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NO. 24.

I eading German generals predict a big war in Europe at an early day.

Professor Huxley knows of no a priori reason "why snake-bodied reptiles fifty feet long and upward should not disport themselves in our seas as they did in those of the cretaceous epoch."

A National literature on roads is grad ually growing up in this country, and the Pittsburg Dispatch thinks the subject should be given a prominent place in public school education in consc with its great importance.

It is probable, predicts the San Francisco Chronicle, that the device for dispensing with the services of telegraph operators will be like the machine for setting type. Human ingenuity can go a long way, but it cannot furnish brains, and brains are very essential in telegra

According to the Courier-Journal the great scramble for gold is now regarded in Europe as a sign that European peace is soon to be broken. Gold is not only being locked up in the Imperial Treasury of Russia, but in storehouses of other continental Governments, and the feeling of anxiety on this account is wide-

A Presidential inauguration costs les than an ordinary Congressional funeral. The total cost of President Harrison's inauguration was \$2520.50. The cost of a funeral varies from \$5000 to anything you please, according to the distance over which the Congressional mourners meander and the greed of local undertakers and livery stable keep-

This country is now building firstclass war ships at lower prices than the war ships of England are now costing. The Boston Cultivator boasts that w "make ships, too, equal to any that English navy yards turn out. Perhaps our methods of shipbuilding have less red tape and corruption about them. Our Government is in most points run far less expensively than any monarchy in Europe, and in the lighter taxation which the people of this country pay is one of the causes of our greater pros

Charles Mohr, of the United States Forestry Bureau, has an article in the Engineering Magazine, which demands the attention of Southern legislators. He says stupendous as the timber resources of the South appear, it can but be evident to anyone conversant with the facts that we have entered already upon an err involving their complete extinction, and he vividly points out the threatening calamities that will follow the disappearance of our forests, not only in the extinction of one of the South's important indus tries, but in the climatic changes that are already, perhaps, beginning to make themselves felt.

Persons who are inclined to take gloomy view of pauperism and crime in New York, would do well, suggests the News, of that city, to glance at the official reports of the municipality of London. The two years ending January 1, 1891, the date of the last biennial report, the cost of maintaing the paupers lent of about \$11,700,000. During the two years there were 109.748 criminal convictions. Waile these figures show that the percentage of crime and pauper ism in London greatly exceeds that of New York, the same report indicates a much lower percentage of attendance in

A story from the Pall Mall Gazette wa recently printed in the New York Tribune, to the effect that the great com parative anatomist, Sir Richard Ower identified as a pig's thigh-bone an osse ous specimen sent him for that purpos by Lord John Russell, who afterwardso it was stated-declared that it came from what purported to be a bear's ham presented by President Buchanan of the United States. The Minneapolis Tri bund, ignoring the possibility of a sub stitution in transit, ask: "Did our ante bellum President willfully deceive Lord John, was the eminent comparative an atomist at fault for once, or has the Pall

Within the past two years a number of reefs and islands in the Pacific Ocean long known to mariners, have disan peared from view, leaving no evidence that they ever existed. No one under stands the phenomenon, unless it be that here and there the floor of the ocean ha subsided with unusual rapidity, though not with such violence as to be betrayed by the agitation of the sea. The fact is simply known that these stretches of reef or bits of land, some of them rising from the depths, and all marked on the charts, no longer be found. One or two wa shins, with orders to visit some of these places, have cruised around in great be wilderment, unable to find the objects of

The Sunday-School Magazine, Philadelphia, says that while San Francisco has a population of 300,000, its churches will seat only 55,000 people.

Oklahoma has just adopted a code of maritime laws. The Atlanta Constitution avers that there is not a body of water in the Territory over a foot deep.

With a population of 215,000, Montreal has a debt of \$19,000,000, or \$88 per head. Little wonder, comments the San Francisco Examiner, that Cana-dians should be crossing the border. It must be cheaper to move than pay taxes.

The St. Louis Republic takes no stock in the theory of the overproduction of cotton. It says that when the Southern farmers raise all their foodstuff they cannot produce too much cotton. But the trouble is that they will not raise all their foodstuff for a long time to

emarks about the cooking set before him, and much to his am landlady sued him for \$20,000. His merriment died away when the jury brought in a verdict for \$750, and he has put in his time since in wondering what there ever was in the episode to

Pork is dearer now than it has been in ten years, or since Bismarck began to make war on the American hog. This is doubtless in part due to the opening of European markets to our pork. With better prices for pork beans have also dvanced, and the traditional New England dish of pork and beans has now to be paid for by those who would enjoy it.

