VOL. XI.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1892.

"Eh?" gasped poor Woburn, in sore

The directness of the bee's flight is proverbial. The shortest distance be-

tween any two given points is called a bee-line. Many observers think that the immense eyes with which the insect is

Probably this may be one reason, out it is likely there are other uses for them not yet ascertained. A bee flies much in the same way as a pigeom—that is to say, it first takes an upward spiral flight into the air, and then darts/straight for the object in view. Now an experimenter on insect nature covered a bees supple see with paint and sent it int'o

menter on insect nature covered a nees simple eye with paint and sent it int'o the air; instead of darting straight off after rising, it continued to ascend. Apparently, then, these eyes are used in some measure to direct the flight.—Pear-

Inventions of the Hour

in glass.
A tailor's measuring square , with a

A printing press operated by an elec-

A process for making artificial mica sheets for electrical insulation.

A stop for window shutter blinds, so

angle.

An electric branding stamp, the type

being kept red hot by means of an elec-trical resistance.

An electrical light hanger that is ad-

justable to any angle by means of a uni-

versal joint.

A door lock so constructed that when the key is turned it switches on the lights in the room.

A mat formed of sections, each section

having a loop of rigid material with rings of rope surrounding it, the sections being clamped together.

heing clamped togetater.

A gravity motor for pumping purposes, the weight being lifted to the top of a derrick, whence, by a clockwork system, it operates a pump as it slowly descends.

An automatic medicine stand for the

homepathically inclined, consisting of two cups, two spoons and an index that automatically marks the next cup from

In these quadro-centennial days it is

continent now named America has gone at one time or another by a great many names. The notion that Columbus held

of finding a westward passage to India by way of the Atlantic is recorded by the name New India and India Occi-

America Mexicana was an old name of North America, as America Peruviana was of South America. Then Brazil was

for a time the name applied to the

Southern continent.

Finally the origin of the name America has been gravely disputed, though the weight of testimony leaves practically no doubt that it comes from

the Christian name of Amerigo Vespucci. Some early authorities, however, gravely contended that the name came from the

Peruvian word Amaru, meaning the sacred symbol of the cross, made of a serpent and a stick, and the suffix ca,

meaning country. Thus derived, America means the land of the holy ani-mal.—New York Advertiser.

which medicine is to be taken.

that they may be arranged at an

lumb bob attachment.

A machine for imbedding wire netting

Chicago is to have "the biggest telescope in the world.

Hair-dve is considered so detrimental to long life that a Paris insurance company refuses to insure the lives of those

The New York Commercial Advertiser is convinced that "poetry pays when it really is poetry, and the Whittier copyrights bring in as much as \$8500 year."

The New York Board of Health sent Dr. Seibert to Hamburg to investigate the cholera. He reports that America must expect a visitation from the plague next summer unless immigration is stopped.

The National organization just formed in Chicago under the title of the "Country Road Improvement League" has a gigantic programme, covering the half million miles of country roads which need to be improved.

People who have wondered why no woman has ever composed a grand opera or a great symphony will wonder no more. The London Lancet tells all about it. It is because "woman is deficient in the physiological conditions of ideoplastic power."

The number of schoolhouses in the United States is 216,330. The estimated value of all public school property is \$323,565,532. The total revenues of the public schools are. From permanent endowments, \$9,825,127; from taxes, State, \$25,177,067; local, \$88,328,385-\$113,505,412; from other sources, \$8,794,431. Total revenue, \$135,125,010.

A curious industry has arisen as the result of the establishment of the Paris-London telephone. Skilled talkers are employed by the news agencies to do all the telephoning for these enterprises because of their rapidity and distinctness of utterance. As telephoning is expensive, these experts talk at the rate of 190 words per minute. French only is employed because of the absence of the hissing sound that render telephone talk in English frequently unintelli-

An electric railroad to run 100 miles an hour between Chicago and St. Louis is projected. "This sounds big," comments the New York Tribune, "but the range of electrical possibilities has by no means been reached. The successful operation of such a road would doubtless point to important changes in our methods of transportation. A speed of 100 miles an hour, however, will require an almost perfectly straight track, and on the great majority of the railroads of the East it would be entirely out of the question. One most excellent thing about the proposed new road is that it will have no grade crossings."

