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An English paper says that "shortened honeycombs appears to be in vogue."

A writer in Orchard and Garden says that "the apples from the Blue Ridge region from Virginia to Georgia will lead the whole United States in respect to fine quality."

Ninety-five per cent. of all the money transactions in the associated banks of New York are accomplished by means of checks and drafts, leaving five per cent. of the total business to be represented by coin or paper money.

This lot ought to live long and prosper, exclaims Onco A Week. At the age of two years Charles Lee Burdon, of Providence, fell into a cistern and floated around in seven feet of water until his grandfather handed him a pole, to which he "caught on."

Perhaps, muses the New York Commercial Advertiser, science will some day teach us how to use petroleum in military operations, when we will have an agency by which our harbors may be converted into Infernos to consume the navies of the world.

There are just 1157 millionaires in New York City, according to the Tribune's final reckoning. The Vanderbilts count six, the Goulds four, the Astors three, the Goetschs four, and the Rhinelanders five, while the omnipresent Smith family lead all the rest with eight.

"The Bering Sea offers less attractions to Canadian poachers this year than last," argues the San Francisco Chronicle. "Very few of them feel inclined to take any risks, so we may safely conclude that the close season under existing arrangements will prove a complete success."

A company has been incorporated in New Jersey for the manufacture of membranoid, a fancy leather made from tripe--nothing else than tanned tripe. The patent-office authorities insisted that tripe was tripe, no matter through what chemical process it might have been put, and some time elapsed and there was much parleying before a compromise was effected on the name of the product now called membranoid. This new species of leather is said to be pretty and durable.

Miss Angelina Brooks, who is a recognized authority on all questions of kindergarten methods, has recently devoted her time to a careful investigation of the curbstone children in this city, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She has ascertained that there are 140,000 boys and girls between the ages of four and six who spend their lives in the streets and never once see the inside of a school. She is trying to enlist sympathy for these unfortunate waifs which will ultimately lead to the establishment for them of free kindergarten schools.

It is asserted that after this year the United States will not only be able to stop importing fruit, but will begin to be a factor in supplying the markets of the world. The estimate is that New York will have 20,000,000 pounds of fruit from California alone this summer. Fast fruit trains now cross the continent in seven days, and enable the growers to harvest a riper product than heretofore. Arizona and Oregon are coming to the front as fruit states; Mississippi is getting famous for tomatoes, and Florida oranges and Georgia peaches are always sure of a ready market. The outlook has never been so promising.

Frank Leslie's Weekly states that the State of Pennsylvania shows the largest percentage of foreign born adult males who are aliens, the percentage in that State being 33.13 of the total number, representing 139,522 persons. In the State of New York, 193,614 foreign-born adult males, or 23.13 per cent., are aliens, and in New Jersey, 41,877 or 28.87 per cent. are aliens. New York shows the greatest number of naturalized foreign-born adult males, there being in that State 419,362, or 63.74 per cent. of the total number of foreign-born adult males returned. The city of New York shows the largest percentage of foreign-born of the total population, the foreign element in that city representing 42.23 per cent. of the total population as against 39.68 per cent. in 1890. Buffalo shows 25.09 per cent. of foreign-born as against 33.95 per cent. in 1890. Brooklyn shows 33.46 per cent., an increase from 31.35 per cent. in 1890. Long Island City has a foreign-born population of 36.67 per cent., while in 1890 the foreign-born element in that city was 34.27 per cent. of the total population; sixteen places show a greater per cent. of foreign-born population in 1890 than is shown in the State as a whole, while in 1890 sixteen places were reported as having a larger percentage of foreign-born population than was reported in the State as a whole.

A SUMMERS DAY.

