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More than 700 lives of Columbus have been written in various languages.

A daily paper can be sent from any part of the United States to Stanley Falls, in Africa, 1000 miles beyond Stanley Pool, for four cents.

The report by cable that defects in the new Russian made rifles will defer for three years the rearming of the 1nfantry, seems, to the New York Sun, if true, to be out of sight the most significant item of news received from Europe in many months.

Within six years Idaho has come to be a great fruit raising country, and is competing sharply with California in the Eastern markets. Last year the Oregon Short Line handled carload lots of apples, peaches, pears, prunes and grapes for Denver and Omaha.

The American Farmer states that the American wool grower has a home market for every pound of wool he produces. About sixty-nine per cent. of the wool manufactured in the United States is home grown, and the remaining fortyone per cent. is foreign wool.

In some parts of the West Democrats who become Populists are called "Demopops" and "Popocrats," while Republicans who desert to the Populists go by the name of "Poplicans." When they want a new word in the West, observe the Chicago Herald, they don't hesitate at anything.

After an existence of twenty-four years "Lorna Doone" has been republished in London in the original threevolume form. This event is said to be entirely unprecedented in the history of novels in England, and illustrates the great popularity of the book, the success of which, to quote Mr. Blackmore's own words, "is a paradox."

New York is the only State that allows an uncle to marry his neice, declares the Chicago Herald. In Florida and Georgia marriage is prohibited within the "Levitical degree;" these are set forth in Leviticus xviii., and forbid marriages of nephews and aunts, but scemingly not of use es and nieces. No European country considers such a marriage lawful.

The Canadian Architect sensibly suggests that in building brick houses in positions where they are not protected by surrounding property, not to forget that hollow walls will add greatly to the convenience of the occupiers. They will render the house cooler in summer and warmer in the winter, and will assist in materially keeping the house dry. The cost of hollow walls is only very little higher than that of walls built solid.

The Eastern Shore of Maryland has been besought to give India the sweet potato for a food for the often famine stricken millions of many East India Provinces. E. B. Francis, Director of Lands in the Punjaub, has written to a Mr. Bennett, of Accomac County, asking for "roots well packed," as it is desired to introduce that vegetable into India, in the hope that soil and climate

	OUR ANGLIS.
Th They	ove to think they linger with us still, at when our souls are full of longings deep. come about us at their own sweet will d steal into our being, soft as sleep.
	they not come whose sympathies were ours, e friends we loved most tenderly and true-
	se graves are fresh with spring's first offered flowers d benedictions of the summer dew?
Ga	long have kept the chambers of our hearts rnished and swept with sacred care for them, memory hoards, as year by year

Their love and friendship as a preciou

We may not see them with our morts

Nor hear the music they have just begun Still they may come to speak of

Elysian, Or guide us to them when our work i

Spirits intangible-we know they come When our life tumults for a mon

cease; They speak to us, although their lips are

dumb, And the great silence has a cry of pe

O tender are the words of Christ, that float Full argosies of love on time's wide sea-More musical than Israfil's note, More loving than a mother's lullaby-

More beautiful than any face or form, Dearer than fame or love's divine Sweeter than sunshine after days of storm Are their still voices from a land of rest. These are our angels-flesh and blood no

more, As ere we laid them in our kindred earth; And yet our souls may reach them gone

before, And gather strength from beings of new

These are our angels, for love cannot die, Nor yet in heaven its tender lips b.

Our heralds; who will watch, and fondly cry In the great presence, "Lo, our friends, they come! -Boston Journal.

TWO HIGHWAYMEN.

BY. GEORGE E. WALSH.

3 side to side un-til the springs creaked and

groaned. Tall, gaunt Ben Til-lotson, the driver, kept his insccure seat as if he was a part of the vehicle itself, and with many methods.

ye so.

Yes, sir, it would.

as if he was a part of the vehicle itself, and with every motion of the coach his body moved with sinuous gracefulness. "Steady now, boys, steady," he shouted to the double team of plunging borses. "We want to make good time, but 'twont do to smash the company's coach to pieces. Whoa, now! We ain't got no load this time, but that ain't no reason for bein' reckless. Look out for the Devil's Cut, it's rough there. Ye'll stumble yerself. Git up there. I told ye so." Was he dreaming, or was his brain turning? Was his mind still dwelling upon the old idea, or was he held up in earnest? Mechanically, however, he raised his hands, and when his beforged brain was clear enough to understand his position he realize 1 that a heavy Winchester was staring him in the face. "Don't move, old man, or ye'll die," the masked highwayman said, calmly.

