VOL. XI.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1893.

A man in Wolfe County, Kentucky, has been disfranchised for life for selling

Calhoun County, Florida, is without a railroad in its borders, has not a single lawyer, nor is there a single barroom in

A French merchant, the victim of several defaulting cashiers, now advertises for "a cashier as honest as possible and paralyzed in both legs."

The Territory of Arizona is, so far as the sheep industry is concerned, in as prosperous a condition, avers the New York World, as any State or Territory in the Southwest.

The United States furnishes 673,000 Freemasons and 647,471 Oddfellows, "with lodgeroom reasons for late hours and latch keys," according to the Chicago

Kate Field's Washington, after patient bury and eulogize a dead Statesman than it does to feed and clothe him during his two years of Congressional service.

American ingenuity in holding the ribbons is extending very rapidly to the manufacture of ribbons as well, boasts the Chicago Herald. The product of American looms has increased, according to the figures just published, from \$6,023,100, in 1880 to \$17,081,447 in

leaves but one of the seven full Generals of the Souther 1 Army living and none of the five men on whom the rank was con ferred at the beginning of the war. These five men were Cooper, Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sydney Johnston and Beauregard. Bragg and Kirby Smith were afterward made full Gen crals. Kirby Smith alone survives.

A new style of wall decoration in these hard times in England may become popular, opines the Chicago Herald's Loncorrespondent. A Dover street sufferer by recent corporation collapses has papered one of the rooms of his house with share certificates, now value less, but which represent the investment of an immense sum. C. W. King, the well-known philatelist, set the fashion some time ago by covering the walls of a room with postage stamps valued at

Among the envelopes containing the electoral votes for President and Vice-President was one with a queer seal, now in possession of Mr. Sparr, one of the doorkeepers of the United States Senate reception room. It seems that Montana, though a State for some time, has as yet no seal. The envelope con taining the electoral votes was fastened with a great splash of red wax fully two and a half inches in diameter and in the wax, while it was still soft, was stuck a bright silver dollar of the year of Montana's admission into the Union.

This, at least, the New Orleans Picayune thinks, is the fair inference to be drawn from the following incident: A politician of National prominence the other day, wishing to urge the claims of a certain person for a cabinet position, dictated a letter for Mr. Cleveland to his typewriter, signed it and sent it away. Shortly afterward he received a reply, written in a somewhat crabbed, but dis tinct hand, which on examination proved to be an autograph of Mr. Cleveland. The gentleman has put the letter carefully away, and says that he wil never again be guilty of sending Mr. Cleveland a type-written letter. The typewriter is very convenient, all the same, and a good deal more legible than

question just how far a silk hat and a supreme nerve will carry a man, but our people appear to yield readily to such in-fluences. The best installed The best instance of this is Colonel Hale, of nowhere in particular, but who has a habit of blowing in with the spring breezes and promoting things generally, much to his own interest Colonel Hale blew into a rapidly growing Western town recently and quickly grasped the fact that there was no cable With everything gone but a silk hat and \$125, he spent \$100 for admission into a swell local club and proceeded to exist on the remaining \$25. He men and laid bare the scheme of mill ions in a cable road. He agreed to ob tain the franchise and put it all through for \$30,000, part of which was to be paid down as a guarantee of good faith. Do you believe that that fellow dusted up his silk hat and attacked the alder men next. By dint of promising and an ordinance, was voted stock, drew what was coming to him and blev out again, leaving every one to wonder."

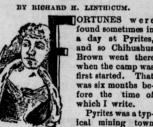
THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed.
Over land and over see.
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger
Who has oddly lost her way,
Where's the road that she must travel

For, you see, she's unfamiliar With To-day, and cannot read And her heart upbraids her sorely,
Though she did not mean to stray
When she fell asleep last evening

For she left a deal neglected
That she really should have done;
And she fears she's lost some favors
That she fairly might have won.
So she'd like to turn her backward
To retrieve them if she may,—
Will not some one kindly tell her
Where's the road to Yesterlay?
—Julie M. Lippmann, in St. Nicholas.

## "CHIHUAHUA" BROWN.



Pyrites was a typical mining town or "camp," far up in the Rocky Mount-

or "camp," far up in the accordance of a sains.

