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AFTER THE STORM.

Then a mighty wind arose and blew from the sunset land,
Blew till the tall trees bent like the slender blades of grass;
Wholly their tangled boughs were tossed by the tempest's hand,
That smote the covering fields with the dashing drifts of rain.
But the wrath of the storm king died, and silence came like a boom;
The far horizon glowed with gilt-edged amethyst bars;
And up the seas of the night came sailing the mystical moon,
Her sapphire pathway strewn with the blossoming silver stars.
—The Cosmopolitan.

MY MASKED HERO.

Being in that condition of social degradation known as "shabby genteel"—that is, being too shabby to walk in fashionable thoroughfares and mingle with wealthier people, and too genteel to partake of the public generosity—I betook myself a few weeks ago to the east side of the city, and permitted a quaint, comfortable-looking little landlady to install me in a room ten feet long and five feet eight and one-half inches wide. I knew that the room was five feet eight and one-half inches wide, because that measurement is my height; and when, in a fit of sybaritic indolence, I lay down crosswise on the bed the top of my head touched one wall and my feet the other, a discovery which, in my superstitious mood, I regarded as an omen that I had at last found that place in society I was best fitted to fill.

In such a miniature dormitory there could be but little furniture, and there was but little. Here is the inventory: A bed, a compound article of toilet-table and chest of drawers, a chair, a looking-glass and a towel-horse.

In the first drawer of my toilet table lay an exploded pistol cartridge and a quantity of tobacco, from which discoveries I deduced that my predecessor must have been an excellent judge of the word, and indulged his taste extravagantly for one in his position.

As I lay back in my chair, in the full enjoyment of a reflective mood, surprised and harmonized by the good tobacco of my unknown friend, I espied in the corner near the toilet-table a little piece of black cloth; and prying further into the nook I found it fell. The piece would just have fitted the eye-holes of a mask. Quoth I, sotto voce: "The previous occupant of this room was gay and economical withal, for here is evidence that he has been masquerading, and that, too, in a mask of his own manufacture."

Having been educated to a profession in which the necessity for putting "this and that" together frequently arises (I mean the bar), I wrapped my discoveries in paper, subscribed the envelope with my name, and deposited them in my private pocket; "For," I thought I, "many a tragedy has been traced with a slender clue, and many a thrilling romance has had a flimsier foundation. Who knows but that this smoker of tobacco had as critical a taste for beauty as for the weed? May it not be that his heart is given to some high-born beauty, and he waits for wealth to offer her his hand?"

Dozing dreamily under the narcotic influence, I settled it all to my own satisfaction, as thus: This gentleman's name is Ralph de Mortimer—with the possibility of a title—and he is of ancient and noble family. He is tall, stalwart, handsome, has mutton-chop whiskers, and teeth of exquisite whiteness and regularity. He has been engaged to be married to the surpassingly lovely and accomplished Miss Ada Vere de Vere—in a low-necked dress—the flashing eyes, raven hair, Junonian bearing, and no end of jewels being inseparable and understood concomitants. He was incarnate generosity and became answerable for a friend. The great financial crash ruined his friend, but left him just as he was before, minus a colossal fortune gone to the dogs.

She loved him still, and would have married instantaneously had not a serf of pompous complicity, forbidden the bans. De Mortimer had then betaken himself to this little room, and, with noble regard for his feelings, had emerged from it only at night, and then only to walk the street opposite the great mansion at the West End and watch the light in his Dalman's chamber until its exceeding dimness proclaimed that his mistress was taking her repose after having tired her symmetrical little jaws in a rapid, monosyllabic conversation with young Fitz-Plantagenet, his ancient rival. Then he wended his way by devious paths and tortuous windings to this room and tried to comfort his yearning heart with hope. His great black eyes grew moist as he experienced the affliction which lay heavy upon him, and, like David of old, he wetted his pillow with tears.

breakfast, dinner and supper) purchased a yard of black cloth and a pennyworth of elastic. Returning, he borrowed a pair of scissors, and needle and thread, from the pretty and industrious seamstress on the ground-floor, and made a mask, muttering to himself in dulcet tones, "This is the evening of the masquerade, and, come what come, I'll see my love tonight."

