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TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1897.

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Before the end of this year every one of the 168 towns in Connecticut will be connected by telephone.

The Peruvian oil region is said to cover 72,00 square miles. That of Pennsylvania is about 350 square

A correspondent asks the Chicago Times-Herald to "describe the Greek cross," It would be much easier to describe what has made the Greek

According to the London Labor Gazette, there were 1037 strikes last year, as against only 876 in 1805; but the number of laborers involved was 263,758 in the latter year, and only 199,600 in 1896.

A curious illustration of the diverse conditions that may exist in this country is the fact that while so many people in the Mississippi Valley are suffering from floods the New Orleans papers are raising money for sufferers from the drouth in Louisiana.

A woman's bicycle club was organized in Detroit the other day, but the Free Press says that it collapsed within a week because no two members scould agree as to the uniform to be worn. When Colorado musters in its company of women militia there will be trouble.

While a marriage ceremony was being performed near Danville, Va., a kerosene lamp flamed up and was about to explode when the bride seized it and hurled it through a window. The groom then came out from under the table, where he had hidden, and the ceremony proceeded.

Promotions are coming rapidly these days in the upper official circles of the regular army. What few veterans of the Civil War are left find the age of retirement close at hand in the youngest cases. "The army will soon be in the hands of officers trained only in the walks of peace," observes the New Orleans Picayone.

For the first time in twenty-eight years the State of Ohio is without Democratic representation in the United States Senate. The long period of divided representation began in 1869, with the election of Allen G. Thurman as the colleague of John

One of the new dictionaries has in it a pretty big and yet perhaps a useable word, "politicalization," of which it seems to be itself somewhat in doubt, although it half-supports it with a quotation from the Brooklyn Eagle, which coined the phrase. The Eagle, it seems, once referred to "the steady politicalization of the public schools." by which it meant the subjection of these selfools to political control. Whatever we may think of the word, comments the New York Observer, the danger indicated is certainly a real

Illinois women are making a strong effort to lift the compulsory education law of their State into activity. At present the law only , remains that every child shall attend school for sixteen weeks each year. Children easily evade it by an irregular attendance during the last term of school. When the school has closed it becomes difficult to determine whether or not they have had the prescribed amount of and young Jim wheeled the coal away tuition. Actually, although there is a penalty for infraction of the law, and although infraction is frequent, the penalty has never been imposed. It is believed that a simple amendment requiring the sixteen weeks of tuition to be consecutive and at the beginning of the term, and providing for the enforcement of the law, will be suffi-

A newspaper artist has been telling some of the woes of the men who make pictures for the daily papers. He says: "It makes me tired sometimes when I ty-nine-two-seventy-four. It'll allow Jim's followed suit. hear some smart Aleck who couldn't a full twenty yet, I recon." tell the difference between art and a side of sole leather criticise newspaper illustrations. The public doesn't understand what handicups are continually thrown about our work. A few days before election I was given instructions to make a portrait of one of the candidates. He gave me an old daguerreotype, made just after the war, and said he had had no photograph taken since then. Well, I made his picture all right, but in order to do it I first had to cut off a full beard and curl his monstache. Then I gave him a hair cut, parted his hair on the other side, gave him a stand-up collar and a modern cravat, and added thirty years' worth of wrinkles to his face. And yet they say such work isn't art." other sort of danger, down thundered away, and that was all. 'The dead sheltering the two friends passed on.

THE SAME OLD SONG

Mothers, out of the mother-heart,
Fashion a song both soft and low.
Always the same, dear mother art,
Bocking the beby to and fro.
Always a lazy, loving crone,
Hummed in sleepy undertone.

Down the baby snuggles to sleep— Winking as long as wink he may. Now with a hick he tries to keep The tricksey god from his eyes away We-wa, we-wa, long, long ago, The Indian mother chanted low.

Weeing, she said, on the baby's brow Softly struck with his wee war club. Astride of his nose he playeth slow, With his little fist a rub-a-dub. We-wa, we-wa, tender and low, Rocking the baby to and fro.

