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Over 1,000,000 Germans live in large American cities.

It is said that the King and Queen of Greece set their subjects an excellent example of strict economy in royal high places.

The New York Marine Journal spins a yarn to the effect that a whale at Nantucket got entangled and excited and ran away with a bell buoy.

The estate of the late Richard Jessup, of San Francisco, Cal., valued at \$140,000, was completely absorbed in four years by the lawyers of the young heir.

Perseverance wins every time. The Lewiston (Me.) Journal relates that a Deering woman severely scalded an approaching pedler with a dipper of hot water—but he got in—and sold her a rug.

The corner stone of the National Capitol was laid September 18, 1793. It is proposed to celebrate the centennial anniversary of this event by a parade, addresses, fireworks and a night illumination of the Capitol by means of twenty-four search-lights.

While the Western movement of population in the United States for the century aggregates 505 miles, the extreme Northern and Southern variation is a little under twenty-two miles, and the finishing point of the line is only some six miles south of the starting point.

A ten-thousand-mile railroad line is a Russian project that is well under way, and is attracting the attention of engineers all over the world. The road starts on the eastern border of the Russian Empire and runs ten thousand miles until it reaches Vladivostok on the Siberian coast.

The Prince of Wales is said to present the extraordinary spectacle of a man in danger of succumbing to old age while his mother is still in her prime. He has crowded about ten years into every one of his life, and he has, it is said, had fun enough to console him for missing a job on the throne.

A scientific authority now comes to the front with the argument that railway trains of very high speed, under certain circumstances, are safer than slower ones. The point made is that great speed implies the greatest prudence, the highest skill, the most perfect construction and equipment. The subject is of great interest in these days.

From 1851 to 1892 the emigration from Ireland amounted to 3,518,383 persons, of whom ninety-one per cent. came to the United States. In 1852 the outflow was 190,000; in 1853 it was 173,000; in 1854 the figures were 140,000. Last year only 50,807 Irish people left home, and the birth rate showed a considerable per cent. increase.

Leonard E. Ladd, of Philadelphia, has patented an "improved dwelling-house plan," which provides for "the erection of a block of buildings and their connection in such a way that the ordinary kitchen work and general supply features will all be cared for in one central building." That is, that each house will have its own kitchen and dining-room, but these will be set apart, say in the center of the block, and connected with the remaining rooms by means of corridors. A central plant for light, heat, etc., is also included in the plan. It is claimed that three-story houses could be erected on the basis proposed to be sold for \$4500.

The long drought of last year warned the Florida orange-growers and truck-farmers that irrigation was almost as indispensable in the maturing of their crops as it is found to be in the Pacific Coast States, observes the New York Post. At Oviedo, where there are some of the finest orange groves in Florida, irrigation has been successfully tested, and at Maitland the whistle of the irrigating engine is heard daily during the dry season. The cost of the machinery required for an orange grove is well within the means of the average grower. A plant at Lake Chorus which can be bought for \$3000 and gives satisfactory results is thus described: The upright boiler has a twenty-horse power, working a ten-inch pump attached to a four-inch main running through the centre of the groove over 1200 feet, and having two-inch branch pipes equally long at stated points. The pump flows over 400 gallons of water a minute, and this supplies seventy-seven hydrants in the grove, each of which can be attached to a fifty-foot hose for spraying or watering.

LAST NIGHT.

