SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. IX.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1891.

NO. 14

British Columbians are agitating for reciprocity with the United States.

There are about 75,000 persons in prison in the United States. There are. at least, as many more persons out of prison who belong to the criminal class, making 150,000 criminals, or one for every 400 inhabitants.

The Washington Star avers that the fish exhibit which this Government proposes to make at the world's fair in 1893 will be such that the most picturesque fish liar of the country can talk about it to his heart's content and not do the subject justice.

A paper read at the recent meeting of the British Association described graphically the pauper population of England as being sufficient to form a procession of four persons abreast upward of one hundred miles long. Arranged in single file the paupers of England would, according to these figures, form a line upward of four hundred miles long.

The Chicago Herald alleges that New York is filled with adventurers, with rascals great and small, with men so industrious in uncanny lines as to cause one to admire the pluck with which they energetically go ahead to their own ruin, employing faculties for their own destruction which rightfully utilized, might make them not only solid and respectable, but brilliant and impressive.

During the last twelve months actual settlers have taken up some 19,000,000 acres of land in the United States, or nearly 30,000 square miles. When, says the Chicago Tribune, we can increase our actively agricultural area in one year to an extent nearly equal to the whole of Scotland, and have the fact passed over with a mere paragraph of commeet, it may no longer be doubted that we are a great nation inhabiting a great country.

The example of the heirs of a rich Austrian is worthy of imitation in this coun try, remarks the San Francisco Chronicle. They have given \$15,000 out of the estate to found a school of housekeeping for girls. If free schools of cooking were established in all American cities, the people who gather statistics at the end of the first quarter of the next century would note a marked decrease in dyspepsia and nervousness and a considerable gain in physical stamina among the American people.

Civilization works havoc among wild animals that are killed for the service of mankind, laments the New York Star. The buffalo has almost entirely disappeared, and now it is said that there are probably less than one hundred thousand seals in existence, and that, at the present rate of slaughtering, in a few years the species will be exterminated. It may become necessary for the Government to institute decisive measures for the protection of the seals, unless we are willing to see them wholly disappear.

The New Orleans Picayune is pleased because America seems to have a model warship at last. Commander Schley, of the cruiser Baltimore, writes in the highest terms of her seaworthiness and stability. During the heavy gale of October 18 and 19 which played such havoc with the British fleet off Scarborough, the Baltimore maintained a speed varying from 14.5 to sixteen knots, and was knots that one below would not have known that a gale was blowing but for the whistling of the wind, At no time during the gale would it have been impracticable to fight her battery. In conclusion the Commodore says: "She is the king pin yet, and when you build anything better I would like to command it.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher grows more beautiful as advancing years and grow ing feebleness take possession of her. She sits in a beautiful bay window sur rounded by birds and flowers, and dreams of the days when she and "Henry" were struggling along in a little Western village, trying to keep the pot boiling and the sermons written. But those were long ago days! Now, though in comparative poverty, Mrs. Beecher has enough business engage ments to keep her from actual want, and if she could fulfil one-half the orders that come to her she would be a rich woman. Every publishing firm in the country has asked her to write the life of her dead husband, but owing to her poor health she has refused them all.

A BUILDER'S LESSON.

"How shall I a habit break" As you gathered, you must lose; Till they bind us neck and wrist; Thread by thread the patient hand As we builded, stone by stone, We must toil unhelped, alone,

Toward the centre's downward sweep Ah, the precious years we waste Leveling what we raised in haste, First across the gulf we cast Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed And habit builds the bridge at last!
-- John Boyle O'Reilly.

A MIDNIGHT QUEST.

BY ISABEL HOLMES.

"You haven't the courage," she as-

serted.
"Haven't I?" retorted Cleo Curry mockingly. "I inherit courage and there isn't a jot or tittle of superstition

in my nature."
"What's that you're disputin' about,
girls?" queried Uncle Zeke from the

chimney corner.

"I say," responded Cleo, "that I wouldn't be afraid to go down to the old Willey house at midnight, St. Valentine's eve and walk down cellar backward with a looking-glass and candle—"

"Expecting to see the face of her future husband," interpolated Sue. "I should expect to see old Willey's ghost peering over my shoulder."

