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Two-fifths of the companies started an-

nually in England are said to fail.

It is said that in no three cities in the world have greater advance in sanitation been made during the last twenty years than in Bombay, Madras and Calcutta

If you wish to increase your chances of life, marry, admonishes the New York Journal, for, as a rule, married men live longer than bachelors; yet out of every thousand persons in England more than six hundred are unmarried.

Execution by electricity appears to the San Francisco Chronicle to reduced to a science in New York, for two murderers have been put to death in the chair with no evidence of suffering. This new process is as instantaneous as that by the guillotine and far less ghastly.

British Columbia is divided into two distinct agricultural parts by the mountains which form the coast range. The coast region has a mild equable climate, while the interior has a climate of ex tremes, the southern part being very dry and needing irrigation. Cultivation, as a rule, is restricted to the valleys.

Attention is called by the press to the rapidity of the changes made in the army by the present German Emperor. Since his accession to the throne eleven generals have been retired. The Prussian army consequently, adds the New Orleans Picayune, is now commanded by men as inexperienced as is the Emperor

Washington City contains in its streets and squares over seventy thousand trees, although the work of systematic planting was not begun until 1892. There are 330 little parks at the intersections of the streets and avenues, besides the great consolidated Government reservation extending westward from the Cani. tol to the Washington Monument, two miles away. About \$75,000 annually is expended by the Government and the District of Columbia in planting and carring for trees.

The Boston Transcript is convinced that the mere possession of money confers little pleasure, except upon mere misers, and they are few. William H Vanderbilt was worth about 500 tons of solid gold when he died-more than would have accumulated if all of his an cestors in a direct line had received salaries of \$30,000 a year ever since the coming of Adam, and had saved it all. But he never handled the money. He never was in its presence in his life. He never saw more than a tenth part of the interest. It gave him little pleasure. He dressed no better than his clerk, and ate less than his coachman. He drank chiefly milk. He slept in only one bed. Envy and ignorance raised an army of enemies about him. The public press abused and villified him. He was a victim of indigestion. He was in constant peril of apoplexy. He couldn't walk in the park without being assailed or insulted by socialistic philosophers. An enormous fortune is a very heavy burden to carry, and brings annoyances from which there is no protection.

In ramie a Louisiana writer sees plant which, if a machine to decorticate it can be invented, will become the most valuable fibre for manufacturing pur poses in the world. "I do not say," he observes, "that it will supersede cotton, for the cheapness of the latter and the high price of the former will, for quite a while, prevent this. But the enormous profits to be made in raising it, if the proper decorticator can be found, will induce almost everybody to plant it. This great increase of product will altimately cheapen its price, and the withdrawal of many planters of cotton will tend to help the price of that article. Flax will be almost a thing of the past, for it has all the merits of that fibre, and utterly transcends its best features. I take it that the silk industry will have such a blow struck it as will nearly paralyze it. Every one who has ever see ramie or worn it falls in love with the febric. It is as cool as linen, soft as silk, far more durable than either, tensile power far greater, and has a lustre, with an iridescence suggested of the opal. For summer wear, either external or for underclothing, it would certainly distance all competitors at the South and in all warm countries. It would pass into table-linen, napkins, towels, etc. Its uses in cordage of all sorts would ensue just as soon as prices should justify. Its power to resist strain and breakage is almost incredible. I have tried in vair to snap an untwisted piece pulled two days ago, not over the sixteenth part of an inch in diameter. What cables it would make! A hawser, with good anchorage, would hold a ship to her moorings in any storm." Colonel G. A. Breaux of Lafayette, La., is growing several acres of ramie. It is said to be

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Yesterday's sunshine Was so bright!
Yesterday's burdens
Were so light!

Were so fleet!
Well-a-day! Yesterday drops her rose Petal by petal, and softly goes

### BRIER ROSE.



HE Weeping Willow telegraph office faced the level prairie. Up and down before it, like shining ribbons, lay

tance blended them into one.