It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a thousand inhabitants. It was a rough, unpretentious town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there have the beauty more public and

almost any other calling in life.

It is a noticeable fact about a new mining camp that the most high-sounding titles are applied to the most common-looking structures; the cheapest place always has the grandest name. For instance, the Delmonico restaurant most instance, the Delmonico restaurant was the worst of all the cating establishments in Pyrites, and the Windsor Hotel of-

in Pyrites, and the Windsor Hotel offered the poorest accomodations of any
hostelery in the place.

The cleanest, most home-like eatinghouse in the place was Mrs. McGuire's
restaurant. Bridget McGuire was a
lively, bustling Irish woman, with a red
face and hair a shade lighter. She was
popular with "the boys," as she called
the miners who patronized her place.
"We can always get plenty on our forks
at Mrs. McGuire's," was the usual sentence of praise bestowed upon her establishment.

blishment.
"Chihuahua" Brown boarded with "Chihuahua" Brown boarded with Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring sort of a man. No one knew much about him, except that he once had some mining property near Chihuahua, Mexico. There was another Brown in Pyrites, so he was given the sobriquet of "Chihuahua," to distinguish him from the other Brown. He paid his board promptly, and was highly esteemed by Mrs. McGuire, who sometimes spoke of him as "the widow woman's friend," on account of his once having loaned Mrs. McGuire \$200 without security, when the goodnatured Irish woman first started in business. Now she was beyond the need of financial assistance, and was doing a flourishing business—such a large business, in fact, that she had been obliged to send to Denver for additional help to wait upon the table. The "help" duly arrived upon the stage and created a sensation in Pyrites. The first general description was given out by the stage driver, "Fairplay Bill," to a deeply interested throng of listeners at the Silver Bear saleon.

"She cum up on the stage along side Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring

"She cum up on the stage along side of me," said Bill." "There was three girls for the dance hall, besides. When we got to the first station, at Turkey Creek Canyon, she asked if she could ride on the seat with me; she did so admire the scenery. I took her up beside me on the box, and you never heard a girl go on so about the color of the sky, and the trees and rocks, and the wild

and the trees and rocks, and the wild flowers bloomin' on the mountain side. She pointed out things to me about the scenery I never see before. I never see a girl so gone on scenery. She really did enjoy it. I got so interested, hearin' her talk, I cum purty near slidin' the whole outfit down the mountain, as I cum 'round Dead Man's Curve. She's different from any biscuit shooter ever I see."

"Purty? She's purtier than that nigh leader o' mine, but she don't put on as much style as Kitty does, 'specially when she's just been hitched up, an' anxious to go. Purty? Ever see 'em pictures 'bout a woman raisin' up out the sea? Ever see that picture of 'Rumyo and Julia?' She's purtier than either one of 'em. I've crrried many a hash slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Julia? She's purtier than either one of 'em. I've criried many a hash slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Most of 'em's got their hair cut short and curly, an' act fresh. She's different; long hair, blacker'n a dark night in the canyon; big eyes, roses in her cheeks; she's a lady, that's what she is. I could tell that first time I see her. This was how Doris Ware came to Pyrites to be the "help" at Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. It was not strange that the business of the restaurant increased. Mrs. McGuire's new waiter girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty

girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty face is an attraction anywhere, but es-pecially so in a new mining camp, where women constitute a very small minority

women constitute a very small minority of the population.

It is not strange either that many of Mrs. McGuire's boarders fell in love with Mrs. McGuire's waitress. There was quite a noticeable sprucing up in the way of general appearance among the boarders. Two or three of "the boys" affected bright colored ties, and when they came to their meals they were particular about washing their faces very clean. They seemed to put more than

the usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGuire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty waiter-girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dare raise his eyes to her, he was so diffident. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in his body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate during the ensuing moment of confusion. This boarder was "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned of the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was a speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity and in a moment of desperation and despondency he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose

peration and despondency he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris role superior to the occasion. She supported ther mother from the rather small wages she carned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper: "Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains; wages \$25 per week." With such large wages she could comfortably support her mother. The amount was more than twice as much as she had been receiving. She had used her meagre savings to come West, only to find that "the light, easy occupation" for which the ten young girls were wanted was to serve beer in a dance hall in Leadville. Being almost without money she took the first place she could get; it was her present one—waitress in Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. "Chihuahua" determined that the girl should not longer work in the restaurant. But what could he do? There was no other occupation in which she

was no other occupation in which she could engage and remain in Pyrites, and he could not bear the thought of send-

he could not bear the thought of send-ing her away

Well, there was one thing which
ought to be done, if it could be done.
One September morning "Chilhuahua"
Brown bade adieu to Pyrites for a short

