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Illinois farmers are emigrating to northern Iowa and southern Minnesota

The discovery is made that the Alaska soil and climate are peculiarly adopted to hop-raising.

The Swiss have done the least fighting this century, and their only important outbreaks have been more of a civil than a military chara cter.

In the event of war Russia could show an army of 1,800,000 men, besides Cossacks; France, on a war footing, an army of 2,800,000; Germany, an army of 2,301,000 under twelve years' ser

Ross Winans, the Maryland millionaire, whose deer forests in Scotland already extend from sea to sea, has just bought more property there. The British press complains about the "land grabbing" propensities of Americans.

It is believed that fully twenty-five per cent. of the population of the Argentine Republic at the present time consists of European settlers, most of whom -now that the undesirable ones have been compelled to leave-are well established and have all their interests identical with the country.

A military map has been published in Vienna, Austria, showing the relative strength of Russia and England and Russia is represented as having 200,000 infantry and 38,000 cavalry with which to threaten northern India To this force England is able to oppose, at most, 100,000 infantry and 13 000

The prospects of the Chinese tea trade continue to grow more gloomy, says London Figaro. At a general meeting of teamen recently held in one of the Foochow districts, it was stated that during the last five years, the hundred and eighty houses engaged in the business lost over \$2,000,000. More than half of these decided not to go on risking their capitat, and are therefore retiring. It is believed that the foreign merchants will benefit by the reduced competition.

Mr. Riis, author of "Ho the Other Half Lives," in Scribner's Magazine asserts that the lack of small parks and playgrounds in the tenement-house district of New York, and the consequent perpetual tussles between the children, at harmless play in the street, and the police, are the chief forces in the development of the "tough." The germ of the gangs, he says, that terrorize whole sections of the city at intervals, and feed our courts and jails, may, without much difficulty, be discovered in these early and rather grotesque struggles of the boys with the police.

It seems that sculptors of the rank of Anne Whitney and Harriet Hosmer decline to show their works in the Woman Building of the World's Fair, but will exhibit in the Liberal Arts Building. Their idea is, of course, explains the New Tork Sun, that there is no sex in art, and that competition in their profession has not been with woman, but as members of the commonwealth of art-past and present. This view of the subject is have some trouble to counteract in order to preserve the women's department from taking on the aspect of an colossal county

One of the features of that World's Fair at Chicago will be a Religious Congress in which not only all branches of the Christian Church are to come together-Catholics from everywhere, Protestants of all denominations, Holy Orthodox Greeks from Constantinople and Alexandria and Moscow, Copts and Armenians and members of the other Oriental churches-but also Jewish rabbis, representatives of Buddhism from India and Japan, Confucian teachers from China, and Mohammedan doctors from Cairo. According to the Review of Reviews, the Congress is to seek for the things that are common in the faith and philosophy of all the great cults of the civilized world, and to promote harmony and good understanding.

One of the curiosities of French legislation was brought to public notice by a recent incident in the Riviera. An Enghshman, who rented a cottage there on of sea water for his bath. The servant informed him that it was against the law, and if done without the special permis sion of the civil authorities would subject him to various pains and penalties. He investigated the matter, and found that the permission was not easy to obtain, and was only granted on his making affidavit that the water was to be used for no culinary purposes, and was not to be boiled down for the salt. Nobody can have sait in France, even from the eca, without paying the Government for

COLUMBUS

Columbus was, they tell us now, A man of flaw and fleck— A man who steered a pirate prow, And trod a slaver's deck; In narrow, bigot blindness curied, Cruel and vain was he— To such was given to lift a world From out the darkened sea.

Though weak and cruel, vain, untrue From all earth's high and low, God picked this man, His work to do, Four hundred years ago, There in the distance standeth he, Still pointing toward the West.

There stands he on his westward prow, A man entirely strong; So great, the bald truth spoken now Though slaver, pirate, he might be, He had that gift of fate— That wise and sane insanity
That makes the great man great.
—Sam W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

AT SKELETON GRANGE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

HE driver stood at coach, a leather mem hand, a stumpy lead pencil in the other. "Lady for Tow-lins's Corners," he had checked off my

camphor-scented neighbor in the coach. "Gent for camphor-scented neighbor in the coach. "Gent for the Abbey Arms—little boy to be left at Doctor Stokum's school—and you, miss"
(with a nod at me), "for Skeleton

Grange?"