Back of it flared the wide main street, with stores and cottages indiscriminately mingled, which marks the disconsolate prairie town. Beyond, inclosed by a white picket fence, straggled the deso-

white picket fence, straggled the desolate graveyard.

The only thing in plenty which
nature supplied was room. There was
an abundance of space. It was quite a
walk to cross the street. Neighbors'
houses stood aloof. Nobody was
crowded, even in the graveyard.

The telegraph operator, satiated with
landscape, leaned back, stretched himself prodigiously, yawned audibly and
collapsed in his chair, which creaked in
vexed remonstrance. He tossed a remark over his shoulder, "So this is
what you are yearnin' for, Dave?"

Dave took his cane, and, limping to
the door, viewed the inertness in
silence. Then he roused himself and
said cheerfully:

said cheerfully:

"A telegraph operator is all I'm good
fur since I got hurt." "Seems like the com'ny might have

"Seems like the com'ny might have done more for you when you got smashed up in their own accident. "Twouldn't have hurt 'em none to keep you as a conductor," grumbled his friend. Suddenly the afternoon stillness was

broken by excited voices and the sharp barking and yapping of dogs. Joe brought his feet to the floor in a hurry. "I can't leave the machine, Dave. Go and see what the rumpus is about. I bet Brier Rose is up to somethin." It bet Brief Rose is up to somethin. It takes that there girl to stir up the boys. No, Foxy," he said to his terrier, who was whirling around in an cestacy of anticipation, "you stay here. If Brief Rose is at the bottom of it, a little feller like you might get lost in the

Dave obediently limped up the street, where, in the midst of a crowd of rough men, stood a girl bolding some little animal high above her head, while the

dogs leaped and snapped around her.
The girl, with scarlet cheeks, begged and scolded and threatened them all to

their infinite amusement. "Call off your dawg, Jim," she said whose leaps sometimes almost reached the quivering !ittle object in her hands. "Throw down the beast an' I will,"

jump, I'll pizen him before sunup," she rid, slowly.

on him to keep him down, while the crowd hooted in derision of his obedi-

ence. "What's all this," cried Dave, coming up and pushing his way through their midst.

"Brier Rose is being held up!" cried The crowd yelled with delight. The

girl's whole face became white with rage as she singled out the speaker. "You'll pay for that, Ben Miles, as naid before " she said

"Call of those brutes," cried Dave, rapping the nearest dog with his cane. oping the nearest dog what are for shame, to tease a woman!"
"Look a hyer, stranger," said a

young giant, menacingly. He towered above Dave, who stood his ground. "I'm lame and no account in a fight," said Dave: "but half a man ain't going

to see a woman tormented."
"Who in thunder—" began his
threatener; but Ben Miles laid a hand on

there's Dave Comstock, conductor of the smashed up No. 7."
"Not the feller that got hurt savin"

"Sho, stranger!" said the mollified

Jim.
"You're welcome to interfere. Give us yer hand. We wouldn't hurt her fer nothin'. Bless my stars! Brier Rose can take care of herself better'n most

The dogs were all held now, and the girl put her tired arms down. She looked curiously at the man, whose brave story she knew by heart, as she

heard him defend her.

To be sure, she had been defended before; there was hardly a man who would not have risked his life to save hers, but they teased her unmercifully when they got the chance. Dave's interference was on a new line. not quite understand it, but it appealed

When Dave went back to the station

"Just like her! Exzattly like her!" he cried, slapping his leg so inhumanly that his lame friend winced for him.

"Who is Brier Rose?" he repeated, in answer to Dave's question. "You don't know much if you don't know old Bryan's daughter. She's the best known Bryan's daughter. She is the best known girl from Horseshoe Gap to Powder Crik. Old Bryan's been engineer on the road ever since the track was laid. All eyes she was then, as she is now. What wasn't eyes was temper. Same now, savin' that now she bosses the boys in addition to ald Bryan. She can run

an engine with the best of 'em. Bryan's taught her all the tricks, and he thinks the sun rises and sets for just her."
"Strange she would defend a gopher, when she's so hard on the boys," observed Dave.

served Dave.