O comrades, let the song go round And laughter be our guest, Of all the blessings life has found A woman's love is best. I drink not; when the cup is crowned I wish you all that's bright: My vintage lies In beauty's eyes, I kissed my love last night. The jasmine perfumes rose and stray'd Like elfin waifs unseen; The summer moonbeams stole and play'd Her lattice bars between; She shyly stood, all white array'd, With youth and grace bedight; She was so fair, How could I dare— I kissed my love last night. A sudden glory fill'd the earth It had not known before; A happy gleam too sweet for mirth The quivering moonbeams were, To think that I of little worth Had won the pearl of light— No song or speech My bliss can reach— I kissed my love last night. I sought my lonely couch to dream; Sweet waftures throng'd my brain; Blue eyes and lily buds a-gleam, And roses wet with rain, With morning's opalescent beam The glimmer took flight, Yet waking brought A dearer thought— I kissed my love last night. Moon, laugh down your silver rays, Smile up, O dimpling sea, O fountain, toss your tinkling sprays, O stars rejoice with me! With twinkling shoon ye tricky fay's Come guide my song aright, And tip with dew Each measure true— I kissed my love last night. —Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE TALE OF A COMET.

BY ROMAN I. ZUBOF.



H, mamma! mamma! Come out quick; it's on! look at it, papa; isn't it beautiful?" and in the exuberance of excitement Milly Patterson squeezed John's arm tightly while she leaned against him and looked eagerly into the sky.

Old man Patterson, who stood near the young people, also had his face turned upward; but there was no indication of glee in his voice when, after gazing for a few minutes, he remarked:

"And to think that them things, with such beautiful tails, could do us any harm!"

There was no response to this remark, save a loud sigh from Mrs. Patterson, who turned round abruptly and walked into the house, where Mr. Patterson soon followed her.

Milly and John were still standing and gazing at the heavens. They had not said a word to each other; they were happy in the consciousness of their proximity.

"I don't believe a word of it—do you?" asked Milly some minutes afterwards.

"What?"

"Oh, what Schoolmaster Marten says about this—er—comet—that's going to break up the earth and kill all the people on it and annihilate everything. I don't believe it—do you?"

"Bosh!" remarked John emphatically. "I think Marten is a slick fraud, that's what he is!" he added, holding his arm tightly round Milly's waist.

"It's awful!" said Milly concernedly. "He's been coming here every day for the last couple of weeks talking about that comet, and he's dinned into papa and mamma's heads that the whole world is comin' to an end, and that we are nigh the day of judgment!"

"Rubbish!" commented John. "And he's been talking at me, too, the hypocrite, telling me to mend my ways and not to be so giddy. As if I am ever giddy, John!" she added in an injured tone.

John did not reply for a second or two. He seemed to be thinking.

"Pears to me," he said, after a while, "that your father ought to know by this time what kind of a customer he's got to deal with. Has Marten paid him back the fifty dollars he borrowed last Christmas?"

"No, not he."

"Why don't you tell your father not to take any stock in Marten?"

"It's no use, John. He's wheedled them round completely to his side. It's perfectly awful how he's talked them into things about this comet. They've been glum and mopin', and peakin' away things; and mother's been buryin' a lot of silver in the garden."

"What!" interrupted John. "The old folks haven't been hidin' things in the ground and let Marten know of it?"

"Yes. He's shown them the very place where he says the comet won't strike, and mother's put a lot of silver spoons in it."

"The fox!" "He's been stealin' them!" exclaimed John. Milly sprang to her feet and ran into the garden, John following her. She stopped near a slight mound of fresh earth in which two sticks were firmly stuck and which she began to probe gently.

see whether we can't fix him somehow."

In truth it was terrible as Milly expressed it, if half the things were going to happen which Marten predicted. The whole village of Stockbrock was terribly excited over the event. Everybody recollected that wars, pestilence, famine, and other calamities followed the previous appearance of a comet like this—with almost the identical tail. Schoolmaster Marten talked about such uncanny things as the "stellar system," the "cosmic law," and so on. On the day to which Milly and John had conspired to rout him, Marten was at the Patterson farm holding forth as usual. He had brought a newspaper with him, and read out from it impressively the announcement that on the coming Thursday, precisely at 5:34 p. m., there would be an entire eclipse of the sun, and the inference he left to be gathered from it was that the general break-up was to begin at that very second.

The old people sat listening and blinking solemnly. Milly was somewhat awed herself, and she was mighty glad when John came into the room looking ready for action.

