VOL. XI.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1893.

One-fourth of the land surface of the globe is occupied by English-speaking

The year 1893 began on a Sunday and will finish on a Sunday, so that it will contain fifty-three Sundays.

Indiana has more Germans than any other State. They constitue fifty-five per cent. of the population.

Ex-Secretary of War Elkins inclines the saber, on the ground that they are no longer of the slightest practical use in actual warfare.

One of the most striking features in connection with this age of electricity, remarks the New York Independent, is the wonderfully large and rapid growth of books and pamphlets bearing

An electrical journal recently assured its readers that within a comparatively short time many trolley roads will be constructed in country districts for the express purpose of carrying farm pro-

The New England Farmer is authority for the statement that "the condition of the average farmer in New England, all things considered, is much better than that of the average farmer in most other sections of the country.

Two car-loads of Boston girls have gone to Texas to supply the demand there for wives, which leads the Detroit Free Press to exclaim that "the man who seeks to escape from woman recklessly tackles the impossible."

Fresh Government clerks in Washington are tempted by offers of credit on all sides. This, explains the Atlanta Constitution, is because persons em ployed by the Government must pay the debts contracted while in office or suffer dismissal. When a clerk is tardy in settlement the creditor can have the amounnt of the debt deducted from the debtor's salary.

During the year 1892 England published 4915 new books and 1339 new editions, or a total of 6254. Last year the figures were 5706. The increase has been especially in the department of novels, namely 1147 as compared with 896 in 1891. Theology reports 528, philosophy 579, medicine 127 new publications, while law has only twenty-six, altho poetry has 185, history 293, and geography 250.

Chief Justice Fuller, having gone to his doctor's house in Washington recently in preference to sending for the physician, found that gentleman absent and was invited into the library to await his return. The attendant who ushered the visitor in was ignorant of the latter's station, but recognized him as a man of culture and kind impulses. This was evident from the surprising request that the Chief Justice should improve the time by writing a love letter for the man who let him in. Pens, ink, paper and envelop were proffered, and without hesitation the favor was granted, the missive being completed before the phy-

It is said that when a native of Hawaii wishes to give evidence of his sorrow at the loss of a kinsman he goes to some secluded spot and endeavors to knock out one of his front teeth. In case it is his maiden effort at mourning, relates the Atlanta Constitution, the bereaved not unfrequently bungles the job, and on looking over the debris often finds that he has knocked out a couple or more. If the grief stricken party, however, lacks the nerve or distrusts his prowess to accomplish the tooth's displacement, dear and obliging frient is always at hand to offer his assistance. As a result of this custom a man of middle age is often short so many teeth that gastronom ers are embarrassed in eating their food. American dentists will do a land office business in Hawaii if the United States annexes the islands.

The New York Tribune maintains that there has been no revolution in the pro duction of cotton since Whitney in vented the gin and took the "seeding" of it out of the hands of the old women and children. Now, however, there is machines have been invented in the last twenty years for picking the cotton from the boll, and all have failed to give satisfaction. But still another is to be tested, and cotton men believe it will be successful. It will pick, it is said, 10,000 pounds a day. An ordinary field hand can pick of the short staple about 150 pounds a day, and of the long staple about 350, so that the new machine will do the work of about forty men. Fifty cents a hundred pounds is considered fair wages in the cotton belt. The machine, therefore, will earn

wind-flowers to the kissing wind Po bend their dainty leaves, And gold of cheery celadine Doth mock the August sheaves— Where blue bells, elfin marriage-bells, Ring out their tiny chimes—
There will I baste me in the Spring,

To fashion fragrant rhymes.

There will I haste me in the Spring,
My lovely lady's charm to sing.

Oh! Lady mine, what wind-blown flower Hath half thy wayward grace? What blossomed gold was e'er so bright As that which crowns thy face? What blue bells but thine eyes would she

And make with envy pale? Thou art more fair than grac E'er drest a Winter vale. Then haste thee haste thee prett

Spring,
That I may prove the truth I sing.
Amelie Rives Chanler, in Once A Week,

AT LONE MOUND STATION.



OOD-BYE, Hal!" perch in the turret of the yellow ca-boose of freight boose of fre train No. 43.

