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Chief Justice Judd, of Hawaii, hopes for Union with the United States...

Marshall Yamagata, of Japan, thinks that this is the most wonderful country under the sun...

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "The civilization that can photograph the invisible should not despair of finding out what is the real cause and practical cure of crime."

Eugene V. Debs was invited by the Chicago University students to address them, but the faculty wouldn't allow it...

Chicago is very much afraid that Canada might invade her, in case of trouble with England...

It is the announced purpose of Andrew Carnegie to make of Pittsburgh the "art centre" of America...

Buffalo Bill is said, in Farm, Field and Fireside, to be the best known American citizen...

New cures for consumption continue to be proposed, notes the Pathfinder. None has so far proved a specific cure...

In Australia they are exploiting a whole cure for rheumatism, which is said to be effective, though disagreeable...

Only one lighthouse in ninety miles from Sandy Hook to Atlantic City, and several boats, including the liner St. Louis, have lately run on the beach...

A State organization of the school boards of Minnesota has been formed. There are similar organizations in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas and Pennsylvania...

THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

It hangs to-day where it has hung for fifty years or more. But some who loved its silver tones...

Within a latticed tower it swings, high up above the street, and every Sabbath morn is heard the music clear and sweet...

Full many a change the hand of time has in the village wrought, and passing years have often been with grief and anguish fraught...

The magic of the music from the Old Church Bell, Since it was placed within the tower in days of long ago...

Though gone from earth and earthly things—forever passed away—The faithful ones who loved while here its summons to obey...

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New cures for consumption continue to be proposed, notes the Pathfinder. None has so far proved a specific cure, invariably successful or exclusively accepted...

In Australia they are exploiting a whole cure for rheumatism, which is said to be effective, though disagreeable. It was discovered by a drunken man, relates the New York Press...

Only one lighthouse in ninety miles from Sandy Hook to Atlantic City, and several boats, including the liner St. Louis, have lately run on the beach in the stretch, exclaims the New York Dispatch...

A State organization of the school boards of Minnesota has been formed. There are similar organizations in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas and Pennsylvania, and a National convention, the first, will be held in Buffalo this year...

THE THROOP GIRLS.

Daisy sliced the apples. The pudding was a great success and their father praised it. The Throop girls did their faithful best to make a cheerful home for their father...

When there came a knock at the door when their father had gone downtown after supper. The visitor was Ozro Martin, from the poorhouse two miles away...

Phoebe let him have a chair by the stove and the remainder of the bird's-nest pudding. "Sit down in Miah Chipman's, nekkst hounsh," said Ozro, in his own peculiar speech...

Phoebe, considering that enough had been said about Miss Chipman. But Daisy could not forget her. When Ozro had gobbled the pudding and departed, they had spread their books and slates on the table and plunged into their "home work"...

Phoebe didn't want me to, but I did, and I made her come with me, and we left it there at the door, and that's how we came to see Ozro Martin sitting on the house afore. I had to tell you. There!

Miss Chipman read the words scrawled upon the paper. And read them again. "Oh, dear," Phoebe groaned, in an agony of distress and wretchedness. "Oh, dear!"

"I'm going over and leave it at her door," Daisy declared. "Daisy Throop!" Phoebe gasped, in shocked remonstrance. But she hid her laughing face. "I am," said Daisy, "and you're going with me. She'll find it in the morning. Come on!"

She felt her sister's hand clutching hers. "Look!" Phoebe cried. The woodshed adjoined the kitchen at the rear. Its door stood open, and within they saw a strange, bright glare. They rushed to the spot. Something loomed up blackly before them—a tall figure standing on a barrel. A frightened yell burst from the apparition.

"Who's that, I shay?" a familiar voice quivered in shrill terror. The fiery light shone on the red hair and the pale, shaven face of Ozro Martin. He stared at them; then, with a choked and stammering word, he clasped his queer face in his leaden hands, jumped off the barrel and looped off into the darkness.

Phoebe cried, and while Daisy ran she mounted the barrel and tore at the burning mass. It was a bundle of rags soaked with kerosene. A few minutes later Miss Chipman, hearing peculiar noises at the back of the house, dropped the paper she was reading by her sitting room fire, took the lamp and her pistol out of the bureau drawer in her bedroom, and marched out to the woodshed. If it was burglars Miss Chipman felt equal to them.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Model For All—Thomas Knew—Different Now—How to Look Intellectual—Retiring, Etc., Etc.

Oh, busy Dee! in many a day Both many a hard try praiseth sing, For gathering honey all the day, Because thou likest that sort of thing.

Teacher—"Where is the capital of Great Britain, Thomas?" Thomas—"Most of it's in this country?"—Chicago Record.

"Papa, what is a historical epoch?" "It is a period of time that used to cover ages, but now it runs along anywhere from a week to ten days."

Mistress—"Mary, I don't approve of your entertaining your young man in the kitchen." "Well, mum, he's too shy to come in the parlor."—Life.

Jimson—"Have you a dog?" Smith—"Well, I guess! We've got one my wife embroidered on a tidy that we hang out on the porch, and it frightens the tramps speechless."

Elder Berry—"I believe I told you Joblots used to be a school teacher?" Dr. Thairly—"Yes. What of it?" Elder Berry—"Ever since he got into the church he has been urging a change of text books."—Judge.

Mr. Younglove (after long thought)—"Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you, without proposing?" Mr. Benedict (absently)—"Yes, make her mad."—New York Weekly.

Mr. Bloomer—"My dear, you have an irritating habit of asking 'Why?' after every statement I make. Now won't you try to break yourself of the habit?" Mrs. Bloomer—"Why, certainly, my love. I'm sure I didn't know I did. I'll certainly try to break myself of the habit, as you suggest. But why?"—Judge.