"Skeleton Grange!" I cried, with a start that knocked the camphor bottle from the hand of my reighbor and seriously incommoded the fat gentleman in the opposite corner.

"Lor', miss," said the man, a slow mile overspreading his countenance, "it ain't the real name of the place. It's what the folks hereabouts calls it. Short, miss, for Skellington. It was built by old Squire Skellington, in the year 1800."

"Oh!" said I, sinking back into my seat with a little nervous laugh, while every one else regarded me with frozen stares of disapproval, including the lady who was sopping the split camphor from her lap with a pocket-handkerenief, and the old gentleman whose wig had been knocked on one side by my sudden

For, you see, I was only eighteen, and I was going to my first situation, as reader and companion to Mrs. Pinkney, of The Grange, near Port Kent, on Lake

our own bread, as my mother's little school had not proved a success, and both Elaine and Emily were younger and more timid than I was.

The preliminary arrangements had all been transacted through a mutual accommodation bureau in New York. I had been given to understand by the lady in charge that my negition would be in charge that my position would be very desirable, if I could be sufficiently

very desirable, if I could be sufficiently fortunate to suit the fancy of Mrs. Pinkney, who was an elderly lady of excellent means and some eccentricity.

Well, here I was at last, en route for The Grange, my railway novel read to the last page, the contents of my lunch basket all eaten, and a crimson sunset flooding the beautiful surface of Lake Champlain with the loyeliest of glows. Champlain with the loveliest of glows, and just as I was admiring the red-tiled roots of a long, low house, embowered in elms and beeches, the stage came to a stop, and the driver bawled out:
"Passengers for Skeleton Gra-a-ange!"

My insignificant little trunk was lifted down, a bell in the stone gate-post was violently rung, and I stood knee-deep in tall, flowering grasses, looking forlornly after the disappearing coach, as the grant of the hearth. after the disappearing coach, as the eyes of a shipwrecked mariner might follow the vanishing masts of some retreating vessel which bears heart and hope away after the disa

"Is this The Grange? Is Mrs. Pinkney at home? I am Miss Carrick, the companion, from New York, please!" I faltered out the words in a sort of terror, induced by the sudden and start-ling appearance of a little old woman, in a black silk quilted hood and cloak, who had hobbled out of the house by the aid of a knotted stick and unlocked the

gate with a shiping brass key.

She nodded her head to my interrogatories and favored me with a long stare

then, stooping to lift one end of my trunk, she said, briskly

"Can ee lift t'other end eeself? Ee ain't no menfolk about place an' I ain't

overly strong meself." I obeyed with alacrity, being young I obeyed with atacrity, being young and vigorous, and the trunk not especi-ally heavy, and thus I made my appear-ance before a tall, spare woman of sixty, with a dress of lustreless black sits, glit-ty and the Roman

with a dress of lustreless black silk, glit-tering gold eyeglasses, and a fine Roman profile, who stool on an Eastern rug-before a blazing wood fire.

The walls were covered with old an-cestral portraits, whose steady stare added to my confusion; every nook and corner was crowded full of Chinese dra-gons, Chippendale cabinets, old china on brackets, and grotesquely-embroidered screens.

'Ah," said the tall lady, "you are the

reader and companion?"

I made a quaint little courtesy, unconsciously infected by the proximity of
the stiff Chippendale furniture and the
family portraits.

"Miss Carrick, madam," I said—"at
your service."

selves warm, while Mrs. Pinkney related to me in sepulchral whispers the history of her grandfather, Squire Skellington, whilhom of Wales, who had built this venerable mansion, apparently without the slightest reference to the modern fads of drainage and ventilation.

fads of drainage and ventilation.

"He was a man of unusually strong mind," said Mrs. Pinkney, "and to show his scorn of popular opinion he built the house on the site of a former graveyard, which partly accounts for the way people have of calling it "Skeleton Grange," instead of using the proper appellation. I hope, Miss Carrick," with a sudden pause in the stream of words, "that you are not superstitious?"

"Oh, not at all!" said I, with chattering teeth and ashy-white face.

og teeth and ashy-white face.
Old Hannah had brought her knitting

Old Hannah had brought her knitting in, after the tea things were removed, and sat at a respectful distance.

"If ee missus likes to live over dead-sat-gone folks, I don't," said Hannah.
"I'd ruther have live neighbors than dead uns any time."

