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Japan cracked the Chinese nut, and now Russia wants to eat the kernel.

"Go South, young man," says the West, as reported in the Chicago Times-Herald.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean is very much concerned because Chicago is eating 40,000 more sheep a month than it need to.

There are some 15,000,000 pupils enrolled in the public and private schools of the United States, more than twenty per cent. of the entire population.

The costly experience of the people of Iowa in dealing with speculative building and loan associations promises to bring about the enactment of adequate laws for the government of all associations, remarks the New York Post.

Sudden death has carried off two very prominent figures in American literature recently—Professor Boyesen and Eugene Field. They had neither of them reached the age of fifty. Cut off in their prime, it is sadly possible, muses the Chicago Times-Herald, that they left their best work undone.

A learned German asserts that the aversion against horse meat as an article of diet is a senseless prejudice based wholly on an interdiction issued by the church during the Dark Ages to prevent the revival of heathen worship, in which the sacrifice and subsequent consumption of horses had played a cherished role. The New York World maintains that horse flesh is clean, remarkably free from disease and contains more albumen than beef does. "Corned horse" smells and tastes like goose meat. In many European hospitals horse flesh soup is especially prescribed for patients in need of strengthening food.

Mr. Labouchere says in London Truth: "Lord Salisbury is suffering from a severe attack of ultimatum upon the brain. His condition is the cause of grave anxiety to every foreign Government. There are now five British ultimatums out, addressed respectively to Ashanti, Belgium, China, Turkey and Venezuela. The irrefragable anxiety displayed by foreign Governments, especially by the Republics of Central and South America, to have a British ultimatum presented to them is easily explained. The present value of a British ultimatum in the autograph market is \$2500."

Rhode Island will join Pennsylvania in an effort to preserve the lines at the famous camp ground of the Revolution, Valley Forge. Rhode Island has appropriated \$2000 and provided a commission to erect a monument to the memory of John Waterman, a Rhode Islander, who died at Valley Forge during the encampment, and was buried within the lines. The grave is located on the Piersol farm, now occupied by I. Heston Todd, about 500 yards east of Fort Huntingdon and about 100 yards south of the road leading from Valley Forge to Port Kennedy. Governor Lippett, who is Chairman of the commission, has written to Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania, saying that the Rhode Island Commission will visit the place soon and desires to co-operate with the Valley Forge Commission.

President Schurman, of Cornell University, in presenting his annual report to the trustees of that institution, recommended a provision for the superannuation and pension of professors in the university and the better regulation of salaries. Concerning the questions of intercollegiate football and college athletics in general the report says: "If the game of football cannot be redeemed from brutality and trickery, public spectacle, and commercial speculation, it is certainly better that it should go and never return to plague us. But at present the faculty refuses to believe that the flower of American youth in different colleges and universities cannot, under proper regulations, come together like gentlemen and play football in a spirit of fair and generous emulation. As intercollegiate athletics are to be tolerated only when they do not interfere with the work of students or do not distract institutions of learning from the purpose of their existence, so, furthermore, they must not be encouraged. They should be forbidden unless players and managers recognize that far above records and victories, higher than sports, higher even than physical culture, are self respect and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the spirit of the amateur and the conscience of the sportsman."

FOR HER SAKE.

All day long, with sigh or song, I'll be for her sake. She is where the roses throng, I where thund'ring break; From the reckless city's mart; But a rainbow's round my heart!

UNCLE COTTLIE'S WOOING.

"M going to get married, Tim." Uncle Cottle sat very sprightly in his chair, and spoke with an air of invincible decision. "What again?" "I'm going to get married, Tim."

"But this isn't the first time you've been going to do it, and I know the what I mean, Tim explained. "Do I know the favored lady?"

"It's Miss Sybil Holt, Tim," said Uncle Cottle, confidentially. "The most lovely—the—oh-h! I met her the other evening at Mrs. Dynham's silver wedding party, and she—er—silver seemed to take to me. I'm older than she is," he sighed, pensively, "but I look a good ten years younger than I am; don't you think so?"

Young Tim regarded him critically, without hazarding an opinion. He was past middle age, and looked it; a tall-bodied little gentleman, with short, dumpy legs and a bland, moonlike face, whose prevailing expression was of imperturbable simplicity.

