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LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1892.

NO. 32.

It is estimated that about 30,000 Aorses were ousted from street-car service last year by electricity.

Michael Davitt, the Irish Home Rule agitator, urges the Imperial Government to loan, at low interest, \$50,000,000 to the Canadian Dominion for the advancement of immigration in the Northwest.

In New York State during 1891 the deaths by consumption were 13,445, as compared with 13,831 in 1890. This is equivelant to 109 deaths in 1000 deaths from all causes, a ratio decidedly lower than was observed during the last quinquennium. The ratio has been known (in 1886) to arise to 137 in a thousand

A bureau of press clippings in London has received the royal "command" to furnish twenty distinct sets of newspaper cuttings from every periodical in the world, so far as obtainable, referring to the death of Prince Albert Victor. The sets are to be pasted each in a separate album. The section devoted to American clippings should make a very edifying collection, in the opinion of the Chicago Herald, if the bureau is faithful in obeying the command.

Professor McCook, of Hartford, Conn., finds in his investigation of the tramp nuisance that of 1295 cases coming under his notice, fifty-six per cent. were American born, while but about ten per cent. were unable to read or write. 4314 tramps, 459, says the professor, claimed to be strictly temperate in their use of alcoholic drinks, while thirty of them boldly declared themselves as total abstainers. It is more likely that the only really temperate ones of the 1300 and odd were the thirty who never touched a drop.

Says the Baltimore Sun: The great increase of insanity in the United States, an increase far in excess of the increase of population, is justly attracting atten-An illustration of this increase is given in the statistical tables of the New York Board of Charities, which has just been reported to the State Legislature. The figures show that the number of insane patients in New York asylums has increased from 9537, in 1880, to 16,617, in 1891. It is further estimated that counting the insane not in the asylums the total number in the State will reach

will startle a good many people, remarks the Boston Transcript. For instance, there are now more than half a million almond trees actually bearing in the United States; there are hundreds of thousands of bearing cocoanut trees: there are more than a quarter of a million olive trees, producing fruit equal to the more than half a million bearing banana plants, 200,000 bearing lemon trees, 4,000,000 orange trees and 21,000,000 pineapples. And the value of tropical and semi-tropical fruits grown under the American flag is nearly \$20,000,000.

"Walnut lumber as a commercial quantity in the lumber trade is almost a thing of the past," said a prominent local dealer to the Man About Town of the St. Louis Republic the other day. "It is not because there is any real scarcity in the supply of timber from which walnut lumber may be made, but from the fact that the craze for walnut furniture has died out entirely or nearly so. Oak, ash and maple have taken its place, principally oak. The craze for all sorts of furniture in the latter timber is causing a wholesale onslaught on th best timbers in the country, and has run the prices of first and second grade A few years more of the craze for oak will exhaust the supply of best grades and then some other wood will become the fashion."

Says the New York Sun: The magnetic needle has been acting in a very erratic manner recently in some parts of France and Scotland, where its deelination now is twenty to twenty-five minutes greater than it was a few months ago, though no change has occurred in the adjacent regions. Scientific men do not know how to account for this magnetic anomaly, unless it indicates that metal-bearing rocks in the depths of the orth have been displaced by some proand geological disturbance, which nade apparent at the surface by these unusal vagaries of the needle. The theory was long ago advanced that terrestrial magnetism, if we could read it aright, would explain what is going on in the bowels of the earth; and in the osed to trace between the recent mag etic disturbances and subterranean geology we have another illustration of the sciences, a great truth to which Wallaco called attention so vividiy when he ased conclusions relating to prehistoric ribution of fauna in the Malayan archiA SPRINGTIME IDYL.

