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Rudyard Kipling says Americans do not know how to enjoy a good rest.

"General Dryhencforth" is what they are beginning to call the Government rainmaker.

The Boston Cultivator observes that "young men are coming to the front in every department of business, in politics and in literature."

The people of California are protesting against the drop-a-nickle slot machines as lessening the supply of their smallest current coin.

China has a secret society to which it is a capital crime to belong. That may be the reason, suggests the New York Telegram, why it has thirty millions of members.

In addition to a rocking horse, the young King of Spain gets \$750,000 a year as salary. It is a fat job for the fat little rascal, comments the Atlanta Constitution.

The Army Gazette of Vienna announces an addition of 3600 men to the peace standing of the Austrian army. The measure is commented upon as indicating that the Emperor of Austria is disposed to follow the policy of the German Emperor.

Geology predicts that in 18,136 the earth will be coated and, it might be said, vested with ice. The cheerful view to take of this, according to the San Francisco Examiner, is that then the cholera microbe will cease from troubling and the yellow fever germ be at rest.

In the late Church Congress at Folkestone, England, one of the clergymen said that the clergy could only fully understand the wants of the working classes by living among them, living as they did, eating the same food, and surrounded by the same influences and the acquiring real sympathy and compassion for them.

The Vermont State Board of Agriculture reports that during 1891 there were sold in that State 1764 farms, of which 252 were of the class known as abandoned farms. Most of the purchasers of these farms, says the New York World, were, as was the case in Massachusetts, young men born in the State who believed that these farms properly handled would make better homes than could be secured in the Far West, and bring in a fair living.

The Cherokee Commission, which has just concluded an agreement with the Pawnee Indians for the cession to the United States of 283,000 acres of land, bears this emphatic testimony to the good influences of education among these people: "The Pawnee schools are well attended, and the older and uneducated Indians are manifesting an interest therein, not common to Indians generally in that they defer to the judgment of their educated and English-speaking young men. In our councils they would submit matters to their judgment and be guided by them."

The Harrisburg Independent says that the glory, lusciousness, richness of flavor and solidness of the old varieties of Pennsylvania apples are becoming luxurious more in the memory of the oldest inhabitants than in the appetizing enjoyment of the epicures of the present.

The famous Ramba, Imperial, Golden Pippin, the delicious Roman Knight, rich in its cider-producing fragrant juices; the unrivalled Belleflower, the odor of which perfumed the palate long after it was eaten; the mellow Smokehouse that had poetic qualities in its flesh, though its name was unsavory; the Greening, which retained its flavor during the entire winter, as did the Grindstone—all these were, and are still in degrees, peculiarly Pennsylvania apples, each of which had a taste peculiar to its variety, but they are becoming extinct.

The report now going the round, in which it is stated that Northwestern New Mexico has been without rain for two years, that nearly one hundred thousand cattle have perished and that the water courses are dried up, is all a mistake, declares the New York World. As a matter of fact, the northwestern portion of New Mexico is one of the very best watered sections of the whole Rocky Mountain region. It is traversed by several rivers and is essentially a farming and fruit growing country. San Juan County last year produced 500,000 pounds of peaches, 250,000 pounds of apples and at least 100,000 pounds of other fruits. This is a good record when it is considered that the orchards are yet young. There are farms there which produced 500 tons of alfalfa hay. It has not infrequently happened that so great has been the rainfall that the roads between Junction City and Aztec have been impassable.

THE CHILD-GARDEN.

In the child-garden buds and blossoms
A blossom lovelier than the rose.
If all the flowers of all the earth
In one garden broke to birth,
Not the fairest of the fair
Could with this sweet bloom compare;
Nor would all their shining be
Peer to its lone bravery.
Fairer than the rose, I say?
Fairer than the sun-bright day
In whose rays all glories show,
All beauty is, all blossoms blow.
What this blossom, fragrant, tender,
That outbeats the rose's splendor—
Purer is, more tinct with light
Than the lily's flame of white?
Of beauty hath this flower the whole—
And its name—the Human Soul!
While beside it deeply shine
Blossoms that take its light divine:
The perilous sweet flower of Hope
Here its hiding eyes doth ope,
And Gentleness doth near uphold
Its healing leaves and heart of gold;
Here tender fingers push the seed
Of Knowledge; pluck the poisonous weed.
Here blossoms Joy one singing hour,
And here of Love the immortal flower.
—R. W. Gilder, in the Century.