Le-ro-la, le-ro-la, ever a mum,
Like murmuring bees in the golden light
Under the palm trees mothers some—
Ethiope mothers, dark as night—
Chanting the same old silvery flow,
Swaiging the baby to and fro.

Mothers, too, with the snowy skin,
By-lo, by-lo, tenderly sing.
And tell the dustman coming in,
Into the baby's eyes to fling
Atoms of dust to make him wink,
And into dreamland gently sink.

We-wa, we-wa, by-lo, by-lo, Le-ro-la, le-ro-la, ever the same— Ever the tune of the long ago! Out of the motherly heart it came, Born of a sense that mothers know, Rocking the baby to and fro,

White or black or bronze the hue Always the same sweet time is heard.
The sweetest song earth ever knew.
Happy as trill of the nestling bird.
Mothers content in the twilight glow
Are rocking their bables to and fro.

Mothers, out of the mother-heart,
Fashion a song both sweet and low
Always the same, dear mother art,
Rocking the baby to and fro.
Always a lazy, loving erone,
Hummed in a dreamy undertone.
—The Home Queen.

TALE OF TWO RINGS.



nearly three years, but is it usual for a wife to wear Jim and I looked, and saw that we

Dead silence. He had just lowered his violin, after a very soft solo-for it know; I was stupified with the shock, as I was to stay at the house till morn-ing, Carson's wife had said "Good that a line of froth stood on his lips. night" and left us to finish our inevitasmoke and talk. His mouth twitched a little, but it was some time before he retorted in a low tone: "Is it usual for a man well under

forty to have hair as white as mine?" Well, perhaps not-but I thought other. What has that to do withwith the two rings?"

"Everything." He listened at the lights and then came and sat down, spreading his hands over the fire. "Two rings? Exactly, one is the ring I put on her finger when I married other man, and will stay there as long as the first."

"Never mind now," I said. His voice had trailed off huskily. "I had no idea there was any tragic element behind the fact."

the mine itself—the Langley Mine, in Derbyshire. I had only been assistant surveyor at the pits there for about nine months when it happened. At 9 us stepped into the cage—old Jim Halliday, the foreman, his son Jim, and myself; the men had gone down an hour before. I shall never forget that young Jim's sweetheart had walked over to the pit with him, as she occasionally did. They were to be married in a week or two, and sheand she had on her finger the ring that he had bought in Derby the day before-just for safety's sake, or perhaps out of womanly pride. I recollect that just as the chain clanked and the winter sunshine was disappearing overhead, he shouted out a third 'Good-by! to her -little dreaming that it to be good-by. Little enough old Halliday and I thought that days would elapse before we emerged into God's

sunlight again! "A new vein had been bored year before, and then abandoned because it ran in the direction of the river. We three had had instructions to widen it for a space of 300 yards-a piece of work that had occupied us nearly a a month. Old Jim picked to the nearest gallery, from where it was carried over rails to the bottom of the main shaft.

"Well, by 4 o'clock that afternoon we calculated roughly that we had reached the limit laid down.

"'I think it's as near as possible, Mr. Carson,' old Halliday said. 'Jim, give another count, we don't want the water coming in.

'Jim went back, We could hear him singing out the paces in his light-hearted fashion as he returned, his ies. "Two-sixty-nine—pooh! you're miles off it, dad!" He was only a score of yards off, though. "Two-six-flickered out; half an hour later, old Tim's followed suit.

It was something one me. had to realize for himself before he propped up against the wall close by, been seen during the heavy rain yescould understand a bare half of the sudden terror that whitened our lips at times he would start up and shrick foundlaud dog carrying a spread umand seemed to bring our hearts to a out in nameless terror-at others he brella in his mouth, his dripping tail standstill. There was a rumbling in would eatch up his pick and hack at one of the distant galleries, and a sick the walls with the fury of a maniac. ening tremble of the ground under- And worse was to come. neath us; then-then the most paralyz-

take in that an explosion had occurred | die like men! while we were guarding against an-

