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There appears to the New York *Commercial Advertiser* to be some ground for the suspicion that some great power is guiding the strikes in Europe, which all seem to bear the appearance of concerted action.

It was a big drop that the New York Legislature made in the remuneration of the Sheriff of New York, observes the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, when it fixed his salary at \$12,000 a year. Under the fee system it has been nearer \$50,000.

The most prominent experts in dogs in this country are firm in the belief that thoroughbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels. Nearly all the dogs exhibited on the stage are cross-breeds and dogs of low lineage, if they can boast known parentage at all.

The Kansas *Financier* is convinced that "one of the greatest afflictions that can befall a State or community is to have a boom. The recovery is worse than a plague. Steady growth and honest business methods should always be encouraged, but none other."

It will surprise many readers to know that Castle Garden, New York, is nothing less than a fortress extended and built over, and that in the early part of the century it was considered a stronger building than Castle William, which fronts it across the way on Governor's Island.

The young Apache children taken to the Ramona school, at Santa Fe, New Mexico, promises to soon adopt the ways of civilization. The only way to tame the Apache, asserts the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is to begin with the children, and it is doubtful whether much advance will be made with these if they are permitted to return to their parents. It is to be hoped that some idea of regular work may be impressed upon these young savages, for this is the first step in any permanent redemption from their old life.

The latest fad of the famous manufacturer, food reformer and politico-economist of Boston, Edward Atkinson, is the production of new, cheap and wholesome food from such cereals as oat and corn meal, raw wheat, barley and rye. The material is cleaned, steam cooked and pressed into blocks. Out of these he proposes to make dishes that will enable a man to live well at a cost of a dime a day. He has also invented a number of cookers, wherewith a housekeeper can prepare the daily dishes of a family at an expense for fuel of three or four cents a day.

It is rumored that New York thinks of celebrating the landing of Columbus all by herself. "Such a show in 1892 would," in the estimation of the New Orleans *Picayune*, "be a serious blow to Chicago's fair the following year. The idea is for New York to get up a big jubilee with a lot of ancient looking vessels. There would be many picturesque effects. Columbus and his followers would have to be gorgeously dressed in order to attract the crowd, but as the Indians in the show would require no costumes at all, the expense would not be much."

Possibly to show how fertile the French soldier is in the way of resource, M. Edmond de Goncourt relates the following sensational incident in the fourth volume of his "Journal," just printed: "During the Franco-Prussian war the wheel of a gun got out of order, and an artillery officer directed that it should be greased. Being unable to find any grease, one of the gunners went up to a 'slovenly, unhandsome corpse,' split the skull with his ax, took out the brains and clapped them, all hot, on the wheel. This is very horrible, if true, and is very powerful if it be fiction, and might be recommended to Rider Haggard."

Eight more frontier forts have been designated as useless as military posts, and will be abandoned as soon as the garrison can be withdrawn. They are Fort Maginnis, Montana; Fort Bridger, Wyoming; Fort Sidney, Nebraska; Fort Crawford, Col.; Little Rock Barracks, Ark.; and McDowell, Thomas and Verde in Arizona. In the case of some, civilization has got so far beyond them that they are no longer on the frontier, and others are to be abandoned in pursuance of the policy of concentrating troops in sufficient numbers to make more important posts schools of instruction. The military reservations on which the forts stand will probably be devoted to the use of Indian schools.

## WHERE THE APPLE BLOSSOMS BLOW.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow.  
Softly now the fragrant boughs are swinging.  
Greet me when the moon begins to glow.  
And in the pines the whippoorwills are singing.  
With loyal heart a beat,  
Oh, haste with flying feet,  
And shame the sluggish hours that wing too slow.  
The day was long and dreary,  
My heart is worn and weary,  
I count the laggard moments as they go,  
Love,  
Oh.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow.  
Let the floating petals flake your tresses,  
Breathing us a benison below.  
Crowning our betrothal with caresses.  
Far in the upper deep,  
The stars are now a-peep,  
The drowsy river murmurs in its flow,  
I hear its voice repeating:  
"Life's blossom-time is fleeting."  
Ah! let us catch the fragrance ere it go,  
Love,  
Oh.