One good result which the Illustrated American thinks is likely to follow England's seizure of the Gilbert Islands is the stoppage of the "contract labor" business. The supply of labor for the coffee plantations in Mexico is small, dear and unreliable. The planters, there-Sea Islands to obtain the workmen needed. Two years ago a cargo of 300 Gilbert Islanders was landed. The natives were under contract to work on the coffee plantations for three years at from \$7 to \$10 a month. At the expiration of that period they were to be returned to their homes. Notwithstanding the contracts the laborers were virtually slaves. How many will ever reach home again remains to be seen.

President D. W. Fisher, of Henover College, Ind., gives the New York Inde pendent information which throws some light on the possible origin of American races. He says: One of the recent graduates of Hanover College, W. T. Lopp, for the past two years has been in charge of the Mission School for the Eskimos, at Port Clarence, Alaska, on the Amer ican side of Bering Strait. A letter under date of August 31st, 1892, to my self, says of last winter: "No thaws during the winter, and ice blocked in the Strait. This has always been doubted by whalers. Eskimos have told them that they sometimes crossed the strait of ice, but they have never believed them Last February and March our Eskimos had a tobacco famine. Two parties (five men) went with dog sleds to East Cape, on the Siberian coast, and traded some beaver, otter and marten skins for Russian tobacco, and returned safely. It is only during an occasional winter that they can do this. But every summer they make several trips in their big wolves skin boats-forty feet long. These observations may throw some light upon the origin of the Prehistoric Race of America." Mr. Lopp is in every way a reliable man, and it would seem to b s pity not to give to the public the important fact which he has narrated above. HAPPY LIVES.

ed the curls from her blushing fac She softly sighed with a girlish grace, "I'm weary of life-it's no commonpla "Weary of music, forever sweet;

Sick of rose leaves beneath my feet; Tired of the days that themselves repeat."

Faded the roses, the music stilled; Change has come, as the maiden willed; Sorrow the pulse of her life has thrilled-

Sorrow too deep to be sighed away, Where is that wearisome yesterday, Bright with beauty too fair to stay.

Into the silence that sits apart, Keeping watch o'er the aching heart, Steals a thought like an arrow dart.

"Through the swift cycles of time and spa One is the fate that befalls the race— Happy lives only are commonplace." —Hattie Fay Townley.

## GATHERING APPLES.



fast coffee on the stove.

"So," said she, with a curve of her lip, "this is the baronial hall—this tumble-down old farmhouse, with a few acres of stony soil!"

"And this," crisply retorted Barbara, "is the banquet—a baker's loaf a week old, a pipkin of oatmeal and a pot of Rio coffee! But you'd better come in and partake of it."

"Bab," cried Lisbeth, flinging back her tawny yellow tresses, "I never was so disappointed in my life!"

Bab shrugged her shoulders.

"My opinion exactly, Tib!" said she, "Here, all our school-lives-long,"

"My opinion exactly, 110! said sace, "Here, all our school-lives-long," tragically uttered Lisbeth, "we've heard of our Uncle Hopkins and Hopkins Hall! We've looked forward to coming home to an elegant place, to dwell in luxury. Well! We got a telegram on gradua-tion day that our Uncle Hopkins has paid the debt of nature, and we hasten

to take possession..."
"Of our inheritance!" laughed Bab. serving out a blue-edged saucer of coarse coatment and deluging it with milk. "The tumble-down farmhouse and the stony acres, the old red horse that we neither of us know how to drive, and the cow that we're both afraid of."

"Bab," cried the elder sister, "what are we to do?"

