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Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratts.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

An effort will be made to cultivate the sugar beet in the South.

Texas is harder on shoe leather "per capita" than any other State in the

Professor Graham Bell's claim that he "can talk a million miles on a sunbeam" sounds to the Chicago Record like raconshine.

The common belief that fine white bread contains less nutriment than coarse brown broad is a mistake. So says M. Girard, the eminent French chemist.

The German law now requires that contracts for futures in agricultural products be made a public record, and subjects all dealers in futures to a substantial tax. The law is intended to entirely suppress speculative dealings in produce.

Says the American Agriculturist: "We believe none of the reports to the savings banks commissioners of our Middle States classify the occupations of their depositors and borrowers. It would be highly interesting to have these facts, as without them it is not possible to tell to what extent agriculturists avail themselves of the savings banks.

At the congress of the deaf mutes lately held in Geneva, the surprising fact was developed that these unfortunates in general disapprove of the comparatively new labial system of instruction which in many schools has been substituted for the old method of digital signs. Many speakers, employing the latter method, argued very lucidly against the innovation. Only one advocated it. The majority said that the reading of the lips never gives to the deaf mute an exact idea of the thought or sentiment which it is desired to express. It is to them very much as the reading of a dead language is to those who can hear, but can only vaguely understand it. The digital language, they declared, was that which was most natural to deaf mutes. These views are a great disappointment to many who have supposed that the teaching of the labial system was one of the greatest booms ever bestowed upon those who can neither hear nor talk.

The distinguished scientist, Lord Kelvin, who has been termed the "prince of living physicists," has placed on record this confession: One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made perseveringly for fifty-five years; that word is failure. I know no more of electric and magnetic force, or of the relations between ether, electricity and ponderable matter, or of chemical affinity, than I knew and tried to teach my students fifty years ago, in my first session as professor." Yet Lightning, a London paper, suggests that Kelvin's failures may may be more fruitful than some men's successes. It likens the modern physicist's humility to that of the great Newton when he compared himself to a child playing on the beach, and adds: "The riddle of the universe is scarcely nearer being solved now than it was in 1696, and if our mathematical tools are better tempered than those then used, they bave tougher metal to cut."

Spain is having her hands full with

her colonies, exclaims the New York Independent. In addition to the war in Cuba there is considerable disturbance in Puerto Rica, but more serious still is the revolt in the Philippine Islands. For years these have been a source of much revenue to the home Government and very little expense, The exports of tobacco and hemp, as well as of coffee, cotton etc., have been very heavy, and the Government has been a curious mixture of Spanish despotism and local self-government, The original inhabitants have almost disappeared; and the Malays, who have to a great degree taken their place, are for the most part quiet, industrious, inoffensive people. Of late years numbers of Chinese have come in from Hongkong, and they and the Mestizoes (children of Chinese fathers and Malay mothers) form the most aggressive element. A number of these, it is supposed, in connection with filibusters from flongkong and secret societies in Japan, perhaps brought over from Formosa, have taken advantage of the small number of Spaniards and the weak garrison at Manilla, have raised a revolt, and, so far as can be learned from the meager dispatches, have seriously cudaugered the Spanish rule. Troops have been sent from Barcelona, but it will be some time before they can reach their destination. Merchants have been warned against shipping goods to the Philippines, and a British war ship remains at Manilla to protect British subjects.

THROUGH FIELDS OF CORN.

In solemn hush of dewy morn, What glory crowns the fields of corn! A joy and gladness in the land The lithe, green ranks of beauty stand Broad-acred vales from bill to bill The lifted plumes and tossels fill, While birds sing in the cool, sweet mor Through fields of corn.

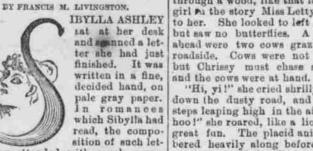
Like palms that shade a hidden spring The reeded columns sway and sings The broathing censors swing alway, The leafy cymbals clash and play, And when the breezy voices call, The sea-grown billows rise and fall, And music swells and joy is born Through fields of corn.

To fields of corn the summer brings The rustling blades, the blackbird's wir The sharded locust's strident tune, And idle raven's mocking rune, The bobolink's exulting strain, And cuckoo prophesying rain In low, sweet whistle in the morn Through fields of corn.

