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Bowling has become a fashionable means of physical exercise.

Six tobacco plantations within the Berlin city limits yielded 1300 pounds of tobacco in 1892.

The people of California want to elect their United States Senators by popular vote. They said so at the recent election by 174,000 majority.

The present French Republic has spent two hundred million dollars in improving the waterways of the country, which reach a total length of 7456 miles. All these canals are free.

The Toronto Globe makes the suggestion that, in view of the approach of cholera, the milkmen should resolve to boil the water with which they propose to adulterate their milk this year.

Wideawake little Japan is having an English firm build her a cruiser that may turn out the fastest afloat, that is capable of nearly twenty-three knots. She will be called the Yoshino, and be of 4150 tons.

There are now 670 Osages and they have to their credit in the United States Treasury about \$10,000,000, own 1,500,000 acres of excellent land and do not owe a cent. Their income per capita is fifty-five dollars per quarter.

From 1500 to 2000 Americans are studying in Paris. The majority of these are studying painting; some few, architecture or sculpture; some singing, while still others are taking what Public Opinion calls "this wise method" of learning French.

The growth of Denver, Col., has been phenomenal. The appraised value in 1886 was \$83,156,515. In 1892 it was over \$74,000,000. Its output of manufacturing industries for the year 1892 was nearly \$50,000,000, and the transactions in real estate exceeded \$40,000,000.

Rome is losing its ancient charm very rapidly as modern buildings spring up and many monuments are being restored or cleared away altogether. The famous Bridge of St. Angelo is under repair, and is replaced by an ugly iron viaduct. A society for the preservation of ancient monuments is sorely wanted in the Eternal City to check the zeal of her municipality for modern improvements.

The whole number of the victims of lynching for the past year was 266, of whom 221 were men and five women. This increase was disproportionate to the increase in population, the number for 1891 having been 195, or forty-one less. "The preponderance of colored victims," remarks the Chicago Tribune, "was not as large as might be supposed, though it was quite large enough. Of the whole number 156 were colored and eighty white."

According to the Textile Manufacturing World, 272 new mills employing some 31,500 persons, were added in 1892 to the number of textile mills in the country. Of these seventy-three were cotton, forty-nine woolen, ninety-three knitting and twenty-one silk mills, leaving thirty-six distributed among other branches. In cotton Massachusetts leads with nineteen new mills, North Carolina follows with sixteen and South Carolina stands third with eleven. Illinois and Indiana boast of only one each. In woolen, also, Massachusetts leads with eight new mills, Maine follows with seven and Pennsylvania with six. But Maine stands first and Pennsylvania second in number of hands employed. In knitting Pennsylvania leads with thirty-two mills, and New York follows with twenty. The most of these establishments are small, and are engaged in producing seamless cotton hosiery.

Dr. Nansen's late lecture before the British Geographical Society bristled with ingenious devices for passing away the time during which he expects to be ice-bound and to drift with the floes toward the much-sought pole. So many of these devices are dependent on the supply of electric current that henceforth no well-equipped Arctic expedition will be considered complete without its dynamo. It is easy to imagine how cheering will be the effect of the electric light on those whose perilous task will subject them for some months to almost total darkness. Dr. Nansen's proposed method of generating electricity is at all events original, although somewhat deficient in the quality of reliability. He proposes to have a windmill on deck to drive the dynamo, and when the wind fails to let his men take turn about at a "walk-mill," in order to afford them such salutary exercise as might be involved in heaving imaginary anchors. If this method of generating current should prove effective it is but natural to believe that it will hasten the general adaptation of treadmills in prisons to the generation of electricity.

HOME. The prince rides up to the palace gates And his eyes with tears are dim. For he thinks of the beggar maiden sweet Who never may wed with him. For home is where the heart is, In dwelling great or small, And there's many a splendid palace That's never a home at all. The yeoman comes to his little cot With a song when day is done, For his dearie is standing in the door And his children to meet him run. For home is where the heart is, In dwelling great or small, And there's many a stately mansion That's never a home at all. Could I but live with my own sweetheart In a hut with smudged floor, I'd be richer far than a loveless man With fame and a golden store. For home is where the heart is, In dwelling great or small, And a cottage lighted by love-light Is the dearest home of all. —George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

TERRIBLY ACCUSED.

BY T. C. HARRAUGE.



HRREE more pies went last night. This is getting a little provoking, and Aunt Jessamine sat down and looked at Jack who was mending some harness in one corner of the room.

