



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms—\$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

VOL. XI.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1892.

NO. 3.

An observer says that man's dress from head to ankles consists of a collection of stove funnels made of cloth.

The pension agency in Topeka, Kan., is the largest in the country. It pays out annually fifteen million dollars to the veterans of Kansas, Missouri and Colorado.

It is estimated that during the busy season in London, when the fashionable set are not away, \$10,000 worth of cream and \$150,000 worth of milk are consumed daily.

Says the New York World: Congratulations are due to our sister Republic of Mexico on the completion of its eighty-second year of independence; also on the condition of prosperity which President Diaz recognizes in his address to the Congress.

It is estimated that in the United States the annual expenditure for public charitable institutions is fully \$125,000,000, and not less than \$500,000,000 is invested in buildings and equipments for carrying on the work of these institutions. In this estimate no account is taken of penitentiaries and jails.

The New York Post states that the Russian language is to be taught in two of the Paris colleges, and that if the experiment succeeds, Russian will be placed on the same footing as German and English in secondary education. The apparent intention is that if one day Frenchmen and Russians fight side by side they shall be able to understand each other.

There is a good deal of profit in the prophet business in Java. A prophet of that island has been paid \$400 a year for the last fifteen years "for not predicting a tidal wave which will sweep clear over the island." But, after all, he cannot be very enterprising, concludes the New York Tribune. With the amount of credulity ready at hand to work upon, he could get \$1000 a year as easily as not.

An American biologist, who returned recently from a year's study in the German laboratories, declares that the Wood's Hall (Mass.) Laboratory is now doing more research work than any other institution of its kind in the world, the Naples Station alone excepted. There is certainly no doubt that the most eminent of foreign biologists are taking a profound interest in it, as their letters to Dr. Whitman, the specialist in charge, testify.

The little house in which Benedict Arnold is said to have planned his treason has just been demolished to make room for a larger building. It stood in Market street, Philadelphia, and was over 125 years old. It was to this spot that Arnold invited Clinton's agent to be sent from New York to meet him; it was here that he lived. A mob chased him to this house once on account of some unpopular measures with which he was supposed to be identified, and from its windows certain celebrities of the city saw him hanged in effigy in 1780. Washington met Jefferson and Hamilton in this cottage in later years, separately, in an endeavor to patch up a truce between these two statesmen.

A tunnel, the longest in the world, has been projected and begun, practically, under Simpson, to supersede the famous road over the mountain constructed by Napoleon. The "Route of the Simpson" is thirty-eight miles in length; the tunnel will be a trifle less than twelve miles and a half. The wagon road is 6592 feet above sea level, is twenty-five to thirty feet wide, crosses 611 bridges, and passes through several tunnels. It takes eight or nine hours to cross the mountain by the wagon road; the tunnel can be traversed in three-quarters of an hour. The power to run the drills, light the workings and ventilate the tunnel is to be derived from the River Marsa. The cost is estimated at about \$1,240,000 a mile.

Buffalo, N. Y., seems to be the magnet for Poles who come to this country. No other city of its size, the New York Post avers, has so large and prosperous a Polish colony. Parties of between one and two hundred are continually arriving; and although they bring no money with them, or at best a trifle with which to make a new start in life, it is not long before they find some employment and manage to save something out of their earnings. Their versatility often excites surprise. One Pole who appeared in Buffalo with \$100 five years ago is now worth \$50,000, which he made as a steamboat ticket seller and real estate agent. The business of selling tickets to Polish immigrants, by the way, is done for the most part on this side of the water, and furnishes means of support to many a shrewd exile with a large acquaintance in his native land. The Polish population of Buffalo at the present time is said to be 50,000.

## THE TIMES.

The times are not degenerate! Man's faith mounts higher than of old. No crumbling creed.

Can take from the immortal soul its need Of something greater than itself. The wrath of dead beliefs we cherished in our youth fades but to let us welcome new-born truth.

Man may not worship at the ancient shrine Prone on his face in self-accusing scorn That night is passed; he hats a fairer morn.