"You old goose," said Mrs. Pinkney, with a superior smile. "All the bodies were taken away years before my grand-father built the house, and re-interred beside Saint Sulpicius's Church, three miles down the lake."

"Maybe ee were, maybe ee weren't."

"Maybe ee were, maybe ee weren't," said Hannah. "Which room is ee young mees to have?" "I told you before—the south cham-

ber."
"Is it near yours?" I whispered to Hannah, as my new mistress leaned for-ward to replace a vividly-painted fan on the mantle. "Thank Goodness!" as she answered me with a nod.

The rest of the evening was spent in readings from various authors and in various styles to prove to Mrs. Pinkney what my qualifications were, and she was pleased to profess herself surprised was pleased to and gratified.

and gratified.

"To morrow," she said, "I will show you my books and curios, and your duties will commence."

At eleven o'clock precisely some hot lemonade and crackers were produced, and we went to bed, Hannah guiding me with a candle in an old-fashioned silver

"Hannah!" I cried, clutching her arm as I look at the dim old chamber with its carred high-post bedstead, its polished wood floor and the dim sheets of mirror that seemed to glisten everywhere, "where is your room?" "Just ee first one as ee came doon the

round door. Don't ee fret, dear; ee'll sleep rare and well, see if ee don't."

And wishing me good-night, she with-

I sat crouched on a chair in front of of the glimmering candle.

All of a sudden 1 became unpleasantly

aware that a dim, opaque sort of face was peering over my shoulder. I looked around with a spasmodic start. It was only the reproduction of a feeble old family portrait that hung above the mantle; but I sprang on a chair and resolutely turned its simmering face to

on something that turned the warm currents of my blood to ice—a pair of big cowhide boots, stained with red mud and literally set with nails in the heel, that were protruding from under the chintz valances of the bed.

One glance was enough. I opened the

door and fled wildly out into the hall without waiting for my candle.

At the foot of the winding stairs I

looked around for the little round-topped door of which Hannah had spoken; but there was no door there, a circumstance which was afterward accounted for by the fact that I had turned the wrong way in my mad flight, and taken the south stairway instead of the north. With a smothered shriek I made for

To my unspeakable terror, I was confronted on the very threshold by the crouching figure of a huge Bengal tiger, whose green, glassy eyes mirrored the unleaping flames, and starting back, with a wild shrick, I lost all consciousness.

"Take me back home! Take me to

a wild shrick, I lost all consciousness.

Letter and Emily! Was my piteous murmur, as I once more regained consciousness and became aware that Mrs. Pinkney was drenching my forehead in lavender water, while old Hannah stood by with a sheaf of burnt feathers and a nitcher of iced water. pitcher of iced water.
"Don't ee be scared, my deary," said
the old woman, soothingly. "Now don't

ee!"
"Hannah, hold your tongue!" said
Mrs. Pinkney. "The trouble is purely
nervous, and nerves can, and must, and
shall be controlled! Now, Miss Carrick, brace yourself up and tell us what

rick, brace yourself up and tell us what frightened you."

"A man!" I gasped. "Hiding—with big, nob nailed boots—under my ned!"

"O-o-h!" said Mrs. Pinkney. "Is that all? Why, I thought I'd told you about 'em. I keep 'em in every room of the house, to make burglars think there's men on the premises. I told Hannah to remove them from your chamber, though."

"As true as ee lives, ma'am," croaked Hannah, "ee clean forgot all about it!"
"And the tiger? He sprung at my throat," I sobbed, hiding my face in the bedclothes.
"No, he didn't!" said Mrs. Piukney.
"How could he when he's only stuffed, poor creature? I put him there every night since Don, the watch dog, was poisoned, to stattle any thieves who may make their way in. Goodness me!
we poor, solitary womankind are driven

to-day. My nephew, Colonel Halkett, and his man, Giles, are coming this evening to stay six months, and they'll bring a new gardener, and two St. Bernard puppies. Then you shall see! For Giles makes a crack butler, and my nephew is a great geologist, and can tell you the Latin name of every bug and beetle hear?"

you the Latin name of every pug and beetle he sees."

And on this encouraging showing I remained at Skeleton Grange after all.

Yes, I ought to have married the colonel. But how could I?