"Bears!" said Jack, without looking up. "I tell you, mother, the varmints are getting too numerous for me, and we'll have to lock the larder in safety there."

"It ain't bears—not of the kind that walk on four legs," determinedly replied Aunt Jessamine. "I tell you, Jack, it's the other kind, and, while I name no one, I believe I could, if I would, tell you where the pies go."

"Don't be suspicious, mother, I'll watch to-morrow night."

"Oh, he's not coming back that soon. I heard him say that he wouldn't be back for a week."

"Then you suspect some one?"

"I do."

At that moment the door opened and Rachel came in, a sweet backwoods girl, the belle of the settlement and the favorite of all. She stopped at the door and swept the room with her blue eyes which finally settled on her mother, whose perturbed countenance seemed to tell her that something was wrong.

"What's the matter, mother?" she asked, gently.

"Three more pies went last night—the three I baked for the preacher who will be here to-morrow."

"I thought some one was in the larder last night, for when I went in a while ago there were crumbs on the floor—"

"Yes, he ate them there—there's apparent room to believe this. He must have been very hungry."

"Bears are cute animals—"

"Bears!" and Aunt Jessamine glanced at Jack, about whose lips lurked a smile which she did not seem to catch.

"You remember that Billy saw tracks down in the ravine and that the Wilson girls were chased by a bear in the berry patch last week. I shouldn't be surprised if bears had found out your larder—"

"I think they have. There, we won't argue this question any longer," and Aunt Jessamine rose and swept out of the room leaving Rachel to look at Jack for an explanation.

"Do you know whom she suspects?" asked Jack, stopping in his work and fixing his eyes on his handsome sister.

"Mother is of the opinion that Josh ate the pies."

In an instant the face of the backwoods beauty colored and she gave utterance to a cry of astonishment.

"Impossible, Jack! She can't have such a terrible suspicion. It is nonsense," and then she laughed, but presently continued:

"It is a good joke on Josh, anyhow, but I don't like mother's suspicion. What if it should get abroad—"

"Which it is quite likely to do unless we disabuse mother's mind of it. She really believes that Josh, your beau, stole into the outhouse and ate the pies. Strange to say pies have vanished on the nights of his visits; I have noticed that myself, Rachel, and, as mother has heard that Josh is a good hand at a feast, you should not blame her so very much."

"But he didn't eat them, no, he never went to the larder, and all this talk about his eating the pies is unjust."

"Of course, it is. I don't believe Josh would do that, but the pies have vanished; you will admit this. Mother is convinced that he is the deprecator and—"

Rachel, unable to control herself, had fled from the room and Jack went back to his task.

"He's queer," he said to himself. "Don't I know that Josh likes pies, especially pumpkin pies like mother bakes, and there is just the slightest doubt in my mind that he didn't come back after he bade Rachel good-night and tackled the ones in the larder?"

mother anything in her present state of mind. Bears visit larders and play havoc there, and a feast of pumpkin pies would tempt them. But I'll write Josh not to come to see me till I send for him, for I don't want him to meet mother very soon."

Rachel did that that very day. In the solitude of her little chamber she wrote a letter to her sweetheart, telling him that he might postpone his regular visit for a fortnight, and ended by saying that she would explain all when they met again. This letter she entrusted to her brother Jack, who went to town especially to post it, and Rachel felt that she had done her duty.

In anticipation of the traveling parson's visit, more pies were baked and closely guarded. When the parson came they were set before him, and received the praise they so well deserved.

"You never have trouble with your pies, Mrs. Palmer," said the shepherd of the backwoods flock, as he helped himself to a second pie.

"Yes, but we have, Brother Linton. We miss them from the larder before we are ready to eat them. I regret to say that we have some unregenerate people in this neighborhood who are so fond of pumpkin pies that they are not particular where they find them when they are hungry," and Aunt Jessamine glanced at Rachel, who blushed, and for a moment hung her head.

"I would like to have these people come under the droppings of the sanctuary," replied the parson; but the next moment he was surprised at Rachel's remarks.

"You would want a gun to deal with them, I'm thinking," said the resolute girl. "You can't convert a bear with soft words and—"

"Rachel, Rachel, what are you saying?" broke in Aunt Jessamine.

Accustomed to obey her mother, the fair girl subsided and in a little while had passed from the house, leaving the parson and his host to continue the subject they were on.