"Hab," cried the elder sister, "what are we to do?"
"Tib," solemnly responded the younger, "I haven't the least idea."
Lisbeth reflectively sipped her coffee.
"If we hadn't put on such airs about being heiresses," groaned she, "and boasted of going home to Hopkins Hall to lead a life of luxurious ease, we might have secured one of those nice situations to teach, that Miss Primrose got for the to teach, that Miss Primrose got for the

"It's too late for that now!" sighed "We've got to do something," said

Lisbeth. "Yes," admitted Bab; "but what?" said "Yes," admitted Bab; "Dut what?
"We used to rave about art," said
Tib; "but who would buy the sort of
pictures we could paint?"
"Then," added Bab, "there was your

examination composition. Miss Primrose said it showed great talent. If one could take up literature—"
"I sent that to three different editors,"

interrupted Tib, sardonically smiting. "Not one of 'em would have a word to say to it. It's up stairs in my trunk now, in case we should need kindling

Bab whistled—a soft little whistle of lismay. "Evidently," said she, "we're not

calculated for a career. If we were boys instead of girls, we could run this "Oh, if! Don't let's have any more ifs," impatiently cried Tib. "What

"ifs," impatiently cried Tib. "Can we do? There's the question." Bab passed her pretty pink finger around the blue edge of the plate before her, with downcast eyes and just a tinge

of rising color.
"Well, since you ask the question," said she, half smiling, "I think one of us could perhaps—marry."
"For a living?" scornfully demanded

·Not that, of course," said Bab. "Merely in the course of human events. "You mean Rolf Woburn?"

"He's a nice fellow enough," said Tib, indifferently. "If he really means

"Lisbeth!" cried indignant Bab; "how can you speak so coarsely?"
"I'm only regarding things from the career point of view," said provoking Tib. "To-be-sure, the fact that he has followed us out here might be construed to mean something. At first he naturally supposed ourselves. But." with a we supposed ourselves. But," with a comprehensive wave of her hand, "he has seen Hopkins Hall. He is undeceived by this time. If ever there was a dis-interested passion his is one."
"Tib!"

Bab's eyes sparkled wrathfully.
"Have some more coffee, Barbara?
Not a drop? Well, I don't biame you;
it's poor stuff."

it's poor stuff."
"Tib," almost sobbed poor Barbara,
"if you don't like Rolf, I'll give up the

Lisbeth rushed around the edge of suppose I'm such a jealous monster as all that? I do like Rolf Woburn as well as I can like any one who wants to take my Bab away from me. But as for "Of course," faltered Bab, wiping her

eyes, "I've no reason to suppose—"
"No, to-be-sure not," nodded Tib.
"That's one of the disabilities of woman. She's got to wait until she's asked. Well, wait, Bab, dear. But in the mean-time, I've an idea that I picked up in my

well, wait, abo, dear. But in the meantime, I've an idea that I picked up in my
before-dinner walk."

"A money-making idea?" said Bab,
her blue eyes shining wistfully through
their scarcely-dry mist of tears.

"Yes, a money-making idea. There
are those big sweet apples up in the orchard dropping down like a red rain—
nice table-apples, too; not the poor stuff
they pick up to make cider of feed to the
pigs. Why shouldn't we put 'em in barrels—there are lots in the barn—and sell
'em at Baker's Falls? Miss Primrose
used to pay three dollars a barrel for
apples no better than those."

"Are there many there, Tib?"

"Thousands of 'em!" responded sanguine Lisbeth. "And picking up apples
is easy work—work that women can do.
We'll pack them so carefully that we shall
be able to command the very best market

We'll pack them so carefully that we shall be able to command the very best market price. They're not common, cheap fruit, but round and rosy and full of rare, sweet juices. Get your hat, Bab, we'll go right to work."

In the cool, frost-touched air of the old orchard, gathering the lovely red spheres of sweetness into crimson heaps, both girls soon forgot all but their occupation.

And so Rolf Woburn's great railway land speculation fell through, and Bab Lockwood escaped heartfree.