Brown bade adieu to Pyrites for a short time and went up to his mines on Snowshoe Mouatain. Before going he laid in a large supply of writting paper, some big, thick pointed pens, a bottle of ink and some blank mining deeds. The miners working adjoining claims noticed that "Chihuahua" Brown was paler than usual. His manner was less reserved. He was nervous and excited at times. He sat up late at night writing and always concluded by tearing up what he had written. One night when he was thus engaged, one of the men working on the night shift came to the door and yelled:

"Chihuahua! Chihuahua! come into the mine and look at the stuff we've got in there—we've struck it big,"

"Chihuahua" hurried into the mine.

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Pyrites. The mountains were covered with wild flowers, and here and covered with wild flowers, and here and there the sides of the monster hills had been touched by the frost, transforming verdant hues into purple, crimson and gold. Doris went for a stroll early in the afternoon. She gathered the flowers as she went along, and almost every step revealed some new heauty of the floral as she went along, and almost every sten revealed some new beauty of the floral kingdom. Her mind was not so much upon the flowers as it was upon him—big, bearded, honest, manly "Chihuahua" Brown. She had received a letter from her mother that morning, in which a remittance of \$100 was acknowledged. The letter to her mother had been sent by "Chihuahua" Brown, and he had stated therein that the \$100 was a part of the proceeds from a mine was a part of the proceeds from a mine in which Doris had an interest with him. The money was badly needed by the mother, and her gratitude w

mother, and her gratitude was almost extravagantly expressed.

Doris strolled on, thinking of the generosity of "Chihuahua," and the secret, delicate method he had taken of showing it.

began to gather on the mountains, and darkness would soon be upon her. She started back to the trail; but, alas! She started back to the trail; but, alas! there was no trail where she thought it should be. Again she located in her mind's eye the place where she had left the trail in her search for flowers, but the trail in her search for flowers, but there was no trail when she arrived there. It was almost dark. She real-ized that she was lost. Lost in the mountains; lost in a little basm, with the town of Pyrites just over a small ridge. But this latter fact she did not know.

Higher up in the basin she saw a light. It came from a miner's cabin. She started there. It was very much further than she thought it was. It seemed at least an hour before she arrived at the little cabin from the window of which the light streamed out upon the dark mountain. The door was slightly open. Dorris knocked. No answer. She entered the cabin.

There was a fire in the stove, for the night was chill. A neat looking bunk

night was chill. A neat looking bunk with clean blankets and coverlid stood in with clean blankets and coverlid stood in one corner. There was a mining map upon the wall. A bucket of water and a wash-basin were near the door. Candles and miners' candle-sticks were stuck in the log crevices. In the centre of the room was a table covered with writing paper. On the table was a light that had guided her to the place—a candle stuck in the mouth of an empty bottle.

bottle.

What was this? A mining deed.

Maxwell H. Brown to Doris Ware, a
cne-half interest in the "Goodness
Gracious" lode.

name? Why, what could this mean?
"Dear Miss Doris"—so the letter began. Then she read:

gan. Then she read:

All my life I have been going it alone, and Fm getting tired of it. I want a pard—a pardner, I mean—and that's you. I took you into pardnership on the "Goodness Gracious" iole ast month. Will you be my

Just as Doris finished reading she heard a step, a heavy step, at the door. She grabbel the pen and wrote in large letters at the bottom of the sheet:

My answer is yes. -Doris.

Some one was bending over her. Some one had seen her write. Some one saw that plain, big "Yes," and she was gathered tight in a pair of strong arms, and felt a tervent kiss upon her lips.