Night seemed to come soon after that meal. The long, soft autumn shadows stole over the farm house and Rachel lit the lamp and carried it to the sitting room where the parson was discussing the needs of his flock.

As for Rachel, she retired to her room in the gable and sat at the window. Across the clearing in front of the house lay the shadows of night; but by and by the silvery disk of the moon appeared over the horizon's rim. It was a beautiful sight and one which she had seen a hundred times from that very window, and now she watched it as it seemed to grow in beauty and the whole earth became a bed of silver in the light of the moon.

All at once there appeared on the ground toward the ravine something that came forward, and Rachel watched it as it grew larger.

Now and then it stopped and for some time stood in outline for her inspection, and the more she watched it, the surer she became that it was an animal.

Presently Rachel Palmer sprang up, and leaning on the sill, gazed at the object with eyes that seemed to start from her head.

"It is a bear," she exclaimed. "What is it in mother's thief?" And as the thing moved on, showing the hugh bulk of its long body, the girl ran to a corner and took from it a rifle, which she knew how to handle with deadly effect.

When she came back to the window the bear was gone, and for a moment a feeling of disappointment took possession of her, and she feared she had missed her opportunity. But suddenly the animal came into view again, and this time in the vicinity of the spring-house, where the larder was.

Rachel looked to the priming of the gun and again the bear vanished. She was now almost certain the prowler intended a raid, and eager to encounter him and bring his schemes to naught, she slipped downstairs and out into the night.

As she passed from the house she could hear the voice of Parson Linton in conversation in the little parlor, and thought of Jack, who was paying his nightly visit to town three miles away.

The backwoods beauty stopped near the spring-house and watched it with anxious eyes. The door was reached by a descent of several steps, and it was common to fasten it with a chain, which could be unlocked without much trouble.

"Why, the door is open!" exclaimed Rachel as she neared the spring-house and ventured to look down the steps.

"I slipped the chain over the staple with my own hands; but it is off now."

The next moment a noise startled Rachel and she fell back a pace, for it seemed to come from the spring-house.

Posting herself, however, with determined face, she waited for other proof that the larder was being attacked at that moment, and it was not long delayed.

All at once the huge, dark figure of something came out of the spring-house and as it rose in front of the girl, she felt an involuntary thrill, for it was a bear and he was standing on his hinder feet as if masquerading as a man.

In all her life she had never seen a bear of such proportions. He looked as tall as Jack, and as he tottered up the steps and the next moment stood in the moonlight a splendid target for Rachel's rifle, he was seen to have a face ludicrously daubed with the sweets of the spring-house.

Rachel summoned her nerve to her assistance and leveled the rifle at the invader.

At that moment she heard a door behind her open, and her mother's voice rang out:

"Rachel, Rachel, where are you?"

The answer was the clear, ringing report of the family rifle, and there tottered from the fair girl an animal, which dropped upon all fours, only to fall to the ground and roll over in his agony.

Mrs. Palmer stood spell-bound in the door, and behind her was visible the white face of the parson.

"The other gun! quick, mother! the bear will get away!" cried Rachel, rushing toward the house.

"The bear! the bear! Heaven help us all!" and Parson Linton discovered that he was safer inside than at the door, and he rushed back to be passed by Rachel, who snatched Jack's rifle from his paws and turned again toward the yard.

As she crossed the threshold she saw the black form of the bear lumbering off toward the ravine, and taking deliberate aim, she sent a bullet after him which checked his career and stretched him on the leaves dead.

"There! I guess you're satisfied now, mother!" said Rachel, when the larder had been examined and the remains of two pies had been found on the floor.

"You must recollect that bears as well as men can tell good baking when they see it. I think you ought to apologize to Josh."

"But I named no names," persisted Mrs. Palmer. "I didn't say that Josh ate the pies; but to tell the truth, Rachel, I didn't know who else would do it."

Three days later when the tall, handsome figure of Josh came over the clearing it was met at the gate by Rachel, and the two came into the house together.

"I guess it's got to be done!" said Aunt Jessamine, as she watched the couple. "There'll be a wedding here before he goes back, and to please Rachel I'll apologize."

And when Josh had shaken hands with Aunt Jessamine, she looked up at his honest face and said:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Johnson, I thought you ate the pies, but I was mistaken; it was the other bear!"—Yankee Blade.

A Feathered Winter Friend.