"G o o d - b y e,
Abe!" Keanley
answered, as he
trudged along betoward the small depot, beyond the brown water tank.

the tank and got under way again. A moment later the caboose passed Keanley, and, with ever increasing speed, swayed onward toward the curve at the

As Keanley neared the little depot, the strains of a violin floated toward him. Soft and sweet came the tune, like the tinkle of musical glasses, and there was in it a pathetic, wailing undertone, as if the player was striving to tell in music of a heart ache and trials bravely borne.

Keanley could hardly repress an ejaculation of surprise as he entered the little office and beheld the wielder of the magic bow, a pale-faced boy, almost a child. As the lad carefully deposited the violin in the open box at his side, and slowly rose, Keanley saw that the little fellow was a cripple. One leg, distorted and shriveled, swung, a useless member. Resting on his crutches, the boy raised his hat,

'You're the new agent, I s'pose," he

said.

"Yes," Keanley answered, "I am the new agent. And who are you?" he continued, kindly. "The ex-agent?"

"No, only his son," the boy replied.
"And where is your father?"

"And where is your lather?"
"Over there, on the slope."
The boy's chin quivered as he spoke.
Kennley looked from the window. On
the slope of the Lone Mound was a tiny
grave yard. One oblong black blotch in
its midst marked a new made grave.
The scent was there.

The agent was there.

"Pardon me," Keanley said; "I did not know. My instructions simply told me to take charge of the station. I supposed the agent had been promoted or discharged."

"He was promoted," the boy said

gravely. "And what will you do now?" Kean-

"And what will you do now?" Keanley asked, presently.
"I don't know," the boy answered.
"I've been thinking and thinking, but
it's no use. I don't know what to do.
P'raps the superintendent will give me a
place in an office. I can write a fair
hand and wire pretty well, but I ain't
much on heavy work."
This last with a rueful glance at his
erutches.

too. He had no need of an assistant, but a lightning resolve flashed through his brain, and he said to the cripple: "You are just the chap I am for. I need a boy to help me." "What for?" asked the lad.

"To—to—why, to write and look out for things generally," Keanley answered, half desperately. "I'll feel safer to gad about when I have an assistant whom I know I can trust. Then, too, I might

be sick, you know." boy looked doubtfully at him.

The boy looked doubtfully at him.
"If you are in earnest, I'll jump at the chance to stay," he said.
"In earnest?" Keanley cried, in pretended pique at the lad's doubt. "Of course, I am. Do you think I don't know my own mind, young man?"

The boy said nothing. And so it was settled, and crippled Ben became Keanley's assistant, although there was not work enough to occupy half of one person's time.

As the days when the breeze brought from the slope the perfume of the wild verbenas were succeeded by those when the snow came with a rush and hiss against the little depot, Keanley grew more than fond of the little cripple. To be sure, to board and clothe the lad and to pay him an occasional dollar made quite a gap in each month's salary, but Keanley never grudged a penny of it. It was pay enough to witness the boy's gratitude, and to see the lad's great eyes following him with their glances of positive hearitude.

Often and often the violin sang its sweet songs, but now they seldom had the pitiful, wailing undertone. The lad's father had planned to do

The lad's father had planned to do justice to his talent by having him taught by a master of the violin. Now, Keanley and little Ben planned in a happy, visionary way. They were to save what money they could, and thus little Ben was to have the coveted musical instruction. But, at best, the accumulation of funds went on slowly.

The plans of the two went further than this. Keanley had, "once upon a time,"

this. Keanley had, "once upon a time," been foolish crough to fall in love with old Senator Hicks's daughter, and she returned his love. The old senator, when he found how matters stood, pro-

ceeded to squelch the whole affair. He even forgot the time when he had been as much of a pauper as the young fellow he sent packing from his presence.

The girl, with her tear-wet face upturned to his, promised Keanley to wait for him till he succeeded in accumulating the \$10,000 that the old senator named as the amount of wealth Keanley must read on the succeeded in accumulating the \$10,000 that the old senator named as the amount of wealth Keanley must read on the succeeded in accumulating the \$10,000 that the old senator named as the amount of wealth Keanley must read on the succeeded in accumulating the \$10,000 that the old senator named as the amount of wealth Keanley must read on the succeeded in accumulating the \$10,000 that the old senator named are the agent, young man,"

It is Contained in a Massive Mahogany must be said. "Allow me to congratulate you upon your good judgment in selecting so efficient an assistant. Now let me introduce my recently engaged original to the original to the office. The old senator did not appear to recognize Keanley."