He was forty, and wore a wig. Moreover he was a greater old granny than both Mrs. Pinkney and Hannah put together. But he was a sanitarian as well as a

scientist, and in less than a month he had The Grange properly drained and remodeled so that the sunshine streamed

remodeled so that the sunshine streamed into every room, and summer fires were no longer necessary.

And Mrs. Pinkney, although extremely eccentric, proved the finest and most considerate of patronesses, and I found myself able to send money home to mother and the girls every month.

And I'm not afraid of the Bengal tiger any more, although he still glares at me whonever I go up and down stairs.

whenever I go up and down stairs.

And I only laugh when people ask me if I'm not afraid to live at Skeleton Grange.—Saturday Night.

"The composition of a really popular song, one that catches the fancy of the classes and masses, is a feat that is governed more by luck than knowledge," recently remarked a well-known music

"From a literary point of view the majority of successes in this line are atrocious, while their sentiment—if they are of the sentimental order—is gener-ally inclined to be both insipid and wkish.

"A well written piece of verse, conveying an unconventional sentimental idea, would have about one chance in a thousand to succeed. The quality of the entire composition must be moder-ately bad, viewed from a high-class stand-point, but exactly how bad only the fates can decide.

"In comic songs that catch on original ideas are absolutely necessary, though any humorous ballad in which the characters are knocked down and dragged out with great frequency appeals strongly

to the popular fancy.
"'Down Went McGinty' and 'Throw
Him Down, McCloskey' are beautiful ex-

amples of this type.

"Some song writers make a great deal of money from their compositions. The author of 'In the Gloaming' raked in about \$15,000 from it, but the greater number do not realize much from their work.

"But it is like gambling in a way, and "But it is like gambling in a way, and the knowledge that some day they may stumble on a song that will bring them fortune if not fame—for nobody ever remembers the author of a popular song—keeps them at it. And it's almost a certainty that they'll never be able to repeat their first success."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Australian journal gives the follow An Australian journal gives the follow-ing case, which is nearly as remarkable as the crowbar accident to Mr. Phineas Gage: "Robert Campbell, a young man connected with the Postal Department, was admitted to the Melbourne Hospital with a pistol ramrod through his brain. The story of the accident is that Camp-The story of the accident is that Campbell was out shooting with a muzzle-loading pistol. While he was ramming home the charge the weapon exploded, and the ramrod, which was composed of fencing wire, with a lead plug at the end, made by the victim, was sent through his cheek across the eye and came out at the top of his head.

Dr. Harris stated that when the man was admitted to the hospital it was found

was admitted to the hospital it was found that the ramrod had passed through his cheek, on the left side of the nose, into the infraorbital plate of the maxilla, right through the eye, plate of the frontal bone, the brain, and coming out at the top of the skull, about the middle of the internal portion of the

about six inches.

"Dr. Charles Ryan, assisted by Dr. Harris, trephined the skull, having first cut off the wire. When the bone was removed the leaden base came with it, and the eye, which had been completely destroyed was taken out. Antisentic destroyed, was taken out. Antis lotion was then syringed through th socket, along the course the ramred had taken, and by this means the wound was well washed. Campbell is now convalescent."—Medical Record.

What Millstones Are Made Of.

What Millstones Are Made Of.
All the millstones used in the United States formerly came from France, where they were made of a silicious rock found in great blocks near Paris. The stone is mostly quartz, but has a regular cellular structure, is extremely hard and compact, and of all shades of color, from a whitish gray to a dark blue. A number of years ago, however, an excellent substitute was found in America, in the bulir-stone of Northwest Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. Where millstones are employed at all this is now the favorite rock, and it answers the purpose so well that there is no need of any miller golug abroad for his millstones.

A Fashionable Fuel.

I made a quaint little courtesy, unconsciously intected by the proximity of the stiff Chippendale furniture and the family portraits.

"Miss Carrick, madam," I said—"at your service."

Looking back upon the circumstances by the dispassionate light of the past, it seems to me that this was the longest evening I ever spent. Although the trellis outside was covered with June roses, the walle of The Grange were so thick, and the atmosphere so damp, that we sai close to the fire, and drank hot tea and ate toasted muillos to keep our-A fashionable fuel-tor what is there

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Pearls from Ceylon will be scarce this year. Violent storms have washed away all the oysters from the famous banks, so annual fishery must be abar

An attempt has lately been made to cultivate oysters in the Baltic. Last summer 50,000 were transplanted from the North Sea, but the experiment has been a failure.