SULLIVAN

ebirds they are calling, The snow-born streams are falling
Upon the feet of spring,
Sing sweet, oh Southland, Sing soft, oh Southland,
O'er hamlet, farm and town; Invade the Northland, urround the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down

The wee frogs wake from sleeping. The wee frogs wake from sleep.
They're getting out of bed;
And thro' the cold turf peeping
The crocus shows her head.
Arise, oh Southland,
Blanch of Southland, Blow soft, oh Southland, O'er dingle, dell and down; Go flood the Northland, Dissolve the Northland, And pull that snowbank down

d the cow-bell loudly; Wake feather, fur and fin My brothers, see how proudly
The splendid spring comes in.
All hail, oh Southland, ome soon, oh Southland, And green the hills of brown; Invade the Northland. Go smite the Northland,
And pull that snowbank down. -Dundas (Can ada) Banner

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY RELLE MOSES.

ILES around Briar
Lodge the snow
lay heaped, deeper
there than about
the other villas,
which were built on
elevated ground,
while Briar Lodge
nostled in a bollow.

But if the two inmates of this abode were snow-bound, that fact troubled them little. They were all in all to each other, this mother and daughter, whose kingdom was their home, so they could afford to laugh at the vagaries of the

They were very companionable; for whether through the influence of Mildred Vicars's healthful flow of spirits, or the still unquenched fire of the mother's youth, the years had passed lightly over the older woman's head. Her figure still retained its graceful outlines, her soft skin was unwrinkled, her glossy black hair scarcely showed a silver thread. A woman, one could see, who had carefully husbanded the best years of her hfe, so now at the harvest-time there were no disappointing tares among the golden grain. The mother was in the fullness and perfection of maturity, and

goten grain. The mother was in the fullness and perfection of maturity, and the daughter in that sweet first glow of youth—fair of face and joyous by nature as a girl of nineteen should be.

Briar Lodge was a fitting bower for two such charming women. It was the shome of Mrs. Vicars's girlhood, where, as Madeline Hunt, she had made it the most attractive place on the hillside.

The Prince came at last, invaded Briar Lodge and took Madeline captive; but he died in the flush of happiness. Little Mildred gave warmth to her mother's life, urging her to cast off the blighting influence of her sorrow; and smadeline's nature blossomed afresh, all the better and stronger for its crucial test. Though many of the old suitors again surrounded her, the beautiful lonely woman only twined her affections more closely about her little daughter.

The girl dropped her shovel and turned quickly around, meeting a pair of ardent eyes that caused her own to fall in some

bert. When did you arrive? As she spoke she came slowly up to the hedge that divided them, and reached over her little gloved hand in greeting to the newcomer, who caught and kissed it passionately before he released it.

"Didn't you know I was coming to-day?" he asked reproachfully, "I am sure you expected me, Mildred. Answer me truly. I cannot believe that you

"Forgotten! oh, no!" returned Mil-lred quickly. "I thought—I imagined —well if you must have it—I did look

for you to-day."
Herbert Overton's face grow radiant. "Have you no warmer welcome for e. May I not come in?" he asked atme. May I not come in?" he asked at-ter a vain attempt to repossess himself of her hand, across the intervening bar-

"Yes," she ventured slowly, "and-

There was a tremor in the soft voice There was a tremor in the soft voice; but Mildred shot a roguish look at him from under her long lashes, and the young man vaited for no second bidding. Another moment and he was beside her, grasping both hands, and trying to read the pretty downcast face.

"What am i to understand by this, Mildred?" he demanded in a low, eager tone.

with an impulsive movement she nestlest closer to his side, and answered almost in a whisper: "Wha ever you wish, dear Herbert."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Vicars sat alone with her thoughts, marveling as the short afternoon wore on, at the intricate weaving of circumstances which had brought these young people together. She was thankful that it was so, for it partly effaced an act of her own which had cost her many a bitter pang of self-reproach. She had once been engaged to Colonel Overton, Herbert's uncle and guardian; but with the dawn of her love for Ashley Vicars she felt that she could no longer Vicars she felt that she could no longer keep her promise. He released her—it was all he could do—for her happiness was his first thought. But from that

was all he could do—for her happiness was his first thought. But from that day he never set foot in Briar Lodge. He spent a good deal of his time abroad, superintending Herbert's education, but when his nephew determined to practice law in the city, he took up his residence once more in the old mansion on the brow of the hill. He had never married. He and Madeline met occasionally, but beyond a grave bow on either side there was no further intercourse.

was no further intercourse.