"I'm not anxious to see the face of

eering over my shoulder."
"I'm not anxious to see the face of
my future husband," Cleo retorted sharply, "I only want to prove my courage, to
celebrate St. Valentine's Day in approved "I'll wager ten dollars you das'nt go."

remarked Uncle Zeke.
"I'll stake my amethyst ring that I dare. Here's my hand."

The soft white palm and the brown knotted one clasped as a step was heard coming through the back shed. "You must fetch one o' them mangel wurzels in the the bar'l side o' the potato

ben, so's we'll know you went clear down cellar," said Uncle Zeke. "Not a word of this," Cleo cautioned

in a whisper as they heard a hand fum-bling for the latch in the little dark en-

try. "Capt'n Luke," said Uncle Zeke, with

a sly glance at Cleo.

The next moment a young man opened the door. It was quite the custom in this Cape Cod town to omit the cere-

mony of knocking.
"Here's a chair next to me," said Sue with the freedom of long acquaintance-

ship.
Cleo and Capt'n Luke exchanged a formal good evening as he seated him-

"Had quite a fall o' snow," suggested "Yes, good sleighing," said Capt'n

An impressive element seemed to have entered the room with this good-looking young captain. The usual witticisms did not flash around. Cleo was absorbed in the long strip of worsted that made a crimson line down her white apron. a crimson line down her white apron. She fidgeted in her seat and proposed a

game of euchre.
Uncle Zeke and Cleo were partners. "We'll beat them every time, won't we, Sue?" said Capt'n Luke, with a shade of quiet defiance, as he swept in the first tricks with a steady hand, meeting Cleo's eyes with a cool glance, which she returned in kind.

Cleo's mind was running upon that sleigh ride with Capt'n Luke the last evening. He had come perilously near continuous quaver. "I will read sists largel your destiny," and she turned again to is much produced in the cauldron, while Cleo drew nearer, strangely fascinated.

"Proud," the sybil muttered, "ambitious, selfish. Your fortune is not so bert River and eaten.

The unc

to a proposal of marriage. Had she been wise or foolish to ward it off so indifferently? His manner made her slightly uneasy. Pshaw! What did she care anyhow? She knew she had flirted with She knew she had flirted with anyhow: She knew she had inted with him a little—this Cape Cod town was so poky in the winter—but that was no ex-cuse for his presuming to think she would marry him.

When her father's reverses came she

had been sent there to spend a few weeks with these relatives, of whose existence she had been scarcely aware be-fore. They had welcomed her with open arms and she had found much diversion among them.

It was not pleasant to be almost ignored to-night by Capt'n Luke. She thought of the wealthy suitor she had left behind in the city, albeit old and ugly, and was half inclined to write that

years ago, Uncle Zeke had held the Willey place in conjunction with his own and had garnered the not abundant crops in its cellar. Cleo had taken the key to the house, which hung near the shed door, unaware that her sly uncle had slipped out and fumbled for the key, to assure himself that she was playing no tricks on him.

Cleo gained the brow of the hill that sloped towards the shore, crossed a plank

over what had been a brook in summer, climbed a low fence and reached the water. The tide lapped the shore gently, the sea-breeze kissed her check. Two or three skiffs were rocking lightly upon three skiffs were rocking lightly upon the water, upon which the moon shone

fitfully.

Cleo took the path to the left, where the Cleo took the path to the left, when old Willey house stood dark and lone, and stood upon the flat stone before the

and stood upon the flat stone before the low red door.

The windows were all boarded. Cleo had explored the place with daylight and knew all its nooks and corners.

She unlocked the door and stepped into the entry. Her heart was beating quite evenly. She had been in a daring mood ever since that night of the sleighride and this occasion had furnished an example valve for her feelings.

ride and this occasion had furnished an escape-valve for her feelings.

She lighted the candle and pushed open the kitchen door. On the threshold she stopped in astonishment. In the cavernous fireplace opposite the door a huge fire was roaring and crackling, flooding the room with its light and eclipsing her candle.

Had the patron saint of the season anticipated her visit and made preparations for her reception?

She walked up to the fire. A big, round kettle hung from the rusty crane bubbling and hissing like the witches' cauldron in Macbeth.