When the appointed hour had arrived, De Mortimer sailed forth, and at length, under cover of a throng of masquers, entered the halls at the Vere de Vere. He sought, found and accosted his fair mistress; but in the midst of an enraptured dialogue that deceitful rogue, Fitz-Plantagenet, recognized his voice and betrayed him. Rushing from the house, he was followed by his well-hated rival. In a secluded portion of the street, when the varieties of the Vere de Veres had given up the chase, De Mortimer and Fitz-Plantagenet met face to face, and the rejected lover forced his rival to draw. The reports of the pistols still echoed, and the flashes had scarcely left the muzzles of the pistols, when De Mortimer fled.

As he lay down that night, despite the exciting scenes through which he had passed, his heart beat joyfully; his brain teemed with visions of celestial happiness in the future, when the bell rang vigorously and a youthful voice inquired, in shrill pertinacity, for "Sir Ralph de Mortimer."

He leaped from the bed and opened the door one inch—his disabillite forbade his opening it further—and received a telegram informing him that his uncle in Scotland had considerably died in the nick of time, good old soul, leaving him all his broad acres and his title of Earl.

Then followed these emotions: His bewilderment, joy, grief, hilarious sorrow; and these facts: Immediate evacuation of this little room, visit to the mansion of the Vere de Veres (reunion with the corpulent paternal consent), marriage at St. George's, and happiness.

Fully satisfied that my riddle was solved, and that from the slender clue I had worked out a truthful solution of the problem which had bothered me mentally not a little, I slept the sleep of a just man who had done a virtuous action and smoked excellent tobacco into the possession of which he had come by a piece of good fortune.

Waking up in the middle of the night I looked into the darkness, made more apparent by the ghost of a flickering night-light, and saw standing on the opposite side of the street, intently regarding the house, a policeman.

"But his regard I regarded not—that is to say, not then."
It was only when, day after day—or, more correctly speaking, night after night—I marched out to take the air, which my shabby gentility denied me day by day, that I noticed the jealous solitude with which I was followed, sometimes by one man, sometimes by another, but always by some one. Then I commenced to wonder why I, one of the most innocent of mortals, should thus be made an object of surveillance. True, I had not walked all my days in the odor of sanctity; but no clause of the criminal code had I infringed, no creditors could find it thus worth their while to watch me. I was not a Communist. I had no cellar in which to store murderous weapons. I thought of the sbirri of Italy, of the gendarmes of France, but still was I at a loss to account for it. No clue could I catch to the mystery. But, having determined the fact that I was watched, I resolved to apply for an explanation at the nearest police station. Thither I went accordingly.

"Mr. Sergeant," quoth I, "can you tell me why it is that at night my chamber window is watched by your minions of the moon, and that all my incomings and outgoings, and my wanderings to and fro, are scrutinized as thoroughly as though I were a criminal?"

"No," quoth he.
"Then," said I, "I wish you'd call the dogs off; I prefer to go where I list unheeded."
"Where do you live?" said the Sergeant.

"At No. 12 Queer street," said I.
"Oh! oh!" said he.

And he laughed as though some theme of extraordinary jocularity had occurred to him. When he finished one hilarious explosion he began another, until he devoured whatever hilarity had been given to him. Then he called a constable and said: "Send Jackson here."

"Tell Jackson about it," said the sergeant.
"Mr. Jackson," I began. "I occupy a little two-pair room at No. 12 Queer street, formerly occupied by a young nobleman."
"Nobleman be hanged!"
"Sh-h-h-h!" quoth I, deprecatingly. "Did you know the personage?" I asked. "For I have here some little trifles, all that I found in the room (save a smoked excellent tobacco, which I smoked), and from which I produced his romance."
"His romance!" said Jackson; "he tooked none. That was Smoky Larkin had that little two-pair room. He went on for ten years."
"He's down for ten years."
"I own where?" I queried in dis-

"Portland Island," replied Jackson. "He was a masked burglar—one of the worst of 'em. I think I'll keep these trifles."