And knows himself a something half divine: No humble worm whose heritage is sin, But part of God—he feels the Christ within!

No fierce Jehovah with a frowning mien He worships. Nay, through love and not through fear

He seeks the truth, and finds its source is near.

And feels and owns the power of things unseen Where once he scoffed. God's great primal plan Is fast unfolding in the soul of man.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Cosmopolitan.

## SIDE BY SIDE.

BY L. H. BICKFORD.

FIRST, to discover a mine. Second, to know that you have something to base your hopes on, and last, to get into a lawsuit and eventually the Supreme Court by litigating with your neighbor in underground adventure.

This, I believe, is the Aspen method. Without entering upon a discussion scientific and chemistic as to apex and side lines, I can tell you of an Aspen exception. It had, at the outset, all the elements of a good case on both sides, from a lawyer's point of view, and might now be enjoying its musty run in the Circuit Chambers with others of its class. It almost seems a pity that it isn't, if you look at it from what the newspapers call a "legal aspect."

The case in point is that of Boulder Tramping, a prospector. One of his claims was in the Woolly district; no matter where; it is enough that it was and is. Boulder usually spent the month of September at this particular claim, and frequently did more of his assaying than the law required. It was an isolated place, half way up a hill, and tramping seemed to fit in with it, being rather of the rocks and burnt stumps than apart from them. He was very like a middle-aged tree anyway, he was as silent. There were four reasons for this: the first was that he was dumb; no matter about the others; if there were four hundred it would be, under the circumstances, useless to tell them.

The claim adjoining belonged to one Ascehiga. It was said that he was a Mexican, but Boulder and he got along very well considering everything that was likely to cause trouble, from wind-lashes to bedrock. They met during two Septembers. When the third came Boulder reached the ground first. Ascehiga's cabin was closed when he got there. It was closed for two days. When Boulder woke up on the morning of the third, he looked across the little ravine and saw the door open.

A woman came out.

There is no questioning Boulder's surprise. He was not musing for women. He had seen them during the winter at the restaurants and in the vandevilles at Aspen, but he never had to do with them. And in the summer he was too far away. His ideas of them were unsubstantial.

This woman was not much for looks, so far as he could judge. Her hair was whispy and like streaked tale. Her complexion was patchy, like rifle blocks, and in conversation she was not graceful. At this time she was fetching water from the spring, and the sleeves of her dress were rolled up, showing big arms, with firm muscles. Seeing Boulder, she stopped an instant and regarded him with a speculative stare.

Boulder bowed, principally because he could think of nothing else just then to do. She did not return the salutation, but walked on into the cabin. A little while later she came out again, this time with pick and shovel and her feet encased in boots. She wore a red shirt of some thick material and a miner's cap. The effect was wholly sauginary. One would guess that she either intended to rob an express train or to lead a frenzied mob of revolutionists against the bastle—assuming that there were express trains and bastiles in the Woody district, which there are not.

She walked over toward Ascehiga's little shaft and passed on the dump to again contemplate Boulder. It has been mentioned that this mine, which has been named the Cheatna—not that there were cheats thereabout, but because the Mexican had once seen such an animal in India—was but thirty feet above Boulder's own modest prospect, the elevation being abrupt.

Boulder, restless under this deliberate observation of the person in skirts, bowed once more, with results equally as unsatisfactory. The woman turned toward the windlass, lowered the bucket and shortly afterward disappeared down the shaft. Boulder shook his head and went to work himself. It was not just clear to him as to what course he should pursue. The Cheatna was Ascehiga's claim; what manner of right had a woman to work it? He could come to but one theory. She was trying to jump it. If it had been a man in the matter, Boulder's course would have been instantly plain; but a woman?

Midway between the claims, and serving as a boundary post, there was a small blackboard, securely nailed to an old tree. This had been provided by Boulder as a convenient method of intercourse between Ascehiga and himself

when they were "on top" during the day. It was his custom to write his question and answers on the black surface with a piece of chalk which he kept hanging by a string from the top of the board. When he came up, an hour later, he noticed that the woman was just leaving the tree, and furthermore, that she had written something.