The London Graphic has a portrait and sketch of Potara, a Maori cannibal, who is eighty-five years old and still has eaten a white man since 1816. He speaks well of white folks, but for steady diet prefers a Maori, as the whites, or "Pakehas," have "a salty and bitter flavor." Potara must have a retentive memory of his tastes.

The statement published by the New York Sun of Consul Roosevelt at Brussels that it has been found profitable to ship cargoes of horse meat from this city to Belgium to supply the tables of the poorer classes may be news to most New York ers. A good horsesteak is not unpalatable, and though its edibility was discovered rather late in the day, thousands of working people in Europe are now glad to pay a little over six cents a pound for it. Beef is entirely beyond their means, and so is the varied bill of fare that most working people in this favored land enjoy every day.

In the opinion of the Chicago Herald "the criminal art gallery is the worst fruit that has been produced by grafting civilization on barbarism. It is bad enough to have the portrait of a convictworld to see, even after he shall have expiated his crime by serving his tern of imprisonment. If he should desire to return to honest life the ineffaceable lines of his countenance in the pictures of the rogues' gallery are a standing and Either there should be no rogues' gallery, or every rogue, whether under police protection or not, should have a piace in the spectacular display of portraits."

Italy expends every year \$96,000,000 for her soldiers, and less than \$4,000,000 for schools. In Spain it costs \$100,000, 000 to main the army, and only \$1,500, 000 to educate the children; but then, i is the exception to find a Spanish farmer who is able to read or write. Germany boasts of being in the foremost rank among the Nations in the Kulturkamp of the world; yet she expends \$185, 000,000 on her army, while \$10,000,000 is deemed sufficient for the education of her children. France maintains an army at an expense of \$151,000,000 and sup ports her schools with \$21,000,000.
The United States expend \$115,000,000 for public schools, while the army and navy cost only \$54,000,000.

Every one that has observed the treat nent of private soldiers in European ar mies knows how like cattle they are regarded. Not long ago, relates the Buf alo Courier, a saddle race was arranged between officers of the Austrian Prussian armies, the course lying from Vienna to Berlin. A number of horse were killed in this trial of endurance. Recently the Austrian Government has been drilling soldiers in the field, with the thermometer at eighteen below zero in order to test the relative endurance of the Austrians, Hungarians, and Poles in tue service. In determining this point to the satisfaction of the Government 1144 soldiers had their hands or fee badly frozen. These things are not likely to lessen the stream of emigration to

ortal Morn, all hail, That saw Columbus sail
By faith alone.
The skies before him bowed,
Back rolled the ocean proud,
And every lifting cloud
With glory shone!

Fair Science then was born
On that celestial morn,
Faith dared the sea,
Triumphant o'er her foes,
Then Truth immortal rose
New Heavens to disclose
And Earth to free!

Strong Freedom then came forth
To liberate the earth
And crown the right.
So walked the pilot bold

Sweep, sweep across the seas, Ye rolling jubilees, Grand chorals raise; The world adoring stands, And with uplifted hands

Ye hosts of Faith, sing on; The victories ye have won Inspire the perfect reign
Of Love and Peace!

—H. Butterworth, in Home and Country.

"COUSIN FRED."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.



T was a stormy twi-light in February, the air full of the

thirty years old, the other, scarcely sev-enteen; and as they sat there warming themselves by the hotel fire, the landlord touched his wife's shoulder, and whis

For there was something in the cut of their curious fur lined draperies, the shape of their neat crape hats, the very way in which they unconsciously carried themselves, which was as foreign as the Marseillaise itself, although there was no accent in their voices as they questioned whether any conveyance from Barnet Hill had been sent to meet them. And the landlord was right; for Genevieve and Genevra Ballace were the daughters of American parentage, born in sunny France. Orphaned and alone, they were coming to America to claim the protection of a relative of their mothers, "Cousin Fred," as they had been taught to call him.

"Do you suppose he will be good to us?" Genevra, the dimpled seventeenyear-older, asked, as she sat with her cheek against Genevieve's shoulder.