LOVE AND LUCRE.

L AURA," said Mr. Cyrus Merivale to his wife, as he drew a close fitting pair of kid gloves over his large, fluffy fingers, "Jack Hoburton has been paying considerable attention to our Catherine of late, and I shouldn't be surprised if something came of it."
"I hope so," returned Mrs. Merivale, languidly, "for he has lots of money, people say."
"Oh, Hoburton is a bright young man and will make his mark yet, there is no doubt about that, and he may be able to help us out of our miserable debts," said Mr. Merivale.
The speaker went to the window and for some time stood contemplating the landscape. "The painters have been working on Robertson's house," said he, finally, "and everything looks brand new."
"Yes," said Mrs. Merivale, "and it makes our place look simply wretched. You must borrow some money, Cyrus, and get things fixed up or we shall be socially ostracized."
"I will see about it," said Merivale, in a dejected tone, "but I don't know where I can get any. I wish Kate and Jack were married; they might help to keep up appearances."
The keeping up of appearances had been Mr. Merivale's lifelong hobby. This and a tendency to risky speculation had kept him poor, but he lived in anticipation of future opulence and possessed the cordial sympathy of his wife, so things were not as bad as they might have been had the domestic tastes of the couple been less harmonious.
As their daughter Kate grew in years and stature she became so decidedly beautiful that the parents' hopes gradually centered in her. She had many admirers, but Jack Hoburton was the favorite. Jack was a steady young man, good-looking, well-educated and the possessor of a nest egg that in the minds of Kate's worldly parents would be sure to hatch unbought wealth. The parents were gracious and paved the way to an excellent understanding between the young people, so the next winter when Kate went away to boarding school and Jack went to seek his fortune in the great West, matters were eminently satisfactory all around.
"Yes," said Mr. Merivale to his daughter, "Jack Hoburton will make a model husband, one that will tend to elevate the family station. That's how it always should be. I would be very much pained to have you marry anyone poorer than ourselves."
"Why, papa," said Kate in reply, "I am not going to marry Jack because he has a little money. I am going to marry him because I love him."
"That's right," laughed her father, "but the money is a requisite that must not be despised, for without it love would be a very tame affair, indeed. If Jack were below you in worldly station there would be a grotesqueness about love that would soon destroy it. In marriage the social equilibrium should always be maintained."
About two years after Jack's engagement to Kate, and a year previous to the proposed celebration of the nuptials, Mr. Merivale startled the bosom of his family one day by suddenly entering their midst greatly frustrated and perspiring from every pore. He threw himself into a chair, and after prolonged silence that nearly frightened the mother and daughter out of their senses informed them that at last "the goal was in sight."
"What goal?" they cried.
"At last," said he, "we shall rise to our proper station. Henceforth we have no need to envy Robertson. The creditors who have dogged me for the past ten years shall be relegated along with bills marked 'paid' back to their miserly level. In fact," he added, "we are rich."
"Explain, pray explain," they gasped.
"It's the Arapahoe mine," said he. "We are worth a cool hundred thousand and people will think it a million."
The news of Mr. Merivale's sudden acquisition of wealth spread rapidly and people exaggerated the reports, as he had anticipated. New friends sprang up on every side. Wherever Kate appeared she was more than ever the centre of attraction.
Mr. Merivale began to plan changes on a grand scale. A lot was purchased next to Robertson's and preparations were

