SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1890.

wealth.

Nebraska farmers are insisting that railroad property in that State De assessed for taxation at its actual value.

VOL. VIII.

Stanley says that if he could get 5000 two-gallon jugs into the heart of Africa they would buy him 10,000,000 acres of land and 500 wives.

The Argonaut thinks it cause for wonder that "New York State alone is in the enjoyment of ten litigations over wills made by rich men, the suit in each case being brought by the children against their stepmothers."

According to Harper's Bazar, Miss Mattie Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell, has the reputation in Paris of being the most beautiful American nan who has ever been seen in that beauty-loving and beauty-drawing city.

Berlin is the poorest capital in Europe. The richest man there has an income of only \$625,000 a year, yet passes for a Cræsus. Only three other persons in Berlin have incomes exceeding \$250,000. Nine receive annually above \$150,000, and 162 above \$30,000. There are only 926 persons whose incomes amount to \$10,000.

The experience of the Omnibus Cable Company, of Philadelphia, should demonstrate to all street car companies, remarks the Argonaut, the advisability and necessity of roof seats on cars. The Broad street line there has its roof full nearly all the time; the seating capacity is almost doubled; the same weight in rolling stock avails for almost double the patronage; and the better view attainable on the roof attracts many women as well as men.

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"Uncle Sam has a liberal appreciation of printers' ink," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "and is not discouraged even by the necessity of printing cords of speeches that nobody will ever read, and which Congress itself is justifiably unwilling to listen to. The Government Printing Office in Washington now employs 609 compositors and ninety pressmen, making it the largest printing office in the world. The annual amount of work done is about \$3,000,000. The Public Printer has lately applied for land enough to give the establishment a whole block."

Says a writer in Chatter: "The other day, as a royal train of Pennsylvania parlor cars pulled out of the Jersey City (N. J.) Depot, a gentlemanly man carrying a huge bunch of flowers, made his way from the rear of the train to the foremost car, the smoker. Pressing almost upon his heels was a rather roughlooking fellow making the same journey. It happened that as I raised my eyes I saw behind that bunch of flowers a pair of shining steel handcuffs connecting the gentlemanly man's wrists. It would be interesting to know whether it was the convict's idea or that of his keeper to put flowers to that strange use. But to my mind there was something very poetic about it.

Rainy seasons often tempt one to envy the climatic privileges of countries where rain-showers are limited to the winter season of exceptionally humid years, remarks Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in the New York Voice. Nor would it be impossible to reconcile those privileges with the ad. vantages of vegetable productiveness. The hydraulic rock-blasts of California quartz miners fling a heavy jet of water to a distance of 800 yards-or nearly halt an English mile; and it is by no means inconceivable that with a modification of that apparatus a large plantation could be sprinkled from end to end in a few min. utes with water drawn from an artesian well or a perennial desert-river, like the Nile or the Rio Grande.

LIFE. Oh Life! what are thou? Thou comest like the morning light, Thou fadest like the flower at night, Thy days by Heaven's light made bright Or others dimmed by darkening clouds Or troubled ill that on us crowds, Or darkened mystery that enshrouds Life.

Oh Life! what art thou? A trouble see of ceaseless storm, By passions ranked in every form, With days to cry, with days to mourn. Or else the thoughts to pleasures bend, Through paths of joy our way we wend, It matters not, the same's the end Of Life.

Oh Life! what art thou? A bitter vale of gnashing tears, With days of hopes, of joys, of fears; With days of youth, then failing years, An empty struggle after fame, A ceaseless striving for a name, Days of glory, days of shame In Life.

Oh Life! what art thou? A passing shadow, a fleeting dream, One glance behind that mystic screen, Of Heaven's mystery one faint gleam-Thy race is run; then comes a fall, Then comes the awful funeral pall. The tolling bell, the grave, that's all Of Life. -Marcus Brandt.

ADAM HOLCOMB'S WILL BY HORATIO ALGER JR.

