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\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

s the rall p of .

clone Government. But as one of their first proposale is to make an opeimperial many, there seems little dan-ger of their proving disloyal to the British Empire

It is estimated that a inudred thouand books were rejected last year by American publishers. With the pay an electric motorman, it is said the s writing their books, one hundred and twenty millions of dollars.

The Worcester (Mass.) Gazette thinks that it may some day become none-wary to license sods foundains if what the physicians say is true in resigned to certain favorite concections high have as their basis of attraction tain per cent, of drugs are capaof forming habits as hard to break is the alcohol habit, and even

Now that American capital is fum ted in such great railway build te in China, it is believed t and that the Un deally have producina-

bich American women have made in all fields of employment during the last eight and twenty years. Since 1870 the women architects have in-pressed from one to fifty-three; the dentials from twenty-four to 417; the hawyers from five to 417; the physical dans and surgeons from 527 to 6 nd the "clergywomen" from sixty ht years will see far greater des. But what will be the affect on the relations between the men the time and the women of the se remains to be seen. But surely e race of Florence Nightingales will not pass an's advance in

The health and food fad, of the day re producing their legitic se result, serves the New York Post. Overeal in their pursuit was to be excted; and it exists to the extent hat medical men have setually found butific name for a condition which arises from fear of food. It is not exactly a disease, but its offect edily becomes harmful if the conlition continues. It seems desirable to avoid too much thought over what o dats. If certain general principles of hygienia food are observed, a healthy appetite and a relieb for the dishes set before one may be trusted. It does not need any conversion to officer and that a mighty stretch of stepped into my cartridge belt, looked mental ecience to discover that if we superiority lay between him and a at my six-shooter and became one of the mysterious townward procession, make up our minds something witl disagree with us it will. This, of course, is not a plea for the pendulum to slip too far the other way, but merely one more caution that in the food fads, as in every other development of this investigating age, there times and began to relieve himself of is need for sanity and poise.

The rural trolley line in this country is in its infancy. A comparatively few roads have been buil! through the farming regions with the idea of superseding the wagon as a means of scress for the farmer to market. But the great development of the trolley has been for passenger traffic, where a large and more or less constant business made the dynamo an economical source of power. Perhaps the development of the produce gathering lines was somewhat retarded while waiting for the perfection of systems by which electricity could be economically used when the power for which engines had with more or less constancy to be employed was only used for the making of infrequent trips, Moreover, it was certainly retarded by the conservatism of farming communities already possessing wagon roads more or less good, generally less. If my Government authority had been nted with the problem of imng local country communications s more farm produce would

o market on trolley cars,

e New York Tribune.

he main thing under he and his were hred.

He was a burden, and, though lips were dumb.

He was a burden, but he were dead.

wished he; for in his wearled soul To allp away, to reach a strange, vague Where time would coase to tire. But on a day some one with grave, sweet

It seemed, to far-off lands,

outhful years had withered in the Yet, after all, 'twas but a whirling hour out of the a loke-blind town to be and his were bred. To where the ty shone with unblemished

And he, the cripple, whose sad Springs Than one who watched him knew, flad never seen so much green grass be-

Nor aki-s so big and blue,

THE SILENT TROOPER.

By W. L. Comfort, Fifth U. S. Cavalry.

thing. That ac- rate, I saw these words: counts for his "Oh, Charlie, do let being left to him- you!"

So is horsemen in field or post.

troop is a family of big boys.
Some of them are big bad boys, and an odd thing about it is that these nacled dignity, like old cavalry horses treat additions to the picket line. If the new man, in a reasonable period, develops no objectionable traits, he will find himself a member of the will find himself a member of the good fellow.

But he as "the a silent manner the morning before,"

mildness. And then they have mosquare m

voluminous correspondence. These I will have another engagement to-things are fatal. Lander was a silent night!"

He was also my "bunkie," which means that I could put out a hand al-most any time in the night and touch him. Naturally, under such condihim on account of his infernal reserve would either grow into an uncomfortable suspicion, if not worse; or else I would learn to look beyond this serious mental derangement of his. As it was, I began to feel for him that alread, wholesome respect which one always has for physical capability, then it is not accompanied by mantal tions, my very proper prejudice against him on account of his infernal reserve would either grow into an uncomfortien it is not accompanied by mental

Then I liked Lander's face. a a handsome fellow-handsome lower lip.

the back, because-I wish I knew my- how. self. I will tell you what I saw.