"Have you proposed?" "Why, no; I've only seen her once. Besides," Uncle Cottle sighed again, "I'm so shy, you know, Tim—so infernally shy! The only time I ever managed to propose was when I wrote to that widow—you remember, you helped me with the letter—and she never answered. You didn't say," he added, "whether you knew Miss Holt?"

"I don't remember ever to have met her." "Ah! If you had, you couldn't forget her. She's an aunt you'll be proud of, my boy."

"But she may not appreciate the honor of obtaining me for a nephew." "If she refuses me, Tim—if I lose her, I've lost all the others, cried Uncle Cottle, wildly. "I shall think there's a curse on me, and I'll give in I'll never love again. I'll live and die single!"

Young Tim hoped he would. Uncle Cottle had been his guardian ever since he was quite a boy, but since he came of age, some six years ago, he had rather reversed the position of affairs, and looked upon Uncle Cottle with the jealous eye of a sole proprietor who didn't want anybody to meddle with his business.

"I'm his only relative," he complained to his cousin, Ted Merrows, as they sat at breakfast next morning in the chambers they tenanted in common. "What's his name. He's said so lots of times. If he gets married, though, his wife will expect at least half; and if he has children—there'll be no meat left on the bone for me!"

"They were both reading for the bar, but Ted Merrows put aside his paper for the moment, and placed all his intellect at the service of his friend. "What's the use looking back about it? He's been going to marry often enough before—"

You might find one through the matrimonial journals."

"Nonsense! Heiresses don't advertise." "Don't they?" All heiresses are not in society; some of them want to get there, and they advertise. They wouldn't marry a gentleman with nothing, perhaps, unless they happened to be old and ugly, but they would be glad to snap up a man like liberal allowance from your uncle and hopeful prospects. Then, if your uncle deserts you afterward, her money will keep the wolf from the door and save you from working yourself to death."

Young Tim had a morbid horror of poverty and overwork, and that story haunted him all day. It shone through his dismal forebodings like the moon through a mist; it seemed almost too good to be true. He dined alone that evening at a restaurant in the Strand; and, passing a news-agent's on his way back into the Temple, he noticed some matrimonial journals in the window, and went in and bought one. He was somewhat relieved, on entering his chambers, to find that Ted Merrows was not yet at home. He opened the journal, and studied the crowded columns in private, and lighted at length on a business like advertisement which impressed him favorably:

"M AUD, young, dark and good looking, with private income, wishes to correspond with middle-aged gentleman of means and position, with view to matrimony. References exchanged. Replies were to be sent to a letter of the alphabet at the office of the paper."

Tim was not middle-aged, but he considered that, if anything, that should tell in his favor. He read and reread the advertisement till from feeling tempted to answer it just to test the probability of Ted Merrows's story, he began to succumb to fresh fears for his future, and became anxious to answer it for his own sake.

"There's no harm in writing," he argued. "If I change my mind or if it doesn't seem good enough I can drop it."

And while the impulse was upon him he wrote. He wrote vaguely of his income and said nothing of his age, but craved an interview. If he explained his precise position, he feared she might fancy it was too insecure to render him eligible; but if he could see her, he flattered himself that the charm of his conversation and personal presence would dazzle her and divert her attention from his less pronounced monetary qualifications.

He signed his own name, "T. Cottle," because, if the negotiations came to anything, it might shake her confidence when he had to acknowledge that he had approached her under a false name; and at the same time, as she had withheld her surname and address, he felt justified in requesting her to direct her reply, in the first instance, to the postoffice in Baywater Road, to be left till called for.

"I can look in for it the next time I go to see uncle," he reflected. "If it turns out a frost, I needn't tell Merrows anything; he'd only grin about it. I'll get the letter off before he gets in."

And he ran out and posted it at once. He half regretted his impetuosity when he contemplated what he had done in the cold light of the next morning. Nevertheless, a couple of evenings later he journeyed to Baywater and inquired at the Postoffice for his letter, but it hadn't arrived. So he walked on to see Uncle Cottle, but as his uncle was not at home, he told them to say that he had called, and wouldn't wait.

His interest in his rash matrimonial project had cooled considerably; but going to see his uncle on the following Saturday afternoon, he inquired casually at the Postoffice again, and was not altogether displeased that there was still no letter for him. He decided that his epistle had not created a satisfactory impression, and that he should hear no more of it.