Adam Holcomb was dead at last-dead after seventy years of money-getting, and the grave had closed over him. He had no children, for he had led a single life, induced, so it was said, though nothing was certainly known, by an early disap-pointment which had warped his nature, and made him lead a solitary life, given

up to Mammon alone. Adam Holcomb was dead, and as yet no one knew what disposition he had made of his money. Three days after the funeral, the next

of kin and possible heirs were collected in the office of the lawyer, who was the of the deceased. They were few in num-ber, for the family was not a large one. There were but three, and these three may be briefly described. First came James Holcomb, a nephew

First came James Holcomb, a nephew of the deceased, a man of portly form, and an air of importance. He was a prosperous city merchant, already in possession of abundant means, but he had no objection to having them in-creased by a legacy from his uncle's hoarded wealth. He was a vain, selfish, worldly man, all his thoughts centred upon himself and his own family, who had never been known to give a cent for any charitable purpose. any charitable purpose. Next came Harvey Holcomb, a cousin

of the last named, and about the same of the last named, and about the same age. He was tall, thin and angular. He belonged to the legal profession, in which he had managed to pick up con-siderable money, though his reputation was none of the best. He was consid-ered tricky, willing to undertake any cause, however disreputable, for money. He was married and had a family, for whom he provided in a crudering manner. whom he provided in a grudging manner. He, too, had nourished sanguine hopes of finding himself much better off after his uncle's death.

Last came a young man, presenting a strong contrast to the other two. He was of light complexion, brown hair, clear blue eyes and an attractive face. He was barely twenty-five years of age, very plainly dressed and with a modest mien, which preposessed one in his favor. He was the son of old Adam Holcomb's youngest sister, who had mar-ried a poor minister, and her son, Alfred Graves, was studying medicine, for which he had a decided predilection. But he had been cramped by narrow means, and was even now teaching a country school, hoping to obtain enough by this means to pay for his next course of lectures. He had applied to each of his two rela-tives present for a small temporary loan tives present for a small temporary loan, to help him complete his studies, but

asylum for fools and lunatics, and that I could tell whether I was likely to be benefited by his so doing." "Ho, ho!" laughed James, shaking his capacious sides, "he got you there, eh?

eh?" "I don't see it," said the lawyer sourly. "You don't appreciate the joke, hey?" "It was a foolish piece of impertinence. However, everybody knows what the old man was, and I let it pass. If it had been any one else, I would have given them as good as they sent." "But you were afraid it would spoil your chances, eh?" "As to that, I have no idea. There is no question that we ought to be joint

no question that we ought to be joint heirs."

"True," said James. "That would give us an eighth of a million apiece. That would satisfy me."

"How about Alfred's chances?" queried the lawyer, glancing sharply toward that part of the office where the young

""" that but the once where the young man was quietly seated. ""Oh, he'll get nothing," said the mer-chant contemptuously. "He belongs to a beggarly stock, and a beggar he'll re-main to the end of his days. Going to be a destruct Liber?"

other day." "And of me. Did you let him have

it.?" "Not I. I've enough to do with my

"Not I. I've enough to do with my money without giving it away. Of course he'd never have repaid it." "No, I suppose not. The coolness of some people is refreshing." "Well, I take it for granted old Adam was too shrewd to lavish any of his moner on such a fallow."

noney on such a fellow." "Trust him for that."

The young man was engaged in read-ing a volume he had taken up, and did not hear this conversation. It was in-terrupted by the entrance of Squire Brief. Both the merchant and the law-yer greeted him with deference and cor-diality as a man whose words might yer greeted him with deterence and cor-diality, as a man whose words might bring them prosperity or disappointment. Alfred Graves rose in a quiet and gentle-manly manner and bowed with the

courtesy which was habitual to him. "Gentlemen," Squire Brief said, "I hold in my hand the will of your late relative. I will at once proceed to read it."

Of course his words commanded in-stant attention. All bent forward to listen

After the usual formula, came the follow item: "I give and bequeathe to my nephew, James Holcomb, the sum of five thousand dollars, to be held in trust for his children.

"To my nephew, Henry Holcomb, I likewise give the sum of five thousand dollars, to be held in trust for his children, to whose sole use the income shall annually be applied.