John contented himself at first by simply denying the arguments. But Marten's superior loquaciousness was rapidly getting the best of him and he was gradually drawn into the meshes of his argument.

"Frog any day, if the animal only followed the process of logical deductions; so by and by John found himself listening with his hands folded, his reason silenced, and more than half convinced of the probability of the whole thing."

"And ye say it'll all take place on Thursday at 5:34 p. m.?" asked the old man. Marten had not said it, but he answered:

"Precisely. The unerring calculation of science."

"Maybe it'll only strike one corner of the earth and leave out Stockbrock and the farm?" he asked timidly again.

"That is difficult to say," replied Marten, thoughtfully. "Our whole planet is sure to sustain a terrible shock, and it will be felt all the world over. There is a chance—a small chance—that we might escape with our lives here; but everything else is doomed."

That night John and Milly were locked in a long embrace before they took leave of each other. They were both heavily oppressed, and though John entertained a sneaking scepticism of the whole thing, he really believed that before the end of the week the earth might be a broken waste, with nobody and nothing alive on it.

"You will come over on Thursday, John, won't you?" asked Milly in a trembling voice. "We can die together, if we can't live together, can't we, John?"

"I'll be here, Milly, by 4 o'clock, and God may prove him yet a liar—see if he don't!" said John as he went off.

About a quarter past five on the following Thursday they all left the old Patterson farmhouse. They were going to give up their souls to heaven, and they walked on in solemn silence. It was preternaturally quiet all around them. The gloaming was rapidly falling, and it seemed to the old folks as if it were the precursor of eternal darkness.

The group halted near a cluster of trees. Marten held out his watch; there was ten minutes more left them. The old people stood there glum and motionless. John and Milly had locked hands and looked pale. Marten told them to lie down flat on their stomachs and hide their faces in the ground till the thing was over.

Tremblingly, fearfully, they obeyed, and lay flat on the ground, dreading to stir, awaiting the sounds of the awful crash. Marten retired to another spot, whence he said he would signal them to rise if they were destined to survive.

Ten minutes passed; a quarter of an hour followed, and still they lay there. It was growing darker; they were getting chilled to the bones; their teeth began to chatter, and still no signal from the schoolmaster, no sound of the crashing doom. Half an hour passed, and then fearfully, cautiously, old man Patterson began to move his head. Gradually he raised it and looked round. Everything was still, deathly still. It was dark, but he could see the farmhouse clearly. Then he suddenly thought that he alone had survived the general destruction—he and the farmhouse. A terror crept over him that he would have to end his days alone and in darkness.

"Wish I had died with 'em!" he groaned aloud.

But he looked round and saw his wife's head rising, and suddenly her terrified face looked at him. The next moment he saw in her eye a glance of recognition. So they were both alive!

"Milly! Milly!" called the old man timidly.

"Yes, father?" came a trembling reply.

"Are ye living?" he asked again.

"I am, father. Is John alive?"

"Yes, Milly," came the emphatic reply from John, who sat up on the ground.

"They were all sitting up now. 'The farmhouse is there, too,' said Mrs. Patterson in a wondering voice, 'and I hear the short-horn blowing in the yard.'

"Guess we'd better get up," remarked the old man, rising and assisting his wife.

Inside the house, when they got a light, they all burst out laughing, they felt so foolish; and the more they laughed the more foolish they felt. Milly laughed until the tears streamed down her cheeks, and John, in trying to restrain her, felt his sides fairly

ache. The old couple rocked themselves in their chairs with laughter, and amid those peals the old man would gasp out: "And I thought 't's the only one alive—ho—ho—ho!"

They found the silver where they buried it. The old man discovered everything he had sequestered for a bundle and a couple of gold rings; an old brooch, twenty-six dollars in money, and the schoolmaster's own note for fifty dollars were missing. So was the schoolmaster himself. On the following day John came in and announced that the schoolmaster had skipped—"Hung on to the tail of the comet, they say!"—New York Stories.