Meet me where the apple blossoms blow!  
—Samuel Minturn Peck.

## A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

The day I arrived in Adelaide, Australia, I was twenty years old, and my pocket contained a dollar for every year I had lived. I had exactly four pounds to begin life on in the colony, and that was more than some of the English boys who had come out with me could boast of. We were a queer lot who had sailed from Liverpool—gentlemen, loafers, clerks, lackeys, whole families, single men, servants and what not—all bent on a new life in the wonderful island of the Indian Ocean. We had come in a sailing ship and been knocked about for months, and a happy lot we were to be set on shore in the then small and straggling town I have named.

Luck was with me. On the second day after landing I hired to a sheep raiser who had a ranch on the Murray River, near its junction with the Darling, and on the third we started off up the country. We had two ox teams—that is, we had two covered wagons, each loaded with supplies, and each drawn by three yoke of oxen. A part of the goods were to be left with settlers along the route, and a part belonged to Mr. Davidson, my employer. He did not hire me, not being present, but the teams were in charge of an overseer named McCall, whom I soon found to be a good-natured, good-hearted fellow. Each of us had a native to assist in managing the teams, and though neither of them could speak ten words of English, they were valuable men, and had no difficulty in being understood.

It was about Christmas time, and the weather was very sultry, and we aimed to make only fifteen miles a day. We had a full week's journey before us, and nothing of much interest happened until the fourth day. We went into camp a little earlier than usual on that afternoon, as one of the wagons needed repairs. Our vehicles, after coming to a halt, stood about twenty-five feet apart. While I was building a fire to cook supper by one of the blacks went off after rabbits, and McCall took the other with him to help cut and bring back a lever with which to raise the wagon off its wheels. I was left alone for a few minutes, and they had scarcely disappeared from sight in the scrub when a man burst out of the thicket on the other side and came running up to me. His face and hands were scratched and bleeding, his clothing in tatters, his hat gone, and he had such a wild and terrible look that I should have run away from him had I been able to do anything but stand and stare with mouth wide open. McCall had told me of escaped convicts and hard cases who had taken to the bush to make a living by robbing, and the man had come upon me so suddenly that I was knocked out for the moment.

"For God's sake, young feller, give me a bite to eat!" he said as he stood before me. "Don't be afraid of me—I'm a sheep herder who has been lost in the bush for three days."

I stepped to the wagon and handed him a piece of bacon, some hard crackers, and a handful of tea, and then found voice to ask:

"But why not stop with us for the night?"

"Thanks, but I'm in a great hurry to get back to my herd. I know where I am now, and can get there in three hours. Any matches?"

I gave him some, and he looked all around to make sure that we were alone, and then said:

"Young feller, do me a greater favor still. Lend me your pistol and knife until to-morrow, when you will pass my station. And, furthermore, be kind enough not to mention to any one that I was here. Do this and you shall never regret it."

I handed him knife and pistol, promised what he asked, and he shook me by the hand and disappeared in the scrub. Ten minutes after he had gone I figured it out that he was a bushman who had been hard run by the police, but it was all the same to me. He could have taken what he wanted for all of me, as I felt perfectly helpless, and I was thankful that he had come and gone without knocking me on the head. Just as McCall came up with the lever there was a clatter of hoofs, and I looked up to see five mounted men ride into camp. They were

in the uniform of the patrol, and the appearance of the horses and the men showed that they had had a long ride of it.

"Well, Capt. White, what is it?" asked McCall, who seemed to know every one of the five.

"Been after Ballarat Sam again," replied the Captain as he dismounted.

"And lost him?"