It is TRUE HISTORY AS PREPARED BY THE STATE DEFARTMENT.

the \$10,000 that the old senator named as the amount of wealth Keanley must possess before he could aspire to winning her. Then, when orders had sent Keanley to the west, he had gone with the determination strong within him to very soon gain the money and the girl.

But he speedily grew despondent. The fates seemed against him. He struck no bonanza or highway to speedy wealth, and finally half gave up the struggle. The money that would flow to little Ben as the substantial reward of his genius was to be invested by Keanley, who, in this manner, would soon obtain the coveted \$10,000. Then when prosperity smiled upon the senator's newfound son-in-law, little Ben's wealth was to be returned to him. The two plotters placed great faith in this plan, chimerical as it was.

chimerical as it was.

Then, came the great storms, and, with them, one that the "oldest inhabitant," popularly supposed to 1 now everything, declared was the largest and heaviest rainfall since '31. The creeks seemed to have wholly forgotten their boundaries, and, later, the work begun by the rain was completed by the cloud burst, over in the next county, near the head of Hackberry Creek. It was nearly 10 o'clock when a message went clicking head of Hackberry Creek. It was nearly 10 o'clock when a message went clicking op, and Keanley, who had been nursing an aching tooth all day, remarked to Ben, who was playing the violin loudly, to shut out the sound of the rushing rain: "Dispatcher is telling them to look out for an east bound special that leaves Hamilton at 10:40. That means 11:26 when it passes here."

Ben nodded and went on with his tune. Presently the train dispatcher was heard calling "G." That was Giddings, the station just beyond, where the railroad bridge spanned Hackberry Creek. "What is the condition of bridge 3S1?" the message ran.

"What is the condition of bridge 381?" the message ran.

The operator at Giddings presently clicked back the answer:

"Bridge 381 is O. K. Water high but

not dangerous."

The cloud burst had not yet oc-

Meanwhile Keanley's tooth grew me painful, till its victim did little but walk the floor and anathematize the of-

walk the noor and and the feeding molar.

"If it don't ease up soon," he said, presently, "I'll tramp over to the settlement and have it out, storm or no

storm."
Soon, the pain not abating, he donned his rubber coat and boots and started away in the darkness and storm.
With his violin for company little Ben scarcely felt lonely. He wondered presently if it were not time for Keanley's return. Suddenly the sender began to click furiously: "H. H. H."—the Hamilton call.

Hamilton call.
Then came the message:
"Bridge 381 is down. For God's sake, hold the special!"
The cloud burst had done its work.
Ben glanced quickly at the clock. The hands indicated a fraction of a minute learn than 12,26. hands indicated a fraction of a minute less than 12:26. The special was on time, and, even as Ben turned, there came the flash of the headlight through the storm that drowned the noise of the engine's approach. No time even to take the red lantern from the cuddy and

seemed abreast of him as he flung open the door, and, with a mighty spring on his crutches,, threw himself out on the platform of the little depot. the train rush on to wreck. Then, like a flash, the little cripple raised his right crutch, and, with the rapidity almost of lightning, hurled it, lance-fashion, at the window of the engine cab, just as it flashed past him. Then he slipped and fell headlong on the wet platform. Passing just above the back of the fireman, as he bent to open the furnace door, the crutch struck the engineer's shoulder with a force that made him cry out. His quick preeption took in the the train rush on to wreck. Then, like out. His quick perception took in the situation, and he knew that something serious had caused the train to be sigserious had caused the train to be signaled in that manner. Soon the train came to a standstill. Then it backed up to the little depot, and the engineer, cretch in hand, descended hurriedly from the cab. He found the owner of the crutch crawling to his feet with a face much paler than usual. The story was soon told, and then it was retold in the parlor car, where the conductor speedily carried little Ben.

In the cab, the engineer said to the grimy freeman: "Bill, it almost makes

In the cab, the engineer said to the grimy fireman: "Bill, it almost makes me ashamed of myself to have my life me ashamed of myself to have my life saved by such a weak, pale little feller, an' a cripple at that." Though not numerous, the passengers in the parlor car were generous, and the sum of money that they droped into the hat, passed by a white-bearded man whom they called "Senator," was a goodly one. Then, when little Ben had bashfully expressed his gratitude, he asked, timidly, if any one present could tell him where to go to obtain the coveted musical education. The story of his hopes had to be told, and when he was done, the while-bearded man cleared his throat in a manner that sounded suspiciously as if he was choking back a

troduce my recently engaged private secretary, who will accompany me when the special leaves."