A strange spell was being wrought up-

A strange spell was being wrought up-on her. Her usually calm common sense was held in abeyance. There was some-thing weird and uncanny about the leaping flames and steaming cauldron in that deserted house. She seemed to be breath-ing an enchanted atmosphere. Yet she

was far from fear. She was upborne by some unknown spiritual force. At length she recollected her errand and opened the cellar door. A gust of damp air made her candle flicker. She did not waver. She peered down into darkness, then adjusted her glass and candle and commenced the backward descent, the cobwebs covering her cloak with fantatic tracets.

descent, the convents evering with fantastic tracery.

She kept her eyes upon her own reflection in the glass until she reached the bottom of the stairs. As she stood there have a support in the mirror oment a face appeared in the mirror beside her own, then vanished suddenly Something like faintness came over her.
But she resisted, found the barrel of
mangel wurzels, snatched one up. ascended the stairs quickly and set down

the candlestick.

"Of course I only thought I saw a face," she repeated, while Sue's prophecy about old Willey's ghost thrust itself before her unpleasantly.

The lurking superstition which beats with the blood of every one of us, deny it as we may, was tightening its hold upon her. She did not feel in a hurry to leave the place. A dreamy influence to leave the place. A dreamy influence enveloped her. The agencies we call supernatural seemed the only realities. She half expected to see a band of witches appear and join hands around the cauldr

the cauldron.

She could scent some presence near her, and when a rather fantastic old woman, bent with age, in a red cloak and huge poke bonnet, stepped from a recess behind the fireplace, and, without glancing at her, stepped up and stirred the cauldron, muttering to herself as she did so. Clea was not much supprised.

did so, Cleo was not much surprised.

She had not bargained for anything half so weird and romantic. Perhaps "Yes, good sleighing," said Capt'n half so weird and rot pargained for anything Luke.

An impressive element seemed to have this was Peggy Piper, the fortune-teller, who, it was reported, held midnight conclaves with the powers of the country of the control of the country of the control of the country of

"Can you read my future for me?"
Cleo asked abruptly.
The crone turned toward her, with

eyes burning darkly in the depths of the

cavernous bonnet.
"You seek to know the future?" she queried, in a thin, high-pitched voice with a tremulous quaver. "I will read with a tremulous quaver. "I will read your destiny," and she turned again to the cauldron, while Cleo drew nearer,

xious to forcast it."
"Haven't I as fair a chance for happi ness as other people?" Cleo demanded.
"No. You're going to sell yourself
for a fine house in the city and a carriage and diamonds. You are mercenary and heartless besides. Ha! you don't deny it! You will find yourself one day staring for love, without the power to seek it except in forbidden paths."

Cleo stood with her fascinated gaze

Cleo stood with her fascinated gaze upon the seething registrar of fate. "You have another lover, young, strong, warm-hearted. You have seen his love for you and encouraged it day by day. You have looked into his eyes day. You have looked into his eyes with those dangerous ones of yours. Your voice has been modulated to suit his ear. Oh!" with a jeering laugh, that grated on Cleo's nerves, "you couldn't deny yourself the pleasure of proving your power over him

roving your power over him."

"You are repeating the silly gossip of the place," Cleo retorted.
"You as good as said, Take me. I the season. Shortly before midnight a woman in dark garb issued from Uncle Zeke's shed door and walked off toward the old Willey house.

Since the death of its owner three years ago, Uncle Zeke had held the Willey blace in conjunction with his own and then were utterly surprised to find him in your net. Oh, yes! But he is proud, the place in conjunction with his own and then were utterly surprised to find him in your net. Oh, yes! But he is proud, the proposal of the place in conjunction with his own and then were utterly surprised to find him in your net. Oh, yes! But he is proud, the proving your power over him."

"You are repeating the silly gossip of the place," Cleo retorted.
"You as good as said, Take me. I we went on, unheeding. "You led him to the verge of a proposal of marriage, and then were utterly surprised to find him in your net. Oh, yes! But he is proud, when your proving your power over him."

"You are repeating the silly gossip of the place," Cleo retorted.
"You as good as said, Take me. I we went on, unheeding. "You led him to the verge of a proposal of marriage, and then were utterly surprised to find him in your net. Oh, yes! But he is proud, and the place in the

"Your cauldron lies!" Cleo exclaimed. The half truths uttered, the unaccustomed conditions had wreught upon her fancy and made her feel guilty, but the injustice of the last accusation restored her

"You see only the surface," Cleo continued, though why she should exchange words with the crone was a mystery. "You cannot look into my soul. If you could—"

could—"
She paused. The sybil peered deeply into her flushed face, over which a tender emotion was stealing softly, then stepped forward and took her hand. Cleo felt a strange electric thrill as she withdrew it and stepped back. The next moment mask, cloak and bonnet were lying on the floor, and Capt'n Luke was standing, looking into her eyes with the steady magnetism of his own.