He jerked one of the stumbling horses "Ye'se caught this time. Hand over the box quick. Hands up!" The rife moved threateningly nearer, to his feet so suddenly that the animal was scarcely aware of his fall; but the speed of the wild, galloping team was checked by the slight mishap.

"That'll bring ye to your senses if anyit easier. Don't be smashin' things to pieces so. Ye'll get enough of it when ye reach the level. Ye're the most determined critters that I ever drew line behind, an' ef ye don't break your necks some day on these slopes I'm missin' my guess. Ef we had some passengers inside they'd be scared half out of their wits. But we ain't. No, nothin' but gold, and lots of it." box toward me.' Ben obeyed. He pushed the bex slowly along with his feet. He could see that the man was green at the busi-ness, and he waited for his opportunity. The driver jerked his head around and When the box was close to the highway. looked at the big, square box, which man the rifle was lowered for an instant. Ben was within three feet of it, and with contained the precious treasure of the company. It was a common locking box, but strongly riveted and bound. a sudden spring he caught the barrel of at in his left hand. "Hold up, stranger; I have the drop this time," he calmly said, producing a revolver and holding it within a foot of It was close up to the driver so that he could touch it with his feet. "A mighty big sum," he muttered "A mighty big sum," he muttered aloud, "an' a putty responsible load for one man to guard. Thousands of dol-hars, I s'pose. If some fellers only knew it they'd be holdin' me up 'round here. It would be worth the risk. But then Ben Tillotson has never yet been caught new the pair't may who would the man's head. "Curses on ye," came from behind the

high seat and walked up to the heads of the animals. "A mighty lonely place. Nobody in twenty miles of me—and five, six or seven thousand dollars in gold. Maybe there's more. Let me see how heavy the box is. Ay, but that is heavy! Shouldn't wonder ef there was more— probably ten thousand dollars—all gold. I wonder ef I could hift it. Yes, an throw it in the bushes. Easy as can be. was uncovered and at herety to do as he pleased. "Pick up your rifle," Ben continued. "I kin trust you. You don't want to hold me up any more, an' I don't want to hold up myself ag'in. We're not fit for highwaymen—got too much con-science—eh, Harry?" He laughed so strangely that Harry Somers began to doubt his sanity. Me-chanically the highwayman picked up his rifle and took a seat alongside of the driver.

throw it in the bushes. Easy as can be. Held up by highwaymen, nice story, two bullets in the clothes, and one through the hat. Hai ha! ha! I'll try it, yes -no. Hey-what!" A stone rolled down the side of the

driver. "No. it's no trap that I'm leadin' you "No, it's no trap that I'm leadin you into. I'm honest with you. No, I ain't mad, nor insane either. I'm just fair an' square. You needn't be afeard. 'Tain't Ben Tillottson that goes back on his word, nor justice either. You tried canyon wall, and the man looked up ner-vously. It was only a grey squirrel, but the bead like eyes were watching him "What am I doin'," the man mutintently.
WAYMEN,
... WAISH.
... WAISH.
... WAISH.
IELD hard down
the rough mountain trail the stage coach reads.
IBLD hard down
the rough mountain trail the stage coach reads.
... WAISH.
IBLD hard down
the rough mountain trail the stage coach stage coach reads.
... Waish and it was the stage coach stage coa horses followed the road by instinct, and that alone saved the coach from entire destruction. Faster and faster he urged the plunging animals forward until the limit of their speed was reached. They rushed a sudden curve with their flunks reeking with white foam, and then they came to a standstill so suddenly that Ben Tillotson barely retained his seat. "Hands up! Hands up, quick!" Was he dreaming, or was his brain sure enough I was held up by you. I b'lieve the Lord jes' sent ye to try me. He wanted to see if I'd be as merciful as He was. That's the whole of the story. 'Fain't much, Harry Somers, but it means that we're both highwaymen. It's our

örst, an' it will never happen agin'." Ben was still dilating upon his fears in the canyon when the stage coach rolled into the town; but the two highwaymen kept their story to themselves, and di-vulged it to no one. —Yankee Blade.