Black bees on the clover-heads drowsily clinging, Where tall, feathered grasses and buttercups sway; And all through the fields a white sprinkling of daisies Open-eyed at the setting of day. Oh, the heaps of sweet roses, sweet cinnamon roses, In great crimson thickets that cover the wall! And flocks of bright butterflies giddy to see them, And a sunny blue sky over all. Trailing boughs of the elms drooping over the hedges, Where spiders their glimmering laces have spun; And breezes that bend the light tops of the willows And down through the meadow grass run. Silver-brown little birds sitting close in the branches, And yellow wings flashing from hillcock to tree. And wide-wheeling swallows that dip to the marshes, And bobolinks crazy with glee. So crazy, they soar through the glow of the sunset And warble their merriest notes as they fly, Nor heed how the moths hover low in the hollows, And the dew gathers soft in the sky. Then a round beaming moon o'er the blossoming hill comes, Making pale the fields and the shadows more deep; And through the wide meadows a murmurous humming Of insects too happy to sleep. Enchanted I sit on the bank by the willow And trill the last snatch of a rollicking tune, And since all this loveliness cannot be Heaven, I know in my heart it is June. --Mrs. A. G. Woolson, in Boston Transcript.

LOVE AND LUCK.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Under a spreading chestnut tree, The village smithy stands--" RETTY little Elma Elwood was whispering the words softly to herself as she leaned both elbows on the window-sill, and gazed out across the glowing landscape. "Are you ready for breakfast, Miss Perkins," primly demanded Mrs. Perkins, the governess, as she manuevered her nails at the marble wash-basin. "No. Come here, Perky," said the audacious girl, "and I'll show you the corner of that picturesque old blacksmith's shop I told you of--the one I'm going to sketch this afternoon."

"It's past eight, Miss Elwood, and you know your grandfather attaches great importance to punctuality," began the governess. "Right there, over the top of those mountain pines, Perky," composedly continued Elma, extending her slim forefinger in a due northerly direction along the valley of the river, "you can just see the old little three-cornered gable peeping out through the trees--"

"And there's the bell, now," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, with a little nervous start. "And the smith, a mighty man is he." Hummed Elma, beginning to tie back her curls with a fillet of blue ribbon. "But not nearly so handsome as that young apprentice of his, who fixed the crooked nail in Swallow's shoe, yesterday. I wonder if I could sketch the place? To be sure, I have had only seven lessons, but one must try one's wings sometimes, you know."

Mrs. Perkins straightened Emma's sash, gave her curls several twitches this way and that, and dragged her into the breakfast-room just in time to avert the usual morning lecture from old Major Elwood on the evils of late rising. But that afternoon, in the purple softness of twilight, Elma managed to evade her precise guardian, and slip off into the woods with her sketch-book. And she was sitting on a moss-cushioned rock, working with all her might, when Louis Dalzell strode toward the spring for a pail of water. The sleeves of his red flannel blouse were rolled high up on the forearm. He still wore his stained leathers apron, and his short, chestnut curls plainly revealed themselves through the rifts in his tattered straw hat.

Had he but known it, he never had looked better in his life; yet a deep flush of mortification rose to his brow as he encountered the pretty twelve year old damsel in white, with the shady, rose-garlanded hat, and the soft Roman sash tied loosely around her waist. "Good afternoon," said Emma, calmly. "Please step a little to one side, Louis, if that is your name. I'm trying to sketch the smithy." Dalzell ventured to glance over his shoulder. "It's beautiful," said he. "You can almost see the wind blowing that sweet briar bush!" "Yes," complacently observed the artist, "I think it is rather good." "And the little dog sitting by the door--it just exactly as natural as life!" he added. Elma frowned. "The little dog, as you call it," said she, "is the stump of the old tree. Don't stand quite so close, please! I can't move my elbow."

young man. She rather liked him, although it was awkward for him to mistake the butterfat stump for a little dog, and she made up her mind to say something pleasant to him when he came back to the spring. But he did not come back at all. Evidently there was some other way between the smithy and the little brook. At six o'clock, according to compact, Mrs. Perkins came for the artist to escort her home. "And you've been all this time doing that little bit of work!" said Mrs. Perkins. "Oh, I haven't worked all the time, Perky!" impatiently spoke the girl. "Besides, one can't hurry art."