A Baggage-Master's Story.
Many strange things are left behind by absent-minded travellers, and the baggage-master at one of the stations in Boston had a particularly queer experience some time ago. At the time it occurred it did not seem very amusing to him, but after the affair was straightened out he laughed heartily over it. He said, in speaking of the case:

One night last winter a brakeman came in and said there was a man with paralysis waiting outside. I went out and found the man sitting in a rolling chair that we keep for the use of invalids. A hackman who was with him said the man had come across the city from another station with a lady. When they got to our station the driver called a brakeman to get the rolling chair, and the lady went, as she said to get the tickets. There was some delay in getting the chair, but after a while it was brought and the invalid was wheeled to the gate to await the return of his travelling companion. He waited for more than an hour, and then the brakeman called me. The hackman described the lady and said she had two dogs with her.

The man at the gate remembered that a lady of that description, with two dogs, had gone through the gate, but he could not tell what train she had taken, and, of course, he did not know her name. I took the hackman's number, and he went away. Then, as it was getting cold, the brakeman and I rolled the invalid into my office to wait for the appearance of somebody to take the man off our hands. The man's mind was so affected that he could not give his name, nor tell where he had come from nor where he was going. After a while he said he was hungry and would like some toast and tea. I got the toast and fed him as I would a baby. He said he had to take the tea through a glass tube. I had no tube, so I went to the restaurant in the station and got some straws and used those.

I could not leave the man to go home to supper, and the situation was becoming very unpleasant. About nine o'clock a policeman opened the door and asked if I had a paralytic. I said I had, and asked if he would take him. He said "Great Scott! No! I don't want him, but his folks are coming in after him;" and he hurried out, as if he was afraid I would make him take the man.

About half an hour later the paralytic's wife and some friends appeared. The wife explained that the two dogs had caused her considerable trouble, and, as her husband was an invalid, he usually travelled alone.
It did not occur to her that her husband had started with her this time until she got away out to Hyde Park or Dedham, or some place out that way. Then she took the dogs home, telegraphed to the police to look for her husband, but had to wait some time before she could get a train back to the city.

I was relieved to get rid of the man, and I don't want any more "lost articles" of that kind to take care of. I don't mind having umbrellas, pocket-books, overcoats, lunch baskets and occasionally a baby—I don't mind babies, for I have had several left in the cars, and they were claimed in a few minutes—but when I have another paralytic I shall be willing to have somebody else take care of him.

Wolf Hunting in Lapland.
Mr. Seton-Karr, in a book of travels in Lapland, lately published in England, gives this account of a wolf hunt: "The forests near the arctic circle and in the vicinity of the Rif and Lof Fields, where I fell in with a large band of Lapps and reindeer, are often the scene of wolf hunts during the winter. The presence of wolves near herds of deer is always a source of anxiety to the owner as their most dangerous enemies, creating great havoc at times among the herds belonging to the mountains in Lapps. One wolf, they assert, can kill in one night as many as thirty reindeer, while a band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor. The alarm being given of wolf tracks, the wolves being seen in any direction within reach of the Lapps' camp, the swiftest runners on snowshoes prepare for a most exciting chase."
"With the swiftness of the wind this procession of short men, in fur or blue coats and sugar loaf-shaped hats, rush through the wood and dart like an arrow down steep hills and through thickets, or jump down ledges several yards in height. Every one is making supreme effort to be in front for only the striker of the first blow does the wolf belong, and to him appertains all or most of the honor. The leading Lapp is soon close upon his deadly foe, and he deals it a heavy blow across the joints with his strong spiked snowshoe staff, sufficient merely to disable it, unless there are other wolves to be pursued, in which case he kills it outright."

"Barber—I think this is the first time I ever shaved you, sir." Victim never had none. That was Smoky Larkin had that little two-pair room. "Strange I fail to remember it, sir." Victim—"You wouldn't be so likely to remember it as I."—Boston Herald.

Establishing Their Genealogy.
It was at the depot in Mason, Georgia. A colored man from the country stood looking at the locomotive when the colored fireman called out:
"Hey, yo' nigger, what yo' lookin' at?"
"Who's nigger?" demanded the other.
"Yo' is."
"So is yo'."
"Look out, dar, nigger. I doan' take no sass off'n shucks!"
"Yo' is shucks yo' self."
"Humph! Do yo' know what my fadder sold fur befo' de wah?"
"No."
"Fo'teen hundred dollars in gold, sah, an' dey reckoned dat was \$200 under price. Who was yo' fadder, sah?"
"He was de gen'lan who bought yo' fadder for a waitah, sah, an' he allus 'lowed he paid a thousand dollars mo' dan he was worth."

