# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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# LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1891.

Twenty million acres of the land. of the United States are held by Englishmen.

VOL. X.

The colony of Sierra Leone, Africa, is 103 years old, yet there is no machinery there except the sewing machine. The population is upward of 50,000, and not a sawmill or any other kind of a mill in operation.

Mr. Keith has contracted with the Costa Rican Government for the construction of a suspension bridge over the Reventazon River. As security Mr. Keith receives a concession of 800,000 acres of national territory.

Professor P. H. Carpenter, the deep. sea student, like Hugh Miller, the geologist, has taken his own life after a period of madness. What is there in the pursuit of science that drives some of its greatest votaries to insanity and suicide.

In a letter written shortly before his death Historian James Parton illustrated his views on the financial side of authorship by saving: "An industrious writer, by the legitimate exercise of his callingthat is, never writing advertisements or trash for the sake of pay--can just exist, no more. By a compromise, not dishonorable, although exasperating, he can average during his best years \$7000 to \$8000 a year. But no man should enter the literary life unless he has a fortune or can live contentedly on \$2000 a year. The best way is to make fortune first and write afterward."

It seems likely, notes the Chicago Herald, that electricity is to be called in to explain many of the celevial phenomena which have hitherto been ascribed to other agencies. That wonderful yet beautifully simple instrument, the spectroscope, which has revealed to us so much of the cosmos, still seems to be baffled in some directions where difficulty would scarcely be anticipated. Strangely enough, the phenomena which fails to satisfactorily explain are either such as are known to be electrical in character or are at least strongly suspected of so being. From this and other facts, Stas has been led to suspect that the ordinary interpretation of the spectroscope are not to be relied on when it is applied to electrical phenomena

G. W. Childs, in the Philadelphia Ledger, is authority for the statement that American gardeners are now producing as fine chrysanthemums as those of Japan, which, thinks the New York Post, will scarcely be credited by Sir Edwin Arnold, who has sojourned so long in that country and expatiated on its floral beauties. Probably the finest specimen of this flower to be found in America to-day is a product of the slip sent from Japan to Mrs. Alpheus Hardy of Boston, and named after that lady. The wonder is that Americans should excel in the cultivation of this flower after a comparatively few years of familiarity with it. The chrysanthemum did not become generally known here until 1862. when a number of varieties were introduced from Japan. We have now upward of 2000 of them. They have almost supplanted the rose in the favor of rich and poor alike. The Breeders' Gazette says it recently visited the Union Stock Yards at Chicago, in company with a gentleman from England who is carefully studying American agriculture. His exclamations were not called forth by the magnitude of the yards and the multitude of animals gathered there, but to the ill-fattened or immature condition of nearly all the cattle in the pens. "We tried" continued the Gazette, "to interest him by calling attention to the characteristics of lots from widely different sections of the country, but the diversion was but brief, and he always came back to the same point of wonderment. 'Why do you Americans send such ill fatted beasts as these to market when there are great maize fields on every hand?' We offered as excuse overproduction, the partial failure of the last corn crop, and that growers were discouraged, but failed to quiet his mind. The well matured animals-only a handful in numberwere bringing from \$5.50 to \$6.20 per hundred pounds, while myriads, seem ingly, ranged down, down, down, reaching \$1.50 per hundred pounds. Our English friend left shaking his head, puzzled that America should have maize fields of almost unlimited area, with scarcely a well fattened animal in the Chicago stock yards."

IN THE PAUSES OF HER SONG. A singer who lived in a sunny land Poured forth a song so full of cheer The murmurer, listening, forgot his The mourner, to shed his tear.

Oh, what a happy lot is hers, Said the toiling world as it heard, To pour forth songs as carelessly

As joy from the throat of a bird. Alas, I said (for Art is long;

I have trodden its weary way, and know), Could you but dream of the struggle and woe

That come in the pauses of her song! -Orelia Key Bell, in the Century,

"NED."