"As they strolled slowly down the shady road, Elma suddenly stooped and picked up something. "What's that?" said the governess, lifting her crisp flounces out of the dust. "A horseshoe--an old, common horseshoe. Put that down at once, Miss Elwood!" "Wait for a moment, Perky!" cried the girl, rushing away through the bushes. "I've found something."

Half a minute later, she was down in front of the closed smithy, balancing herself on the identical butterfat-wood stump. With a round stone for a hammer, she drove in a rusty nail, and hung the thin old horseshoe over the door. "There's good luck for Louis Dalzell!" she cried, as she sprang lightly backward. "Take care!" said a voice behind her. And then she became aware that Dalzell himself had emerged from the doorway shadow of the trees, and that she had nearly knocked him over. "Is that for me?" he said. "Oh, thanks!"

And placing both hands lightly on her shoulders, he kissed her, driven by some sudden impulse for which he himself could scarcely account. Elma Elwood turned scarlet all over; she rubbed her cheeks to efface all vestige of the offense, and stamped her red-tipped foot in the sand with futile passion. "How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you!"

And like a flying nymph she vanished into the dense shadow of the woods, leaving the young man transfixed with surprise. "Why does she make such a fuss?" he asked himself. "She's only a child--but good fate! what a beautiful child!" He reached up and took down the thin, old horseshoe and put it in his pocket. He and the picturesque, long-bearded old blacksmith had quarreled that day, and he meant to leave Wyndale with the break of the morrow's dawn. "I'll take my luck with me," he said to himself, "and bless the child for thinking of me!"

Just a year afterward old Major Elwood died, leaving his affairs hopelessly entangled; and when the lawyers had squabbled long enough over the business, it was formally announced that there was nothing left for the child to live on.

"What am I, to do, Perky?" said Elma, with big, blue eyes of apprehension and dismay. And good Mrs. Perkins, who had succeeded in obtaining a situation as English teacher in a boarding-school, regained to forego a part of her own salary for the sake of having Elma's education go on at Watley Hall.

"A teacher's life isn't all roses," said she, "but I can't bear the idea of having the poor, little dear bound out to a trade or stood up behind a counter. And, really, her voice might be made something of."

All these things happened years ago, and Denver was not the big city it is now when Mrs. Perkins and her adopted daughter decided to cast their lots in the shadow of the Black Hills. "Music is overdone in the Eastern States," said the good ex-governess. "But I think we'll make a try for it here, Elma, dear. I'm told that if we can interest that rich iron man that lives in the castellated mansion out beyond Plaza River, his influence can do everything for us."

"Really!" Elma's dimples danced roguishly. "What a very curious sort of a person an--iron man must be! I'm very curious to see him, Perky, do you know?" "Nonsense, my dear!" cried Mrs. Perkins. "You know what I mean perfectly well. He's made his fortune in the iron business--railways, and that sort of thing. And I'm going to call there this very afternoon, to bespeak his recommendations and good offices."

"Oh, Perky, must I go?" "Of course you must go, child!" Elma Elwood sat trembling in the great entrance hall of the Moresque mansion, on the south shore of the Plaza River. The sunshine glistened on the floor of rose and white marble; giant myrtles and blossoming lemon trees filled the angles, and a low easy-chair on a tiger-skin by the door, was drifted over with newspapers. Presently Mrs. Perkins came smiling back.

"He will be with us presently," said she. "Really, my dear, he's quite a young man--out at all the half-pated railroad king I expected to see. And he is most kind and gracious, and has promised to recommend us everywhere." The door opened and the iron man entered, followed by two or three magnificent hounds. Elma sprang up with a cry. "Why," she exclaimed, "it's Louis--it's Louis Dalzell!" He held out both his hands. "I can't have changed so very much then?" said he.

At the same instant Elma's eyes caught sight of a strange object above the arched doorway--a gold-plated horseshoe, worn thin at the ends, with here and there a bent nail in its curve. Louis's glance followed her own. "Yes," said he. "It's the very horseshoe. It has done its task, Miss Elwood--it has brought me luck! Miss Perkins," he added, turning to the older lady, "I can't express you and your

friend to remain here as my guests for the present. I have a large house, and I am a lonely man." "Oh!" said Miss Perkins, her eyes becoming larger than the lenses of her spectacle glasses. "You're not married then?" "No," said Mr. Dalzell. "Before I left the East, I fell in love. I shall never marry until I can marry that first love of mine."

