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The development of electric railroads in this country has been extraordinarily rapid.

Professor Geffcken, of Hamburg, does not consider 7,000,000 too high an estimate to represent the number of American citizens of German birth or parentage.

It is said that Canada is the only country in the world in which the military force is armed with the old Snider rifles. Military men of the Dominion are urging the adoption of a more modern arm.

Plainfield, N. J., boasts of a vast underground river which supplies more water than the inhabitants can use. In an attempt recently made to test the capacity of the stream, more than 4,000,000 gallons daily ran to waste, but the river was apparently as full as ever.

One of the curious aspects of our complex nationalities resulting from the number of foreign emigrants, notes the New York Sun, is the liability of Italians to become counterfeiter. The English-speaking races, the Germans and the French, seem inclined to regard counterfeiting as not worth the trouble at the risk at which such a pursuit is engaged in. But the lower class of Italians, for some mysterious reason, regard counterfeiting as an easy way of earning a living.

Large as has been the increase of population in the United States during the past decade, it shrinks into insignificance beside the growth of the population of India. The present population of India is 289,000,000, and the increase during the past decade has been about 30,000,000, nearly half the entire population of the United States. Gratifying as this increase is to the British Government, it is also viewed with alarm by many of her statesmen, for some believe that India is already so thickly populated that it can sustain no more inhabitants.

It is time, opines the New York Sun, for the Congress of these States to give attention to some of the things that are doing abroad for the safety of ships approaching a coast line. Besides the vertical light which is to flash skyward in foggy weather, there is no doubt about the efficiency and value of the socket-rocket, which is by far the best fog signal known. It is discharged by a cartridge and rises 2000 feet, carrying a bursting charge of half a pound of gun cotton. Not only is the sound more audible overhead, but the light is also frequently visible when nothing can be seen horizontally; for it commonly happens that the fog is quite thin above while very thick below. The siren is a very clever invention and a very useful thing in its way; but for ships beggared the rocket is confidently pronounced to be worth a dozen sirens. Why should not both be used? And why should not the United States lag behind any people in appliances for the security of navigation?

A bill which recently passed the United States Senate has been vigorously assailed by newspapers all over the country as an attempt to infringe upon the rights of citizens engaged in business. The New York World says of this measure: "It is known as the Paddock Pure Food bill. It authorizes agents of the Agricultural Department to call for and analyze or have analyzed samples of all foods or drugs or drinks or patent medicines, or anything else that a man can swallow, which may be offered for sale in any other State other than that in which they are produced, and it makes it a misdemeanor to send or take from one State to another any food or drug which is adulterated or improperly branded. The measure is bad all over and clear through. It directs Federal bureau interference with a matter which properly belongs to the several States. It opens up an opportunity for endless extravagance in the multiplying of needless and costly analyses. It institutes a bureau of investigation which, in dishonest hands, will become a bureau of blackmail pure and simple. It gives to this bureau practically the power to prohibit the sale of any article which is not an absolute simple, to call any combination of substances an adulteration, and to help one man's business by destroying the business of his competitor with an arbitrary ruling. If the bill becomes a law the bureau may at will select a baking powder, for example, and accept its composition as the standard, forbidding the sale of all baking powders made in any different fashion by ruling that to call them baking powders is to brand them improperly. It may favor one ketchup in the same way, and so on through the whole list of foods and drugs and drinks. There is no public desire for such a measure. There is no occasion for it, and no sense of justice in it. It is an arbitrary, tyrannical, paternal interference at best; at worst it is a thing very much more of that kind."

THE HAPPY LAND

The happy land! Studded with cheerful homesteads, fair to see, With garden grace and household symmetry: How grand the wide-brow'd peasant's lordly mien, The matron's smile serene! O happy, happy land!

The happy land! Half hid in dewy grass, the mower blithe Sings to the day-star as he whets his scythe; And to his babe, at eventide again, Carols as blithe a strain. O happy, happy land!

The happy land! Where, in the golden sheen of autumn eyes, The bright-haired children play among the sheaves, Or gather ripest apples all the day, As ruddy-cheeked as they. O happy, happy land!

O happy land! The thin smoke curleth through the frosty air, The light smiles from the windows; hearken there To the white grandeur's tale of heroes old— To flame-eyed legends told. O happy, happy land!