Another step at the door. It was

Another step at the door. It was "Galena" Mike, a miner.
"Chilhushua," he said, "there's an eight-foot vein of that stuff, and it will run at least \$1000 to the ton.
"Chilhushua" did not answer Mike, but Doris heard him say:
"I wouldn't give one minute like this for \$,000,000 tons of it."—New York World

Altogether too much time and talk are expended on what we shall eat and what we shall drink. Dainty dishes are all very well in their way, but in many families their preparation seems to be the chief end and aim of existence. No sooner is one meal cleared away, than plans are laid for something new and appetizing for another.

What to eat forms the subject of conversation in little gatherings of all sorts.

What to eat forms the subject of conversation in little gatherings of all sorts. Of course, cooking-schools and the general interest in culinary matters have something to do with this, but the subject, like all others, is in very great danger of being overdone. Especially is this the case where there are young and growing children. They gather from all that is going on about them that eating seems to be the principal interest of the family and friends, and it is not difficult to see to what this will lead. The little appetites are pampered, lead. The little appetites are pampered, and the minds are filled with fastidious notions about dishes and the way to

Too much importance cannot be attached to good, plain cooking and the proper preparation of food, but eating should not at any time form the principle. should not at any time form the principal subject of conversation. It is not considered good form to talk about one's food while at table; there are topics of conversation much more desirable, and some pains should be taken to introduce some agreeable and interesting subject at the outset of the meal. Do something, do anything to avoid the unceasing tirade about what to eat and how to prepare it. That sort of thing is wall regurate about what to eat and how to prepare it. That sort of thing is well enough in its place, but is by no means a proper subject for general discussion.

—The Ledger.

# How Corean Troops Are Drilled.

How Corean Troops Are Drilled.

On the recent arrival at Chemulpi, Corea, of the United States steamer Marion, Commander Gridley, accompanied by three of his officers, paid an official visit to Seoul, where they were the guests of United States Minister Augustine Heard, at whose request His Majesty, King Li Fin, granted a private audience to the officers and assured the commander of his friendship for the United States. The officers were also invited to witness the drill of a battalion of Corean soldiers, whose military bearing was specially noticeable, as were also the precision and excellence of their drill.

Two companies of 130 men each took part in the evolutions, which were performed according to Upton's tactics. The manual of arms, wheelings and marching in quick and in double time were admirably performed. The file closers all earried long handled clubs, or paddles, instead of rifles, like the rest. The officers' curiosity regarding the use of these paddles was soon satisfied. A poor devil in the rear rank, who brought his piece to "shoulder arms" instead of "order arms," was instantly pounced upon by two burly file closers, knocked down and given a beating that must have made his bones ache for a month. He made no more mistakes that day. This interesting diversion was repeated Two companies of 130 men each took This interesting diversion was repeat several times.—New York Herald.

The Australian farmers have many enemies to fight against, besides those which have been imported into the country, like the rabbit. Large fruit eating bats do much damage to the orchards, and it is no pleasant sight for the industrious it is no pleasant sight for the industrious agriculturist to see devouring swarms of these so-called flying foxes advancing on his crops of an evening. Wild dogs were formerly very numerous, but they did so much damage that they were destroyed without mercy. On large plantations a man is kept whose sole work is to lay out poison for them. One of the greatest annoyances in certain parts of Australia is the poisonous nett'. or "stinging tree." It is so poi onous that if its beautiful heart shaped leaves are only put in motion they cause one to sneeze.

As a general rule a child's taste, opinious, character and trend in life, and even its permanent destiny, are practically shaped before the child is seven or eight years of age. The failure of the parents rightly to instruct and train it in these early years, both by teaching and example, by constant watchfulness and loving care, can never be made good by a lifetime of devetedness in later years—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Mexicans have been using a decoction of black spiders as a cure for typhus

fever.

The average weight of the circulating blood in the body is about twenty-eight pounds.

Tanning is done in this country in about one-quarter of the time allowed in Europe.

The leading metallurgists in this country and in Europe have for some time been endeavoring to enlist electricity into their service.

It has been shown by Nathan that the

It has been service.

It has been shown by Nathan that the addition of a small proportion of nitrogenous material to the "must" of fruit results in the formation of more alcohol than user.

results in the formation of more account than usual.

The duration of the electric spark does not exceed the twenty-five thousandth part of a second, and a bullet in flight has been photographed by means of this spark, a marvelous development of the second and a science.

of this spark, a marvelous development of modern science.

