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A vast amount of money is going to be spent in irrigating the arid lands in the West.

The Mexicans are calling for more American goods and they are now learning how to use machinery.

New Orleans is going to become a great wheat exporting point. Two million bushels per month is now the average.

Jules Simon, one of the clearest-headed statesmen in Europe, thus views the situation over there: "Peace, barring accidents. But accidents happen so easily."

The scientific discovery by the Philadelphia Record, that the contact of lips in the dark evolves a visible spark, gives a literary value to the word "sparking" undreamed of by good old Noah Webster.

At the recent General Conference of the Methodist Church in Maryland, by a vote of thirty-five to twenty-six, it was determined to strike out the word "obey" from the marriage service. The women delegates supported the proposition with great unanimity.

The typewriting industry received a black eye in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals the other day. Three justices of the court entered an order that hereafter all motions and other documents presented to the courts must be printed, and added that typewriting was not printing within the meaning of the order.

Americans take an interest in a number of the islands of the Pacific Ocean. We are interested in Japan, from which a large number of the natives are now emigrating to California, and in Samoa, of which our Government is one of the three protecting powers, and in the Hawaiian kingdom, many of whose people are anxious for annexation to the United States.

A "couundrum sociable" is a new Western idea. Besides being amusing, it is claimed that the compound couundrums proposed stimulate the memory. As an illustration the Detroit Free Press gives one as follows: "Why is heaven like a baby? Because heaven is home, home is where the heart is, where the heart is in the chest, a chest is a box, a box is a small tree, a small tree is a bush, a bush is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a beautiful thing is the primrose, the primrose is a pronounced yellor, and a pronounced yellor is a baby."

A large majority of the men who enter the governmental departments at Washington remain in the service unless dismissed, says the Washington Post. Many young men enter with the view of studying for a profession, and the short hours and regular salary offer ample opportunity for this. Some of them carry out their intention and occupy leisure hours reading law or medicine. Others lose all ambition for better things or become entangled in some love affair, marry, and then are dependent on a salary for maintenance and compelled to keep up the routine life. Continued service in the departments has a tendency to make men timid, and many who quit and go out in the world find themselves unadvised to buffet with the rude, rough demands, and return to the treadmill existence. Each year more women are added to the department service and in a few years they will monopolize the clerks' shops. The life of a department clerk has some attractions and many drawbacks. One thing is certain, his salary, and this is an important item.

Eugene Field says in the Chicago News-Record: Bob Ford was the vicious young paranoiac who murdered Jesse James. This crime was committed under peculiarly atrocious circumstances. Ford discovered James's whereabouts, sought them, got acquainted with James, pretended to be his friend, accepted his hospitality, lived under his protection and finally treacherously murdered him by shooting him in the back. Ford was in collusion with the authorities in Missouri; he was their agent, and as such he was not punished by them for this crime involving ingratitude and treachery of the basest kind. But he was distracted and hated by everybody after that. He got employment for a time in a peripatetic dramatic show that played wild, awful pieces purporting to illustrate border life. He was a vicious creature, yet not so vicious as to be blind to the fact that his perfidy to Jesse James had marked him for life. He times he drifted westward, and ever and anon he was heard of as participating in a drunken brawl. Now, at last, comes news that he has been killed by a fellow ruffian in the Rocky Mountain region. As the murderer himself follows by murder, and there is some question the propriety or righteousness of his fate. He was a ruffian, a scoundrel, and the world is better off without him.

THE GARDEN.

Under the gloom of the shivering pines, That whisper when it blows, Behind the creeper-covered wall, Is a garden that always grows. In summer and in springtime, And when the winter snows Bend the dark branches to the ground, The garden always grows. The hand of man has made it, The white stones stand in rows; The tears of the world have watered it, And the garden always grows. There are many gardens like it, Their number no man knows. Each day, till the world is ended, This garden always grows. —Lorimer Stoddard, in Cosmopolitan.

POLLY'S WEDDING.