"That's just it. That's Brier Rose She's got more tame pets; she's friend-lier with every beast in Weepin' Willer than with any of the boys. She ain't even got a head fur anybody but old even got a head fur anybody but old Bryan; you notice I make no mention of heart concernin' Brier Rose; I don't keer to talk of what she ain't got—and just now she's specially bewitched about him. After keepin' straight for forty years he's taken to drink. The girl knows he'll lose his job if the company gets wind of it, and she watches him like a hawk."

"What's Bryan's Run?"

"Horseshoe to Powder Crik. She

"More Bryan's Run?"
"Horseshoe to Powder Crik. She
knows every inc't of track and siding.
And I wish you could see her handle the
critter. She knows all Bryan does, and
she's a heap sight quicker calc'latin' than the old man. It's with while to see her oil and clean the machine. She goes over it spry as a kithen." "She's handsome," said Dave, sim-

ply. "Humph! Handsome is as handsome

does," observed Joe, grumpily. "She is cold as ice and hard as a rock. It's my belief that she ain't got no heart same as other wimmin. And sassy?

In spite of what he had heard, or per-haps, because of what he has heard, all things, even the melancholy town itself. grew rose colored to Dave's sunny eyes.
With his unfailing cheerfulness he waited hopefully for news of his appointment at Red Valley, and hovered, as if fascinated, around engine No. 44.
Neither the boys nor old Bryan were slow to notice this, the latter having accepted such attention pariel collections.

cepted such attentions periodically from all the young men. It was so inevitable a proceeding that up to the time of the Middleton's dance they paid no attention

But that night something extraordinary occurred.

The next day, as Brier Rose rode down

The next day, as Brier Rose rode down the street on her hardy little pony, the boys gathered around her eagerly, not-withstanding the fact that she had a stout little whip in her hand. They had something new and strange to tease her

"Brier Rose," called out Jim, as she drew rein, "you don't care nothin' about

drew rein, 'you don't care nothin about dancin', do you?'

"You'd ruther set all the evenin', would'nt you, now?"

"D'you hke the name o' Dave, or do you reckon you'd rather have Com-

Rose looked from one to the other as the bottled-up taunts fell rapidly upon her ears, her cheeks and lips growing scarlet. For once her ready tongue failed her. Small need to ask them what they meant. Too well she knew. But was her subjugation apparent in such a trifle? And so soon? yet had said nothing. Emboldened by her silence they went further. "What does he say about it?"

The shamed crimson leaped to her very temples and receded, leaving her pitifully white. Her wounded now panted for but one thing—a out. Probably he knew it, too.

She saw him coming down the street.
"Do you love him? Say, Brier Rose,
do you love Dave?" cried the one furthest from her whip, Her courage came back at Dave's ap-

proach, and the spell of her unwonted lence was broken.
"Do I love him?" she cried, looking

him fairly in the face. "I come nearer

she turned her horse sharply, and the blows the boys had expected fell on her fiery little pony. He craned his neck and went up the street on a dead run,

That night Joe fidgeted around un able to decide whether or not he should speak to Dave about the occurrence of the afternoon. Dave's genial smile and cheery hopefulness were gone. He sat with his face buried in his folded arms. Joe coughed noisily and said nothing.

Dave looked down at his poor maimed

"Joe, do you know that little baby I saved from the wreck had brown eyes like Brier Rose? I remember the baby smiled when I held it out to the men. smiled when I held it out to the men. You know my foot was caught and I couldn't move. I've never seen Briar Rose smile at me that way. If I had saved her perhaps she would. Do you think so, Joe?"

At home, Rose was thinking of the story of Dave's bravery in the wrecked train, of the lives he had saved, of his defense of her.