Boulder went up to the line. He read: "I know you. you are dum. i am Ascehiga widow. he got killed in a snowslide, i am here to worke his claime."

She was standing on a knoll, a little way off, and Boulder nodded again. This time she returned recognition. Carefully rubbing out her words, the man replied:

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance i am not deaf you kan tak to me all rite but ill have to write to you."

She came down to the board again and took the chalk:

"i dont care wether you are pleased or not. i dont talk because i am in your fix only worse—I am deaf and dum."

Boulder looked at hersympathizingly; a look that met with a cold return. The reply shocked him.

"Go to grass with your sympathy i dont want eny more to say to you. just wanted you to now i sint here to jump."

With this she went to her cabin. Boulder returned to his prospect. If he had known anything about women he would, probably, have considered her a queer one but, as I have said, he didn't, and was merely puzzled. He went about his work in his usual methodical way, ignoring his neighbor just as successfully as she ignored him. In this way an uneventful month passed. Finally Boulder struck a vein in his prospect and prepared to follow it up. He led northward, and in the eccentric way some veins have, trended up instead of down. On the seventh day he was in a good ten feet when he met with a surprise. He could distinctly hear the unsteady and yielding thump of a pick almost in front of him. Now, by all reasonable calculations, Boulder's claim extended twenty feet to the north; the stumpy blackboard proved this; that was mainly what it was there for. It was plain to him that the woman, striking the evidence of a vein at its upper end, was, with a true miner's instinct, following it up, or, in this case, down, and had, in her ambition overstepped the bounds.

Making this discovery Boulder paused a while, and in the cool blackness attempted to decide what course to pursue. Finally the sound above him became more and more distinct. Suddenly there was a crash. The yielding mass came down and with it a red petticoat in which floundered a vein greatly excited, not to say frightened woman. Sitting there on the mass of mineral debris she blinked in a dazed manner at Boulder's candle and then at Boulder. In an instant she was up again and cimbing through the aperture she had unconsciously made. Boulder also started for the surface through his own property.

They arrived at the blackboard by a common impulse almost at the same time. Boulder seized the chalk:

"Your on my ground."

Her fingers were still yellow and gray from the mass of stuff she had struck in her fall, but she found them useful enough to write:

"Your a lire."

Boulder did not hesitate this time. He wrote:

"Your a lady."

Perhaps this appressed her somewhat. Perhaps the modest and indisputably manlike attitude of the miner took her fancy. She was certainly less vehement in her use of the chalk when she replied:

"Where is the lire."

Boulder indicated the tree and board and, taking a stick, traced a mark in the ground for several feet between the claims. Common sense was enough to show the creature in the petticoat that the man was right. She did not trust herself to reply, but walked away. Fifteen minutes later Boulder saw a blanket flying, without any visible means of locomotion, from the doorway of her cabin. It was followed by another and then another. There was no doubt of it, Mrs. Ascehiga was preparing to leave, and that suddenly.

Boulder, looking himself over, hesitatingly walked timidly toward the door and beckoned her to come out. She did so and walked behind him ungraciously toward the blackboard. She followed him with interest as he formed the following:

"I don't like to give you the wurst of it. There is one way out of this: Tak i interest in my claime and I'll tak i yours."

She nodded "no," and wrote:

"No, that woldn't be fare to you, you haf the vane."

But she was wavering in the offer, even after she had declined it. They looked steadily at one another for some time; finally, seized with an idea, and growing bold, the man ventured this: "I am 45 yrs. old and want a partner, and haf a little money and we migt get ritche. Will you accept a propose of marage?"

Mrs. Ascehiga looked at him doubtfully for a second, and then wrote, because coy as she took the chalk:

"Ascehiga sed he mared me because I was deaf and dum and couldn't talk him blind."