He looked Elma full in the eyes as he spoke. She colored. Her long lashes dropped. At the end of the month Mrs. Perkins aroused herself to the exigencies of the case. "All this is like life in fairyland, dear Elma," said she. "But it isn't business. I see by the papers that several music teachers have recently arrived from the East, and if we are to get to work--"

"But," said Elma, patting the dear old wrinkled hand, "I don't really see any particular reason for our getting to work?" "Eh?" gasped Mrs. Perkins. "You see," went on Elma, "Mr. Dalzell is engaged to that first love of his. He has given me back the horseshoe, and as I couldn't think of breaking the current of luck by taking it from the house, of course I must stay here."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Perkins. "Then it's true! He's the same young man that kissed you when you were hanging good luck up over the smithy door--the 'under the spreading chestnut tree young man'?" Elma nodded assent. "Oh!" again uttered Mrs. Perkins. "But you said you never, never would forgive him."

"Don't you know, Perky," coaxed Elma, the audacious, "what the Bible says about forgiving people? Anyhow, it's all settled, and we are to be married very soon, and you are to live here with us always. Does that plan suit you?" And Mrs. Perkins said that it did.

How Chinese Catch Shrimp.

"There are some very curious fisheries carried on by the Chinese on the Pacific coast," said an officer of the United States Fish Commission in Washington recently. "One of the most remarkable is the catching of shrimp, which is an important industry in San Francisco Bay and adjacent waters. These little crustaceans upon being captured, are taken ashore and boiled in big irons, after a rude fashion, holes being scooped out of the side of a steep bank for fire-places, which are built up with stones. After the shrimp have remained in boiling water for ten minutes they are spread out to dry upon bare ground. One such shrimp yard at Hunter's Point is about fifteen acres in extent. The Chinese use brooms, shaped somewhat like hoes, for spreading the shrimp and to turn them at the required intervals."

"After being thoroughly dried by exposure to the sun for about five days the shrimp are crushed by being trodden upon by Chinese in wooden shoes. This process loosens the meat from the shells, which latter are removed by shaking in a basket or by passing them through a crude fanning mill. Both meat and shells are then packed in sacks for exportation to China, where the meats are sold for food and the shells disposed of as a fertilizer for tea plants, rice and so forth. All classes of people in China eat the meats, although regarding them as inferior to the native shrimp, which are comparatively scarce and proportionately dearer. Both meats and shells are fed to fowls, with remarkable egg producing results."

"Another interesting fishery prosecuted by the Chinese on the Pacific Coast is for abalones. These beautiful univalve mollusks are found along the rocky shores at low tide, clinging to the rocks above the water line. Each shell is slightly lifted, so that the fisherman can thrust a stick under it and pry it off; but, if alarmed, the animal shuts down its valve, so that it can only be removed by breaking it to pieces. The meats are taken from the shells and boiled on shore in vats made of sheet iron. Shells and meats are then packed in sacks and forwarded to San Francisco, whence most of the meats are exported to China, and the shells shipped to France, the latter being highly valued for their beautiful mother-of-pearl."--Baltimore American.

A Dust Detector.

Some curious color phenomena have been observed by John Aitkin when air is suddenly expanded, and have led to the construction of a new instrument called the "konoscope," for roughly determining the amount of impurities in the air. The instrument consists simply of an air pump and a tube twenty inches long, provided with glass ends. The air to be tested is drawn into the tube, where it is moistened and expanded. If comparatively few dust particles are present, say 80,000 cubic centimeter, the color is very faint, but a blue of increasing depth occurs as the particles increase in number, becoming a very dark blue with 4,000,000 per cubic centimeter. The konoscope makes it easy to trace the pollution arising in our homes from open flames and other causes, and to separate pure from impure currents in the rooms.--Trenton (N. J.) American.