"And if we're not heiresses, after all," said cheerful Tib, "we're independent, and that's quite as good."—Saturday Their eyes shone, their cheeks were roster than the apples, and the wind blew the silky tendrils of their hair to and fro as if bent on a frolic. "You're never going to climb the tree, Bab?"

"I must?"cried Barbara, lightly swinging herself into the forks, "or else I must lose those beauties up at the very top. Reach me the basket, Tib. Oh, you can't imagine how perfectly lovely it is up here?'

Tib laughed.
"You'd have made your fortune as one
of Barnum's acrobats," said she. "But it you are going to take our only handled basket. I've just got to run to the barn for another. Light as Atalanta's self she sped over

Light as Atalanta's self she sped over the hilly slopes, down the bowery lane, across the plank bridge which spanned the little brook, to the dreary old stone barn behind the cedar trees.

"How provoking!" she cried. "Not a basket here! Well, it's only a step across the sheep pasture to Mrs. Hawley's, and she'll lend me one, I'm sure. Mrs. Hawley is always ready to lend everything."

werything."
While Bab, up in the breezy tree-top,

was forgetting her task in a sort of day dream, she overheard these words: "Just exactly here!" said a deep, and not unmelodious voice. "See that old stone stile? And the well-curb beyond? Well, that's where the line is project-

Bab's heart began to flutter. Would she not have known Rolf Woburn's accents, had it been in the Desert

of Sahara? "You-don't-tell-me so!" drawled an unctuous tone. "And the station— they'll have to put it pretty near here, of

Woburn laughed lightly. "They can't put it anywhere else,"

aid he.
"Whew!" whistled the other man. "In that case, we must somehow manage to get hold of the old place—"
"A farm!" in strupted Woburn.
"Seventy acres!"
"What is it valved at?"

"'What is it valved at?"

"At pretty much nothing," chuckled Woburn. "It belongs to two women, and they've no idea what it is worth. Nobody has, and nobody will have, until the new railway is heard from. We can buy at our own terms, for a month or two at least—and I can buy cheaner than

two at least-and I can buy cheaper than that, eh?" The oily voiced A paper knife that is especiall gadapted to cutting the wrappers on rolled man was lighting a cigar. "Young women, are they? Oh, you sly dog! You're at your old tricks, eh—making love to the girls? Is it one of them or papers.

both-hey? And what will Miss Vate-Woburn laughed a low, amused laugh. Vatemar will never know, "All this, old fellow, is in th way of business. The Lockwood girls are very pretty and agreeable, and if they choose to draw false interferences, I can't help it, can I? You don't need

foun't help it, can I? You don't need your measuring line, Hale. I can tell you the number of feet to a nicety. Just, oices died away, under the slope

Barbara Lockwood, nestling up among the boug's like some fair human bird-ling, drew a quick breath. Her eyes shone like stars; her cheeks blazed hot

ences," she murmured, under her breath But I don't think we shall choose to do anything of the sort, Tib and I. So we are to be used to help on a speculation, are we? Perhaps there may be two opinions on that subject."

And to the last day of her life Barbara Lockwood never knew quite how she drifted down from that tree among the red apples that covered the short grass below. She was there. That was all she could tell.

"I've brought the basket!" called Tib, from the stile beyond.
"Never mind the basket," said Barbara. "I've something else to think of

And two conspirators in the days of the Guelphs and Ghibellines could not have held their heads closer together than did Bab and Tib on the way back o the old farmhouse that day.

When Mr. Woburn sauntered in, or

the edge of the evening, the sisters were packing red apples carefully into a row of barrels on the kitchen floor. He smiled that soft, caressing smile of

his, and proffered assistance at once.
"No," said Bab, in a business-like way; "we're just through now. Mr. Adams is to take them to town for us to morrow. It will probably be the last money we shall ever make out of the Hopkins Farm." "Really?" A "ROUND-UP" OF CATTLE.

A PECULIAR FALL CEREMONY ON WESTERN RANCHES. The Operation of Branding the Cat-

ing Cattle by Changing Marks.

