



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms---\$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

VOL. XI.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1893.

NO. 36.

A Boston paper says: "The rattle has no place in the equipment of a competent teacher."

One of the rules in force at the new University of Chicago is that every student must take at least one hour's physical exercise every day.

Two-thirds of the total number of children under ten years of age in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland are insured in one form or another.

A new diplomatic departure has been initiated by France in the sending of M. Pierre de Maillard, an agricultural engineer, to Berlin as a technical agricultural attaché to the French Embassy. The stationing of similar attaches in all countries is under consideration.

A distinguished French scientist has declared that the electric shock as administered to criminals by the New York law does not kill, but only induces unconsciousness, and that the victim is afterward finished off by the dissecting knife. The statement, if true, is chiefly of interest for scientific purposes, thinks the Chicago Herald, as it has no particular bearing on the murderer's ultimate fate. Perhaps we have in electricity the coming anesthetic. Certainly the unconsciousness which it induces as applied in New York is very profound and permanent.

Old United States army regulations say that the soldier's cap should be worn jauntily, with a little slant over the right eye. The origin of that custom may have been in the attempt to shade the eye while aiming, but it is no longer observed, and, indeed, most officers would reprove a soldier who tipped his cap or helmet conspicuously on one side. The American soldier offers a marked contrast in that respect to the English soldier or the Canadian militiamen, for they wear little "pork pie" hats that are tipped so far on one side that they would fall off at the slightest motion were it not for a strap beneath the chin.

Bible scholars the world over are very much interested in the reported discovery by Professor Harris, of a complete Syrian text of the four Gospels in the Convent of Mount Sinai. It was from the ignorant and secretive monks of this convent, recalls the New Orleans Picayune, that Tischendorf with great difficulty obtained his famous "Codex Sinaiticus" some forty years ago, and Professor Harris's find is even more valuable, if all reports be true, as the Syrian version undoubtedly antedates any extant text of the Greek. It promises to be of the greatest importance to Biblical scholars by the light that it will throw on the critical questions that are now in dispute.

The Atlanta Constitution believes that every man who respects his stomach will applaud the words of Doctor J. H. Salisbury on the subject of vegetarianism. "People who eat no meat," he says, "have, as a rule, less nervous and muscular endurance than meat-eaters. Officers of the English army in India, for example, assure me that it is always necessary to start the native troops off on a march one day in advance of the British soldiers, that all may arrive at a given point at the same time. It is useless to deny that the ruling peoples are meat-eating."

Mountains and mountain ranges in the United States, and, indeed, the world over, have usually been named not by the mountaineers themselves, but by the dwellers in the plains, who saw the mountains as a more or less distant prospect. It sometimes happens that a mountain or a mountain range bears two names because of different aspects present to dwellers upon each side. The several Blue and Blue Ridge Mountains were named manifestly by those to whom the ranges presented themselves against a more or less distant horizon. One of the Green Mountains in Vermont is called Bald Face by dwellers in the Adirondack region about Paul Smith's, a name justified by the aspect of the mountain from that part of the wilderness. The Adirondack Sugar Loaf could never have been named by a dweller upon its own top. The Orange Mountains took their name, however, not from their sunset aspect as seen from the lowlands, but are only another evidence of the affection with which Dutchmen cling to the name orange, an affection that has led them to fix that name on the map in whatever part of the world they may have tarried.

SHE AND I. Why do I love my love so well? Why is she all in all to me? I try to tell, I cannot tell, It still remains a mystery; And why to her I am so dear I cannot tell, although I try. Unless I find both answers here; She is herself, and I am I. Her face is very dear to me, Her eyes beam tenderly on mine, But can I say I never see Face fairer, eyes that brighter shine? This thing I cannot surely say, If I speak truth and do not lie; Yet here I am in love to-day, For she's herself, and I am I. It cannot be that I fulfill Completely all her girlish dreams, For far beyond me still Her old ideal surely gleams! And yet I know her love is mine, A flowing spring that cannot dry. What explanation? This, in fine, She is herself, and I am I. 'Mid all the cords by which fond hearts Are drawn together into one, This is a cord which never parts, But strengthens as the years roll on; And though, as seasons hurry past, Grace, beauty, wit and genius die, Till the last hour this charm will last, She is herself, and I am I. She is herself, and I am I. Now, henceforth, evermore the same, Till the dark angel draweth nigh And calleth her and me by name. Yea, after death has done its worst, Each risen soul will straightway fly To meet the other. As at first, She'll be herself, I shall be I. —Roboboth Sunday Herald.