Blaine Hasn't Got Any Sense.
Old Missourian (putting aside a newspaper)—"Well, it seems mighty strange to me that people never learn nothin'." It hadn't been long since a lot of big men was ruined by bein' mixed up in the pan-electric business, and now Mr. Blaine hasn't got any more sense than to fool with that pan-American affair. It 'pears like them big men just stay round Washington till they lose all their common sense."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Very Old Officer.
Rear-Admiral Melancthon Smith is one of the oldest living officers of the United States Navy. He was retired ten years ago and is now seventy-six years of age. When he entered the navy, in 1826, there was no such thing in existence as a steam man-of-war, and he had been in service thirteen years before he performed his duty on a steam vessel.

The Drink Trouble Abroad.
Not the least important of the international conferences recently held in Paris was that which met to study the drink question. The European countries have become alarmed at the dangerous progress of alcoholism, and are searching for means to stem it. Their way of checking the evil is not by prohibition. They aim at purifying the liquor rather than preventing its consumption. They advocate government interference to regulate the trade, or the establishment of a State monopoly in the manufacture or sale of drink. A State monopoly has been established in Switzerland, and Bismarck has contemplated something of the same sort for Germany.

In France and Belgium Government Commissions have considered the question and suggested various remedies. Drunkenness until a few years ago was all but unknown in France. One might have walked the streets of Paris at any hour of the day or night without seeing anyone the worse for liquor. But now drunkenness is there in its worst form. The report of the recent Congress contains figures which prove that drink is now one of the chief causes of crime and of lunacy. The scourge of phylloxera which has swept over the country and thinned the vineyards has in some measure caused this. Distillers have gone to other sources than the grape for their alcohol. The great drink of the French peasantry and working people is eau-de-vie. This used to be distilled from fruit, but is now mainly extracted from vegetables.

In 1850 only 70,000 hectolitres of this liquor was distilled from vegetables; in 1881 there was 1,759,448 hectolitres, of which potatoes and beet-root supplied the most. The consumption for that year was 1,445,000 hectolitres, or 12 litres for every adult man. Since 1881 it was increased at the same ratio. The habitual drinker of this poisonous stuff soon becomes a physical and mental wreck. Fourteen per cent. of the lunatics under treatment in France owe their insanity to alcoholism, and in 1885 it was the cause of 588 accidental deaths and 868 suicides. French statesmen are anxious to do something to check this growing evil, either in the way of purifying the spirituous liquors drunk, or limiting the number of liquor saloons.

Some statistics of the number of liquor saloons to inhabitants in different European countries were given at the congress. In England there is a licensed house for every 223 inhabitants, in Austria one to 266 inhabitants, in Denmark one for every 194, in Italy one for every 175, in Holland one for every 149, in France one for every 90 people, and in Belgium one for every 43. The Belgians drink more than any other people in Europe. They consume 70,000,000 litres of liquor every year, which gives 60 litres for every male adult. Paris is pretty well provided with liquor shops, or cafes, having one among every 88 inhabitants. The quantity of liquor consumed per head of the inhabitants, women and children included, is 6 litres in England, 10 in Sweden, 16 in Denmark, 9 litres in Belgium, and 7 in Prussia and France.

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Valuable Birds.
The owner of the ostrich farm in Lower California paid \$1,000 each for his birds, and he has quite a number of them. Twice a year their feathers are plucked, and each plucking is worth \$500.

DOWN IN FLORIDA.

HOW THE DARKIES HOLD CAMP MEETINGS.

Quaint Songs and Peculiar Ceremonies.

