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

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# VOL. VIII.

In the race for the possession of Africa. remarks the Boston Cultivator, the Gen mans seem to be decidedly ahead.

Taxes in Turkey are forty per cent higher than in any other country on the face of the earth, and it is estimated that the average "population lives fifty per cent. poorer.

Charles Dudley Warner says that the difference between the "faith cure' and the "mind cure" is that "the mind cure doesn't require any faith, and the faith cure doesn't require any mind."

From careful estimates received from farmers themselves in every county in Kansas, the cost of raising a bushel of wheat in an average crop in that Statefifteen bushels to the acre-is believed to be forty-nine cents.

Nineteenth century realism has attained its culminating point in the cathedral at Manchester, England, where the late General Gordon, of Khartoum fame, is portrayed on the stained-glass memorial window in the chancel, arrayed in a shooting-jacket and knickerbockers.

The Philadeldhia Press says: "Ice has not risen in Baltimore and to the South. It has in Philadelphia and the North. Coal is really at the foundation of cheap ice. Before long it will be cheaper to use coal to make ice than to use it in carrying ice. Many people think this is true now."

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times inquired into the nationality of the 358 members of the Chamber of Commerce of that prosperous and go-ahead city. The result of the investigation showed that 175 of the 358 were born in the Southern States, while 147 were born North and thirty-six in foreign countries.

Within a year the Atlantic Ocean has washed away a thousand acres of land on the New England coast, and 500 acres have been given to the New Jersey coast and as much to Virginia and North Carolina. "Next year," observes the Detroit Free Press, "the order of things may be What is taken from one point reversed. is given to another."

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past know that it represents a cash value of from \$75,000 to \$120,000. The ordinary express train represents from \$83,000 to \$90,000. The engine and tender are valued at \$10,500; the baggage car \$1000; the postal car \$2000; the smoking car \$5000; two ordinary passenger cars \$10,000 each; three palace cars \$15,000 each-total \$83,000. Many of the trains which pull out from the depot in New York city are worth \$150,000.

According to the Boston Cultivator the sealskin buffalo made by crossing polled Aberdeen cattle on the wild stock, have a fine, glossy fur, as beautiful as that of the seal, and much thicker. The hump on the buffalo almost entirely disappears on this cross, and with it the shaggy mane for which buffaloes have always been noted. There are now twelve of these sealed buffalo, and the cross promises to become a successful and valuable breed. They lose their wild traits and become so easily domesticated as are our common cattle under like circumstances. The Hudson's Bay Fur Company is give ing up business because furs are no longer to be had, and the sealskin buffalo, many of which show fur marked like a tiger, will doubtless become a valuable product in northern climes, where the winters are too cold for the common breeds of cattle to succeed.

TO-MORROW. ad for joy in the sunshiny sky, The larks were singing sweet and loud; silent the white clouds glistened on high,

And the sea gleamed far away like a clo brown bees were humming an brown And ruby wallflowers; straight and tall The lily lifted its silver crown;

their honeymoon.

fitted for it.

were as happy as people can reasonably

expect to be. The only cause they had for any un-

disappeared. Edith had fulfilled Jane's prophecy and

While Jane had lived in a modest cot-tage, neither her sister nor mother had thought it incumbent on them to keep up those intimate relations with her and her family which the natural ties of close kinship would have seemed to demand. But she, having regard to her filial duty, had not let that influence her own con-duct, visiting her old home as frequently as circumstances permitted, though she could not help feeling that she was not as welcome as she should have been. Her

the family circle as well.

While Jane had lived in a modest cot-

The tulips laughed by the mossy wall. The lovers-a girl and a boy-we strayed Down the alleys green, with Love for

third. While dreamily mournful the fountain played,

Singing a song that we never heard— 'Be ye as hopeful and blithe as ye may; Co-morrow keeps never the bloom of to

day !" The larks are silent, the sky is gray, The sea is hid in a chilly shroud;

The blossoms that opened yesterday Lie torn on the grass in a pallid crowd.

The ruby wallflowers droop in the rain; The lily has soiled her silver crown;

The tulps hid by the wall in val-The pitless wind beat their glory down. How changed is the world in a few short

All life, how changed! Now I walk alone And hear, while the deathful tempest lours, The fountain sing as my heart makes

'Be ye as hopeful and blithe as ye may; of to

To-morrow keeps never the bloom day !" -Shirley Wynne, in Once-a-Week.