A WOMAN'S TRIAL.

BY RUFUS HALE.



APTAIN BERTRAM'S wife, Lily, was a frail, delicate young woman, with blue eyes, brown hair and a soft, low voice.

"In fact, she looks as if a breath of wind would blow her overboard," said the captain, one morning to his mate, as they stood on the quarter-deck of his ship, the Flying Arrow, which was standing along past the coast of lower Guinea, Africa, on her way to the Cape of Good Hope.

"Aye," said the mate, glancing toward the pretty wife, who sat not far off, talking to her son, a little boy of six years. "But in spite of what you say, I have no doubt she has courage. Her accompanying you on a sea voyage proves that."

"Courage! She has none at all. I have known her to be frightened by a mouse! You yourself witnessed her terror in the storm we had a few days ago."

"I think I have heard you say she is a good shot with the rifle."

"Yes; all habit. Her father was a great sportsman, and he taught her not to be afraid of a gun. But she would tremble at the thought of shooting a bird—that I know. She could never be persuaded to fire at anything but a wooden target."

"In case of an emergency, however—"

"Nonsense, man!" laughed the captain. "She would be as women always are in time of peril—too flurried—too excited to do anything, how much soever she might have the wish to be otherwise. But I like her none the less for this feminine failing," added Bertram, who, being a strong, powerful, decided man, seemed an excellent match for his frail-looking, gentle partner.

"But persons like her sometimes show more real courage than larger and more masculine women."

"All bosh! People say that, but they seldom really think so."

"On the day after this conversation, a gale from the west drove the ship toward the coast, compelling the captain to anchor within a hundred yards of the land, in a small sheltered bay, to save his craft from going ashore."

"By the next morning the gale had subsided, but the breeze soon fell away to a dead calm, preventing the skipper from sailing."

"He had lowered his gig to enable some of his men to repair certain damage which the cabin window had sustained during the tempest."

"At night, the men not having yet finished their work, the boat was left astern, with the warp attached to a pin aboard. Little Thomas, the captain's six-year-old son, was in the cabin just after the men left the boat."

"The night was very dark, and none of the occupants of the craft observed the movements of the youngster, who, when the cabin was deserted, opened the window, seized the warp of the boat, and drawing the latter close to the vessel, got into it."

"An hour later, Mrs. Bertram, missing her little boy, went on deck to look for him. But she could not find him. The captain and his men joined in the search, but it was soon evident that he was not aboard."

making for the shore, with a good crew, one of the men standing in the bow, holding up a large lantern, which threw a broad gleam across the water. The sailors were soon ashore, but saw nothing of the boat."

"They shouted the little boy's name again and again, but there came no response."

"Far along the shore they pulled, but they discovered no sign either of the boy or the gig."

"For hours they vainly continued the search."

"What surprises me," said an old sailor, "is that we did not hear the little fellow sing out when he found himself going astray. Can it be, sir, he fell over and was drowned right under the ship's stern?"

Bertram bowed his head on his hands and groaned.

"I have had that same thought," he said.

It was past midnight when the searchers returned aboard. The poor mother, as pale as death, seemed almost ready to swoon, when she learned that no trace of the little one had been found.

"We will look again in the morning," said the captain. "Don't despair, Lily."

All that night he endeavored to soothe his wife; but her anguish was almost beyond endurance, such as no pen could describe.

"At daybreak the captain had his boat down again."

Besides the crew, it now contained Mrs. Bertram, who had insisted in accompanying the party.

After a long search, the boat was discovered among some rocks, where the breakers had almost dashed it to pieces."

Had little Thomas been drowned, or had he contrived to get out of the boat and reach the sandy beach a few feet distant?

A cry of joy escaped the vigilant mother.

She pointed to the sand, where the impressions of little shoes, not yet washed away, were visible."

Leaving two men in charge of the boat, the captain, followed by his wife and the rest of the crew, and armed with a loaded rifle which he had brought with him from the ship, made his way inland. There was a thicket a short distance beyond the beach, and this the party entered."

The ground was marshy in some places, and the tracks of the lost boy were occasionally seen."

Following these traces carefully, the party at length beheld, ahead of them, a small opening, and there, not a hundred yards off, apparently asleep, on the bank of a shallow stream, they beheld little Thomas!"