In bannered fields of corn unfurled God grows the manna of the world; He waits to bring the yellow gleam, The harvest song, the reaper's dream; And still as through the Syrian gold Of Galilee, in days of old, He leads again this Sabbath morn

Through fields of corn. -Benjamin F. Leggett.

TWO HEARTS' NEGATIONS.



it, and then called, in her low, musi-

cal voice, "Letty !" almost instantly. She was tall as Si-bylla, but had not her suberb figure. hands. One saw at a glance, however, that

"I want Joe, Letty," said Sibylla as

girl. "Call Absalom then. I want to

"Absalom has a boil on his foot and can't walk.'

Sibylla made a gesture of impatience. "There is Chrissy," said Letty, tentatively.

"I won't have her; she bungle that I can find nobody to do so simply an errand."

dow, where she atood looking moodily out upon a lawn that was better kept S'bylla." than the lawns of most Virginia country houses. Letty stoon in meek sister a personal injury.

'Well, send her here; I suppose she'll have to do," said Sibylla, after a moment, in a slightly modified tone. Letty ran down stairs to do her sis ter's bidding with her usual alacrity. Sibylla drew the letter from its enve lope and read it a second time.

It ran thus: but I cannot. You ers not a man whom a woman should have to try to would be excusable for despising me, perhaps, but you will do nothing o the kind. You will remain my faith-

SIBYLLA ASSLEY," The swift, straight dash under the signature was drawn with Sibylla's accustomed firmners. She sealed her letter, and, looking up, saw a little colored girl standing bashfully in the doorway. The child was barefooted and her dingy frock was in tatters. she held a disreputable old straw hat

A frown gathered upon Sibyll's

"You little beggar, have you no better clothes than those? Mercy, out laughing in spite of herself. Chrissy was in dire confusion

"Yes, do, for heaven's sake-try to make yourself decent and clean. want you to carry a letter for me. If

that little gray garden coat of mine. You must harry," 'Oh, Miss S'bylla !" cried the child,

and in a moment she was stumbling that she was lacking in womanly tendown the staircase. In a short time she was back again.

Her face and hands were clean and her and had made up his mind to tell her tangled kinks had been combed into so and to abide by her decision. something like order. The torn, soiled garment had been replaced by a neat pink frock, and Sibyli's garden had prepared for every consequence of taking the hem of her robe tenderly cost was clutched tightly between hor his determination-for her bitter and as though it were a sacred thing, fingers, where it had been placed by

You're not to wear that cost now, Chrissy; you'll look too ridiculous. Aunt Leus will cut it down for you Now listen to every word I say. are to take this letter to the Exchange Hotel, It is for Captain Booth, and there is no snewer. You are to come | ing Othello is not abst back immediately. Repeat that after rehearsing herself-!

Chrissy did so without a mistake.

"'Deed I'll do jus' 'zackly as you say, Miss S'bylla."

After the child had gone Sibylla sat

for a while with her hands clasped above her head. The sleeves falling back showed her two perfectly moulded arms. Then she took a book from the table, and, opening it, stared at it | thought. absently for a few minutes.

"Come here, Letty," she said, closing the book and holding out a hand
toward where her sister sat quietly
sewing at the other side of the room.

Then he threw his head
shoulders back as he turned
and rode through the gate.

"It is the act of a brave n
coward; I shall not make it She drew Letty close to her and laid a cowaid," he said. her head against the younger girl's arm. "I want you to kiss me," she murmured.

Letty flushed with pleasure, and taking the beautiful head between her hands kissed Sibvlia's mouth.

