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The four great ocean routes employ 1100 steamships.

The output of the American manufacturing for the past year was \$7,215,000,000.

Every State and Territory in the Union has an organized militia except the Territory of Utah.

The number of foreigners who took up their residence in America last year was 543,427, of whom 118,278 came from Germany.

What was once the heart of the Wisconsin pine region is now importing thousands of feet of that timber from Washington State.

General Schkopp, of the German army, says: "If his majesty draws his sword it will never return to its scabbard until his last enemy is crushed, or he, with his people, is overthrown."

The increase of more than a million of sheep in this country during the past year is more than matched by the increased use of wool in producing woolen goods, which was 59,000,000 pounds.

The Chicago Mail estimates that the 3,000,000 people who are expected to visit Chicago during the World's Fair will expend while in that city not less than \$200,000,000. This is an average of over \$65 apiece.

The New York Sun figures that if six men were to start on successive days from six American cities, and travel in a straight line around the world to the point of starting, the Chicago man would probably claim to have made the quickest time, while the Ohio man, if there was one, would be the first to arrive home; but the distance traveled by all six, if added together, would fall 70,000 miles short of the railroad mileage of the United States, double tracks not counted.

Should the Sandwich Islands really become part of the United States they will be the most picturesque feature of the Republic, declares the Chicago Herald. They deserve the title "Flower Kingdom" perhaps even better than Japan, since flowers bloom on the islands all the year round, and are peculiarly beloved by all the inhabitants. The foreign residents, and even transient visitors, catch the native fondness for flowers, and at times people of all sorts go about garlanded with abundant blossoms.

It occurred to the long-headed, public-spirited citizens of Pennsylvania that the time had come to devise measures for the preservation of the forests of that State. Accordingly they procured the introduction of a bill in the Legislature which provided for the appointment of a forestry commission whose duty it shall be to examine and report on the condition of the slopes and summits of the State and the presence or absence of forests thereon, for the purpose of determining the influence on the stage of the water in the rivers, the amount of timber remaining standing and how the supply can be increased and maintained.

The American Library Association, which has the co-operation of nearly all the great libraries of the country, will make a notable exhibit at the World's Fair. It will include samples, models, and photographs showing articles and mechanical devices in actual use; printed matter, forms, blanks, constitutions, by-laws, rules for subscribers; accession departments and their management; catalogue, classification and reference departments; binding department, with samples of binding, temporary covers and receipts for restoring, mending and cleaning, shelf and building departments and an architectural exhibit showing plans, elevations, perspectives and models of the best library buildings. There will also be a model library of 5000 volumes, selected from lists prepared and sent in by the various librarians of the country.

It is related that a man who was writing a history of New York employed an expert to find out for him how many speculators in Wall street succeeded in the long run. After a laborious investigation the expert reported that the only single instance which he could discover was a man from Rhode Island, named Smith, who had actually won \$30,000 in a speculation in the street and carried the money away to speculate no more. It was the single bright instance in a long line of wrecks, adds the New Orleans Picayune, and was written down in the book to hand the name of Smith down to immortality. Unluckily for his reputation, however, hardly was the book published before Smith turned up on the street and put his \$30,000 into another speculation. He never heard of it again, and the sole instance of a successful speculator was ruthlessly destroyed.

England continues to increase her armed force in Egypt, and France is heretofore irate.

The Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, St. John the Divine, in New York City, will cost \$10,000,000.

Vegetarianism is making great progress in Berlin. The German capital now contains twenty vegetarian restaurants which are largely patronized by the working people, clerks and students.

In 1888 there were 43.94 square miles in Chicago. Now there are 181.70, and Rogers Park is soon to be annexed. The New York Recorder estimates that this will make as big an area as a Manhattan Island a hundred miles long.

The police force of New York City numbers 3966 men, including the rank and file. The police force of Chicago is about 2700. The area of New York City is forty-six square miles. The area of Chicago is four times as great.