"Ned! Ned! Where are you, Ned?" Ellie Colebridge's tone was one of anxious impatience, as she came into the sitting room of her pretty country house, seeking consolation, advice and assist-ance. The window curtains parted, re-vealing in the deep window-seat a little figure curled up, pouring over an open

"What is the matter?" inquired Ned, "What is the matter inquired treat, with a sleepy, drawling voice. "Matter?" said Ellie, dolefully, "read that letter. No, you will go to sleep over it. I'll tell you what's in it. The Claxtons are coming this after-

noon "I thought they were to come next

month?'

month?" "So th jy were, and here Charley has gone for A week to Boston, and Mag-gie left this morning. She is only the eleventh girl I have had in six weeks." Ned puckered % a pretty rose-bud of a mouth, drew her brows up over a pair of lar , dream, brown eyes, and -it mv be recorded, shocking as it is --Ned whistled. "There' nae luck about the herme ? or cluster the house," as clearly as a plow-boy. "Oh, Ned, what can I do?" said Ellie,

"there are four people, and how can I entertain them and do all the work and cooking for such a family?" "Four?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, their son Harry and daughter Laura." "H-m--ye" I've heard Charley talk of them!"

of them!" "Don't" ou know them," Ellie asked, amazed. "I though they were Charley's most in' nate friends." "Ve true; but, though Charley is my b other, you must remember while he was A Harvard, forming the acquaintance of he Claxtons and various other people, I was with Aunt Jane at Baltimore, 'ding to school and learning housekeep-ing the school and learning housekeep-ing to school and learning housekeep-school and the school and housekeep-school and housekeep-school and housekeep-school and housekeep-school and housekeep-school and housekeep-to school and housekeep-school and housekeep-

"Of course I have!"

"So have I-where the Dutchman had his anchor-at home! But, Ellie, lend me some of yours, and I'll be your Maggie!

"Edmonia Colebridge, are you crazy?" "I can't bring you any references from my last place," persisted Ned, her brown eyes dancing. "but if I don't suit,

"You can discharge me!" "But, Ned, Harry Claxton is coming, and Charley said—thought—" and here Ellie stopped, confused. Ned tossed her curly head in magnifi-cont dickin.

"You need not tell me what Charley

"You need not tell me what Charley said," she said, scornfully, "I can im-agine! I hate a match-maker! But, Ellie, I want my own way. Remember you are not to interfere with me, Mrs. Cole-bridge. "I don't want no ladies poking about my kitchen,' as your last girl but two used to say." Ellie remonstrated once more but

Ellie remonstrated once more, but feebly.

"But, Ned, you are company just as much as the Claxtons."

"I am your sister now," was the re-y. "Where are the calico dresses?" ply. "Where are the calico dresses?" "In my room. It is lucky James boards at home."

"By the way, tell James to hold his tongue. It is time you were getting ready, if you are going to the station."

to the dining-room. All the best china, silver and glass upon a snowy damask cloth, upon the table, baskets of cake light as a feather, glass bowls of straw-berries, cream and sugar in silver pitchers and bowls, radishes upon cool green leaves, even glasses of flowers were there. She stood admiring, while Ned brought in the chicken and biscuit, the coffee and tea, and demurely rang the bell. bell.

"You can ring if you want me," she said, putting the bell upon the tea-tray, and dropping a saucy curtesy before vanishing into the kitchen, "and Ellie, we breakfast late."

ing but the uneasy certainty that Ned was washing dishes, setting breakfast biscuit and cleaning up in the kitchen. Ellie fully intended to get breakfast on the following morning, and never opened her blue eyes till the dressing-bell rang vigorously at eight o'clock. By the time she was dressed her guests had assem-bled in the sitting-room, and there was nothing to do but open the door to the dining-room and usher them in. The dainty table, sparkling in the morning light, was spread temptingly. New-laid light, was spread temptingly. New-laid eggs, like golden balls, were fried upon 1 slices of ruby-colored ham; a beefsteak to tempt an epicure, broiled tender and juicy, flanked the ham and eggs; water-cresses, all sparkling with dew-drops; potatoes, fried to a crisp brown, aro-matic coffee, fragrant tea and muffins of golden tint waited upon good appetites. Mrs. Claxton could not restrain her admiration.

Mrs. Claxton could not return her admiration. "What a treasure you must have in the kitchen," she cried, "if you did not come down until we did." "I have not seen her this morning," was the truthful reply. "She is a treas-

"Only since yesterday." "Only since yesterday." "Ah! I hope she won't drink. These extra good gurls are so apt to develop some glaring defect like drinking," said the old lady, and wondered what was so intensely funny in her innocent remark, as Ellie broke into a peal of musical laughter.