He lay upon his side, his cheek resting upon one arm, his long curls streaming on the ground."

The rosy, healthy color upon his face at once convinced his mother that he was unharmed as well."

"At first the happy woman could not utter a word for joy."

Then, with a cry of gladness, with outstretched arms, she ran toward the slumberer."

But she had not taken ten steps when her cheeks blanched, and an exclamation of dismay escaped the whole party."

An enormous crocodile had slowly lifted its hideous proportion from amongst the long reeds fringing the lower part of the bank, and was now crawling toward the sleeper."

The animal, half covered with mud and green slime, presented an appearance at once uncouth and horrible."

It was full twenty feet in length, its body covered with rough, irregular scales, its legs spotted, its claws sharp and crooked."

The report of the rifle had waked him, and he was soon in his mother's arms."

His story was to this effect: After he got into the boat, he had commenced to pull on the warp-rope, which, suddenly parting, he fell backward, striking his head against a thwart."

He was stunned, and for some time after he was so confused that he hardly realized what had taken place, but lay with dizzy brain, perfectly still."

When at last he realized his situation, he was too far off to make his feeble voice heard. When the boat struck the rocks, he got out on the sand."

After vainly shouting, he thought he would try to get nearer the ship. He left the beach, wandered about for awhile; then he became very drowsy near the close, marshy thicket, and so lay down and fell asleep."

"Aye, aye, my boy," said the captain, and you may thank your mother for saving your life. Lily," he continued, turning to her, after they arrived aboard ship. "God bless you! You have proved yourself a noble creature. The other day I thought and expressed the thought, that one so frail and usually so timid as you could never be brought to show courage. Now I perceive and acknowledge my mistake, for you have shown me that the softest and most gentle woman may, in certain situations, exhibit more firmness and resolution than a strong man."

—New York Ledger.

Light and Darkness. A New York electrical journal some time ago told of an incident that occurred in the fitting up of a new office building near the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge. The engineer of the building wished to wire the offices throughout for the electric light in addition to the gas pipes on which the conservative proprietor insisted. But all his arguments were in vain, and the apparently useless extravagance of electric wiring was obstinately vetoed. Suddenly, however, a happy thought struck the venerable owner. "Why," he said, "if the wires carry electricity, can't you make them carry gas, too?"

A counterpart of this story is now told of a shipyard carpenter, a native of Troon, on the coast of Ayrshire, Scotland. When the contract for lighting the first three steamers fitted with electric light at the Troon shipyard was completed this man formed one of a social party gathered to treat the electricians who had made the installation and otherwise celebrate the event."

In a burst of candor and comradeship, he was overheard saying to one of the wiremen: "Man, Peter, after workin' at you on these boats I believe I could put in the electric light myself, but there's only one thing that bates me."

"Aye, what is that?" said his interested companion, willing to help him if it lay in his power. "It's this, man; I dinna ken hoo you get the ile along the wires!"

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Why Lost People Walk in Circles. It is a matter of common knowledge that when a man is walking blindfold or is lost in a fog or in some unknown forest or desert instead of walking straight he has always a tendency to work round in a circle. The most commonly accepted explanation of this curious fact is the slight inequality in the length of a man's legs. The result of one limb being longer than the other will naturally be that a person will unconsciously take a longer step with the longest limb, and consequently will trend to the right or to the left, according as the left or right is the longer, unless the tendency is corrected by the eye. The explanation is supported by the fact that in the enormous majority of cases the human legs are proved to be of unequal length. The careful measurements of a series of skeletons showed that no less than ninety per cent. had the lower limbs unequal in length; thirty-five per cent. had the right limb longer than the left, while in fifty-five per cent. the left leg was the longer. The left leg being, therefore, more often the longest, it is to be expected that the inclination should take place more frequently to the right than to the left, and this conclusion is quite borne out by observations made on a number of persons when walking blindfolded. —Science Siftings.

Three Tall Brothers. "The life of a Maine woodsman and hunter is very healthy," said Charles E. Hayden of Auburn, "and it is not an unusual thing that men who follow the life from boyhood develop into the veritable giant of old. While I was at Castle Hill, Aroostook, I made the acquaintance of three brothers, who were said to be the tallest men in the county. Their names were Allie, Elihu and Eldad Frank. These three brothers, laid along in a line on the floor, would measure twenty-one feet to an inch in their stocking feet, and without their caps on. Two of them were more than seven feet tall, and the other one was a little less. Old Mr. Frank, their father, was taller than any of them. Their occupation is that of woodsmen, farmers, hunters and horse swappers."