"I hope so, darling," said the elder

ope so, darling," said the elder "No one but a brute could be

sister. "No one but a brute could be unkind to you." For little golden haired, rose lipped For little golden haired, rose lipped Genevra was one of those human sunbeams who take every heart by storm, and in her deep mourning, she looked even sweeter and more attractive than her ordinary wont. And dark eyed Genevieve, thirteen years older than her sister, had long ago unselfishly put aside her own personality and identified herself entirely with the household pet and beauty.

brought to her by the landlady, and basked in the welcome warmth of the blazing logs, "or a whimsical old bachel-or, full of caprices. Oh, Genevieve! Don't you dread to meet him?"

"Little one," said she, "don't fret. Whatever happens, we shall be together,

But just then, the landlord came bust-

ing in.
"The double sleigh from Barnet Hill,

ladies," he said, rubbing his hands.
"And Mr. Barnet himself has come."
Close on the landlord's words came Mr. Barnet, of Barnet Hill, a tall, hand-some man of about thirty, with bright brown hair clustering over a noble fore-head, keen black eyes and features clear and perfect as those of the Apollo Belvi-

dere.

"Are these my cousins?" he said, pleasantly. "You are welcome to Barnet, Genevieve and Genevra."

Instinctively, little Genevra put her hand to her disheveled curis. Had she

hand to her disheveled curls. Had she expected to see any one but a wrinkled old sexagenarian, she would have taken more pains with her toilet. But Genevieve rose and smilingly put her hand into the extended palm of her cousin. It was a long, snowy drive to Barnet Hill, but Genevra declared, joyously, that it was worth it all, when they were ushered into the great, old fashioned drawing room with its blazing cannel-coal fires, its yellow satin curtains and the moss-soft carpet on which the foot coal fires, its yellow sailu curanic the moss-soft carpet on which the foot fall made no sound. "Do you know," said Cousin Fred,

laughing, "that I was expecting to see two little school girls in short frocks and

"And do you know," retorted Geneva, "that our minds were fully prepared to behold a rheumatic old gentleman with a crutch?'

with a crutch?"
And in fifteen minutes they were on the footing of old friends.
But they had scarcely lived six months at Barnet Hill before the inevitable "little cloud like a man's hand" arose

gravely, one day. "I wish you would warn dear little Gypsy against that

Captain Allaire. He's a pleasant, amus-ing fellow, I know; but he's scarcely the person I should select for any girl's husband."

husband."
"Yes, Cousin Fred, I will speak to her," said Genevieve, sighing softly as she wondered what spell Genevra possessed to win all hearts to herself, from stately Cousin Fred to the handsome dashing young esptain of artillery. "But have you reasoned with her on the

"Half a dozen times," said Barnet. "But she only laughs at me.".

Genevieve was silent. She wondered

Genevieve was slient. She wondered if popular rumor was correct, and Frederic Barnet really did love little Genevra so hopelessly so dearly.

Genevra came home late that evening

in the rosy sunset, with scarlet flowers in her hair.

"Inwers in her hair.
"I have been to the village," she said,
"with Captain Allaire."
"Oh, Genevra!" pleaded the elder sister.
"When Fred thinks—"
"I don't care what Fred thinks," interrupted the beauty, with a toss of her head.

head.
"Listen, Genevieve, I have a secret to tell you; I was married to Captain Allaire this afternoon?
""Married?" echoed Genevieve. "Oh, Genevra!"

"Look at my wedding ring," said the wild little gypsy, holding up her pretty, taper finger. "Yes, married—really and actually married! I am Mrs. Allaire now," with an amusing assumption of

matronly dignity.

"But Cousin Fred—"

"Cousin Fred may help himself if he can," said Genevra, audaciously. "Perhaps yon don't know, Jenny, that Cousin Fred himself means to be married very

Genevieve turned pale.
"Genevra!" cried she. "You can't nean that?"
"Poor little Genevieve!" consoled

"Poor little Geneviever" consoleu Genevra. "But you will not lose your home. You must come and live with me and Charley."
"I could not do that," said Genevieve,

giddy and confused with the unexpected succession of startling news, "I—I must look out for a situation in some school or as companion or nursery governess! But oh, Genevra, are you quite

erness! But oh, Genevra, are you quite sure about Fred!"
"I heard the old housekeeper talking to the coachman, when I was waiting, down behind the shrubbery, for Captain Allaire to come," said Genevra, with a nod of her pretty head. "She said he had told her himsell and had instructed her what rooms to prepare and what alterations to make in the household areancements for his coming marriage." angements, for his coming marriage."
"I wonder who it can be," said Gene-

