W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

George W. Cable says that the Ameri-

In Algiera, North Africa, twelve mill-

One of the finest possibilities of uni-

versity extension in the United States,

argues the Washington Star, is in the aid

The number of students now registered

at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, is 2691, the largest number ever

attending any American institution of

learning, and leading Harvard by twenty-

Charles A. Berry, a prominent railroad

man of St. Louis, Mo., believes that the

time is not far distant when railroad

colleges will be established, as the rail-

road business "requires as much technical

knowledge and skill as law or medicine.'

Secretary of War Elkins has amended

regulations so as to confine the enlistment

in the United States Army of boys be-

tween the ages of sixteen and eighteen

years to the grade of musicians or to

learn music and then only to fill a

The opening of the graduate course in

philosophy at Yale to students of both

sexes is an important step in the higher

education of women. It will certainly

lead to similar privileges at other uni-

versities which have hitherto denied de-

grees to women, predicts the San Fran-

The poultry products of the United

States last year amounted to nearly \$200,-

000,000; no less than 16,000,000 dozen

eggs were imported at a cost of nearly

\$2,500,000, while the annual importa-

tion for the past four years has been \$2.

216.326. With these facts before them.

marvels the New York Independent,

some still call poultry raising a trifling

What the New York Independent

calls "a most timely article" appeared

recently in a Japanese vernacular paper,

lamenting the strong inclination which

young men display toward political life.

Men without any aptitude for politics waste their energy in discussing current

questions. Such persons are urged to

turn their attention toward some other

spheres of action equally important and

noble. Such advice is greatly needed by

the young men of Japan to-day, and a

careful following of it would conduce to

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal: "A good deal more gold coin would be

in circulation if it were not for the fact

that many persons hoard small amounts

of it, though they are no more benefited

by this saving than if it were silver or

paper. These hoarders are chiefly

women, many who keep every gold piece

they find in the pockets of their husbands

and hold on to every one that comes to

them in any other way. It is just as

well that this should be so, as handlers

of much money prefer paper to any kind

of coin. The ladies may as well keep their gold pieces out of circulation as

Protection from the contagion of

leprosy is becoming a serious source of

long as possible.

the future safety of the country.

known vacancy.

cisco Chronicle.

occupation,

eight.

it will give to ambitious workingmen.

ion acres of barren land have been re-

claimed and planted in vineyards.

VOL. X.

can literary taste is rising.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1892.

read about the girl who went to a party in her great-grandmother's wedding dresse, Girls in stories always discover dresses packed away in old sandal-scented trupks in garrets, so why

shouldn't we? And I went up stairs and had a regular rummage." "Dolly, what a goose you are!" "I just am, Margery. Of course the was nothing there but cobwebs and l'actle bright-eyed mice, and old rags that the ragman's great-grandmother would have been ashamed of. But I found this old cream colored silesia back of the mahog-any chest of drawers. It'll make better curtains for this room than yonder faded moreon things. Oh. Margery, how pret-

moreen things. Oh, Margery, how oret-ty those narcissus flowers look in your hair. Sit still a minute—only a min-ute!" She draped the pale yellow stuff artist-ically over Margery's tall shoulders; she fastened it with a knot of deep gold narcissus; she showered the other flowers in a yellow drift upon the jetty braids of

a yeinow unit upon the jotty binas of her black hair. "Margery," she cried, gleefully clap-ping her hands, "what a lovely straight profile you have! I shall turn artist and paint you, and call you 'Springtime.' " Margery uttered a sudden exclamation relich meda Dolly while swiftly around. Margery uttered a sudden exchanged which made Dolly whirl swiftly around, and there, to her infinite embarrassment, stood her brother Arthur, the young bank clerk, with another gentleman-

bank clerk, with another gentleman— Mr. Somerset, of Skipton Court. "Is it a tableau?" said that young man, smiling, "or a full dress rehearsal?" Margery flung off the pale yellow draperies—the narcissus stars rained down on the shabby carpet at her feet. "It's only Dolly's nonsense," she said, with a glance of smothered indignation at her siter.

with a glate of shorter rangement at her sister. "Oh, but what a pity to spoil the effect?" said Somerset. "Such lovely flowers! My sisters are besieging the florists' to get just such blossoms for the entry of the ball ball decorations. Speaking of the ball, Miss Peak, we are determined that you shall reconsider your refusal to come, ecause And Dolly, going from the room in

ascious disgrace, lost the rest of the Down in the kitchen-the only other

room in which there was a fire—there ensued a lively discussion between old Rebecca and her young lady. "My dearie sweet," coaxed the an-

Rebecca and her young lady. "My dearie sweet," coaxed the an-cient servitress, "you can't?" "But I can!" said Dolly. "But you nusta't, Miss Dolly!" "But I will" cried Dolly, with a stamp of her ill-shod foot. "You're a Peak, dearie, of Peak Hill."