made for the erection of a magnificent mansion. There were to be carriages, servants, gravelled walks, horses, dogs, fountains—in short, all the attributes of aristocracy.
One day, after a long interview with his wife, Mr. Merivale summoned Kate. "I wish to talk with you about that fellow Hoburton," said he. "You do not suppose, now, that he will try to hold you to the engagement, do you?" he inquired, nervously.
"What?" exclaimed the daughter, reddening; "do you mean that he should forsake me because we have been fortunate?"
"I mean," returned the father, more coolly, "that since our circumstances have materially changed we should regulate ourselves accordingly. My principle is the same as I have always endeavored to inculcate. No one should ever marry below his or her station. Our station has risen and those who were once our social equals are no longer so. Personally, Hoburton is an estimable young fellow, but I must insist that the projected alliance be broken off at once."
If Kate gave her father a look of scorn it was lost on him, for he continued without looking up: "You have always been a dutiful daughter, and I have implicit confidence in your obeying my wishes. We have a social status to maintain. It would be flying in the face of Providence to disregard the advantages which our altered circumstances present. This you would be doing were you to marry a poor man."
"Why, father," exclaimed the daughter, "Mr. Hoburton is by no means poor. He has, as you know, over \$10,000, and with the assistance that you might now afford he could easily add to it."
"Ah," said her father, "you forget that while he has \$10,000, you will have ten times that. He is altogether too many rounds in the ladder below you, and the sooner he is informed of the change the better for all concerned. No, no," said he, interrupting her as she was about to continue the argument. "I can never consent to the marriage. I should commit a flagrant breach of duty were I to allow the equilibrium to be thus disturbed. After you have thought the matter over candidly you will see that my position is the only one tenable."
The daughter sat for some time after her father had left the room, overwhelmed with grief at his proposition. She thought of Jack struggling alone in the West to prepare for her a home, and the idea of abandoning him just because her father had acquired wealth was not to be tolerated. Even if she had not loved him so dearly she could not be so base. She went to her room and poured forth her grief in an agony of tears.
Finally she gathered up sufficient courage to write to Jack, and in a wretched tear-stained scrawl she confessed her father's disapproval of the marriage. While she was penning this letter, full of endorsements and protestations of constancy—constancy she declared that would endure even if her father "should acquire ten millions"—the paternal Croesus was seated in his private office, writing a letter of a contrary sentiment.
Mr. Merivale wrote two letters, one to Mr. John Hoburton, politely requesting the discontinuance of attentions to his daughter, the other to Mr. Joel C. Hoburton, President of the Arapahoe Mining Company, Denver, Col., stating that he would have the pleasure of calling upon this official the following week on business relating to his mining interests.
Mr. Merivale arrived in Denver on a Thursday afternoon and took apartments at a hotel.
Early in the evening, while inspecting his person in the mirror after the completion of a careful toilet, he was startled by a knock upon the door. He opened it and stepped back in unfeigned astonishment, for who should be standing there but his once presumptive son-in-law, young Jack Hoburton.
"I saw your name in the register," said Jack, "and have taken the liberty to seek an interview."
"Step in," said Mr. Merivale, "and with cool composure he waved him to a chair.
"Now," said he, as he seated himself, "my time is precious. I suppose you wish to confer concerning your unfortunate relationship with my daughter, but upon that point I have nothing more to say than what I expressed in my letter. I have duties to perform as a parent that you doubtless understand, and I hope you will not dwell upon a point that must necessarily be painful to us both."
"I did call for the purpose you suggest," said Jack, "for I hoped that after all the circumstances were made known you might possibly not be so much opposed to our union. In the first place, you know, Kate and I love each other, and in the second place, I have acquired sufficient property to maintain a wife."
"Yes, yes, all that is true, no doubt," broke out Mr. Merivale, "but 'sufficiency' is only a relative word. My daughter's prospects are not what they were. I believe I made you aware of that in my letter, did I not?"
"Yes," replied the young man, continuing his argumentative manner, "but my prospects are good. I have made some money and what I have is safely invested."
A frown settled over Mr. Merivale's brow, and he rose and walked rapidly up and down the room. "The subject annoys me," said he, "and I must be ways considered you a promising young man, and if things were different I would say, marry my daughter and receive my blessing, but as it is, never, and I must ask that the matter end here."
He opened the door and Jack took leave, the perfect picture of a broken-spirited youth. When well into the hall, however, he broke into an uproarious fit of laughter.
The next morning, on repairing to the office of the Arapahoe Mining Company, Mr. Merivale found the President absent and took a seat in the reception room.