"I wonder who it can be," said Genevieve, sadly.
"Miss Hilyard, of tourse," said Genevra, "or else that beautiful Mrs. St. Dean. But the least thing he could have done was to have confided in us, I think, and that's one reason I decided to elope. And Charley is coming up this evening, and we are to take the train to St. Vincent, and, oh, dear Jenny." this evening, and we are to take to St. Vincent, and, oh, dear Jenny," to St. Vincent, and, oh, dear Jenny, "the

with a burst of sparkling tears, "the world is so full of happiness to me!" And Genevieve could but caress the beautiful, willful young creature who had taken life's helm so recklessly into her hands, and hope, in a choking voice, that she might be very, very happy. Cousin Fred listened very philosophic-ally to Genevra's confession, half an hour

later. "Married, are you?" said he. "Well, if you had asked my advice, I should have given a contray verdict. But, as nave given a contray verdict. But, as you didn't consult me, why, I shall have to be like the 'heavy fathers' on the stage and give you my blessing. Allaire is a clever fellow enough, although he has been very gay, and I hope you will steady him down, at last."

sister, had long ago unselfishly put aside her own personality and identified herself entirely with the household pet and beauty.

"I wonder if he is a cross old crab," pondered Genevra, as she drank the tea knew that she could never remain at the Hill when beautiful Mrs. St. Dean or Alicia Hilyard should either of them be

he mistress there.
"It would kill me," she thought, clasping her hands. "Yes, it would kill me!"

Mr. Barnet had turned kindly to her.

"Your hands are as cold as ice. Surely, you do not take this mad freak of little Gypsy's so bitterly to heart? Never fear for her; she's a butterfly who will sin ferent, Genevieve, from yours. down, little cousin; I have much to

"Now," thought poor Genevieve, with her color changing from scarlet to white—"now it is coming! I shall be politely dismissed from the only home I

And a sensation of indescribable lone-liness passed through her heart as she pictured Genevra radiantly happy with her captain of artillery, Cousin Fred secure in the love of some stately and beautiful woman, herself only left out in the cold of life's dreariest vale, an un-loved and solitary old maid. But she spoke nothing of all these sickening fears; only looked at him, with wistful dark eyes, in silence.

dark eyes, in silence.

"Genevieve," said he, "do you think
it would be a wild and foolish dream for me to think of marriage?"
"You? Oh, no," she answered, try-

ing to smile.
"But I am three and thirty."

"You are only in the prime and full-ness of life," she responded—"for a man. With women," sighing softly, "everything is so different. But, Cousin Fred, if you really intend marry-

ing—"
"I really do," he said, smiling gravely.
"Then I shall not be longer in your way," she said valiantly. "I will leave Barnet Hill at once."
"But that's just what I don't want

solemn little woman, is it possible that you don't comprehend what I mean?"
"You think," with a startled look, "that I can be useful about the house?"
"Must I say it in so many words, Genevieve," he asked "Shall I go lown on my knees, like the heroes of romance, and say: 'Sweetheart, will you be my wife?'"
Genevieve started to her feet in a panic.

inic.
"Do you really mean me?" cried Gen-

evieve.

"I really mean—you," he said, resolutely, holding her fast, when she would have flown from him. "Little girl, then you never have suspected how dearly I

you never have suspected how dearly I love you!"

And Genevieve, clasping both hands over her eyes, could scarcely persuade herself that all this was not a dream, a beautiful, blissful yet baseless dream.

Mrs. St. Dean was no longer a rival! She had nothing to fear from Alicia Hilyard!
Cousin Fred loved her, and her alone!
Cousin Fred had always loved her!
So they were married; and whe Genevra knew it she cried out, laughing:
"Well, there is hope for the oldest of old maids, now that our Jenny is married!"
For this seventeen-year-old beauty

For this seventeen-year-old beauty could hardly realize that true love exists for anyone over twenty years old!—The

### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

To make ice by artificial means requires one ton of coal to produce from from five to ten tons of ice.