Hill. "But you're not, Becky. Dear Becky,

"But you're not, Beeny. good Beeky, if you put on the old sleighing hood and blue spectacles, no all hood and blue spectacles, no one will know you. And poor Margery! Think of Margery! Oh, Becky, you will-you must!" The soft kisses on Rebecca's cheek,

The soft kisses on Rebecca's check, lip, brow, were enticing beyond every-thing. She felt herself yielding. "La, child," said she, "don't stiffe me! If I must, I must!" The next morning Margery Peak sauntered down to the old greenhouse. "If the flowers are really there," said che, 'if may as well nick them and send

she. "I may as well pick them and send she, "I may as well plot them and source them to Skipton Court. It'll be a neigh-borly thing to do, and—Why, where are they! Dolly, I thought you said—" In the middle of the old place stood Dolly in the attitude of a tragic muse.

Dolly in the attitude of a tragic muse. "They've all been picked and taken away in the night," said she, dramati-

"Yes, if they have the money and the "Who ever heard of such a taking" who can have done it?" "Of course," sighed Dolly, "the door is never locked. Any one could have

done it. The night of the ball at Skipton Court arrived. Once more the sky glowed yel-low as the sweet spring jonquils them-selves, and the wind howled down the or any other of those proverbially sings. What business have we to chimney of the nursery. Once more Margery sat on the old fur rug, thinking

sadly. "Margery!" breathed a soft voice. cried the "Dolly, are you there?"

concluded the other half of the delicious concluded the other half of the dentities captivity. When she came home, early in the windy spring morning, Dolly was sitting up for her, drowsy but smiling. "Well!" cried Dolly, rapturously. "De you know, Margery, I've been dreaming in front of the fire here? And what do you groups I dreamed? That

what do you gress I dreamed? That Louis Somerset asked you to be his wife!"

wife!" Margery's sweet, flushed face drooped on her sister's shoulders. "It wasn't a dream, Dolly," she whispered. "It was the truth, and I think you must be a magician!" "One needn't depend much on the magic art," said sagely Dolly, "if one teeps one's ears and eyes open. I knew he was in love with you long ago. Oh, how sweet the flowers smell!" "Poor things!" said Margery, caress-

hew sweet the flowers smell!" "Poor things!" said Margery, caress-ing the drooping petals; "they are all withered. He took one of them, to keep forever he said. I shall always love narcissus after this! And to think, Dolly, dear, that this was all your do-ings!"—Saturday Night.

A Great Apple Orchard.

The Wellhouse orchard of Kansus is becoming known the world over. This orchard is a piece of good, well drained soil, about one thousand feet above sea soil, about one thousand test above sea level. The trees were planted in trenches ra ther than in holes, the trenches be-ing made by plowing out furrows nearly or fully ten inches in depth. nearly or fully ten inches in dopth. Trees are thirty-two feet apart, east and west, and twelve feet apart, north and south. Corn was planted between the trees while young. After the trees have south. Corn was planted between the trees while young. After the trees have come into bearing the ground is sown to clover. This is cut down every year when the seed is ripe. The tool used in the operation is a home made rolling cutter, consisting of a stick of timber twelve or fifteen inches square and ten feet long. The corners are dressed off so as to form an octagon, and eight knives, running the whole length, are inserted, one at each corner. This stick of timber is fastened in a frame, and of timber is fastened in a frame, and revolves in it when pulled over the ground by teams, its own weight being ground by teams, its own weight being sufficient to chop up the clover and chance weeds. The trees are all low headed, trained in pyramidal form, with limbs starting out about one foot from the ground. This is best, as the bodies the ground. This is best, as the bodies of the trees must be protected from the fierce sun rays, otherwise they will be sun scalded and ruined. An ordinary box trap is used for the rabbits, which are very plentiful. Most of the msect enemies are destroyed by spraying with London purple. Almost five-sixths of all the fruit thus grown can be reached by the pickers while standing on the ground. In the packing house the apples are carefully assorted by hand. Three and even four grades are made. All unfit for other use are left in the field or fed to hogs. The yield on the 225 acres in for other use are left in the field or fed to hogs. The yield on the 225 acres in 1880 was 1594 bushels; in 1890, 79,170 bushels. The Missouri pippin is the best yielder, followed by wine sap, then by Ben Davis, Jonathan, and lastly by maiden's blush and Cooper's early. The last named is not profitable. The most fruit and most money has been obtained from the Missouri pippin, but the trees from the Missouri pippin, but the trees From the Ansound paper, but the deck are becoming exhausted and fruit small. Ben Davis is now the leader. The ex-penses up to the time that the trees came into bearing (in 1883) aggregated \$20, about thirty-five cents per tree. Rent of land is not included in this, become are Western Stockman.