Turning the corner a little beyond the Postoffice, he was surprised to run into Uncle Cottle, gorged in a new white waistcoat and with a flower in his buttonhole. "I'm arranging to get married," he announced to get married. "To Miss Holt?" faltered Tom. "No," laughed Uncle Cottle. "You'll never guess. It's the widow—Mrs. Netley. You remember, we wrote to her? She answered my letter that evening, an hour before you called."

Under the circumstances you will appreciate my preferring to send this to your private address, which I have taken from the directory, yours, truly,

"That's all right, Tim, ain't it?" chuckled Uncle Cottle. Tim realized in a flash that this was his "Maud," and it was his letter she was answering, not his uncle's; but he could not see his way to saying so. "What does she mean about your address?" he said.

"Why, I was nervous when I wrote that letter, and I must have forgotten to put my address in; that's why she didn't answer before; she couldn't. And it's just occurred to her to look in the directory. See? I mean to have asked her about it, but she was so nice and amiable and smiling, and I was so—so—well, I hardly know how I was—but there didn't seem any need to apologize, and, in fact, I never thought about it till I was coming away."

"Is she young?" asked Tim, for the sake of saying something. "I thought at first she was nearly forty, but she's only twenty-nine—she told me so herself. I showed her my bank book and a list of my securities. 'Oh, that's all right,' she says laughing. 'Then when's it to be?' says I. 'And it's going to be next month.' 'Next—' 'Month. I'm going around to the vicar's now to put up the banns—you come with me. And, I say! she's an orphan, so we want you, my boy—age don't matter; it's only a matter of form—to be a father at the wedding, and give her away.'"

Tim was gloomy and reckless, and said he would. Why shouldn't he? He had given away his prospects; he had given away his uncle; he might just as well do the thing thoroughly and give away the widow as well; then he would have nothing and nobody left to keep—but himself.—Tit-Bits.

Capable of Lifting 100 Tons.

League Island Navy Yard will soon have hoisting shears capable of lifting a weight of 100 tons. Contractor John Tizard is now at work with a large force of men erecting these shears, which will be the largest in this country, with the single exception of those at the shipyard of the Maryland Steel Company, at Sparrow's Point, near Baltimore, Md., which landed the great Krupp 120-ton gun. The shears at League Island are intended to handle heavy guns and machinery. The weight of these shears is 110 tons, and the two front legs are 120 feet high, while the back leg is 140 feet long. By means of an immense screw, running horizontally through the base of the back leg, the top of the shears can be moved backward and forward forty-five feet over the water, or twenty-five feet inward from the edge of the wharf. The screw is sixty-eight feet long, eleven inches in diameter and weighs fourteen tons. The shears stand on the broad street wharf, each of the front legs resting on an iron pedestal two feet by three feet, upon massive concrete foundations. A steel rope, 1 inch in diameter, 1800 feet long and weighing five tons, will be used for hoisting. There are two separate engines, each of fifty horse power each. The shears were constructed by the Tacony Iron and Metal Company and the cost of the whole apparatus, including the machinery, will be between \$38,000 and \$40,000.—Philadelphia Record.

Wedded Eighty Years.

Marriage does not seem to be a failure in Black Falls, Wis., in one family at least. It has had a fair trial, too, for Louis and Amelia Darwin were married eighty years ago. And now, although the husband is 107 years old and the wife 101, they are living happily together. Twelve children have been born to them, five of whom are living.

For thirty years Grandma Darwin was totally blind. Strange and incredible as it may seem, in her ninety-fifth year she recovered her second sight, and was able to distinguish her children. Yet during the period of her blindness she performed her household duties without any assistance.

The old gentleman has been a remarkable man. When he was 100 years old he could dance a jig equal to a dancing master, but the past four years he has gradually wasted away until to-day he is but a shadow of his former self. The aged couple are descendants from a race which, for many generations, was noted for remarkable longevity.—New York Press.

Noble Waiters.