The old man laid bis hand caressingly

The old man laid his hand caressingly on Ben's shoulder.

"And," spoke Ben, eagerly, "he says I shall have the best teacher he can find, and all the time I want to study!"

Soon the special left to return to Hamilton, and with it went little Ben.

"Good-bye! Good-bye!" the cripple called from the receding parlor car, and Keanley answered with a mechanical farewell.

Then he set in the little office and

Then he sat in the little office and stared moodily at the fire for a long

"How lonesome it is without him!" he said, "I loved that little cripple, J

Then the sounder began to click from

Then the sounder began to click from Hamilton, and the message came:

"Good-by, old fellow. Little Ben."

Then Keanley sat listening to the falling rain for a long time.

Three months later he was surprised at seeing Senator Hicks and little Ben alight from a train at the faded station.

"Young men." said the Senator

"Young man," said the Senator, abruptly, "how much of that \$10,000 have you accumulated, hey?"
"A trifle over \$100," Keanley an-

"A trifle over \$100, Reality answered, dejectedly.

"Near enough, near enough!" jerked out the old man. "This boy has been continually talking of you, and—and—I sometimes change my mind, and—well, there is a girl at my house who seems value." And so it all turned out happily, just

all stories should as an stories should.

There is a new agent at Lone Mound station now, and Hal Keanley is rising in the lucrative position procured for him by the old senator.

by the old senator.

At the wedding that made Keanley Senator Hicks's son-in-law, a young musical artist, who, though a cripple, is rapidly rising in popular favor, held the guests almost spellbound by the strains of a violin, that seemed singing a song of happiness.—Romance.

In Skane, in the southern part of Sweden, a pair of storks lived for many years on the roof of my father's parsonsweden, a pair of storks lived for many years on the roof of my father's parsonage. One spring, a pair of young storks appeared in the place, who, after surveying the old nest—probably their parental home—set about building their habitation on the opposite side of the roof. When it was finished and the eggs had been laid, the old female stork returned, took a look at the new-comers, but allowed them to remain in their home in peace. Her attention was soon occupied by a number of young suitors, who zealously wooed her, though she rejected all their offers. Some days later, this Peaclope among birds was rewarded by the arrival of her old mate.

But then came an end to the truce with the young birds. That very evening the old stork, followed by his female companion, flew to the nest of the new comers. By violent blows of their beaks they first put the young male stork to

time, and, even as Ben turned, there came the flash of the headlight through the storm that drowned the noise of the engine's approach. No time even to take they first put the young male stork to flight, and then began to attack the sit ting hen. Patiently she suffered all illusage and remained upon her eggs. The assailants then altered their tactics. One continued to attack the young mother-bird, while the other, watching till in her struggles to evade the blows an egg became uncovered, instantly pushed it of the nest. Thus, one by one, the dight, and then began to attack the sit ting hen. Patiently she suffered all illusage and remained upon her eggs. The assailants then altered their tactics. One continued to attack the young mother-bird, while the other, watching till in her struggles to evade the blows an egg became uncovered, instantly pushed it of the nest. Thus, one by one, the four precious eggs were remorsely sacrificed. When all the eggs had been destroyed, the young female stork, after standing for some time in the courtyard, looking up to her ruined home as in despire, sadly flew away. There was never any sign of that pair of storks on our roof again. The old ones had attained roof again. The old ones had attained their end; henceforth they were the only storks in that part of the country, and were left in sole possession of its food supply. To the inhabitants of our par-these symmetries for the old roof again. The old ones had attained supply. To the inhabitants of our par-sonage, whose sympathies for the old storks were thus rudely shaken, it seemed a just retribution that, though the birds had some eggs that summer, none were hatched, and thus the old storks had to return alone to their Southern quarters that winter—a solitary pair.—London

In the mountainous villages of Germany the letter carriers are the hardest worked people in the country. They carry all the mail and are compelled to go at the rate of about five miles an hour. You know that in running even a short distance you quickly get "out of breath," as you say. The German letter breath," as you say. The German letter carriers, to avoid this shortness of breath, carry a quill in the mouth so breath, carry a quill in the mouth so that the air cannot be so rapidly expelled from the lungs. If boys who want to become "sprinters," or very fast runners, will practice carrying something in the mouth when running, they will find that they can soon run a long time without losing breath. They must be very careful, though, not to swallow what they are carrying in the mouth. And they must be such careful runners that they will not fall. Very young sprinters would do well to wait awhile before trying to become champions. before trying to become champions. -New York Ledger.