Utilizing Old Barrels.

The Standard Oil Company has over 500,000 second-hand barrels at its Point View Oil Works, in Philadelphia, where they are refitted by a large num-

ber of coopers. The barrels are gathered up in all parts of the Old World and brought across the Atlantic to be used for furand Ben had nothing to do but obey. He had never been caught before, and the thought of delivering his treasure to buckser and be across the Atlantic to be used for fur-the shipment. At the shops in this

<text>

hat been report blowing. "A waterspout!" I exclaimed, as my eye took in the scene; "there's no mis-taking that." "No," answered the Captain, "and "No," answered the more of them to keep that big

there's more of them to keep that big fellow company. We want to steer clear of 'em, and that's why I've changed our course." Then I asked the Captain as to his

theory of waterspouts and their origin. "I've had a good many theories," he replied, "but some of 'em have been knocked in the head and I'm not altogether sure about the rest. One thing I'm pretty certain of, though, and that In piece chain of, though, and that is that the waterspout at sea is just the same as the whirlwind on land; there is a whirling wind or perhaps there are two winds blowing in opposite or nearly opposite directions coming together, and these make up the whirls and eddies that raise clouds of dust on lead and these make up the whirls and eddies that raise clouds of dust on land and sometimes do a vast deal of damage. A waterspout is caused oy a whirlwind and that's why the sea at the base of that pillar of cloud is agitated, as you see it. "There is a popular belief," he con-tinued, "that the sea is sucked up by the cloud and great masses of it go hun-dreds of feet into the air. I usel to be-lieve so and my belief was confirmed by lieve so and my belief was confirmed by the stories of sailors who declared that large fishes had dropped from the clouds where they had been carried by the waterspouts. They had seen them with

their own eyes, and one sailor that it knew told me of being on a whale ship which was close to a waterspott when a whale dropped from the clouds into the ocean. The creature was so stunned and astonished that he lay motionless on the water after he struck i the get out on the water after he struck ; they got out the boats and secured him, and yielded eighty-nine barrels of oil."

"What led you to doubt the truth of the story that the sea is sucked up by the waterspout?" I asked. "My own observations," he answered, "added to what I learned from scientific markers the schieft."

works on the subject. The water that falls from the sky, or from the cloud at the top of the waterspont, is always fresh, which would not be the case if

The sea was drawn upon in the way the sailors describe. "The whale that was taken up, accord-ing to the story of my old friend, could not live in fresh water; neither could the other fishes that they tell about. A lit-tle of the spray from the broken waves may be taken up, and that is all. I haven't much fear of a waterspout as long as I'm in a steamer, but in a sailing ship the case is different. I've been becalmed with waterspouts all around us, and sometimes you'll see them coming directly towards you, and there's no chance of getting out of the way such as you have in a steamer. The old idea of getting rid of a dangerous waterspout was to fire a cannon at it and break it, but this isn't much thought of at pre-ent though I supness that it is done now ent, though I suppose that it is done now and then. It takes a skillful gunner to ent, though I suppose that it is done now and then. It takes a skillful gunner to send a shot through the centre of a watersport, and it's just possible that the thing breaks up of its own notion without any regard to the shooting at it. The idea is that if anything touches the spout it breaks up and a deluge of water comes down; for that reason a ship that is touched by one is in danger of being Age. is touched by one is in danger of being swamped by the downpour of water, which is the same as a cloudburst on land. land. "Several times in my life I have been dangerously near to fellows like those we're looking at, and once I was swamped by one of them. Perhaps you don't know," he added, "that cyclones, typhoons and hurricanes are practically the same sort of thing and that they blow in circles. When a Cantain finds blow in circles. When a Captain finds himself in one of them and has plenty of sea room he tries to get as far as possible from the centre, where the wind is great-est, and to do this he turns and runs at right angles to the wind. In the south-ern hemischere the course of rotation is ern hemisphere the course of rotation is like that of the hands of a watch, from left to right, but in the northern hemi-sphere it is in the other direction."—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Southern factories are making paper

Liebig, the chemist, says the human body is composed of air condensed and uncondensed. It is said that men faint less frequently

than women because their imagination is slower of action than it is with the fair

The extent of the oscillation of tall chimneys may be exactly taken by a close observation of the shadows they cast on the ground.

the ground. The incandescent light is a yellow light just as gas is, and colors cannot be de-tected by it any better than they can by ordinary gas or lamp light. A slit in a piece of paper, even though it be not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch in width, is sufficient to transmit light to the human eye.