The brain of Schneider, the Austrian assassin, who murdered eight servant girls, was shown by the post mortem examination to be affected with hydrocephalus so that nearly all moral sense

The volcano of Kilauea is very active at present. The cavity produced by the last breakdown has not filled up, but there is an active lake two or three hundred feet below the general level of the floor and a quarter of a mile in diame-

able medium for the culture of micro-organisms can be found than warm sew-age. Cases are cited in which hot water and steam introduced into old cesspools have resulted in an epidemic of diph-theria.

The installation of the multiple speed and traction system of platforms which has been in operation at the World's Fair grounds in Chicago for the past six months is now assuming a much more complete form that would seem to be in-dicative of success.

Dr. B. W. Richardson states that he Dr. B. W. Renardson states that he has occasionally subjected two animals of the same age, breed and condition simultaneously to the same atmosphere of cohoroform and common air, and has found one dead and the other alive, and

Mr. Yarrow says that the cause of vi-bration in screw vessels when running in smooth water with their propellers well immersed is mainly due to the forces produced by the unbalanced moving parts of the machinery, such as pistons, piston rods, valves, gear, etc.

The famous clock in Strasburg Cathedral is the only timepiece whith marks the old time in Alsace-Lorraine, now that the whole province has adopted the Greenwich meridian. Experts declare that any attempt to alter the routine of the clock would effectually disarrange the elaborate mechanism.

According to Lord Rayleigh, if the alagous to our present steam engines, either the water, as the substance first heated, will be replaced by a fluid of less inherent volatility, or else the volatility of the water will be restrained by the addition to it of some body held in

In regard to the various processes proposed for the recovery of metallic iron from slag, a writer in London Iron remarks that, though in very many cases the slag as taken from the furnace will be found to contain a large amount of iron in a metallic state; which will well repay for any moderate outlay in its re-covery, an essential point is that all the

covery, an essential point is that all the work be as nearly as possible automatic.

A machine often wanted is a small, cheap and efficient water motor for driving small dynamos for laboratory or trade purposes. Such a motor is now successfully used and consists of a simple arrangement of force buckets propelled under high pressure, house or other water supply. Inside the case is a thin drum of considerable diameter, on the circumference of which are small double buckets. The water entering by the supply pipe impinges with force on these buckets and drives the wheel with great rapidity and power.

It is the widest street of the capital (Berlin). In the middle there is a broad, unpaved, but excellently cared for prom-enade, bounded on one side by a riding path, and upon the other by a stonepaved road, designed particularly for heavy vehicles that might interrupt traffic. Enclosing this central avenue and the two side ones are four rows of lindens, which have given the street its name. But you must not think of the huge, wonderful lindens of our Northera Germany. The old trees have suffered a great deal from time and the hostile in-fluences of a great city, especially from great deal from time and the hostile in-fluences of a great city, especially from the gas—always fatal to vegetation— and they are now a very shabby, mean and melancholy sight. The electric light has here for some years dispossessed its rival, and gleams down from tall, beau-fully shaped posts, that are really orna-mental. Parallel with the outermost rows of indeps there are two more readmental. Parallel with the outermost rows of lindens there are two more road-ways asphalt on one side and excellently paved upon the other, and also a broad sidewalk on both sides; so that the street has consequently seven divisions— two sidewalks, three roads for vehicles,

The Cause of Trichinosis.

The Cause of Trichinesis.

The Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Health said the other day, in response to an inquiry as to what that Board had to state regarding the trichina cases, that if people would eat raw pork they would be sick, and that since the middle of February there had been upward of fifty cases of trichinosis in Boston, with five deaths, a larger number than had ever before been reported to the Board in the past fifty years. One-tenth of all the pork are and Boston, he said, was affected. The only safety in the use of pork was in its thorough cooking.—New York Times.

A Horse Can Eat All Day. A prominent horseman says that a horse can conveniently eat twenty-four horse every day, the reason being that "its stomach is really small in proportion to the size of its body, and, therefore, it

IMPROVEMENT OF ROADS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF GOOD COUN-TRY HIGHWAYS.

be of Great Advantage to Farmers -A Work of Time. WIDESPREAD interest in the

improvement of public roads in America is one of the healthiest

We have given so much thought and money to building our great railroads, and bringing the distant lands of the West into direct competition with the farms of the more cultivated regions, that we have overlooked the necessity for unproving local transportation feelili. for improving local transportation facili-ties. Just in proportion as our rail transportation is extended, the necessity increases for improving our roadways and every avenue leading to the railroad

Every community is clamorous for branches to some trunk line. These communities will subscribe money and tax themselves to death in order to bring the railroad a few miles nearer the farm, but they will do absolutely noth-ing to bring the farm a few miles nearer the railroad.