The young people, however, made up for their elders, and Madeline was glad for their elders, and Madeline was glad to see the feeling that had grown between them. Not so the Colonel. He listened quietly enough, when on his return that evening Herbert asked his consent to a speedy marriage with Midred Vicars, and an unwonted flush came to his hand-

and an unworted fitten came to his handsome face as he said:

"I am sorry for this, Herbert. Had you confided to me sooner I might have spared you much pain. Such a thing cannot be thought of, and let me advise you, my boy, to go back to the city. The only hope for your peace of mind is to root out this unfortunate love."

Herbert looked flushed and indignant.

"I do not wish to root it out, uncle, you do not know Mildred. She is truth and

sweetness itself."
"The girl is like her mother," answered Colonel Overton; "she loves you now—at least, she thinks she does; but

now—at least, she thinks she does; but let a handsomer man appeal to her fancy, and her over-tender conscience will blight your happiness. Withdrew before it was too late.

"It is too late now," burst out Herbert vehemently. "I cannot understand your prejudice against Mildred."

"I have no prejudice against the young lady. I do not know her," answered the Colonel. Then, after a pause, he continued, "I am the last person to oppose a true love match, Herbert; besides I know that opposition only adds fuel to true love match, Herbert; besides I know that opposition only adds fuel to the flame. But this much I ask of you—leave things as they are for awhile. You are both young, and can wait. Go back to the city and your work, and if in the end I find that I can give my full and free consent I will send for you."

"Yes—but—" began Herbert.
Colonel Overton smiled rather sadly as

Colonel Overton smiled rather sadly as he laid a hand on his nephew's shoulder.
"I know what you would say, Herbert. You are of age and quite your own master, fully capable of controlling your own affairs; but I deserve from you some slight consideration after years of faithful guardianship. The same hot blood flowed in my veins once that now courses the control of the same hot blood flowed in my veins once that now courses the control of the same hot blood flowed in my veins once that now courses the control of the same hot because the same hot same hours are same hor same and the same hours are same hours and the same hours are same hours. through yours, and I will not have its warmth chilled if I can help it. Can you trust me for awhile?"

There was a short struggle, then Herbert held out his hand. "I owe you too much, uncle, to refuse

such a request," he said, in a trembling Colonel Overton grasped the proffered hand, then went slowly and thoughtfully

again surrounded her, the beautiful louely woman only twined her affections more closely about her little daughter.

After a longer stay than usual, the snow was beginning to melt, and one bright afternoon Mildred Vicars armed herself with a light snow shovel, and sallied forth to aid the sun in his work. From beneath her jaunty seal-skin cap her bright face glowed with the stirring exercise, and snatches of song rose to her lips, floating on the clear thin air down among the frozen hollows and out upon the broad stretch of moorland. Her eyes were often turned in this direction, until a certain dark spot on the horizon took a more definite shape. Then the color laid each took her way across the moorland, the searcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, searcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, searcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, searcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, searcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the searcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, latt was over twenty searcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, healt may be carrely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the searcely giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, latt was the Colonel himself. It was over twenty giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the sectively giving herself time for thought, she took her way across the moorland, latt was the Colonel himself. It was the

But as he strode along, his fine figure alert with graceful, easy motion, and an eager look in his dark eyes, one might almost have tancied that the years which had silvered his hair had done no further damage. And he was himself surprised to find his heart beating with the old

remembered pa,

The sun had vanished behind the hill,

The sun had vadished behind the hin, leaving a misty pink trail, when at last Colonel Overton passed up the pretty walk which led to Briar Lodge.