A large sewing machine, weighing three and one-fourth tons, is in use in Leeds, England. It sews cotton belt-

The average weight of the Chinese brain is said to be heavier than the average weight of the brain in any other

Hard coal loses eight per cent. in bulk per annum when exposed to the weather. Soft coal loses twelve per

Experiments have shown that a pump-kin will lift two and one-half tons, pro-vided the weight is placed so as to interfere with the growth and develop-ment of the vegetable.

The temperature of the Mediterra-nean at 200 fathoms is about fifty-six de-grees, and no change is found in going to the bottom, which in places reaches a depth of 1500 fathoms. M. Chappuis's proposed electric rail-way through the Simpion Pass is esti-mated to cost \$8,000,000, and it would greatly reduce the distance between Italy and Northern Europe.

The cost of the observatory which is now being built on the top of Mont Blanc, Switzerland, is estimated at \$60,000. Part of the building is to be made

The central Sahara registers a mean of ninety-seven degrees in July. (Central Australia boasts of minety-four degrees in January, a mean which is attained in South Carolina and Inner Arabia in mid-

A British scientist recently stated that if a man weighing 140 pounds were placed under a hydraulic press and squeezed flat, the result would be 105 pounds of water and thirty-five pounds

A laboratory for the study, under strict scientific conditions, of snake poi-sons and cures for snake bites is to be established in Calcutta. It is to be founded by a native, and will be the only institution of its kind in the world.

An excellent method, for waterproofing the surface of a wallis to cover it with a solution of soap. After twenty-four hours a coat of lime asolution is applied. This process is repeated several times, and is claimed to make the wall perfectly water tight.

the ocean currents cause the temperature of the west side of the Atlantic, at depths from 100 to 500 fathoms to be

same depths on the eastlande.

M. Marcey, the well known investigator of animal movements by means of instantaneous photography and the zoctrope, has now succeeded in rendering the beating of a living heart visible to the eye. All the phases of the movement can be followed and properly examined by this new method. The heart

Official statistics of the colera epidemic in Germany last year, and up to its practical disappearance, show that the number of deaths from cholera was 8510. Nine-tenths practically of this number were in the city and State of Hamburg, where the total number of was 7611—1.22 per cent. of the whole population. The statistics show that the cholera spread up the rivers from the center around Hamburg with diminishing virulence.

Picch pine beams will shrink in thick-Picch pine beams will shrink in thick-ness from eighteen and three-quarter inches to eighteen and a quarter; spruce from eight and a half inches to eight and three-eights; white pine from twelve inches to eleven and seven-eighths; yellow pine a triffe less. Cedar beams will shrink from a width of fourteen inches to thirteen and a of fourteen inches to thirteen and a quarter; elm from eloven to ten and three-quarters, and oak from twelve to eleven and three-eights.

A vein of onyx was discovered in Gar-field County, Washington, recently which the report of an expert miner-alogist who visited and examined the find a week or so since shows the acres, and openings for a mile show a ten-foot vein. The people of the vicinity claim that their county is possessed of the only onyx mines in the United States.

—Chicago Times.

# THE FIGHTING DERVISHES.

Charging Upon Fire-Walled Squares of English Soldiery With Reck-less Bravery.

T is easier to turn a hungry tiger aside from his prey than a thoroughly excited Dervish from his swoop on an enemy, writes a cerrespondent on the London Telegraph. His half brother in tanaticism and creed, the Indian or Afghan Ghazi, is terrible, but the African and Arab Dervish is superlatively awful, with an incurable delirium for his opponent's gore. Howling and whirling Dervishes, such as travelers are "specially conducted to see when visiting the East," are a com-Howing and whirling Dervishes, such as travelers are "specially conducted to see when visiting the East," are a comparatively harmless sort of lunatics compared with those types of the African bigots who, "converted" to Mahdism, burn to run amuck with the rest of the unbelieving humanity. Once fairly bitten with the tarantula of Moslem sectarian zeal, the proselyte is consumed with the belief that the delights of the secreth or any number of heavens await. the belief that the delights of the seventh or any number of heavens await him if he can only engage in sturdy, steady butchery with "infidels," of his own or any race. It is a matter of indifference to him if, in the operation, while he sheathes his sword in his and his Prophet's enemy, the latter is doing the same to him. Quick and happy translation he holds as his sure reward.