A long-suffering London journalist, whose nerves were no longer able to bear the noise made by putting fuel on the fire from a coal-box, recently gave vent to an earnest prayer that some inventor might be mercifully disposed to provide a silent coal-box for domestic sufferers like himself. A response to this appeal is now recorded by the Chicago News Record in the shape of an ordinary coal-box lined with linoleum and falling on projecting rubbers, so that no slamming is possible. Even the shovel has its case lined with felt, and is, therefore, lifted out and replaced noiselessly.

The timber used in the construction of the Chicago Exhibition buildings is estimated to exceed 75,000,000 feet, which represents the wood from ten square miles of forest. All the buildings are covered with a composition of plaster, cement and hemp, and the amount of this work is equal to covering the wall of a four-story building fifteen miles in length. The electric lighting will require 5000 arc and 93,000 incandescent lamps, which is about ten times as much electric lighting as the Paris Exhibition was provided with. The electric lighting plant has cost over \$1,000,000.

The Philadelphia Times says: The growth of many of the textile industries during 1892 was marked. The summary of new mills for 1892 shows a total of 272, with a combined list of employes of 31,500. In other words assuming that none of the new textile mills were erected to replace those destroyed by fire or abandoned for other causes, 31,500 new employes were set to work, and the productive textile capacity of the country was increased seven per cent. An examination of the statistics showing the textile growth of the year reveal some interesting facts, the first of which is that there were seventy-three new cotton mills employing 15,000 hands. The new cotton mills do not number one-half the total of new mills erected, but the mills were of greater capacity than in any other branch of the textile trade, thus absorbing one-half of the new labor employed. Massachusetts erected nineteen new cotton mills, employing 5775 hands. The next greatest increase was in the South, North Carolina building sixteen new mills, employing 1835 new hands, South Carolina eleven new mills, with 2040 employes, Georgia five new mills, with 940 hands, and Alabama four, with 740. New York and Pennsylvania built three new mills each, Connecticut two, and Illinois, Indiana, Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont and West Virginia each one. There were forty-nine new woollen and ninety-three new knitting mills erected, the first employing 2500 and the second 7300 new hands. Massachusetts leads with eight, Maine follows with seven and Pennsylvania third with six new woollen mills. The South does not figure much in the new woollen industry, Kentucky with three and Missouri with two mills being the only Southern States represented. Of the ninety-three new knitting mills Pennsylvania furnishes the most, twenty-two, or more than one-third; New York, twenty, and the rest distributed among twenty-two other States. Silk figures fourth in the list of new plants to the extent of twenty-one new mills, the majority of which are in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, with Paterson, N. J., as the center of the industry, both old and new. In the miscellaneous list are six new plush mills, six making shoddy, seven cotton batting, three linen, three lace, two upholstery and two gimp and dress trimming (all four in Philadelphia), and a scattering of mills in other States, including dye, bleaching, jute, bagging and a few others. New England, Pennsylvania and the South seem to be the most prosperous manufacturing sections, if the erection of new plants for manufactures can be accepted as an index of prosperity.

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 may never 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, An' 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 sanded 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.