The sun was sinking like a great ball of fire in a sea of pink clouds behind the distant pines. The trunks of the trees stood out darkly against the bright sky, and the gray moss, tinged with red, looked as if a fairy maid had changed its ashen hue. The only sound to disturb the peaceful calm was the low, plaintive tone of a mockingbird in a tree overhead. As we proceeded on our way we emerged from the pine woods, and crossing a prairie we entered a dense-wooded buckhorn. Now we could plainly hear the darkies chanting, and their melodious voices sounded soft and clear in the distance. Following the sound we made our way through the woods, and finally reached a clearing. There we saw an old church ready to fall to pieces from age and decay. Great boards were nailed across it to keep it together, and the spaces between the logs were filled with moss.

Inside the old hovel the preacher was holding forth and a crowd of darkies who could not find room inside were pressing around the door to hear him. Bad as some of them had been during the week, lying, thieving, stealing, yet for the time being they were the most religious set of darkies to be met with in that part of the country. Long and loud were the lamentations to the Lord for their past iniquities and earnest were they now in singing his praises. Some were almost hysterical in their fervor, crying and moaning to the good Lord to make them better. Others looked solemn, and holding their books before them, which were in many cases upside down, they devoutly joined in the chorus.

Brother Harris gave out the first verse in a deep, impressive voice, as follows:—

Dat was a man, he name was Lot,
Dat's jis what de Good Book say,
An' he hab a wife, an' a daughter got,
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
His wife she balk, an' make a halt,
An' de Lawd he turn her into salt,
Ob, dat's what de Good Book say.
Then came de hearty chorus:
Dat's jis what de Good Book say, it am,
Jis read it froo, yo' find it true,
Fo' dat's what de Good Book say.

With scarcely a moment for breathing time Brother Harris gave out the next verse:

Old Adam, he was de fust built man,
Dat's jis what de Good Book say,
An' Ebe came next, den sin began;
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
Ebe bit de apple right in two,
A berry wicked thing for Ebe to do,
But dat's what de Good Book say, it am,
Dat's what de Good Book say.

Without any intermission Brother Harris began another favorite song, accompanied by various high treble voices, with ringing variations:
Ob, I long fo' to reach dat heavenly sho',
To meet ole Peter stanin' at de do';
He say to me, oh, how yo' do?
Come set right yond in de golden pew,
Dat de good solid people do go clean froo,
To dip in de golden sea.

Repeating the quaint words of the last two lines over and over again, they lingered lovingly on last word "sea," ere they sang another verse, as follows:—
Good Mr. Jesus a-stittin' de pew,
Come all yo' sinner, make yo' bow,
Oh! I look down on de world below,
An' watch dem white trash shubilla' snow,
While angle' fishes up my toe,
When I dip in de golden sea.

Then followed the sermon, by Bro. Harris. Poor old man, as he stood there in their midst, shaking as if with the palsy, his eyes rolled up heavenward, so that only the whites were to be seen, his long white hair showing his great age and his frame feeble and bent, one could not help thinking that his days were all but spent.

For a few moments he stood silent before the crowd, violently swaying his body and waving his arms frantically in the air. Then, in a loud, penetrating voice, he drew a fearful and vivid picture of the rich man in hell, whilst Lazarus smiled complacently at his misery from "de foot ob de great white frame." There, in the depths of hell, was the fallen, sinful brother, sitting on a hissing gridiron, the flames leaping and darting round him. As they stretch out their long forked tongues to devour him he groans and writhes in his agony, whilst a long-tailed devil grins sardonically at his misery and adds new fuel to the flame. As the poor victim tries in vain to escape the devil roughly pushes him back again. His throat is parched with thirst, and to add to his torments he hears the sound of rushing water near by, yet he cannot have a drop to cool his tongue. The gentle breeze which fans the flames around him to fiercer intensity does not cool his heated brow. There is ever the tantalizing sight of Lazarus looking cool and comfortable, enjoying all the comforts of eternal life, whilst for him there is naught but eternal misery.

At this some shrieked out, "Right aah, good Lawd; come nigher dis po' sannah, Jesus," whilst others moaned pitifully as they grovelled on the ground at the minister's feet. After a while the enthusiasm passed away and only a few low cries of

A CALIFORNIA BARONESS.

PETER DONAHUE'S DAUGHTER MARRIES A GERMAN BARON.

Four Million Dollars Left by the Argonaut Horsehoor.