The stiff fight the other day between the Egyptian troops south of Wady

The stiff fight the other day between the Egyptian troops south of Wady Halfa and the Mahdists recalls to me many a bygone incident and fierce struggle between British and Egyptian troops and forces largely composed of Dervishes. Ambigol Cataract, where the skirmish took place, is about sixty miles south of Wady Halfa. There is an Egyptian outpost at Gemai, where the great Second Cataract proper begins, and another at Sarrass. The one station is fifteen miles and the other thirty-three miles further up stream, and the railroad other at Sarrass. The one station is fifteen miles and the other thirty-three
miles further up stream, and the railroad
line and ironclad train still run through
to both posts. No doubt when the Dervish raiders, numbering 400 strong, were
repulsed from the forts they fell back
from the river towards the easier-going
tracks inland, along which they must
have sped on their camels. The Egyptian cavalry—which, under careful English training, have learned to trust their
weapons and their own physical strength
in a contest with the Bedouinese—probably not numbering more than two squadrons, overtook the raiders at the pleasant aforetime camps of Ambigol. There,
no doubt, under the palm-trees' grateful
shade, hard by the rush and roar of the
mighty river, the Egyptian troops at
once opened fire up a them. Although
the whole of the enemy were unlikely to
have been Dervishes—for these gentry
never run away, but, when necessary,
walk sedately out of a fight, merely to
assume a fresh coign of vantage—a sharp
engagement seems to have ensued. The
Mahdists, nothing loath, swarmed,
mounted and foot, up the rocky hills,
which their pursuers had, with sound,
tactical judgment, crowned, and whence
they had opened fire.

I think it was at the battle of El Teb
I first made the acquaintance of the
Mahdist Dervishes. The Fuzzy-Wuzzy
Hadendowah tribesman is the bravest of
the brave, but the Dervish is heroism
run crazy. These so-called "holy beggars," self-sworn to devote themselves

the brave, but the Dervish is beroism run crazy. These so-called "holy beggars," self-sworn to devote themselves to the Prophet's cause, came at General Graham's square of marines, Highlandmen, and stout linesmen as if we had been children to be frightened by a cry. Clad in their patchwork rags, with shaved bared heads, many armed with no better weapons than sticks, they charged full in front of the fire-walled square. Down they went by scores and square. Down they went by scores and hundreds, but others quickly took up the running toward us. I saw them that day—more than one of them—pierced through and through with Martini-Henry bullet wounds, come fiercely on, reeling like drunken men, their teeth gleaming and eyes aflame with hatred. Happy were they if they could but cross weapons with our bayonets. When exhausted nature failed them, their last act was generally to hurl the weapon they carried, stick, lance, or sword, toward our ranks, and shout an Arab imprecation against us, "Nosrani!" (Nazaruno!) An old gray-haired sheik actually charged the square reading the Koran charged the square reading the Korar aloud, which he held in his hands. aloud, which he held in his hands. Later on, when Sir Herbert (then Colonel) Stewart charged the worsted Arab footmen with his two regi-ments of cavalry, their mounted Dervishes faced his whole force and Dervisines raced his whole force and boldly charged them in return. Again, at Tamai, when the Arabs broke into General Davis's square, where I was, and having temporarily captured our six machine guns, on which they danced in fiendish glee, the Dervishes were in the forestrent of the street. forefront of the attack. A big marine who had bayoneted one of them, found his rifle caught and clutched by the fa who had bayoneted one of them, found his rifle caught and clutched by the fanatic savage, who strove to wrench his foeman with his sword. It was at the moment we were being driven back, and while the marine tugged and swore to get his weapon free, the reeling Dervish essayed with his parting strength to slay or wound our Tommy Atkins. In the desperate battle at Abu-Klea, similar scenes occurred. I state it as a fact, of which I took personal note at the time, that during the melee in which Colonel Burnaby fell, a Dervish, who had struck that officer, and was promptly bayoneted through the back, twisted about while the steel was protruding, and tried to thrust his lance into the soldier. Even the crippled and wounded Dervishes on the field of battle lay in wait to stab the chance passing enemy. Asked to "surrender," and put down their swords and spears, the invariable answer of the sorely stricken Dervish was, "Christian (or infidel) dogs, never!" When I saw them lest in the Souden a forwards and them them lest in the Souden a forwards and them them lest in the Souden a forwards and them them lest in the Souden a forwards and them them lest in the Souden a forwards and the souden as forwards and the souden a forwards and the souden a forwards and the souden a forwards and the souden a