O happy, happy land! The tender-foliated alders scarcely shade You loitering lover and glad blushing maid. O happy land! The Spring that quickens thee Is Human Liberty!

THE MYSTERIOUS FACE ON BOTTLE PINNACLE.

It may be you have seen the pottery bottles made by the Zuni and Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. They are never true, are always cracked-sided. The Pinnacle was about as asymmetrical as an Indian pottery bottle. It has a well-fitting stopper. You felt like climbing up with a screw and drawing the cork for a look inside. But though the wine of the gods had been in them, you couldn't have climbed that bottle. There wasn't anywhere a chance to catch on with fingers or toenails. And if there were anything harder than the quartz in that pillar, dynamite-makers may be acquainted with it; I'm not.

Our settlement was proud of its bottle—bragging about it at barbecues, and camp-meetings, and turkey-pullings, and corn-huskings. We were forever daring climbers to try their nails, and spurs, and chisels, and augers on it. Every stranger that came our way was certain to be challenged to try his skill. There wasn't a soul in the settlement but claimed a share in Bottle Pinnacle, and I reckon there wasn't a shareholder that didn't take a look at it every day.

No wonder, then, that on one certain morning the villagers were running about before breakfast, calling on one another to look at an unusual object perched up there, on the stopper of Bottle Pinnacle. Sure enough, there was something up there. It was parti-colored red and yellow, as far as could be made out. Its size! well, you know it is with the moon. You can make it seem to you the size of a dinner-plate or as large as the hind wheel of a lumber wagon. The size of that object on the stopper was anywhere from that of a butterfly to a calf, according as you allowed for the distance or didn't allow.

Most of the people of the settlement had cold breakfasts that morning, or burnt biscuits, because of the disputes they got into about the "thin" perched on the cork, disputes, too, that didn't stop for weeks. "It's shiny like gold." "It is gold." "It's a gold nugget sticking out of the quartz." "It's no more like a gold nugget than a cat is like cattle." "It's a face that's up there—there's a nose as plain as there's a nose on your face!" "It's a human face!" "How in reason could a face get up on that stopper when hands and legs couldn't do it to save their souls!" "Nobody means it a mortal face; it's a ghost-face." "If we could only get up there!"

The people twisted and screwed their brains over plans and schemes for scaling the Bottle Pinnacle. There were not any bridge builders in the settlement, nor any tower of Babel architects. There were no acrobats or gymnasts to jump over the moon, or swing to the stars.

The discussions, the exclamations went on: "We might blow up the pinnacle and find a gold mine!" "And spoil the great natural curiosity of the settlement!" "If we had a cannon, we might shoot out the cork!" "There is a magnifying glass at the village down the valley; we'll borrow that!" said some one at last.

The magnifying glass was brought, and most of the men and boys from the village of the valley came along with it. The people peered so about their turns to look through the magnifier at the object on the bottle that a guard had to stand around the glass and let in one person at a time to the gazing, beginning with the A's. This made the waiting Y's and Z's fighting mad.

The remarks went on: "It's not a nugget!" "It's not gold!" "If it's gold, it's a gold face, for a face it is!" "It's a face!" "It's a face!" "It's like the face of George W. Gillett!" "It's the ghost of George W.!" "But he died the day after that face took up its residence on the stopper!" "The face looks a heap more like Grandina Tuttle's!" "It's a sin to speculate about a ghost face!"

branch toward the pinnacle, and looked the face in the face. But he couldn't make it out any more than he had done on the ground with the magnifier. The crowd below passed up a swing. Govann fastened this to limbs and swung out in a free way toward the bottle, the face steadily looking on. It might have laughed in its sleeve, if it owned a sleeve, at the way Govann returned—crashing back through the boughs, hanging on them shreds of his clothes, shreds, too, of his sandy hair for the use of future nests-builders.

Govann reported that he did not obtain any additional knowledge of the subject by that tour of observation. The face on the stopper was a face; that was certain. The magnifying glass was sent up to the investigator. Standing on one foot in a swaying branch, Govann took observations with the magnifier. He reported that it was really a face; moreover, that it moved and "made faces" at him.