And to-day in return she had mocked

him. Aye, if the look he gave her spoke truly, she had cut him to the heart. Tears-tears in the eyes of Brier Rose

The position of telegraph operator a Red Valley was given to Dave Comstock.
The afternoon freight, heavily loaded, had just pulled clumsily out of the Weeping Willow station, with Dave on the rear platform of the way car.
The 44, having come down on the

The 44, having come down on the rear of the freight as second engine, now stood on the siding, waiting to go back to Horseshoe for the midnight express. Old Bryan was up in a crowd of men in front of the postoffice. Brier Rose watched him anxiously. As long as he kept away from the Owl she felt easy. He knew she was watching him. He also knew that she would not hesitate to also knew that she would not hesitate to come after him if the Owl proved too strong an attraction. Therefore he kept

away.

She trod fearlessly along the side of the boiler, rubbing the hand rail with a black oil sodden cloth. She touched the engine as if she loved it. Every part of it should like the sun. Every value engine as it she loved it. Every part of it shone like the sun. Every valve worked with precision. Every screw was secure. Joe laughed to see her fling a shovelful of coal into the furnace like

His own machine called his attention from the 44. Then Rose heard him cry out, and, springing down, she rushed into the station.

into the station.

"A runaway engine coming this way!"
he said hoarsely.

"Spite work of a discharged engineer. No one on her—going twenty-five miles an hour—a single track —Dave's train only going fifteen—the 44 and that ore car on the only siding between here and Red Valley. My

God!"
"Where is it?" cried Brier Rose.
"It broke away from Horseshoe Gap.
Message is from Prairie City. It's already
passed Prairie City, headed straight for
here. It's bound to catch Dave before
his train gets to Red Valley."
Rose turned white to her very lips.
She covered her face with her brown
hands. Only for a moment, though.

hands. Only for a moment, though. Then she flung back her head and looked Joe full in the face. "I can save him?" she cried. She

sprang for her engine and climbed into the cab. "Rose! Rose!" roared Joe in dismay. Rose turned her white face towards him imploringly. "Be at the switch, Joe, and listen for my signals, as you value Dave's life!" she cried. Then she pulled the throttle valve out to its full

extent. The engine shivered all over, and at fifty-two miles an hour the 44, driven by Brier Rose, leaped down the track to meet the runaway. certain number of miles lessening every moment, lay between the lumbering freight, with Dave on board, and the

cruel, senseless runaway engine. Be-tween them was Brier Rose, with just a chance of safety.

She knew that a loosened rail or any obstruction would hurl her to her doom, and still not avert disaster from Dave. The whistle of the 44 shrilled out a unearthly screech continually to warn even the birds from fluttering too near the

messenger of life.

The engine rocked from side to side at the dizzy rate of speed. For the first time the odor of hot oil made Rosa feel faint. She hung half out of the cab window panting for breath and her hands clinging crazily to the window

for support.

Suddenly she saw smoke in the dis-Suddenly she saw smoke in the distance. Larger and larger grew the black speck on the track. Faster and faster flew the 44 to meet it. Nearer and nearer came the runaway. When she could plainly see the shape of the approaching engine she closed the throttle with a rush that made the 44 tremble of the reason her ranging and at little She reversed her engine, and at little less than twenty-five miles an hour be-gan running away from the runaway. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it gained on her brave engine. A horrible fear took possession of her that it was coming too slowly, and that they both would reach Dave's train before she stopped the runaway. She changed the ed and let the engine gain on her

faster.
"I can signal for the siding if I fail,"
"I can signal for the siding if I fail," thought Brier Rose. "Joe will obey my signal." But she shuddered. In sight of Weeping Willow at last.

The 44 whistled frantically. Rose sig-naled for a clear track, and only a train length apart the 44 and the runa-way flew past the little station platform, crowded with every man, woman and child in town.

child in town.