A couple of troops of the regiment were out on a target range. We were is very dramatic, and the little wom-camped in a bunch of unaspiring foot-hills which, late in the afternoon, is and as I can't see them both. I rested in the huge conical shadow of want you to go to her. I must keep Old Baldy. The tip of Old Baldy's the other engagement. Tell her I'm a icy cone punctures the sky at one of deserter or dead or any old thingthe highest points in Arizona. We were in that sand-stricken land where wayfarers have to climb for water and dig for fuel-wood. We were in that heat-ridden land where the lean, long covote scents death and trots cantiously thither-where the vulture tiously thither—where the vulture his horse and loped slowly townward. The sun was red and low, and the hind a cloud, and peers earthward for

Lieutenant Mat Crim was a little wasp-waisted chap, who had a dirty cartridge belt about trick of getting mad. His West Point tered carelessly out. days were too fresh in his mind for him to be a good officer. He never allowed himself to lose sight of the fact that he was a commissioned just been transferred to our troop. Lander had come from another regiment two months before. The two men met that hot afternoon-just before grooming time.

Lander saluted. short, caught at his breath several a lot of livid English, all of which struck me as mysterious. Lander stood "at attention," said something

n a low voice and walked away. Lieutenant Crim was ungovernable. He sprang after Lander, kicked him in the back and said:

"I'll make life miserable for you, Charlie Howard!" which I judge must have been Lander's civilian name. Lander laughed low and melodi-

ously. I was thinking how wicked Lander looked when he laughed that way. Then the bugle sounded

teeping his nerve. One of the most hills of Arizona, was a cool, deterunprofitable things a soldier can do is been found sleeping at his post.

I watched Lander, and Lander watched Lieutenant Crim during the

several following weeks. And they ements of his superior officer.

To all, he preserved his self-bound intensity. Glad, indeed, would I have een to come very close to the heart of this silent man, because I learned heard Lander say. "It was imprac- but all that could be seen was the to have deep feelings for him. He tible to procure seconds, so you will straw hat of the Chinaman and a large possessed the cold nerve which makes have to rely upon the honor of a comberoes and the great warm heart mon soldier. Perhaps you never as steamer was several miles at sea when which it is friends—I was sure of sociated such sentiments with an on-

Over a fair, broad down.

Be was so softly glad, so full of peace,
II. laid him back and sighed,
And watched the deep sky and its floating
fleece—
Dreaming that he had died.

—J. J. Bell, in Chambers's Journal.

OPER LAN- to cover his troubles, so he did not

der, in private confide in men. Heroes can hate well.

Why my eyes wandered to the opposite side of one of Lander's letters while he was holding it up, and there lieutenant. Mat lingured for a single disgraceful sectorm. Lander ond, is something more than I can exnever told any- plain. I can only regret it. At any

"Oh, Charlie, do let me come to men or judicious for one of Uncle thought I; but didn't mean to read part of his letter—really, I didn't.

troop is a family of big boys.

A lady-killer is my silent friend, thought I; but didn't mean to read part of his letter—really, I didn't.

After five weeks the troops were

ordered to the barracks. No coe was sorry, for life on target range in Ariare not always the unpopular ones. zona is tedious, putting it with studied Troopers do not fall on the neck of a mildness. And then they have mos-

But he can't be a silent man nor a light manner the morning before, sneak; neither can he manipulate a you to meet a lady for me. I believe

> pered excitedly. Nothing but greaser maidens and squaws had I seen for months-it seemed. Reluctantly he handed me a note,

"A lady in this country!" I whis-

part of which is below:

"It's a common yarn," said Lander

He as a civilian. Crim and I were staoned there, but h astride his horse, and at mess and at I was only a private. She was lovely grooming-handsome when silent. to us both. The queer thing about it Yet I have seen his eyelids droop over is that I won out. Then it occurred a wicked pair of shining eyes, and to me that I was only a common sol-seen an ugly, bloodless look about his dier, who had flunked at everything else he tried, and hardly fit to marry, I saw this on the hot day when so I applied for a transfer and chased and Cordelias, or let us Licutenant Mat Crim kicked him in out. She wouldn't have Crim any-

"Now Crim turns up again in the attitude of my superior officer, which which, late in the afternoon, ic; and as I can't see them both, I

For the second time I heard Lander laugh low and melodiously. I can hear it yet.