One gazes in wondermentat the figures telling of the tonnage of our great rail-road systems, but we seem never to ask how this great amount of freight reaches the railroad.

It comes in wagons drawn by horses over worn out streets or dirt roads. The over worn out streets or dirt rougs. Inc cost of this first transportation is some-thing immense, but it is rarely ever gath-ered into a table of statistics. Farners five miles from the railroad will denounce five miles from the railroad will denounce the extortion of these great corporations, and never stop for a moment to think that they are robbing themselves much more seriously by their neglect of the country roads than it is possible for the

railroads to rob them.

It is not possible to construct a system of country roads in a few years. A perfect system is not possible in a poor country, but nothing would so add to the market value of farm lands anywhere as a thosewish and systematic incomparent of thorough and systematic improvement of the roads, bringing the farms into easy and direct communication with the rail

and direct communication with the rail-road systems of the world.

Senator Ingalls, in a recent article on the subject of public roads, says. "Many of the Western roads are very much like the roof of the cabin of the Arkansaw Traveler, which did not leak in dry weather, and when it rained could not be repaired. The prairie highways," he says. "are for nine months in the year says, "are for nine months in the year the best highways in the world, but for the other three months, when the frost is leaving the ground, during the continu-ous rains of spring or autum, or while the roads are frozen, nothing worse can be imagined."

Such roads as these could be easily made perfect by proper drainage. Con-cerning the highways of Europe, Mr. In-

galls says:
"The public roads of England and the continent are the growth of a century, and, like those of Rome, were developed before railways had become the principal avenues of communication. It should be remembered also that the climate and soil are different; the supply of labor there is greater and the rate of wages less; land is much more valuable and population more dense. It would be a mistake to attempt to construct in this country immediately a system of macadamized high-ways like those between Oxford and Reading in England, or Bantry Bay and Killarney Lakes in Ireland. The work must be gradual, and the public opinion must be brought by degrees to this high

This is true. The work must be gradual. Public opinion must be brought by degrees to this high standard. The country that has to be improved is marvelous h its proportions, as well as in its resources. It has a system of rail transportation that is the wonder of the world, but it has taken more than fifty years to build it, and ten thousand million dollars. What is needed for the construction of good country reads is concerning. tion of good country roads is co-operation, information and some little taxation.—Courier-Journal.

A Rare Indian Relie.

Jonas De Turk recently found a rare Indian relic in the shape of a "poison pot" on the Raudeabush farm, near Pop-lar Neck, in Cunru Towaship, Penn. lar Neck, in Cumru Township, Penn. The poison pot is a large flat stone with a circular pit in the centre an inch deep and

circular pit in the centre an inch deep and two inches in diameter, bearing uamistakable evidence of having been carved out laboriously with a sharp flint instrument. It still shows plain traces of the poisons and acids which were mixed in it and used in the poisoning of arrows.

The poisons extracted from the sacs of copperheads and rattlesnakes and from certain deadly plants were used in concecting the baneful fluids. The poisoned arrows were employed by the Indians in killing their enemies in war and in shoot-

killing their enemies in war and in shooting dangerous wild animals.

Few poison pots of this kind are in existence, even in the most complete museum collections of Indian relics.

New York Times.

Wonders in the Equine Foot.

Wonders in the Equine Foot.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in the whole range of animal structure. The outside hoof is made up of a series of thin, vertical lamina of horn, about 500 in number. Into this are fitted about 500 more thin laminae, which belong to the coffin bone, both sets being clastic and adherent. The edges of a quire of paper inserted leaf by leaf into another quire will furnish a good idea of the arrangement of the laminae as mentioned above. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are laminae in all the feet, amounting to about 4000, These are distributed in the most secure manner, and in a way that every spring by leaf into another quire will furnish a good idea of the arrangement of the lamine as mentioned above. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are lamina in all the feet, amounting to about 4000, These are distributed in the most secure manner, and in a way that every spring is acted upon in an oblique direction. Verily there is a display of nature's wonder everywhere.—St. Louis Results of the supply groom called the groom, "I will call and see you later." The happy groom called the next week and presented the reverend gentlemen with a dozen sticks of chewing gum.—Homiletic Review,

Life's a fabric of fancies, whims, dream

smiles and sighs!
Love is simply a tissue of tears and regrets,
Lost delights, bitter bliss, broken hearts,

weeping eyes!
withal, there are passions conceived
and confess'd,
me what may throughout life, whose

sweet fragrance may cling— Like the breath of a rose that is kissed and

may bring.