Joe understood her plan now. He bounded into the station, frenzied with excitement, telegraphed to Red Valley what Brier Rose was doing; then, from sheer nervousness, he squeezed Foxy un-

til he yelped wildly.

Out of sight of Weeping Willow and Dave's train in the distance, nearer and nearer came the runaway. The 44 snorted in defiance of being caught. Rose braced herself for the shack. Crash! came the cowcatcher of the runaway into the unprotected rear of the gallant 44. but fast as Rose flew the grieved look Rose had loosened her hold, and the con-

Faint with ner fail she gathered her-self together and shut off the steam. The with the nose of the runaway vic-iously pushing the 44, Brier Rose crept like a cat over the tender, down over the trembling engine, and on her hands and knees she crawled over to the runaway, and crashed the throttle shut when the 44 was within a car's length of Dave's

When she came to herself she was in the Red Valley station. Dave was bending over her, and calling her name with trembling lips. She opened her eyes and smiled into his face.

"Oh, Brier Rose, how could you do?" he whispered with a shudder.
"I did it for you, David—for you."—

David L. Hadley, a well-to-do farmer living near Clarksville, Clinton County, Ohio, is the possessor of a seven-year-old wether that is attractung wide-spread attention in that and adjoining counties. For years Mr. Halley has exercised the greatest care in the raising of sheep, and as an experiment thought to permit the wool to grow upon one of his flock until it was absolutely necessary to re-

move it.

The sheep selected was a three-quarter blooded Saxony and one-fourth Spanish merino, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. For more than seventy three months this sheep lugged his increasing fleece and now herewards his owner with an eighteen inch growth. He cannot lie down on his side and get up again, owing to the heaviness of the wool, but manages to rest in a squatting posture.

In speaking of his prize, Mr. Hadley says: "My opinion is that a fine-wooled sheep will never lose its wool, if kept in good living condition. I have let them run two or three years, and never had one to lose any of its wool. I have eather this one very sleady and he watched this one very closely, and he has not seemed to suffer from the heat any more than those that were sheared, nd has never been housed one night in

#### THE AMERICAN ANTELOPE.

FLEET-FOOTED GAME NOW AL-MOST EXTINCT.

Markings-The Family Which They Belong-Hunting the Antelope-Long-Range Shooting.

Antelope—Long-Range Shooting.

T is a peculiarity of antelopes, especially as shown in their head-quarters of South Africa, that they stand out conspicuously as connecting links. They grade off almost indistinguishably into sheep, goats, deer and even the ox. Often in the hornless females dissection is necessary for distinction. The horns, which are always present in the male and usually in the females, are round, without sharp edges, and though compressed are usually anfemales, are round, without sharp edges, and though compressed are usually annulated, while those of the goat and sheep have abrupt edges and are usually grooved longitudinally. Those of all the bovines come out sideways and are cylindric and smooth. Deer's horns are all rough, much branched, solid and deciduous. Antelopes are like the sheep in the general presence of the gland between the hoofs and under the eye, and they are like the goats in the presence of thorns in both sexes, which have no tendency to recurve forward. They share with the deer the tear pit and many other peculiarities of form and anatomy, while some are like the ox in bulk and body. Our pronghorn, however, differs much from the Old World genera. With it the tear duct is absent. genera. With it the tear duct is absent. as in the goat; the horns are branched, as in the deer, and the accessory hoofs are wanting as in no other ruminant exand the British Encyclopedia states that it drops the sheaths of its horas annually. I have been unable to find any American record of this fact. If the statement be true, it forms, in this respect, a con-necting link between the hollow-horned and solid-horned ruminants not found

elsewhere.