"Surely it was some wicked spirit—the ghost of some one beheaded for crime." Then they fell to ridiculing Govann for the failure of his tree excursion. He had not advanced the general information except by stating that the face had moved. "I doubt the face's moving." "The motion was all in Govann's eye."

"Taking daguerotypes" was just then getting around to our parts, and all the people said that they'd subscribe to get a picture-taking man and his machine to come over and take the likeness of that red-and-yellow mystery, sitting unconcerned up there.

Govann said that if he would give him the money which it would cost to get the thing's picture taken, he'd undertake to solve the mystery. How would he do it? They must raise the purse and he must see the money; he didn't propose to wait till planters could raise another crop and sell it before feeling of his money. Then, too, he must have the help of all the men and tools that he might need.

Govann's first call was for good axes, sharp saws and the best of choppers. All the other men of the settlement stood looking on while the axmen chopped and the sawyers sawed at the tallest tree in all that country—the companion through years of storm and sunshine of the Bottle Pinnacle. There were guesses and reckonings about the probable happenings when the great tree should fall. "The bottle might be broken to pieces!" "The face might fall at their feet!"

Not only the settlement but a crowd from near and far came to the tree falling. And it did make a sight and a sound worth while. The top was broad enough to make a sky-duster. When the folks saw the great plummy mass of green sweeping down like a forest, making a moving shadow like a swift storm cloud, they held their breath, feeling that nothing could save Bottle Pinnacle—that it must be crushed into a thousand fragments. But not a crumb was broken from it, though it was thrashed with great green whips past numbering. It stood silent, unharmed.

The tree itself received a thousand wounds, but was safely lodged against the rock, as Govann had planned. At once the choppers and sawyers began to lop off the branches along the massive trunk. Then, up the India n ladder formed by the notches, Govann climbed till he reached the rock where the bottle's neck began. There he crept out on the shoulder, seeking a hold, a break in the rock, by which he might get higher, or for yielding spots where he might screw in his augers.

But the pinnacle stood unyielding, unquenchable. He called for the longest and lightest ladder that the settlement could produce. It took the hard tugging of a score of men to get it up to aim. It was planted on the bottle's shoulder, stayed by the tree-top.

It was now dark. By a lantern Govann climbed up and up to the ladder's topmost round, the people watching the latter most higher and higher till it seemed a star. At the top he held out and up the ladders at arm's length, but no light was thrown on the face.

There's nothing boys won't do for fun. They serenaded Govann, singing "Rockaby, Baby in the Treestop." In the morning Govann returned to the top of the ladder and lashed himself to it. He had a rope with three lashes, each lash ending in a loop. This triple lasso he threw up, trying to lasso the face. The countenance was turned three-quarters to him, but he could hardly get a glimpse of it on account of the projecting ledge on the bottle just below the stopper.

He worked at lassoing all the morning without once touching the face. But just as he heard the dinner horns of the settlement sounding faint and far he found that his rope was caught by something in the stopper. This made his blood jump.

Breaking himself he pulled at the rope with all his might. It did not start. His heart beat hard. If the rope would hold he saw that he could climb it to the top of the pinnacle. Holding to the top of the ladder, he swung all his weight on the rope. He held taut. Again and again he tested it carefully from side to side. It did not start. His heart grew hot with courage. "Climb it! Up! Climb it!" they below shouted.

He looked down to the dwarfed people shouting and waving encouragement. Then his brain reeled; his heart was suddenly cold as stone; for a moment only the lashing ropes kept him. Slowly his head steadied. He retried the rope caught there somehow on the top of Bottle Pinnacle; the end of the rope in his hand he tried to tie the ladder. But the rope was far too short for a good knot. Govann wore a pair of homemade suspenders, but twisted sweat out of a double anker, and he twisted the pair together, and picked out the rope. Then he freed himself from the ladder and began climbing his spider's web.

He went carefully, carefully over the ledge, carefully up the stopper, till his eyes were taking in the crest of the pinnacle, the first in all the world to get a sight of that uplift. There was the rope on which he hung; he saw that one loop was caught over a little rocky unevenness about two inches above the general level. Over the rim of the stopper he passed, rose to his feet, and saluted the cheering throng below.

The shouting grew uproarious as he held up to view the red and yellow mystery, though the people didn't yet know what it was. What did Govann find there on Bottle Pinnacle?