Mr. Woburn lifted his brows.

"We have sold it," said Bab, "to old Doctor Russell for twenty thousand dollars. It seems that a new railway is to run right through the old sheep pasture"—she eyed him keenly as she spoke—"and they're thinking of locating the depot at the north end of the orchard. Doctor Russell is a good business man, and thinks he can make a fair financial arrangement out of it. And we are quite satisfied with the terms. Don't look so amazed, Mr. Woburn. You see you were mistaken when you believed that you could get this place for 'pretty much nothing' because it belonged to two women who didn't know what it was worth."

"Eh?" gasped poor Woburn, in sore HROUGH the months of October and November a peculiar ceremony is going on at the hundreds of cattle ranches of the Northwest. It is the fall "round-up," when the stock is driven to the "home ranch" or headquarters for "cutting out" the marketable steers and branding any animals that may have escaped the "Eh?" gasped poor Woburn, in sore amazement.

"Yes," wickedly added Tib; "and now the best thing you can do is to go back to Miss Vatemar, whomever she may be, and tell her that the Lockwood girls are not in any danger of drawing false inferences from your agreeable attentions. A shallow knave, Mr. Woburn, is the silliest sort of a knave. Oh, no explanations, please! We wish you a very good evening!"

And so Rolf Woburn's great railway land appeculation fell through, and Bab

any animals that may have escaped the iron in their days of calfhood. Long days of riding on the part of the ranch assistants precede the gathering, and when the thousand or more head of cattle that have been feeding all summer on the plains are collected in the big corral it is a splendid sight.

On the hip of every grown animal there is a series of scars, showing their healed surfaces through the sleek hair. It is the trademark of the praries. By its perfect system the cattle can be identified as if by name, and the buyer in Chicago, Omaha or Kansas City knows exactly as he sends a mixed carload off to the packing houses from which ranch to the packing houses from which ranch

Branding requires one or two men with lariats and one man with the branding iron. With skillful hands the lassos are thrown, catching the steer or cow by horns and hind foot. Perhaps the victim is tumbled on its back, perhaps not. At any rate, in a moment the assistant has run from the fire with the grad, but iron in his hand, pressed it a red-hot iron in his hand, pressed it a moment on the shrinking flank; there is a little puff of smoke, a smell of burning flesh, and beneath is a mark that will remain until the creature's death. It seems cruel, but it is a necessary plan

immense eyes with which the insect is furnished greatly assist, if they do not entirely account for, the arrowy straightness of its passage through the air. Every bee has two kinds of eyes, the two large compound ones, looking like hemispheres, on either side, and the three simple ones which crown the top of the head. Each compound eye is composed of 3500 facets—that is to say, an object is reflected 3500 times on its surface. Every one of these facets is the base of a hexagohal pyramid, whose apex is fitted to the head. Each pyramid may be termed an eye, for each has its own iris and optic nerve.

How these insects manage this marvelous number of eyes is not known. They are immovable, but mobility is unnecessary because the range of vision efforded by the position and the number of identification.

Hard as it is to capture and hold the animal it is almost equally difficult to let go. At the instant the ropes are loosened the frightened beast, never before touched by human hands, leaps to his feet eager for an object upon which to wreck vengeance. For a man on horseback the steer has the utmost respect, but for man or horse separately absolutely no tear. Either is helpless in a herd of They are immovable, but mobility is unnecessary because the range of vision afforded by the position and the number of the facets. They have no lids, but are protected from dust and injury by rows of hairs growing along the lines at the junction of the facets. The simple eyes are suppose to have been given the bee to enable it to see above its head when intent upon gathering; honey from the cups of flowers.

Probably this may be one reason, but it is likely there are other uses for them

The marking system is based upon registration of brands. Every man who owns stock on the great prairies where fences are unknown must select a brand —letter, figure, fanciful design or com-bination — and register it with the bination — and register it with the county and State officers as well as with cattle associations. His brand must be distinct from all others, hence the steer that has strayed during the summer from Southern Wyoming over into Ne-braska or Northern Kansas is quickly identified at the annual round-up. In-spectors are stationed at the shipping points to intercept and seize for the ben-efit of the cattle associations any animal not described in the bill of sale.