ARSON," I said involuntarily, stooping to knock stooping to knock
the ash from my
cigar, "perhaps I
ought not to ask,
although I have
known you for
n early three

stooping to knock
young Jim; standing where he did, he
was struck down—we heard his screech
stifled beneath the debris. For about
five more seconds the earth seemed to
be heaving and threatening universal
chaos; then all became still as a tomb.
"A tomb! We had our lamps; old

were cut off from the rest of the world. "What happened next I hardly was considerably past midnight when sick with a mortal fear of death. He ventured that curious question, and I stood staring mutely at each There had been an evening party, and, other. The only thing I recollect is

"He was the first to come back to вепъе. He gave one choking cry of 'Jim!' and staggered forward to that black pile. The boy's hand was sticking out from the bottom of it, clutching convulsively at nothing. I sank down and watched, in a sort of dreary you attributed that to some shock or fascination, as old Jim, uttering strange cries, tore at the mass in a mad frenzy. God help him! Jim was the only thing he had in the world to or for a moment, turned down the love. In less than five minutes he had dragged him out, and sat down to hug him in his arms. Dead? No; he could just open his poor dust-filled eyes in I put on her finger when I married answer to his father's whispers; but we knew at once that he would never again make the galleries echo his piercing whistle.

"For whole hours, I suppose, neither of us attempted to realize our situation. We sat on in the dead si-"Tragic? Heavens! It was more than that, Arthur," he whispered, turning up a drawn face. "I never discharge the discharge of the desired by t lence, waiting for something to hapwatch had stopped. Hour after hour o'clock that morning, Arthur, three of sat, with rigid face and staring eyes,

> last he spoke. "'How long can we hold out, Mr. Carson? I'm afraid to go on. I've been a godless man all my time.'

That roused me. I examined our The passage was position carefully. about eight yards wide at this point, and measured about twenty paces from coal blocked our path to the outer world. As the bore ran level with the foot of the north shaft, we were about trolley -cars. One was used for a forty feet below the clear surface. We hearse and the other was utilized by had no food, and our lamps would the mourners. The journey to the burn, say, another five or six hours; gates of the cemetery was made in this while the breathing air, hot and gaseous already, would probably become unendurable before the evening came. That was our situation, and let any man conceive a worse, if he can. One slender chance of escape at the best left; perhaps the entire passage was not blocked, and we might force our way to the main gallery. I was not afraid of death in the way that it comes to most people, but I was afraid to meet and struggle with it there. We sprang to the task, wild at the thought that those few hours of stupor might have made all the difference.

"You can guess what happened, and why, after a long spell of fighting to break through that horrible wall, old Jim threw himself down with a groun and refused to go on. As fast as we loosened one mass, another crashed down in its place; at the end of our desperate attempt we were half choked voice echoing through the long galler- raw and we had made scarce any head way. Barely, too, had we given up

"Total oblivion! As I sat and con-

nd worse was to come.

"I think I must have fainted. I do there was a little gir) under the um-

silence was only broken by a faint Trickling! Yes; I trickling sound. put my hand to the level, and found half an inch of water-and hotter and stifling graw the atmosphere. Praying hard to myself, I realized now that, should no help come, only a few hours could live betwixt us and the end. And then—old Jim might go first, and I should be left. Nay, I was already practically alone; the fear that was slowly whitening my hair had turned old Jim's brain. "He suddenly sent up a peal of delirious laughter. 'Water! Who

Why, mates, I'm swimmays water? ming in it! Here a go!' "Presently he began creeping round to find me. I could hear him coming, by his labored respiration, and the swishing of the ooze as he moved. Bound and round the space we went stealthily, until at last he made a cunning rush and caught me by the ankle. 'Got him!' He yelled it with a glee

ihat was unmistakable. "More words could never convey the sensation of that moment. Half suffocated, past all ordinary fear, I closed with my poor old mate, and we went staggered to and fro across our prison, until at last I managed to throw him so that his head struck heavily against the wall. After that he lay quite still. I believed at the time that I had killed him, but we knew afterward that it was that blow which preserved his reason.