Younglove (admonishingly)—"Now that you've opened a bank account, you must bear in mind that the checks must not be signed with any of your pet diminutives. Just settle on one name, and use that and no other." Mrs. Younglove (plaintively)—"All right dear. I'll just sign 'Maude'; but I don't see how they're going to identify me by that!"—Puck.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Virginia possesses the greatest magnesian mines in the world. The eyes of birds that fly by night are generally about double the size of day birds.

The Bertillon system for identifying criminals by measurements has been adopted by the New York City Police Board.

If human dwellings were constructed on the same proportionate scale as the ant-hills of Africa we should be living in houses a mile high.

An odd observation of Gilbert White, confirmed by recent writers, is that pheasant cocks invariably crow, as if in answer to a challenge, at the sound of artillery or thunder.

It is evident, according to the American Machinist, that wheels constructed on the principle of the bicycle wheel are not suited for use in ordinary three and four wheel vehicles since they are planned to sustain vertical stress only, and are altogether unfitted for lateral strain such as other vehicles are subjected to.

A Frenchman has invented a recording attachment for the piano, for the use of composers, by which each key, when struck, leaves a mark on a strip of slowly-moving paper. By means of this contrivance improved music may be transcribed and fleeting ideas caught that, perhaps, it would be impossible for the composer to recall and commit to paper.

Platon, a Belgian experimenter, throws doubt on the assumption that insects are strongly attracted by bright and contrasted colors in flowers. Showy dahlias, hidden beneath leaves and colored paper seemed to be visited by bees and butterflies quite as often as the exposed flowers. It is concluded that perception of odors is the insects' chief guide.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company finds that its electric locomotives are more expensive than those driven by steam, the former costing thirty-eight cents per engine-mile, while the cost of the latter is but twenty-three cents. However, as in all other respects the use of electricity in the tunnel has given far more satisfaction than that of steam, the former will be continued.

Usually skeletons of prehistoric peoples are found near the surface. Except in the high mounds of the Mississippi valley they are seldom more buried than ten feet deep. So it is interesting to note that an excellently preserved skeleton was found at Atlantic Highlands, N. J., twenty-two feet below the present surface, accompanied by pipe, tomahawk, drinking cup, shells and other articles.

Donald Smith, the young phy sician who has been on an expedition to Lake Rudolf, Africa, arrived in New York from London on board the American line steamer St. Louis yesterday afternoon, and last evening reached his home in this city, says the Philadelphia Times.

Perhaps of the greatest popular interest is his discovery of many new tribes whose existence was previously unknown. Among these is a race of pigmies, the fact of whose discovery has caused a commotion in scientific circles. These curious people are of African type. Although of great physical beauty, with well-formed limbs, they are barely removed from animals. Late in life, they settle down and marry. These remarkable people are all between four and five feet high and live in primitive conical huts.

THE GOOSE FEATHER.

(An American Indian Song.) Black lake, black lake— The wild goose hid within the brake; The string upon my bow fell loose, The arrow slipped and missed the goose.

He found my step and flew away, I found a feather where he lay, Arrow thin, arrow thin— I struck the black goose-feather in.

Black lake, black lake— A goose lies dead within the brake. This morn his own black feather whirled, And sped the shaft that killed the bird.

"A scrap of history"—The battle of Gettysburg.—Life. It is risky to praise a woman's husband to her, and still more risky to disparage him.

The fashionable tailor has discovered that his customers dwell in the land of promise.—Puck. Never judge a man by the coat he wears. He may have borrowed it for the occasion.—Life.

The tow made about a good many things is a good deal greater than the things themselves.—Puck. Many of the self-made men ought to try again, and get a facial manipulator to assist them.—Adams Freeman.

Some men's way of flattering themselves is to exaggerate the cleverness of those who cheat them.—Acheson Globe. Time may be money, but it is astonishing how long a fellow will hang around to borrow a small amount.—Truth.

Brush your baby's hair upward, and it will grow curly. How we wish our mother had known this!—Acheson Globe. Most any man will esteem himself singer enough to sing in church, and be more respectful elsewhere.—Adams Freeman.

"A Nutmeg History" is the title of a new book. Some histories are great, but this suggests a grater.—Norristown Herald. For all we know, the gaudy butterfly may have moments in which it regrets the fine times it had as a caterpillar.—Puck.

She—"They must have quarreled yesterday." He—"What makes you think so?" She—"He's so attentive now!"—Chicago Record. Tommy—"Paw, isn't man the lord of creation?" Mr. Figg—"Most of the time. But not when house-cleaning is going on."—Indianapolis Journal.

When a young woman "throws herself at the head of a young man," it is pretty strong evidence the latter is "a good catch."—Norristown Herald. That Settled It: Alberta—"I see that Miriam and Mr. Bertwick's engagement is off." Aletha—"Yes; he bought a bicycle that wasn't the same make as hers."—Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

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A Coronation Procession. Miss Mary Grace Thornton, daughter of the British Ambassador, describes the coronation of Alexander III, of Russia in the May Century. The writer says: "I was certainly disappointed in the bit of procession that I looked forward to most—the 'Deputes des Peuplades Asiatiques' comes a la Russie," which promised to be the most original, something that one could see in Russia only.

The Largest Olive Grove. Three of the largest olive groves in the world are planting in Southern California. One grove, of 400 acres, in Orange County, will contain 40,000 trees. Another, near Colton, will have 34,000 acres, and the third, near Pomona, will have 24,000 trees.