Henry Fleischman, proprietor of the Vienna restaurant, corner of Tenth street and Broadway, New York City, is quoted as saying that the kind of waiters he wanted were princes, barons and counts, "for they know how people should be waited on." Prince Rohan, of Austrian Hungary, who threw money around in Chicago with a prodigal hand a few years, was once in the Vienna cafe, and it is said he could fry eggs on both sides or wait on a table with skill. The prince was quoted as often saying: "I can't be a god, I don't want to be a ruler, and that is the reason I remain a Rohan." Prince Rohan finally gave up his position as a waiter, returned home and committed suicide.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Afraid of Bears' Noses.

For many years the furriers have noticed that all the skins of polar bears which they have received have been mutilated by the loss of the nose. A Parisian furrier has discovered that this is a result of a superstitious belief among the Eskimo that wherever a polar bear is killed his nose must be cut off and thrown upon the ice or bad luck will follow the hunter.—New York Advertiser.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

German papers assert that gas pipes made of paper are a success. It has been discovered that it is possible to become intoxicated on gasoline.

It is said that Tamango, the Italian tenor, has a collection of butterflies valued at \$20,000.

Several clay tablets, covered with what are thought to be inscriptions, were unearthed in a Michigan mound the other day.

Utah beet sugar manufacturers are going into cattle feeding on a large scale. Their bagasse makes a capital feed for cattle.

The recent earthquake has stirred up all the gas wells in the natural gas belt, and given them increased pressure and a new lease of life.

The village of Artens, near Rome, Italy, is said to be a "community of criminals. Its inhabitants perpetrate more crimes than any other known people, except, possibly, the Kurds.

There are more than twenty species of fur-bearing animals known to inhabit the Hudson Bay country, ranging in size all the way from the meadow mouse and sand rat to the caribou, musk ox, bison and polar bear.

M. Pietet has discovered that four parts of carbonic acid and six parts of sulphurous acid combined to form a gas that will kill any microbe in the world, and penetrate into a book. It is called Pite's gas, and is the greatest antiseptic known.

M. Lagacue has ascertained that the military mortality per thousand is as follows in France and the French colonies: France 7, Algeria 11, Tunisia 12.20, Martinique 50, Cochinchina 21, Tonkin 77, Madagascar 75, Senegal 74, Guiana 237.

Naturalist W. Victor Lehman, of Tremont, Penn., has just sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington the first fossil insect ever found in the Southern Pennsylvania coal field. The specimen was found in the coal mine and is a very rare one.

The St. Lawrence River is subject to a mysterious tidal movement. It falls regularly for seven consecutive years, and then rises during a like period. The total difference of level is about five feet. This unexplained movement is demonstrated by the pilots and fishermen, who spend their lives on the river.

A Curious Migration.

A writer in the New England Magazine presents the results of his personal investigation of a curious migration that has been going on for a few years past from the Northwestern portion of the United States to Manitoba, Assinibolia, Alberta and other portions of British Columbia lying north of the Dakotas and Montana. According to S. A. Thompson, the writer of the article, a steady stream of emigration from the Northwestern portions of the United States to the wheat-growing regions of British Columbia mentioned has been noticeable for some time. In one place in Alberta he found a settlement consisting of a population of about one thousand, of whom seven hundred were from the United States. He discovered that the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company was selling land in small tracts to hundreds of American families, and he found a record of no less than 513 homestead entries made by settlers from the United States, representing 1552 persons.

Mr. Thompson was curious to discover the motives which led these American farmers to leave their own country. Many individual reasons were given, but the main cause, as Mr. Thompson says, is to be found in the fact that the desirable public lands have been exhausted by entries or gobbled up by the great railroad monopolists in the United States. In British Columbia there is almost an inexhaustible supply of farming land suitable for stock raising and grain culture, to be had on terms quite as favorable as those extended to American settlers in their own country.

Mr. Thompson suggests as a remedy for this emigration the reclamation of the vast arid region of the United States by irrigation. This would open up an immense region for settlement and in a climate more moderate than that of the Far North.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Remarkable Railway.

One of the most peculiar railways in America is the elevated railway across the Isthmus of Panama. The only steam used on it is a remarkable railway is supplied by the brawny arms of half-naked Indians, who, turning a handle, work the machine like a rude velocipede. The car is something after the shape of the small hand-driven machines used by navies on our railways, and holds about three passengers, not including the native propellers, who have to walk while working. The position in which the passengers are placed, if scarcely so comfortable as a seat in a Pullman car, affords at least a capital opportunity of studying the peculiarities of the beautiful tropical scenery below, of hearing the morning call of the whistling grasshopper, the screeching of green parakeets, and all the minstrelsy of the woods, with, it may be, the howl of an occasional baboon. A collision on this line, however, and an abrupt descent into the mass of foliage beneath, might lead to a closer acquaintance than desirable with spiders, centipedes and snakes, which abound in the vicinity of the railway.