"The rest can be told in a few words. After that I lay there like one in a dream, while the pestilential air slowly did its work. Sometimes I fancied I could feel cool breezes blowing down on me, and at others heard some one telling me to wake up, for that the whistle had sounded at the pits. How long I lay so, I can only conjecture. I really knew nothing more until I was roused by the sound of that coal barrier crashing down before the picks and spades of a dozen rescuers, and the hubbub from a dozen throats as they broke into our tomb.

"Only just in time. Old Jim's face was only just out of the water, and they said that no human being could have lived in that atmosphere for another two hours. And young Jim?well, there was just enough life left in him to last three days. "Till the end of that third day, I

"'You-you'll take her, mate! Marry

her—no one else! Only—only, you'll let my ring stay there. Promise—me "What could I do but promise? I had no thought then of marrying his

sweetheart-but it was his dying wish, and for years Jim and I had been like there was room in her heart for me,

"Just a year later I asked her if and-and-well, that's enough. Now

haps, was about 8 o'clock, but we nessee, woke up one morning during could keep no count of the time, as my found a good-sized house stranded in must have gone by, and still old Jim one of his fields. Like other struct-sat, with rigid face and staring eyes, ures carried away by the flood, it had

log house, sealed and plastered and filled with furniture. One of the results of the flood in the west end of East St. Louis brought about a novel funeral procession. William Lorman, a plasterer, died. The street was flooded and neither carthe end to where that solid wall of riages nor hearse could get near the house. The street-car company was appealed to and responded with two

The wanderer was a large two-story

manner. Harry M. Church, of New Bedford, Mass., who last October shot the largest bull moose ever seen in New Brunswick, has just received word that the Provincial Government at Frederickton has confiscated the moose's head and placed it in one of the public buildings at Frederickton, says the

Boston Herald. Mr. Church left the head to be dressed when he returned home, but found afterward that the man he left it with had endeavored to steal it from him. He secured legal advice and

made a strong fight to secure the head. Finally the attention of the Government was called to the matter, and, it being the finest specimen ever shot in New Brunswick, the autlers spreading out over five feet and having twenty prongs, the head was confiscated on the ground that the animal was illegally shot, and it was thus prevented from leaving the Provinces. The moose weighed 1600 pounds.

This Dog Carries an Umbrello. A New Orleans correspondent of the He had just finished his count when templated our fate, a faintness of Philadelphia Times writes: On a but there, no man could properly mingled hunger and despair crept over quiet little thoroughfare letting off of Young Jim, quite still, was St. Charles avenue, there might have Within a few feet of me sat his father; terday afternoon a big shaggy New-

not seem to recollect any more until brella with the dog, her tiny arm heard in this world. How or why it happened is something to be placed among the host of unsolved mysteries; but there was one grinding, splintering roar, as though the earth had split. I dashed away, pauting under the host of unsolved mysteries; but there was one grinding, splintering roar, as though the earth had split. I dashed away, pauting under the host of this new horses. into pieces.

"Before we could stir hand or foot to save ourselves, before we could even sake keep sane! If we're to go, let us and he clways carries the umbrella if it's raining, because I can't, you see, if any travelers feel ill they must get 'No answer; I heard him crawling and he can." And the big umbrella out, and they will be afforded medical

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Munich, Bavaria, reports bottled

iquefied air. Some comets have more than one nil. The great comet of 1744 had six tails spread fan shape.

Two French biologists find evidence that fasting lessens the effect of diphtheria and other microbial poisons.

The largest mammoth found in the Siberian ice fields measured seventeen feet in length and was ten feet high. Electricity has been adopted as the motive power of the machinery connected with the drainage system in

New Orleans. To guard against disease the Legislature of New Hampshire passed a law providing for the inspection of all ice

sold within the State.

structed that it is a high-power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at an almost incredible distance. A nugget of platinum, weighing nearly two pounds, is on exhibition in

The eye of the vulture is so con-

New York. This is believed to be the largest nugget ever discovered, the metel being usually found in very small grains. A company has been formed which

made an offer to the municipality of St. Petersburg, Russia, to light all the streets of the city with electric lights for the same price that is now paid for the very unsatisfactory lighting with Charles Burckhalter, the extronomer

of the Chabot Observatory, of California, will travel half-way around the world so that for two minutes, in faroff India, he may endeavor to photograph the sun during solar eclipse of next January.