How strangely familiar everything looked without. The garden still preserved the same trim aspect, but as he served the same trim aspect, but as he was admitted he noticed at once the subtle change that pervaded each not

A blazing log fire cast grotesquights over the roon into which Colo Overton was ushered, and he st the hearth preparing himself terview which would sure

to both.
How would she meet aim? With the

same unembarrassed coldness that had so often wounded him? His conjectures came to a sudden halt, for Madeline had entered quietly, and now stood before

smile hovering on lips which trembled in spite of all her efforts.

"You are welcome, Greville," she said, using unconsciously the familiar pame, and as the Colonel took her hand and looked into the sweet, unaltered face, he felt a strange, what impulse to take here in his arms and forget the intervening years.

somehow at the sight of him a crowd closer to his side, and answered almost of tender memories swept over the in a whisper; "Whatever yeu wish, dear flerbert."

Then they lost sight of the and place.

Then they lost sight of the and place, and fell to planning their is are, as only happy lovers can.

Somehow at the sight of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality, of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality of the prevaiting in the locality of the prevaiting in the locality. On the prevaiting in the locality of locality of locality of the prevaiting in the locality of locality of

ring for lights. It is very gloomy here."
"Oh, ro," answered the Colonel
quickly; "I will not detain you long.
Surely, after all these years, you cannot
deny me a few moments."

deny me a few moments."
"I have never done that."
"True," he interrupted. "True," he interrupted. "It was voluntary banishment. I was afraid to come here, Madeline. I am afraid to be here now, but that necessity forces me."
"You speak of the children?" she

"You speak of the candren;" she questioned.
"I speak of your daughter and my nephew, who have most unfortunately formed an attachment for each other."
"Unfortunately?"
"Yes, I say unfortunately, for you know from experience how it may end. I cannot allow Herbert's life to be wasted

I cannot allow Herbert's life to be wasted as mine was. He is young, ambitious and clever. I have great hopes of him."

The tears slowly filled Mrs. Vickers's beautiful eyes. "You are hard," she murmured. "I thought—I thought—I' she paused. "Mildred's happicess is even dearer to me. She loves your nephew truly, and perhaps, Greville, their marriage may—may bridge over the gulf between us. We may be friends once more."

She nervously clasped and unclasped

once more."

She nervously clasped and unclasped her hands, and Colonel Overton saw a few bright tears trembling on her lashes, "You mean well, Madeline," he answered quietly, "but though we are past the turning point in our lives, the even flow of friendship can never exist between us. As for Mildred—she is young—she has seen nothing of the world. There may be some other who may touch her heart more deeply—I have known such cases—and then Herbert's happiness will be wrecked." will be wrecked."

Madeline was weeping bitterly; but Colonel Overton continued: "I do not

Colonel Overton continued: "I do not mean to reproach you. Your course was better than deception; but I will protect Herbert to the best of my ability."

"And Mildred—poor little Mildred—is she to suffer too?"

Madeline rose from her chair, and coming close to him laid a beseeching hand upon his arm. The Colonel seized it, and fixed his passionate, pleading eyes upon her.

upon her.

"Madeline, Madeline! you try me past
my strength. Did you think of my feelings when you told me the cruel truth
years ago, and now am I required to
make still greater sacrifices? Even if all
should ture, out happily, do you think should turn out happily, do you think that it would cause me no pang to see Mildred—your very image—ditting about the old place which has known no gentle presence since you refused to enter it? Would you force me into exile again? Madeline, I am too old—leave me my solitary hearth, where I may spend a few peaceful twilight hours."

"Mildred could make them much happier for you," pleaded Mildred's

"Never!" he said with sudden fire. "Never!" he said with sudden fire.
"There is but one way of happiness for all. I am mad to dream of such a thing. for when I gave you up, Madeline, I swore I would never approach you again. I shall keep my vow. Bat, if you truly wish to mend the breach between us, then it is your place to seek me—not for Mildred's sake, nor Herbert's, nor even mine, but at the bidding of your own heart and desire." heart and desire."

heart and desire."