THE GARDEN. Under the gloom of the shivering pines, That whisper when it blows, Behind the creeper-covered wall, Is a garden that always grows. In summer and in springtime, And when the winter snows Bend the dark branches to the ground, The garden always grows. The hand of man has made it, The white stones stand in rows; The tears of the world have watered it, And the garden always grows. There are many gardens like it, Their number no man knows. Each day, till the world is ended, This garden always grows. —Lorimer Stoddard, in Cosmopolitan.

smiled sweetly at the good old clergyman while he performed this highly interesting ceremony; and thrice had Jack Brine endured the same ordeal, but with far less self-possession, as he sat in the free seats lower down burying a very red face in his prayer book, until he remembered that people might think he was reading the marriage service; and then throwing his head back and glaring round defiantly with a look which said as plainly as possible, "Ah, you may giggle, but wouldn't some of you fellows like to be in my shoes; and, mayhap, there's two or three of you girls who wouldn't mind being in Polly's!"

"Well, the third Sunday came and went, and the wedding was to take place on the following Friday. There was to be a grand gathering of friends at Primrose Farm after the ceremony. All their friends declared that the wedding would be an unfortunate one, for had not the young people been present at the calling of their own banns!—a most unlucky sign, they said. And the wedding to take place on Friday, too!—the most unlucky of all days of the week!

But it was Polly's choice, and so Friday was decided upon. Polly was an orphan and lived with her uncle and aunt at the farm. Farmer Primrose was not, it is true, much in favor of the marriage; he had always wanted young Squire Treverton as a husband for his niece, that young gentleman having, much to the regret of Polly, been some time past. But Polly loved Jack Brine and Jack loved Polly; and as Jack had a very good character as a manly young fellow, and had since his father's death, eighteen months ago, made a very good thing of the Cross Hill Farm, there was really no excuse for keeping the young people apart. All went well until the Wednesday before the wedding. Invitations for the party were sent broadcast; and only a wonderful little manager like Aunt Primrose could have arranged for the seating and feeding and amusing of such a numerous company.

"Bless you, Polly," the dear old creature would say, "your wedding party will be the talk of the country side for many a year; and you deserve it, my dear, you have been a good girl to me." Alas! on the Wednesday, young Squire Treverton, lately returned from London, drove up to Primrose Farm in his dog-cart, and almost at the same time a dark cloud seemed to come into the bright sky. Thequire had a private interview with Farmer Primrose, and then drove away. What transpired at that interview need not be told. The lie that was uttered has long since been nailed down, and the utterer thereof has been made to stand exposed and ashamed before the whole of the little world of Treverton. Suffice it to say that if the charge against Jack Brine contained in that lie had been true, Farmer Primrose would have been quite justified in breaking off his niece's marriage, even at this eleventh hour. The farmer, however, took too much for granted when he condemned Jack unheard. In spite of his wife's gentle remonstrance, he flew into a violent rage, swore that there should be no marriage, sent a long and contemptuous letter to Cross Hill Farm by one of his servants, a short, curt note to the vicarage by another, and then stormed and raved about the house for a good hour, the result being that before nightfall the whole country side was ringing with the news that Jack Brine had done something dreadful, and that there was to be no marriage on Friday.

Meanwhile, Jack was away at Elster, making some business arrangements, so that he might have a good fortnight's holiday. He started back for home early on Thursday. The train had scarcely steamed out of the station when a heavy snowstorm broke over the country. The consequence was that about mid-day he found himself landed at a little station, fifteen miles from his home, and not a conveyance to be had. The snow was coming down in blinding sheets, and making the roads all but impassable. Jack enjoyed a good meal at the solitary little inn of the place, and then set out manfully to walk to Cross Farm.

It was a fearful walk. He lost his way twice, made twenty-five miles of the journey at least, and, finally, arrived home exhausted and half-frozen, within a couple of hours of mid-night. He did not look at his letters, but after giving strict orders to be awakened at eight next morning, he tumbled into bed.