"You!" she exclaimed. "I thought it was Pegry Piper."

was Peggy Piper."
He smiled slowly.
"Do you feel better after the accuss tions you have heaped upon me?" sh

"Yes. Did you not deserve them?

lieve in justice." she said, quickly. "Injustice? Do you mean to say that those sweet smiles and looks of yours were genuine after all? That you were giving me measure for measure, that it was only woman's coquetry prompted you the other night?"

the other night?"
"I have not said," she began, but he had both her hands in a firm grasp.
"Look into my eyes and say that you have been playing with me if you can."
Her eyes drooped instead.
In an instant his strong arm was around her. He had played for high stakes and won

stakes and won.
"And now shall I accompany you home?" he asked, after he had explained

homer" he asked, after he had explained his stolen march upon her.

"And set the tongues of the gossips wagging? No; I must go as I came. She gathered up glass, candle and mangle wurzel and sped homeward, hung up the key and hurried to her room. When the next morning Uncle Zeke found the root beside his plate he handed Cleo the \$10 bill.

"Did you see a ghost?" queried Sue.

"Did you see a ghost?" queried Sue, thinking Cleo rather non-committal over

the adventure.

"Yes, and yet I live to tell the tale,"
returned Cleo in mock heroic style. When her engagement to Capt'n Luke was announced she told the story to Sue and Uncle Zeke.—New York Mercury.

The Nice Taste of Cannibals.

Mr. Lumholtz writes: "The Australians are cannibals. A fallen foe, be it man, woman or child, is eaten as the man, woman or child, is eaten as the choicest delicacy; they know no greater luxury than the flesh of a black man. There are superstitious notions connected with cannibalism, and though they have no idols and no form of Divine worship, they seem to fear an evil being who seems to haunt them, but of whom their notions are very vague. Of a supreme good Being they have no conception whatever, nor do they believe in any existence after death."

The blacks do not like to eat white

The blacks do not like to eat white people, whose flesh, they say, has a salt taste; but the very thought of black human flesh, which they call talgoro, makes their eyes sparkle. The natives do not, as a rule, eat persons of their own tribe, though there are instances to the contrary; the blacks south of the Gulf of Carpentaria, it is said, do not kill persons for the sake of eating them, but the women eat those who die a natural death; near Moreton Bay, also, the dead are eaten, and by their own relatives. The reason why the white man's flesh is held in disgust arises, apparently, from the fact of his eating so much salt beef. The flesh of the Chinese, whose food consists largely of rice and other vegetables, The blacks do not like to eat white sists largely of rice and other vegetables, is much prized. It is said that far north is much prized. It is said that far north in Queensland ten Chinamen were de-voured at one dinner. But during the whole time Mr. Lumhoitz spent on Her-bert River only two blacks were killed

usually sound and healthy and not much troubled with sickness, with the excep-tion of skin diseases, which he gets from the white man; but when the Australian gards clothes simply as ornaments, which he may wear or not, as he chooses.— Edinburgh Review.

Suicide in the Red Sea.

The Orient liner Lusitania, which has just arrived at Plymouth, England, re-ports the suicide in the Red Sea of a beautiful young girl, Miss B. McKnight. who took passage at Melbourne and going to England to be married. was observed to be depressed in spirits when the vessel had only been a week or two at sea and was heard to regret that she had consented to wed. When the Lusitania was in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb one night Miss McKnight suddenly broke off an apparently agreeable conversation with some of her fellow passengers, and, mounting the rail, leaped into the almost boiling waters of the Red Sea that never falls below ninety-six degrees. The steamer was at once hove to and boats were lowered. The nove to and boats were lowered. The search continued for two hours. Nothing, however, being seen of the suicide it is supposed she was eaten by a shark.

— Washington Star.

Complete returns of the sealing operations of the British Columbia fleet for the season show that 39,547 seals were taken, an increase of 6000 as comThe Two Whitehouse Watchmen.