however. --- Western Stockman.

A Good Pocket-Kulfe.

The costliest pocket-knives manufac-

The costnest pocket whites maintain tured for sale are retailed at a store in New York City, which sells nothing but knives. There are 1500 different kinds on exhibition in the window, ranging in prise from five cents to \$25. The \$25 knife is the costliest known. The out-side plates of its handle are solid gold, and it extrans the small blades out a and it contains two small blades only, a nail file and a miniature pair of scissors. There is a little hook in the handle by which it may be attached to the watch chain. The sales of the \$25 knife are

very slow.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. THE ROAR OF GREAT GUNS. THE ORDEAL OF SOLDIERS WHO SUPPORT A BATTERY.

The Effect of a Terrific and Continuous Cannonade Upon Man, Beast, Bird and Fish

ERE are two field batteries-twelve, sir and at

twelve, six and nine pounders twelve, six and nine pounders in all-firing as rapidly as they can be loaded. The re-ports blend into a roar, and you must raise your voice as if a hurricane was howing about you. You are not impressed, but rather aggravated and annoyed. There's a snap to each report like the cracking of a great whip

-a spiteful sound which reminds you of a dog following at your heels with his yelp! yelp! yelp! yelpi yelpi yelpi There is no more trying situation for a soldier than to be lying down in sup-port of a battery. He is only a few yards in front of the guns, and he not only feels the full force of the concussion as communicated to the earth, from the whick?" of the gun but the report itself "kick" of the gun, but the report itself seems to strike the spinal column and travel up to the back of the head. Then, too, there is the fear of shells explod too, there is the fear of shells explod-ing prematurely or of grape or canister-ter "dribbling" to cause wounds or death, and it is a positive relief to see a column of the enemy break cover for a charge. The roar of the guns does not linger for hours after, as is the case with mortars and sieze guns, but you find linger for hours after, as is the case with mortars and siege guns, but you find your nerves on edge and your temper spoiled for a day or two. The men who lay in lines with a battery firing over them probably endured more mental suf-

them probably endured more mental suf-fering than the enemy at whom the guns were pointed. The fire of great guns is terribly trying for the first few minuter, but this feeling gradually gives way to one of awe and sublimity. There is something terrific and appal-ling—you feel yourself so atomless in comparison—that you would speak in whispers if the roar could suddenly ease. You are an onlooker; if assisting to work a gun, physical activity would take away from the mental strain. When Admiral Porter got his twenty morter boats, each armed with an eight and a Admiral Porter got his twenty mortar boats, each armed with an eight and a half-ton mortar and a thirty-two pound rifle cannon, at work against the forts below New Orleans, and the big guns in both forts had opened in reply, there wes something akin to the sound of heaven and earth coming together. The mortar shells weighed over 200 pounds a piece, and the rush of them through the air made one's hair feel as if it erawled. The venomous hiss of a big skyrocket was magnified thousands of times, to be followed by a crash which eemed to split the sky open into cracks