JANE.

Her name was Jane. Though his-Her name was Jane. Though his-tory has thrown a halo around the name, and the lyric muse has embaimed it in that sweetost of songs, "My Pretty Jane," we are apt to think of the girl called Jane as a plain homebody, useful out not ornamental. Her sisters, the Eleanors, Maudes and Rosamonds, gen-erally look to her to keep the house in order, and see to it that their comfort is not disturbed, and she is equal to the responsibility. She does her duty, and more than her duty, if one can do that, without complaint, indeed, cheerwithout complaint, indeed, cheer-fully. But complaisant though she be, Jane usually has a will of her own, and, when circumstances require her to do so

makes it known. Such a girl was Jane Lewis. She had but the house in order—that is, she had done all those little things which the best of servants will slight, and which go so far in making up the sum of those home comforts dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart —and was seated in her own tidy cham-ber, sewing. While she was thus on ber, sewing. While she was thus en-gaged her two sisters came in. They had been making a round of calls and were very elegantly dressed-Jane, in her plain calico, looking almost like a

servant by contrast. "Are you making those things for your trousseau?" asked Edith, the eldest, eyeing contemptuously several gar-ments lying on the table at her sister's elboy

ness.

bow. "Yes," said Jane, with gentle.sweet-ess. "Are they not nice?" "Oh, they are nicely made, I dare ay," said Edith—"you always sew nice-ay," said Edith—"upon always sew nicesay, ly—but if I were going to be married, I wouldn't put a stitch in for myself, and I wouldn't have a garment that wasn't trimmed with the finest lace."

"I too, Ethel," said Julia, who was the youngest of the three sisters. "When I am married I shall have my trousseau

"But where would be the use of my having anything so fine?" said Jane, "as I know I would have to come back to plain clothes when the wedding things are worn out. A costly wardrobe would not suit the circumstances in which I

shall find myself when I am married, and I don't like incongruities." "Well, I suppose you are right," said Edith; "but I will never marry a man who cannot support me in the style to which I have been accustomed."

"was that there is no incumbrance-no In due course of time John and Jane

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1890.

"was that there is no incumbrance—no mortgage?" "None whatever," said John, a little proudly. "The property is ours, in fee simple, every plank, every nail in it." "That's well, that's well," said Mr. Lewis. "Every married man should have a home of his own, if he possibly can— no matter how modest it may be." "Your father seems a little odd to-night," said John, when the old man was gone. In due course of time join and share were married. They went quietly to the church, one bright morning, accom-panied by the parents and sisters of the bride and a few particular friends, and as soon as the ceremony was over, drove to the railroad station and took the train that was to carry them to a pleasant lit-tle village where they proposed to spend

Five years had passed, and John Ward and his wife, who had begun their wedded life in a very small cottage, were living in a house of considerable size and "Do you think there can be anything "Yoly out think there can be anything wrong with him?" asked Jane, anxiously. "Well, it did appear to me that there was a troubled look in his face." "Oh, but John," said the wife, "you know that he always has a serious ex-pression." living in a house of considerable size and remarkable for its beauty and the com-fortable arrangement of its interior. It was a model residence, designed and erected by the young architect himself, who was already a man well-to-do in the world. They had three children, and were as have as neople can reasonably

pression." "It is something more than serious to-

"It is something more than serious to-night," said John. "But I have been very foolish to tell you this, my dear; it will only worry you, and, perhaps, after all, it is merely a fancy of mine." But Jane had noticed the troubled look The only cause they had for any un-happiness was the unhappiness of another -Julia. She had married a man sup-posed to be very wealthy, had sent to Paris for her trousseau, and there had been a grand wedding. But her hus-band had turned out to be a scamp, and after getting all he could out of his father-in-law, beside forging his name to a note for a large amount of money, had disappeared.

on her father's face, though she had tried to persuade herself that it was only his usual gravity—a little more pronounced, perhaps, yet nothing to cause anxiety, at all events.

all events. About a week after this visit, the min-ister who officiated in the church which the family attended called upon the Wards. This was nothing unusual, but the hour that he chose on this occasion was most unusual. It was very early in the morning, when the household was just beginning to stir. Mr. Baxter asked to see Mr. Ward, and after a short conference with him John

married a poor man for love—a man of good family, but feeble character, whom her father had given a place in his mer-cantile establishment, though he was ill-fitted for it.