There were square rods of surface on the crest that had looked from below like a point. He found an eagle's nest from which the bird was then absent, and on the nest's edge, fronting the settlement, forming a part of the nest's embankment was the red and yellow face, held in place by sticks and other building material, gathered by the bird that can stare the sun out of countenance.

Hugging the mystery with one arm, the hand holding on the waist band of his trousers, Govann slid down the rope, backed down the ladder to the treestop, climbed down the Indian stairs and took down on a pile of feather beds which the women had provided against a fall.

Then the boys helped him off the feathers to the stump of the big tree, and there he held up the mystery in plain sight—a bundle of clothes with a mask face tied on it.

"It's George W. Gillett's scarecrow!" The proud bird of the sun, instead of being scared by the mocked sentinel, had captured it and carried it to the pinnacle's crest.

Govann secured the purse, married his sweetheart, and founded one of the first families of his State. Its coat of arms is an eagle perched on a mishapen bottle. —Atlanta Constitution.

Sacred Feathers Among the Indians.

Feathers figure very prominently in the religious customs of most aborigines, and remarkably so in the Southwest. Among Navajos and Pueblos alike those plume symbols are of the utmost efficacy for good or bad. They are part of almost every ceremonial of the infinite superstitious of these tribes. Any white or bright hued plume is of good omen—"good medicine," as the Indian would put it.

The gay feathers of the parrot are particularly valuable, and some dances cannot be held without them, though the Indians have to travel hundreds of miles for good or bad. They are part of almost every ceremonial of the infinite superstitious of these tribes. Any white or bright hued plume is of good omen—"good medicine," as the Indian would put it.

The owl, bizzard, woodpecker and raven, are unspeakably accursed. No one will touch them except those who "have the evil road,"—that is, are witches,—and any Indian found with them in his or her possession would be officially tried and officially put to death. Such feathers are used only in secret by those who wish to kill or harm an enemy, in whose path they are laid with wicked wishes that ill fortune may follow. —St. Nicholas.

Marriage by Proxy.

A curious custom among the rulers of the Old World is marriage by proxy. For instance, Francis II., the ex-King of Naples, was wedded by proxy in 1859 to Maria, a duchess of Bavaria. Of course the marriage by proxy goes no further than the ceremony. Exactly what it should be done at all is not clear by past or present history, unless to save the prince the trouble of going after his wife and give her a decent excuse for coming to him.

In the case of Francis, he had never seen Maria, and their first interview was said to have been attended with considerable disappointment. In fact, if the young man had not been already married by proxy he would probably have never married the lady at all.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, also married his Austrian wife by proxy, but he knew what he was about, having met her a month previous during a visit to Vienna. At the time of the marriage he was but a mere stripling, and his wife was chosen for him by his royal parents, who, however, gave him the privilege of seeing her in advance.

On his return from Vienna Leopold was sick for about a week, and, according to general report, not love sick, at least with his appointed wife. Their married life, however, has not been unhappy, so far as the world knows, except through the extraordinary misfortunes which made Carlotta and Stephanie widows of the house of Austria. —Drake's Magazine.

Making Pearls.

It is reported that a French savant, M. Bouchon-Barouillet, has devised a method for the artificial manufacture of real pearls. The process adopted is simply to bore holes in the shells of a pearl oyster with a gimlet, introducing through those perforations little balls of glass, and stopping them hermetically with corks. After four weeks' time the shells of glass are found to be covered with a thin layer of pearl. In six months the layer has become of a sufficient thickness to be permanent, and the big-ness of the jewel thus manufactured is in proportion to the period allowed to elapse. Of course, this has its limitations, inasmuch as the mollusk will not deposit more indefinitely, its only object being to protect itself from irritation by the intruder. The expert quoted believes that pearls can be made of various colors by order by section. —Pittsburgh.

HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.

A PRETTY AND A MOST INTERESTING CEREMONY.

Preparing the Pine Splints—Dipping in the Phosphorus Paste—Wonderful Quickness of Workers.

MATCH-MAKING is one of the most interesting of industries imaginable. The following is a bird's eye view of it, as carried on in the leading factory in London—which is to say, in the world.