Chrissy trotted along the three-mile stretch of road between the Ashley homestead and the town, Sibylla's letter tucked in her bosom. Anon sho skipped and laughed at the intoxicating thought of the beautiful gray coat at home. She drew in great breaths of the sweet early summer air, and trumpeted shrilly in imitation of the elephant she had seen at the circus. Her heart was filled with the very joy

heavy tidings she bore in the bosom of her pink freek. She longed to chase butterflies through a wood, like that lovely little girl a the story Miss Letty had read to her. She looked to left and right, nat at her desk but saw no butterflies. A little way and seanned a let- ahead were two cows grazing by the ter she had just roadside. Cows were not butterfles, finished. It was but Chrissy must chase something,

of living, and she knew nothing of the

"Hi, yi!" she cried shrilly, and ran pale gray paper.
In romances steps leaping high in the air. "Hoo, which Sibylla had hoo!" she roared, like a lion. It was that Sibylla was at home, and ran upread, the compo- great fun. The placid animals lumsition of such let-bered heavily along before her, but When Sibylla entered he was at the ters was attended with much agony not fast enough for Chrissy. She had window. She closed the door and and littering of the floor with torn taken Sibylla's letter from her bosom stood looking at him in silence. which it took her five minutes to write. to run, and now held it in her hand,

She read it over once and it seemed to wwo, woo! it's wild beasts after suit her, for she folded and addressed you!" she shouted. One big, dun-colored cow rebelled at a further chase, A young girl appeared at the door bank by the road. "Shoo!" cried unlike his own. She was tall as Si- Chrissy, in hot pursuit, waving her

The desperate animal turned and in his made down the bank directly toward the girl. "Go 'way, go 'way!" she she pressed the envelope on her blot- howled, and Sibylla's letter fell to the for the words I have come to say to "Joe drove grandfather into town earth, just where, a second letter, a this morning," replied the younger heavy bovine hoof pressed it into the

Chrissy instantly forgot her own ter-ror, and the shriek, ending in a sob of rage, which she uttered, was more voice: "Julien, I have been a weak or ous imitations of wild animals.

from home. I nevah can face Miss pathy existed between them!

She tradged slowly homeward, still sobbing miserably and taking a poor silence as though she had done her consolation in the thought that "p'raps Sibyila?" he asked after a while. Miss S'bylla'd write it over ag'inshe wirites so quick 'n so beau'ful."

Scmes black clouds were gathering in the west and there was a muttering only Sibylla's frown. She heard a sound of a horse's hoofs behind her, and

have honestly tried to feel differently, self," thought the child, "an' he won't make me speak of it?" need the lettah. But she'll ax me fo' it." she thought the next instant, "I'd Think well of me if you can, better run home an' 'fess it all; I kin for I have been honest with you. You get there befo' Cap'n Booth if I run

Then the prospect of immediately facing Sibylla with her dread confesful and respected friend, as I shall sion overpowered the girl. "'Tain't no use," she muttered, as she dropped back into a walk; "I might jes as well

> Captain Julien Booth had risen at dawn and had spent the morning riding slowly through country lanes meditating on the step he was about to

> or of a coward," he had said to himself score of times that day.

Sibvila Ashley to marry him he loved what a messenger!" and Sibylla burst her passionately, or thought he did. He loved her so no longer, or believed he did not. The charm of her wonder-"Deed I has, Miss S'bylla; shall I ful beauty was as potent as ever; but the imperiousness of her manner, the fascinated him at first, had ended by making him uneasy. She had been so neesed, Miss Letty will give you accustomed to homage and obedience low voice. from every one, that he feared she would exact from him more than he

> lerness. He had ended in believing that they would be miserable together, gone over all that he would say. He

> The man did not live for whom Sibylla Ashley would shed a terr.

ing Othello is not absurb, but Othello was falling in torrents. Could she, He would tell her that he was ready him to get an umbreila from the rack,

effect, that he did not want her, but would take her if she insisted.

That flash of lightning which almost blinged him as he reached the Ashley gate was pale in comparison.

For a moment he thought of riding

by. He wanted to postpone the interview-he needed more time for Then he threw his head up and his

shoulders back as he turned his horse "It is the act of a brave man or of a coward; I shall not make it the act of

After Sibylla had been left alone she sat for awhile and wondered how Jul-ien would receive her letter. Perhaps he would come out in the evening. She hoped he would not. Sibylla wanted "I am not going to marry Julien, to hear no entreaties; she dreaded a Letty. I have just broken the en- scene. It would be so much better if Julien would write a sorrowful, manly note and accept her decision. they could meet after that as friends. Of course, he would be unhappy for a long time; she expected that. It made Sibylla herself feel a little sad, now that it was done. But that would soon