True manna is said to be found on the blades of a blue grass growing in Queensland. Nearly three parts of it consist of maunite, which, though sweet, is not a sugar. Masses as large as marbles appear on the nodes of the stems. The manna-bearing grass is not only indigenous to Australia, but is found in tropical Asia and Africa.

Telegraph and telephone poles are the latest development in the line of manufactures from paper. They are made of pulp in which a small amount "Till the end of that third day, I of borax, tallow, and other ingredients kept to my bed; and then they sent to say that he was going, but that he wished to see me first. I reached the sired length. The poles are claimed house just in time to catch his last to be lighter and stronger than wood, and it is said that the weather does not affect them.

RAISING A BIG BELL.

It Weighs Ninety-Eight Tons and is Over Twelve Feet High.

For some time past there has been a sort of dead-heat between the two biggest bells in the world, the one at the Cathedral in Moscow, and the other at the unfinished pagoda of Mengoon, India, north of Mandalay across the Sherman. Once only has the rule of divided representation been broken, and that was in the Forty-sixth Congress, when George H. Pendleton was the colleague of Senator Thurman.

The colleague river. If the former was the bigger of claim attention as the biggest bell, in working order, in the world, says London Sketch In 1896 the Burmese community

decided to have the bell raised, and employed the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Limited, to do the work. The rim of the bell was first supported by huge baulks of timber wedged in all round, and a tripod erected over it to fasten the shackle to and keep it upright. The old supports having been knocked away, two large iron columus, twenty-five feet high, cast by the Irrawaddy Company, were crected, with concrete foundations. A large steel cross-girder, with a distributing girder on the top of it, was then passed through the shackle, and the bell was raised by screwjacks all round and wedges of timber, until the crossgirder could be placed on the pillars and riveted in position. The screwjacks were then eased and the bell left swinging, with its lower rim about two feet ten inches from the ground. The weight is about ninety-eight tons, the circumference at the base being 51; feet, and at the top twenty-six feet. It averages over a foot in thickness, The bell itself is over twelve feet high. and the shackle, which was intended for logs of timber, about twelve feet. The pin in the shackle has a diameter of sixteen inches. The bell was cost about the beginning of the century by King Bodaw-paya as an accompani ment to the huge brick pagoda which he never finished. It is said to have peen cast on an island and rafted across. No proper means yet exist for striking the bell, but when hit with a heavy piece of wood it gives out a deep vibrating boom.

Derivation of the Names of the Days, Sunday is so called, because it was anciently dedicated to the worship of the sun. Monday means literally the day of the moon. Tuesday was dedicated to Tuisco, the Mars of our Saxon ancestors, the deity that presided over combats, strifes and impation. Hence in England Tuesday is size day; the day for combat, or commencing litiga tion. In this country it is generally the day selected for the opening of court terms or sessions. Wednesday is so called from Wodin, or Odin, a deity or chief among the northern nations of Europe. Thusday was nations of Europe. named by the Saxons from Thor, the old Teutonic god of thunder. Friday is from Frea or Friga, a goddess of the old Saxon mythology. Saturday means simply Saturn's day, the name being derived from the deity of that name.

On the new Jungfrau Railway in Switzerland no passengers will accepted until examined medically, and if any travelers feel ill they must get

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

He Goes It Alone Now-Determined-Novet Writing — Deafening — Thrown In — A New Tack—His Explanation—The True Test - A Gloomy Climax, Etc., Etc.

Ere they were wed 'twas freely said She led him by the nose; Now his turn's come; she sits at home, And wonders where he goes. —Cleveland Leader.

Determined. "Don't appear to be in such a hurry meet him, Maud."

"I'm only hastening to pass him by." Judy.

Novel Writing. "Pushpen thinks he has struck a new note in fiction." "It must be a bank note,"-Chicago

Deafening. "A man who will wear such a suit

of clothes must be deficient in taste." "Taste! Why, he must be hard of hearing."-Detroit Journal. A New Tuck.