"Yes; curse the luck! We struck him near Dorney's yesterday morning, and he led us a chase of fifty miles during the day. We killed his horse about dark last night and had him surrounded in the scrub. He got out, however, and we did not get his track until about noon today. We followed it to the creek, two miles above, and there lost it. Haven't seen him here, of course?"

"I only wish we had. There's a reward of £500 on his head, I hear."

"It has been increased to twice that. Show me his body and I'll make a rich man of you."

The patrol turned their horses loose and had supper with us, furnishing a part from their own rations. Then there was general talk and story-telling until about 10 o'clock, and then all but one man turned in for sleep. I had been introduced all around, but had taken very little part or interest in the conversation, being sure, from the first words spoken by the Captain, that I had met Ballarat Sam and aided him to make a fresh start.

I thought at first of telling the whole story to the patrol, but they were serious, sober-looking chaps, and I had a fear that they would give me an awful raking down, even if they did not lug me off and seek to have me punished as aiding and abetting. I remembered, too, that I had solemnly promised Sam not to betray him, and so I decided to keep a still tongue and let the case work out as it would.

The patrol left us at daylight, but their work for the next three days was thrown away. They could get no trace of Sam. We continued on up the country and finally arrived at the ranch, and for the next six months I was hard at work as a sheep herder, and neither saw nor heard much of the outside world. Then one day I was called in off my range, which was about five miles from Davidson's house. Each of his herders had from 800 to 1500 sheep under his care on a range by himself, and each lived alone with his dog in a hut. Once a week the "relief," as we called him, made the rounds and left provisions and heard our reports. Several of the natives had visited me—harmless fellows, who wanted matches or tobacco, but no white man excepting the relief had come near me for three months before I got the call to report at headquarters. I went in to find a couple of visitors there—two gentlemen who had lately arrived from England. One of them, a Mr. Cullen, was from my own town of Shrewsbury, and the other, a Mr. Williams was from Manchester. They had come out to Australia to take up a range and go into sheep as an investment, neither of them intending to remain, but to do the business through an agent. They had purchased 2000 sheep of Mr. Davidson as a starter, and had taken a range above us on the Darling River. My flock was to go, as also that of the herder to the south of me, and we had been called in to receive instructions. Both of us herders were to enter into the employ of the new arrivals, who had already secured their land and built the house and stables for the overseer. This man had come up from Adelaide with them, and was a Scotchman named McFarland. The other, who was an Irish lad of twenty, was O'Hara.

When we made ready to start, the two gentlemen were mounted on horses. The overseer drove the bullock wagon, assisted by a black, and O'Hara and myself were on foot. Some of our neighbors had been troubled with bushrangers, but we had seen nothing of them, and as the police patrol in the district had lately been increased we felt no fear that the rangers would meddle with us on our journey. The weather was now pretty cold, but as the country was bad we had to let the sheep pick their way and go slow. In the first three days we made only about twenty-seven miles, but this was thought to be good progress under the circumstances. On the third night, when at least ten miles from any settlers, and more than that from any regular highway, we found a natural valley in which the sheep could be herded, and our own camp was made in a grove of ironwood, near a waterhole. We had finished supper and were grouped about the fire, when one of the dogs barked and we looked up to find ourselves covered by five rifles. There were five strange, hard-looking men forming a half-circle about us, having crept into the grove so softly that the dogs had not heard them until the last moment.

"Brail up or under you go!" shouted a voice, and every one of us threw up his hands.

"Now, then, the first one you who makes a shy move will get a bullet! Close in, boys!"

The five advanced to our feet, each keeping his gun leveled, and when I could see the man who had spoken I at once identified him as Ballarat Sam, the man whom I had befriended months before. He recognized me almost as quickly, and, taking a step forward, said:

"Well, boy you did me a good turn that day, and I'll not forget it. Move over to the left. Now, then, gents who are you?"

The gentlemen gave him their names and told him their business. They were pretty badly frightened, as I could see, while the overseer trembled like a man

in a chill. As he was a big, strong fellow, and had laughed at the idea of bushrangers meddling with us, I could not understand his fear until Sam spoke again.