A writer in the Contributors' Club in the February Atlantic writes pleasantly of the chickadee as a winter friend:

Set forth a feast of suet on the window sill, and he will need no bidding to come and partake of it. How daintily he helps himself to the tiniest morsels, never cramming his bill with gross mouthfuls as do his comrades at the board, the nuthatch and the downy woodpecker. They, like unbidden guests, doubtful of welcome or of sufferance, even, make the most of time that may prove all too brief, and gorge themselves as greedily as hungry tramps; while he, unscared by your face at the window, tarrying at his repast, pecking his crumbs with leisurely satisfaction. You half expect to see him sweep from your sight like a thistle-down by the gusty blast, but he holds bravely to his perch, unruffled in spirit if not in feathers, and defies his fierce assailant with his oft-repeated challenge.

As often as you spread the simple feast for him he will come and sit at your board, a cooing guest, well assured of welcome, and will repay you with an example of cheerful life in the midst of dreariness and desolation. In the still, bright days, his cheery voice rings through the frosty air, and when the thick veil of the snow falls in a wavering slant from the low sky its muffled cadence still heartens you.

What an intense spark of vitality must it be that warms such a mite in such an immensity of cold; that floats, in its little life in this deluge of frigid air, and keeps him in song while we are dumb with shivering! If our huge hulks were endowed with proportionate vitality, how easily we might solve the mysteries of the frozen north!

The Tuneful Harp.

Harp playing is again in vogue. Fashionable young women are hanging their banjos on the wall, and they are taking lessons in harp manipulation. The light airs of the instrument so long held sacred are forgotten in the deeper and more dignified notes of the harp. We suspect that the decorative qualities of the harp have considerable to do with this revival of that ancient instrument.

A harp is a pretty thing. A curiously carved cabinet from Venice or an oddly fashioned table from France cannot be more effective in a drawing room.

The harp has a noble ancestry. Skill in bringing forth music from its chords won praise and honor in the day of King David. Kings and Queens have enjoyed its music through hundreds of years. Its addition to the orchestra, however, does not date back many years. Chicago musician has made a study of the instrument, and he says its possibilities are not yet fully understood; that the semitones of the harp can be regulated with a nicety heretofore unknown.

No doubt Tannhauser and Orpheus would not recognize the harp if they were to see it, with the Chicago modifications, standing in a white and gold parlor and responding to the graceful touch of a Michigan avenue belle's slender fingers.—Indianapolis News.

Novel Decoration for a Room.

A novel plan for the decoration of an invalid's room has been successfully carried out in a house in New York City. The upper floor, which was not partitioned off into rooms or finished with a plaster ceiling, is fitted up to resemble the upper deck of a river steambot.

Some round holes are placed in a slight curve a short distance from the front and back windows, and these uprights support horizontal rods on which curtains are hung, by rings, allowing light or securing darkness, according to the mood of the invalid. On the walls are window suggesting frames of light oak, and the wall is painted to suggest woodwork. The wooden rafters overhead are painted in gray and blue, soft blue red, and "flashed" with little, very little, zinc white, not white lead. In the open frames, pictures with a large proportion of sky are fitted, and are changed four times a year. In deep winter the pictures are of South American scenery; in spring, they are all Italian landscapes; in summer, cool Canada views, painted from nature, suggest the pleasures of travel to the helpless invalid; and autumn brings California's luxuriant vegetation on canvas, to brighten the sick room.—Demorest's Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminum horseshoes are now made for record breakers.

If sneezing be induced it will stop a disagreeable hiccough.

Some of the stars move with a velocity of nearly fifty miles a second.

Flash light pictures of dinner parties are quite in order all along the line.

The weight required to crush a square inch of brick varies from 1200 to 4500 pounds.

Place 500 earths like ours side by side and Saturn's outermost ring could easily enclose them.

No living germ of disease can resist the antiseptic power of essence of cinnamon for more than a few hours.

The spectroscope has demonstrated that all the so called fixed stars are in motion—some in one direction, some in another.

Electricity is being applied to the drying of tea in Ceylon, the process having proved more economical than the old method.

Newton, in his day, believed that the earth was gradually becoming dry, and later scientists have recently confirmed the opinion.

Dr. W. A. Wells has written to the London Lancet about a new source of lead poisoning, the manufacture, cleaning and recasting of the plates of storage batteries.

Physicians have at last decided that the small too of the human foot must go—that civilization gradually tends to crowd it out of existence, and to depend more than ever for locomotion on the big toe.