On many of the railways in Germany

the practice of starting locomotive fires with gas instead of wood has been adopted and proves economical.

White or "Irish" potatoes are now used extensively in the manufacture of buttons. By means of certain acids po-tatoes can be hardened to almost the resistance of stone.

It is asserted that waterproof sheets of paper, gummed and hydraulically com-pressed, make a material as durable as leather for the soles of shoes. It also makes serviceable horseshoes.

A special commission at Toulon, France, has decided against the use of petroleum as fuel on torpedo boats. Out of ten cans of petroleum experimented upon eight. became ignited, from per-cussion after twelve shot had been fired upon eight to be the second in the second secon

cussion after twelve shot had been fired upon armor plate protecting them. The lungs will contain about one gal-lon of air at their usual degree of infla-tion. We breathe on an average 1200 times per hour, inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 per day. The aggregate sur-face of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20 000 sense unches an area very marky 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal the floor of a room twelve feet

square. A law has been enacted in Ontario, Canada, forbidding the spraying or sprinkling of fruit trees while they are in bloom with any mixture containing Paris green or other substances poisonous or injurious to bees. The object of the legislation is to protect the bees from harm, the honey from possible taint of poisoning, and to avoid possible obstacles to complete fertilization of the fruit.

A remarkable discovery in the domain of medical science is reported from Vienna. Doctor K. L. Scleich claims that the results obtained by the use of bloroform and cocahe may be secured by subcutaneous injections of a solution of sugar or sail, or even of simple cold distilled water, while the ill effects that sometimes follow applications of the former are avoided. This claim, it is as-cated is based worn a series of experiserted, is based upon a series of experi-ments, and some medical authorities are said to be satisfied of the genuineness of

the claim. The assertion that the femperature of the earth increases about one degree for every sixty feet as we descend into it is not true for all localities. In some shafts sunk in mines the increase is one degree for every twenty feet, while in others it ore than one in a hundred, show ing that there is no uniformity in the temperature of the earth's crust.

The Making of Scissors.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, or much skill in the making of scissors, or much skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that des tined to become the cutting part and bow, or that which later on is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and this is afterward expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shaak and bow are filed into a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground and the handles made smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy to their easy er and tested working. They are not yet finished, however. They have to undergo hard-ening and tempering and be again ad-justed, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that, in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives. — Inventive WHERE ARE THE SPRINGS OF LONC AGO?

Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow, And be the winter's captives freed; Where are the springs of long ago? 1 Drive under ground the lingering snow, And up the greensward legions lead; Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow!

Are these the skies we used to know? The budding wood, the fresh-blown mea Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow!

The breathing furrow will we sow, And patient wait the patient seed; Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow!

The grain of vanished years will grow; it not the vanished years, ind Where are the springs of long ago?

With sodden leafage, lying low Tacy for remembrance faintly plead! Come near, O sun-O south wind, blow! Where are the springs of long ago? —Edith M. Thomas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Humbug--Bumble bees.

Buy words-How much?

A shining light-Jupiter.

A spokesman—The wheelwright. A pronounced failure—Stuttering. Room for improvement—The gym-nasium.—Truth.

"I am willing enough to work," said young Steer, "but I can't find anybody to work."—Elmira Gazette.

George-"I thought you were study-ing oil wells in the West." Fred-"Oh, I gave it up; it was such a bore, you know."-Exchange.

Extreme loquaciousness seldom goes

with an air of prosperity. The more a man talks through his hat the shabbier it gets.—Washington Star.

ts. — Washington Full, Crinoline or cholera, Which one will it be To sweep the western continent In eighteen ninety-three? --Detroit Free Press.

Doctor-"I really believe you have

some kind of poison in your system." Patient (Gloomily)--"I shouldn't won-der. What was that last stuff you gave me?"-Judy.

A-"Hello, old chap: Congratula-tions! I hear you have married a tady with an independent fortune!" B-"No; I married a fortune with an independent

I married a fortune with an independent lady."--Vogue. Daggs -- "What are you reading there?" Scaggs--"The story of 'She Who Must Be Obeyed." Daggs-"Oh, yes; the romance of a hired girl."--Somerville Journal.