and crovices. When the firing and continued until all reports had been merged into one steady roar there was little short of an steady rour there was little short of an earthquake on land or sea for ten miles around. The earth shook as if a great steam hammer was pounding it a few yards from your feet. If standing near a tree, you could feel the roots letting ge of the soil with a sound like bugs crawl-ing over dry leaves. On the water great mud spots rose up here and there to show where the earth, forty feet below had been disturbed. In the Mississippi River itself huge catfish leaped above River itself huge catfish leaped above the surface in fright and pain or floated and were carried along with the current, gasping for breath. Out on the blue water air bubbles as large as dining plates floated to the surface and bursted with a snap, and fish of all kinds exhi-

with a snap, and fish of all kinds exhi-bited the greatest confusion and alarm. Thirty miles away the roar was like that of a gale sweeping over a pine for-est. Horses and cattle sought to hide away, birds flew about uttering cries of distress, and dogs pointed their noses toward the sky and howled dismally. Birds and fowls felt the air and earth waves long before human beings did, and their actions were so queer as to be-come alarming. The coming of the roar and their actions were so queer as to be-come alarming. The coming of the roar to those afar of was preceded by a jar-ring of the earth and a moaning in the air. Springs overflowed, and the water ed around pool. The wildest species of bir is left the woods and thickets and came flying about the houses, and rabbits deserted their burrows and sought the companion-ship of domestic animals. The thun ler storms of a score of years combined could not have rent the heavens nor dis-turbed the solid earth as that cannonade did. If the beginning was painful and ex-A file beginning was painful and ex-appearing the ending was something to be remembered for its grandeur. One mortat after another, one great gun after another, was silenced by order. The re-verberations had traveled through air and earth and water a distance of fifty miles. They never second to enter and earth and water a distance of fifty miles. They now seemed to return back to the guns. The reat and riven skies had kept up a constant moaning and ccmplaining. These sounds gradu-ally died away, as a man in pain finally drops off to sleep. The carth resumed its solidity again, the sun shone forth in its old familiar way, and the bank of clouds nicel up in the west and timzed. clouds piled up in the west and tinged with gold all along their lower edges seemed proof to the eye that the world still stood as we had lived in it the day before those monsters awoke and de-manded human blood and wreck and destruction as the price of their silence M. Quad, in St. Louis Republic.

An average man breathes about 20,-000 times in a day. A process has recently been discovered for making flour of bananas.

Terms --- \$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

REPUBLICAN

When a belt gets saturated with waste oil, an application of ground chalk will soon absorb the oil and make the belt workable.

A tricycle to be propelled by electricity and to run at the average speed of ten miles an hour has been patented at Washington.

Bismuth melts at a point so far below that of boiling water that it can be used for taking casts from the most destruc-tible objects tible objects. Steel is now being used in the manu-

facture of fence posts. This is an inno-vation on the old cedar method, and promises to meet with extended use The Midland Railway in England has

now running between St. Pancras and Bradford trial trains fitted with a hot water apparatus, supplied from the en-gine, for heating the carriages.

Electricity has now been put to many uses, the very latest being the working of a machine which it was said will revolutionize the art of stone carving. The inventor is a Colorado man.

It has been proposed to make the upper half of war balloons of very thin steel. and the lower portion of ordinary bal-loon material, the whole so constructed as to hold hydrogen instead ot ordinary The descendants of a single wasp num

ber as many as 30,000 in one season. November is the fatal month which kills them all off, except two or three females, on whom depends the perpetuation of the race.

No animal has more than five toes digits, or claws to each foot or lim The horse is one-toel, the ox two-toed, the rhinoccros is three-toed, the hippo-potamus is four-toed, and the elephant and hundreds of other animals are fivetoed.

Sheet iron kites, to enable a vessel sneet-iron sites, to chaole a Vessel when in distress during a storm to com-municate with the shore, have been sug-gested. It would be a curious experi-ment. Of course, sheet-iron can be made as thin or thinner than writing

paper. In its wild state the elephant feeds In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily, but wastefully. It is careful in selecting the few forest trees which it likes for their back or foliage. But it will tear down branches and leave half of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large portion.

Lettuce is a sleepy vegetable. It has narcotic properties in the milky juice that exudes when it is cut. The properthat exudes when it is cut. In proper-ties of this fluid are analogous to those of opium, but without the latter's disagree-able after effects. The rapid growth of lettuce in a cold frame diminishes the somnolent quality of its juice.