CUPID IN THE KITCHEN. BY MARY ELITE DALLAS. HE cook has given warning, and the chambermaid says that, where Susan goes she goes likewise," said Mrs. Montgomery, in a tone of despair. "And as I have just paid their wages they are packing to go. What wicked, wicked women. Not a word of warning." "Why, mammal what is the reason of this sudden desertion?" queried Emily, the only daughter of the house, aged eighteen—and she laughed. "Your papa found fault with the beef last Sunday. Ah—there is nothing to giggle over, I am sure," said the matron, dropping into a rocking chair. "A week at the intelligence office for me, while the house goes to wreck and ruin, and your papa loses his temper over the dinners, for old Mrs. Clump, the only person I can send for, always ruins every dish she touches." "And we cannot have Mrs. Clump this time, mamma," said Emily. "She is in bed with rheumatism. I met her little niece in the drug store buying medicines and lotions for her, and she said she was very bad." "Then the end has come!" sighed Mrs. Montgomery. "Don't fret, mamma, I'll do the work," said Emily. "I think it might be fun for awhile." "Do you?" Mrs. Montgomery asked, sarcastically. "Ah!" Emily laughed again. "It's the best you can do," she said, "and I'll give papa a high tea; with omelette and chicken sandwich, and all the little things he likes, and no doubt you can find some one to come to-morrow." "Oh, no doubt," said Mrs. Montgomery, in still more sarcastic tones. "I wish I had your sanguine temperament, Emily." "Good-bye, mamma and miss," said cook, looking in at the door. "Good-bye, and I wish you luck suiting yourself, I'm sure. No doubt there is them that might if they had the patience of Job; not said." "Good-bye, ladies," said the chambermaid. "I'm sorry to leave you, but Susan and me goes the two of us together, always, and if she is insulted, I am likewise." "Good-bye," said Emily, calmly. Mrs. Montgomery turned her back, and muttered "Ungrateful wretches!" between her teeth. "And I actually made over my navy blue Bedford cord dress for that woman," she said, after the door closed; "and never has she had to buy an apron. There, I'll go and begin my martyrdom—and, Emily, if you do go into the kitchen, put on my rubber gloves and my mob cap, that I wear for dusting my room—coal ashes are the ruin of the hair—and a big apron—your looks are my pride." Emily kissed her mother, saw that she went off comfortably, and then obediently donned cap, gloves and apron, and descended to the kitchen. Cook, in her wrath, had left the kitchen in a state of chaos. Dishes piled high in the sink, towels on the floor, pots and kettles in sore need of scouring, overflowing tubs, a pan of potato peelings, a kettle of ashes—all by the way of revenge for the insulting criticism of last Sunday's dinner. The prospect was alarming, but Miss Emily went to work with a will, finding it rather more difficult than in her inexperienced she had supposed, and wishing that her mother had not so carefully guarded her delicacy at the expense of her usefulness in kitchen affairs. Just as she took her pots and kettles in hand, Jack Spinner, the millionaire's son, flying along upon his bicycle, came very near running into a young man who sat upon a curbstone, moaning piteously, and at once alighted. "Good heavens! I haven't hurt you?" he cried. "No, sir," replied the person addressed, who was enveloped in a mysterious waterproof costume, and covered from head to foot with ashes. "I was clane dead when you came up. I've got the cholera or the typhus, I don't know which, and I'll lose my job, for I am unable for it no longer, and there's no mercy on you if you neglect a thing, if it is ever so very ugly—no mercy." "That is very cruel," said young Spinner, who had the tenderest heart in the world. "Is it that ash cart you are driving?" "It is indeed," said the unfortunate. "And there is six bars to empty yit, and me not able for it. I could drive back, but I couldn't lift the bars." At home they called Jack Don Quixote, for he was always succoring some