"To my only remaining nephew, Al-fred Graves, I give the sum of two thou-sand dollars, to be appropriated to his own use, as he may see fit. "I set aside the sum of two hundred thousand dollars to establish a public

library in my native city, one-quarter to be appropriated to the erection of a suita-ble building, and the remainder to con-stitute a fund of which the income only shall be employed for the income only shall be employed for the purchase of books. This library shall be named from me the Holcomb Library." Here the notary made a pause. The merchant and lawyer sat with looks of

blank disappointment and anger, which they made no attempt to conceal. "He had no right to defraud his rela-

"He had no right to derraud his rela-tives in this way," muttered James. "It is a miserable imposition," echoed Henry Holcomb, to put us off with a niggardly five thousand dollars." "For my part, I am satisfied," said the young man. "I have received more than I accorded."

young man. "Thave received more than I expected." "O, yes, it will be a great thing for a beggar like you," said James sarcasti-

cally. "I am no beggar," said the young man

other in surprise, which changed inte dismay and rage as they listened. "To that one of my nephews who shall agree to take charge of my dog, being yet unacquainted with this provision of my will, I bequeathe the residue of my property, amounting, as near as I can estimate, to one hundred thousand dol-lars."

lars." "You knew of this!" exclaimed the

"You knew of this!" exclaimed the elder men, turning wrathful faces toward Alfred Graves. "Not a word," said the young man. "I am as much astonished as you can be." "No one knew of it except myself," said the notary. "I congratulate you, Mr. Graves, on your large accession of

"I receive it gratefully. I trust I shall make a good use of it," said the young man. "I hope now to repay my parents for the sacrifices they have made in my behalf."

behalf." "If I had but known," thought the merchant with bitter regret, "I have thrown away a fortune." "And I," chimed in the lawyer ruebehalf

fully. But there was no help for it. The

But there was no help for it. The deed was done. The two disappointed men left the house, feeling anything but grateful to the uncle who they persuaded themselves had cruelly wronged them. But there was a modest little home that was made glad by the news of Alfred's good fortune. And in his hands the money has brought a blessing with it, for it has been made a fountain of good deeds and charitable influences.—Yankee deeds and charitable influences - Yankee Blade.

History of Sleeping Cars.

History of Sleeping Cars. The first sleeping-car was invented by Theodore T. Woodruff, who got up his model in the office of James Tillinghast, at Rome, N. Y., in 1854, the latter at that time being in the service of the Rome and Watertown Railroad. Mr Woodruff endeavored to interest Mr. Tillinghast sufficiently in his invention to advance the cost of securing a patent from the Government, but he did not have sufficient faith in its possibilities and declined. The model which he con-structed in Mr. Tillinghast's office was and declined. The model which he con-structed in Mr. Tillinghast's office was carried to Springfield, Mass., in an old fashioned bandanna handkerchief and submitted to Mr. Watson, the car builder, who, notwithstanding an almost univer-sal expression of disapproval by his em-ployes, built a trial car, which made its first trip on the New York Central and Rome and Western Railroads, and later was taken to Cleveland, Cincinnati and other Western cities. This car afterward became the property of the Ohio and Mississispipi Railroad Company on whose line it was regularly run. Woodruff sold the right to build and use his sleeper on the New York Central railroad to Mr. the right to build and use his sleeper on the New York Central railroad to Mr. Webster Wagner, and on the Buffalo and Erie road to Mr. George Gates. The "Gates" sleepers ran from 1859 to 1873, when they also passed into Wagner's hands. Pullman sleepers were intro-duced in 1864 or 1865, he having made a number of important improvements on a number of important improvements on

general features as those now used. Origin of "Mascot."

Railway Age.

the productions of his predecessors. It was abcut 1862 that Wagner and Gates built their first car, having the same