Five days went by, and Mrs. Claxton said to Ellie:

"Do you know, Mrs. Coleridge, I have never seen your treasure. She does the rooms while we are at breakfast, and I never saw such neat rooms; and she sets a table so perfectly you never have to

"You will see her to-night," said Ellie; for Ned had actually made time to go to town and secure a twelfth do-mestic, who was being trained while Ellie spoke; "and I shall have the pleasure also of introducing Charles's pleasure, also, of introducing Charley's sister, Edmonia." "Ah!"

This was from Harry Claxton, who

linen collar, transforming her into the neatest of servants. Upon the table stood a pan of biscuit, light as down, brown and tempting; broiled chicken lay upon a great dish near the fire; coffee sent forth aromatic flavors, and a spice of tea mingled therewith. "Be off!" was Ned's salution. "You are not to come here for a week!" Laughing, light-hearted, Ellie went to the dining-room. All the best china, silver and glass upon a snowy damask. "You see, dear, I am old-fashioned

"You see, dear, I am old-fashioned in my notions, and I believe in educat-ing girls for wives and housekeepers... well as for parlor companions. As soon as Laura left school, I taught her to cook so that she can either superintend her correction of the persenter requires it. her servants, or if necessity requires it, take their place. Yet, she is not the less graceful lady, I think."

"You are right. She is as lovely a girl as I ever met," Ellie said, half-guessing what was coming. "And dear, that is what worries me about Harry's choice. I think Edmonia is one of the most charming girls I ever met, pretty as a flower, graceful, modest we breakfast late." Thinking it would be too had to pre-sent Ned yet to her guests, Ellie did not touch the bell, noting that there was an evident enjoyment of their fare among her guests. She could not altogether enjoy the social evening that followed, though Henry Claxton was as entertain-ing but the uneasy certainty that Ned was washing dishes, setting breakfast biscuit and cleaning up in the kitchen. Ellie fully intended to get breakfast biscuit and cleaning up in the kitchen. Ellie fully intended to get breakfast biscuit and cleaning up in the kitchen. Ellie fully intended to get breakfast biscuit and cleaning up in the kitchen. some knowledge of housewifery ways,

some knowledge of housewifer, ways, and was not so dreamy." Ellie smiled, and said: "Do you remember our invisible girl, Mrs. Claxton—the one who was here when you first came?" "Yes, my dear. I have often won-dered why you sent her away. The one you have now does not compare to her. I never ate such biscuit. Why did she leave? Did she drink, after all?" "She did not leave. She only changed

"She did not leave. She only changed her name to Edmonia Colebridge." "My dear!" cried the astonished old

lady, "you are joking!" "I was never more serious in my life," "I was never more a datailed account "I was never more serious in my life," said Elhe, and gave a detailed account of her perplexities and Ned's devotion. "She did everything," Ellie said, "'so as to leave me time to entertain you. And she is the smartest needlewoman you ever saw. To be sure, she hates it, and likes books, music and writing bet-ter, but her Aunt Jane insisted upon her learning all the domestic accomplish-ments: and she said: "If I had to do it, ments; and she said: 'If I had to do it. was determined to learn to do it well."

"Well, well, who would dream she hid so much energy under that sleepy manner. You have lifted the only care from my mind, my dear. I can con-gratulate Harry now with my whole heart."—Anna Sheilds, in the Ledger.

What is a Farm Without a Boy?

"I agree with Charles Dudley Warner "I agree with Charles Dudley Warner that a farm without a boy would rapidly come to grief," said Peter J. Millsdon at the Lindell. "Just stop and consider for a moment what a boy on a farm is required to do. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the postoffice and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipede it is my private opinion that every one of them would be thoroughly tired out by night. He is the one who spreads the grass when the men cut it, he stows it away in the barn, rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot, weary rows, he picks up the potatoes when they are This was from harry claston, who he plets up the potential they wood ooked up from the newspaper. • I want to meet her so much," said and water and tires his back out split-"I want to meet her so much," said Laura; "we heard of her very often when Mr. Coleridge was in Cambridge. "She is very talented, is she not?" "We think so," Ellie answered. "She plays on the piano better than any ama-teur I ever heard, and sings remarkably well. She was the best scholar in the school where she graduated, and she-don't tell her I told you-writes poetry, "Hern" thought Harry. "A tal