—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

No Thanks Needed. A friend of a certain Iowa Congressman tells a story on the statesman, who is at times absent-minded and makes embarrassing remarks as a consequence. During the last session the absent-minded member took occasion to pronounce an eulogy upon a deceased fellow member from a neighboring State. A few days after a brother of the deceased member met the eulogist on a street of the capital, and taking him by the hand thanked him very earnestly for the kind words he had spoken."

"I beg you not to mention it," replied the Congressman. "I was only too glad of the opportunity to say what I did."

—Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.

HOW SOVEREIGNS TRAVEL.

GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR THEIR SAFETY AND COMFORT.

Victoria's Beautiful Railway Carriages—Precautions by the Czar—How Other Rulers Go Visiting.

WITH much greater freedom of locomotion sovereigns are yet bound to observe certain formalities in their journeys. In principle, they travel only by special trains, and have their own imperial or royal carriages built and kept up with exceeding care and always ready for use at the shortest notice. The railway carriages used by the Queen of Great Britain in England and Scotland, are marvels of perfect construction and arrangement. They are fitted with electric light, upholstered, furnished and decorated in perfect harmony and taste. She can write, read, work, converse, take her meals, and sleep almost as easily and comfortably as in any of her royal residences; even her favorite flowers and the many family photographs she loves to have about her are disposed in the different compartments of her carriages, in the exact places she is accustomed to see them at home. The train always lacks speed as soon as she retires to rest, and it is well known that she never seems to feel fatigue or discomfort from a long night journey. All her heavy luggage, the horses, the attendants of her bedroom are sent on several days ahead, so that her apartments are quite ready to receive her on her arrival."

The Czar's private carriages in France, left in charge of the Compagnie de l'Onest and despatched to Cherbourg to meet her when she leaves the royal yacht; these convey her to Biarritz, Grasse, Hyeres, or Italy, as the case may be, without change. The royal trains are built so as to travel on every European line of rail, with the exception of the Russian and Spanish ones, where for military reasons the gauge is a trifle broader than elsewhere. Each portion of the line assumes the responsibility of the royal train as long as it travels on its radius. The Government, officially informed of the intended journey of the sovereign, even if he travels incognito, notifies the respective companies of the line of route. The companies in their turn give instructions to their staffs of the hours of arrival and departure of the train, and they agree with each other as to the best manner of concordance. When this is satisfactorily settled a plan is drawn up with the minutest particulars of time and sent to the Government, which forwards a copy to the Minister or Ambassador whose sovereign is about to pass over the territory. When the moment arrives the chief engineer of the company, and frequently the director, is at the station to receive it; the engineer of the line enters a carriage, and the first mechanic of the road boards the engine. The whole extent of the line has been previously carefully examined so as to guard against delays and accidents."

Queen Victoria travels with less state than any other crowned head, except the Emperor of Austria, who in this, as in all else, has a deep-rooted dislike to pomp and representation. Franz Joseph is only accompanied by his military suite; if he retires to rest at all, it is on a narrow camp bed, but as often as not he spends the night sitting up dressed in a corner of the carriage."

William II., of Germany, has had a train recently constructed on the most luxurious scale, and really seems to be the apogee of railway-coach building."

The Czar, however, is the ruler whose journeys necessitate the most stringent measures of prudence. Under Alexander II. troops used to be posted at short distances along the line from St. Petersburg to Moscow and from Moscow to the Crimea. The imperial train was divided into two sections, following each other at a few minutes' interval, and it was never known with any certainty into which portion the imperial family had taken their seats. It was to this precaution that the Czar owed his escape in the cruel catastrophe which blew up the first started train near Moscow when he was in the second. Since the outrage of Borki fresh orders of precaution have been given. Where formerly a soldier stood every hundred yards now there is one at every fifty yards, the endless line of rails across the immense continent of Russia, necessitating the movements of a whole army corps; this service works with admirable precision and celerity. The imperial carriages are "iron clad," and within, extremely comfortable, replete with every possible accommodation, bedrooms, bath-rooms, sitting and smoking saloons, an excellent cuisine and a perfect system of heating and ventilation. Nevertheless the imperial party never enters one of these trains without the secret apprehension that their lives are in jeopardy and at the mercy of the murderous sectarians."

