the letters by photography and measur-ing the alteration due to beating of the pulse.

One of the most recent projects for rapid transit is the suspension of the cars, the motive power being electricity. The inventor claims that the enormous speed of 186 miles per hoar may be attained.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has discovered that a drop of air at a temperature of minus 180 degrees will freeze a hole through a person's hand just as quickly as would the same quantity of molten steel or lead.

An expert says that in the nerves at the finger tips of blind persons well defined cells of gray matter, in all respects identical with the gray matter of the brains, are formed. They car ry their brains in their hands.

Slag brick chimneys are being tried abroad. The weight is but half that of brick, and a special cement binds together the blocks composing the chimney so firmly as to require neither chain nor iron band for strength oning.

It has been pointed out that the hairs of some caterpillars, prevalent at this season of the year, may cause serious inflamation of the eye, and impairment of vision. They should be removed from the eye at once if introduced there.

A Lucky Accident.

As an example of how a remunerative specialty in hardware forced itself on a receptive and appreciative Yankee, the following incident will be of interest: Among manufacturers small cast

ings are often put in revolving cylinders with pickers or stars made of east iron, having usually six points, the extremes of which are about an nch apart.

They are also familiar to toy dealers, who sell them to children as "jackstones." The pickers, together with small eastings, are put into the tumbling barrels, so that any particles of sand adhering may be removed and a better finish given the eastings.

A large and well-known New England concern, which, in addition to the other lines, manufacturers screw wrenches largely, formerly used a peculiarly shaped malleable fron ferrule, with irregular openings at the four sides and circular openings at the two ends, weighing about an ounce. Some of these ferrales chanced to be a part of the contents in one of the tumbling barrels. When the barrel was opened the attendant noticed, what to him seemed almost incredible. that the picker with all its prongs was inside the ferrule, the openings of which were comparatively small. The observant mechanic lovically concluded that as it had got in it could

be got out again. The phenomenon was brought to the attention of parties who decided to apply the idea in a puzzle, and the realt has been that the original manufacturers are now making the two parts under contract, in ton lots while the first order is said to have netted a profit to the promoters of \$1700, -Iron Age.

A Ri leulous Custom.

But there is nothing more amusing perhaps, in all the quaint and curiou-'customs" of the House of Common than the strange ceremony which marks the termination of its every sitting. The moment the nouse is ad journed, stentorian voiced messengers and policemen cry out in the lobbi and corridors: "Who goes home? These mysterious words have sounded every night for centuries through the Palace of Westminster.

The performance originated at a me when it was necessary for members to go home in parties for com mon protection against the footpals who infested the streets of London But, though that danger has long since passed away, the cry of "Who goes home?" is still heard night after night, receiving no reply, and expect-ing none.—Chambers's Journal.

The South American Tea One of the principal products of

Paraguay is the yerba mate, which is largely used as tea in South America. It was discovered recently that adul teration was practised in the con merce and preparation of that plant and the Minister of the Interior, a Asuncion, has recently taken severe measures to detect and punish those who practice adulteration. - New York IN THE ORCHARD.

A lengthening vists of yellow and green, With shafts of deep shadows and ralight

between: The branches, wind-tossed, dayple treetrunk and ground,

With ripples of light on the soft waves of The apple trees old, with arms guarted and

gray. Like sentinels grim stand in martial ar-Their armor of green disclosing o'erhead

Rich treasures of fruit shining yellow and The vanishing point is a crooked rail fence

Where scampers a squirrel with malice prepense;

A chattering robin doth hotly pursu The little red thief and chases him through, -B. E. Jaques, in American Agriculturist.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A war club-The triple alliance. It's all up with a man when he's turned down.

Some people can keep their minds on a mighty small object and not feel cramped for room.—Puck.

A large majority of those who think they need coaxing really require club-bing. — Milwaukee Journal.

Mrs. Peastraw-"How on earth did you get yourself so dirty?" Johnny
-"I was in swimmin'."-Truth. You can salt down your money, but

you cannot catch golden eagles by putting salt on their tails. Truth, It's the summer fly that bustles.
Till within the spider's gates.
And the spider never hustles,
But he gets there while he waits.

Too many men regard death as they do their banker, and expect ample no tification when their time will be up,

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inventors of college-yells can find a

mine of inspiration in sitting around

listening to women talk baby-talk to their babies. - Atchison Globe. Isn't there some way in which we can arrange to get our weather prop-erly mixed instead of taking the in-

gredients separately?-Troy Press. "Our landlady says sho likes to see her boarders have good appetites."
"Well, I'm not surprised. Som
women are naturally cruel."—Life.

Johnny must have got his gun ly exhortations goaded; But his slience is suggestive that He didn't know't was loaded.

"What is the name of that man?" It's queer, but I can't recall it," was the reply; "though it is right at my finger ends."-Puck. "Why is it," asks the Manayunk philosopher "that when a man is afflicted with chills and fever the chills always come on the cold days and the

fever on hot days?"-Philadelphia Prepared for the Worst: Edna-"Whom is Miss Golighty going to marry?" Millie-"Old Moneybagges." Edna-"How do you know?" Millio

-"She's having most of her trousseau made in black."-The Mourner. Stern Father-"Do you realize, young man, that up to the present time it has cost me at least \$20,000 to bring up and educate that girl?" Fond Lover-"Yes, sir; and from my point of view I should say, sir, that she is fully worth it."-Somerville

Journal. The Third Time Proposal; She (bored)-"No. Mr. Lytely, I can never love you. I honor and respect you. I am sure you would make some woman a good husband. I-" He-"Well-er-could you-er-give me a letter of recommendation to my next place?"-Vogue. An Extra: Lady-"Your testi-

monials are satisfactory and I am will-

ing to take you at the terms you ask, namely, thirty florins, only I expect that you will treat my children with affection." Nursery Maid—"Affec-tion? Then I shall want five florins a month extra."-Der Floh. Squildig-"Did the bride's father do the correct thing when young Spudkins married Miss Cashbox?" Swilligen-"Well, he gave the

"I knew he would do something hand-

Squildig (interrupting)-

McSwilligen (resuming)-"He gave the bride away."-Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph. "Mercy!" oried the editor's wife, as she arose in the morning to find two windows pried open and the lamp overturned in the middle of the fleor. 'There was a burglar in the house last night -a burglar!" "Yes," said the editor with a yawn, "he struck us just before daylight, but he was evidently a very poor man. I only got \$7 out of him. You'll find it in the bureau

drawer. The key's under my pillow. -Atlanta Constitution. The Clock Didn't Run on Sundays,

A London gossip writes: "The Aquariam people have organized an exhibition of curious old clocks and watches. Among the 2000 examples acquired are several of special interest. Of the general exhibits one of the most interesting is a clock built by a pious Scotchman a century and a half ago. To guard against any possible consequences of breaking the Sabbath, he so constructed it that at midnight on Saturday it stopped dead, and never so much as ticked until Monday morning began." - Jewelers'

Bismarck's Gold Chessboard.

Prince Bismarck was recently the recipient of a handsome present in the shape of a chessboard inlaid with alternate squares of yellow and milk of gold. The figures, which are mary clously carved, are also of amber, and each minute detail is faultfeady car-