The hop vine is said to be sinistrorse because it twines with the motion of the sun, that is, from right to left. Beans, morning glories and all other species of morning glories and all other species of climbing plants, with the exception of one of the honeysuckles, are dextrorse, turning opposite to the apparent motion of the sun, or from left to right. After you have become tired of paying a tool-maker to forge and grind up tools, you will try to cast iron tools made out of old car wheel iron and albuminum alloy composite, in either a cupola or cruci-ble furnace. They will take a greedy bite and not get discouraged; and will

not require grinding so often as steel tools.

Electricity for Health.

The value of electricity in hastening the growth and maturity of certain vegetable torms, and in bringing out the vivid colors of flower, promises to be supplemented by a value more directly useful to humanity. When Pasteur pro-neard the bring young animals up on posed to bring young animals up on sterilized milk and food he opened the way to the idea that the water supply of cities could be improved, and be mad eities could be improved, and be made perfectly harmless, by applying the death-dealing agency of electricity to million of injurious germs floating in it. The sterilization of water sources by means of electricity may be far in the future, but the fact that the work is practically demonstrable is sufficient to show that great advances have been made in the direction of solving the made in the direction of solving the question of water supplies in cities. Not less important is the agent in destroying life in the sewers of the cities, and in the great mass of garbage and water which scatters around every city whole which scatters around every city whole cordons of threatening diseases. An-other peculiarity of the powerful agent is that it has results upon the general health of people similar to those of the sun. In crowded quarters of the cities where the sunlight is seldom admitted, electric light is far more conducive to where the smilight is solidon admitted, electric light is far more conducive to health than any other mode of lighting. It is still a mosted question whether it cannot be made to force growth in the individual as it does in the plants and flowers of the hothouses where the light is applied night and day.—Yankee Blade.

Like a star, remote and fair, O my child, thou art to me! And thy soul is linked to mine, As the pale moon draws the sea, Or the sun lifts up the vine. In the passion of my tears, In the blindness of my grief, Through the melancholy years I eschewed the sweet relief; And I stretched my yearning hand Thereas the dark the class these me

NO. 30.

REGAINED.

Like the notes that stir and die

Like the notes that stir and die When a barp string maps in two Like a fading sunset sky After driving wind and rain; Like a sound within a shell, Like an odor in the air, Like an echo in a dell, Like are remote and fair.

Through the dark, to class But to bind me in the bands

Of an ever-haunting fear, I smiled on those beside me,

And deemed I did thee wrong, And dreamt thou mighst deride me For sharing joy or song.

Now thy face comes back to me, All free from tear or stain; A brighter image of thyself,

Triumphant over pain. I sought it not, for heedless

I nursed my own despair; And so I hold it likeness Of reality most fair; No picture could unfold it

To any stranger's eye; 'Tis like a starlet shining

Within a winter sky. __Good Words

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A tell-tale-The Gessler story .- Life. The rabbit-hunter is a hare-brained fellow.-Rochester Post.

Outside of diplomatic circles the fishries question is often purely one of vercity.

The time when a woman has no mercy s when she gets a mouse in a trap. Ram's Horn.

"My ideas," insisted the architect, "were all right. I am the victim of mis-construction."

It is an aggravation for a hungry ramp to find only a fork in the road.--tramp to Texas Siftings.

Teacher-"Haus, name three beasts of rey." Hans-"Two lions and a tiger."

orey." Hans--"Two near--Texas Siftings. One trouble with the world is that so many have more reputation than char-acter.--Ram's Horn.

ou need change and then takes all you ave.-Elmira Garette.

The man with a "splitting headache" ought to get a job at making rails, Binghamton Republican.

"I hear Cholly Slimpate is sick. Have you had any intelligence from him?' "Not a gleam."--Chicago Tribune.

The only way to win in an argument with a woman is to walk off when you have stated your side of it.—Atchison Glob

Mr. Gurley—"Are your family related to the Scaddses, of Philadelphia?" Miss Scadds (haughtily)—"No; they are re-lated to us."—Life.

Edith—"Lord English said my image was photographed on his mind." Ethel —"Yes, photographs are usually made on blanks."—Yale Record.

blanks." — rate record. Fair, rosy cheeks had Kitty Grimes, Bright eyes and open brow, She jum ed the rope 2000 times— She isn't jumping now. — Chicago Tribune.