A valve whose movement is so delicate as to be under the control of a hygrometer is the invention of a Chicago man. Any change in the humidity of the atmosphere alters the opening of the valve.

A lasting machine that enables one operator to last 3000 pairs of shoes a week is one of the latest things in labor saving machinery. It tackles anything from light feminine foot gear to the heaviest brogans.

Incandescent electric lamps, it is said, have been adopted in Madras, India, as an ornament to the heads of the horses driven in harness by the Jaghirdar of Arni. Two lamps provided with powerful reflectors, are attached to the harness between the ears of the horses, the lamps being connected to a battery placed in the body of the carriage. The novelty of the arrangement attracts great attention.

Calculations, based on the observation of the refraction of light, have caused it to be supposed that the air becomes so rare at the height of about sixty miles that the distance may be regarded as a limit to its sensible extent, but other calculations, made during the present century, of the distance from the earth at which meteors ignite indicate that the atmosphere extends to upward of 100 miles.

Eight or ten days before the appearance of cholera in Hamburg, Germany, last summer, all the sparrows and other birds left the town and suburbs and did not return until the plague had completely disappeared. The same thing happened in Marseilles and Toulon in 1884 a day or two before the cholera visited those towns. Similar migrations have been noticed in different parts of Italy, Austria and Russia, always some days before the appearance of cholera.

Strange Sense of Direction.

When living near Neosho Falls, Kan., a neighbor, who was a market bird hunter, went from there to Western Missouri for the purpose of hunting quails and prairie chickens in the fall of the year, says a writer in Science. He took with him a favorite pointer dog. The route taken was southward some fifty miles to Parsons, Kan., by railroad, and thence northward to Fort Scott and on into Missouri, nearly due east from the latter point. All went very well for a few days after he began hunting, but by some means the dog became lost from him. He spent two days hunting for it, and as it was no use to try to hunt without the dog, he went home and there reported the dog all right. According to the report of his family, the dog had reached there within two days from the time he had lost him, and as the distance was more than seventy-five miles, it is quite certain that the dog took a near cut for home. Now, if this dog had no sense of direction, what had he that led him to take what we may confidently believe to be the straight and true course for home, when he had passed over the other two sides of the triangle by rail? Who does not know that a cat, or even a half-grown kitten, taken a long way from home in a bag, nearly always finds its way back? When living in Northern Michigan I had a cat we tired of, I took her in a boat directly across the lake, and the end it was about six miles across. Although it was about six miles across and certainly one unknown to her by sight, the next morning she was back at the old place. Another case is just stated to me of a cat that was taken by rail fully twenty miles in Southwest Missouri, and the next day he walked in all right at his former home.

Making Change by Cutting Coins.

Until recently, when the practice was forbidden by law, the Mexicans cut their silver coins into pieces for small change. The same practice was followed in the United States early in the present century, and in Virginia it was customary to make five quarters out of each dollar by hammering it out preliminarily into chopping it into segments with a hatchet or other instrument. The "reed" or corrugation on the edges of modern coins, commonly but incorrectly termed "milling," was originally adopted as a protection against the clipping of metal money, which formerly was a source of profit to many dishonest persons.

THE DURATION OF LIFE.

HOW INSURANCE COMPANIES CLASSIFY OCCUPATIONS.

Occupations Considered an A1 Risk—The Farmer's Occupation Very Favorable to Long Life.

WHAT class of people live the longest? Not only is the question of vital importance to insurance companies; it is also of general interest as everybody wants to know to what extent longevity is effected by different pursuits and occupations.

Experts maintain that the lowest mortality, among professional men, is enjoyed by clergymen, while the mortality of schoolmasters is below that of lawyers and still more below that of doctors. The higher mortality of agricultural laborers over that of gardeners and farmers is largely due to their great liability to consumption and respiratory or throat disease. The farmer, however, has a higher mortality so far as gout, alcoholism and liver disease are concerned.

As to fishermen, while it is possible that some of them escape both the census and death registration, a very low mortality from diseases of the nervous and respiratory systems and from consumption, but then they have a high mortality from accidents.

So far as cabmen, truckmen and bargemen are concerned, it does not appear that an open air life in itself is sufficient to insure healthfulness. They have a high mortality from alcoholic diseases, and from accident, lung and throat diseases. A large proportion of the mortality of commercial travelers is due to intemperance, which is also the cause of the excessive mortality among brewers, inn keepers and men employed in and about saloons.