Borker--"Spoodle has married a girl who knows half a dozen languages." Nagger--"Poor fellow, I pity him! My wife only knows one language, and I find

wife only knows one ranging, " that one too many." Love peeped into the cottage, And the building seemed all right; But a scanty supply of pottage Made him quickly take his flight. —Truth.

Parisian (to intimate friend)-"I have brought the novel you asked me to lend you, but, as you are not fond of re-turning books, I will take back a couple of yours as hostages."—L'Echo Francais.

Family Physician—"Well, Mr. Ay-ling, what is it now? Auy fresh trouble on hand?" Caller—"No, I don't think

you could call it exactly a fresh trouble, Doctor. It's salt rheum."-Chicago

A stump orator wanted the wings of a

Tribune.

there will be found peculiarly favorably to it.

W. R. Burt, of Saginaw, Mich., has suddenly become wealthy on an unearned increment. Some years ago he bought a tract of timber land in St. Louis County, Minnesota, and recently discovered that forty acres of the tract is covered with an immense and very rich deposit of iron ore. There are said to be 10,000,000 tons in sight, and it is so accessible that it can be taken out with a steam shovel. He has leased the mining rights at rates that will fetch him \$300. 000 year.

The Chicogo Tribune says that there were recorded in this country in 1892 no less than 3800 suicides in the United States as compared with 3331 in 1891, 2640 in 189) and 2224 in 1889. "To suggest haphazard a reason for so serious an increase would be folly," comment the New York Observer. "The figures are al rming and call for an investiga. tion. A fifty per cent. increase in the number of suicides within three years seems incredible. If the figures are supported by facts, we cannot too soon seek for the cause.

Science is pressing relentlessly on the heels of the microbe, notes the Chicago News Record: "The latest method of coping with this minute but potent source of disease is to literally cast it out of the abiding place in which it has installed itself. Micro-organisms contain substances for the most part heavier than water, and this fact has led to the introduction of a method of separating them from water, milk and other liquids by centrifugal force. A speed of abou 4000 revolutions a minute serves to clear a large number of microbes from the liquid and reader it limpid."

"Drop that rifle, and hold up your hands. Drop it, I say, or you'll go into eternity without warnin'." The man reluctantly obeyed. He nappin', an' there ain't many who would care to try him. It would be dangerous. could do nothing else under the circu n-

He tapped his heavy revolvers as he poke and glanced defaulty around him. The coach had nearly reached the valley, "Now off with that mask. No; I'll take it off myself." The highwayman sought to catch the mask, but Ben tore it off with one sweep of his hand, holding the revolver tight in his right.

The coach had nearly reached the valley, and was rolling along at an easier gait. "Ha! ha! what an idee," suddenly laughed Ben toudly. "Hold up myself. That would be great, right here in this dark canyon, an' then tell 'em a man robbed the coach. No lie 'bout that. They'd believe it, for I've always been so trustworthy. Well, well, I could chuck the box into the bushes an' come back for it later." in his right. "Harry Somers!" he gasped. The two men gaze1 at each other for several moments. The uncovered high-wayman was pale, and Ben Tillotson trembled at the sudden revelation. The penalty of such a crime was death, and the driver would be justified in shooting

back for it later." The idea seemed to please the driver, and he smiled broadly as he continued to think of it. "There would be plenty of ways out

Ine driver would be justified in shooting his rival without a word of warning. On the other hand, if he showed a mag-nanimous spirit, and forced him, at the point of his revolver, to accompany him to the nearest point of civilization, he would be strung up at the first tree. The choice of deaths was not encourag-ing.

cunning and courage. "Here ye are. Get hold of it. I must hold the horses." Country they are renewed with hoops and broken staves, and then glued and filled with refined oil for the home mur-ket. Formerly second-hand barrels were used the second time for export country they are renewed with hoops

shipments, but in the last few years a

those that are brought back empty are afterward used in the domestic trade. There are now several large vesse on the way across, loaded with empty oil barrels. Besides these there are thousands of second-hand barrels gathered up in all parts of this country. Some are brought here and others are sent to the refinery in Cleveland, but the bulk is taken to the Eastern oil works.