The word "mascot" was introduced into literature by means of the comic opera "La Mascotte," written by Audran; but it seems to have been a term in common use long previously among game-sters and sporting characters generally in France. It was used to signify some object, animate or inanimate, which, like the luck-penny, brought good for tune to its possesor. The word is further traced back to the patois of Provence and Gascony, where a mascot is something which brings luck to a household. There is but little doubt that it is etymologically derived from the word masure-marked or concealed the word maque—masked or concealed —which in provincial French is applied —as ne coiffe is in more polished French —to a child born with a caul. The times covers the head of an infant at birth, and has from the earliest times been regarded with superstitious feel-ings. The child born with it was esteemed highly fortunate, and was be-lieved to be destined, not only to be lucky himself but to be the source of luck in others; and the caul itself was esteemed a charm of great virtue, and high prices were often paid for its posHOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO KEEP OIL-CLOTH Oil-cloth is generally considered expen-sive for a kitchen floor, though many continue to use it. If so, they can make it last much longer by careful washing. Soap, a harsh brush or a mop should never be applied to an oil-cloth. If it should happen to get very dirty use a never be applied to an oil-cloth. If it should happen to get very dirty use a soft brush and scrub the way of the lnes. But to keep oil-cloth clean ordinarily, the rule is to wipe it first with a damp cloth and then with a soft, dry one. A very nice way to clean it occasionally is to wash the oil-cloth by first rubbing it over with a cloth wet in equal parts of milk and water; then to take auchter cloth, wet in warm water, and co over it again. and water, then to and go over it again, and then finally with a soft, dry cloth. But the cleanest, brightest-looking oil over when needed with a greased rag. This made it look well, kept it from cracking, preserved the paint, and it lasted for years. The rag may be dipped in a little kerosene, if one does not object to the oder which will ness off how. to the odor, which will pass off, how-ever, in an hour or two.—New York News.

PICKLES.

When making pickles use none but the when making pickles use none out the best of vinegar. A passably good vine-gar is made from sorghum, and there is another kind made from sweetened water in which corn has been boiled—either kind being better than the acid vinegat for sale at the grocery stores. Be par-ticularly careful not to buy the sharp, colorless liquid usually sold for vinegar; for it is really weak sulphuric acid, and highly injurious. I have become quite skeptical about all vinegar offered by grocers, and would advise housekeepers, whenever it is possible to make their own, or nurchess of some frient who can make or purchase of some friend who can make

more than she needs for her own use. Boil pickles in earthenware whenever it is possible. Granite ware is next best to be possible. Granite ware is next dest for the purpose, and next to that new tin. As soon as the pickles are done they should be removed from the dish in which they were cocked, unless earthen-ware was used. They should be kept in ware was used. They should be kept in glass or hard stoneware, and examined every month or six weeks. If they do seem to be keeping well, drain off the water, scald it, add a cupful of sugar for each gallon, and pour it boiling hot over the pickles. Repeat this operation three mornings in success, then tie them up closely again. If pickle is well made, however, it should be better at the end of a year than at the end of three months.—Yankee Blade.

TO COVER AN UMBRELLA.

There is a method in the madness of umbrella maker's charges for covering an old umbrella frame. The maker may discourse wisely on the value of a well and perfectly made frame, which may be "covered again and again," but when that frame is offered for covering it is soon found that it costs as much as the umbrella did originally, and the worn-out economist soon finds she must buy a new one, and throw aside for "sake of the trade" the cherished frame and handone, and throw aside for "sake of the trade" the cherished frame and hand-some stick. It is so easy a matter to cover an umbrella that many ladies now do it with perfect ease. Measure the size of the umbrella to find the width of silk required, a twenty-six unbrellar equiring goods that width, a twenty-four inch goods twenty-four inches, and so on. Measure the circumference of the parasol and allow a few inches over half the length of material the circumference measures. Now remove the cover care fully. It is well at first to take off only any rest is for a pattern, and cut the required number of gores from it. Hem them and sew them in a bag seam with a machine with a very elastic chain-stitch. A machine which makes a firm stitch, however suitable for other work, is not as good for this nurnes. is not as good for this purpose. Any chain-stitch machine will do. The cover must be fastened on the wrong side at the top; then drawn down and sewn in place. Examine an old parasol or um brella to see how to do this, and you may

NO. 40.

THE READY-MADE MAN. ne sages of Hindustan,

Some sages of and Of eruditical lore, Determined to make a ready-made man, been done before;

All this, you know, Was some time ago, In the pre-historical yore.

Terms---\$1.25 in Advance ; \$1.50 after Three Months.

So they mixed their chemicals up In a mighty porcelain bowl, And they stirred them up as you'd stir up a

cup Of coffee or tea, on my soul, Made a hole in the batter, And set on a platter, With carbon and salt in the hole.

hese sages of Hindustan Then poured the chemicals in, Their phosphoric acid they poured from a

pan, And their soda and gelatine;

With butyric acid, To make the flesh flaccid And water and creatine

And they made the form of a man Organically sound and complete, And they found, these sages of Hindustan, No flaw from his head to his feet; And one of their fellows Blew air from a bellows.