Nominally all through Europe the railway companies are supposed to make no charges for the transit of royal trains, and to undertake at their own cost the extra expenses which it entails; but as a fact they are the gainers by the royal journeys, as they receive important gratuifications, rich presents, and not unfrequently disbursements. Setting apart the actual cost of building and keeping in repair these magnificent trains the sums disbursed, even on a comparatively short journey, appear fabulous and disproportionate, but even those who, to flatter the masses, cavil at the waste of money, would be the first to accense the sovereign of meanness if he attempted to curtail the expenses when receiving or visiting a brother potentate. —New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Rivers hold in suspension over one-hundredth of their volume of solid matter. So dense is the water in the deepest part of the ocean that an ironclad, if it were to sink, would never reach the bottom. A writer calculates that it takes eight times the strength to go upstairs that is required for the same distance on the level. Doctor Eugene L. Crutcheff, of Baltimore, Md., has received the gold medal of the Society of Science, Letters and Art of London. The phenomenon of phosphorescence is not universally understood. Objects possessing this property absorb light during the day and emit it at night. Doctor Sievers, of Giessen, has received a grant of \$2000 from the Hamburg Geographical Society for explorations in the Llanos of the Orinoco. It has been estimated that a bell of common size, whose sound would penetrate a distance of three to five miles on shore, could, if submerged in the sea, be heard over sixty miles. Luminous earth worms have recently been seen near Richmond and other parts of the Thames Valley in England. But it is pointed out that these phosphorescent annelids are not uncommon, having been described by Grimm as early as the year 1870. It is now claimed that there is such a thing as electric sunstroke. The workers around electrical furnaces in which in metal aluminum is produced suffer from them. The intense light causes painful congestions, which cannot wholly be prevented by wearing deep colored glasses. At a recent meeting of the Ornithological Society in Berlin Doctor Reichenow gave an interesting account of the discovery of the remains of some remarkable birds in Argentina. From the remains it is calculated that the birds must have been twice as high as the ostrich. A sudden loss of blood by the lancet or from a wound, or a rapid drain on the vascular system, as in cholera or diabetes, causes the intense sensation of thirst. The thirst of fever, on the other hand, is not caused by the lack of fluids in the system, but by the dryness of the throat, mouth and skin, caused by the unnaturally high temperature of the blood. A dispatch received at the Lick Observatory, in California, from Professor Schaeberle in Chile, said that the Lick Observatory expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun was successful in every respect, and that the mechanical theory of the solar corona formed by the Professor had been verified. Fifty photographs were secured, three telescopes being used.

How to Place a Bed. "The first thing I do when I get to a hotel is to see how my bed stands in regard to the points of the compass," said Frederick Wilbur, who is at the Laeclde. "It is usual in fixing up a room to put the bed where most convenient, without regard to the direction in which the head points, and this is really the principal reason why travelers sleep soundly in one town and lie awake grumbling all night in the next. To obviate this I take my bearings with a little pocket compass, and if my bed is not arranged with the head facing either north or south, I swing it around right away, and make it face the north if possible, accepting the south as a compromise. Some people think it all nonsense to talk about a current of magnetism passing steadily from pole to pole, but my telegraph operator or fixer will show you that this is actually the case. If you sleep with your head to the east or west you don't get the benefit of this electric current, while if you lie in the proper position it passes through the body during the night, and has a soothing, recuperative effect. Try the experiment, and you will laugh at those who take opiates with a view to wooing refreshing sleep." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Eccentricity Easily Pardoned. One of the old residents of Mount Vernon was Theodora Marston, who moved into the place before it was a town and settled on the south tier of lots next to Readfield, where he made himself a good farm. He was eccentric, but a man of the strictest honesty and remarkably generous to the poor. When he sold a poor man a bushel of corn he never struck the measure, and if asked why, he would put his hand on his heart and say: "Something in here will tell when it is full enough," and it was never "full enough" till well rounded. In 1816, which is known as the cold season, he kept his granary open for those who had no cash and would say to those who had: "You can get it somewhere else, I keep it only for those who can't pay." —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Rich Sixty Years Ago and Now. Are the rich, as a class, growing richer, and are the not rich, as a class, growing poorer? We deny it, and we affirm, and appeal to the assessment lists everywhere in support of the affirmation, that there are more forehanded men to-day, according to the population, than there have been since the Government was founded. There are a few, a very few, men who count their wealth by millions, but it is doubtful if, with the exception of perhaps half a hundred persons, the rich men of to-day are any richer than the same percentage of the total were sixty years ago. When it was said that John Jacob Astor was worth a million people stood in awe, exactly as they do now when the seventy millions of Jay Gould's estate are mentioned. —Philadelphia North American.