A moist, warm atmosphere, where the changes of temperature are slight, is the most favorable for persons suffering from rheumatism. The worst place is one in which the air is the dryest and the climate the most changeable.

The programme of the sanitary exhibit to be held in connection with the Chrcago Exhibition defines its purpose to be to show as adequately as possible the position in which the theory and practice of hygiene stand at the present day.

Copper and brass can be melted in an iron pot because their fusing point is below that of iron, but most metals are melted in earthen pots—crucible is the technical name. These are earthenware jars of various sizes and shapes which stand tremendous degrees of heat.

One of the latest ideas for illuminating towns is to suspend in the air a large balloon shaped like a torpedo and made of thin aluminum, filled with a suitable quantity of gas and having a rotating fan to keep it steady. The light can be derived either from a number of arc lamps attached to the ends or sides, or from incandescent lamps with which the outside of the balloon can be covered. The height of the balloon above the ground would be regulated by the length of cable employed.

Professor Joseph Leidy placed the fact

cable employed.

Professor Joseph Leidy placed the fact beyond doubt several years ago, that algae existed in the tissues of fresh wafer mussels. Professor John A. Ryder noted green about the heart of oysters in the aquara at Sea Isle City, and which colorative, noted also in Europe, has been ascribed by Professor Decaisne and others in France to phycocyanin absorbed from certain diatoms. Professor Ryder inclines to the belief that Dr. Liedy's discovery, as above noted, forms Liedy's discovery, as above noted, forms a more probable explanation.

Wolves in Russia.

Wolves are specially active this winter. Even in France accidents have been reported, and Government has thought it necessary to urge the Louvetiers to exert themselves. Dreadful stories have reached us from the plains of Eastern Europe, where the inhabitants are used to reckon wolves as an abiding peril of the winter season, and take no great account of the victims whose lives are lost in the accustomed manner. But it is many years since a town—even as "towns" go in Russia—was actually besieged by these animals. Such, we are told, is the fate of Tikhvin, in the Province of Novgorod. They quarter its told, is the fate of Tikhvin, in the Province of Novgorod. They quarter its neighborhood in large packs, and make forays into the streets, seizing any living thing they can catch. The women stay indoors, and the men only go out armed to the teeth. This tale is not to be dismissed as a mere fable. It may probably be exaggerated by legendary incidents handed down from the time when there was no safety outside the towns. The Governor is said to have despatched a battalion of infenter. towns. The Governor is said to have despatched a battalion of infantry, a sotnia of Cossacks, and three hundred Chasseurs to make war upon the enemy. Such a force may protect Tikhvin, but it is not be hoped that the wolves will suffer much. They will be driven off to prey upon the country districts. Those who know nothing of the matter are apt to regard it as another evidence of barbarism that these creatures should be allowed to flourish. Why does not the Government or the people exterminate lowed to flourish. Why does not the Government or the people exterminate them? The answer is that it cannot be done, even in France, though they might be reduced to a trifling number there if the Louvetiers were in earnest. But welves are migratory. Many of those which are beleaguering Tikhvin may have traveled from Siberian wastes.—London Standard.

Tallest Structures in the United States The tallest structure now existing in the United States is the Washington the United States is the Washington Monument, the memorial shaft erected at the National capital in honor of the memory of the "Father of His Country." It is 550 feet in height. Next after the Washington monument, the tallest structure is the tower on the Madison Square Garden, near Madison square, New York City. The lookout gallery at the summit of this tower is the highest point of vantage in New York City, and with the exception of the summit of the Washington monument the highest in the country. From the pavement to the electric lights on the forehead of the gilded Diana, which until recently crowned the structure, there was an interval of 341 feet.—New York Press.