Children as Finders of Diamonds. Children as Finders of Diamonds. The discovery of diamonds in South Africa was brought about by two Dutch children, who tossed a diamond in the air and caught it, thinking that it was a pebble. They were playing the childish game one day in 1867 when John O'Reilly, an interior trader, stopped at their father's farm in Grigualand West, near the Vaal River, to trade for skins, and he was attracted by the pecular clearand he was attracted by the pecular clear-ness and transparency of the pebble. He asked one of the children to show it to him, and after he had examined it he was satisfied that it was a stone of some value. The father, Van Niekirk by name, laughed when O'Reilly offered to hum the store and said that blents of name, laughed when Orkelly oldered to buy the stone, and said that plenty of them could be found in the river. O'Reilly accepted the stone as a gift, and promised that if he succeeded in selling it he would give half of the proceeds to Var Wiellich toward the averages of Van Niekirk toward the expenses of educating the girl, which was the Dutch

farmer's greatest desire At Hope Town the stone was ex-amined by many traders, but nobody supported O'Reilly in the belief that it supported O'Reiny in the being too large. O'Reilly kept it carefully until he had time to send it to Dr. Atherstone, a capable authority in Grahamstown, who said that it was a diamond of about twenty-two carats. Some time after ward Sir Philip Wodehouse, then Governor of the Cape, bought the diamond for \$2500. On his return to the Vaal. O'Reilly gave \$1250 to the little girl, and asked her if she had any more peb-bles. If the stone came from the river,

as Van Niekerk had said, more must be there, O'Reilly argued, and he hired natives to collect for him all the transparent stones they could find on the river banks. Sackful after sackful were examined, but O'Reilly found only one

examined, but O'Reiny found only one more diamond—a four-carat stone. That is the story of the discovery of diamonds told by J. Thorburn in the London *Graphic*. It agrees with the authorities in describing children as the first finders, and it is probably true in regard to details, be-cause he was one of the men who went to the Vaal to search for diamonds after to the Vaal to search for diamonds after the news of O'Reilly's find had 'been spread among the traders and settlers. For three years after O'Reilly's find the banks of the river were washed for diamonds, but not many were found. The finding of some diamonds in the mud walls of a hartebeste hut led to the opening of the dry diggings, Thorburn says, and soon the most profitable search says, and soon the most profitable search was in the ground of the now famous Du Toits Pan, De Beers and Kimberley mines .- New York Sun.

#### He Hunts With Cats.

Charles Walcott, a well known busi-ness gentlemen of Indianapolis and a splendid rifle shot, has two cats which retrieve small game better than the best trained dog. One is a tiger striped, half Maltese cat, and the other is a cat of blacs, white and gray. Mr. Walcott also has a thoroughly trained retriever, and the cats and dog are inseparable companions.

Whenever Mr. Walcott makes his appearance with his rifle the cats set up series of yowis, and when the cite set of a series of yowis, and when the rifle is sighted, for instance at a sparrow, the cats will crouch in eager expectation, lashing their sides with their tails and carefully watching every movement of the fated bird. If the bird lodges among the branches in its fall, like a flash the the branches in its fall, like a flash the cats spring up the tree, and they will take great risks in reaching the limbs to

which it clings. Mr. Walcott is very foud of household pets. The first named cat came to him a stranger, and by that name she is known. The mother cat was accidentally taught to retrieve. While Mr. Walcot was in feeble health and confined to his premises he amused himself by shooting sparrows, which were given to Stranger to eat. In this way she came to follow him whenever she saw the gun. She will follow a wounded bird from tree to tree, and from house to house, for blocks away, and she seldom fails in retrieving

## NO. 1.

FAIR IS THE WORLD.

Tender was spring, when shyly she came wooina sing to life the clods that long were Ki

.dead; mer was fair, her generous aims pur

Filling the world with garlands and with bread.

Fair is the world, now lordly Autumn ruleth, With leaf and blossom rudely thrust

away; Sweet is the air the sturdy north wind oleth.

And dog and gun take their awaited day. Keen is my joy, though sadly their last

petals The faithful asters drop upon the sod; Blithe is my heart, though grim the frosty

cystals Lie cold upon the prostrate golden rod.

Fair is the world, my buoyant youth recall-

ing, As deep into the woods I take my way; Fair is the world, though forest leaves are falling

And moor and marsh and upland change to gray.