## WISE WORDS.

Matrimony is hard work. Love is material pantheism. Women are great in small things. Most men outlive their usefulness. Occasional defeat has a tonic effect.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house. A bath is often times a great moralizer. The man who can't tell a lie is dead. A man will get fat quicker on paid-for board.

If a family has no skeleton gossip will give it one. It is almost as difficult to stay there as to get there.

A rose would not be half a rose without a thorn. Cupid does not care whether he pays house rent or not.

In this world a man must be either a hammer or an anvil. A good deed is better than gold, but not nearly so negotiable.

Before a man has begun to think a woman has begun to talk. Life is a campaign, not a battle, and has its defeats as well as its victories.

A woman with pretty teeth finds many things in this vale of tears to laugh at. The intelligent have a right over the ignorant; namely, the right of instructing them.

The more one endeavors to sound the depths of his ignorance, the deeper the chasm appears.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies.

Language is the memory of the human race. It is as a thread or nerve of life running through all the ages, connecting them into one common, prolonged and advancing existence.

There is no happiness, there is no liberty, there is no enjoyment of life, unless a man can say, when he rises in the morning: "I shall be subject to the decision of no unwise judge to-day."

## Oil From Corn.

It will probably be a surprise to many to know that there is a company which purchases corn solely to extract the oil from it. This is precisely what a sugar refining company in Chicago is doing. This company is the only one which has the secret of obtaining the oil, and employs it after the glucose has been converted into a starch or dextrin so that nothing will be wasted. The oil is a soft yellow liquid, and resembles linseed oil in appearance. Dr. Arno Bahr discovered the process of separating the oil from the corn, and the doctor says this in regard to the oil: "It has been known for a long time that maize contained an oily property, remaining for some one to turn the idea to account. There is no danger of corn oil ever taking the place of linseed oil. In the first place, it will be too scarce. The amount of oil contained in corn is only four per cent. of its total weight, and we lose almost half of it in the process of abstraction, so that we get a very small amount of oil after all. The assertion has been made that corn oil can be put to little use—that it cannot be employed in making either soap or paint. The great value of linseed oil paints is that it dries readily, and it has been asserted that corn oil will not dry. Now, this is a mistake, and as a matter of fact, corn oil can be used in making paint or varnish, and also in soaps. It makes a splendid soft soap. That there are valuable uses to which it can be put is shown by the fact that there is a demand for it in foreign markets."—American Farmer.

## A Mooted Question.

Why some seals sink and are lost after being shot and others float, is a mooted question not likely soon to be decided. Where they are struck or whether they have much or little blubber, all of which have been urged to account for the anomaly, seems to have little or no influence. It has been often observed that a seal falling head down on being shot will come up and float, while if the head is up he sinks and is lost. It may be that in the latter case he more readily fills. With weak seals or pups it has been seen that they, too, are often not recovered. Of those that are killed, discarding pups, the chances seem to be about equal as to whether they will sink or float. Sometimes a considerable interval elapses before the dead body rises to the surface and haste or carelessness may lose it. The great damage to the sealing industry lies undoubtedly in the indiscriminate killing which lays low so many coveys on their way to the islands, heavy with young, whereby two lives are lost. It is impossible to distinguish the female in the water, and she would not be spared were it possible to do so.—Detroit Free Press.

## A Fly Killing Brigade.

The last Siam Free Press says that an order has just been issued from Siamese military headquarters directing that the troops in garrisons at Koh-si-chang should be employed in killing flies. Each man, said the order, must exert himself to the utmost and capture each day at least a match box full of blue-bottle flies, or be punished in default. Says the paper: "Though the order reads exceedingly ridiculous there is no small need for thinning down the myriads of impertinent blue-bottles that bask in the smile of royalty at Koh-si-chang. The Siamese warriors will have their hands full, and are not to be envied. The pity is that the troops were not exercised in some evolution by which the nimble enemy may be annihilated at one stroke. However, with our new colonels we have sufficient military talent to guarantee the success of some strategy by which the grand army of blue-bottles might be destroyed, and at the same time a very coveted decoration well earned—commander of the fly catchers in ordinary to his Siamese Majesty may yet be eagerly competed for among Siamese military men."