She wondered how far Chrissy was on the road, and if Julien would be at the hotel when she arrived. She went down stairs and walked on the lawn as far as the gate, where she had so often parted from him. She saw the rainclouds gathering and returned to her room. She tried to read but could not. She heard the sound of a horse's hoofs below the window and looking out her lips turned pale. Julien was riding up the drive. He must have galloped all the way from the town, she said, as she hurried from the win-

Julien threw his bridle to Absalom. who was hopping about on one foot before the door. In the hall he met stairs to warn her sister.

paper. Sibylla had made one draft, for greater security when she began color had not yet returned to her cheeks, and Julien, she saw, was very pale. For a long moment they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"Will you not give me your hand, Sibylla," Julien said at last in a voice the pillows. Letty stood beside her, why should I not do so?" she said holding her hand. She dropped it ndly, and advancing placed her hand with a start as she saw Julien, who

kindly, and advancing placed her hand

"Perhaps after to-day, Sibylla, you will never give me your hand again, roadside on a choice spot of moist you are surely the hardest that man

can speak to woman." She drew her hand away quickly. "Do not say them then," she said dreadinspiring than any of her provi- a wicked woman, perhaps, but remember I am a proud woman. I know all "Oh, you harv'ble beast-yo' great that you have to say. Don't reproach | you are holding my hand-you hurt foot on my beau'ful letter! Look at me." He stared hard at where she it, all cove'd wi' nasty mud! I can't stood, looking at him with kindly, everything. It is very provoking nevah, nevah take it like that, an' I sorrowful eyes; then sank trembling was so happy jes' now!" She burst upon a chair. She had read what was into a passion of tears. "What will in his mind the instant she entered Sibyllarose and walked to the win- I do-I might jes' as well run away the room. What a marvelous symwas making his task easy, but oh, how

"How long have you known this,

"How long? How can I measure it by time?" she said with a louch of impatience. "It was days, weeks ago that I became conscious of that inde of distant thunder, but Chrissy feared finable something which had come between us. I felt that we were growing farther spart, and I tried to draw looking around beheld a sight which myself nearer you. Yes, I tried. But made her heart leap for joy. Captain even when I was most affectionate, "Julien: It simply cannot be. I Julien Booth was riding slowly up the even when you held me closet, I felt do not love you as I ought. I have road toward the Ashley bouse. it most strongly - oh, miserable sham known this for a long time, and I "Now Miss S'bylla kin tell him he'- and pretence; Julien, why do you

"Sibylla, it was not sham and preence-it was real-while it lasted it was true."

"Think so if you can; even truth has its phases and mutations I sup-Then she added more gently, "I want you to believe the best of

Captain Booth bent his head and covered his eyes with his hand. He attempted to speak, but only succeeded in making a sound like a groau,

Sibylla rose and stood beside him. "Julien," she said, "I am not went to speak slightingly of myself, but I am not the woman to make you happy. All my life I have been humored and "It may be the act of a brave man indulged. I should have demanded much from you and should not have been satisfied with less"-his very When in the carly spring he asked thought. "Somewhere there is another woman who will make you a better wife than I-

"Not that-Sibylla-think any thing but that -I swear there is no ther woman !"

"Not now; but there will be one He was silent a moment. "You do not dispise me Sibylla?" he asked in a

"Despise you-despise you, Julien?" She touched his hair softly. "I honor could give. He had a growing fear and respect you more than any man I ever knew.

Captain Booth raised his head and gazed at her with adoring eyes. Then, as he continued to look upward into her calm, lovely face, the slid slowly In the woods that morning he had from his chair and fell on his knees before her. He bent his head, and scorn, for her cool contempt, for her he raised it to his lips, superb, disdainful silence and for- up, took a few steps backward, with but no, that thought was dismissed at head inclined, and was gone.

It was a beautiful, triumphaut ending to the interview she had so Then he had laughed mountain line dreaded, and it satisfied Sibylla Ashrehearsal of a tragedy—the slaying of ley. As the door closed behind Julien their happy love rife. Booth rehears- she suddenly realized that the rain after that magnificent exit, call after Chrissy did so without a mistake. to stand by his prompe; and then he but to be careful not to take the heavy manufacient nourishment "That is a simple thing; see if you tried to imagine the look in Sibylla black silk one because it was her cases. New York Ledger.

can't remember it until you get to Ashley's eyes when a man told her, in town." grandfather's, and he never lent it? THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. Swiftly she crossed the room and

opened the door, "Julien, I cannot let you go in the rain," she said.