Nor does love dream that Destiny oft holds

Certain bitterness, cleverly hidden from

view; Even so, I still worship, still fondly adore... You—my life and my love—and I am loyal to you. —E. H. Carroll, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man who dyes his hair has learned

"Laugh and the world laughs with ou," or wants to know what you are you," or wan

An athletic record is the only thing

that improves by breaking.—Bingham ton Republican. Don't talk about yourcelf in company

—it can be done much more satisfact after you have left. Life may be a stage, but is more like a courthouse from the fact that it is full of

trials .-- Elmira Gazette. Philanthropy now demands the culture of a species of shad that shall be boneless.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A man who sells clocks cannot be blamed for being occasionally behind the times.—Washington Star.

"That's an angel of a house!" said she. "Not quite," he replied. "It only has one wing."—Harper's Bazar. Briggs—"Do you think that Robinson loves her?" Griggs—"He went shopping with her."—Cloak Review.

"I guess that must be a watch-dog," remarked Tommy, "for his tail begins to tick whenever you speak to him.

A petrified ham has been found in an Indiana field. This is the first supply of material for World's Fair sandwiches,— Manager—"I'll engage you for a trial season." Actor—"Before I accept I'll ask you for a trial advance of salary."—

"Oh, yes, ours is a hard business," said the dressmaker. "It's snip and tuck with us all the time, you know."—

Harvard Lampoon. It is curious how much faster a street car humps along when you are running after it than when you are riding on it.

A Bath truckman, who owns two horses, has named one McGinty and the other Annie Rooney, both being chest-A girl of sixteen walks as if she owned the earth, and after she has been mar-lied a few years she walks as if she were carrying it on her shoulders.—Atchison

"So that young heiress has promised to marry you?" "Yes, in three years." "Is'nt that a long while to wait?" "It may be, but she's worth her wait in gold."—Washington Star.

The old, old story before marriage has three words in it: "I love you." The old, old story after marriage has the same number, to wit: "Wanted—a cook."—New York Mercury.

Wife—"Here's something new and nice—an advertisement of 'a folding baby-carriage'." Husband (absently)—"That is a novelty. But I never saw a folding baby."—Pittsburg Bulletin. Prudent Mother-"I trust, my dear, that you do not encourage young their attentions." Daughter-"Oh, dear

me; no. I threaten to tell you ever time any one of them kisses me."—Ne Mrs. Pancake (wearily)-"It's as true as gospel—woman's work is never done." Mr. Skye Parlor—"Ahem! Judging from the beefsteak, ma'am, I should say that it is sometimes too much done."—Harper's Bazar.

"I observe, James," said the Boston employer, "that you say 'eether' and 'neether'. Are you not aware that such is not our pronuaciation of those words?" "It doesn't seem to me," replied the boy from New York, despondently, "that you ought to expect me to say 'eyether' and 'nyther' on a salary of sixteen dollars a month."—Chicago Tribune.

Ouester—"Do you call Dr. Banter a

Quester-"Do you call Dr. Ranter a man who, as a preacher, is eminently fitted to his calling?" Jester-"Well, as fitted to his calling?" Jester—"Well, as to that, he reveals elements of fitness and unfitness." Quester—"Please explain your meaning." Jester—"Why, as a pulpit orator he is a failure; but judging from the number of people I observe no iding in his church during a discourse I should assume him to be a great composer."—Boston Courier.

poser."—Boston Courier.

Waggle—"Yes, it's all up with me and Miss Sweetleigh. She got miffed about something or other and sent back all my letters." Wiggle—"That was bad." Waggle—"I thought so for awhite, but it was a blessing in disguise. I've got another girl now, and when I write I just copy one of my old letters to Miss Sweetleigh. Just as good as a new one, you know, and it is such a saving on the brain tissues."—Boston Transcript.