The old-time brands are noted for their intricacy and fancifulness. Some of them almost cover the flank of the cattle and make the hide worthless. cattle and make the inde worthess. Letter brands are common, many stock-men using their own initials. The diffi-culty of securing a brand not previously used has led to bars over and under the letters, half circles, letters written horletters, half circles, letters written horizontally—known as "lazy" letters—and similar devices. Flying letters are written with red hot pokets and continue the letter proper into long, straggling flourishes. Of late years the figure brands have become the favorites. Outlines of axes, shears, boots, eggs, arrows, etc., are likely to be found on the stock of small owners, though the brand of the Sidney Dillon ranches is a rude mitten. The thousands of cattle owned by ten. The thousands of cattle owned by the Earl of Freund are marked "76," and the brand is almost as familiar in

Europe among cattle owners as on the ranges of Nebraska and Wyoming. Sen-ator Carey brands his herds "C. Y." The Oelrich ranches have the "bar H," or this, "—H." Occasionally a man with a short name will put it in full on

his stock, but it is needless cruelty.

A few years ago it was not uncom for poor, but energetic, young men to start in life on the plains with no capital but a branding iron and soon retire well fixed in the world's goods. By patiently flank, a respectable herd was soon ac-quired. A violent attack of hemp fever was also acquired if the "rustler" was

Changing brands was also a favorite pursuit with the rustler. Adding a letter, figure or device, or by some means obliterating the mark already on was common. The story is still told in Nebraska of the Napoleon of Cattledom, who invented the spade brand, formed by heating a spade red hot and slapping it on the creature's flanks, obliterating all previous brands. He was invited to a necktie party and never returned. Changing O G cattle into B O C was reported by the papers last year, and the Three Ones Ranche found that its brand "111" was being transformed by some unknown depredator into "H 1." The only method by which a brand can be legally wiped out is by "venting" it, be legally wiped out is by "venting" A steer that has changed hands several

times thus often comes to present a crazy patchwork appearance.

At the fall round-up there are found many cattle withouta mark. They were missed when calves or were born after the spring branding and are termed "mavericks." The word is one peculiar to the West and has come to mean any lonesome individual owned by nobody and claimed by none. The mavericks are gathered by themselves and sold at auction, the proceeds going to the cattle associations to help pay for inspectors and registration.—Detroit Free Press.

An ordinary day coach weighs about 50,000 pounds: Pullman sleepers weigh about 75,000 pounds.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Fifty-one metals are now known to

The dragon-fly can devour its own body and the head still live.

The bleaching of one piece of linear requires forty-four distinct operations. Fish are thought to be very cold, yet their normal temperature is seventy-seven

18,000,000 suns, each as large and many larger than ours, in the Milky Way.

There are seventeen different railroad gauges in this country, varying from two feet to five feet seven inches in width. Hypodermic injectious of percedate is said to be the new cholera remedy which checked the disease in Hamburg, Ger-

butterfly none because the nocturnal habits of the moth require it, the diur-nal movements of the butterfly do not.

From a Japanese fruit a German chemist has obtained a green coloring matter, trickosanthine, which is interesting as being the first vegetable green differing decidedly from chlorophyll.

It can be proven by a simple calculation that the number of people which have existed on the globe during the past 6000 years approximates the grand total of 66,000,000,000,000,000,000.

It is proposed to construct a railway to the top of Ben Nevis, the highest moun-tain in the British Islands, where a meteorological observatory has been maintained for years, connected with the lower world by a telegraph wire.

Calculations deducted by a newly in vented "electric measuring and flash-light photographic apparatus" prove that cannon balls move through the air at the rate of 1626 feet per second, the average being about three seconds to the mile.