A tall, slender and not very imposing figure stalked about the Richelieu for a couple of days this week, says the Chicago Herald. The tall young man was quite dark and had an unmistakable foreign air. He rode about a good deal in the swiftest equipages that could be hired. He was accompanied by a striking-looking lady of youthful mien and strongly marked Celtic features.

The two were the Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, of San Francisco, New York and Berlin. The Baron, though a genuine article of baron, does not look to be the wearer of such a title, while that of "Baroness" fits the Hibernian face of his excellent wife about as a genuine diamond fits the bosom of a negro minstrel.

Through permanent residents of this country, the Baron and Baroness hug their titles with death-like grip. Neither would for one moment lay aside the precious prefix to their names or substitute the plain American "Mr. and Mrs."

One of Dakota's Plucky Daughters.
Miss Lizzie Dunfield has spent the past six years in South Dakota. Miss Dunfield was among the first young ladies to brave the hardship of claim land and take up land in Dakota, and she is now the fortunate owner of 320 acres of excellent farm land, half of which is a short distance from Harold, Hyde County. The other quarter section is near the thriving town of Aulickton, and all of which will certainly be valuable property in time. All the adventures of life far out upon the prairie, with the nearest neighbor a mile and a half distant, the perils in storm and flood and the danger of living alone for weeks at a time, have been undergone. She was one of those brave and resolute Dakota school teachers who, with a few pupils under her care, encountered the awful storm of January, 1888. During the long night which followed the dreadful blizzard, with scant fuel, she kept herself and the children from freezing only by the utmost exertion until all were rescued from their fearful situation at 5 o'clock the next morning.

"Fingers and Toes Couldn't Better It."
Florida girls are not like their Alabama sisters (by the *Age-Herald's* estimate), for the former abhor slugging, but for downright emphasis of expression, and that brevity which is the soul of wit, they yield the palm to no other State. Several weeks ago a number of brave young men and beautiful women from the interior came in on an excursion. A small knot of the visitors were walking leisurely through the park, when the following conversation was overheard between two of the visitors. It is reported verbatim, though it is impossible to reproduce the drawing, earnest tone in which it was delivered: "Sal," asked one, displaying the folds of her new dress, and taking a sly look at her bustle, "Sal, how do my dress fit?" "Fingers and toes couldn't better it." "Do John seem to notice it?" "Can't keep his eyes offen it." "Do my bustle shake about any?" "Shakes jis like jelly," replied Sal, as she proceeded on their way with an air of triumph indescribable.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

San Francisco Products.
A traveller just returned from San Francisco, after a considerable stay in that city, tells me that what impressed him most was the girls and the fleas. Both are large in size and plentiful in numbers.

"The women are the finest-looking specimens you ever saw," says the young man. "They are well-developed, healthy and handsome. Of course I was duly impressed. But next to them I think the fleas take up the largest share of attention. They have no mosquitoes in San Francisco, but the fleas, their name is legion. I don't wonder that desperate measures were taken to get rid of the San Francisco flea. He is everywhere—in your clothes, in your bed, in the carpet, in the furniture. The flea is one of the principal objections to the glorious climate of California."

The Snake Gave Him A Chance.
While Mike James, a boy of fourteen years of age was going through the woods near Clarksville, with his father one day last week, he said: "Father, if a snake was to bite me, you just ought to see how quickly I would bandage my leg with this rubber strap." The boy spoke positively, and no sooner were the words out of his mouth than he exclaimed: "I am snake bitten." His father, turning round, saw his son drawing the bandage tightly around his leg, just above the bite. The old man killed the snake and found it to be an adder of the most deadly kind. The administration of internal remedies at once commenced: First one plug, then an old time twist of horse mane, went down like food; then one pint of Corn whiskey. All this made him very sick, and he vomited freely. He is yet unable to walk, but is rapidly recovering.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There are 16,000 public schools in Missouri.

—Indiana is burdened with a debt of nearly \$10,000,000.

—Texas expects a \$90,000,000 for her cotton crop this year by a failure.

—The 50,000,000 Mohammedans of India want home rule.

—Twenty two hundred railway trains leave London daily.

—Age for age, girls are taller in Sweden and heavier as well.

—Alaska's ice-bound territory has been shaken by an earthquake.

—The orange crop in Spain and southern Europe generally is a failure.