Remedy for "Bone in the Throat."

A raw egg, swallowed immediately, will generally carry a fish bone down that cannot be removed by the utmost exertion, and has got out of reach of the saving finger.—Courier-Journal.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Author and the Heiress—A Serious Ailment—Too Industrious in That Line, Etc., Etc.

He could not get the rich man's pet, He could not even hope. But then he struck a job—what luck! Of writing ads for soap. Lone now she weeps bitterly, for keep, He's risen by fortune's stroke. So rich and high he's wedded by The daughter of a Duke.

TOO INDUSTRIOUS IN THAT LINE.

Friend—"Your son, I understand, has literary aspirations. Does he write for money?" Father (feelingly)—"Unceasingly."

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

"See the girl with the pug nose!" "Eh! She is worth fifteen million dollars in her own right." "What a charming 'retrousse!'—Life.

A SERIOUS AILMENT.

Cawker—"I sat up with a sick friend last night." Cumso—"What ailed him?" Cawker—"He lost ninety-three dollars."—Life.

A PERFECT RIGHT TO.

Sandford—"Say, Wheeler's pretty badly gone on Miss Bloomer. I just saw him putting a ring on her finger." Merton—"What of it? A man has a right to ring his bicycle bells, hasn't he?"—Judge.

NOT NATURAL.

"I see that old Snuggs has had his portrait painted." "Yes, but it doesn't resemble him." "Why not?" "He tried to look pleasant."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A MATTER OF ACCENT.

Sapemith—"The first thing the phrenologist said when he began to examine my cranium was: 'What a head!'"

Grimsaw—"Are you sure he did not say: 'What a head?'"—Truth.

HIS STATUS.

Teller—"In his speech last night, Colonel Windbagger, the prominent politician likened himself to one of the armor-plates on the Ship of State."

Grimsaw—"H'm! He would have been nearer correct if he had called himself a blow-hole in one of the armor-plates."—Pack.

A PRACTICAL DOCTOR.

Wife—"Well, doctor, how is it with my husband?" Doctor—"Fair to middling, so to speak; he wants rest above all things. I have written out a prescription for an opiate."

Wife—"And when must I give him the medicine?" Doctor—"Him? The opiate is for you, madam."—Hamburger Nachrichten.

HER VOLUNTARY ACT.

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the notary public. "What do you mean by that?" demanded the large, florid-faced woman.

"I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?" "Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting behind her. "I'd like to see him try to compel me!"—Chicago Tribune.

JOHNNY WAS PROMPT.

"Johnny," sharply called out Deacon Ironside, "get up! It's 6 o'clock." Johnny came tumbling down the stairway in exactly three minutes, fully dressed.

"You're improving," said the Deacon grimly. "This is the first Sunday morning I ever knew you to come down in less than an hour. I won't have to stand over you with a club this time to get you ready for church."

"For church?" echoed Johnny. "I guess not. What are you talkin' about, father? Hankins Brothers' circus is half an hour on their way out to Jimtown. I was awfully afraid I'd miss seein' it. This ain't Sunday. It's Saturday."

"Er—I guess you're right, Johnny," feebly responded the good Deacon, rubbing his chin.—Chicago Tribune.

A BABY'S PECULIAR NAME.

The happy parents of a new baby who lived in Southern Indiana took their infant to church to be baptised.

The baby was being raised "by hand," and where it went its bottle went also. After the arrival of the christening party at church an accident happened. The nozzle of the milk bottle came off and the baby's nice new dress was soaked all down its long front. This annoyed the parents, but nothing could be done, as the time for the ordinance had arrived.

When the parents stood before the clergyman, the baby in its mother's arms, he looked at the damp dress with a good deal of misapprehension, and to satisfy his curiosity the mother whispered:

"The minister did not seem to understand and turned inquiringly to the father, who said, a little more loudly: "Nozzle came off."