Bagley (at church fair)-"Let's go up and have that pretty girl tell our for-tunes." Brace—"Not any; what's the use? Don't I know I'm broke."— Graphic.

Graphic. Sharpson—"Old fellow, you look seedy. It is time you had a new suit." Phlatz—"I know it, but my tailor re-fuses to—h'm—to renew the modus vivendi."-Chicago Tribune.

"Very pretty surset," he remarked. "Yes," she replied. "I don't wonder that people write about the shades of evening. I had no idea that there were so many different shades or that they matched so nicely."

HE yellow sky barred with lines of dark cloud. the ground tight-frozen like a mask of irona windy March sunset--this wa the time. The old nursery at PeakHill, lighted by the flicker of R wood fire-this was the place. Two girls, seated on a dilapidated tiger-skin rug, hugging their knees and

staring disconsolately in the blaze--these were the persons present. "Hasty pudding and milk!" said Dolly Peak. "That isn't much of a

supper. For my part, I think Arthur is lucky to be detained in town to-night. The bank managers can't, in ordinary decency, offer him anything less than sandwiches and coffee. I wish I was a bank clerk.'

"Do hold your tongue, Dolly !" said "Do hold your tongue, Dolly!" said Margery. "Do you suppose it isn't as hard for me to be poor as it is for you? When I am the oldest, too, and the one that ought to be out in society! It's enough to drive one frantic to be invited to the ball at Skipton Court, and not be

able to go! Margery sprang to her feet and began walking swiftly up and down the floor, her black hair gleaming in the firelight,

her thin hands clasped. Dolly eyed her, half in sympathy, half in curiosity. "Perhaps," said she, tentatively, "if you had a dress fit to wear, and could one might fall in love with

Margery smiled a scornful smile. nger things have happened," said

she. "Margery--" hesitated Dolly.

walking

"Don't people hire dresses some

times?" opportunity, and no particular sense of dignity. Do you think I would wear a hired dress?"

Once more Dolly hugged her knees. "Margery," said she, "it sometimes seems to me as if the world were out of joint. Our world, I mean. Here we are, as poor as Job's turkey or a church poor things. What business have we to live in a big house like this, with only old Rebecca to take care of us? What business have we holding our hands while our brother is working hard as a

clerk, to maintain us?" clerk, to maintain us?" "Because Arthur wants us to live like ladies, in the house where our parents and grandparents lived before us!" said Margery, curtly. "Because we can't do word the ""."

TWO CITIES. scented trunks in garrets, so why shouldn't we? And I went up stairs and Above, the self-same skies,

And weal and woe, Quick with restless life; The other fair, Yet of its joy, or care, No one may know. Never word doth pass, Nor any signs; Its streets are soft with grass;

The light winds blow Like murmurous voices low Amid the pines. And a silence falls,

Side by side they stand,

Between them lies:

These cities two, But a breath of land

Serene and blue.

One is full of strife

SULLIVAN .

Profound and deep: Though the sad heart calls In its despair, No answer comes to prayer

Life's strife, or Death's calm rest;

One side this breadth of land;

ALL DOLLY'S DOING.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

I cannot tell. -Henry C. Wood, in Frank Leslie's.

For those who weep

I know not which is best

Wherein to dwell-

Not I, who stand

n Louisia connected with one of the old Creole families of Louisiana resident in Iber ville, recently died of the disease at the hospital for lepers in New Orleans, to which she had been brought barely a month ago. Cases of leprosy, it seems, are not uncommon in the parish of Iberville, and there it was the girl, who was only twenty years of age, contracted the loathsome disease. Local treatment was of no avail, and as a last resort she went to the hospital in New Orleans, where her case was found to be past human relief.