Friday morning broke, and the snow was still falling slightly, although the fury of the storm was past. When Jack woke, he sprang out of bed like a giant refreshed, and came singing into the big kitchen, where he ate his breakfast in a very joyous frame of mind. Then it was that a letter beside his plate caught his attention. He picked it up, opened and read it. For a moment his face assumed an ashen paleness. "Curse him!" he gasped at last. That scoundrel was never cleared up as it should have been. I was a weak fool to treat it with contempt; the girl, of course, will be paid to bear false witness against me. What can I do? What can I do?" He stood swaying to and fro for a minute, the letter crumpled in his clenched hand. His old housekeeper stood at the doorway and watched him with frightened glances, wondering what was to follow. Jack suddenly smoothed out the letter and reread it. "And so, Farmer Primrose, you believed him before me," he murmured between his teeth, "and you have written to tell the nation there will be no wedding. Well, we shall see."

There was an ugly, stern look on his face. Striding from the room he went straight to the stables and saddled the big gray mare. "Tom," he shouted, and a lad appeared from the inner recesses of a cowshed; "saddle Dobbin and ride as fast as you can to Treverton Vicarage."

The boy started and said nothing, while his master led the gray mare saddled and bridled out of the stable. "And tell the parson," went on Jack, as he vaulted into the saddle, "that the marriage will come off, after all, and to be ready in the church at the time arranged."

Then he clattered out of the yard, and horse and rider disappeared down the road in a cloud of snow. Meanwhile things were going quietly at Primrose Farm. The farmer had sworn that there should be a party just the same, and that Polly was well rid of a scamp, and had better look cheerful, and maybe she would not have to look far for an honest man and a gentleman (meaning Squire Treverton).

Polly went until her eyes were red, and worried her poor little self in vain endeavors to imagine why Jack did not write and explain.

Aunt Primrose went about her duties nimbly, and did her best to cheer Polly, but it was a hopeless business altogether. And now the guests began to arrive, and not many who had been invited failed to make their appearance. The invitations had not been recalled, and the good people of Treverton and neighborhood saw no reason why they should forego their dinner and the chance of hearing more about the scandal. The consequence was that poor Polly had to receive the young men and maidens of the surrounding district, and laugh with them, and return their compliments of the season as though nothing had happened. She bore herself bravely, however, and did not show her grief to the good folks who were watching her; for she was a proud little lassie, and told herself that she would be worthy of Jack. Nevertheless, there was an awkward air upon the assembly, and this increased as the time arrived, when the wedding party should have set out for the church.

The farmer blustered about and endeavored heroically to introduce a spirit of joviality into the proceedings, but he was not eminently successful. Presently, when the company were whispering together in little knots about the room, a knock was heard at the door, and all heads were turned expectantly. The door opened, and a young man enveloped in a heavy fur coat entered the room. He had aristocratic features and an easy, attractive manner. This was young Squire Treverton, and Farmer Primrose immediately pressed forward to welcome him.

Before long the party was alive. The young squire was so good-natured, so ready to please, and distributed his favors with such delightful impartiality that every one was soon in the best of humor. Every one except Polly, who, although she knew nothing certain, could not fail to associate all her trouble with the young squire's previous visit.

After a while, the distinguished visitor made cautious advances to the niece of the house, but Polly was not responsive. She sat by the fireside, and he leaned over her chair and whispered sweet nothings. He was remarkably clever at this sort of thing. "I should like to make you a present, Miss Primrose. Now what would you like the best in all the world?"

The squire had just asked this question when, and before Polly could make any reply, the door was flung violently open, and a tall figure appeared in the doorway, heralded by a gust of snow-laden wind. He was sneezed and patched with snow as though he had had a fall or two, and in his right hand he held a heavy hunting crop. The women folk gave a little scream in unison, the men looked at one another and did nothing. Farmer Primrose stepped forward with rage in his face, and the squire turned very pale, and steadied himself against the wall. The new-comer took no notice of all this; but, after one swift glance round the room, he walked across to the fireplace, where Polly, having risen to her feet, was standing and watching him with open mouth and glistening eyes. As he held out his arms she flew to him, hung her arms round his neck, nestled her curly head in a great patch of snow on his breast, and murmured simply, "Jack!"