## THE TWO VISITE

The Kaiser goes to see the Czar, The worl' turns out to see; His retrue follers from afar, An' then the Kaiser and the Cs Embrace in solemn gles,
An' then saloot an' hug an' kiss,

Wen I go down to Hiram's place wan 1 go down to Hiram's place
The worl' don't seen to care,
I neither kiss his hands or face,
'Twould make 'em laff at Hiram's p
'Twould make 'em 'ar an' tear.
But Hiram says, ez roun' he potes,
'I'm glad to see ye; how's yer folk

I take a look at Hiram's hogs An' hear how much they grow.

An' hear how much they grow.

This somehow Hiram's mem'ry jo.

An' he lets out on them ar' hogsYou oughter hear him blow;

If you could only hear him once

Ol' Hiram he is slow enough But none too slow for i An' jest as slow ez he. So we stub roun' the whole day long Until we hear the supper gong.

The Kaiser goes to see the Czar, And may be stops to tea, But men like Czars an' Kaisers are, Cooped in the palace of the Czar,
Hain't no sich times ez we.
The Czar an' Kaiser know no charm

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is not man's sins that find him out: The great part of a self-willed man's estate usually goes to the lawyers.—Troy

Every day a man hears a dozen things ne ought to do that he can't do.—-Atchion Globe.

and phwat would we stand on widous 'em?"—Siftings. Whatever may be said of a sweetheart

adelphia Times. There is no help for the case of the woman who can't get a servant.—Phil-adelphia Record.

Teacher-"What is a hero?" Tommy ndianapolis Journal. The cynic is the man who knows the

rice of everything and the value of othing.—The Fun. Women are not cruel to dumb animals.

It appears to be the business of the needy tramp to go around looking for uccors.—Binghamton Leader.

"Do you think this tooth will stand Patient-"Well, I'm sure it

The man who thaws, out dynamite is being heard from. There is generally but one report.—Baltimore American.

The Keg—"Your headplece is positively ugly." The Barrel (proudly)—"Maybe, but I wear hoops."—Chicago

Time is generally represented as carrying a scythe. This will probably be kept up till it is no mower.—Philadelphia Times.

"There's another unconscious humor-ist!" gleefully remarked the footpad as he sandbagged the punster.—Washington Star.

"There's a time to work and a time to

play," but to the hand-organ grinder both times come at once.—Rochester Democrat. "Say, Chimmie," said the boy who white pink, "de blokie dat named

dis flower must ov bin, color blind."-Washington Star. That the cynic is humanity is indicated by the fact tha he is always very old or very young .-

"I feel better about lickin, this postage stamp," said the boy who had been sent to mail a letter. "It's nearer my size." —Washington Star. "Yes," said the man who had

fallen down three flights of stairs, "I've been on quite an extended trip."—Kate Field's Washington. Dullpate—"I find it very hard work to collect my thoughts." Maud—"Papa says it's always difficult to recover small amounts."—Inter Ocean.

Mudge—"Thompson called me ar idiot." Yabsley—"You needn't mind

that. Thompson always does exaggerate more or less."—Tit-Bits. What maks the bicycle popular with many, rich or poor, is that, after trying to ride one, they feel that they are better off.—Philadelphia Times.

Artist—"How do you like the por-trait I made of you?" Cranky Subject —"Well, the coat is too tight under the arms."—New York Journal.

The words of a man's mouth tell no more of the meditations of his heart the

"When it comes to revenue cutters,' said old Bullion, snipping off another coupon, "there's nothing like a good pair of shears."—Chicago Tribune.

A difference between a knife ble losing its temper and a woman is t the former becomes duller and the lat more cutting.—Philadelphia Times.

When smiles the glad millennium
Upon this mighty nation
An office will be found for each
In the whole population.

—Washington Star.

At a Party: Suitor—"Mein Fraulein, love you." Rich Young Lady (point-with her fan to ber father)—"Ex-I love you." Rich Young Lady (poi ing with her fan to her father)—"I cuse me, yonder is my búsiness manage —Wiener Luft. Mr. Horton-"What on earth did you