And the man leaped up from his seat. They'd made the ready-made man,

But he was crazy and wild, He howled like a beast in a caravan, And then he cried like a child;

They put magnesia on His left brain ganglion To make him reconciled.

And this-it made him hum-'Twas withering flame to fuel, And they took chloride of potassium And mixed it in his gruel; Then he acted like a fool

Who had never been to school-

His idiot groans were cruel. Then carbon from the pan,

They placed beneath his crown; Fhen he fought like John L. Sulliv fought like John L. Sullivan, And knocked the sages down.

Then the sages of Hindustan They killed the ready-made man, Who had done them up so brown.

My moral all may scan,

It's just designed to show That the making of a perfect man

Is a process rather slow; The perfect fellow

Needs time to mellow,

And plenty of time to grow. -S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Squadron of evolution-Darwinites. A chest-protector-The baggage-mas--Lampoon. er's check.

The difference between a liar and a hypocrite is that the liar is not always incurable.-New York News.

Talking of a national air, the strongest this country is able to furnish seems to be the cyclone.—Philadelphia Times.

We are now convinced that the only reliable ground hog is the common do-mestic pork sausage.-New York Herald.

Stop ork satisage.—Item fork liefado Stone walls do not a prison make Nor iron bars a cage; The walls are brick, the bars are steel, In the progressive age. —Washington Star.

Young Man-"How much money have you saved in your bank?" Smart Youth -"If you give me a quarter, I will have just a dollar."-Once-a-Week.

just a dollar."—Once-a-Week. When lovely vomen stoop to folly, And tries to make her daily bread, What power on soothe her melancholy When her husband calls it chunks of lead? —*Texas Siftings.* An old sailor at the navy yard re-marked that there is one advantage in Arctic exploration. In the face of the creavest perils one can always keep cool.

gravest perils one can always keep cool. -Boston Herald.

There is no particular difference be

The latest fad among the school children of New York city is to ask people they meet for a bow of the head. After school hours hundreds of youngsters. both boys and girls, can be seen passing along the streets on their way home with paper and pencil in hand. They accost every one they meet and say "Please give me a bow." If the question is not understood they sometimes say "Bob your head" or "Duck your nut." When the bow is given, as it generally is, wonderingly, the youngster marks one stroke on the paper. When 100 marks, representing 100 bows, are obtained the children bury the paper when no one is looking and at the same time make a wish. At the end of four days the paper is unearthed, and then, they say, the "wish duays comes true."

without effect. He had been courtly refused by both.

He had come hither to-day, as a matter of form, without the slightest ex-pectation of benefiting by the will of his laterelative. He had known but slightly, late relative. He had known but slightly, and never received any encouragement upon which he could build a hope. Yet if he could but receive a legacy of even \$300, he thought, it would help him materially. That was the amount which he had vainly sought to borrow of the merchant and lawyer, now present with him at the reading of Adam Holcomb's last will and testament.

last will and testament

The merchant and lawyer while waiting for Squire Brief.

"Have you any idea, cousin, how much the old gentleman had accumu-lated?" asked James Holcmob.

"I have heard it estimated at a quarter

"I have heard it estimated at a quarter of a million," was the reply. "Quarter of a million!" repeated James, slowly. "That is a large sum. I hope he has not been unjust enough to squander any of it on charitable socie-ties." That would be a creat

"I hope not. That would be a great piece of injustice to his relations," said the lawyer.

never dropped anything to

"He never dropped anything to you about the disposition he intended to make of his property, did he?" "Not he. He was a close man, v-e-r.y," snid the other. "I once tried to worm something out of him, but didn't get much satisfaction." "What did he say?"

"What did he say?"

ought of endowing an "He said he the

proudly. "Gentlemen," said the notary, have not finished reading the will."

"My faithful old dog, Scipio, who as "My faithful old dog, I trust one of my now somewhat infirm, I trust one of m nephews will be willing to take home and treat indulgently for the sake of th master to whom he was attached."

"That's cool," ejaculated James. "As for me, I don't choose to be bothered with the dog." "But," said the notary, "since your

"But," said the hotary, "since your uncle has given you a legacy, are you not willing to incur this slight care and ex-pense?" "I must absolutely refuse. Mrs. Hol-

comb does not like dogs, nor I. More-over, my uncle has treated me too scur-vily for me to inconvenience myself much on his account.