forlorn being in distress, maid or man—it made no matter which. Now he instantly bethought him what to do for this poor ash cart driver. "Come along," he said, taking the man by the arm and leading him into a drug store hard by. "I'll tell the doctor to see you, and empty the rest of the barrels for you jolly fun for me, you know, and you'll keep your place, and all that." The man, petrified with astonishment, could only lift his hands, and in a moment more a still more astonished drug clerk had a patient—well paid for in advance—and was dropping cholera mixture into a glass, and applying mustard plasters, in the little back room behind the store. "Six more houses," said Jack, walking beside the cart, "straight down, the man said." He shouldered the first barrel and dumped it. A shower of ashes covered him, but he only laughed. Next came a zinc can, quite elegant in appearance, but filled with decaying vegetables, and ornamented by the inanimate forms of three murdered kittens. Mr. Jack gasped, but he intended to finish his work of charity now that he had begun it. And, with varied results, new experiences to him, the young athlete emptied five barrels. On the sixth pavement he found none. What an ashman's duty was he did not know, but he had his invalid's interests at stake, and must do his best for him, so he descended the araway and rang the bell. In a moment a girl in a mob cap, a big apron, and rubber gloves, opened the door. "Beg pardon, I am sure," said Jack, bowing, "but do you wish your ash barrel emptied?" "Yes, please," said the girl, and he spoke in the most elegant manner, but he was covered with ashes as with a garment; his moustache was whitened, his hands begrimed, and adhered to his hair and his face was dirty. The maiden before him was not quite free from marks of kitchen labor. It was Emily, who had been washing the pots and kettles for the first time in her life. "What a beautiful manner he has," she thought; "he must be some one in reduced circumstances." And she smiled upon him: "You are the—ah, the gentleman, I suppose?" she queried. "I call in that capacity," said Jack. "Then if it is not too much trouble, the ash can stands in this little place under the front steps," said Emily. "No trouble whatever," said Jack, diving into the place indicated; "I'll bring it back when it is emptied." "You are too kind," said Emily, unaware of the pot-black on her chin. "Not at all," said Jack of the Cinders, and they bowed as if they were dancing the lanciers. In a moment Jack had dumped the ashes, and returned with the can. He was greeted with a great puff of smoke, and Emily, blushing and coughing, came out into the area for air. "Beg pardon," said Jack; "but the house is not on fire?" "I hope not," said Emily; "the fire went out, and I'm trying to kindle it, but it smokes so." "Perhaps it is the damper," said Jack. "I'll look, if you don't mind." "It is the damper," said Jack, "and these things in the oven; now if I may have a bit of paper and some wood?" He found them himself, made a fire, opened the windows; and waited until the smoke vanished from the kitchen, and then shut the windows. "What a wonderful ashman," Emily thought. "What an elegant girl! to be a cook," Jack said to himself. "It is kind of you," said Emily; "so stupid of me. But I did not know about the dampers; I never made a fire before, but the servants have taken French leave." "Oh!" said Jack to himself. "The young lady of the house doing amateur kitchen housework. I might have known it. And she thinks me the ashman," and he sighed. "Good-bye," he said, bowing. Before Emily could reply a head was thrust in at the window—that of the original ashman. "An' here you air, sir!" he said. "An', sure, the medicine the doctor did be givin' me has made me a new man, an' I'm forever obliged. And sorry I am an' you've spoiled the fine clothes you have on ye. And you'll find your boy-suckle in the doctor's shop. I've trounced the rascal that was givin' off wid it to a jelly. I'll drive down, sir, and never forget your kindness. May you be Mayor of New York yet." "Oh, you are welcome," said Jack. "Now, you Emily was staring at him." "Not the ashman!" she was saying under her breath, and Jack, laughing, answered her glance. "My first ash-cart, as this was your first fire," he said. "The driver was ill, and I took his place. It has been great fun, though rather dirty work. May I introduce myself?" He took a card from his pocket and presented it. "I am Miss Montgomery," said Emily; "and I think my father must know yours very well, if you are Mr. William Spinner's son. They are in the same business." So it proved. For special occasions who can say what the etiquette may be? Emily said to herself that it would be simply humane to help this martyr to his kindly sympathies out of his coat of ashes, and sent him to her brother's room to find clothes brush and wash basin. When he met her again she wore neither mob cap nor apron, but was attired in a pretty morning dress, and her hair curled bewitchingly on her forehead. And, since this was the son of her father's old friend, it seemed but hospitable to ask him to lunch. Mamma would not be at home, she was quite alone. It was awfully improper—but this latter point never occurred to Emily,