The good man understood this time, or at least he thought he did. He took the baby in his arms, sprinkled its forehead with the baptismal water and solemnly said, before anybody could correct him:

"Nozzle-came-off Snyder, I baptise thee," etc., etc.—Judge.

UNDOWNED.

Thou hast not gold? Why this is gold! All clattering round thy forehead white; And I were it weighted, and were it sold, I could not say its worth to-night!

Thou hast not wit? Why, what is this! Witworth thou equatest sunny a night, Who dost forget a tongue's his. As I well-nigh forgot to-night!

Horsting? Well, ah, well! I own Thou hast no place assured this quiet; So now I raise thee to a throne. Begin thy reign my queen to-night. —Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg—Texas Sittings.

Maud—"Did you ever notice how Algerina's face lights up when he talks?" George—"Well! you know he's lantern-jawed."—Pack.

The New Woman—"Where are all my white shirts and collars and ties?" The Old Man—"Why, John, this is the girls' afternoon to make calls!"

Hostess—"It's but a poor lunch I can give you! But my cook has got influenza!" Infant Terrible—"Oh, mummy, you always say that!"—Punch.

Landlord—"I'll have to raise your rent." Tenant—"For what?" Landlord—"They've changed the name of this street, and it is now an avenue."—Tit-Bits.

Old Bullion—"What! You wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere schoolgirl yet." Saitor—"Yes, sir, I came early to avoid the rush."—New York Weekly.

I knew a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to do all the buying, he need not care who should do the shopping for his family.—Boston Transcript.

Caller—"And this is the new baby?" Fond Mother—"Isn't he splendid!" Caller—"Yes, indeed." Fond Mother—"And so bright. See how intelligently he breathes!"—Tit-Bits.

How often Dame Fortune looks on us afloat, We think it but the wind that blows our boat. With its women who want to be voters and can't, And the swells who can vote and won't do that.

Hobb—"Wiggles says he pays his wife just as much attention as when they were first married." Fobb—"He has to. Her money was left so she can only draw the interest."—Town Topics.

Freshman (severely)—"Waiter, how did that hair get into the soup?" Waiter—"That must be from your mustache." Freshman (dattered)—"Ah yes, Charley, you are right. Excuse me."—Fliegende Blätter.

Judge—"And now, my good man, what made you kiss this lady?" Canning Gilchrist—"Your Honor, my inherited love of a beauty." "Indeed! I have written out a prescription for an opiate."

Wife—"Where ignorance is bliss," Philadelphia Record.

The Son-in-law (gratefully)—"I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't given us all this furniture." The Father-in-law—"That's so, my boy; without it my daughter couldn't have given you much of a home."—New York Herald.

Mrs. Hammond—"How do you like your new cook?" Mrs. Henshroft—"She ain't near as good as the other one. She has too good a temper. I used to make the other one mad every morning, and she would pound the steak to beat the band."—Indianapolis Journal.

Contagion Carried by Letter.

A physician in a country village has lately given to his medical brethren some additional instances of the ways in which contagions are spread, which should make us all thoughtful. The only case of scarlet fever ever lost by this doctor was one in which the disease was communicated by a letter written by a mother in whose family there were two cases of the fever; to a friend 100 miles away. The envelope of the letter was given to a child as a plaything. Another severe case of the fever was contracted by a little girl from two playmates who had what the doctor called "scarlet rash," and still another was carried to a family by a carpenter who lived eight miles away, and whose little children were ailing with scarletina, a disease that the attending physician had informed the father was not nearly as catching as scarlet fever."—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

Paper Underwear.

The Paperzeitung reports that paper underwear, such as was worn by the Japanese troops during their winter campaign, gives ample protection against cold, but is absolutely worthless during hot weather. The same technical journal asserts that paper is a specific for rheumatism, and cites a case in which an attack of acute rheumatism was cured by frantically changing a piece of paper on the affected part and leaving it attached there for several days.

The Luster Sheep.

An Australian breeder originated the Luster sheep. One of his best Merino ewes dropped in succession several lambs having wool extremely fine in fiber, uncommonly lustrous, but devoid of crimp. From these he established a flock and fixed the type of sheep, so there now occurs no reservation. The wool is exceedingly valuable, being purchased by French manufacturers and worked up into the finest cloth.—Farm, Field and Fireside.