Recent astronomical calculations have caused the "star-gazers" to announce that the surface of the moon is about as great as that of Africa and Australia combined, or about equal to the area of North and South America, without the

Mars is in opposition about once in two years, but, owing to the eccentricity of his orbit, his distance from the earth varies greatly at different oppositions. The most favorable ones—like those of the past summer and 1877—occur at intervals of about fifteen years. A man in Columbus, Ohio, has pat-ented an electrical device intended to

automatically lower and raise reilroad gates at grade crossings at the approach and after the passing of trains. The apparatus is expected to entirely supplant the flagmen and gate tenders.

Heat-lightning is simply the reflection of the lightning of distant storms, too far away for the noise of the thunder to reach us. These storms often draw nearer and develop into the ordinary type of thunder-showers, or they may pass away in another direction. A steam dynamo is the latest combina-tion noted. In this the steam engine—

an upright one—is attached to the dynamo, instead of, as at first, the dynamo being attached to the engine. The floor space required is no larger than if the dynamo had a pulley for belt driv-

The Muses were demi-gods, or, rather, demi-goddesses, the patrons of litera-ture, music, poetry, dancing and the fine arts generally. They dwelt upon the three sacred mountains, Helikon, Parnassus and Pindus, in Greece, and

Parnassus and Pindus, in Greece, and there were nine of them.

Clio was the muse of history. She is generally represented carrying a roll of manuscript. Melpomene was the muse of tragedy and is made to wear a mask and sometimes carry a sword or club. Thalia was the muse of comedy and burlesque. She wore a mask and carried a shepherd's crook. Then came Calliope, the muse of herott neems, sometimes the muse of heroic poems, sometimes called the chief of the Muses. She carried a writing tablet and a stylus. Urania presided over the study of as-tronomy. In the representations she sits beside a globe, holds a compass with one hand, while with the other she points upward to the stars. Euterp she points upward to the stars. Euterpe presided over music. She was figured as playing the flute. The muse of song and oratory was Polyhymnia, or Polymnia, generally pictured in an attitude of contemplation and wearing a laurel wreath. Love and marriage songs had Erato for their inspiration. Erato wore a wreath and played on a large lyre with many strings. Tensichore was the last many strings. Terpsichore was the las of the muses. She presided over dance ing, and is represented as wreath crowned and carrying a lyre. Mnemosyne, mean-ing "memory," was the "mother of the muses."

in the later mythology of Greece and Rome, and are the subject of very fre-quent allusion in literature.—New York Voice.

# "Compressed Tea."

A novelty for travelers who enjoy the cup that cheers is "compressed tea." This is put up by certain Russian firms resident in Chua. It is made of the fine dust of tea-leaves, but is none the less expensive for all that, for it is compressed by the powerful force of steam machinery into compact tablets which take up about one-sixth the space which the same amount of loose tea-leaves the same amount of loose tea-leaves would occupy. These tablets are in turn enclosed in tinfoil, then in fancy turn enclosed in tinfoil, then in fancy paper wrappers, and finally packed in metal lined cases. Put up in this way, the tea is considerably easier to carry, and the fine dust of the tea which is usually sold at a low price is made use of to good profit. Taese tablets of tea have been extensively used for some time in Russia, for every Russian unjoys his cup of tea and knows but little about coffee, though the Turk, who is at his yeary doors, makes the very bust coffee in very doors, makes the very best coffee in the world. Thus far these tablets of tea have not been imported to any extent into our country.—New York Tribune. NO. 9.

"I'm losted! Could you find me, please Poor little frightened baby! The wind had tossed her golden fleece, The stone had scratched her dimpled kn I stooped and lifted her with ease, And softly whispered "May be."

"Tell me your name, my little maid, I can't find you without it."
"My name is Shiney-eyes," she said.
"Yes, but you last?" She shook her head;
"Up to the house 'ey never said
A single fing about it."

But dear." I said "what is your name "Why, didn't you hear me tell you? Dust Shiney-eyes." A bright thought came When mamma has to scold you?