To begin with wooden matches. They are of two kinds—"lucifers" and "safeties;" but as the process of manufacture is almost identical, we will confine ourselves to the lucifers. The wood, Canadian pine, comes to the factory ready split up into little sticks—or splints, as they are called—of the same size as a match, but double the length. The first process consists in preparing these splints for dipping in the phosphorus paste. Imagine a very large, airy room, with several rows of stands or tables running from end to end. On each stand is a small machine driven by steam—say 250 machines in all—and to every two machines a match girl. All she has to do is to feed the two machines alternately, first one and then the other. She takes a handful of splints and puts them into the feeder, exactly as you put coffee into a coffee mill. They pass through and are bound together in a most ingenious way by a strap, so as to form a wheel or drum about the size and shape of a large flat cheese. The splints, it must be understood, lie across, so that their projecting ends represent the sides of the drum, and each one is separate. It takes only a few minutes to put together 5000 or 6000 in this way, and as soon as they are ready the machine stops automatically. The whole bundle is then removed and carried to the dipping place. Here the phosphorus composition is ladled out of a vessel and spread on a slab. By simply laying the wheel flat on the slab every single splint of which it is made up receives a dab of phosphorus at one end, and by turning it over the other end is similarly treated. This work is done entirely by men, and takes place in a shed with an open roof, so as to allow free ventilation. Each splint has now been converted into a double match with a head at both ends; we have, in fact, got a bundle containing 10,000 matches, for cleanliness sake some details have been omitted; but it will be seen that the preparation of 10,000 matches only takes a few minutes all told.

After dipping, the bundle is dried in a hot chamber and then unrolled, which is done very prettily by another machine. The end of the strap binding the lot together is caught and drawn between two rollers, and as it goes the wheel unwinds and the matches come off in a perfect shower. It is all done in a moment. One more operation remains, and it is the most interesting of all. The matches, as has been said, are so far double. They have to be cut in half and packed in boxes. This is done by the girls with astounding rapidity. Each one stands at a table; on her left are a lot of empty boxes half open, and on her right a pile of double matches, and between the two a lever knife like those used for cutting tobacco. She takes a handful of matches in her right hand, and the extraordinary thing is that she always picks up exactly the right number to fill a box, never varying by more than one or two. She puts them under the knife, cuts the bundle into two, and fills two boxes with them in the twinkling of an eye; the swiftness and accuracy of her motions are indescribable. The whole performance does not take more than five or six seconds. And it is not one woman only. Here are rows upon rows of them throughout a vast building, all doing the same thing with equal or almost equal proficiency. In another department an instance of still greater dexterity may be observed. Every one knows the wrappers of transparent paper in which the safety match boxes are commonly enveloped, and a look at them will show that they are folded several times in different directions. This folding is done by women like a flash of lightning or a conjurer's card trick. The eye fails to follow the movement of their hands. There is only one thing more simple than a woman's hand, and that is her tongue. —St. James's Budget.

Parisian Beggars.

Professional beggars in all countries must heartily hate M. Poubair, the French gentleman who has taken on himself to expose them and their tricks. Some time ago, it may be remembered, he published a book on the subject, containing the most extraordinary revelations, and this is shortly to be followed by another work on mendacity and mendicants, which will be published simultaneously in France, England, and America, for in the two last-named countries the author is aware, he says, that mendicity and imposture flourish the same as in France. M. Poubair believes he has found a remedy for the evil, the nature of which he will divulge in his coming work on the subject, and in the meantime he continues to hunt up the beggars of Paris, and cleverly disguised, to go about as one of them, thus learning what they pocket per day, what their tricks are, and so forth. He calculates that there are over 10,000 professional beggars in the French capital, whose takings daily, at the very lowest figure, are eighty cents per head. This gives the fabulous total of \$2,800,000 given away annually in charity in the streets of Paris; and he is very likely right in adding that at least four-fifths of the money finds its way into the pockets of impostors, or of people who could work for their living if they chose. M. Poubair says he has a choice little collection of threatening letters which he has received and is constantly receiving. He is not the benevolent of the professional beggar. —London Standard.

The Great Redwoods.

The Eastern lumbermen who are here are much interested in the great redwoods, of which they have seen a few, and in the monster trees of Santa Cruz, and the sequoias of the Yosemite and California parks. The great pines and fur of the North filled them with surprise, but the trees they have seen here say they have aroused their credulity as to what California can produce. Nevertheless, they have not seen the really great trees, like those of the high Sierras, including the Kings River and Yosemite products.