after a short conference with him John after a short conference with him John went up to his wife's room. When he appeared again he was holding Jane's hand, keeping it in his as he led her down the stairs. His manner toward her was even more gentle than usual, and the way in which he led her, as though she way in which he led her, as though she were a little child, scemed strange. She looked up in his face inquiringly, and saw there a grave expression that tilled her with a vague sense of uncasiness. "What is it, John?" she asked, as

they were about to enter the sitting

as welcome as she should have been. Her marriage—low marriage her sisters chose to consider it—had not only shut her out

100m. "Mr. Baxter will tell you, my dear," replied John, pressing her hand. Jane was sure now that something dreadful had happened, and she was so dazed when she entered the room that, her husband had to put his arm around her and lead her to the sofa, on which he gently placed her, taking his seat be-side her. of the charmed circle of fashion, but seemed to have affected her standing in Her mother had treated her with a sort of condescending affection, but her father's manner to her had never changed. father's manner to her had never changed. The quiet, undemonstrative old man had seemed to look upon her frequent ap-pearance among them as a matter of course, often returning her calls, taking tes with her and her husband, and stay-ing sometimes until quite late talking with them, so that Jane was wont to won-der if he ever really did disapprove of her marriage with John Ward. The coolness—if it may be so called— on the part of the female members of her side her.

"Mrs. Ward-Jane," said the minis-"Arrs. Ward—Jane," said the minis-ter, "you were always a sensible girl— one to be relied on, and we rely cn you now—your husband and I." "Yes, Jane," said John, pressing her

hand.

"O, John!" said Jane, resting her cheek against his shoulder and looking up in his face with tearful eyes, "tell me what it is, tell me—don't keep me in this The coolness—if it may be so called— on the part of the female members of her family had, in a measure, disappeared as Ward's worldly circumstances had im-proved, though neither Jane's mother nor sisters could entirely get over the fact that his father had been a brick ma-son. When the two girls were married there effected to look unon him as the

John looked at the preacher, who nodded his head.

nodded his head. "Do you remember, dear," he said, "the last time your father was here I told you he had a troubled look?" "Yes, I remember," replied Jane tremulously. "Something has happened to him. He has met with some misfor-ture, he is 11. What is it?"

son. When the two grins were married they affected to look upon him as the inferior of their own husbands, though one was a worthless scamp and the other a poor, characterless fellow, who had spent the greater portion of his life thus far in lounging about and looking hand-some for the delectation of just such tune—he is ill. What is it?" She had lifted her head from her hus-band's shoulder and drew a little back, still looking in his face. What she saw

some for the delectation of just such silly women as they were. One evening John and his wife were sitting alone, he looking over some draw-ings and she sewing, while they talked together. It was late; the little ones had band s shoulder and drew a fittle back, still looking in his face. What she saw there told of worse than illness. "Oh!" she cried, letting her head drop upon his breast, "I know! I know! Papa is dead."

Mr. Baxter quietly left the room, and John Ward sat silently holding his weep-

Ing wife in his arms. After awhile he said a few smoothing

After awhile he said a few smoothing words to her, and then suggested that they should go to her mother. "Yes," she said gently, "that is where I ought to be. We will go at once." Mrs. Lewis was overwhelmed with grief. Frivolous though she had been, and fond of foolish display, she had loved her husband—how dearly she had never known uniil he had passed out of her

vision of John Ward, and at his expense

vision of John Ward, and at his expense, was put in habitable condition. There Mrs. Lewis—who had not been ignorant of her husband's embarrass ments, but had paid little heed to hit words when he confided in her—took up her abode, with Edith and Julia and Edith's husband; their interests and wel-fare looked after by the once despised brickmason's son.—New Orleans Times Democrat. mocrat.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The climate of China is said to be growing not only colder but drier.

In the Atlantic Ocean there are about eighty-three pounds of salt to every ton of water.

A revolution in coal mining is expected from the use of a machine oper-ated by electricity.

There is a great demand for metal furniture of all kinds in Australia on account of the ravages of the white ant.

Galvanized wire netting is being largely sold for lawn, garden and shrubbery purposes, for which it is admirably adapted.

The coldest spot on earth is Verkoyansk, in Siberia, where the mean win-ter temperature is 48.6 degrees below zero, Centigrade.