Both Boy and Cub Wailed.

One of Mr. Lampion's boys came near having a serious encounter with a bear the other day. While going to work he met a large bear and two cubs. The mother and one of the cubs took to the woods, while the other cub climbed a small tree. The boy thought to capture the cub, and climbed up after it, whereupon the cub set up such a wail that the mother soon returned and started up after the boy. It was now his turn to wail, which he did quite lustily. Owing to the smallness of the tree, the bear could not reach the boy; but the situation was anything but pleasant during the interval that elapsed before the arrival of the boy's father. The old bear took to the woods. They succeeded in capturing the cub by means of ropes and gunny sacks, and took it home.--Luzon City (Washington) News.

Wonderful Work of Bees.

Bees must, in order to collect a pound of clover honey, deplete 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar. To do this work, the 62,000 flowers must be visited by an aggregate of 3,750,000 bees. Or, in other words, to collect his pound of honey one bee must make 3,750,000 trips from and to the hive. The enormous amount of work here involved precludes idea of any one bee ever living long enough to gather more than the fraction of a pound of nectarine sweets. As bees are known to fly for miles in quest of suitable fields of operation it is clear that a single ounce of honey represents millions of miles of travel. It is no wonder that these industrious little insects have earned the reputation of being "busy" bees.--St. Louis Republic.

WASHING BY MACHINERY.

WORK IN THE BIGGEST LAUNDRY IN THIS COUNTRY.

Quick Work With an Ocean Liner's Wash--Steam Power Used Altogether--Pay of Employee.

Did you ever see a big laundry in full blast? It is worth seeing. When the News reporter visited this Hudson River factory, the washing from one of the great Indian liners had just come in. It was the washing for a whole week--the washing of 2000 persons. There was bedding, linen, napkins, towels and some few articles belonging to the wardrobe of some of the officers. The rest of the wash belonged to the ship. It rolled up to the door in two wagons, and it rolled out on the floor of the sorting-room and spread out like a dirty snow storm in a high wind.

The work of sorting this wash took just twenty minutes, and four young women, with bright brown eyes and bright red arms. After it was sorted, the big pieces going with the big pieces, and the little pieces staying with themselves, it was taken to the washing machines. Once there were wash-tubs. There are wash-tubs now, but they are simply amateur appliances. The professional wash shop employs washing machines, otherwise called "washers." These contrivances are from five to eight feet long, and are shaped like the boiler of a locomotive. They are made of metal and they revolve on their axes, like the cylinders in lawn mowers.

They are connected with the shaft by pulleys, and when the clothes are put in, the door closed and the water let in by a pipe, the crank is moved, and then they begin to revolve with a mighty swishing and slashing in their insides. After a few minutes of this, which is called the soaking, the water is let off and hot water is turned on. With hot water soap is brought in and the crank is turned again. This time it is for keeps, and when the washer stops the clothes are clean. This is the sort of washing that requires no starching, so it goes direct to the wringer. This is the kind of a wringer that the original laundryman knew naught of.

The wringer up to date is a round box set upon four round legs, made of cast iron and hollow. The interior of this box revolves several hundred times a minute. This turning interior holds the wet clothes, and from it dry clothes are turned out. They are not entirely dry, but they are dry enough to go to the ironing room. The revolutions of the interior are so swift that the water is thrown off in showers.

The ironing-room is filled with iron rollers, set in frames, so that one roller rolls against another, like the rubber rollers in an old-fashioned wringer. One or both of these rollers is hollow, and is heated by either gas or steam, and the sheets and pillow-cases, napkins, towels and table-cloths pass between these rollers and come out steaming hot, smooth as glass, and white.

For some kinds of laundry work a drying room is required. Now this drying room is about as much relation to the creature room in the ordinary house as a French bonnet does to a bread bowl. It is a small affair, heated red hot by steam pipes. For starched goods this is used, and does its work in a hurry. The laundry that the reporter visited does not make a practice of doing family work, although it has facilities for doing any kind of work. It devotes its time chiefly to hotel, club and steambath work. It can turn out 100,000 pieces a day, and the average price for 100 is from thirty-five to sixty cents. These figures are for unstarched work, and they are very low. It requires 140 pieces to do the work. The washing is done wholly by men, who get \$12 a week each. The rest of the work is done by girls and women, who are supervised by four forewomen, who get \$17 a week and their board.