The horns of our prongbuck are apt to vary much with age, the protuberance in front being often wanting in the young, which would argue to some extent the annual shedding of the sheath. The eyes are bright and prominent, enabling it well to see its pursuars during flight and to keep a good lookout before. In the adult, it makes no attempt at concealment and from its enemy it expects nothing but a knowledge of his apnothing but a knowledge of his approach. The color of the pronghorn is proach. The color of the pronghorn is generally a tawny brown, shading off below and backward into a light fawn color. Beneath it is white. While this would argue a certain amount of color-protection when lying down, the two transverse white bars across the breast, and the conspicuous white disk around the tail argue that on approach or flight no attempt at concealment is intended. The rear mark is claimed by Mr. Wallace, the great English naturalist, as an example of a guiding mark specialized for the ple of a guiding mark specialized for the purpose of enabling the young and weak to follow better in flight, but he leaves the purpose of the breast bars unexplained. In keeping with the theory, they may better enable the flock to reassemble, or the young to run to the mother as she returns to its hiding place, for, like other runniants, she often hides her young while she feeds. To a naturalist the marks would at once imply that the animal was a night feeder, or at least the animal was a night feeder, or at least crepuscular—a fact borne out by actual knowledge. She kids are never spotted -not even at any stage before birthfact hinting no close relationship to the deer. The hair, resembling coarse rotted manila strands, is hollow like feathers, and crushes into fragments readily be tween the fingers. They stand out on end like bristles in a brush, varying in length from one inch on the sides to four to six inches on the neck, where they form a sort of mane, crected during anger or excitement.

The antelope is about exterminated from the plains east of the Rocky Mount-ains now, where it recently ranged from Central America to about latitude fiftyhree degrees north. It migrates slightly north and south with the seasons. It was no uncommon thing as late as '80 to '83 to see small herds fleeing from the trains as they crossed the plains, and very fair long-range hunting could be had then. But now one must go higher up into the less frequented mountain arks, and even there they are getting the season, with perhaps November as the favorite. Of course one takes a wagon or packs, but fair saddle horses are a necessity, for the game is often found in rather inaccessible places. The cool nights will require all needful comforts for camping. While a sneaking stalk is the usual method of hunting While a sneaking by direct chase and a pistol shot, as Washington Irving killed his buffalo, but an unusual horse, of course, is required for this. For the distance of three or four miles, perhaps, no fleeter animal runs than our pronghorn, but if pushed to its utmost within this limit it soon shows signs of fagging. Coursing it down on the plains with greyhounds was once a favorite form of capture. The was once a navorne form of capture. The best means of approach (uccessary in any form of hunting it) is by concealment in draws or behind ridges.

A good fieldglass is a great help. By

noting at long range the direction they are feeding, they may be intercepted as they pass if the ground be favorable, but their senses are all so acute that every precaution must be taken. The sound of horses' hoofs a mile or more away will often alarm them. In peeping over an eminence always remove the hat and if possible intrust this delicate mission to the fairhaired man of the party. son to the large and of the party. By no means pass to the windard of them. Frequently long detous will have to be made afoot or on all fours even, so it is well to have a boy bring up the horses at a signal. The old method of decoying this game within close gunshot by means of its curiosity. close guishot by means of its curiosity cannot now be depended on. They have had too much experience. It is only the long range rifle that makes their capture now at all possible.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENTAFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The most costly of the metals is didynium, which sells at \$4500 a pound. A large vein of copper is said to have

Gold assaying as high as \$1800 a ton s said to have been found at Pitkin,

The moons of Mars are named Dein and Phobos—after the war horses of the Greek god.

In this country more deaths are said to occur in December than at any other time of the year.

The electric motor operates through

the alternate magnetization and demag-netization of a bar of soft iron.

During the influenza epidemic in Germany the proportion of ozone in the air was found to be scarcely ten per cent. of The first electric light was the inven-

of men have since made improvements and adapted it to popular use. A celebrated aeronaut asserts, after patient investigation, that the ninth day

of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and 4 o'clock in the afternoon the rainiest hour of the Apoplexy needs medical treatment at

once, but, until the physician arrives, elevate the head and shoulders. Use the fan freely to give plenty of air, and apply cold to the head by means of an iced bag.