Several farmers near Wanakoneta Ohio, have been made the victums of two very smooth fruit tree men through a very ingenious scheme. A well dressed man, driving through the country selling fruit trees, would stop at a farmer's house. While there he would be taken very ill and ask the farmer to hand him a bottle of medicine out of a grip, which, however, the latter would not He would then ask him to go or send somebody to town for a prescription, giving him a tountain pen and fruit tree blank on which to write the prescription, and as the medicine was of such a nature as to require the purchaser's signature the unsuspecting farm-er would sign it. Just here stranger No. 2 makes his appearance from the opposite direction, going to town. He stops for a drink of water, and as he is oming back at once and is visiting in the neighorhood, he is asked to take the prescription to town. Shortly after he has gone No. 1 flads his medicine, rers, and goes to town. In a few days a note to pay and the

anything else." "Don't ladies ever work, Margery?" "Don't ladies ever work, Marger?" "Dolly, don't ask such foolish ques-tions. Of course they do-sometimes." Just then old Rebecca came in, bring-ing a lighted lamp. Bhe drew the faded moreen curtains, put a fresh log of wood on the fire, and limped out again. She was very old, but she had waited on these girls' worker before them and on these girls' mother before them, and still liked to keep up the semblance of

attendance. "They're ladies," said Rebecca, proud-ly, "every inch o'them. Look at their white hands. Look at the way they

carry themselves." Half an hour afterward. Margery roused herself from a fit of abstraction, to find that she was alone. "Why, where has Dolly gone?" she

asked herself.

asked herself. And in the same moment the door flew open, a sudden gust of perfume freighted the air, and Dolly came in, with a condie heit high above her head like Lady Macbeth, a roll of old drapery under aer arm, and a basket of delicious white-and-yellow narcissus in her hand. "Where have I been?" she repeated. "Where have I Un garret, down "Where have I been?" she repeated, "Why, everywhere! Up garret, down into the old green-house, into the land of the possible and impossible! Smell these flowers, Margery!" And she held the narcissures close to Margery's straight little Greek nose. "Where did you get them, Dolly, at this time of year?" cried Margery. "I planted them in the greenhouse beaches, last fall. I was determined to have something to brighten us up when

have something to brighten us up when that the sashes are all broken, but I tacked old blackets up, and made it weather tight, and the sunshine pours in like gold, and the old Harrison rose is in blossom, and there are lots of blue-weather and there are lots of blue-

elder, with a start. "Yes, I'm here, Listen Margery. When we were children, don't you re-member how we used to play at 'Making Believe?' Well, let's make believe now. Suppose we had a grandmother, like the story heroines, and she had a wedding dress; would you like it to be like this?'' She shook out the clouds of a soft, white tulle dress, threaded with woven cleams of rold, and knottad up here and white tuile dress, threaded with worth gleams of gold, and knottad up here and there with bunches of yellow narcissus. Margery sprang to her feet ecstatically. "Oh, Dolly!" she cried. "Am I

dreaming?"

"No !" cried exultant Dolly ; "It's real truth ! I bought the dress and old Becky

truth! I bought the dress and old Beeky made it—after the pattern of your last white muslin—and I trimmed it with flowers—my flowers." "Child, where did you get the money?" "Beeky sold the pansies and the nar-cissuses and the jonquils. The florists would have given any money for more. They had a big order from Skipton Court. Now, Margery, I know how to earn money and help Arthur along. As for you—"

"Well, as for me?"

"Well, as for me?" "Well, as for me?" "Why, here's the great-grandmother's dress, and there's the onchantel bail-room, waiting at Skipton Court, and the yellow gold pieces raining down, in the the shape of narcissus and jonquils. And I shouldn't a bit wonder," she added roguishly, "if the royal prince himself wasn't so very far off, because Mr. Somer-set told Arthur that he never had seen any one as beautiful as you were that night when you sat in the firelight draped in amber siless and crowned with flowers. Quick' let me help dress you, Margory. "Inere isn't a moment to lose."

"You dear little good fairy!" cried Margery, with swimming eyes. "But I must stop long enough to give you a kiss. How did you ever come to think of it?"

like gold, and the old Harrison rose is in blossom, and there are lots of blue-eyed pansies, and all these sweet spring stars. Well, I remeter the story we gery Peak and the ball-room experiences punctuality that y:

The largest knife in America is su posed to be in Cincinnati. It has fifty-six blades and a chest of tools in itself, containing almost anything from a tooth-pick to a eigar punch, from a pair of scissors to a handsaw. It is for sale at pick to a

\$500 and weighs thirteen pounds. The largest knife ever known way made by Jonathan Crookes, a workman for Joseph Rodgers in Sheffield. It had 1821 blades.—St. Louis Republic.