NOTHING TO DO.

Nothing to do but work. Nothing to eat but food. Nothing to wear but clothes. To keep one from going awry. Nothing to breathe but air. Quick as a flash 'tis gone. Nowhere to fall but off. Nowhere to stand but on. Nothing to comb but hair. Nowhere to sleep but in bed. Nothing to weep but tears. Nothing to bury but dead. Nothing to sing but songs. Ah, well, alas! alack! Nowhere to go but out. Nowhere to come but back. Nothing to see but sights. Nothing to quench but thirst. Nothing to have but what we've got; Thus through life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait. Everything moves that goes. Nothing at all but common sense. Can ever withstand these woes. —Chicago Mail.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Watered stock—Soup. Royal sport—Albert Edward.—Puck. Out of sight, out of mind—The blind idiot. The persistent bore can make a mighty big hole in a busy day. Hair-raising intelligence—"Triplets at your house."—Boston Courier. Foot notes come like a squawky shoe, in the text of a poem.—Truth. Eccentric people are peculiar people whom other people cannot afford to call fools.—Puck. It does not follow that a remark carelessly dropped falls flat.—New Orleans Picayune. The man who said you couldn't eat your cake and have it too evidently was not a desyptic.—Life. Love in a cottage is all right if you have a mansion to go to after the cottage affair plays out.—Achison Globe. The French schoolboy must have a hard time learning the names of his country's Cabinet Ministers.—Puck. The man who made a garden once. Now thinks it would be sense to lay the things he raised and save Both labor and expense. —Washington Star. "After all," murmured the artist, "perhaps the ideal figure has a dollar mark in front of it."—Washington Star. "I will now attend to this writ of attachment," said a young lawyer who was composing a love letter.—Washington Star. Every man "has his influence," but sometimes has a hard time to find it when he is in a hurry.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. When it comes to dime museum attractions the fat woman can put the living skeleton in the shade every day. —Elmira Gazette. A woman may be deeply interested in fashions, but it's only one thing, while a man can be absorbed in a score. —Philadelphia Times. Toledo has a tough police judge named Hone—and the toughs don't think it a bit sharp to rub up against him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "My dear fellow, I am awfully glad to see you. I do hope you are in a position to lend me the ten dollars that you owe me."—Journal Amusant. The days are swiftly slipping by. And soon with deep elation The ant will join the picnic pie In summer celebration. —Washington Star. "Do you think Miss Snubbs enjoyed the concert?" "No, I am afraid not. She only patted her foot through three of the songs."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Among shopping women, a bargain is something they could not afford when they needed it, and which they get at a reduction when they have positively no use for it.—Puck. When one thinks of the smirk and strut of the fashion-plate figure, male or female, it is no wonder that it is so hard to get the clothes that really fit a living human creature.—Truth. "Well, Johnnie, are you able to keep your place in your class?" Johnnie—"Yes, sir; I began at the foot and there's not a single boy been able to take it from me."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. "No, Walton won't join our trouting excursion. He says he'd rather stay at home and play with that wonderful first baby." "Well, that's scriptural—spare the rod, and spoil the child."—Puck. How many a weary pilgrim walks the earth, The sport of canine brutes and scoffer's mirth. Looking for work, he scans the country round, That he may give to work a wider berth. —Washington Star. Horseman (who has been thrown from his steed)—"Heavens! what an unfortunate fellow I am! There, I've paid for the use of that horse for one hour and I've already spent three-quarters of an hour running after the brute."—Flegende Baetter. The Wild Turkey's Plumage. Without a bright or gaudy mark upon it, the plumage of the wild turkey is the most strikingly beautiful of any that adorns American birds. It gleams with a rich golden bronze, mingling with quivering shades of richest blue and dancing ripples of opalescent green, as the lights and shadows play upon it as the great bird sails through the air or struts majestically along its forest haunts. A black band glittering with a metallic lustre tips the end of each feather. Moreover, there is a regal force and bearing about the wild turkey which even the eagle's much vaunting majesty is inferior. —York (Penn.) Gazette.