nor to Jack, and these two were both young and liked sweet things, and Jack declared that he had never had so delightful a lunch before. It was a romance—which is different from a flirtation—that little episode, and it always remained in the memory of those two young people as the sweetest moment of their lives. When her mother returned, Emily wore cap, apron and gloves. The high tea was ready, and all the work accomplished, after a fashion, and the girl looked so pretty, so happy. "Cooking must agree with you," Mrs. Montgomery said. But Emily did not speak of the amateur ashman, or her lunch party of two, until long after—oh, long, long after—for it was some days before Mr. Spinner called on the father, bringing his son with him—some weeks before they were asked to an afternoon tea—some months before Jack became an intimate friend of the family—and quite a year before his engagement to Miss Emily Montgomery was announced to his friends. And it was only on the very eve of her wedding that Emily told her mother that Jack had fallen in love with her at first sight, and how and when and where. And Mrs. Montgomery declared that it would have been very, very shocking—frantically imprudent—if it had been any one but Jack; but that made all the difference, Jack was such a nice fellow.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Rose diamonds are liable to explode. Some of the stars move with a velocity of nearly fifty miles a second. There are estimated to be over six hundred deposits of iron ore in the State of Missouri. The origin of the geysers at Sonoma, Cal., is supposed to be a volcanic crater filled by a landslide. The moon gives out heat enough to affect the thermometer and make a difference of two or three degrees. If fish get beyond a certain depth in the sea they die from the pressure of the water, which they are unable to support. The most important domestic sources of potash are wood ashes, cotton seed hulls, ash, tobacco dust and tobacco stems. Professor C. S. Sargent, of the Arnold Arboretum, Harvard University, has returned from Japan, where he has been making a study of the botany of the islands. It is not an easy matter to freeze out trichinae. After subjection to a temperature of twenty-five degrees below zero for two hours they again became active when exposed to light and heat. A simple method of keeping iron and steel from rusting is to coat them with a solution of rubber in benzol, made about the consistency of cream. It may be applied with a brush, and is easily rubbed off when desired. In one of the Comstock mines a new water wheel is to be placed which is to run 1150 revolutions a minute, and have a speed at its periphery of 10,805 feet per minute. A greater head of water than has ever before been applied to a wheel will be used. Interesting experiments on the sense of taste in ants have been made by H. Devaux. Among other results he has found that Lasius flavus, while fond of sugar, dislikes saccharine. The ants swarmed around sugar laid out for them, but turned away from saccharine as soon as they had tasted it. Even sugar became unpleasant to them when it was mixed with saccharine. It seems, therefore, that sweetness is not the only quality which attracts them to sugar. It is very probable that, for health's sake, rather than after a time, be universal cremation of the dead in cities. Burying in the earth is said to be very inimical to the health of cities. Then there will be no ground to spare for burial purposes in course of time. It is probable that the dead will be quickly and effectually reduced to ashes by means of electricity. The remains of a human body that has been cremated weigh only eight ounces—no matter how fleshy and heavy the corpse may have been.

A Kind-Hearted Giant's Embargo. A number of anecdotes have been told of late of the famous old Kanabeco lumberman, Bodfish, whose stentorian voice resembled reverberating thunder and could be heard distinctly "from Kendall's Mills bridge to Ticonic Falls," a distance of two miles. An old-timer says that Bodfish, who lived at Kendall's Mills, though a rough man in his ways, had a kind heart and gave aid to many poor people he thought deserving. Once a river driver was drowned at Kendall Mills and Bodfish having subscribed a handsome sum himself to aid his family, mounted a barrel beside the street, from which he harangued the people in aid of the sufferers. He laid down the rule that no man should pass that day until he had contributed, and in that way held up travelers all day long, securing a considerable amount by nightfall, when the old embargo was raised.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Test For the Purity of Milk. Whether it is worth while to know exactly the degree to which one's milk seller is watering his milk is an open question which each must decide for himself. For those who do not consider that ignorance is always bliss a simple way of setting at rest any doubts as to the purity of the milkman's stock in trade is provided in a new galactometer. The instrument ordinarily used for this purpose consist of a glass tube with a graduated scale of paper inside, and their record is not as a rule reliable. The new instrument is said to be much more accurate, and shows at a glance whether the milk is pure or adulterated. The instrument is a glass tube open at both ends, along which a little ball of blue glass acts as indicator. The density of this ball is 1029, and it is so adjusted that it can float only on pure milk.—Chicago News Record.

THE BOOK OF ALL BOOKS.

NOTHING THAT'S PRINTED CIRCULATES LIKE THE BIBLE.

Millions of Copies Going Out Into All Parts of the World in Almost Every Known Tongue.

SINCE 1804 the Bible societies alone, here and abroad, have distributed over 230,000,000 copies of the book. The American Bible Society, which is next to the largest distributor of Bibles in the world, during the seventy six years of its existence has issued over 55,000,000 copies of all or a portion of the Bible. The exact number is 55,531,908. The headquarters of the society and its presses are in the Bible House, in this city.

Last year this society printed 450,900 Bibles, 370,705 Testaments, 141,400 portions of the Bible, and 682 Bibles for the blind, making a total of 713,687 volumes. Of these volumes 72,622 copies were sent to foreign lands. There were printed abroad for the society 18,923 Bibles, 38,190 Testaments and 249,919 portions of the Bible. The foreign presses of the American Bible Society are at Beirut, Constantinople, Bangkok, Bremen, Shanghai, Foo-chow and Yokohama.