He gently disengaged her clinging hand, and left her to ponder his words. So while Mildred sang in the joy of her heart, Madeline went about her accustomed duties, dazed and bewildered. When the twilight came that meant so much to her, she could bear it no longer; she left the lovers to their dreams, and servedly giving herself time for thought.

him in the gathering gloom. She paused behind his chair, and summoning all her courage, laid a timid hand upon his

"Greville, I have come," she whisp-

He did not start, nor even turn, but he reached up and drew her gently around in frout of him, without a word. She crept into his embrace, and there another sweet and solema secret was told in the twilight .- Times-Democrat.

The Biggest Kite Ever Made.

The biggest kite in the world was

made in Durham, Greene County, N. Y., about a year ago. It may be taken as the biggest kite ever made.

The frame consisted of two main specific feet long, weighing all the properties of pounds, and two cross sticks any one feet long, and weighing saty-five pounds each; all of these feks were 2x6 inches in dimensions.

Over this frame work was stretched a great sheet of white duck, 25x18 feet, and weighing fifty-five pounds; the tail of the kite alone weighed fifty pounds, and contained 150 yards of mustin Twenty-five hundred feet of a half-inch rope served as "kite strings."

rope served as "kite strings."
This plaything cost \$75, and when it mounted into the air, it exerted a lifting power of 500 pounds. Six men once permitted it to ascend 1000 feet.—At-lanta Constitution.

The Quickest Yet.

A Texts doctor recently took a six hour drive with a Texas villager, who asked him a great many questions about the remedies used for certain diseases then prevailing in the locality. On the following week he had occassion to visit a neighboring village, where he found his re-ent companion with his shingle out as a full dedged doctor. He had

THE GREAT TULIP MANIA. A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CRAZE OF TREMENDOUS VIOLENCE.

Fortunes Won and Lost On the Pret-ty Flower Bulb Origin of the Spring Beauty of Our Gardens,

Spring Beauty of Our Gardens.

HAT gay flower, the tulip, belle of the garden, has reason to carry itself with proudly uplifted head, for its history is a unique one. A native of flowery Persia, growing there in prodigal luxuriance and making the earth flame with its crimson corollas. Coming from there to Turkey, it received its name, tulip, from tulbend, the Turkish name for turban, which it resembles. At last in its migratory mood it chose its home among the good people of Holland, henceforth with quiet mood it chose its home among the good people of Holland, henceforth with quiet effrontery ignoring its birthplace and going out into the world as a Holland bulb. But the flower which in the rich soil of Persia glowed a bright crimson, in the sandy loam of its new home appeared in a new and fantastic dress of "two-fold beauty and a parted streak," and ever since florists have been trying to vary the garb of the flower. For years otherwise sensible men devoted their lives to finding some way of producing black tulips, but with no better success than their compeers who sought success than their compeers who sought

blue roses.

Tulips were introduced into Northern Europe about the close of the sixteenth century. In Holland they quickly became the popular ornament of their prim gardens, and by one of those strange freaks which seem to sieze a nation as well as an individual, they became articles of commercial speculation.

The rise and fall of the tulipomania has no parallel in the business world. In 1636 tulip marts were established in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem and

In 1636 tulip marts were established in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Haarlem and other cities, where they were sold as stock on Wall street is to-day. Prices rose higher and higher. Bulbs bearing all kinds of high-sounding names were offered for sale. They were bought and sold again without the buyers receiving, indeed, with no expectation of ever seeindeed, with no expectation of ever seeing them. All classes entered into the speculation, from noblemen to turfmen. Servants, becoming suddenly rich, left their places to set up establishments for themselves. Men parted with houses, land and even clothes for bulbs.

A sailor in a warehouse picked up a bulb and bit it, supposing it to be an onion. The cost to the merchant of that one bite would have banqueted the Prince of Orange and his retinue.

Suddenly this strange inflation ceased and was followed by a panic. Prices fell, merchants could not meet their engagements, rich men found themselves beggared—but the tulip had come to

Even in England amid the excitement Even in England amid the excitement of civil war and the stern, joyless rule that followed, the tulip gained its place and friends. An old book gives a pleasant picture of Gereral Lambert, one of the noblest officers of the Puritan army, turning from battles to cultivate the bulb with such loving care that the cavaliers satirized him as Knight of Ye Golden Tulin.