A Poet's Definition of Poetry.

A rose's bennition of rosery. Whether sung, spoken, or written, poetry, says E. C. Steidman in the Con-tury, is still the most vital form of human expression. One who essays to analyze its constituents is an explorer undertak-ing a quest in which many have failed. Doubtless he too may fail, but he sets forth in the simplicity of a good kaight who does not fear his fate too much, whether his desert be great or small. whether his desert be great or small. In this mood seeking a definition of that poetic utterance which is or may become of record—a definition both de-fensible and inclusive, yet compressed fensible and inclusive, yet compressed into a single phrase-I have put together

the following statement: Poetry is rhythnical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, pission and insight of the

Helpfulness of Wives.

Hundred of fortunes that have been ascribed to the industry of men bear upon them the marks of a wife's hand, declares Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. Bergham, the artist, was as lazy as he was talented. His studio was over the room where his wife sat. Every few minutes all day long, to keep her husband from idleness, Mrs. Bergham would take a stick and thump a rainst the ceiling, and her hus-band would answer by stamping on the door, the signal that he was wide awake and buay. One-half of the industry and punctuality that y.

e industry and severy day in the result of

How a Lion Attacks.

Au Englishman from Bombay, India, says that the popular pictures of lion bounding at their victims misrepresen this animal's mode of attac's. Like othe fierce animals the lions as a rule endeav to avoid the sportsman until wound to avoid the sportsman until wounded, when, like the tiger, they charge with a coughing roar. When he does at ack you, the lion goes at great speed close to the ground and knocks you off your legs. He speaks from experience, as he has killed many lions, and was nearly killed by one that he had wounded. He was dreadfully incerted, but says that the lion's claws and teeth did not hort his fiesh so badly as he supposed they would. The reality panful per-courties

Total Eclipses of the San.

Every year there must be two eclipses of the sun, and there may be five. There are partial collpses, however, except in the comparatively rare cases in which the comparatively rare cases in which the moon passes nearly centrally over the sun's disk and produces a total obscura-tion of his light. Since the invention of the spectroscope in 1860, there have been barely a score of total ectipses, and a number of these could not be observed because the belt of totality fell at the earth's polar region or upon the occurs. The belt of totality is a narrow strip— never more than a hundred and seventy miles wide—where the point of the moon's shadow falls upon the earth. Total ectipses rarely occur, therefore, at the same point of the earth. At London, for example, there has been no eclipse since the year 1140, except that of 1716.

Jeams (the porter)—"Beg pardon, sir; I have bad news for you. Mr. Cash-box died this morning. Old Skinner— "Died this morning! Now that's just like Cashbox. He knew this was the busy season."—Life.

busy season."-Life. "Yes," said young Rud, kins, who sat in calm disregard of the clock, "I may say that I am a fixture in our office now." "I know, Mr. Rudgkins," she answered, gently, "but this isn't your office, you know."-Lansing News. Mrs. Brush-"Ifas the Hanging Com-mittee decided about your picture yet?" Brush-"Yes." Mrs. Brush-"Are they going to hang it?" Brush (dubious)-"I heard the Chair can say he thought hanging was too good for it."-Brook-tyn Life. The Lecturer-"My heaven I whol

The Lecturer-"My hearers, I shall have to ask your indulgence for a fsw minutes. I forgot my manuscript, and have sent my little boy for it." His son, mounting fostrum (in loud tone.)-"Mamma couldu't find the writin', but here's the book you copled it from."-Tid Bits.

Tid Bits. Overdoing It: Fond Mother—**I do so hope that George has studied hard at college. I have tried to impress upon his mind, the value of a liberal educa-tion." Pather—**I am afraid, my defin, that you have rather overdone the unst-ter. I had to send him a check for \$500 to day."—Funny Folks.

to day."--Funny Polks. The other day X----, the Robemian, on receiving some money from a tich uncle, took it into his head to square off some of his most preasing dobts. He first called at his tallor's and heard that the poor man had just died. His widow, all in tears, desired to know the visitor's errand. "It have come to pay my bill," he simply realied. "Ah!" sobbed out the widow, "It my noor husband had he simply redied. "Ah!" sobbed the widow, "If my poor husband only lived till this morning, the s have brought him round,"

against

Hundred of fortunes that have been