Mongolian Pheasants. If the Mongolian pheasant at all re-sembles in gamy spirit its European af-finity it is more fitted for a barnyard timidly, if any one present could tell him where to go to obtain the coveted musical education. The story of his hopes had to be told, and when he was done, the while-bearded man cleared his throat in a manner that sounded suspiciously as if he was choking back a sob. Then he took Ben into the little depot, and the two talked earnestly together.

When Keanley returned, muddy and wet but minus the aching tooth, he was astonished to see the special standing in —Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

HE great seal of the United
States, which is contained in a
massive mahogany box in the
State Department and carefully
guarded by the clerks, whose duties are State Department and carefully guarded by the clerks, whose duties are to see that its impress is properly affixed to State papers, is of much interest to visitors to the department, but its true history was never written until a few months ago, when, under orders from the Cabinet, an account of it was prepared by one of the historians of the department and printed at the Government's expense for distribution among State libraries and promunent persons. The pamphlet was prepared with all the care that its importance carried, beund in rich covering, with the stamp of the seal imprinted upon the outside. It tells that the final attempt to perfect a seal was made by order of the Continental Congress, which appointed a committee, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, who were told to go ahead and prepare a device for the National seal and coat of arms. After several months' labor the were told to go anead and prepare a device for the National seal and coat of arms. After several months' labor the committee suggested a design most elaborate in execution, but which did not meet with very general approval. This device represented Pharoah sitting in an open chariot, with a crown on his head and a sword in his hand, passing through the waters of the Red Sea in pursuit of the Israelites. Rays from a pillar of fire in a cloud, expressive of the Divine presence and command, beamed upon Moses, who stood on the shore and extended a hand over the sea, which caused it to overwhelm Pharoah. Underneath was the motto, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

Later on another attempt was made to

Later on another attempt was made to arrange a device by a second committee, which resulted in one not quite so ela-borate and pretentious. This design contained a constellation of thirteen stars, with the same number of alternate stripes. This, too, met with disapproval, and the matter was let alone for some years. Then, after some experiments, a device was submitted that suited, and was adopted on June 20, 1782. The first seal was cut out of brass, and was first read upon the commission greating full. used upon the commission granting full power and authority to Washington to

power and authority to Washington to arrange with the British for an exchange of prisoners. This device was in use for fifty years, and varies little from the present seal except in detail of execution.

The second seal was cut in Philadelphia in 1841, and, by some mistake, seven of the thirteen arrows which it should have had were left out. The present seal was made by Tiffany in 1885 by order of Secretary Freylinghuysen after the design had been passed upon by a committee of historical scholars and authorities on heraldy. It is not true, as generally on heraldry. It is not true, as generally supposed, that the seal is affixed to all appointments made by the President, as its impress is put only upon commissions. of Cabinet officers, ceremonious commu-nications from the President to heads of foreign Governments, conventions, treaties, and formal agreements of the President with foreign powers, pardons, or commutations of sentence, warrants and commutations of sentence, warrants and miscellaneous commissions of civil officers, whose appointments are not now especially directed to be signed under a different seal. All treaties to which the seal is affixed have the impression made also with a wax wafer, with a red, white and blue cord running through it. The treaties are then packed in boxes of highly-polished and expensive woods, to Governments have been sent in boxes of gold and silver, richly ornamented, in some instances, with valuable stones. These boxes are carefully stored in the archieves of the department.—New York

The Courage of Elephants.

They will submit day day after day to They will submit day day atter day to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper, and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril, and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that it is non-existent. them into a belief that it is non-existent. No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding. As an instance take the following incident, which recently occurred in India and was communicated to the writer. A small female elephant was charged by a buffalo in high grass, and her rider, in the hurry of the moment and perhaps owing to the sudden stopping of the elephant, fired an explosive shell from his rifle, not into the buffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. ouffalo, but into the elephant's shoulder. buffalò, but into the elephant's shoulder. The wound was so severe that it had not healed a year later. Yet the elephant stood firm, although it was gored by the buffalo, which was then killed by another gun. What is even more strange is that the elephant was not "gun-shy" afterward.—London Spectator.

Frozen in a Hospital.