"Better and better!" he said, as a fierce look came into his eyes. "Boys, here's that overseer who set the patrol on our track down below, and who wasn't satisfied with that but must turn out to help them. I think we have made a good haul of it."

All of our arms were in the wagon, and we were helpless to offer any resistance. The first thing they did was to despoil the two gentlemen and the overseer of everything of value, and then each one was lashed to a tree. O'Hara was ordered to sit down beside me, and the black took matters so coolly that nothing was said to him. The rangers signed him to turn to and get supper, and he cheerfully obeyed. When they had eaten and drunk and lighted their pipes Sam turned to me with:

"And so you didn't tell the police that you gave me food and a pistol?"

"No, sir."

"I know you didn't, for I was that tired out that I laid myself down for two hours almost in your camp. Even when they told you who I was and that a price was set upon my head you hadn't a word to say."

"No, sir."

"Well, you boys have nothing to fear. We have nothing against you. After a day or two you may go free."

There was no sleep for anybody until after midnight, and I don't think the two gentlemen or the overseer slept at all. I know they were wide enough awake when I opened my eyes in the morning. All of us had a bite to eat after the outlaws had finished, and then the wagon was robbed of whatever they fancied and hauled off about thirty rods and upset in a deep gully. The oxen were turned loose with the sheep, and when we set out Sam and two of the men rode the horses and the rest of us went on foot. One outlaw on foot went ahead and the others closed up behind us, and the general direction was to the north. Every mile took us into a wilder and more unsettled country, and it was so broken that I felt that I could not get out even if turned free.

At about four in the afternoon we reached the rangers' camp, which was in a wild and desolate spot. I don't think they intended the gentlemen any harm from the start, but that the overseer's doom was sealed we all felt certain. He realized it, too, for I observed that he was constantly on the watch for an opportunity to bolt. It came as we entered the camp. Realizing that they meant to pay off the old score, he suddenly dashed for a thicket. He took them off their guard, and if an accident had not happened him he would have got clear off. Half way to the thicket a stone turned under his foot and threw him, and as he got up one of the men shot him down in his tracks. They left him lying there and went into camp, saying that they had meant to torture him with fire, and that he had got out of it too easy. The two gentlemen were very closely guarded, but O'Hara and myself were allowed to walk about as we pleased. They had taken over £1000 from the two and bore them no grudge, but for five days and nights we were prisoners and in their power. On the morning of the sixth day, when it was plain to be seen they were off for another adventure, the four of us were turned loose and told to make our way home. They headed us to the west, which was the wrong way, and we traveled twenty miles in that direction before we found out the trick. We were nearly a week in the scrub, living on roots and berries and decayed wild fruit, before we reached a settlement, and were then all of thirty miles from Davidson's. We were a sad looking lot when we finally reached home, and while Mr. Cullen was taken with fever to die in about ten days, Mr. Williams was so broken up that he lived only long enough to get down to the coast. A year later Sam and two of that crowd were caught, tried at Sandhurst, and O'Hara and I saw them drop from the gallows.—*New York Sun*.

## BERRY RECIPES.

No more healthful diet can be put upon the table at this season than fruit, says the *Courier Journal*. Leibig says on this subject:

Besides contributing a large proportion of sugar, mucilage and other nutritive compounds in the form of food, they contain such a fine combination of vegetable acids, attractive substances, and diuretic principles, with the nutritive matter, as to act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics and antiseptics, and when freely used at the season of ripeness, by rural laborers and others, they prevent debility, strengthen digestion, correct the putrefactive tendency of nitrogenous food, avert scurvy and probably maintain and strengthen the power of productive labor."

Fresh ripe fruit is particularly wholesome if taken in the early part of the day. That housekeepers may serve them with variety the following suggestions are given:

Frozen Currants—Mash a quart of red currants, add two pounds of sugar, the juice of three oranges and one lemon, let stand one hour, add a quart of water, stir until the sugar is dissolved, turn in the freezer and freeze.