The Two Whitehouse Watchmen.
These two watchers are among the oldest employes of the White House at Washington, and one of them is closely associated, in a humble way, with one of the most exciting periods in its history.
W. S. Lewis was one of the White House doorkeepers in the time of Lincoln, and each night, between 10:30 and 11 o'clock during the war period, he acted as the essort of the President when he went from the Executive Mansion to the War Department to get the latest news War Department to get the latest news of the conflict before going to bed. Lewis left the White House and went on the city police force, where he remained for many years. About twelve years he came back to the White House service, where he has been ever since. T. F. Pendel, the other night doorkeeper, has been employed in the White House for twenty is years. twenty-six years. These two men know the face of every man of prominence in public life, and they can spot a crank at the other end of the avenue by gaslight. They open any telegrams which come to the Executive Mansion after midnight, and determine whether it is advisable to and determine whether it is advisable to to show them to the President or not. There is no one at the Executive Mansion at night who can act for the President. Only the members of his family sion at high.

dent. Only the members of his laundy
and the domestic employes of his household sleep at the White House. So if
anything demanding immediate attention
should be delivered at the Executive should be delivered at the Executive Mansion after midnight, the President would be aroused from his sleep to attend to it. It is seldom that a telegram of any kind is delivered at the Executive Mansion between midnight and daybreak, for the local manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company has instructions to hold all messages which are not of the utmost importance until morn-ing. And it may not occur once in six months that the President is called from his bed to read a late dispatch .- New

Plants Serviceable for Salads. M. Henri de Vilmorin, President of

the Botanical Society of France, recent-ly delivered a lecture on salads, which is ly delivered a lecture on salads, which is full of hints for housewives. He began by speaking of the nutritive value of salads, due to potash salts, which are usually eliminated from vegetables in the process of cooking, and said that salad is even more desirable in winter than in summer, being a preventive of rheumatism and biliousness. He enumerated the following plants which are used in France: The leaves of lettuce, corn-salad, common chizory, barbe de capucin, curled and Batavian endives, dandelion, green, blanched and halfcapucin, curled and Batavian endives, dandelion, green, blanched and half-blanched; watercresses, purslane, in small quantities blanched salsify tops, of a pleasant nutty flavor; Witloef, or Brussels chicory; the roots of celeriac, or round-rooted celery; the flowers of nasturtium and vucca, the fruit of capsicum and tomato, and in the South of France, rocket, picridium and Spanish France, rocket, picridium and Spanish onions. Various herbs are added to a French salad to flavor or garnish it, such as chervil, chives, shallot and borage. In addition many boiled vegetables are dressed with vinegar and oil.—*New*

Potatoes for Starch.

The annual "potato raid" is in progress in Aroostock, Me., as the starch factories are beginning their season's work. Says the Boston *Transcript:* "This is one of the most novel sights to be witnessed in this section of the country—the long line of teams hauling the potatoes to the factories and standing waiting their turn to unload. There is a great crop in Aroostock this year, the largest for many years, in fact, and there will be a good supply for the factories, as the latter are paying very fair prices. There are about forty factories in Aroostock County and on its border, and as they use upward of two million bushels yearly, it is seen that potato raising and starch making in Aroostock are industries of considerable mag

Curious Old Indian Signs

About five miles above Morven is mystery which the people of that com-munity cannot explain. In a hummock munity cannot explain. In a hummocl near the river are two complete circles one ninety and the other 140 feet in diame ter, the smaller circle inside the larger se circles, which are much like th These circles, which are much like allow left by a circus performance, are completely barren of vegetation of all kinds. These circles have been there since the recollection of the oldest citizen, and they came none know how or when they came there. It must be that they are Indian signs, relics of by-gone days, when the savage warrior was lord of all he surveyed .- Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Life of Trees.

Recent information gathered by the German forestry commission assign the pine tree 500 and 700 years as the pine tree 500 and 700 years as the maximum, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red beech, 210 to the aspen, 200 to the birch, 170 to the ash, 145 to the alder and 130 to the elm. The heart of the oak begins to rot at about the age of 306 years. The holly oak alone escapes this law, it is said, and there is a specimen of this aged 410 years in existence near Aschaffenburg in Germany—Chicaga

A begging letter sent to a rich mar asking for a pair of cast off trouser closed pathetically with these words: "Se send me, most honored sir, the trousers and they will be woren into the laurel crown of your good deeds in heaven."—
Fliegende Blaetter.