—Excessive ugliness is a disqualification for service in the French army.

—The bicycle craze prevails in Denmark, and the ladies there ride them astride.

—It is said that there are 15,000 brass bands in this country, with 150,000 performers.

—An elm tree in Lee, Mass., has just been cut down which is known to be 105 years old.

—"True milky and fire opals" it is reported, are being turned up in Moscow, Idaho.

—Nearly \$750,000 a year is paid by the British Government for the carriage of mails.

—There are now more public holidays in Honolulu than any in other city in the world.

—Stam keeps up with the procession, She is to have an electric railroad thirty miles long.

—In Victoria, Australia, bricklayers and masons work but seven and one-half hours per day.

—Nearly twenty thousand pounds of bread is daily eaten in the Sultan of Turkey's household.

—The distance between the rows of gold lace on a German admiral's sleeves must be 27529 of an inch—neither more nor less.

—Mexican contractors are importing thousands of Chinese laborers to work on railroads in course of construction there.

—Silk from paper-pulp is made smooth and brilliant, has about the same elasticity as ordinary silk, and is about two-thirds as strong.

—Foot-and-mouth disease is still prevalent in Germany, and seems to have gained a foothold in the western provinces.

—The oldest soldier in Europe, Victor Zambelli, died recently at Venice after eight and two years of service. He began in the Austrian army.

—It is expected that the India rice crop this season will be larger than the average, and that 10,000,000 hundred weight will be available for export.

—Pure gold is so soft that it would soon be worn away by use, and it is always alloyed with a varying proportion of copper or silver, usually about one-tenth.

—The Illinois State Board of Agriculture reports that the Hessian fly plague prevails to an alarming extent in every winter wheat county of the State.

—The exports from the Ottawa district to the United States for the last three months amount to \$850,000 more than \$100,000 in excess of the exports for the similar period in 1889.

—Practical New York dairymen claim J has taken at least ten and a half pounds of butter from a cow during this season to make a pound of cheese. This is in excess of ordinary years.

—The Minister of Agriculture for Ontario is taking steps to have forest trees in that country planted with American vines, which have thus far resisted the ravages of Phylloxera.

—Zoe Gayton, a San Francisco woman, is walking across the continent for a purse of \$1 a mile, providing she walks more than fifteen miles a day. She is in Nevada about one hundred miles ahead of time.

—The Benicia Agricultural Works at San Francisco have turned out the largest roller and traction engine in the world, weighing about twenty tons. It burns straw and will pull forty plows, doing the work of seventy horses, over and above the power for propulsion.

—The cattle men of Southern Arizona are making an endeavor to plant 10,000 in order to sink wells along the old emigrant trail to California. The burdensome railroad rates, which eat up the profits of the cattle producers, are the cause of this movement.

—Out of the average half a million letters that arrive daily in Berlin 10,000 are insufficiently addressed or are not addressed at all, some only bearing the names of the addressees.

—In 1823 Italy was a land of beggars. The people were so poor that in a city of 20,000 inhabitants a traveler was unable to purchase a pair of gloves, or in one of the 1,000 a cake of soap.

—A little 4-year-old girl in England writes with her left hand and writes her words backward, as they are reflected in a mirror from ordinary writing. Her friends have to read them by the aid of a looking-glass.

—Eleven battle ships, with an aggregate displacement of 70,000 tons, are now being built for the German Government. At Eibar, a few miles from the Spanish coast, are being built seven torpedo boats are being built for the Government.

—A marine curiosity is on exhibition at Astoria, Oregon. It consists of an ordinary seaweed some twenty feet in length, and at the lower end the cluster of roots have a firm hold of an aggregation of marine shells several pounds in weight. These shells are occupied by a curious inhabitant that has a back that resembles a chicken's, only it is divided vertically instead of horizontally.

—Cairo, Ill., boys are doing a wholesale business in sparrows. The birds make a roost in an old chimney in an abandoned house. The boys have secured a net, and after the birds go to roost at night they spread the net over the chimney's top. Every morning they have from 50 to 200 sparrows, for which they get 1/2 cent per head bounty.

—Russia has agreed to bear the expense of increasing the efficiency of the Muztenger army, and that principally is