"Then will you take him?" asked th

notary turning to the lawyer. "Not I," said he, shrugging his shoul-ders—"the dog may starve for aught I care." care

"And you, sir?" turning to Alfred

Graves. "I will assume the charge of Scipio," "It is a slight ac said Alfred Graves. "It is a slight knowledgment for my uncle's legacy." "You may find him troublesome."

"That will make no difference. While he lives, he shall be comfortably cared for.

"What a model nephew!" said th

merchant, sarcastically. "Good young man!" said the lawyer with a sneer.

"Gentlemen," said the notary, "I will now read the codicil." The two elder men looked at each

Thunderstorm Hours.

The remarkable fact that thunder and lightning seldom occur over the ocean except at night is shown by the recently-issued meteorological report of the Chal-lenger expedition. During the voyage twenty-six thunderstorms over the open twenty-six thunderstorms over the open sea were encountered, of which twenty-two occurred during the ten hours from 10 P. M. to 8 A. M., and only four during the other fourteen hours of the day. the 209 reported cases of lightning with-out thunder, 188 occurred during the ten hours from 6 P. M. to 4 A. M. The fol-lowing are the hours of the maxima of lowing are the hours of the maxima of these phenomena in the summer months over land and the open sea respectively: Thunderstorms over land, 2 to 6 p. M.; lightning over land, 8 p. M. to midnight; lightning over the open sea, 8 p. M. to 4 A. M.; and thunderstorms over the open sea, 10 p. M. to 8 A. M.

A lecturer upon physical culture has recently decided that "there is no rule for the size of a perfect foot."—Ex. "What is the matter with a twelve inch rule?"—Boston Commercial Bulletin,

enjoy a new umbrella at a small cost Cut across the goods, using the selvidges alternately.—New York Tribune.

RECIPES.

Traveling Lunch—Chop together sar-dines, ham and a few pickles; mix with mustard, pepper, catsup, salt and vinegar; spread betweed buttered bread. This is to be cut crosswise, like jelly cake.

Tomato Salad-Take nearly ripe to in a dish and set on ice get hard and firm, then just before using chop a large union fine, and sprinkle over them, and add salt, vinegar and pepper to taste.

Vegetable Soup-Stock-Clean and cut up three or four pounds of carrots, celery, turnips, onions, lettuce, parsnips, and herbs; put them altogether in a stewpan, with some fresh butter and a little water, with some fresh outer and a nette water, and stew until water is evaporated and the butter begins to hiss; then fill up with fresh water, add nutmeg, pepper, salt, and a few green peas; simmer for three hours; strain and keep in a stone crock in a cool place until wanted.

Baked Chicken-Cut a chicken up in pieces; di them in beaten egg and bread crumbs, well seasoned with pepper, salt, and chopped parsley; pour a little water in a dripping pan, put in the chicken, putting little bits of butter over it; bake slowly, basting often. When tender, take the chicken out, and make a gravy by adding flour, butter, pepper and salt to the drippings, with enough of either cream or milk to make sufficient gravy pour over chicken and serve.

tween the shop girl and the saleslady; floor-walker are often something awful to behold.-Puck.

"I believe," cried the baseball batter, "I've a right to fame and pelf," So, gritting his teeth with firm intent, He struck out for hinself. -Philadelphia Times.

Peddler-"Can I sell you some patent cement, sir?" Mr. Seedie—"Cement? What do I want with cement?" Peddler —"Well, you look as if you was broke." —Boston Courier. Peddler

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timber, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber region.-Norristown Herald.

That quadruped that Mary owned Had a naughty style of buttin'; The youthful sheep lammed Mary so, She sold the thing for mutton. -Plunder.

Farmer's Wife-"If you will help beat this carpet, I will give you something to eat." Dirty Davidson, the Tramp (haughtily)—"Ma'am! I'm a gentleman! I never beat my way."-Toledo Blade.

thank you." "Any of your daughters married yet?" "No, and I can't under-stand why they don't go off; they use powder enough, goodness knows."_____ Boston Courier.

One day, when Senator Evarts we ecretary of State, he was entering the Secretary of State, he was entering the levator at the department to go to his office, and looking around on the crowd of massengers, remarked: "This is the of passengers, remarked: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I ever saw taken up."—Argonaut.