The export as well as the impor transportation of refined oil is mostly all in tank cars and in tank vessels over the ocean. The transportation os the refined oil from here is getting less every day. The average is not more than 200 barrels a day, and this is nearly all taken away in bulk. All the new oil barrels that are made around here are turned out at the Workhouse and they are all taken to the Beaver Creek Reinery .- New York

Telegram.

He could

Came Back and Paid Un

Came Back and Paid Up. Sixteen years ago T. R. Schock disap-peared from Mexico, Mo., between two days. It soon transpired that he was overwhelmingly in debt. The Schock family was and still is a prominent one in the country, and his brothers indig-nant at his absconding determined to bring him back, but no trace of him could be found. Recently a travel-stained stranger, bronzed by a southern sun, came to Mexico. It was Theodore R. Schock. He employed a lawyer, called on Circuit Clerk Ben C. Johnson and pro-posed to pay off the judgments, aggre-

think of it. "There would be plenty of ways out of it. The box would never be found here, an' Ben Tillotson would be rich. I guess then Mandy Duyval wouldn't look at that Harry Someis no longer. She'd take me quicker'n a wink. He's not good enough for her, but she thinks everything of him. I never did like his looks. He comes from some place that nobody knows anything 'bout. He's got a better position than I have, an' Mandy thinks more of him for that. How this money wculd set me up1 I could make a

A Sea Cantain's Recipe For Plum Duff.

A sea captain's needed for Frim bill. Put your flour in the pan. You want some sour dough. Lut it rive. Stir in some baking powder, according to how much you make, so much for a quart, and so much for a pint. You want a bag to put it in; an old stocking is better. Put the plums on the bottom of the bag. Cook it till done. Have the steward put the end with plums next the captain, and the end without plums captain, and the end without plums next the mate.—Boston Transcript.

The Bergamot Tree.

There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be culti-vated with profit—a fact of some import-ance, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes perfumes The spot the manufacture of numerous pertunes and medical preparations. The spot referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as the "toe of the boot." Mr. Kerrich suggests that there is a good chance here for enterprising is a good chance here for enterprising capitalists of getting a highly profitable monopoly of the bergamot tree by buying up from the producers all that they ex-tract. At present the Reggio bergamot suffers both in quality and reputation through the frauds of small traders, who, it is said, mix it with ten parts of adulterating matter.—Chicago Tribune.

Styles in Canine Mourning.

Styles in Canine Mourning. Traveling up Fifth avenue a few days ago was a woman dressed in deep mourn-ing. With her was a beautiful greyhound with long streamers of black ribbon at-tached to his collar. If the woman was in mourning for her husband he must have had hard work to conceal a smile as he gazed down on a ludicrous picture of thus canine, decked out in yards of black ribbon. I suppose when the stage of ribbon. I suppose when the stage of semi-mourning comes the dog will be arrayed in purple.—New York Herald.

bird, to fly to even village and hamlet in the broad land; but he collapsed when a man in the crowd sang out; "You'd get shot for a goose before you flew a mile."—Tit-Bits.

Miss Poetique-"How dreamily

Biggs-"You say your wife always

A man can grow sad, melancholy, dyspeptic, billous, hollow eyed, pale, de-jected, tired of life, cynical, cold blooded, repellant and too dangerous to be at large, and still be will laugh to see a fat man chasing a street car that is going three feet to his one.—Detroit Free Press.

"Want to buy some of those apples?" want to buy some of those applest inquired the grocer's clerk. "To buy some?" said the hopeless looking man near the barrel, with a dry sob. "No, I don't want to buy any; but if it doesn't cost too much I'd like to stand here a few minutes and indulge sparingly in smelling them."-Chicago Tribune.

smelling them."—Chicago Tribune. "Halloa, Major," said the Judge one morning; "I haven't seen you for a week; where have you been?" "Been home ill as anything," replied the Major. "Yol! Why you were always as healthy as could be. What in the world made you ill?" "Well, I tried to follow some rules on health I saw in the paper."—Drake's Magazine.

Emperor William of Germany has, Simperor William of Germany has, much to the disgust of his subjects, in-augurated the practics of having all the game killed at the imperial shooting parties sold for the highest possible price. Heretofore it has been customary for such of the game as was not required for the royal household, or for presents, to be given to charitable institutions.