As a rule it seems that lepers do not suffer severe pain, and the average length of life at Molokai, Hawaian Islands, is about four years.

Cable messages are received by an in-strument known as the syphon recorder, which squirts a small jet of ink on a paper ribbon as the current is made or broken. There are said to be at least a hundred thousand acres of phosphate rock scattered through the western part of Florida. The deposits average ten feet in depth, and are rich in phosphate of

Experts claim that if steel ships are kept properly painted with good paint, and the plates properly "pickled," they would last as long as iron, otherwise they would deteriorate more rapidly than iron ships.

"I always had an idea you were his friend." "I used to be-but I loaned him \$50 once." Electric traction is said to be fairly Electric traction is said to be rainly booming in London. In a few weeks a line of omulbusses run by electricity is to be started. They will be driven by storage batteries, and will have a setting Cab?' " writer, I imagine." capacity for twenty-six passengers. world go 'round that it makes so many people giddy.—Puck.

The thistle at the antipodes seems to attain a most vigorous growth. Its root penetrates to a depth of from twelve to twenty feet; and this root, even when cut into small pieces, retains vitality, each piece producing a new plant.

A weak galvanic current, which will A weak galvanc current, which will sometimes cure a toothache, may be gen-erated by placing a silver coin on one side of the gum and a piece of zinc on the other. Rinsing the mouth with acidulated water will increase the effect. The greatest electric railroad which has been planned is the one proposed in Russia, between St. Petersburg and Archangel, a distance of 500 miles. The plan is to erect stations along the route for the generation of electricity. The estimated cost is only about \$15,000 a mile

ogy: "Where are diamonds found in the greatest abundance?" "At the pawn-broker's."—Judge. The projected railroad to the summit of Jungfrau, in Switzerland, contem-plates the boldest mountain engineering yet ventured upon. The line, which is to consist of a continuous series of tunwho did not envy the freedom with which a barefooted boy gets around on a rainy day.—Atchison Globe. to consist of a continuous series of thin-nels, is intended to rise in a distance of a little over four miles from an altitude of 2800 feet above the sea to the lofty heighth of 13,600 feet, with grades of from thirty-three per cent. to ninety-eight per cent.—or practically perpen-dicular. chimneys." "Why, they break as soon as you light the lamp." "That's where the profit comes in."—*Bazar*. "I see that a noted thief out west swallowed a valuable shirt stud to escape detection." "Sort of diamond in the rough, eh?"—American Grocer

A neat application of electricity to do-A neat application of electricity to do-mestic uses is a miniature pumping plant. With the use of no more current than suffices for a couple of incandescent lamps, it will pump one hundred gallons an hour or so, and keep the house tank full without a particle of attention. These little electrical devices to lighten labor in the household are narticularly comin the household are particularly comNO. 41.

LONG AGO. knew all the birds that came

And nested in our orchard trees, For every flower I had a name-My friends were woodchucks, toads and

bees;

I knew where thrived in yonder glen What plants would south a stone-

Ob, I was very learned then, But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill Where checkerberries could be found,

I knew the rushes near the mill Where pickerel lay that weighed a po

I knew the wood-the very tree

Where lived the poaching, saucy crow, And all the woods and crows knew me-But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,

I tread the old familiar spot Only to learn this solemn truth; I have forgotten, am forgot. Yet here's this youngster at my knes Knows all the things I used to know;

To think I once was wise as he-But that was very long ago.

l know it's folly to complain Of whatsoe'er the fates decree, Yet, were not wishes all in vain,

I tell you what my wish should be:

I'd wish to be a boy again, Back with the friends I used to know

For I was, oh, so happy then-

But that was very long ago. -Eugene Field, in Youth's Companion

. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A health resort-Quinine.

A summer complaint-It's too hot.

An angler fishes with baited breath. The saddest words of tongue or pen, Are these sad words: "Say, lend me ten."

Receipt for dropping eggs-Let go of them. A supreme court decision-Getting married.-Washington Star.

Little Bertie-"Does the sun tan you?" Little Reginald-"No, the father."

"Who wrote the 'Story of a Hansom "ab?"" "I don't know. Some hack

It is probably because love makes the

It is said there are more ways than one to kill a cat, but the majority of them are failures.—*Picayune*.

Corn is an emblem of peace, but it is never appreciated until it gets on its ear. —Binghamton Republican.