S. E. Holcom, one of the discoverers of the grove of giant sequoias in Fresno County, in what John Muir has designated the New Yosemite, is at the American Exchange. He says no words can describe their grandeur, nor the impressions created upon the visitor when beholding them for the first time.

"They are trees that a toinsh and an ze," said he, "and the effect is lasting. It lasts for all time. At least, I do not think I shall ever get rid of the effect which they had on me, nor do I wish to do so. If to Bryant such groves as he saw were temples, what must these be considered? I leave all this to the poets, but there are some points that I doubt not will be of interest to the lumbermen.

"There is a tree there with the astonishing circumference of 127 feet, and a diameter in the narrowest place of forty-two feet, while the trunk reaches almost 400 feet in the air. Then there are trees there twenty-eight feet through and babies of twelve feet and so on. To see them is an object lesson which carries with it astonishment forever. To stand in their shadow is something worth doing at almost any cost. Could the lumbermen of the pines behold them never again could they view the ordinary tree but they would be impressed with the fact that they were but mere saplings, cuttings set in the ground, and only these." —San Francisco Examiner.

A Mysterious Fungus.

The scientific men in this capital are much exercised over a fungus that has recently made its appearance upon the olive trees which are one of the principal features in the country around Chalco. It has the appearance of a reddish blotch, and plays the very deuce with the tree in question. The scientists are not yet decided either upon the nature of the fungus or the remedy for same. They are also exercising their wits upon a mysterious disease which is attacking the historical cypresses of Chapultepec. In the year 1877 there were 481 of these noble trees of the forest, in good condition. At the present writing forty of them are already dead, and sundry others are in a very bad way. The scientists of Mexico, with a zeal for the welfare of the public favorites which is beyond all praise, are seriously taking counsel as to the best means of saving the balance. They think that want of the necessary water has a good deal to do with it. —City of Mexico Two Republics.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A hop picking machine has been invented in Australia.

Electric tanning is likely, it is said, to be taken up and vigorously pushed here.

Hard rubber handles for bicycles are being replaced in great numbers by the more popular cork.

Thunder is a noise caused by a discharge of atmospheric electricity—why or how is not clearly known.

The circumference of the earth's orbit is about 612,309,500 miles, that of the moon about 1,500,493 miles.

The sanitary condition of the Capitol, at Washington, is to be examined by two eminent experts, in order to ascertain whether it is a healthy structure.

Sufferers from neuralgia are warned by a medical writer not to drink tea, but to drink freely of coffee into which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed.

The workmen employed on the excavations at Sparta, Greece, by Dr. Waldstein, of the American Archaeological School, have discovered the circular building at that place mentioned by Epimenides.

In distance the moon is 240,000 miles away from our earth, around which she gravitates like a satellite. Her diameter is about 2153 miles; she has a solid surface of 14,600,000 miles, and a solid content of about 10,000 cubic miles.

The scientific reason for cooking spinach and other green vegetables, such as tops of beets, dandelion, kale Brussels sprouts, and cauliflower, in salted boiling water, is that the first contact with the boiling water closes the cells of the vegetable and prevents the escape of the coloring matter and the flavor.

One of the features of electric-lighting work, as compared with gas-lighting, has been the absence in the former of all "residual products" that might constitute an element of economy and profit. It has now been pointed out that for many local companies a chance to increase revenue can be found in the utilization of exhaust.

A novel application of the electric light is now to be witnessed in the vehicles of the London (England) General Omnibus Company. The inspectors have been provided with an electrical apparatus, which, from a case about the size of a hunting-watch fastened to the waistcoat, throws a steady, mild and effective light on the dirtiest and most tattered tickets.

Steam should never be put into a brick or cement sewer, as it has an injurious effect on the same, causing disintegration and collapse within a very short time; neither should it be led into a brick chimney, for the same reasons. The Stationary Engineer points out that in some places it is the practice of engineers to turn the exhaust from the pump or small engine into the sewers, but this is a bad practice. It ought to be an illegal act in cities, for it will destroy the sewers.

LOVE.