"That is the answer to my question, I suppose," muttered the squire, as he stepped back into the shadow. Jack carefully and tenderly drew Polly to his left side, so as to leave his right hand free, and then faced the company. "What is meaning of this, sir?" cried the farmer fiercely.

"It means that I have come for my wife, Farmer Primrose," said the young man boldly. "I have not come here to talk or to defend my character, but I have come for Polly. If you mean to do the right thing, and give your niece away, you can follow us to the church; and I warn you we shan't wait long."

Without another word he walked across the room to the open door, with Polly clinging to his arm, and for a moment none dare say him nay. As the couple disappeared through the doorway, however, the company returned from their bewilderment, and urged by the common instinct of curiosity, made a rush for the road. Farmer Primrose, who had been struck dumb by the superb audacity of the young man, now woke to the fact that something must be done. He, too, made a rush for the road, but it is no easy matter to get through a crowd of chattering girls and chuckling men, who are not paying the least attention to you, except perhaps to obstruct you. The result was, that the farmer, after much puffing, forced his way to the front, Jack was mounted on the gray mare, with Polly in his arms, at least so the girls say who were present on that eventful occasion, and I am inclined to take their evidence on such a point. There are, it is true, some of the men folk who say that she sat behind him and hugged him round the waist, so as not to fall off. Anyhow, there can be no doubt that they were both safely mounted on the back of the gray mare.

As the farmer rushed forward Jack touched the mare with his heel and away she went, plunging bravely through the snow and bearing her double burden right gallantly; and the young people in the road, and at the farmhouse door, could restrain themselves no longer, but set forth on the crisp air a ringing cheer of encouragement. The farmer was not to be baffled, however, and as soon as he could saddle a horse set off in pursuit. But fortune favors the brave, and while Jack and his bride reached the church without accident, the hot-headed farmer had several unlucky tumbles in the snow drifts.

When he finally arrived at Treverton Church he met the young people coming out and looking very happy. I might prolong my story by telling you how the farmer stormed, how he finally gave in, how the truth came out that very day, when Squire Treverton was proved to be a villain, and how the happy couple returned to the farm and received a triumphant reception.

But I have told you how, after all, Polly's wedding came off, and as for the rest, well, you can guess that without my assistance, I am sure.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A human body when cremated, leaves a residuum of about eight ounces. Two thousand children under two years of age die yearly in Paris from tuberculosis.

Holland is considering the drainage of the Zyuder Zee, a sheet of water covering 730 square miles. There are seldom more than 6000 stars visible in the heavens to the eye, from any point of observation.

The human race will some day lack noses and the sense of smell, is a frequent scientific deduction. An English mathematician estimates the limit of ideas entertained by any mind during a lifetime is 3,655,770,000.

It is observed that in antique statues the second toe is longer than the first, or great toe, but in men of the present time the reverse is the case. In experiments with the drying oils an insoluble one-compound termed "Linolin" has been produced, which a French chemist regards as a useful substitute for caoutchouc.

J. G. Baker states that the aster rose embraces 200 or 300 species, which are concentrated in the United States. Of these forty species grow wild in the Rocky Mountains, and fifteen in California. A stone cornice-cutter, capable of turning out sixteen feet of well finished cornice or moulding in twenty minutes, has been made in Rome. The general features of the machine are very similar to those of the metal planing machine.

Professor Short, of Cleveland, Ohio, has perfected a system of electric propulsion for the elevated railroads of New York City, which he says will afford 20,000 horse power and overcome all obstacles. The plan is under consideration.

Two engines have just been turned out for the Pennsylvania Railway Company, to run between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Driving wheels, seventy-eight inches in diameter; weight of one, 123,000 pounds, and of the other, 138,000 pounds.

The brass tubing used for gas fixtures is fashioned into the various complicated ornamental shapes required for such purposes by placing the tube between two steel moulds which are heavily clamped, and then the tube is expanded by hydraulic pressure reaching as high as 10,000 pounds to the square inch.

Bacteriology is said to have scored a practical triumph by putting an end to a plague of mice, which threatened to destroy the greater part of the harvest in Greece. A fatal pandemic among the mice was caused by Professor Löffler, a German follower of Pasteur, whose aid was sought by the Greek Government.