Captain Booth was at the front He did not trust himself to speak, but waved his hand without turning his head. The door closed

ter of bare feet and became aware

The young man stood for a long

time staring out at the brilliant green

of the dripping shrubbery, under-neath which the chickens, ruffled and

sullen were huddled. He looked down

into Chrissy's swollen face and brim

ming eyes, and wondered vaguely if she was crying because she was sorry

for him. Then he looked up at the

leaden, streaming sky and tried to imagine what his life was going to be

like without Sibylla Ashley. . . . Of what noxious hellebore or night-

shade had he drunk that he fancied

her lacking in tenderness?-this glo-

rious, beautiful woman whom he had

just renounced, and whom, he knew

and strode back to the house. Chrissy

footsteps on the hall floor was drowned

"Don't cry, dear," said Letty. "It

"But-but-I do love him. I didn't

know how much till now that I have

"Don't go away, Letty!" sobbed Sibylla, and then using almost the

words of Egypt's miserable and deserted queen, "Don't talk to me-just

Letty's hand again. Sweet Letty sim-ply faded out of the room, and it was

"Letty, I know he will ne -never

come back! He said hardly a word, but

looked so mi-miserable! How tight

was kneeling beside her, his arm was

around her waist. A sob was tremb -

ling on her lips. There must be an

outlet; a fit of hysterical, undignified

hen's cheek pressed against her own,

"I could not give you up, my dar-

"And I cannot let you go," she said,

were already glimuses of the sun ba-

hind the low-hanging clouds. The lower

part of the house was very still. Mur-

mured, fragmentary phrases of the

talk of the two lovers penetrated to

the hall, where a ridiculous little

figure in a muddy pink frock lingered

near the parior-door.
"I guess the trouble's 'bout all over," thought Obrissy.

"It has brought us nearer together,

"Never again, my Sibylla," Julien's

"Dis lettah's no good now," solilo-

quized Chrissy, as she drew the soiled

and crampled envelope from her

pocket. "It 'ud jes' make mo' trouble

if I hand it ovah. Dey don't want

dat mattab talked about no mo', au' l

ain't goin' to bring it up. I'll jes' go

an' put de ole fing in de kitchen fire,'

The Food of School Children.

It is a lamentable fact that too little

attention is given to the hygienic sur-

roundings of the pupils in the schools,

and by far too little to the nature of

the food and the manner of cating.

The aim often scems to be to so pr

pare the food that it will require little

or no mastication before it is swal-

lowed, and when solid food is taken it

is not sufficiently masticated to prop-

erly prepare it for the digestive

quested many of his patients to report

as to the number of bites it require

especially desired to learn how much

less children cherned the fool before

swallowing it than their parents. He

got reports from one hundred and

fifty intelligent people, and learned that practice in this regard varies

very much, that children generally

chewing it more thoroughly, he had

advised parents to give the children

chewing gum, much to the disgust o

many of the parents, if a thought

the habit of swallowing fund before it

was properly musticated the cause of

To encourage the habit o

Some years ago a doctor re

Julien," she heard Sibylla say, "an l

I shall always hold this day blesse!

but let us never speak of it again.

voice made answer.

-Goodey's Magazine.

and his arms held her close.

ling," he whispered.

Before she realized it, and by

Julien's hand that Sibylla clasped.

She reached out gropingly to take

is better so, since you do not love

He darted out into the rain again

now, he loved with all his soul.

was sobbing.

lost him forever."

me, Letty!"

held up a warning finger.

barn door.

behind him, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the house. Sibylla ran A maiden stood upon the sands
Of Narragansett Pler.
Her lover held her by the hands;
Her papa wasn't near.
'And must you go?' she cried. "Alacat
I fear 1 must," quoth he.
A. I then he look a little sinnek back into the parlor, threw herself upon a sofa and burst into tears. Julien walked rapidly toward the barn after his horse. He heard a pat-

that a small colored girl was running beside him trying to hold a big ging-A LUCID EXPLANATION. ham umbrells over his head. "You're never goin' to ride out in his rain, Capt'n Booth," cried Absalom from the hayloft as Julien entered the

Wheeler-"My doctor advises me to cycle; but I don't think I will do so." Bell—"You don't?"
Wheeler—"No. I think he's biased
-he's a surgeon."—Judge.