"My wife is a most original wo-man," said Brown. "Why, when I proposed to her, instead of saying 'this is so sudden,' she said, 'well, I think it's about time." "—Harper's Ba-

Thrown In.

Wife-"It does seem hard that when woman marries she has to take her husband's name. Husband-"Well, she takes every

thing else he's got, why leave that out?"-Pick-Me-Up.

His Explanation. Johnnie has been accused of crying. "I des I aint," he maintained, gulp-

'What are you doing then?" questioned Uncle Henry. "Lettin' my eyes leak."-Chicago

A Gloomy Climax. "Did you finish the story you were

at work on?" "Yes," replied the litterateur. "You were in doubt as to its conclusion. Did it have a happy or unhappy

"Unhappy. The editor refused to print it."—Tit-Bits. The True Test. Bess-"You could hardly call her a

social success." Jess-"Why, she seems to have plenty of admirers." Bess-"Oh, yes, if you look at it that way, but I don't believe she's on friendly terms with a single man she ever rejected."—Chicago Journal.

All He Could Carry. "I took the dough," said the gentleman who had been caught "going an', anyhow, he said de legal fare was through the clothes" of a drunken only one." Second Cabman—"Well, man, "because I don't believe in no I s'pose you took de two dollars au' acman a-havin' more than he needs." | cepted de apology."-- Puck. "But how did you know that he did

not need his money?" "Uf course he didn't need it. He was plumb paralyzed."-Indianapolis

No Great Danger. In the Criminal Court the presiding Judge on the bench, a German, asked to be excused from jury duty.

"Why?" asked the Judge. "Well, Your Honor, I don't understand good English."

"Oh, you will do," replied the Judge. "You won't hear much good English here, anyhow."—Philadelphia Record.

Wifely Accomplishment.

Mrs. Commonstalk (soberly)-"Are ou sure your flance will make a good ome body, Ely? Do you think she knows anything about mending, for Cholly Commonstalk -- "About mend-

busted tire once in just fourteen min-utes by the watch."—Harper's Bazar. The Why of It. "Perfidious woman!" he hissed

through his clenched teeth. "Oh, why do you speak thus?" sho faltered.

"Thou well knowest!" Such was probably the fact. Almost anybody could see his teeth did not fit very well, and had to be kept clenched if they were to be hissed through with any degree of comfort .-Detroit Journal.

An Age Limit.

"Did you speak to my father?" said Miss Gushley. "Yes," replied the young man with mbarrassment. "You told him that despite your

umble fortune, we wished to marry?" "Yes-or something to that pur-"And what did he reply? That I

as too young?" "No, not exactly. He said that I was old enough to have more sense." Washington Star.

"Ah," said Sherlock Holmes, sitting own on the corner of the editor's desk, I see you have just received a story from a young woman in a lawyer's

"How can you tell?" asked the edi-"Can you recognize the type-"No. Don't you see the string is

tied in a regulation true love knot? That is the young woman end of it. And instead of ribbon she has used red tape."-Cincinnati Enquirer. Value of Clean Streets.

It pays to have the clothest streets a the world. The street bureau in Paris finds itself with a surplus of \$10,000 at the end of the year.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

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

Job work—cash on delivery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year......

LIFE'S JOURNEY. He went to seek his fortune
With light and Joyous tread,
And all his bag and baggage
Was just a crust of bread,
So proud and independent,
That youth upon that day,
So brightly beamed the future,
He threw the crust away.

Years afterward a pilgrim Without sack or load,

But with a stick to lean on,
Came hobbling down the road,
It was the youth you wot of,
Now humbled, howed and "bust,"
And he had journeyed homeward
To try and find that crust,
I. L. Parks, in Truth

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bobby-"Pa, what is an heir-atlaw?" Pa-"Usually the lawyer, Bobby."-Judge.

"I can't see why they speak of the wisdom of the serpent." "Well, you never heard of a serpent getting its leg pulled, did you?"—Truth.