For overhead the eager wild fowl greets me, And from the upland pipes the plover's

cry, The saucy "scape" of startled jacksnipe

meets me, And timorous hares to friendly cover fly. Yes! fair's the world, though Old Time

turns the glass, And woods are bare of any bird that

sings! staunch old Bang goes "feathering"

through the grass, And stirs the copse with whirr of hurrying wings. -Outing

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A martial strain-The tug of war

Wages always appeal to man's hire na-ture.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The bright girl tries to make light of everything.-Dallas News.

You can't estimate a man's liberality by what he thinks you ought to give .--Elmira Gazette.

the guitar?" "A quarrel, I should gudge."-Puck.

The naves of a church do not com-prise the rogues of the congregation.-Chicago Tribune.

A good liar is better company than a truthful man with an impediment in his speech.—Drake's Magazine. "Time's up," as the workman an-nounced when he fixed the hanging clock.—Baltimore American.

It is a great deal easier to secure an in-

dorsement for a man's character than for his note.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The statement that a detective recently

caught a cold has been received in sug-gestive silence.—Binghamton Leader.

It takes a smart boy to tell a lie suc-cessfully. If he tells it unsuccessfully his father is apt to make him smart. -- Provi-

"Which one do you wish to marry?" "The younger sister." "Which one is she?" "I don't know. They both claim

Hicks—"What is political faith?" Wicks—"What is political faith?" Wicks—"Merely a choice between the lies promulgated by the different par-ties."—Boston Transcript.

If all the people in the world were ex-pert mind readers, how quickly the daily

thoughts of most people would be radi-cally improved.—Somerville Journal.

The sumac has its flery glow, The maple has its flame, The elm tree has no red at all, But it's handsome just the same. —Boston Transcr:pt.

The Arkansas rejected lover who is

suspected of having burned a bride's trousseau may have wished to be regarded

as her old flame-Louisville Courier-Journal.

dence Telegram.

to be."-Brooklyn Life.

she?

"But, Ned-

"There, you have no more to say. My name for the next week, by the way, is e next week, by the way, is Jane. Ned is rather too remarkable for a servant-girl. I am morally convinced there was a streak of insanity in our family when I was christened 'Edmonia.' Charley made 'Ned' of it before I was a year old. There, my dear-go. You will be late."

Very mistrustfully, Mrs. Coleridge brought her guests from the station. During her short acquaintance with her husband's sister, Ned had exactly veri-fied Charley's description of her. He had told his wife:

"Ned is the dearest girl in the world, but dreamy and fond of books; knows more actually at nineteen than most women do at thirty of books, music and drawing. She will be literary, I guess; but practical, never."

this dreamy girl, who confessed to having written poetry, Ellie had, under the pressure of circumstances, trusted the household affairs for four unknown guests. uests. They were to have come nearly month later, and Charley was to have a month later, and Charley was to have been at home, and a paragon of a girl secured somewhere. It must be confessed Ellie carried a smiling face over an anxious heart, as she led her guest to their rooms and descended to the kitchen. Ned was there, with all her curls twisted into a demure knot at the back of her into a demure knot at the back of her a demure knot a the back of her shapely little head; a blue calico, rather roomy and long (Ellie being the larger of the two), but half hidden under a
great checked apron and a narrow i

real poetry, not merely rhyming lines." "H-m!" thought Harry. "A tall raw-bowned, strong-minded female."

raw-bowned, strong-minded female." And while the thought was in his mind there entered a little brown-eyed mite, with long auburn curls, a com-plexion like a blush-rose, and soft, full raperies of blue and white muslim little creature, with a low, sweet voice, and eyes full of dreamy beauty. There was undeniably a falling off in

the culinary department, though Ned and Ellie slipped away often to superintend the performances of "No. 12," as Ned called her; but if the others found the table less tempting, Henry Claxton only knew the parlor had gained a new charm

In their college days, Charley had told him often of the brown-eyed sister in Baltimore, and some of the graceful letters had been given him for perusal. He knew that Edmonia was talented and pretty; he found her beautiful and modest as a violet. The hours beside her, in the garden, in the parlor, on the moonlit porch, sped by like minutes, and the party lingered on till Charley came. Then, that he might not be cheated of his visit, they were coaxed to remain a week longer, and still Harry low, sweet voice and the modest, re-fined manner of Edmonia Colebridge.

Hawaiian Superstitions.