The workwoman get from sixty cents to \$1 a day, the folders in the ironing room commanding the highest wages.--New York News.

A Great Tree For the Fair.

The tree selected by the Tulare Board of Trade for exhibition at the World's Fair stands on the land of Mrs. M. C. K. Shuey, one-half mile southeast of Summerhome, on the summit between North and Middle Tule, about thirty-five miles northeast of Porterville. The tree was selected at the request of the National World's Fair Association. Mrs. Shuey donates the tree as a gift. It is said to be a magnificent specimen of sequoia gigantea, some 300 feet in height. At the base it is 76 1/2 feet in circumference, and eleven feet from the ground it is 63 feet in circumference. This gives a base diameter of 24 1/2 feet. The section that will be removed for exhibition will be a portion thirty feet long. This piece will be cut into two fifteen-foot sections, with a natural slab between them. This circular piece will be 2 1/2 feet in diameter and 16 inches thick. It will serve as a roof for the lower section when hollowed and a floor for the upper one.--Visalia (Cal.) Times.

Scientific and Industrial.

Bad salt meat is said to have caused cholera on a British vessel. It is rumored that Dr. Pasteur has discovered a cure for epilepsy. Parts of a mastodon have been unearthed near Sherman, Texas. If cork is sunk 200 feet deep in the ocean it will not rise again on account of the great pressure of the water. Experienced planters in the South now raise the male cotton plant, being thus enabled to secure the seed without the lint or cotton. Three broad patents on electric locomotives and electric railway systems, application for which have been filed since June 3, 1880, have just been issued to Thomas A. Edison. The General Manager of the Wisconsin Central Railroad is reported to have said that all the trains on that line will be run by electricity before the Columbian Exposition is over. The greatest enemy of suburban telephone and telegraph poles is the woodpecker, whose search for the numerous insects which inhabit the wood often leaves the pole literally honeycombed. A medical officer of the French army is credited with a remarkable simple cure for obesity. His plan is to restrict the diet to one dish--it does not greatly matter what--at each meal, and it has proven very effective. The part of the larynx commonly known as Adam's apple has just been removed from the throat of a man at the Carney Hospital in Boston, Mass., the first operation of the kind in that city. A cancerous growth had started in the affected part. The electrical apparatus for extracting teeth without pain has an arrangement of adjustable prongs, carrying buttons and connected with a battery. The buttons are placed over the nerves leading from the teeth to the brain, and a circuit is established the moment the extracting instrument touches the tooth. Trials of compound armor plate at Shoeburyness, England, are held to have demonstrated that, when these plates have been submitted to the Tresiden supplemental process, they possess power of resistance and endurance much exceeding the compound plates tried in this country in competition with nickle plate. The longest span of telephone wire in the world is said to cross the Ohio River between Portsmouth, Ohio, and South Portsmouth, Ky. The wire spans the river from a pole on the Ohio side, measuring 102 feet above ground, to the Kentucky hills on the opposite side, the distance being 377 1/2 feet between poles. The wire is made of steel and its size is No. 12 gauge.

Time and Change.

From sunshine round to thunder! They glance and go as the great winds blow, And the best of our dreams drive under: For Time and Change strange, strange-- And, now they have looked and seen us, O we that were dear are all too near us, With the thick of the world between us, O Death and Time, they chime and chime Like bells at sunset falling! They end the song, they right the wrong. They set the old echoes calling: For Death and Time bring on the prime Of God's own chosen weather, And we lie in the peace of the Great Release As once in the grass together. W. E. Henley.

Humor of the Day.