There is not a lizard or snake north of the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay. The summers there are so short that these reptiles have no time to enjoy themselves even if the ground, at a depth of two or three feet below the surface were not frozen all the year round, thus depriving them of a place to hibernate. Snakes and lizards cannot endure a cold climate, and a latitude of fifty-three degrees north is altogether too frigid for them.

Degenerate Eastern Indians. In all things, except when aroused by the excitement of the hunt and in driving logs upon the dangerous rapids in the lumber region, the Indians of the East are cowardly, and they are much given to vice. Let one of them be attacked by a moose, bear, or caribou, or even a wild cat, and he will battle to the end. They will take great hazards on the thin ice over whirling waters for a fish, and no jam of logs has terror for them, even though white men turn away. But let a dog of civilization growl at them; let them see a yellow sn or conk; put them on board a steamboat, or take them into court for some transgression, and they show abject fear and cowardice. Even spirituous liquors do not give them temporary courage. They are only self-possessed and brave when in the forest, on lake, stream, or lonely woodland.

They have no place with the voting population of the State, though many of them can read and write, and some are regular newspaper correspondents, but they have a tribal form of government, choosing at their elections a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and a member of the Legislature. The latter is always at the Capitol at the opening. He draws his pay and message at once, and immediately returns home, leaving the public business to be conducted by whoever takes an interest in it. All members of the tribes ride at half fare in cars and steamboats when they have the money to pay, and free when out of funds. They never attempt to ride in the latter way when they can afford to pay.

As laborers for all purposes of the whites the Indians, both men and women are worthless, and are never employed in the settlements. But in hunting, fishing, canoe work and cooking they excel.—New York Times.

Apple Pickers. In Germany many years ago the apple picker was made of a board like a churn-dasher, with holes for upright wooden teeth, so placed as to narrow in at the top, the teeth perhaps six or seven inches long, a wooden handle, say eight feet long, the picker holding from four to six apples. The picker recently seen are made of wire, like the muzzle of a dog, only a trifle larger. This also has a long pole attached. It requires strong arms to handle either for half a day at a time picking the fruit. A good and desirable picker must be so constructed as to loosen the fruit and hold it confined until half a dozen apples are in it and deliver them in a basket; of course the apples must not be bruised or lacerated. There are no books on the subject. No doubt there are models in the Patent Office at Washington.—St. Louis Republic.

How to Preserve a Piano. "In spite of all the efforts of the makers," said a piano tuner recently, "do not believe there is one piano in one hundred that, with ordinary parlor use, will stand in tune more than two months. An unskilful musical ear, it is true, will fail to detect any important discord in a piano for six months, or perhaps longer; but so cultivated ear can tolerate the discordant notes that the best piano will insist upon giving out after two months of use."

"When you think once that the steel wires and iron frames of a piano are alternately contracting and expanding under the variations of the surrounding atmosphere, giving a constant movement of the wires and a consequent change in the pitch and tone of the instrument, the impossibility of a piano maintaining a perfect tone for any length of time must be at once apparent, and if you will but reflect on the surprising fact that the tension of the strings of a piano causes a strain on the body of the instrument equal to the weight of 100,000 pounds, you will doubtless agree with me that a piano that will remain in perfect tune for a year is an instrument that must necessarily be of extreme rarity, if not impossible to make."

"A piano, good, bad or indifferent, when new, should be tuned once a month. The longer an instrument remains untuned the lower its pitch of tone becomes; and when it is desired to have the piano drawn to concert pitch the strain on the body of the instrument is greatly increased, so much, in fact, that the case is liable to yield gradually, necessitating a second tuning within a week, or two weeks at the furthest. It is a common error among non-professional piano players to think a piano should remain in tune at least a year. Professionals know better."—New York Press.

AN ORIENTAL EXECUTION.

ENFORCEMENT OF A CAPITAL CONVICTION IN EGYPT. Careful Deliberation of the Prisoner, a Mohammedan, in His Last Religious Rites.