"There'll be a show down to-night," he said. After retreat, the lieutenant called for

silken flag over headquarters was cased for the night. A little later Lander entered the tent, threw his cartridge belt about him and saun-

"Don't keep the little woman waiting long," he whispered to me. I watched his form grow dim in the shadows toward the village. Then I Something is going to drop on the vil-

lage road this night, I thought. Lander was sitting by the road-side a mile from camp. He smiled, but did not speak to me. While I waited, Crim stopped I wondered why I had not remembered to shake hands with Lander that

night. It seemed a long time before the lieutenant's horse was heard down the road. I hoped that Lander would not pick off his man from ambush, I hated to think he would do it.

"Dismount, lieutenant!" sang out the man who had been kicked, and he did not salute his superior officer. What Crim said as he obeyed is that he was only a common human man, like the being before him, whom he had kicked. He saw in the faded twilight a private in the regular army Every man in the troop detested the ieutenant, and all admired Lander for his slave: but, who alone, in the foot-

Mat Crim was game.

filled with its whitenesss, jure was broad enough listed man. I see that you have your Commercial Advertiser,

six-shooter. I was too soft-hearted to

bruise you with my hands."

Crim looked at his man keenly. He hen looked over his six-shooter care-ully. He had been a clever shot at

"Who gives the signal?" he added, clearing his throat.

"Count three in the position of raise pistol," and Lander politely, "after which you are at liberty to fire as soon as you please."

Crim's tall gelding browsed uneasily and whinnied. He wanted to get back

to the hay on the picket line, but he was a trained cavalry horse and did not think of trotting off alone. I watched, not knowing what else to do. Both men-took position, and came

to the regulation "raise pistol."

"Ready?" asked the lieutenant, clearing his throat again.
"All ready," answered the silent man cheerfully. The moonbeams whitened his forehead. "One;" said the lieutenant. Both

men were motionless. "Two!" he screamed. His arm dropped. . There was a noise and an empty shell in his six-shooter. The lieutenant had forgotten to say

Three." Lander was dying in the moonlight, and there was no empty shell in his six-shooter! Mat Crim, his super-

for officer, ran to his horse like a thing affrighted, and galloped away.

"Go and tell her, old chap," Lan-der whispered, "that Charlie Howard was afraid to meet her to-night. Tell her that his memory is a far worthier shrine for her worship than—a com-mon cavalryman. Tell her that I was a deserter, because old-man, I think a lot of the little witch. You needn't tell her that Crim is a coward-just

with fierce strength. "Take me to him," she demanded.

I led the way back over the rolling road, and when we neared the spot where I had left my silent friend in the moonlight, I heard a long, low, mournful howl, the answer mingled with the echo.

"Let us hurry-faster!" I said. There was no change. Lieutenant Mat Crim had not returned. The woman picked up the pistol which had fallen by the silent man's side, and threw open the cylinder with the ease of a veteran. Six loaded cartridges fell into her hand.

"You saw it all?" she questioned slowly. "And he was your friend?" I bowed.

"Then you will kill the coward for your friend's sake!" She spoke the words altogether too loudly. "He is my superior officer, madame,

I whispered. "Leave me now," she commanded. "But, madame," I objected, "I must walk with you back to the vill-

"No, no! Leave me. I have this," She was replacing the cartridges into

the cylinder, As I stood watching her, a bugler in the camp a mile away played the last call a soldier hears at night-the mournful, melancholy taps. looked down upon my friend, the silent man-they would sound taps over him to-morrow-and I forgot that I was only a private in the regular army.

"Leave me now," she repeated. And when I had gone a few paces I urned. She was bending low. The moon was high above old Baldy

now, and his whiteness was upon the upturned face of the silent man, Lieutenant Mat Crim called for his horse the next morning, when a guard told him that the bodies of Private Lander and a white woman had been found out in the chaparral.-Detroit

The Last Days of Carlyle,

Free Press.

He generally spends his mornings till about half past two o'clock between lying on the sofa, reading in his easy chair and smoking an occasional pipe, writes Carlyle's niece, Mary, to his sister, Mrs. Hanning, in the Atlantic. At half past two he goes out to drive for two or two and a half hours, sleeps on the sofa till dinner time (half past six), then after dinner sleeps again, at nine has tea, reads, or smokes, or talks, or lies on the sofa till bedtime, which is usually about midnight, and so ends the day. He looks very well in the face, has a fine, fresh, ruddy complexion, and an immense quantity of white hair, his voice is clear and strong, he sees and hears quite well; but for the rest, as I have said, he is not good at moving about. In general he is wonderfully good-humored and contented; and on the whole carries his eighty-four years well. He desires me to send this narrative. But Crim knew then you his kind love, and his good wishes; as you know, he writes to nobody at all. I do not think he has written a letter, even dictated one. for over a year.