The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian Sea and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of twenty-five feet and from its air bladder the isinglass is prepared.

The famous termites, commonly called "white ants," although they belong to the order of the dragon fly, infest Ceylon in countless swarms, devouring every-thing eatable, and even gutting the tim-bers of dwelling houses so that the lat-ter are reduced to mere shells.

In observations on "squinting," Dr. Stevens, an English oculist, has taken over 2000 photographs of persons affected. The investigations demonstrate that certain well defined types of facial expression are both associated with and dependent upon certain relative tensions of the muscles of the eyes.

At one time it was held that there was the European seas so little removed from each other as the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Dr. Supan, however, shows this to be based on errors in leveling; measurements made at thirty-eight stations from the Adriatic to the Baltic proving that in most cases only a few centimetres of difference exist, so that for practical purposes it may be taken that the sea level on all the coasts of

# Killing Fish by Wholesale.

Everybody passing over the Long Island City ferry at Thirty-fourth street must have noticed of late the great numbers of apparently dead fish that float about on the surface of the river. Off Thirty-third street is a dredging float, Thirty-third street is a dredging float, and men are continually trying to blow up the rocks in the river bed with dynamite. Every explosion kills or stuns all the fish in the river about the place for many hundred feet. A man watched the apparently dead fish the other day. He reached the pier at the foot of the street just before the men fired a blast.

About a minute after the explosion the fish began to come up to the surface of

About a minute after the explosion the fish began to come up to the surface of the river. They lay on their backs, apparently dead. They floated about. After awhile some of them began to come around. About half of them came back to life. The others floated about until some men in boats went out and gathered them in. The men in the boats said each explosion. Sometimes they col-lected hundreds of fish.

Some of the dead fish apparently had their skulls broken by the shock in the water. Others were merely stunned. The fish were good eating. Sometimes they would put the fish in buckets of water until they came back to life again, and that they would fire a torpedo off near the bucket and see the fish dive down into the water and try in other ways to get out of the reach of the noise.

They had watched some of the fish in

# Locusts in Morocco.

the river come to after the explosion and make tracks to get out of the neighbor-hood before a recurrence of the explo-

The British consul at Mogador, Mo The British consul at Mogador, Morocco, mentions, in his last report, that while on an excursion inland, about a day's journey from Mogador, he met flights of locusts. He says it was an astonishing and interesting though painful sight, the air being in some parts so thick with them that they formed a dense living brown fog, through which he could hardly find his way, while they accompletely covered the ground that so completely covered the ground that the utmost caution was necessary in walking, as he could not tell whether he wastraging on soft sand, hard slippery rock or what. Many birds feasted on the insects, including large flights of gulls from the sea, and beasts evidently enjoy their share, for in the middle of the densest swarm he saw a fine red fox dancing about in the most frantic manner, leaping up and snapping dozens of the locusts in the air, until, seeing the stranger, he suddenly dropped on all fours, and quickly vanished in the live fog. Not only did the barbel get their share of the novel food (the consul used the locusts successfully as bait for them), but some of the fish of the Atlantic were found gorged with locusts which had been the fish of the Atlantic were found gorged with locusts which had been blown off the land by easterly winds. As usual, they were extensively eaten by the native population.—Scientific American.

The man who laughs best does not always laugh loudest.

'I hate you, I hate you!" the maiden said, And her eyelids drooped and her face grew And she turned from her lover and hung her

The flush crept up to her rich brown hair, And she plucked to pieces a rosebud fair As she stole a glance at her lover there.

And he, these men are so full of guile: His eyes, a-glistening with mirth the while, Looked calmly on, with a doubting smile.

"I hate you, I hate you!" she said again. And she tapped her toe on the carpet then, As if each tap were a stab at men.