ON the night of December 18, 1890, a murder of singular atrocity for Egypt, was committed in Alexandria, Egypt. A respectable Greek, M. Limperopolou, his wife, and woman servant were all murdered, the motive apparently being robbery.

After a long hunt the murderers were captured, tried and sentenced, but, being all Muslim (for, as it turned out, it was committed by Arabs), the trial took place before the native tribunals, and, under Mohammedan law, the record of all capital convictions must be transmitted to the Grand Ladi for approval before execution can follow.

The Grand Ladi annulled the sentence because of some formal error in the examination of the witnesses, certain provisions of the religious law not having been complied with; and a new trial was ordered. This resulted, as did the first, in the capital conviction and sentence of Bekkit Suleiman, one of the offenders, and in the condemnation of the others to life imprisonment.

Yesterday, writes a correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Times, the sentence of death was carried out at sunrise in a military parade ground near the fort Kom-El-Dik. Up to the last the advocates and friends of the murderer hoped for a commutation, and this on two grounds—first, because it was the first occasion for an execution since the installation of the new Khedive; and that fact, as well as the presumed reluctance of a lad of eighteen to enforce the death penalty, was thought to justify the hope of clemency. Still greater confidence arose from the fact that the great fasting month of Islam had just finished—the month of Ramadan—and this concludes with a feast corresponding to our Easter in nature—called Bairam—which is a time of joy, of universal exchange of visits, of ceremonial receptions, and, with sovereigns, of clemency. The late Khedive invariably signaled the return of Bairam by releasing all prisoners whose terms of punishment had nearly expired, and often by commutation.

But Suleiman did not profit by the great festival, and yesterday morning, just as the gray dawn was streaking the east, he was awakened in his prison with the news that his appeal for grace had been refused and he must immediately prepare for death.

Bound and handcuffed, but as imperturbable as the least concerned of his escort, he was taken to the place of execution, and at the foot of the gallows he maintained the same fatalistic composure.

The prosecuting officer of the tribunal which tried him asked if he had any request to make or desired to make any statement. He replied with perfect composure: "I am innocent and Allah knows it. The guilty are Abou Zeit and Ahmed Sahin."

"Then you wish nothing?" "Yes. I want to pray and to prostrate myself before Allah."

"But can one pray who has not washed?" A stone vessel of water was offered him—the gulsh in which drinking water is always kept in Egypt. They unbound his hands, and he walked under the scaffold and performed the ablutions that every Muslim observes before prayer. He washed first his feet, then his hands and face, and then rinsed his mouth, refusing to let any one help him or wait on him.

He then unwound from his waist the shawl he used as a band, and spreading it on the ground under the scaffold, whose floor was higher than his head, he stood on it and offered up his prayer, prostrating himself four times with his forehead to the earth, praying to Allah for mercy and invoking the aid and intercession of his Prophet.

He drank from the gulsh and said: "I am ready." He was then pinioned, and he walked up the steps to the scaffold, and lifting his voice, called out: "Salaam aleikum ya Islam"—peace be to you, Muslim—and he added in Arabic: "Peace be to all men, and the order of Allah. Peace to the children of Islam. We belong to Allah, and to him we return. I testify that there is no God but he alone. He turned his face to the east and bowed.

It would be impossible to exaggerate in description the majesty and dignity of this scene, notwithstanding one's assurance of the prisoner's guilt and of the justice of his fate. Alone and hopeless of aid, he turned his face toward the glowing east and the holy cities, and, his last act a prayer, his last word a declaration of his unswerving belief, he looked out upon the thousands assembled to witness his end with the untroubled assurance of his fatalistic creed.

An so, as the sun rays of the morning illumined the sad machinery of death, he was swung into eternity, solemnly pronouncing, as the cord tightened around his neck, his creed's defiance to the unbeliever. "La ilaha illallah!" (there is no God but Allah) and died.

Pine Wool For Pillows. The so-called pine wool is made of the leaves of this tree by steeping them in a solution of caustic soda or potash, and thus removing the silicious matter which makes them so hard. The residue is a soft fibre which makes excellent material for mattresses and pillows, the latter being much used by persons affected by pulmonary diseases in the belief that benefit is derived. As any benefit must be derived from the turpentine in the leaves, any similar use of this substance might have the same effect by the breathing of the vapor of it.—New York Times.

THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground; She puts out her thorns and scratched everything 'round.

"I'll just try," said she, "How bad I can be; At pricking and scratching there's few can match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright, Her leaves were dark green and her flowers were pure white; But all who came near her Were so worried by her, They'd go out of her way to keep clear of her.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day At her neighbor, the Violet, just over the way; "I wonder," said she, "That no one pets me. While all she goes glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree, Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered her: "'Tis not that she's fair, For you may compare In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

But Violet's always so pleasant and kind, So gentle in manner, so humble in mind; Even the worms at her feet She would never ill treat, And to Bird, Bee and Butterfly always so sweet."

The gardener's wife just then the pathway came down, And the mischievous Brier got hold of her gown, "O dear, what a tear; My gown's spoiled, I declare; The troublesome Brier has no business there. Here, John, dig it up; throw it into the fire."

And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier. —Mrs. Anna Bacho.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The fruit of repentance—"Peach." —Puck.

Riches have wings but debts have claws.—Life.

A press of business—The handshake of a commercial traveler. One half the world does not know how the other half could do without it.—Puck.

The lard refiner never knows what he can do until he tries.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The salting away of money is often done in the brine of other people's tears.—Puck.

A thing is not always what it seems. For instance, what would you say of Wemyss?—Puck.

"Yes, every man has his price," but he can't make his grocer agree with him.—Columbus Post.

When a fly lights on a sheet of sticky paper he realizes that he is better off.—Binghamton Leader.

"It's easy to catch on," as the fly remarked when he lit on the fly paper.—Philadelphia Record.

"What is the lightest summer fiction you know of?" "The summer girl's 'I love you!'"—Chicago News.

A man needs no spectacles to see the Beauty of Uprightness when he peers through an iron-bared door.—Puck.

He thought the hammock just the thing To pass a pleasant minute, Until one day he chanced to spring And found he was not in a hammock.

Old friend of the family. "Do you think you can live happy with him?" Perdita. "Oh, I don't expect that."—Life.

It takes a sneak to be a good private detective, and the more successful he is the more cause he has to be ashamed of himself. Puck.

"What I don't like about our schools," said the boy who had been chastised, "is that they run too much to physical culture."—Washington Star.

Silly things—Youngly—"Love often compels people to do very silly things." Cynicus—"Yes, makes them marry, sometimes."—New York Herald.

Never give up. If, however, you are alone, the night is dark, and the other fellow has a pistol, it may be prudent to rescind this rule.—Texas Siftings.

Miss Candour (aged seven, to a lady who has been singing with a good deal of tremolo in her mother's guests)—"I gurgled in the nursery."—Tit-Bits.

She—Their engagement was brought about by a little four-in-hand picnic He—How strange. She—Yes; he asked her to tie it for him.—New York Herald.

He handled the boom for a great big man. And the great big man went in With a wild burrah, and the boom handler then Was left in the cold to grin. —Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Newlove—"Charley, dear, I need \$100." Mr. Newlove—"Do you, darling! How sympathize you are! That's just what I need."—Chicago News-Record.

Snoozer.—"There is one queer thing about silence." Sively.—"Name it." Snoozer.—"When silence falls it is not necessarily broken."—Detroit Free Press.

Banks—"Can't you suggest some way in which I can get a better looking picture?" Photographer—"Not unless you can get somebody else to sit for you."—Somerville Journal.

Verner.—"Well, young Harshup married in haste; I suppose he's repenting at leisure." Melton—"Not much; he has to hustle so lively for a living that he has no leisure." The King's Jester.

Politics is human. London day is coming. Every body's got to go to the polls. When the count's completed, Pity the defeated. Candidates a looking 'round for holes. —Somerville Journal.

Johnnie (after watching the bride and groom come down the aisle)—"I'm never going to get married." Mother—"Why not, dear?" Johnnie—"Just look at those two. She's crying and he looks sorry already."—Wasp.