Grocers do not suffer so much as merchant tailors from lung and throat diseases, but somewhat more from alcoholism and suicide. The mortality from phthisis among grocers is one of the lowest, while the mortality of merchant tailors from that cause is one of the highest.

The death rate among butchers is declared to be due largely to excessive indulgence, their mortality from alcoholism, liver and other diseases being almost identical with that of the brewers. The death-rate of bakers and confectioners is about the same as that of millers, whose mortality from alcoholism and suicide is very high, but from consumption is hardly above the average in spite of their exposure to dust.

The occupation of hatters subject them to great changes of temperature and, like hair dressers, they have a high mortality from consumption and the effects of alcoholism. Journeymen tailors and shoemakers have a high death-rate from consumption, diseases of the nervous system, alcoholism and suicide.

The high mortality of printers and bookbinders is due to consumption. Only among persons whose occupations subject them to dust inhalations is the death-rate from consumption so high as among printers. Contrary to what might be expected, their mortality from lead poisoning is but slight.

Lead poisoning especially produces a high death-rate among plumbers. Cutlers and filemakers inhale metallic dust mixed with stone dust. The latter are also exposed to lead poisoning on account of the use of a cushion of lead on which to strike their files.

It is estimated that one in every nineteen males in the industrial community, between the ages of twenty-five and sixty-five, is a miner. As the death returns do not always distinguish between the different kinds of mines, it is impossible to ascertain separately the mortality of each kind of mine, but at least one-fifth of their total mortality is due to accidents. If accidents were excluded for all miners, their death-rate would be only slightly higher than that of farmers.

Medical examiners consider the country doctor, on account of necessary hardships, a less favorable risk than the city doctor, and that as to the other professions, the general standard of health is about the same in the city as in the country, although the latter undoubtedly offers greater natural advantages for the enjoyment of health. It is considered that what the city lacks in certain respects is made up by the more general observance of sanitary requirements in the matter of dwellings, sewage, exercise, personal cleanliness, the timely heeding of professional advice, occupation on mortality and longevity Dr. Marsh said to a News reporter that the investigations by sanitarians and statisticians showed conclusively that the occupations most unfavorable to life generally were those of miners, workers in glass and earthenware, publicans and butchers, and the most favorable were those of the clergy, farmers and agricultural laborers. The medical profession did not stand high in the general list and the mortality was great in comparison with that of other professions. The hard physical work, the exposure to vicissitudes of weather and the contagion of disease, the disturbance of regular hours for sleep and food, the mental strain and anxiety over all prolific causes of sickness or of premature decay.—New York News.

A Remarkable Funeral Procession.

When Tsching Tschu, the Grand Chamberlain and brother-in-law of Prince Kung of China, died, he was followed and preceded by a remarkable procession. The bier was carried by eighty men, each pair of whom had poles of different lengths under it. These eighty men were preceded by forty-eight flag-bearers, eight camels and twenty-four milk-white horses. Behind the pallbearers came 160 men, each bearing their portion of sixteen long planks. These planks or boards were painted red, and over this in yellow letters were the names and titles of the deceased nobleman.—St. Louis Republic.

"BE KIND TO HER."

"Be kind to her, be kind," they said. When their clinging arms I led My bride in tears and smiles away And youth and age at parting lay Their hands in blessing on her head.

The old elm with their wealth of May, Tall, grim and nodding seemed to say, With patriarchal arms outspread, "Be kind to her."

A score of years has overpassed Since you and I, dear wife were wed; A changing scene of gold and gray, But love is whispering to-day Along the paths we yet shall tread, "Be kind to her."

—F. W. Hunt, in New York Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A fixed star—The wealthy actor. No man can tell how much it would take to make him rich.—Ram's Horn.

What the college freshman doesn't know he talks about.—Elmira Gazette.

A horse, strango to say, feeds best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.—Truth.

It doesn't always follow that shaking an acquaintance rattles him.—Philadelphia Times.

A slay belle—One of the King of Dahomey's Amazonian warriors.—New York Journal.

It does seem a little odd that a good "trusty" grocer rarely succeeds.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Lecturer—"What is dearer to a man than his wife?" Bachelor—"Her jewelry."—Jeweler's Weekly.

When an old crank spools the slide, the small boy doesn't feel like saying peace to his ashes.—Puck.

What the solar system needs now is a good stringent law for the punishment of vagrancy.—Kansas City Star.

One of the hardest times to love an enemy is when he seems to be prospering like a green bay tree.—Ram's