Gentleman-"My lad, can you di-rect me to the Bank of England?" Shoeblack (with withering scorn)—
"Ga on; do ger fink I should be doing this if I was a bank director?"— World's Comic.

Deaf Mute Lover (speaking through finger signs) - "Please sing for me,

still ran at his side. He pushed the gretfully)-"I can't dear; I have a sore thumb."-Judge. tront-door open. The sound of his

by the fury of the storm. He heard HAD FOUND IT OUT. Letty's voice, and then Sibylla's. She She-"Did you know that Mand has a dark room on purpose for pro-"I sent him away in the rain, Letty. posals?" so nobly. . . I did not think it could be so hard."

He-"Well, rather. I developed a negative there myself last night."-Comic Home Journal.

EXCEPTIONS.

The door opened softly, and Julien stood within the room. Sibylla was "I kappened to know that two men in the audience had a glass eye apiece." lying on the sofa, her face buried in -Judge.

> NO REASON FOR CHANGE. Stern Parent-"You must understand, sir, that I want my daughter to have as good a home after marriage as she had before, sir." Jack Blufflugton-"Well, you're

> "They say the minister preaches sensational sermons in order to di-

"How can that do it?" "Why, now the reporters have to

THE BEST THEY COULD DO.

"I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning," said the wrathful citi-

nish is bait."-Indianapoles Journal.

THE BULING PASSION.

Gus-"That you've only one chance in a hundred to get well. Jack (who is an inveterate better) -"Egad! those are big odds. Go you a fifty that I pull through."

GEORGE ALL BUILT Anxious Mother-"My dear, Pm

Observing Father-"Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce au engagement soon.

wrist is full of pin scratches." WHAT OUR ARTISE HAS TO PUT UP WITH, Major Blunderbore (who has just

told our artist a regular side-splitter) -"Well, that's a good 'un, ain't it? Anyhow, it's quite new and original, for it was said only last night by clever little girl I know-a niece of my own.

Major Blunderbore-"Then why didn't you laugh?"
Our Artist - "Because I told it to

A SUPERPINE DISTINCTION. The hypercritical man flung down

is paper in disgust. There it is again," he exclaimed. bivalve.

"It is rather old," replied his wife in a sympathetic tone. "I don't object to the age of it,"

IF I KNEW.

If I know the box where the smiles are kept No matter how large the key Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,

To hold all the frowned meet,

I would like to gather them, every one, From nursery, school, and street Paes, folding and holding, I'd pack them in,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

She—"Am I the first woman you ever kissed?" He (surprised)—"Why, no! I have a mother."—Norristown

Artist-"That man Bacon offered me 812 for that largest painting of mine." Caller-"Oh, then you've had it framed?"

Man in the First Row (at theater) -"I don't think much of that comedian." Man in the Second Row-"Nor I; he didn't ride in on a bicycle."-

"You have nothing to regret, brother?" tentatively asked the minister, "Nope," said the dying rounder. "I ain't leaving a cent."-Cincinnati En-

Mrs. Graymare - "Do you remember the night you asked me to marry you? The moon was full." Mr. Graymare—"So was I."—Cincinnati

Enquirer. "Overcoats are to be short and trousers tight this winter." "Well, I'm all right; only my trousers will be short and my overcoat tight."-Buffalo News.

He was reading aloud-"Bears, it is said, have a vicious propousity for hugging." "Oh," she interrupted, "how I wish you were a bear!"—Detroit Free Press.

Tired Byard—"De coastin' part of bicyclin' is all rite. Yer don't haff ter work de pedals." Weary Wally— "Yes! but yer half ter hold on an' steer, don't yer?"-Judge.