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Mars is five times as bright now as he will be when on the far side of the sun.

The average duration of life in the cold climate of Norway is said to be greater than in any other land.

The number of stars visible to average eyesight on an ordinary night does not much exceed 4000 for both hemispheres.

After considerable study a Connecticut scientist calculates that there are 43,500,000 mosquito larvae in an acre of swamp land.

An astronomer has figured it out that it would take a cannon-ball 3,000,000 years, moving at its ordinary rate of speed, to reach Alpha Centauri, the nearest fixed star.

Dr. Koch has expressed himself strongly against excessive watering of the streets during a cholera epidemic, on the ground that the bacilli thrive under the influence of moisture.

Corrosive sublimate, in the strength of sixty-four grains to the gallon of water, is found by the Health Department of New York City to be the most effective of the germ-destroying agents.

The new sub-treasury building at San Francisco, Cal., has an electric burglar alarm installed between the rows of bricks so that any interference with either the bricks or cement will cause an alarm to sound.

A fender for electric cars is made of sheet iron attached directly to the trucks, the lower plates coming within an inch of the rails, springs of great stiffness enabling the fender to throw aside any object before it.

The difficulty of making an indelible marking on ivory push buttons has been, it is said, overcome by a London concern. The process employed is called endolith printing, and the markings are claimed to be indelible in any climate.

The Swedish Government has adopted a new smokeless powder, which is said to have the following advantages: It is easy of manufacture, produces no flames and does not heat the rifle. It gives the ball an initial velocity of 2100 feet, with a pressure of 2260 atmospheres.

Jacques Inaudi, the French lightning calculator, says that it is sound which guides his mind in its process, and not the memory of or imagination how figures look. He was born with a gift for figures; long before he could read or write he solved the most intricate arithmetical problems.

The bones of the head of some large prehistoric animal were taken out of the ground at Ruby Creek, Washington, the other week, at a depth of 253 feet. The great mastodon, judging from the depth at which the bones were found, must have lived in an early period and is at present extinct. The shape of the head resembles that of a cow, only it is much larger.

The three single eyes of bees have been a puzzle as to their use. Mr. Grimshaw, of England, starts the theory that they are not eyes at all, but bull's-eye lanterns that emit a very feeble light to guide the bees in their work at night. Such production of light is quite common among insects, and the source of the theory gives it some title of respect, for Mr. Grimshaw is an able observer.

Mr. Romanes is experimenting in breeding rats and rabbits, with reference to heredity. Those now bred are the results of experiments intended to disprove what Mr. Romanes believes to be certain errors made by some writers on heredity. In the particular cases experiment was on either the progeny have certainly taken either wholly after the father or wholly after the mother. Mr. Romanes does show certain cases of commingling, or rather reversion, which are highly suggestive.

## The Lungs of a Plant.

One of the prettiest microscopical studies is the examination of the lungs of a plant. Most people do not know a plant has lungs, but it has, and its lungs are in its leaves. Examined through a high-power microscope, every leaf will show thousands upon thousands of openings, infinitely small, of course, but each provided with lips which, in many species, are continually opening and closing. These openings lead to tiny cavities in the body of the leaf, and by the opening and closing of the cavity air is continually passing in and out, so that the act of respiration is continually going on. The sap of the plant is thus purified, just as the blood of an animal is cleared of impurities by passing through the lungs, and the average sized tree will, therefore, in the course of a day, do as much breathing as a man.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## Growth of the Poetry Habit.

"When I began writing verse," said Mr. Whittier once to the writer, "it was considered a great gift to be able to make a rhyme with any facility. Percival and Bryant were the active poets then. Now almost any one can turn a couplet or stanza and many write poetry which in a less voluminous time would be regarded as remarkable." Nothing so emphasizes the advance in general culture in this country as the fact indicated by Mr. Whittier in that remark. It is a more difficult thing to achieve a reputation as a poet now than a half century ago, and there is no occasion to grieve because we have so many "verse writers" and no "poets."—Boston Journal.