After he had waited for some time the door suddenly opened and Jack Hoburton entered.
Mr. Merivale rose to his feet with an angry scowl. "Young man," he blurted out, "I cannot have you following me about like this. What do you mean?"
The office boy stood staring at the two men with eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment. At a motion from Mr. Hoburton he disappeared into a side room, where he sat for some time with eye and ear alternately at the keyhole.
"Mr. Merivale," said Hoburton, "you are laboring under a mistake; this is my place of business. I had no intention of following you, although, to be sure, I expected to meet you here in accordance with your letter of last week. Here it is now," said he, picking out a bit of correspondence from a pigeon-hole.
"Do you mean to say that you are Joel C. Hoburton, President of the Arapahoe Mining Company?" cried Mr. Merivale.
"Why, yes," replied Mr. Hoburton: "I am that individual. People back East refused to call me anything but Jack, and as that seemed to be an improvement on my right name I let it go at that."
"And you must be rich, then?" inquired Mr. Merivale, rather red in the face.
"I have been quite fortunate," replied Mr. Hoburton, "for I own the controlling interest in the Arapahoe mine, as you may learn on investigation; but things can be evened up on the score. I love your daughter, and if you will give us your blessing I shall try to maintain the family station."
Though somewhat chagrined, Mr. Merivale made no further opposition and the nuptials were finally celebrated amid all the pomp and dignity apposite to such an occasion.
An interesting experiment was recently performed at Harvard University, says the Boston Herald, for the purpose of finding out just how much carbonic acid is exhaled by plants at night. A number of plants were put into a glass case from which all air was excluded except such as had first passed through a chemical which freed it from all traces of carbonic acid. A constant stream of purified air was made to flow among the plants all night, and pass out through another chemical which absorbed what carbonic acid the air had taken from the plants. By testing the second chemical it was easy to find how much carbonic acid had been discharged by the plants during the night. It was found that the amount was much less than had been supposed. The quantity of gas given off by a room full of plants is actually less than would be generated by a candle burning the same length of time.
It is proved then that so far as carbonic acid is concerned, plants, instead of being harmful, are on the whole beneficial, since during the day they help to purify the air by absorbing from it the carbonic acid which is so harmful to people. In regard to the kind of plants, though, a little care should be used, especially if any person in the house is very susceptible to odors. Heavily scented flowers in a sleeping room are apt to cause headache and sleeplessness, and to a sick person a strong odor is sure to be disagreeable. Aside from this consideration, house plants are desirable wherever they will thrive.
Our Degenerate Little Toe.
The whole history of the organism bears testimony to the marvelous persistence of parts in spite of contumely and disuse. Take, for example, the present position of the little toe in man. We know not the condition of this digit in prehistoric man, and have but little information as to its state among savage tribes at the present day, but we do know that in civilized peoples, whose feet are from infancy subjected to conditions of restraint, it is an imperfect organ—
"of every function shorn
Except to act as a basis for a corn."
In one per cent. of adults the second and third joints have ankylosed, in three per cent. the joint between them is rudimentary, with scarcely a trace of a cavity, in twenty per cent. of feet the organ has lost one or more of its normal complement of muscles. But though shorn of some of its elements, and with others as mere shreds, the toe persists, and he would be a bold prophet who would venture to forecast how many generations of booted ancestry would suffice to eliminate it from the organization of the normal man.—Popular Science Monthly.
Care of Street Trees.
Street trees sometimes need pruning. If, however, they have been originally well selected a small knife will be all that is necessary for a few years to remove an occasional branch that starts out in the wrong place. There is rarely any necessity of cutting off a large limb. In this necessity ever does come the limb should be cut off close to the trunk and the place smoothed over and painted, so that the wound will be ultimately covered with healthy bark. We have often explained that wherever a stub is left this must inevitably die, and as the trunk grows about it there will be a plug of rotted wood where the branch originally grew, and the disease will eat inward and downward as the water soaks in from without. After street trees have attained mature size pruning is rarely needed beyond the occasional cutting away of a dead branch or the removal of one which interferes with another.—Garden and Forest.
A Talking Watch.
M. Sivan, a Geneva watchmaker, has informed the Society of Arts of this town that he has forwarded to Berne, with the object of taking out a patent, a sample of a repeater watch which speaks the hours and the quarters instead of striking. The mechanism of this watch is an ingenious adaptation of the phonograph.—Le Tribune de Geneve.

UNCLE SAM'S STARGAZERS

WONDERS TO BE SHOWN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A Gigantic Image of the Sun—Spiders' Webs for Telescopes—Supplying a Nation With Time.