Currants and raspberries—(for tea or lunch)—To every quart of large red raspberries allow a pint of ripe currants and a pound of sugar. Put on a preserve kettle, bring to a boil, dish and set in the ice—the juice should jelly.

Currant Sponge—Cover half a box of gelatine with half a cup of cold water, and soak for half an hour; then pour over half a pint of boiling water, add half a pint of sugar and stir until it dissolves. Strain half a pint of currant juice, and put on ice until thick and cold; then beat the whites of four eggs, put in the mixture, beat until smooth, turn into a fancy mould, and set on ice to harden.

Raspberry Meringue—Crush a pint of ripe raspberries with a pint of sugar; beat the whites of four eggs; stir all together gently until it stands alone.

Raspberry Tapioca—Wash a teacup of tapioca through several waters, then cover with cold water and let soak all night. In the morning set on a close fire; pour over a pint of boiling water; simmer slowly until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Stir a quart of ripe raspberries into the boiling tapioca and sweeten. Take from the fire; pour in a deep dish; set on ice; when very cold, serve with sugar and cream.

Stewed Gooseberries—Stem and top one quart of gooseberries; put them in a porcelain kettle; add one pint of boiling water; cover the kettle close and stew ten minutes. Add one pound of sugar, stand on the back of the stove where it is not too hot for fifteen minutes.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

### TO CLEAN AND CURL OSTRICH FEATHERS.

A clever woman says: "I clean and curl all my ostrich feathers, and think that the best milliner cannot do it much better. In a solution made of good castile soap and soft water (boiled and beaten into foam) the feathers are washed, having some time before soaked them in clear water. After that process, I put them on a clean table and rub them carefully with a fine linen cloth, or simply pass them through my hands a few times; then I lay them between two linen cloths, beat them gently till they are dry, when I pull them apart and hold them over a bed of red-hot coal to curl. This must be done very carefully and not too near the coal, as the downy feathers are very easily singed. A bit of sulphur thrown on the coal when white feathers are to be cleaned, insures a pure white. This process seems bothersome, but is very simple and quickly done."

### CHIMNEY CURTAIN.

A handsome chimney curtain to hang across the fireplace where there is no fireplace under the shelf, is made as follows: Take stripes of blue cross-stitch canvas, twelve and one-fourth inches wide, and stripes of old red plush, five inches wide, united by drawn stripes of heavy white linen, the seams being concealed by rows of cross-bars. The plush stripes are left plain, the rich pile needing no decoration; the canvas ones are ornamented with a cross-stitch border in red, white and gold. The design is worked with coarse embroidery cotton, or twist and gold thread, each stitch being crossed over two threads each way. The drawn thread stripes have a clean linen ground, and are worked alternately with red and blue threads. The cross-bar row beside the red stripe is blue, beside the blue one red. The hanging is trimmed at the lower edge with a fringe knotted of blue and red cotton. The knotting is as follows: Two red and seven blue double threads, nine and one-half inches long, are looped in alternately to the half, so that four red and fourteen blue double threads are formed. The red knotting threads are united by a chain of single buttonhole knots, while the blue ones form pointed ribs of knots, and then also seven chains of buttonhole knots. Line curtain with linen.—*Yankee Blade*.

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Gooseberry Food—Stem and top a quart of ripe gooseberries and stir them in one pint of water until they are crushed. Pour through a colander to remove the skins; add a teaspoonful of butter and a cup of sugar, and the yolks of four eggs well beaten, and pour in a glass bowl. Beat the whites of the eggs until frothy, and add two heaping teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, and beat until it stands alone. Heap on top of the gooseberries.

## THE VOICEFUL WAVES.

The voiceful waves! I love at night to stand  
Mad with strange yearnings on the shelly sand.  
To watch the foam flowers fade beneath my feet,  
And guess what words the lipping combs repeat.  
Then, if a ship's spars, like a full-spread hand,  
Within the round red moon are framed complete,  
I seem to fly to tropic islands sweet,  
Where dusky creatures list upon the strand.  
The voiceful waves.