## A Simple Test for Milk.

The following test for watered milk is simplicity itself. A well polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.—Boston Commercial.

## KILLED BY ELECTRICITY.

HOW MILLIONS OF BUGS, BEETLES AND BIRDS PERISH.

Their Vain Flutterings Around the Arc Lights—Destruction of Birds by the Goddess of Liberty Beacon.

WHEN a person meets death from contact with an electric current the news is heralded far and near, but

of the millions of the lower forms of animals life which are daily sacrificed, we rarely hear a word. The employee of the electric light company who goes about supplying the lamps with fresh carbon sticks each morning learns more of the damage to animal life than is even dreamed of by others, but he is not an entomologist generally, and only cares to trim the lamps and remove the accumulation of dead insects which are found in every globe in the summer months. He carries a brush with which he quickly whisks out from a gill to a pint of charred bodies and singed wings. Now and then a struggling insect is found in the mass, minuscule a wing, a pair of legs or so, and occasionally a lace wing or moth takes wing and escapes from the general dead collection. As these fall to the ground they are scattered to the points of the compass, and in half an hour not a vestige of a bug or a fly can be found, so quickly are the light bodies blown about, or ground into the road by passing men and teams.

In a round made with the carbon supplier in the month of July or August, it is safe to count on 500 insects to be found in each globe visited, and sometimes as high as 1500, but of course an accurate estimate cannot be made, as many bodies, wings and legs are sadly mixed in the mass. This collection includes members of all the orders of insect life, and about every well-known fly and beetle may be collected during a morning's search, and many rare ones, seldom found in other situations, are taken.

On a favorable night, when it is very dark, and there is no wind to drive the giddy insects away from their death attraction, a great many may be seen flying close to the globe, where their ranks are often invaded by shadow-like bats, who dash dangerously near the globe in chasing their prey. The bats are never injured by the lights and avoid it most audroitly in their evolutions.

No one who is an observer has failed to note the change about our residences in the summer evenings. Once the rooms were filled with several varieties of moths, bugs (so-called) and beetles, and if windows were lowered to prevent their entrance, numbers of them could be heard bumping against the panes and humming about. All of this is now done away with, for if the electric light is burning near your home, the bugs and moths visit it and leave you in peace. The difference in the persecutions of the mosquitoes is a favorable theme for discussion, and all are willing to give the electric light the credit of performing an agreeable change.

However, if we are so free to ignore the destructions of the insects we are constrained to resent the devastation upon our birds, for there are fortunately very few who are possessed of so little sentiment as to abide ill to our feathered friends. It is impossible to secure statistics on the extent of the danger, but enough is known to convince all that elevated lights of any kind are a sad menace to the birds during migration. Some years ago the Government investigated in relation to the destruction by light houses, and the damage was found to be very heavy, and a list of 160 species was received, many being valued game birds and nearly all others well known insect destroyers.

Thousands of birds are killed each season by the light in the Goddess of Liberty in the harbor, as they migrate to or from the North, and all tower lights throughout the country are more or less destructive, according to their location. But these greater dangers in a few cases are as nothing compared to the generally dispersed, combined lesser dangers of the innumerable city electric lights.—New York Advertiser.

## On-Eyed People.

The most one-eyed people are found in Germany, and in some portions of the United States. In the former country this is probably owing to the sword-duels so common among German students when the faces of the combatants get terribly scarred. In the United States, which contains the rough elements from almost every other country, quarrelling is frequent, and the gouging out of an opponent's eye is too common an incident amongst the brutal portion of the population to attract much notice when it occurs. An eye-master calculates that there are 336,000 persons with only one eye in the Republic. In proportion to the population, there are more one-eyed people in Paterson, N. Y., than in any other town in America or any other country. Apart from eyes lost in duels or rowdy fights, the great majority of artificial eyes are used by workmen, especially those engaged in iron tommens, where many eyes are put out by the sparks which fly about in all directions. It is a very rare occurrence to meet a woman having a glass eye.—Yankee Blade.