GOVERNMENT star gazers, says a Washington letter to the Boston Transcript, have been having a great time moving into the new National Observatory, which is the most beautiful building for astronomical purposes in the world, situated on the heights overlooking Washington from the northwest. Naturally, the transfer from one place to another of instruments so delicate that a finger must not ordinarily be allowed to touch them, attended with no small difficulty. But the articles which required the greatest care in its removal was the object lens of the famous Equatorial telescope. Until the lenses for the Lick Observatory in California were made, this was the largest one in America, being 26 1/2 inches in diameter. It cost \$30,000. This precious thing was wrapped in the softest of old linen sheets, packed in a box between mattresses, and conveyed in a spring wagon at a funeral pace over four miles of road uphill and down, reaching its destination safely. The new observatory will have eight telescopes, two of which the public will be permitted to use for amusement, one of these having a five-inch and the other a 9 1/2-inch glass.

The exhibit of the Naval Observatory at the World's Fair will include a five-inch telescope, through which visitors to the exposition will be allowed to gaze at whatever is most interesting in the heavens both by night and by day. It is also intended to show a picture of the sun on a large scale, a pencil of rays being thrown through a lens by a mirror forty feet into a dark room. In this camera obscura a huge image of the orb of day will appear on a screen, showing the tremendous flames which leap 7000 miles above its surface, and also the so-called "spots," which are fiery chasms capable of swallowing up hundreds of such planets as the earth at a gulp. At noon each day the astronomers in Washington will drop a time ball five feet in diameter on top of the main building at the fair.

The astronomers of the Naval Observatory have looked all over the world for spiders' webs. Such gossamer filaments spun by industrious arachnids are utilized in telescopes for cross-lines extended at right angles with each other across the field of view, so as to divide the latter into mathematical spaces. Threads of cobweb are employed for the purpose because they are wonderfully strong for their spreading fineness, and also for the reason that they are not affected by the moisture or temperature, neither expanding nor contracting under any conditions. Specimens were obtained from China, because it was imagined that the large spiders of that country would perhaps produce a particularly excellent quality of web. However, it was found that the best web is spun by spiders of the United States, such as are plentiful in the neighborhood of Washington. Accordingly, expeditions are made early in June each year, to get from the fences and barns hereabout the cocoons of the big "turtle-back" spiders. Each cocoon is composed of a single silken filament wound round and round, though there are apt to become breaks in it where the spider left off work for a time. Attempts have been made to use the cocoons of spiders like those of silkworms, and exquisite fabrics have been manufactured from them. Unfortunately it was found impossible to make the industry a commercial success, owing to the combative inclination of these creatures. When kept together they will always gobble each other up in a short time, the final result being a single very large and fat spider and one cocoon.

The five-foot time-ball to be dropped at the World's Fair will be made of canvas on a steel frame. It will be wound up each day to the height from which it is to fall, and it will be set and electrically connected in such a manner that the breaking of the circuit at 12 noon will release it. The touch of a button at Washington will instantaneously transmit notice of the hour over 350,000 miles of wire. When the button speaks the whole country will listen, and the hand of 70,000 electric clocks all over the United States will point to the correct minute and second.

Treatment of Coffee.
Guatemalans believe there is no better coffee than that raised on their own plantations, and Central America has of late years acquired a high reputation in the markets of the world. It is usual for wealthy Guatemalans to make sure of good coffee in traveling by taking along a store of their own. A long glass tube, several inches in diameter, but tapering to a funnel at one end, is filled with ground coffee, and through the mass is poured cold water. A strong solution of coffee slowly drips from the narrow end of the tube, and this liquid is carefully put up in air-tight vessels, to be warmed up in small quantities and drunk on the journey.—New York Witness.