A Straw Hat and a Contented Shark. A Chinaman named Ah Hoi, conmined, smiling foe. He saw before victed at the Kohala Court of having to strike a superior officer. The same him the handsome Charlie Howard, opium in his possession, and under kind of a finish awaits him as if he had who was loved by a woman he loved. sentence, jumped from the Kinau and He saw the reckless light in Howard's was probably eaten by a shark. At eyes which boded no good. And in any rate nothing was seen of the prisspite of all these things, Lieutenant oner after he disappeared over the side, and the policeman who had him The moon was looking over old in custody has been discharged for were not pretty eyes, those strange The moon was looking over old in custody has been discharged for cyes of Lander's, as they trailed the Baldy's icy crown now and the great carelessness. The officer did not dome above and the sand below were notify the steamer men of the jump of the Chinaman till the Kinau was a "You acted the coward once, little mile or more away from the locality of officer-try to be a man to-night," I the dive. The Kinau was put about,

HE WERE A SHOULD BE REPORTED BY A SHOULD BE A SHOULD B PUZZLE DEPARTMENT. DESCRIPTION OF THE PARTY OF THE HOROKOKOKOKOK

The solutions to these pursies will appear in a succeeding issue. 21.-A Charade.

Without my first no voice is heard; Within my second, lives begin, My third must end delightfully; My whole tells how they strive who win. 22 .- A Novel Acrostic.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, two of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a popular book, Reading across: 1, tendency; 2 cov-

erings for the head; 3, pertaining to imaginary dwarfs; 4, instruments of torture; 5, a hard, heavy wood; 6, smetrs; 7, poets; 8, the century plant; 9. Venetian values: 10 9, Venetian rulers; 10, immature.

23 .- A fraveling Pumle. Begin each word with the final letters of the preceding word: Example: Buffalo, lotion, Ionie, Iceland. The fare from Kamchatka to Chica-

go is: 1. An insect. 2. A thought 3. A festival. 4. A mistake. A small bird. 6. A point where two lines meet, 7. A beverage.

9. A viceroy. 24 .- Five Hidden States. 1. Come here, mamma; I need help

8. A discussion.

at once. 2. The bear almost overtool him, but a hunter came to his rescue. 3. We were afraid that we might miss our ice cream. 4. He did a horrible deed. 5. The boatman said that he had no more gondolas to hire.

SOLUTIONS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES

17 .- Word Squares -BURNS UNION RIFLE NOLDE SNEER PLATO LARAT ARBIL

TAINE OTLEY 18 .- A Double Cross Word-Texas,

Maine. 19.-Eight Beheadments-H-ight, b-each, b-rain, M-arch, t-wig, c-able, n-early, n-arrow.

20 .- Some Novel Ladies-1, Ella Fant; 2, Minnie Ster; 3, Emma Grant; 4, Minnie Riffe; 5, Ann U. Ity; 6, Ann Atomist; 7, Ann T. Diluvian; 8, Polly Tishun; 9, Della Gate; 10, Minnie A. Choor; 11, Carrie K. Choor; 12, Jennie Rosity; 13, Millie Tary; 14, Anna Condor and Allie Gator.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Thunder can be heard eight miles away. An average star of the first magni-

tude is one hundred times as bright as one of the sixth magnitude. Charcoal absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach pressing against the nerves which extend from

the stomach to the head. It is announced that a first-class meteorologist observatory is to be built on the Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany.

While the gold fields of the world cover an area of more than 1,500,000 square miles, Mr. B. J. Skertchley, an Australlan geologist, finds that the fields of tin, which metal is the most sparingly distributed of any of those in general use, occupies less than 12,500 square miles.

The curious fact that corn, potatoes and other plants thrive better when placed in rows running north and south has been proved by Dr. Woliny, of Munich, Bavaria, This reduces the shading by each other to a minimum, more uniform and regular light, heat and moisture resulting.

The latest use of glass is instead of gold as a material for stopping decayed teeth. It answers splendidly, and is far less conspicuous than the yellow metal. Of course, it is not ordinary glass, but is prepared by some new patented process which renders it soft and malleable.

The French periodical L'Electricien reports that the town of Blankenberghe is now supplied with water in which all germs have been killed by means of ozone, generated by an electric current. The same principle will soon be applied to the dangerous Seine water at St. Maure, Paris.