The mercury coss climbing up, The sunshine slippeth down, And every soul with cash in hand, Prepares to jump the town. — Washington Star.

Most creatures are entirely harmless

when they are asleep. But the moth does the most mischief when it is taking

In a school-examination on mineral-

We don't suppose there ever was a man

"There's piles of money in our lamp

He dealt in horses and cattle and feed, And he'd heard I wanted a "muley." So he wrote: "If a first-class mule you need, Please don't forget yours truly."

-Light

The Chicago Herald narrates that an employe of the Louisville & Texas Railroad at Hawesville, Ky., dreamed that a switch was misplaced, and that a fast train was due. He awoke so deeply impressed with the vision that he went out to the switch at once to see if all were safe. He found it misplaced, as he had dreamed. A fast train was nearly due, which, with the switch as he found it would have crashed into a train on the sidetrack in which sixty men were asleep. The incident is of interest to hypnotists and dream student perhaps, but it throws no new light on the misplacedswitch question. Passengers, as a rule, would still prefer to trust to the man that is wide awake rather than to the man that dreams. The Hawesville man's dream was opportune and truthful this time, to be sure, but he is just as likely some other time to dream that the switch is all right when really it is all wrong.

which I have been accustomed." "Perhaps you will not have the choice," said Jane, looking lovingly up into her beautiful sister's face. "What do you mean?" asked the other sharply. "You are not in the habit of saying ill-natured things, Jane, and if your determination to marry a noor man Saying ill-natured things, Jane, and ill your determination to marry a, poor man --and--and one far beneath you--in--in spite of the objections of your family--" "Don't say any more, dear," said Jane, quietly. "I didn't intend to be ill-na-tured at all. I only meant that your beart will been comething to say when

heart will have something to say when the time comes, and you do not know heart will have something to say when the time comes, and you do not know what that something will be. When yours speaks, Edith, as it will in time, I fancy it will astonish yourself more than any one else." "I heard somebody tell Edith she has no heart" said Unit hunching

"I should consider it an unpardonable offense were any one to tell me that,"

d Jane. "Oh, it was only some nonsense," said Edith, her face turning red.

Lanth, her face turning red. Jane Lewis was going to be married to a young man of whom her family disap-proved—that is, her mother and sister; and she had been given to understand that her father was of their way of think-ing. Not that Lab. Wash may an ing. rthy-Not that John Ward was un worthy—he was truly worthy of any woman's love and of any man's respect; but he was—at least they considered him so—their social inferior.

im so—their social inferior. He was an architect and building con He was an architer and bounding con-tractor; but his father had been a brick-mason, and he himself had served his ap-prenticeship to the trade, stepping up to the higher rung of the ladder naturally and with a confidence engendered by his ervice at the bottom.

himself, and returned to the sitting room accompanied by Mr. Lewis. "It is rather late," said the old gentle-man, kissing his daughter—an unusual demonstration of affection on his part— "but I was passing and thought I would drop in for a few minutes." "We are always glad to have you come, papa," said Jane; "and I only wish we lived near enough to see you every day." Mr. Lewis was silent for a few minlife.

utes, and then he asked rather abruptly: "Isn't that cottage over on the corner of the street for rent?" indicating the direction of the corner in question with his

long been in bed, and they were some-what surprised to hear the tinkle of the door bell. John answered the summons

himself, and returned to the sitting room

"Yes, Mr. Lewis," said Ward, looking curiously at his guest; "it has been for rent several months. Nobody seems to care to occupy it, it is in such a dilapi-dated condition."

"But it could be repaired and made habitable.

"Of course-at considerable expense "Of course-at considerable expense." "What interest can an old house like that have for you, papa?" asked Jane. "I was just thinking it might be made a very pleasant home for people of mod-erate means," replied Mr. Lewis. "It's a pity it has been allowed to go to rack, This place belongs to you, John, doesn't tee"

"Yes," replied Ward. "I bought the "Yes," replied Ward. "I bought the lot with the first money that I carned over and above my expenses. But I thought you knew it belonged to me-us, I should say; for what is mine is Jane's, and what is her's is mine. There is no division of interests with us-is there, Jane?"

there, Jane?" "No, indeed," said Jane, laughing, "if there were I should be a pauper." The next moment she regretted the last words, for she saw a look of pain \$it across her father's face. Jane had re-ceived nothing from him, and as he was believed to be a very wealthy man, what had inadvertently escaped her lips sound-ed like a reproach.