## A Lilly-Like Cucumbr.

The Indian cucumber is a sort of lily, which grows in great abundance in almost every part of this country, and is said to be an excellent remedy for the dropsy. The best part of the cucumber is the root, which grows in the size of two inches in length by one in thickness, and was formerly eaten raw by the Indians just as we eat cucumbers. Its medicinal virtues were discovered by some old woman in Pennsylvania, and afterwards admitted by the doctors, which is not the only case of the efficacy of an old woman's remedy being acknowledged by the medical profession.—Chicago Herald.

## RECOMPENSE.

When the haze of autumn days Settles o'er dale and hill, And the notes from wood-birds' throats Break the silence deep and still— When the breezes bring a chill.

Then we feel over us steel Something of sadness and dread, Sweet regret and yearnings yet For the summer that is dead, For the sunshine that is fled.

But we know every woe Has a joy—not wholly sighs Is our life, not wholly strife, Though we miss the sun we prize, It is farewell to the flies.—Detroit Tribune.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A double chin—A dialogue.—Life. When a man is hopelessly in love it greatly increases his sighs.—Sittings.

Even an all-round man ought to be square in his dealings.—Lowe's Courier. Little Johnny thinks it a good deal nicer to be tanned at the seashore than to be tanned in school.—Boston Transcript.

They have "potato socials" in Kansas. The name may be from the fact that young folks go there to pare.—Texas Sittings.

"Do you enjoy good health, Mr. Testy?" asked McQuary. "Yes, when I get any," snapped the old dyspeptic.—Pack.

Just—"I presume you love animals?" Cora—"Oh, yes; a girl of my age is usually in love with some man."—Yankee Blade.

"A man may be drove to drink," said Officer McCobb, "but to get him away from it I find he has to be pulled."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Charles is too timid to propose, and she is too timid to help him on." "I should think such a timid pair could easily shrink to one."—Harper's Bazaar.

He—"Is this the first time you've ever been in love, darling?" She (thoughtlessly)—"Yes, but it's so nice that I hope it won't be the last."—Tid-Bits.

Manufacturer—"What makes you think electric clocks should sell so freely?" Drummer—"They're all to be charged, are they not?"—Jeweler's Weekly.

Shrewd Girl: Jennie—"Do you believe in fate?" Bessie—"Yes, but I believe in giving fate a helping hand by doing a little judicious flirting."—New York Herald.

Secretary Nibbles—"Did you discover any irregularities in the Red Taps Bureau?" Inspector Sharp—"Yes. Four of the employes were hard at work."—New York Herald.

Lovell—"This marrying a rich wife is of no use." Markham—"Why not?" Lovell—"Because even after she's asleep you can't find her pocket."—New York Herald.

Teacher—"What are you doing there, Johnny, acting like a monkey?" Johnny Bellows—"Please let me off this time, teacher, and I won't never mock you no more."—Yankee Blade.

Mamie (aged six)—"Mamma, was Mr. Gourmand born with a silver spoon in his mouth?" Mamma—"I guess so, dear, and may've with a knife and fork, too."—Jeweler's Weekly.

It is not always the man who looks the wisest who knows the most, but most people don't know this, so that it will pay you to look just as wise as you possibly can.—Texas Sittings.

Cora—"I'm much pleased with my new acquaintance, Mr. Jimpson. I hope to know him better." Dora—"Well, it would be impossible to know him worse."—Yankee Blade.

Brown (who is very proud of his argumentative powers)—"I always carry my pint." Gray—"I think I have seen you when you were buying a good deal more than that."—Boston Transcript.

Miss Young—"Have you seen Miss Waite's engagement ring?" Miss Green—"Yes, I think it is a horrid insult. The idea of a man giving a spinster of her years a ring of old gold."—Jeweler's Weekly.

"They say he is a literary man, and perhaps he is. He talks rapidly, but upon my