IA Memento of Omdurman. A memento of the Lancers' charge

at Omduman-not less curious than sad-is, according to the Pawnbrokers' Gazette, in the hands of a Holborn jeweler. It consists of the watch worn by Lieutenant Grenfell, which was found on his dead body when this was recovered after the fatal charge. One of the many spear thrusts which the ill-fated young officer received penetrated both the outer and inner cases of the watch, a plain silver lever, driving some of the works right through to the face of the dial and stopping the hands at twenty-one minutes to nine, the precise moment of the wearer's death. Lieutenant Grenfell's family are having the watch mounted on a square block of crystal, for use as an inkstand, to serve as a memorial of their heroic young rela-

His Wants. want two drums When Christmes comes;
(But I don't want slates for doin' cumbl)
An'a wagon load of sugar plums!
An'a big foot ball, an's top that hums,
(But never a slate for doin' suuss!)
Oh, I just want lots when Christmas comes.
—Frank Stanton, in the Atlanta ConstituSHIPWRECKED, THEN MURDERED, Party of Eighteen Persons Massacred by Indiana in Alaska.

Latest reports from Alaska tell of the fate of a party of eighteen persons who are said to have been killed by Indians after having been wrecked near the mouth of the Kuskokwim River last June on the little steamer Jesse. The story has just been brought from that section in a letter to Barneson & Chilcott, who were part owners in the wrecked steamer.

The letter was written by a man named Marsten, a hunter and trader on Nunivak Island, 100 miles from the mouth of the Kuskokwim. He says his wife, who is an Indian woman, paid a visit to her relatives at the mouth of the Kuskokwim River shortly after the wreck of the Jessie. While there she attended a feast given by the Indians. During its progress the Indians got drunk on a kind of liquor made by themselves. While indulging in the general debauch they quarreled over the possession of certain articles taken from the shipwrecked crew.

Her suspicions were aroused by see-ing them in possession of many valuable articles of wearing apparel, watches, breech-loading rifles, and an abundant supply of provisions. She made inquiries of her grandmother, an aged squaw, who related to her how, when the Jessie went ashore in the surf, the Indians assisted in saving the whites and the cargo, and after the whites had established a cump, the Indians demanded pay for their services. They wanted nearly every-thing the whites had, not leaving them enough to last the party through the winter. The whites offered a reasonable amount, which did not satisfy the Indians, who planned to take pos-

session of everything. A council was held, and it was decided to kill all the whites, which was done the next night while they were asleep. The bodies were taken to the sea in canoes and thrown overboard, Nothing was known of the fate of the unfortunate prospettors for nearly a month after the wreck, when several bodies came ashore badly decomposed. The Indians then reported that the Jessie and the barge had been wrecked and all lost.

Report was made to an agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, who visited the scene and identified the bodies of Captain Murphy and the Rev. Mr. Webber, a Moravian missionary, who, with his wife and child, joined the expedition at Dutch Harbor, and was going to establish a mission among the savages who murdered

It is further stated that the Kuskokwim Indians threaten to stop the whites from prospecting in the Kuskokwim country, as they claim it as their hunting and fishing reserve.

Books blue and books yellow: The

Figaro publishes a note on the colors.

of the official volumes communicated by different Europeea governments to parliament and the nations. yellow book which France circulates is the brochure coming from the French Foreign Office. It is destined for the use of chambers, the embassies and the press. About 2000 copies are issued in the publication, but they are | Bits. not on sale for the nation. French usage differs from the English in this respect and throws a heavy burden on the press. The Temps, for instance, lately found it necessary to print a special page devoted to the yellow book on Fashoda. The German chancery publishes white books for the Reichstag, but only on colonial questions, while Italy binds in green and Greece in red. Austria and Russia are, says the Figaro, without analogous documents, and the United States, Government contents itself with a simple communication made to Congress in relation to foreign affairs. In the case of these official bindings one can only say with regret that whether blue, yellow, red, green, black or white, they have never formed a general harmony yet.—Pall

Mall Gazette. Catching Smelts.

Down in Maine in catching smelts in winter the fishermen build shanties on the ice over good fishing grounds and cut a hole through the ice and make a trap door in the floor of the shanty to fish through. The shanty is built upon timbers laid on the ice, and the first thing the fishermen do when they get the building up is to pour water over these timbers, so as to freeze them down to the ice; otherwise when a wind sprang up it might blow the shanty along on the ice on these timbers, which would thus become practically a sort of sled runners.