It seems to be a tacitly understood principle in England that one who is not robust enough to resist the effects of cold is not fit to survive, and any attempt to keep public places reasonably warm in the winter is seldom made. A public hospital is the last place in the world, one would think, that could do without heat, but it is reported that a child was actually frozen to death the other day in the waiting room of Guy's Hospital, one of the most famous institutions of London. The child was sick with teething, of the most famous institutions of London. The child was sick with teething, and the mother took it to the hospital to see the doctor. She had to wait five hours in the cold till her turn came, and when the doctor finally did see the baby, he found it in the last stages of freezing to death. An inquest was held, and there has been much talk about cold waiting rooms, but so far as heard from no stove has been put up in that one.—New Orleans Picayune. SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Professor Hermann has photographed

Tanning extract is used to treat rail-oad ties to preserve them from decay. Bacteria grow most rapidly in the varm, sultry conditions which usually recede a thunderstorm.

Among some recently observed interesting results of application of cold, M. Raoul Pictet has found that at 150 degrees all chemical reaction is suppressed.

A Brussels dispatch says a new phar-maceutical bottle has recently been in-vented which indicates the hour at which the medicine is to be taken. A Belgian establishment has secured the sole right to manufacture these bottles. A considerable freight busine ing carried on by an electric railroad in Maryland operating eighteen miles of track in a good farming country which is not reached by steam roads. The cars used have a capacity of five tons.

Sugar is nothing but charcoal and water, combined in certain proportions. This is proved by weighing resultants into which sugar resolves. If weight were less, something lost; if more, something gained. But weight of resolved charcoal always equals weight of

The operation of the electric under-ground road to South London has not only demoralized the telephone service of the entire vicinity, but has rendered tutile observations on the earth's poten-tial. At Greenwich Observatory, some miles distant, it has been found sary to abandon the tests.

A Frenchman has recently conducted a series of experiments which will go far towards correcting a popular impression regarding the effects of electricity on vegetable growth. He has demonstrated that currents of electricity passed through the roots of vegetables tends to injure them, but that static electricity might be considered slightly beneficial.

A wide awake New York real estate contractors to reproduce autions office.

A wide awake New York real estate agent proposes to remodel antique office buildings on the electrical plan. He has a large steam plant lying idle in the basement of one of his buildings, and he is utilizing this plant for the generation of electric power to be distributed to manufacturing concerns in the same block with the office building, besides installing in the building itself electric elevators, electric lights, electric fans and electric heaters.

An effective method of warning line.

An effective method of warning line men who may be at various working points of a city, of the approach of the electric current, has been provided in the "screecher" whistle. One of these whistles has been attached to the boiler at the electric-light station in Chatham, and will be blown each day five minutes before starting the dynamos. There can be no mistake as to the fitness of this instrument for the purpose to which it has been applied, as it is guaranteed to be heard at a distance of fifteen miles.

A startling proof of the value of the fire-proof wire was given by its in-ventor, who, taking a number of pieces of various insulated wires and joining them together, had a current of 150 amperes passed through the circuit. The current destroyed the pieces on the outside of either hand, but the section of wire held between the hands remained in such a cool condition that its holder, in spite of the risk he would have run with an ordinary wire, was the calmest and least concerned member of the

Best Way to Get Rid of Rats.

The best way to get rid of rats and mice is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and so induce them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is prepared for their benefit in the most seductive fashion, but they are not so particular about tartar emetic. When so particular about tartar emetic. a little of this is mixed with any laworke food they will eat as greedily as though the physic were not there, but in two or three hours there will be the most dis-couraged lot of rats about the place that anybody ever saw. The tartar will not kill them, it only makes them deathly sick. If you put your ear to their hol you can hear them trying to vomi you can hear them trying to vomit; sometimes they will crawl out and walk about like a seasick man, so ill that they about the a seases man, so it that day do not seem to care what becomes of them. But it disgusts them with the whole vicinity, and as soon as they are able to travel they march off and you see them no more.—New York News.

A Change of Air in a Sick Room.

A Change of Air in a Sick Room.

A clever doctor has just completed a wonderful invention, whereby a change of air desirable for any patient may be brought direct to the sick room. Bottled ozone, condensed Alpine air, or tinned tropical summers; these are the possibilities the discovery appears to open up. The poor ratient whose means do not reach the sum necessary for the physician's prescribed change of air will perhaps, before long, take half an hour's inhalation four times a day before meals, or the overworked business man, unable inhalation four times a day before mean, or the overworked business man, unable to leave town for a holiday, may take his fresh air into the city with him every day. However, the invention does not go so far just at present. What can be fresh air into the city with him every day. However, the invention does not go so far just at present. What can be accomplished is the impregnation of a sick room with the fragrance of pine forests, the health restoring perfume which delicate persons are sent to Switzerland to breath. — New York Times.