A schoolh juse to cost \$200,000, capable of seating 2400 pupils, is being built in New York City. The structure will contain four floors and an attic. The first floor will be used for a playground and will be so arranged that it can be thrown into an auditorium 60x120 feet for lectures and evening classes. The attic is to be devoted to manual training and a gymnasium. The three floors is and a gymnasium. The three floors tween are to be divided into classrooms

## WHITE HOUSE RECEPTIONS

DIVERSIFIED GATHERINGS THE EXECUTIVE MANSION

People One May Meet at a Presiden

T the President's house on a reception night, or at the house of a cabinet officer on a Wednesday afternoon, or of a Senator on a Thursday afternoon, or at any place to which people are asked for their public position, there will be found men and women representing every stage of public position, there will be found men and women representing every stage of prosperity in the Union, and every honest calling that leads to prosperity. And that is precisely what is to be found in the public places of the Republic—in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, in the Cabinet, on the Supreme Bench, and in the White House itself. It is a strange and interesting accumulation of human beings, most of them too timid to be as interesting as they might be. Even when the President issues cards, the people who get together make up a curious conglomerate.

The new Congressman takes his wife

cares, the people wing get to getter make up a curious conglomerate.

The new Congressman takes his wife to the President's, expecting to find the extertainment not very different, although perhaps on a somewhat grander scale, from that to which he is accustomed in the judge's house at the county seat during court week. So he goes, perhaps, in his frock-coat, feeling an American prejudice against evening dress, and a white or illac tie, while his rather fearful helpmate has put on her best black silk, modest or prudish, as you will, with its high neck and its long sleeves. The new Congressman experiences no trepidation in addressing the President. They are both politicians, and the new Congressman may even believe for a moment that some day he may even stand at the head of a line of well dressed women, whose necks and arms now shine in his startled eyes. Ha does not doubt that the President is aware of the unique vicissitudes of the aware of the unique vicissitudes of the recent campaign in his district. There are a hundred subjects that the two have in common, but he is disappointed as he is about to utter his first smart phrase of conversation to feel that the President's hand is gently impelling him forward and that there is a soft pressure of the and that there is a soft pressure of the crowd behind him in the same direction. It is his first introduction to the reticenses and restraints of high life, an introduction which is emphasized and made more impressive by the disinclination of the receiving women to shake hands, or to indicate their recognition of the new member by anything warmer or more emphatic than a courtesy, which, however, is quie enough for the timorous wife at his side, who, much more than her husband shrinks before the grand dames of the White House and Cabinet, some of whom were born to polite society, while some bave ac-

the grand dames of the White House and Cabinet, some of whom were born to polite society, while some have acquired a large amount of social assurance during their husbands' struggles up the ladder of fame.

Other persons besides Congressmen are here, some of them equally uncomfortable, many of them, however, enjoying themselves to the utmost. There is a panorama of all that is prominent in official and political life. There are officers of the army and navy who have been on staff duty at the capital, and are now undergoing, with pleasure or fortitude, as the case may be, the pronounced admiration of young women. There are older officers, who have been more recently on the plains, and who come to the function with their wives and daughters and sisters with a delight or reverence due, to their honest thinking, to the highest and most resplendent social ceremony in this country—the drawing room not only of the head of the Nation, but of the commander-in-chief of the but of the commander-in-chief of the two military services. The army and navy folk of the staff are usually of that inner circle whose peculiar traits and tion; but the army people who have spent years on the plains know nothing better, years on the plains know nothing better, or wiser, or generally more praise-worthy, than their own people. Therefore they will be found together, although the excited women, who have for years endured with a noble patience the monotony of life at army posts, are rejoiced beyond words if they may only grasp the hand and hear the voice of some paragon of Congressional wisdom who has been good to their husmay only grasp the hand and hear the voice of some paragon of Congressional wisdom who has been good to their husbands or to the service.

There will be diplomats in dazzling

the women in the proper costume of Europe and America. Nearly every one of those who make

or comrade who will save him from that terrible isolation of an evening party which most persons have felt, and which is often as depressing as the solitude of a great city. There is little need to be alone, and the object of a wondering gaze that freezes the warm blood, in a crush at a Washington reception.—Har-

# The Vegetable Fly.

The Vegetable Fly.

One of the most curious productions of the West Indies is the famed vegetable fly, an insect about the size of a drone bee, but without wings. In the month of May it buries itself in the earth and begins to vegetate. By the beginning of June a sprout has issued from the creature's back and made its appearance upon the surface of the ground.