"Superstition takes on some How there in the same way with the same way a same with the same way as a same way asame way as a same way as a same way as a sa

folow them in some way-either in health or business. And a great furor health or business. And a great furon was raised among the natives when the United States warship Charleston steamed Honolulu. into the harbor at average Hawaiian would as soon welcom the sight of an ocean of hot lava pour-ing over the country from Mauna Los ing over the country from matura los as to see a foreign warship anchor in the great harbor. The natives believe a warship brings bad luck. To their minds the arrival of the Charleston broughtsome mysterious train of circum-stances that caused the sudden death of the prince regent."—*Chicago Herald*.

A Petrifled 'Coon.

A Petrified 'Coon. A Petrified 'Coon. A Petrified 'Coon. S. R. Shelton, while cutting up a tree lap, which he had cut down for a rail tree eight years before, cut into a hollow, exposing what he thought a squirrel's nest. Upon opening a large orifice he drew from the hollow a dead 'coon, per-field manner of Edmonia Colebridge. They learned duets together, and they would talk, never tiring, of books and he current topics of the day, till the man found himself wondering at the tree intellect within the curly head. Charley looked on, well pleased, but A Petrified 'Coon. S. R. Shelton, while cutting up a tree lap, which he had cut down for a rail tree eight years before, cut into a hollow, exposing what he thought a squirrel's nest. Upon opening a large orifice he drew from the hollow a dead 'coon, per-fectly preserved from decay, which had laid there for eight years. The tree had fallen on the hole by which the 'coon had entered. I thad died of starvation, as is supposed, by the tan ooze of the red oak tree.—Covington (Tenn.) Record.

They learned duets together, and they would talk, never tiring, of books and the current topics of the day, till the man found himself wondering at the rare intellect within the curly head.

it

The other cat is one of her progeny, and he caught the retrieving contagion from her. Both are excellent hunters. Mr. Walcott is firmly of the belief that if cats are properly trained they will make better retrievers than the finest make better retrievers than the finest dogs .- New York Journal.

#### A Vegetable Restaurant.

In London are vegetarian restaurants, one of which is called "The Apple-Tree." Its bill of fare is long and elaborate. You order "Saronuy Steak," with a trumphant feeling that here, at last, the the cook has been caught in his own ambitious toils, and beguiled into serving up flesh. A sort of browned cake duced, and when one investigates, it offers a hint of many grains and veg bles, so cunningly mingled and so delic iously flavored, that neither eye nor tongue can distinguish form or distinct taste. A vegetable ragout sounds mar-velously insipid, does it not? Yet when has before him a steaming plate of tender young carrots, turnips, and other spring benefactions, flavored with wonspring benefactions, flavored with won-drous herbs, he must be an exacting man, indeed, if he is not content. From "The Apple-Tree" also are to be gathered delicious puddings of figs and dates, plates of fruit smothered in cream, and many-colored salads, which delight the eye and tickle the palate.—Argo-mant. spring drous

Words are ever mighty to deceive. It makes a big difference whether a tramp or a hero cries, "Give me rest !"-Puck. Happy thought! Feeblewittle sug-gests that henceforth it be considered quite the proper thing to serve dropped eggs with picked-up dinners.--Detroit Free Press.

Professor Whacken—"Who helped you to do these sums?" Johnny Fizzle-top—"Nobody sir." "What! nobody? Now don't lie. Didn't your borther help you?" "No, he didn't help me; help you?" "No, he didn't help me, he did them all by himself."-Texa Siftings.

"After all," said the great man as he laid down the paper, "it is the living who suffer most when one of our number passes from this life." "Do you think so?" said his private secretary. "Yes; the survivors are the ones who see the newspaper pictures."-Washington Post.

An Objection Overcome: Hojack-"It is objected that now the Government "It is objected that how the Government rainmakers can produce a shower, they have no means of shutting the rain off when we have had enough." Tomdik-"Oh, yes, they have. All they need to do is send up a lot of balloons loaded with dry sponges."—*Brooklyn Life*.

It is said of a certain literary woman that she is never at loss for a reply, and never misses an opportunity to say a bright thing. One day, a friend was describing to her a noted artist, about whom her curiosity had been greatly aroused, but whom she had never seen. "To begin with," remarked the friend, "he has a perfect Niagara of a forehead ! "What?" said the other: "do you mea "do you mean to tell me the poor man has a cataract over both eyes?"—Argonaut.

naut.