A Quaint Epitaph.

A collector of curious epitaphs—and there seem to be as many such as there are collectors of coins and stamps and insects and ferns—claims, according to Harper's Young People, to have found this singular inscription upon a grave-stone in a New Hampshire burying

To all my friends I bid adieu, A more sudden death you never knew— As I was leading the old mare to drink She kicked, and killed me quicker'n wink.

THE WITCHING HOUR

NO. 27.

Snow for hours had blown and drifted
And the rack went scudding by;
Spectrally the branches lifted
Naked arms against the sky.
What cared we though time was fitted
What cared we though winds made
In the witching twilight sitting
All alone?

She with a rocker cosy. She with a rocker cosy,
I upon a hassock low,
Watching o'er her face the rosy
Cupid dimples come and go;
For the lover firelight heightened
Every blush with ardor bold,
And her locks of brown were brighten
Into gold.

Like the fabulous "Jack Horne Of the merry nursery page,
Gleeful from a dusky corner
Grinned an idol gray with age;
And methought his dark lips muttered,
What I longed to there avow:
"Tell her?" were the words he uttered,
"Tell her now?"

Then there fell a silence sweeter Swing with rhythmic sweep along In her eyes a look beguiling

Bade me not to break the spell,
Something told me in her smiling

Slowly grew the firelight dim: Till the angles of the room. Till the angles of the room,
Lighted by no ruddy glimmer,
Melted in the shrouded gloom

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Stand and deliver-Saleswomen, A common report-The sunset gun. A force pump-A reporter's inter

Out of the fashion-A dressmaker's

A checkered career -The chess player's.

Love is merely a very pleasant faith cure.—Galveston News. The auctioneer is a man who likes to have you talk back.—Statesman.

Even when hard at work the cooper has a staving good time. — Boston Courier. "We will let it go at that," said the young boy as he threw an apple at a

When a man says that the world is growing better, it means that the opinion of himself is growing higher.—Ram's Horn.

"I can dispose of a whole boat load

The bee of Northern Greenland has no sting. But there is nothing in Northere Greenland worth stinging. - Nature sel-dom makes a blunder.—Chicago Tri-

that it is utterly impossible for the ap-pointments to make any kind of a nu-merical showing alongside of the disap-

The idea of employing pretty women for bill collectors looks feasible, but it would not work. The delinquent debtors would all want them to call again.— The question of deportment is not an unimportant one. A man always looks better who carries himself well than

when two or more friends are trying to carry him.—Philadelphia Times. He talke i of love in a cottage,

Physician—"Considering the weak you gaze as much as possible into empty space." Patient—"All right, then; I'll reep looking into my purse.

ed at you last evening. What did you say?" Mudge—"Blessed if I know. I only asked her if she didu't dread having to wear hoops again."—Indianapolis "I thought the Miltons were going to give a large party." "They were, but a water pipe broke in the house." "Couldn't it be mended?" "Yes, but the plumber took the house as part pay."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Flora—"Why does Mrs. Minton Worcester invariably wear white this season?" Dora—"Oh, hadn't you heard that her \$3000 vase was broken? And white, you know, is the mourning color—for China."—Vogue:

Wife—"Oh, George, the water pipe is leaking and the water is spailing the new hall carpet. Go and get a plumber, quick!" Husband—"That's all right, my dear; let it go; it's cheaper to get new carpet."—Harvard Lampoon.

Cook (on the day after hor arrival)-"Please, mum, I'm a bit fiery at times, and when I'm fiery I'm apt to be a bit rough spoken; but you needn't let that put you about—with a little present you can allus bring me round again."—Tit

Mistress—"Now, Jane, clear away the breaktast dishes and then look after the children. I'm going around the corner to have a dress fitted." Faithful—"Yes, mum. Will ye take the night key, or shall I set up for ye?"—Texas Sift-

acts as if he owned the place." Agent
—"Tell him I'm out. (Later) What
did he say?" New Boy--"That if you couldn't stay here and attend to bus he would get an agent who would."-New York Sun.