Gosling-"Miss Oldstyle seems to be very strong on literature. Miss Giddy—"Yes, poor thing; that's all that is left to her!"—Truth.

"My husband is a great lover of the beautiful," "Indeed he is. I should think that you would almost feel jealous sometimes."—Detroit Journal.

Jimmy-"I heard Tommy Jones was ill nearly all the holidays." Johnny
-"Yes, and what's worse, he got welljust in time to go to school."-Boston Traveler.

Mrs. Hashcroft-"Is there too much seasoning in the turkey, Mr. Billings?" Billings-"No; I should say there is too little turkey in the seasoning."-Indianapolis Journal.

Freshman-"I would like to get shaved, sir—close, sir." Barber— Exactly, sir; there is nothing better for the scalp than that, if you don't mind the looks."-Judge.

Frances-"Yes, he is pursuing literature." Gertrude-"Indeed. And s he very successful?" Frances-'No. It is still a long way ahead of him."-Cleveland Leader. Teacher-"Tommy, if you gave your

little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make?" Tommy—"It would make him yell,"—Harper's Bazar. "How could you have the nerve-

after hearing her—to tell her that she sang divinely?" "Why, my dear fel-low, a woman who would sing like that could be told anything?"-Puck. The Boarding Mistress-"And she moved away owing you for three weeks' meat?" The Fat Boy-"Yes'm! It

wasn't so much, mim. She kept a boardin'-house, you know."—Puck. "Willie Wishington," said the friend, "is one of those people who tell everything they know." replied Miss Cayenne wearily, "and he doesn't talk very much, either,"-

Washington Star. First Cabman-"I axed him t'ree dollars, but he said he had only two;

Tramp (desperately, to reporter)-'If yer don't give me some money, guv'nor, I'll commit suicide before yet werry eyes." Reporter (eagerly)—"I wish you would my good fellow; "copy" is awfully scarce!"—Standard.

Waggish Friend-"Where did you get that—" Spriggins (gasping).
"Eh! Wha—" "That hat?" "Oh Hat? Of course! Bought it around the corner. I was afraid you were going to ask me where I got this um-

brella."-New York Weekly.

Novel Rubbit Traps. Many of the Russian farmers west of town are complaining about jack rabbits falling down their chimneys and frequently lodging therein, stopping the passage of the smoke. Their peasantlike houses-which are all provided with large fireplaces and proportionately large chimneys-are mosty low and covered with the "beautiing, mother? Why, that is her very strongest point. I saw her mend a ful." The chimneys, of course, have to be kept clear of snow. After it has been shoveled away several times, a large funnel-shaped cone remains, the walls of which are rendered toy by the alternate influence of the fire below and the cold above. Any wild an-imal prowling around on a bitter cold night, upon nearing one of these smoke cones and feeling the warmth would naturally seek closer proximity thereto, whereupon its ventures would invariably result in a slide, Mr. Animal landing in the fire box below,---Kulm (N. D.) Wind.

> Soap From Sunflower Seeds. Those interested in new industries may be glad to hear that it is possible to manufacture good soaps from sunflower seeds. Sunflowers grow easily, and need little attention. A company has been organized in the United States to manufacture this sort of soap. It is claimed that the average yield of plants to the sere is 2500 pounds gross; percentage of oil is one-third the weight of the seeds, so that 600 pounds of seed will make 200 pounds of oil. The latter, when refined and ready to use in making scap, is worth about \$1 a pound, and is said to make the finest of toilet soaps. The net profit of the sunflowers to the grower is put at \$11 an acre.

But Killing Their Fad. The newest fad in Scott County,

Indiana, is "rat killings." The vicinity has lately been invaded by hordes of rats, which are doing much damage, When a "killing" is arranged all the men and robust boys in the neighborhood are invited, and, armed with clubs and accompanied by dogs, they begin a systematic cleaning out of barns, haystacks and corn cribs. The rats are very flerce, and several men have been severely bitten by them, but the work goes on nevertheless, and the average mortality of rodents at a killing is about 200. - Detroit Free Press,