The work of the foreign presses of the society at the different places was as follows:

- At Beirut, 6000 Bibles, 5000 Testaments, and 22,000 portions in Arabic.
At Constantinople, 5000 Bibles in Bulgarian, 5000 portions in Koordish, 4000 Testaments in ancient Armenian, 5000 Testaments and 3000 portions in modern Armenian, 5000 Testaments and 2500 portions in Turkish.
At Bangkok, 39,509 portions in Siamese, and 2000 copies of the Gospel of Matthew in the Laos language.
At Bremen, 5000 Bibles and 10,500 Testaments in German.
At the China agency 189,398 volumes, partly in Shanghai and partly at Foo-chow, including 1400 Mandarin Bibles, 5790 Testaments, and 156,000 portions in Mandarin, 21,940 portions in Soochow colloquial, and 1348 Bibles and 2900 Testaments in Foo-chow colloquial.

Enoch L. Fancher is President of the American Bible Society. There are auxiliary societies in almost every State and Territory in the Union. The society is unsectarian and sells all its publications at cost. It receives from subscriptions and spends annually about \$500,000 in printing the Scriptures, and through colporteurs and in every way in its power it energetically circulates the Bible all over the earth.

The British and Foreign Bible Society since 1804 has printed and distributed 127,855,581 volumes of the Scriptures; the National Bible Society, of Scotland, has distributed 12,710,390 copies; the Hibernian Bible Society, 4,968,450 copies; the Prussian Bible Society, 6,059,801 copies, and a hundred other Bible societies have for generations been swelling the total annual output. The American Bible Society has printed the Bible in the following tongues:

- English, Welsh, Arabic, French Basque (Pyrenees), Spanish, Catalan (Eastern Spain), Portuguese, Norwegian (in German type), Swedish (in German type), Finnish (in German type), Dutch, German, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian (in Roman type), Italian, Bulgarian, Estonian (Russian), Estonian (Dorpat), Armenian (ancient), Armenian (modern), Mayan (Yucatan), Arabic, Syriac (ancient), Syriac (modern), Arabic (Mesopotamia), Ebon (Marshall Islands), Kusunien (Strong's Island), Gilbert Islands, Ponape (Ascension Island), Mortlock, Hawaiiian, Zulu, Benga (West Africa), Grebo (West Africa), Mpongwe (West Africa), Dinka (West Africa), Mohawa, Choctaw, Cherokee, Seneca, Dakota, Ojibwa, Muskoqui, Delaware, Nes Perce.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has printed the Bible in 200 languages and dialects other than those mentioned in the above list, including two dozen native African dialects, and including every Nation in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australasia.

Here is the first verse of the first chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah from the English Bible:

How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become a widow! She that was great among the Nations and Princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!

Translated phonetically into the language of the Gilbert Islands and set up in Roman type, the above verse reads as follows:

E a tekaika kana te kawa ni kamaro, so on iroia somata! E a riki kana naine so mate buna! Neia ikakanato i buskio botanomanoko, so teka i buskon aba sika burawini.

E riki kana naine so mate buna! Neia ikakanato i buskio botanomanoko, so teka i buskon aba sika burawini.

The verse in the Gilbert Island tongue is printed after the manner of poetry. The old King James version of the Scriptures treated the Lamentations as prose. The Gilbert Island word for Lamentations is Balbaeti. The Book of the Prophet Ezeckiel becomes, in that language, Ana Bokle Burabel Eteklere. Jehovah is the way they pronounce Jehovah in the Gilbert Islands.

For the missions in the Pacific Ocean which are under the care of the American Board of the Congregational Church, the American Bible Society has now in the press an edition of the Books of Genesis and Exodus of the Old Testament in the Ruk language spelled phonetically in English. The edition will number 2000 copies.—New York Times.

Mrs. Adlai Stevenson is a petite, fragile appearing woman of cultured mind. She is the daughter of a college President, and was reared in a literary atmosphere.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

Aye, laugh and grow fat! Full often a chat Proves more potent than potions; Laughter acts on the heart, Gives the blood a fresh start And a vigorous motion.