By the end of July the tiny tree (known on the island as the fly tree) has attained its full size, being then about three inches high, but a perfect tree in every particular, much resembling a delicate branch. Pods appear on its branches as soon as it arrives at its full

re's lots o' quaint oi' sayin's Pvenoticed in my day— Big truths and solid principles Told in the shortest way. My father ust to have one,
An' this is how it ran:
"Talk's cheap, my boy," he ust to
"But money buys the lan'."

TALK'S CHEAP.

I own the sayin's homely, I own the saying nomely,
Undignified and rough;
But then it tells jest what you me
An' tells it brief enough.
An' when you git to thinkin'
How short is life's thin span,
It's well to min' "that talk is chea
But money buys the lan'."

'Twon't do to boast an' bluste Your own bazoo, my man, There's some one sneerin', "talk is che But money buys the lan'."

-Chicago News Record.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An unostentatious gift-A loan.-

Mistress of the situation—The servant

Consumed with curiosity—Unfamilian viands.—Truth. Gets down to work—The pillow-maker.—Truth.

Marine Painter—"And I but a drawer

She-"Are these flowers all nature!"

He—"Yes, all except the price."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. In a fight between a porcupine and a bull dog recently, the latter was severely outpointed.—Puck.

She — "Diamonds are like women's hearts—the richest jewels in creation. He—"And the hardest."—Fun.

Ethel—"How did George like your swan's-down boa?" Maude—"He was tickled with it."—Newport News. One of the times when a man begins to cry and sigh that all men are not hon-

when he gets the wrong hat .-"Well, I've been making a goose of myself," said the hen, when the eggs on which she had been sitting hatched into

"Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?"
"Yes. Got two suits from him. One
dress suit. One law suit. Very expensive man."—Waif.

It is curious how much faster a streetcar humps along when you are running after it than when you are riding on it.

—Richmond Recorder.

"Goodness me, Johnny! What are you crying about now?" "'Cause Tommy dreamed about eatin' pie last night and I didn't."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why did your hired girl leave you?"
"She didn't like the extra work."
"What extra work did she have to do?"
"Collecting her wages," — Harper's

Merchant—"Now here is a piece of goods that speaks for itself." Uncle Haysced—"Well, that wouldn't suit Mandy. She likes to do her own talk-in"."—Inter-Ocean.

Father—"A hundred dollars for a suit of clothes! I never paid that for a suit in my life." Son—"Well, you'll have to begin now, father; here's the bill."—Brooklyn Life. Mrs. Bingo—"Dear, after this you must wear a dress suit down to dinner."
Bingo — "What for?" Mrs. Bingo—"Our new girl has been used to it.
Clothier and Furnisher.

He-"Do you love me, darling?" She again when you have that hideous, baggy new overcoat or, I doubt the strength of my affection."—Tid-Bits.

Trotter—"I hear that Grace Willoughby is engaged to a real live lord." Barlow..."Well, they claim he's alive, but I've seen him several times and I'm rather sceptical."...Vogue.

"Now we can fix him in this way," said the lawyer. "Oh, talk is cheap," said the client. "Well, wait till, you get through with this and see whether talk is cheap or not."—New York Press.

"Don't you find him just as I represented him?" Lady (indignantly) —
"No, sir. You said he was a bird dog, and he hasn't sung a note yet, and I've had him two weeks."—Chicago Inter-At the Chemistry Exam: "Which is

the best-known insulator?" The Candidate (a young student, pale and thin, with a bilious complexion and a savage look about him)—"Poverty, sir!"—Le Mother (putting the boy out of the

pantry)—"How many more times will I have to tell you to keep out of the preserve jar?" Small Boy (sobbing)—"No more, mamma; they're all gone."—Detroit Free Press.

Sport—"My watch loses something every night and seldom makes it up during the day. What alls it?" Jeweler (reflectively)—"Evidently it is trying to conform to the habits of its owner."—Jewelers' Weekly.

Prisoner — "Yes, your Worship, I committed the theft with which I am charged entirely through the instigation of my medic adviser." Magistrate—"You mean to that in carrying out an experiment hypnotism he suggested the crime to your resoner—don't know about that; but one thing is certain, he told me to take something before going to bed."—Agenda Prin-

Reports from New Orleans show that the Louisiana sugar crop reached last year 189,500 tons, upon which the bounty will be \$7,580,000, as against \$6,882,590 paid in bounties last year.