"I supose this campaign requires all the oratory of you politicians?" "It requires very little oratory; what bothers us is the man in the audience who asks questions."-Puck. She sat on the beach and gazed

meditatively at the rings which adorned her fingers. "Know all men by these presents," she murmured, "that I am a summer girl."—Pack. Dolly-"I told Mr. Nicefellow that

I bet Reggie twenty kisses our boat would win a race at the regatta."
Daisy-"Well, wasn't he shocked?"
Dolly-"No. I let him hold the stakes."-Boston Globe. "You don't mean to say that that stingy old maid has given you ten for telling her

ty-four years old,"-Friegende Blact-"Dennis, did you mail that postal eard I gave you?" "Yis, sor, an' Oi tuk the liberty, sorr, of puttin's twocint shtamp on it, sorr. Ye wrote so foine an' got so much on th' eyard Oi

deed I dc. I told her she would meet

with an accident before she was twen-

thought it moight be overweight, sorr."-Harper's Bazar. Mrs. Nubbins-"My husband is a perfect brute." Friend-"You amaze me." Mrs. Nubbins-"Since the baby began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had

his beard shaved off. "-Tit-Bits. Professor-"Do you know, madam, there was a time when men wore corsets; but they found they were injurious to health, and so -" Mrs. Wrongrighter-"Yes; and so they gave them to their poor, weak, helpless wives and daughters."-New York

"I am tired to death," declared Mrs. Matrouly as she reached home from down town the other evening. "What's the matter?" asked her husband, "Been having bany's pictures taken. They have a way of taking them instantaneously now, you know. "How long were you at it?" hours and a half, -Detroit Free

Cause of Fog au ! M st.

Owing to the clear sky that prevails within areas of high pressure the radiaocean surface and from the lowest stratum of air proceeds more rapidly, and, as is well known, during such periods mist and fog are formed in the lower air. Radiation proceeds uninterruptedly during the night time from the upper surface of forgy air, and the depth of the layer of for steadily increases, so that oftentimes the heat of the sun, in the moddle of the day, is not sufficient to discipate the fog formed at night. It has often been remarked that the lookout at, or above, the main top overlooks the ozean of fog. In general, a deute for implies clear sky above it, and by attention to the movement of areas of pressure it becomes possible to predict for on our

A Hyglenia Writing Paper,

Among the latest things in stationery is a writing paper which is spe-cially manufactural for the preven-tion of the spreading by letters of various forms of infectious diseases. Every one is aware that in receiving letters from disease structon places, at home or abroad, two ran a certain amount of risks. This stationary is said to be rendered confugues proof. The paper is at interestant of with anti-seption that all deleterants organisms though a lever stricken person write or tenels the leaser.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS

The Craft He Took-A Lucid Explana tion-Had Found It Out-No Reason for Change-Blased, Etc., Etc.

"Aunt Lucy, what is eccentricity?" "It's the queer things that other people do."—Chicago Record.

DEBUFFED.

Deaf Mute Loved One (ditto, re-

"There were only two dry eyes in the house. "How do you know about those

not going to sell out, are you?"-Baltimore News.

rectly reach the most depraved

hear him."-Life.

weeping if she pushed him away, and there was his shoulder waiting for her "Yes," said the official of the water head, so comfortable, so restful a company, "that is the best we can do no volition of hers, yet with no resistance, her face was buried there, Jujust at present. We can't afford to furnish fish-all we are able to fur-

Gus-"Jack, old boy, it breaks me all up to tell you, but the doctors have decided against you." Jack (very sick)-"What do they The storm was passing, and there

afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly

"He hasn't said a word about any young lady. "No; but he's keeping company th one all the same. His right with one all the same.

Our Artist-"Yes; it's a capital story.

you myself only last week-and you didn't laugh. "- Bauch.

Somebody has once more made use of that reexcusable phrase, fuscions

was the petulant answer; "what makes me indignant is its inaccuracy. The But before it is fit for consumption somebody has to go at it with a knife and a hammer and pry at least one of its shells off. Then it may be accepted as a luccious visud. But it's ann valve then. And so long as it remains a bivalve I dely anybudy to digest it unless he has a gizzard like an ostrich.

Washington Star,

Twould open, I know, for me. then over the land and the sea, broadcast, I'd scatter the smiles to play, That the children's force might hold them

For many and many a day.

If I know a box that was large enough

And, turning the munster key, I'd hire a giant to drop the box To the depths of the deep, deep sen.