Edith and Julia had been all the morn ing in their own rooms, crying and sob-bing intermittently, and looking over the fashion plates for the styles in which utility.

they should have their mourning made, leaving their mother alone with her grief; and when Jane came she clung to her as

to a stay of comfort. Much of Jane's time was now devoted Altern of shife's time was now devices to her mother, who could not bear to have her away from her for any great length of time. "Ah, Jane, my dear," she said one

day, "little do we think when we are wasting time on the follies of the world, wasting time on the follies of the world, how very short life is, and how soon we may have to part with those we love. Never, my child, let anything win you away from the side of your husband; for if you do, the time will come when you will thing with regret of the many, many hours lost to you and him, for the sake of things that give no real happi-ness."

"You need have no fear of that mamma," said Jane; "there is nothing the world can offer that would induce me to spend an hour away from John that could be spent with him." When Mr. Lewis's affairs were wound

up, it was found that there was little of his once considerable wealth left for the Inc next moment she regretted the last words, for she saw a look of pain fit across her father's face. Jane had re-ceived nothing from him, and as he was believed to be a very wealthy man, what had inadvertently escaped her lips sound-ed like a reproach. "What I meant," said the old man, hesitating a little in his speech now,

endable and as the electrical light and power becomes more widely available, will doubtless increase in number and

## Origin of the Term "Masher."

The word masher is sometimes said to be a corruption of the French ma cherie. But this is one of the many instances of an ingenious etymology whose surface plausibility imposes on the unscholarly. Far more likely is the derivation from the Gypsy word mashava, to fascinate by the eye. Charles G. Leland, in "The the eye. Charles G. Leland, in "The Gypsies," credits this etymology. "And thus it was," he says (page 108), "that these black-eyed beauties, by mashing men for many generations, with shafts shot sideways and most wantonly, at last scaled their souls into the corner of their eyes, as you have heard before." Aud in a foot-note, he cxplains: "Mashing, a word of Gypsy origin (mashava), mean Ing fascination by the eye, or taking in." — Chicago Post.

## China Clay.

The porcelain clays of China differ The porcelain clays of China differ from those of Europe in containing a large percentage of white mica, or, as it is called, "muscovite." According to a re-cent analysis of M. Georges Vogt, the "yeouko" clay, a fusible sort, used for glaze, consists of 52.9 parts of quartz, 31.3 parts of muscovite, 13.4 of soda felspar, 2 of carbonate ot lime and 1 of hydrated silica. Petun-tse clay contains no less than 40.6 per cent. of muscovite, which indeed is a common ingreduent of which indeed is a common ingreduent of the goil in the Flowery Land. Its pres-ence in porcelain clays evidently helps to account for their translucency. — Cassell's

"He is a very original boy, that son of yours. I think he is bound to rise in the world." "I don't know. It's a hard thing to get him to rise in the morning."

a nap.-Puck.

A railroad across the desert of Sahara is projected. As it does not strike an oasis throughout the whole distance it will not be easy to water the stock.— Boston Globe.

Wife-"What makes you Husband—"I just dodged Hardup. If he had seen me he would have hit me hard." "Hit you? What for?" "Ten dollars."-Chicago Inter-Ocean.

To "kiss but not tell," though in theory good, Is in practice a failure, my brothers; A kiss is like gossip--it's bound to be passed From one person's lips to another's. —Kate Field's Washington.

Mamma—"I an tired of your chatter, Johnny; you had better go to bed." Johnny--"Are you very tired, mamma?" Mamma—"Yes, very tired!" Johnny--"Then, why don't you go to bed ?"-Boston Herald.

Because a man who hawks eggs through the street hawks hawks' eggs too, it does not necessarily follow that a man who hawks hawks, hawks eggs too, nor that a man who hawks hawks, hawks hawks' eggs too.—Elmire Gazette.

#### Fish Carried in a Tornado

Fish Carried in a Tornado. At Swayzee the other day the residents were catching fish out of the pools and puddles made by a night's terrific rain. Later, when the water sunk into the ground, sunfish and shiners by the thous sands strewed the ground. There is no stream within four miles of Swayzee, and the theory is that these fish were caught up by a small tornado and deposited where they were found,—Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.