Her lip was aquiver, her eyes in mist, Her cheek and throat, as the sun-gods

kissed,
Were bathed in the essence of amethyst

And then her love, with a startled look,

And "Oh, very well," as he rose to go;
... "f it pleases you to have it so
Why, so it shall be, as you doubtless know. He took one step, but a sudden turned-

Oh, much the sweetest is bliss unearned—
And looked in the tear-wet eyes that

No word she spoke, but her arms entwined Around his neck. Oh, a woman's mind Is a puzzle, to which no key you'll find.

Upon his shoulder she laid her head, And he kissed her cheek which was still

rose-red; "You know I hate you!" was all she said.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sailors prefer a lark on land to a night The calendar is a very good reminder

hat our days are numbered .- Puck. When the public has faith in a writer's ame, it is a faith which must be backed ip by good works.-Puck.

Extreme of heat and cold produce like effects. When a man is "frozen out" he is apt to get red hot.—Life. "Well, I've sworn off my worst habit, Villiam." "Which one?" responded Villiam.—Chicago News Record.

Why are girls so afraid
When the lightnings are active?
'Tis because each dear maid
Is aware she's attractive.

He-"No one can understaed 'what the wild waves are saying.'" She—"Of course not. The ocean is so very deep."

—New York Herald.

A West Philadelphia man wants to sell his parrot, which he advertises as being "suitable for a deaf family."—Philadelphia Record.

The coffee palaces of Melbourne, says an exchange, are the finest in the world. The grounds are probably likewise very fine.—Rochester Post. Our English language is full of eccen-

tricities. We wind up a watch to set it going. But we wind up a business concern to stop it.—Lowell Courier.

Brazenly she begs for kisses,
Boldly makes arch eyes at me;
Such a shameless minx as this is—
My daughter, etat three.
—Chicago News Record. From time immemorial men have been held up for examples, and now and then they've been held up for what they had about their clothes.—Binghamton

Leader.

The fellow that's up with the times,
And sees with a glass all things,
Gets awfully left in the lurch
By the circus that has three rings.
—Dhicago Inter-Ocean

Twynn—"They say that Dingler hadn't a friend in the world." Triplett —"No wonder. He went about reciting elocutionary selections at parlor enter-tainments."—Detroit Free Press.

"I ought to study photography," mused the seaside young man who had proposed again. "I really ought. I can develop more negatives in a given time than anybody I know of."—Washington Hostess-"I've got such a cold to-day.

Hostess—"Ye got such a con to day,
I feel quite stupid." Prize Idiot (calling)—"I've got a bad cold, too; but I
don't feel particularly stupid." Hostess
—"Ah, I see you're not quite yourself."
—London Punch.

"I will improve my mind," said he;
"I can, though I don't look it."
And she responded merrily,
"First eatch your hare; then cook it."
—Washington Star.

"Dear Father: We are well and "Dear Fatner: we are well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, Molly."—Texas Siftings.

Twillinger-"I hear that Tompkins they are not of first water or he would never have tasted them, the horrid old sot."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The King of the Cannibals nothing could He passed from earthly labors; And kind missionaries wrote over his grave "A man who loved his neighbors."

The Mistress—"You really don't want the coffee?" The Tramp—"Pardon me, madam; but I detect the presence of two lumps of sugar. My invariable habit is to take one lump only. I may be ragged, but I necess the true instincts of the but I possess the true instincts of epicure."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

A Waldo County clam-digger, of considerable creative faculty, wanted to say something real bad of a neighbor and delivered himself of this: "The critter ain't got any brains; the inside of his head ain't even lathed, let alone being plastered."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

"Tell your worthy mother that I am coming to see her soon," said a lady on Austin avenue to Mrs. Sniverly's little boy, who was playing in front of the gate. "I am glad you are coming, and ma will be glad to see you, too." "How do you know she will be glad to see me?" asked Mrs. Sniverly. "Because I heard her say yesterday she would be glad to see somebody who didu't come here to collect a bill."—Texas Siftings.