Bed of Peat in Canada.
There is an enormous bed of peat on a Canadian island in the Bay of St. Lawrence, and the people of that part of the world are beginning to use it as fuel. It has one peculiarity, however, which costs the discoverers something to find out. When cut and heaped in large masses it undergoes a process of fermentation which heats it often to the point of spontaneous combustion. When it takes fire the whole interior of the mass seems to become alive at once, and no water can put it out. If dried in single blocks or very small piles no phenomenon of this kind is noticed, and as a fuel is little inferior to coal.—Boston Transcript.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A new bolt of natural gas has been struck in Ohio.
In Europe there are rather more than 100 women to 100 men.
The death rate in this country from tuberculosis, or consumption, is on the decrease.
The apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable.
Out of a total of 513 known species of animals in Africa, 472 of them are to be found in no other country.
A 2000 horse-power electric locomotive has just been finished at Baden, Turich. It is the largest in the world.
Over the whole world the proportion of the sexes is about equal, but in separate parts of the world it varies greatly.
An Englishman has invented a new system of electric mains whereby one wire of the present three-wire system can be saved.
An Austrian engineer proposes to carry passengers from Vienna to Pesth, Hungary, by an electric locomotive at the rate of 123 miles an hour.
The Victoria Railroad Bridge over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, Canada, is two miles long, cost over \$5,000,000, and contains 10,500 tons of iron and 3,000,000 cubic feet of masonry.
An electrically controlled machine which will effectively stamp 30,000 letters in an hour is one of the interesting inventions that has been adopted in the United States Postoffice Department.
The united capacity of all the plants now in operation in the world for refining copper by electrolysis amounts to nearly one hundred tons of copper deposited per day of twenty-four hours.
Many years since, apples were packed in barrels from which lime had just been emptied. On opening them in spring, they were nearly all sound, while the same variety not thus packed was badly rotted.
H. Devaux has been making experiments with the sense of taste in ants, in course of which he found that while fond of sugar they dislike saccharin, and even refused sugar when mixed with saccharin.
Dr. Murray, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, estimates the mean height of the land of the globe to be 1900 feet above sea level. Humboldt's estimate placed the same level at only 1000 feet above high water mark.
By the transfusion of artificial or chemical blood in her veins the life of Mrs. Louise Christian, of Lyon Mountain, N. Y., has been saved. She had been very ill for a long while and was apparently about to breathe her last.
What is claimed to be the largest wire-nail machine ever built in the United States was finished recently by a Green-point (N. Y.) firm, and shipped to a nail concern at Everett, State of Washington. The total weight of the machine was 12 1/2 tons, and it is capable of making nails weighing a half-pound each at the rate of one a second. Nails of any desired length can, however, be manufactured by simply adjusting the feed.
A comparative estimate, made by an English engineer, as to the cost of train lighting by gas, oil and electricity, indicates that oil varies from one to two cents per lamp per hour, compressed gas costs one cent per lamp per hour and electricity one-half cent per lamp per hour, while the cost of plant was about five per cent. less for electricity than for gas. This will be a welcome piece of news to railroad companies. The superiority of the electric light in giving more uniform illumination and not fouling the air commands it, irrespective of any question of expense.
The Stormy Petrel's Endurance.
During a recent trip across the Atlantic the passengers on one steamer had a vivid illustration of the endurance of the stormy petrel. Shortly after the ship left the Irish coast two or three of these birds were sighted at the stern of the ship. One had been caught at some previous time, and its captor tied a bit of red flannel or ribbon round its neck and let it go. The bit of red made the bird very conspicuous, and it could be easily identified. That bird, with others that could not be so easily distinguished, followed the ship clear across the ocean. Rarely, during the day time at least, was it out of sight, and if for an hour or two it was lost to view while feeding on the refuse cast overboard, it soon reappeared, and the last seen of it was within a few miles of Sandy Hook, when it disappeared, perhaps to follow some outward-bound steamer back to Ireland. When the fact is considered that the ship, day and night, went at an average speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, the feat performed by the daring traveler can be better appreciated. When or how it rested is inexplicable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.
A Strange Canyon.
George W. Dunn, the veteran naturalist of California, has returned to San Francisco from a strange canyon in the Tantiilas Mountains. Lower California, where he went recently to secure some rare plants, noles and seeds of the blue palm. He says that the canyon has never to his knowledge before been explored by white men, and that its delicacies are altogether more rough and frightful than any he has seen on the Pacific coast, though he has traveled much. About two thousand Cocopah Indians were there gathering the fruit of the palms and pine nuts. They reached it, as did Mr. Dunn, by going down the almost perpendicular sides of the Tantiilas Range. The drop is 8240 feet in three miles. Dead Indian ponies and horse skeletons lined the way. The formation from the bottom of the terrible canyon to the saw-toothed backbone is clean and pure granite. Along the canyon is a tumbling cascade of pure mountain water, and on either side for miles are groves of the pretty blue palm.—Boston Transcript.