FROM THE JAPANESE.

"So young, he cannot know the way," Thus I heard a mother say, At the close of a summer day; But he knew the road, it see And she wept above his clay, Since, though young, he knew the way!

Gone, where summer moths resort, Or small boats that leave the port, Sailing over the stormy brine, As, with this long sleeve of mine, Under the gloom of alien skies, I dry my weeping eyes!

If I could be where the billow whirls, In a lacquered skiff, with a paddle of pearls, Young no more, but old and gray, You may be sure I'd know the way. —R. H. Stoddard, in Scribner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Ex tempore-A stopped watch. Trying times-The quarter sessions. Items of interest - Pawnbrokers'

Give no back talk to a humpback.

The pupil of the eye is incessantly lashed.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The flower of the family usually blooms in the shade.—Denver Road.

It is odd that all men are trying so hard to get even.—Dallas (Texas) News. A man's lot may be hard, but his neighbor's hens can make it look fuzzy.—Bing-hamton Leader.

Stove—"How did you get in here?"
Stovepipe—"Oh, I elbowed my way in."
—New York Journal.

The man who wins the day ought to have plenty of time at his disposal.— Binghamton Republican.

Binghamton Republican.

"Dress makes the man," we often hear,
And self-made men are deemed successe
But woman never will appear,
Unless she's poor, in self-made dresses.

—Prek

No wonder hearts are so often wounded: they're subject to so much betting.— Binghamton Republican. The capitalist who loaned money to

the cattle man referred to it as a beef stake. — Washington Star.

Those men who with Indian ways are ac-quainted Declare that in war they are bad as they're painted.

-Chicago Post. Mrs. DeFadd—"What an eccentric person Mrs. Homebody is?" Mrs. Demania—"Isn't she the oldest creature! She isn't making a collection of anything.—New York Weekly.

A scrap of paper, creased and yellow—All that is left of the dear old past;
A tailor's bill—I paid the fellow;
It was my first—would 't were my last!
—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Homebody—"How did you spend your time while in Europe?" Returned Tourist—"I spent most of it hunting through my pockets for tips."—New York Weekly.

Up in Fractions: Employer (to new boy)—"Have you any brothers?" New Boy — "Yez-zir, one." Employer — "One?" New Boy—"That is, two half brothers."—Harper's Bazar.

Mr. Bingo—"Tommy, when you get to be the head of a family, what will you say to your sons?" Tommy (thoughtfully)—"I will tell them how good I was when I was a boy."—New Orleans Times-

Time is not money always—not a bit.

That man will tell a very different tale
Who tries to steal the savings of a bank
And gets instead a year or so in jail.

—Philadelphia Times.

From the Contribution Box: "The idea," said the African missionary, indignantly. "What's the matter?" "The idea of sending celluloid poker chips to aid the heathen in an ivory country!"— New York Sun.

McFingle—"How much is Brownson worth?" McFangle—"Nothing." "Why, I understand he had some valuable property?" "Oh, yes; his property is worth a good deal. But Brownson himself is Wild-Eyed Operator-"Two and ones —\$5000 worth. Stamp Clerk (in aston-ishment) — "Five thousand dollars' worth of stamps?" "Yes, I want to iu-

vest in something that won't take a tum-ble on my hands."—Chicago Tribune. Love is an orchard where our feet In courtship lead us for an hour, To pluck the fruit the heart must eat For aye, and some of it is sweet And some of it is sour.

—Chicago Post.

Husband-"Anything you want down town to-day, my dear? Shall I order some of that self rising flour?" Wife—"We have plenty left; but I wish you would stop at an intelligence office and order me a self rising servant girl."—

New York Weekly.

It is told of Abbe Liszt that on one of his concert tours through Germany he was tendered a banquet at a small town by his admirers. When it was found by his admirers. When it was found that thirteen were seated at the table the general embarrassment was checked by Liszt remarking: 'Do not be alarmed at such a trifle. I on eat for two persons.'—Chicago Herald.

No Burglars in Mexico.

In Mexico the burglar is positively unknown. The houses, constructed as they are, in view of uprisings, revolu-tions, etc., present to the would-be burglar but a small chance of success. With what blank walls, barricaded win-dows and solid wooden doors, the dweller within the average adole is presented at within the average adobe is prepared at nightfall to withstand the siege of a regiment .- Chicago Times.