But while those bright flowers blush 'in gay diversitie" at our feet, and make our lawns and parlors brilliant for so long a time as nature, aided by the florist's skill will allow, they have companies ion blossoms that refuse to lend them-selves for such lowly ends. They bloom but for the stars, and choose for their admirers birds with plumage as showy as themselves. Perhaps the eagle pauses to wonder at the gay coloring of the

tulip tree.
Although common in the Middle States, comparatively few have seen the mag-nificent blossoms of this tree. This is because of the great height it attains before it branches out. It seems strange to think of those great cup shaped flow-ers glowing in their strange beauty of variegated scarlet, yellow and orange over a hundred feet from the ground. For hundreds of years those trees, the largest in America except the California group, will bear their blossoms and peo-ple living in their shadows will never see ple living in their shadows will never see the coloring of their canopy. By some law of "" 'tion, perhaps that instinct which makes birds frequent those trees whose foliage will best conceal them, the tree attracts to itself the gayest hued birds, notably the oriole, to which Hawthorne compares its flower.—Detroit Free Press.

The use of lead pipe for the convey-ance of water for domestic use is rarely dangerous. It is only so when the water stands for some time in the pipe and when it is largely charged with carbonic when it is largely charged with carbonic acid. Then the acid may act on the lead and produce a soluble carbonate which is not safe to take in the stomach. But even in this case, if the water is run for a shert time so as to clear out the standing water, the danger is avoided. Hard water soon makes a deposit of carbonate of lime or alumina in the pipe, which acts as an insoluble lining, and thus protects the metal from the action of the water. When a pipe has been in use for some months without any evidence of some months without any evidence of action on the lead, it may be considered safe, as then it may be believed that the lead has not been acted upon or has been coated over safely. The purest water has the most effect upon lead.—New

Presenting Arms to a Cat.

Presenting Arms to a Cat.

Some lifty years ago a very high English official died in a fortress, at a place
that is one of the centers of Brahamic
orthodoxy, and at the moment when the
news of his death reached the Sepoy
guard at the main gate, a black cat
rushed out of it. The guard presented
arms to the cat as a salute to the flying
spirit of the powerful Englishman, and
the coincidence took so firm a hold of
the locality that up to a few years ago
neither exhortation nor orders could prevent a Hindu rentry at that gate from
presenting arms to any cat that passed
out at night.—Hombay (india) Times.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Italy is experimenting with liquid fuel for torpedo boats.

The naval ordnance smokeless powder continues to produce satisfactory results. There is a thermometer at Johns Hop-kins University in Baltimore, Md., which is considered worth \$10,000.

The Hollerith electrical counting apparatus has saved the census bureau \$600,000 in the expense of enumerating the population of the country.

Frost has a variety of effects upon different products. Under the same influence eggs will hurst, applies contract.

fluence eggs will burst, apples contract and potatoes will turn black.

It has been found that sandstone as an engine foundation is far from perfect. The stone soon becomes saturated with oil, making it soft and easily friable.

Broommakers dye their broomcorn so green that housekeepers are afraid to break off one of the splints to test a cake with, for fear they may be poisoned with paris-green.

To find the relative distance of the sun and stars, suppose the earth and sun but one inch apart. At the same relative distance the nearest fixed star would be just eleven miles away.

It is said that the latest improved guns are able to give a velocity to their projectiles of 2887 feet per second, which is at the rate of 1968 miles an hour. This is the highest velocity yet recorded.

It has been found by experiments that ordinarily the blood travels from the ordinarily the blood travels from the heart through the arteries at the rate of about twelve inches a second and through the capillaries at about 3-100 of an inch per second.

The floating fire-engine, propelled by steam, which has been lately built for the service of the prefecture of the port, says the Levant Herald, made a short trifl trip in the Marmora recently. It steams twelve to thirteen miles an hour.