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

A small, clear brook set out one day
To search for the dark blue sea;
It bubbled and sparkled, it rippled and sang,
And cried, "Just look at me;
For I have most earnestly given it up;
To find my father, the Sea!"
"Oh dear little brook!" urged the mossy bank,
As the stream slipped singing by—
"I beg you most earnestly give it up;
If you'll wait, I will tell you why!"
But the brook would not listen, and ran away
Beneath the smiling sky.
"Oh, where are you going, you gurgling brook?"
Asked a pollard-willow tree,
Which loaned where the brook formed a limpid pool,
It stresses green to see—
"I'm going, dear maiden," sang the brook,
"To find my father, the Sea."
"O dear, small brook!" cried its pollard friend,
"Great danger will meet you this day;
There's an awful thing which will swallow you up
Before you go half the way!"
"I don't believe it," rippled the brook,
"I'm going, for all you say!"
And the brook and the pollard both were right,
As you will presently see;
For a great dark river hurried along,
And swallowed the brook, and its merry song;
And carried it off to Sea.
—Annie L. Hannah.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A yard stick—The clothes pole.
Never too old to learn—The ancient classic.
Measuring a vessel's speed is a knotty problem.—Boston Courier.
The monetary question—Can you settle that bill to-day?—Omaha World-Herald.
The trouble with the lynx eyed detective is that he sometimes drops me of the links.—Puck.
She—"How do you pronounce C-h-i-c-a-g-o?" He (of St. Louis)—"Guilty."—Detroit Free Press.
A girl gives her lover a mitten, we suppose, because a pair is out of the question.—Binghamton Leader.
Mary a man who couldn't train a decent dog properly confidently undertakes the training of a child.—Puck.
There are a good many successful lion fighters who run at the sight of a hornet.—Indianapolis Ram's Horn.
The woman with the new sealisk sacque is just as anxious for cold weather as the plumber.—Pittsburg Dispatch.
Ah, very fair, indeed, is she,
This maiden fair by me adored!—
But it's very plain to me
She's dearer than I can afford.—Puck.
When a lady "condescends" to do something, she can only preserve her self-respect by doing it very badly.—Puck.
Inquisitive people are reminded that the chap who "pumps" the organ isn't the one who brings out the music.—Truth.
Many unkind things are said of the telephone, but one of its redeeming features is that you can't lend money through it.—Philadelphia Record.
"Sure, Pat, the wather's terrible close to the edge of the boat!" "Yes; an' if the toide rises six inches more we'll both be drowned."—Yale Record.
"It's all very well," said the grave digger, "to advise a young man to begin at the bottom, and work up, but in my business it ain't practicable."—Life.
Binks—"I read a curious article, the other day, advocating a tax on beauty." Jinks—"Good idea. They won't have much trouble in collecting it."—Quips.
"A joke's a joke," the horse thief said "When they led him 'neath the tree; 'But you fellows seem in dead earnest, While you're a-straining me."—Puck.
An Irishman has written a strong article in favor of cremation, and says that cremation has one great advantage: it will prevent "dead" people from being buried alive.—Truth.
Orr-E. Buttle—"I hear that Ned Bird-say has given up his bachelor apartment." Mariboro—"Yes, he has changed his bachelor quarters for a better half."—Brooklyn Life.
Mrs. Snuggs (as she removes her wraps)—"I had a lovely time at the different stores this afternoon." Snuggs—"There you go talking shop again!"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.
Dumskizzle—"Young Timberwheel has a suit of clothes for every day in the week." Skingullette—"I never see him wear but one." Dumskizzle—"Yes, that's the suit."—Brooklyn Life.
Tug Captain—"Boss, the boat's workin' very badly now, an' we ought to do somethin' about it." Tug Owner—"She won't work, eh? Well, then, dock her, see!"—Philadelphia Record.
The military man was once
A hero to us all.
The football player now it is
Whose carnage we recall.
—Washington Star.
Dukane—"Speaking of storms, I once saw hailstones as large—" Gaswell (interrupting with a sneer)—"Chestnuts!" Dukane—"Oh, bigger than that! As large as horse-chestnuts."—Pittsburg Chronicle.
Mrs. Snyster de Puyster—"Rensselaer, that Miss Westlands you pay such assiduous attentions to betrays anything but a refined training." Rensselaer—"Ah, mother, she is a rough diamond!" Mrs. Snyster de Puyster—"Then you ought to cut her."—The Jewelers' Circular.
In the State of Maine the field of potatoes varied greatly—from fifty bushels per acre in the older portions of the State to 250 in the fertile Aroostook region.