Not enough to go around--A semi-circle.--Life. You cannot hatch ideas by sitting on goose eggs.--Dallas News. A baseball mania--A run in time saves a nine.--Boston Transcript. If poor relatives had their way they would not have rich uncles very long.--Dallas News. Young man, no one may be able to tell your fortune, but you can work it out for yourself.--Troy Press. You can't tell how much money a man has in his pocketbook by the size of the strap around it.--Ram's Horn. Writings--"Did your barber shut up on Sunday?" Potts--"No. He merely closed the shop."--Indianapolis Journal. The summer girl asks the same questions at baseball games this season as she did last year.--Boston Transcript. The dog that loses his master it without a friend, and so are some men when they lose a dog.--Binghanton Republican. A baby born in Ohio without hands. When he grows up he will be able to sweep his town for the office of Treasurer.--Philadelphia Ledger. A man always knows what he would have done in another fellow's place, but the other fellow doesn't always believe it.--Louisville Courier-Journal. Mamma--"Don't you know that your father is the mainstay of the family?" Freddy--"Golly, ain't he, though! And the spanker, too."--Brooklyn Life. Miss Antioque--"Won't your mother go with us?" Miss Rosebud--"No, she says she doesn't think she is old enough to chaperon you, dear."--Detroit Free Press. "Oh, dear!" sighed Henry, whose clothes are all made of his papa's old ones, "papa's had his mustache shaved off, and I suppose I've got to wear it now."--Tid-Bits. Fidgety Lady--"But what am I to do? I can't ride with my back to the engine." Sarcastic Youth--"Better speak to that dog. He'll turn the train around."--Tid-Bits. Train Conductor--"All aboard! Harry up, miss, if you are going by this train." Little Girl--"Just a minute, till I kiss mamma." Conductor--"Jump aboard, I'll attend to that."--Oakland Echoes. Billy the Beau--"Anything new in engagement rings?" Jeweler--"Yes; our new 'Seaside' plated goods are cheap, and are warranted to out-wear any summer resort engagement."--Jewelers' Weekly. Hostess--"What has become of Sandy Smith, who stood so high in your class?" Alumnus--"Oh, he's taken orders." Hostess--"He's in the ministry, then?" Alumnus--"No; in a restaurant."--Brooklyn Life. Friend--"Does your son belong to the old or the new school?" Old Lady (whose son is a physician)--"Oh, he doesn't belong to any school at all now; he's been graduated for two years."--Detroit Free Press. Mrs. Watts--"Mary Ann, these balusters seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her stair rails are clean and as smooth as glass." Mary Ann--"Yes, mem. She has 'ter schmal boys."--Indianapolis Journal. "If you like," said the young man at the desk, "I'll have your poem submitted to the editor." "No," she answered positively, "I'll read it aloud to him. I prefer to have the editor submitted to the poem."--Washington Star. "I told you yesterday I would not marry you," said she. "I know it," said he. "That is why I ask you again to-day. You would not be so lacking in originality, I hope, as to repeat to-day what you said yesterday."--Harper's Bazar. Judge--"You stole the pocket-book, but how is it that you did not appropriate the watch lying by the side of it?" Prisoner--"You don't mean to say I was as daff as that? I couldn't have noticed it. You must excuse me, Judge!"--Texas Siftings. He--"I thought the bride and groom were going to start right off on their wedding trip, instead of waiting." She--"They were. But she had to change her wedding dress for a traveling gown, and they didn't get started until the next day."--Closely Review. Miss Pinkerly--"You act as if you were uncomfortable, Mr. Futer." Mr. Futer--"Yes, Miss Pinkerly, the fact is, I have never been able to get a dress suit to fit me." Miss Pinkerly--"Perhaps you don't get there early enough."--Clothes and Furnishers. His Load Buried Up. A teamster in Boston, Mass., had quite a surprise the other day. He was hauling a load of furniture through the yard of a railroad, when somebody shouted fire. Turning around he discovered that his load of furniture was all in a blaze. He jumped off the wagon and unhitched his horse as promptly as possible, and as unburned brought a fire engine that extinguished the blaze, but not until the furniture was destroyed and the wagon badly damaged. A spark from one of the cars had started the fire. Orleans Picayune.