"My mamma never scolds," she moans A little blushing ensuing.
"Cept when I've been a-frowing sto "Mehetable Sapphira Jones,
What has you been a doing?"

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Paris of speech-Hyphens .- Truth. Goes through without change—The shopper.—Puck.

The indispensible servant is master of

Clothes may not make the man, but suits make the lawyer.—Elmira Gazette. Fame is a bright robe; but it soon wears out at the elbows.—Ram's Horn.

wears out at the cholds.

"Early to bed and early to rise"

Makes of a man what most people despise.

—Judge. When one woman praises another, folks think she is sarcastic.—Ram's

What is done cannot be undone, especi-What is done cannot be undone, especially if it is a hard-boiled egg.—Texas Siftings.

Success shows off our good qualities; lack of success shows off our defects.—Texas Siftings.

A man has to be puffed up well be-fore he can blow his own horn with proper vigor.—Puck.

The sign-painter may make a dollar while the steeple-painter is making ascent.—Boston Courier. If you want to get ahead in the world,

don't lie abed in the morning thinking about it.—Atchison Globe. A great many "gentlemen of the old school" do not seem quite to have finished their education.—Puck.

It is noticeable that a little man is always very mild in his testimony against a big man in court.—Atchison Glob.

It's a queer thing, but the course of it is studded with rocks .- Southron.

Had Her There: Mistress-"You're the biggest fool I ever knew." Maid—
"You forget yourself, ma'am."—Judge.

Every man who gets whipped for a sin complains that other people have done more and been whipped less.—Atchison Globe. "I think Charles the First was crazy," said Professor Bungleton. "He certainly lost his head," observed Professor Sin.

gleberry.—Southron. It does not follow that all women are purseproud simply because they invariably carry their pocket-books in their hands.—Boston Transcript.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken by attendants at a circus tent to swell the treasury, the rain will sometimes beat its way in.—Statesman.

North Side Mother—"Oscar, why can't you be a good boy?" Wayward Four-Year Old—"Mamma, it makes me so tired!"-Chicago Tribune. "That is Miss Sharp singing. Her

father is having her voice cultivated."
"You can easily tell that." "How?"
"It's harrowing."—Cape Cod Item. A London woman advocates the use of dynamite in securing "women's rights." This is carrying a disposition

the men up to an extreme. - Washington

Nellie-"Mamma, Geordie's swallowed a quarter an' he's chokin'!" "Oh, my child, why did you do it? Now I haven't enough for car fare."—Chicago

a girl's duty to ask the consent of her parents?" Prunclia—"Oh, yes; unless she thinks they won't grant it."—New York Herald. "Lightning never strike twice in the same place," they say. "No?" "No." "Well, how do you account for it?" "Must be minipulated by a woman, I suppose."—Chicago Tribune.

"Smiggins appears to grow mor stupid every day." "Yes. Somebod told him that a little knowledge is

dangerous thing, and he is trying forget all he knows."—Washington When the city man on a farm begins to talk at the breakfast table about "speckled beauties" he wants to make it plain at the very start that he doesn't mean the horny-handed farmer's daugh-

ters .- Somerville Journal. "Now, wife, you have again given me too much tea. I asked you for a cup half full. Don't you know what half full is?" "Well, John, I ought to. You have endeavored to illustrate many what it means."—Buffalo Enquirer.

"What a sight you are!" "Just as I was leaving the house to come to the club my wife pelted me with flowers."

"But that doesn't account for your bruised and battered appearance." "You see, she forgot to take them out of the pots."—Fliegende Blaetter.

### White-Tie Races. Race meetings in India generally in-

Race meetings in India generally clude some comic features, and latest novelty is a "white-tie race," troduced at Kirkee. The competity ride a certain distance, dismount, a kneel before a lady while she ties white tie round their neck in a ne bow, then they remount and stark the winning post. Much depends the 'ady's defeness.—Chicago Times.