A new English pattern of stair thread is made of alternate strips of lead and steel, the lead furnishing toothold and the steel preventing wear. The lead is cast in grooves in a plate of steel, and it is asserted that this form of step has unusual durability, not wearing smooth even under heavy travel.

even under heavy travel.

The microphone is the latest absolute test for death. Recently a St. Petersburg (Russia) woman, who was subject to fits of catalepsy, apparently ceased to breathe, and was looked upon by her friends as dead. Her medical attendant, who knew the history of the case, applied the microphone to the region over the heart, and was thus enabled to hear the faint sounds of its beats. After strenuous exertions the beats. After strenuous exertions the doctor was enabled to restore the woman

to consciousness. A new means has been found for shutting off an electrical current without injury to the dynamo when wires happen to get crossed or there is overheating from any cause. The essential
parts of the apparatus are four needles
so arranged that when the voltage in
the wire is increased above the limit from any cause, one of the needles will emit sparks and so burn through a fine thread. This thread is connected with springs which shut off the current when the tension broken.

The . and the Cook.

The following ory, which is not new, will bear retelling. During the carlier visits of the Royal family to Balearlier visits of the Royal family to Balmoral, Prince Albert, dressed in a very
simple manner, was crossing one of the
Scotch lakes in a steamer, and was curious to note everything relating to the
management of the vessel, and among
other things cooking. Approaching the
"galley," where a brawny Highlander
was attending to the culinary matters, he
was attracted by the savory odors of a
compound known by Scotchmen as
"hodge-podge," which the Highlander
was preparing. "What is that," asked
the Prince, who was not known to the was preparing. "What is that," asked the Prince, who was not known to the cook. "Hodge-podge, sir." was the reply. "How is it made?" was the next onestion.

question. "Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and _"
"Yos, yes," said the Prince, who had not learned that "intil't" it," expressed by the contraction intil't; but what is intil't?" "Why, there's but what is intil't!" "Why, there's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and carrots intil't, and—" "Yes, I see, but what is intil't?" The man looked at him, and seeing that the Prince was serious, he replied, "There's mutton intil't, and turnips intil't, and—" "Yes, certainly, I know," urged the inquirer; but what is intil't—intil't?" "Ye daft gowk!" yelled the Highlander, brandishing his big spoon, "am I no telling what's intil't?" There's mutton intil't, and—" Here the interview was brought to a close by one of the Prince's suite, who was fortunately passing, and stepped in to save his Royal Highness from being rapped over his head with a big spoon, 'n search for information from being rapped over his head with a big spoon, 'n search for information from the cook.—Manchester Times.

A Boulder Rednot From the Skies.

Frank Newell, a cattleman of Eagle County, Choctaw Nation, Indian Terri-County, Choctaw Nation, Iadian Territory, reports that a large meteor fell on the prairie the other day. It was imbedded at least twenty feet in the earth and protudes twelve feet in the air. The meteor when seen by Newell appeared in the air like a monster ball of fire. When the earth was struck it fairly trembled, and there was a spluttering and sizzing like unto a piece of hot iron dippel into cold water. The meteoric atone was as hot as a furnace hours after it descended to the earth. Newell estimates the weight at several tons. The meteor fell about eight o'clock on the prairie near a small water course called Frick's Creek. Newell was on horse-back about five hundred yards distant. His horse trembled with terror, causing him to dismount. It was not until the following morning that Newell and his following morning that Newell and his neighbors could approach near the moteor, and then only to within a dis-tance of about fifty yards.—Atlanta Con-stitution.

ON A ROSE PRESSED IN A BOOK

I win the summer back again At touch of this dead rose O lavish joy! O tender pain! The very June wind blows, And thrills me with the old refrain Whose music my heart knows:
I win the summer back again
At touch of this dead rose.

Ah, lost is all the summer's gain, And lost my heart's repose; And was it tears or was it rain That wept the season's close?
The winter suns they coldly wane; White fall the winter snows: But Love and Summer come again.
At touch of this dead rose.