They have a stove in the shanty for greater comfort, and when they are not fishing they close the trap door and thus have an unbroken floor. Each man uses two lines in fishing, and as fast as he hauls the fish up he puts them in a box, the boxes used being made of various sizes, each containing a specified number of pounds of fish. When he has a box packed full he sets it out on the ice and pours water in it. The fish are frozen solid in the

Paper Teeth Now.

boxes, and in this condition they are

shipped to market,-New York Sun.

It is certainly a reign of wood pulp that is upon us, for now a German has perfected a process for making false, that is, artificial teeth for human use, manufactured from paper pulp instead of porcelain or the other materials usually used in the imitation of masticators of commerce. They are stated to be very satisfactory in every respect. They are not brittle and do not chip off. The moisture in the mouth has no effect upon these may tuese teeth, and they retain their color n feetly. They are lighter the

lain and chesper to make

SERENADE.

Who is it sings the gypaies" To muted strings, Deep in the linden shade, beyond the My casement flings?

Can it be Death who sings? Ah no, no For he is old— His voice is like the marmur of the se When light grows cold.

Who is it sings once more, once more again The gypsy song? Song of the open road, the starry Estranged so long—

"Come to the woods, come, for the woods

are green,
The sweet airs blow,
The hawthorn boughs the forest boles be-Are white as snow."

The wet leaves stir; the dim trees

again
Of vanished springs—
Out in the night, out in the slow, soft rain,
My-lost youth sings.
—Resumend Marriott Watson, in Harper's
Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Madrid is the capital of Spain, but she can't bank on it. -Adams Free-

"They say her father moves in the

very best society?" "Oh, ye piano mover."—Judy. The Bride-"No man can serve two masters." The Benedict-"That's

why I want you to be cook, my dear." "Who is that man who has such a lordly air around here?" "He used to be our office boy."—Chicago Record.

"I tell you, getting married is rebusiness." "I notice the couple have to have someone stand up for them, Belle-"How did you find out the name of Maude's new beau?" Lena

-"I gave her my new pen to try."-Puck. "How do you like your president, Mrs. Chatterton?" splendid; she never calls us to order."

-Chicago Record. Mrs. Gunn-"I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I am saying. Mr. Gunn-"I am, dear, as little as possible."-New York Times,

Greene—"Do they play golf in Germany?" Redd—"Oh, yes; haven't you ever heard of the Frankfurter links?"—Yonkers Statesman. "How in the world do all th young lawyers live?" asked o of By the provisions of the code," replied a bystander.-Atlanta Journal.

The wrath of two tourists was great. When the train at 2.02 wouldn't wait. Though they made a to-do,
The train whistle blow
Toot-toot-toot at 2.02—too int

Gerald—"They say that it takes three generations to make a gentle-man." Geraldine—"Your grandson will be all right then."—New York World. "You say Dr. Bowless is a specialist?
I thought he was a general practitioner. What is his speciality "Big bills," said the victim.—Indian

She (in a startled whisper) - "Sh-h Don't you hear somebody talking?" He (dreamily) -"No; that's that gold suit you picked out for me,"-Cleve

growing two beautiful big paper cuters right out of his mouth!" Ti

land Plain Dealer.

Book Canvasser-"Pardon madam, but are you interested in study of prehistoric man?" Antique-"Oh, indeed! It ke busy trying to get the man interested in me."-Chicago

Mrs. Browne-"Yes, we used to I Tommy sit on the dictionary when took his pinno lesson; but his fat put a stop to it." Mrs. Greeneso? 'Fraid it would hart the Mrs. Browne-"No; it was to like punning; playing on waknow."-Boston Transcript.

WISE WORDS.

When you deave to gi to possess. The "larger hope" deeper despair.

The way to watch is to work,

It requires abundant grace to wit stand abundant prosperity. Your position in life to-mor pends on your character to-day A high ideal is a standing invitati

The man who loses his life in sows the seed of untold noble live The man who will not suffer for truth will have to suffer t

to reach a more exalted position.

ing it. The miser who is able (but ing) to relieve want is truly able man.

The exasperating !

are little lead lines

our religion Sunday-The day devotes worship of the sun by our forefat Monday-The day devoted to the ship of the moon by our for-Tuesday-The day devoted . ship of Tieu or Tyw, the Wednesday—The day devo-worship of Woden or Odin wind. Thursday—The to the worship of Ththunder. Friday -Jasto the worship of blish Venus of the Nor

the god of ar god of the for a variety god of the for a variety Vast p election oc-Accomes: Napoleon be Washington, Authe Washington, Anservathomas Jefferson,

mon. John Bunyan, all na Cresar and Deser these were candi-

day devoted to "