At morning, too, when sea gulls, white and fleet,  
Swim through the mists with measured pinion beat,  
I almost hear in forests old and grand  
The unseen winds—I hate this gold-cursed land,  
And they have told me of some safe retreat,  
The voiceful waves.  
—George Horton, in *Chicago Herald*.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Conflicting dates—Candidates.  
Kidnaping—A sleeping infant.  
The huile of fortune—Petroleum.  
Shaking for drinks—The tremulous toper.

Can a bird drinking be said to be liquidating his bill?—*Fall River Tribune*.  
Pothumous works should be published in some dead language.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

It is comparatively quiet when so still you can hear the dew drop.—*Binghamton Republican*.

A sulky horse can usually be cured by driving it in some other kind of a vehicle.—*New York News*.

Put two doors side by side and the small boy will go through the one that squeaks.—*Mercury*.

The papers at this trying time  
All speak of death, the killer;  
We're bold to take in prose and rhyme,  
Somebody's sarsaparilla.  
—*Judge*.

The ancients excelled us in many things. Now, there was Job, a boiler that never exploded.—*San Francisco Alta*.

The humorist seldom gets rich from his ideas, but he is usually able to make a good thing out of one and another.—*Puck*.

A dentist of this city puts in false teeth so naturally that they look and ache exactly like the originals.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The health journals and doctors agree that the most wholesome part of the ordinary New England country doughnut is the hole.—*Troy Times*.

In ancient times 'twas Ajax bold  
The lightning bolt defied;  
In modern times 'tis Kemmler, who,  
This feature will supply.  
—*Goodall's Sun*.

Popinjay (passing store)—"Good gracious! What is the matter with that man leaning over the counter there?"  
Blobson—"Got a counterfeit, I guess."  
—*Mercury*.

Bank Cashier (of Hibernian extraction opening his mail and smelling the document)—"Hello, this note must have been drawn in the Oil Regions, I see there are three days grace on it."

Trumble (to office boy)—"Can you tell me if the sporting editor is in his office?"  
Office Boy—"He ain't got any office. He's outside making the baseball score on the bulletin."  
—*Pittsburg Press*.

Mrs. Brown—"Why do you like to have the doctor come to see you, Johnny? Is it because you get nice things to eat?"  
Little Johnny—"Naw; 'cause I can put my tongue out to him."  
—*Bazar*.

"Girls are queer." "Why so?" "Why, when that pauper Bolus was married to Miss Stockanbonds, the heiress, she looked tickled to death when he endowed her with all his worldly goods."  
—*Bazar*.

Mrs. Jinks—"I declare, Alice Smith is to be married! It is frightful the way girls marry nowadays. A woman should never think of it until she has reached the age of discretion!" Mr. Jinks—"In other words, you would rather have them stay single all their lives."  
—*Lawrence American*.

There is a postoffice in Idaho called Deer Valley, with a mail twice per week. For six weeks last winter the only letters received came for a young man from his girl in Chicago, and the inhabitants finally became so wroth that they arose in their might and run him out of town.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Jack Wheeler—"I say, Louis, how old do you suppose Miss Smith is? Her aunt says she's just twenty-one." Louis Waite (who has not been in the wholesale dry goods business for nothing)—"Aw, yes; marked down from thirty-three; to be disposed of at a bargain, old chappie."  
—*Morning Journal*.

## Irish Moss.

This edible, or rather drinkable substance is gathered around Cape Cod, in Massachusetts. It is combed off the rocks beneath the sea, and carefully carried to the shore where it is dried in the sun, packed in barrels, and sent to the brewers to form an important element in beer, and save malt. This sea farming yields \$75,000 annually, and as no fencing or manuring are required, and no tax on the land, it should be quite an independent kind of industry.—*The Millstone*.