-Louise Chandler Moulton, in the Century

Out on a lark-Feathers. "Has a settled look"-A receipted

A counter-irritant-The vinegarish

Makes little things count—The teacher of the smallest class in arithmetic. It is sometimes hard to tell where

business sagacity leaves off and down-right rascality begins.—Texas Siftings. The mother hunts for bargains,
And the father handles stocks,
But the babies in the cradle
Are the ones that get the "rocks."

A woman is never so likely to be mis-caken at any other time as she is when she is "perfectly sure."—Somerville

There are twin brothers in Brixton so much alike that they frequently borrow money of each other without knowing it.

Gummey—"Now that is what I call a taking picture." Glanders—"Yes; it's a painting of a pickpocket at work."—Detroit Free Press.

He (at the dinner table to young wife)

-"My dear wifey, I begin to think that
there are a few misprints in your cookery
book."—La Tribuna. Lady (to her legal friend)—"You won't charge for a question, I hope?" Lawyer—"Oh, no; only for the answer."

-Fliegende Blaetter. "I wouldn't marry the best man in creation," said Estelle. "That lets me out," said Chappie. "Farewell forever."

New York Herald.

"Manilly is the toughest paper known, I believe," said Wickwire, incidentally. "Say," queried Mudge, "where can I get a copy?"—Indianapolis Journal.

get a copyr — Indianapolis Journal.

Ike,Jr.—"What are you smiling about, mother?" Mrs. Partington's Niece—
"I'm reading a funny story and have just got to the smilax."—Buffalo Express.

"Sweet, I must go; 'tis lata," said he:
She did not moan or sh'ver,
But, looking at him smilingly,
Said: "Better late than never."
—Chicago Sun.

Teacher—"How many scruples are there in a dram?" Dick Hicks—"Supposed to be three, but most druggists sell 'em without any."—New York Her-

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Parvenu, bidding good night to her guests after the reception, "that the storm kept all our best people away!"—Boston Her-

Visitor—"Do life prisoners survive very long?" Keeper—"Only those whose sentences were commuted because they had but a short time to live."—New York

"Papa, what is patrimony?" "It is

what is inherited from a father, my dear."
"Oh; and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?"—Brooklyn Jack—"She is not generally considered a belle, and yet I have seen her look killing." Charlte—"Indeed! When was that?" Jack—"At a ball once when I trod upon her train."—Kate Field's

Editor (of monthly magazine, after reading the manuscript)—"Your poem, sir, has great literary merit." Author of Poem (in a voice of agony)—"Then of course you can't use it!"—Chicago

Tribune. How we do laugh over the pictures we had taken when we were young! By the way, wonder what we would have thought in early life could we have seen the photographs we have had taken since we reached middle life?—Boston Tran-

A teacher of natural philosophy once asked the bright boy of the class how many kinds of force there were, and was astonished to receive the following reply: "Three, ma'am. Mental force physical force and police force."—Phar maceptical Era.

"What book is that you are reading?" asked Mrs. Snaggs of her husband. "It's a book on tree culture, my dear." "You don't want to know anything on that subject, do you?" "Yes; I want to learn how to raise an ambush."...Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Bank Clerk ... "It's a shame, the way some men rob their employers by loading when they to paid to work. There's a bricklayer on that new build-ing across the street who hasn't done a stroke for an hour.—I know it because I've done nothing but watch him.' Kate Field's Washington.

Shamrock and Clover.

There is a prevalent notion that the shamrock is nothing but clover. Indeed, many Irish people will show you clover and tell you that it is the shamrock. But, according to the best authorities, the true shamrock is the oxalis, not the trifolium repens. All the Irish flags which bear the shamrock represent the former plant, which is different from the other in this: Clover leaves spring in a bunch from a common root; shamrock leaves spring in alternating order from either side of a stem which creeps close to the ground. The leaves are smaller than those of the clover plant, more delicate, and the plant is, as compared with There is a prevalent notion that the cate, and the plant is, as compared clover, very rate. - Buffalo (N.