Bright are the jewels of the mine, And rich their radiant gleam, When wrought in many a quaint device, They flash their fiery beams. A thousand charms are in their hearts Our senses to enthrall. With gold and silver they are bought, But love is worth them all!

Sweet are the blossoms we behold In summer's glorious prime, The dear companions that enhance The joys of summer time; In wondrous beauty they appear, In sadder beauty fall; Our darlings for a few brief hours, But love outlasts them all!

Beyond the present treasures lie, And flowers perfume the way; The air-looms of an ancient house, Whose glories never decay. A whisper from the promised land, Inspires the earnest soul: "Eternity is thy reward, And love shall win the goal!" —Josephine Pollard, in the Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bad reputation is a hard thing to lose.—Boston Transcript.

As soon as we form a habit we have a master.—Detroit Free Press.

The strictest railroad about issuing passes may occasionally pass a dividend.—Lowell Gazette.

Dancing masters are generally posted as to the latest movements on foot.—Philadelphia Record.

When you are asked to hold the baby, it will never do to "shoulder the responsibility."—Truth.

Britannia rules the wave, but she doesn't control the tide. That's all moonshine.—Chicago Tribune.

Griggs—"Do you think that Robinson loves her?" Griggs—"He went shopping with her."—Clook Review.

When a big corporation is reorganized the small stockholders are generally disorganized.—Baltimore American.

Small of woods a fire— Creakin' garden gate; Poet with a lyre— Liar diggin' bait! —Atlanta Constitution.

How much more affectionate the members of a family group are in their photograph than they are out of it.—Athens Globe.

The reason that the average man is unable to "put himself in your place" is that he feels altogether too big to fill it.—Washington Star.

That school teacher who put pepper on the tongues of refractory pupils explains that her ultimate object—as to make them smart.—Philadelphia Times.

Young man, when you escort a young lady to the piano be sure that the music is done to a tune before you turn over two leaves at once.—Detroit Free Press.

You say that I'm your shattering oak That will not yield when tempests crash, But I am so consumed by love, I should in truth be called an ash. —Puck.

The two-headed boy may not have so many horns in proportion to his size as other boys, but he must have a great deal more toothache.—Binghamton Republican.

Young Lady—"Have you 'A Heart That I Can Call My Own?'" Music Clerk—"Well—er—law—not just now, miss;—another has a claim on it."—Detroit Free Press.

Oh, I love the sweet old poets Who sang of love so true! But I wish they'd left a little For me to sing of, too. —Puck.

"What luck did you have when you were out hunting yesterday?" "The worst in the world. It's very strange that the birds never fly where I shoot." —Texas Siftings.

One of Her Pets: She—"I always have a great many pets about me." He (tenderly)—"Am I one of them?" She—"Yes. You are my pet aversion." —New York Herald.

Ere he was wed his art was light, And he would sing for a morn till night, But since his blessed babe was born He's got to sing from night till morn! —Goodall's Sun.

"Why, Jackson, this isn't a bit the kind of a house I supposed you would build!" "No; I'm rather surprised myself, but the architect is very well satisfied." —London Tid-Bits.

A damsel of twelve who dislikes boys wrote an essay upon them, in which she said, "If I had my way half the boys in the world would be girls and the other half would be dolls."—Modern Society.

"The last time I saw you, Bill, you were complaining about the wolf at the door, and now you simply wail in wealth." "I know it. I caught the wolf and exhibited him." —New York Times.

Africa's Population.

According to the latest and most reliable estimates the population of the Dark Continent is placed at 163,000,000, or fourteen inhabitants to the square mile, while the population of the Three Americas is given at 123,713,090, or eight inhabitants to the square mile. It must be remembered that while explorers tell us of large districts in Africa that are scantily populated, there are also vast regions densely populated, of which but few persons have ever heard. It may in fact be said that only the fringe of the Dark Continent has as yet been reached after 1000 years of intermittent exploration. —New Orleans Picayune.

The District of Columbia.

The District of Columbia was originally ten miles square, 100 square miles in area. Of this sixty-four square miles was ceded to the National Government by Maryland in 1778 and thirty-six square miles by Virginia in 1791. In 1846 the portion of the District west of the Potomac was ceded back to Virginia, leaving its present area, sixty-four square miles. Its population by the last census is 230,39