Yes, laugh and grow fat! "Care," you know, "killed the cat"— It will you if you let it; There's no surer relief For many a grief Than to laugh and forget it.

Yes, laugh and grow fat! Though some sceptic heret May scoff, wholesome laughter Doth body and soul, Mind and morals, control; They are all better after.

Then laugh and grow fat! Don't be prim and "a' that"; Why should features be lengthened? Just smile till you've heard, And I pledge you my word You'll be gladdened and strengthened. —Yonkers Statesman.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Dust-proof—A bank-book. In at the death—The heirs. A dog star—The prize setter. Tough characters—Hieroglyphics.—Puck.

The crinoline is coming with a hoop and a hurrab.—Washington Star.

"No, Maud, dear, Joan of Arc was not Noah's wife."—Philadelphia Record.

The greatest part of a self-willed man's estate usually goes to the lawyers.—Troy Press.

The newspaper man is the great writer of the people's wrongs.—Galveston News.

The pen enables a young man to give his girl an inking of his sentiments.—Texas Siftings.

There is some hope that the fashion magnates will stave off the hoop-skirts.—Lowell Courier.

To one traveling through the country milestones are pretty good signs of progress.—Troy Press.

When you see a boy unable to behave himself you should lend a helping hand.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Every dog has his day, but the nights belong to the cats and the clubmen.—Kate Field's Washington.

"Gee, that was a cold snap," as the bulldog remarked after biting the Boston girl.—Philadelphia Record.

An Ohio physician proposes to abate kissing, but the average young man proposes with a view to keeping it up.

"It is pretty hard to be shoved to the wall this way," plaintively remarked the bill to the bill poster.—Washington Star.

The mother who starts to get a sleepy boy out of bed these mornings may be said to have a rousing time of it.—Philadelphia Times.

Citizens—"I wonder how it is that so few women suffer when they talk?" Witticisms—"They haven't got time."—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. New Lee Wed—"You are a failure, John. You've never had any luck." Mr. New Lee Wed—"Yes, once; I was born single."—Brooklyn Life.

"You needn't assume that I am holier than thou air," growled the Rochefort to the Schweitzer; "everybody knows you are not up to my tone."—Puck.

"Why did Columbus forgive the mutineers?" asked the teacher. "Cause they was half seas over when they kicked," said Johnnie.—Brooklyn Life.

"I'm a 'Jonah,'" said the urchin, with a most expressive wail; "And I see by father's manner, 'I'm about to meet a whale.'"—Washington Star.

"I think," murmured the handcuffed convict, "that I must be a poor financier, for I can have more bonds on hand than I can manage."—Baltimore American.

The two most exciting periods in a woman's life are when she is listening to her first proposal and bidding on a basket of broken crockery at an auction.—Siftings.

"Were you in perfect health when you were struck by the street car?" asked the lawyer. "No, sir," said the plaintiff, "I was a good deal run down."—Boston Commonwealth Bulletin.

Mrs. Goodkind—"There's only one trouble about poor Mr. Careless. He's generous to a fault!" Mr. Gruff—"Humph! It's a pity that he isn't generous to his family."—Black and White.

In '97 'Mistress (to her maid of all work)—"Miss Mulloney, the fire is getting low; will you be kind enough to go to my room and bring me three pieces of coal from my jewel case."—Elmira Gazette.

Making the Best of It: "Good morning, Uncle Charles. Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and unyielding; but—" "Oh, it was all right, thanks. I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."—Punch.

"Could you give me something to eat, ma'am?" humbly asked the tramp in the suburbs of Boston of the stern visaged woman who opened the kitchen door. "Yes," said the stern visaged woman, as she energetically closed the door in his face and locked it with a jerk. "I could."—Somerville Journal.

One of the richest specimens of a neat Irish bull was perpetrated by the clever and witty but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting an English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there."—Insurance Economist.

Aboriginal America, in the person of a Sioux squaw, is to show its ideas on dress at the World's Fair. She lives near San Diego, Cal., and has been at work for two years making this gown of deerskins embroidered with sixteen pounds of beads.