Popularity of Embalming.

The idea of earning a livelihood out of the making of mummies is not one to commend itself at first glance to the female mind, and the ghastly associations of the occupation are to many insuperably repellent. But embalming has for many reasons established itself in popular favor. It is the only sure means of preventing the spread of contagious diseases, through transmission by the undertaker's foot-box or assistants. It is a preventive against premature burial in the case of a cataleptic subject, as the first incisions and injections of the embalming fluid are likely to induce signs of life if any remain. Another favorable feature is the possibility of shipping bodies a long distance with convenience. It is not generally known that throughout this country large numbers of women have adopted embalming as a profession, and the head college of embalming has a large proportion of women graduates. Far from showing any horror or uneasiness for the business, women are said to be peculiarly deft and efficient in the duties involved, which in a general way consists only in opening several of the large arteries, pumping out the blood and injecting preservative fluids. Many of the women graduates have been trained nurses who saw an opportunity to make more money than at their former profession. One advantage of the art is that it is easily acquired. The prospectus of the College of Embalming sets forth that "past experience has demonstrated that a complete mastery of the science of body preservation in all its branches cannot be obtained in the short space of two or three days, and therefore the length of time required to learn the process may extend from one week upward, according to the aptitude of the student." When the student has proved his or her ability to conduct the operation of embalming under different conditions in a satisfactory manner a diploma is granted, and the ordinary length of time required for graduation is two weeks.—Chicago Record.

"I did not leave the home roof, which was on a farm, until I was nearly thirty years old, and it was my habit from November to April to eat a piece of mince pie every night just before going to bed. It was rather a small piece, but I invariably took it and do not recall ever having even a bad dream in consequence."

"And I think, too, that digestion is like salvation—to be worked out individually. We are not all Baptists or Methodists, why must everybody be a vegetarian or some other food crank? When I got away from the mince-pie country, missing it, I took fruit in its place. A friend who saw me eating an apple one night hurled at me the old saw: 'Fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night.' 'Nonsense!' I cried, and retorted with another proverb, 'What is one man's meat is another man's poison,' and I've continued to eat something, usually fruit, every night of my life."—New York Times.

The Secret of Digestion.

"The secret of digestion is moderation," said an old man the other day, who at seventy-eight has the complexion of a girl and the relish for food of a schoolboy. "It seems absurd to me that persons should suddenly discover that many articles of food upon which our ancestors lived to a green old age are extremely detrimental to health and longevity. I have never considered what I ought to eat, but I have made it a rule of my life to always leave the table wanting just a little more."

Drying Damp Shoes.

One of the most fertile resources of colds and serious incidental ailments is the wearing of damp shoes. When shoes have been saturated with water the attempt to dry them by exposing them before a stove or fire is obviously damaging to the leather, while it does not insure the expulsion of moisture from the inside. For accomplishing this a new invention has been brought out, consisting of a hollow stoneware last, which can be filled with hot water like a bottle and which is made in a variety of shapes and sizes to correspond to the inside of ordinary shoes. The hole at the top of the last is corked as soon as the hot water has been poured in. The last is kept in position until the inside of the shoe is thoroughly dry, and the hot water can be renewed if necessary.—Chicago Record.

Making Cloth Water-Proof.

A correspondent asks for a recipe for making cloth water-proof. There is surely no better method than putting half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of alum in a pail of soft water, stirring it often until it becomes clear, pouring it off into another pail, and putting the cloth garment into it, to remain there for twenty-four hours. The material should then be hung up to dry without wringing. It is said that garments thus treated will keep the wearer absolutely dry in the heaviest rainstorm; the rain simply hangs in globules upon the cloth. Water-proof cloth is more healthy to wear than rubber goods.—Chicago Record.

A Remarkable Fish.

The little European fish called the "bitterling," one of the carp family, is remarkable from the fact that the female is the only fish which has a slender ovipositor nearly as long as the body. With this she deposits her yellow eggs in the gills of the fresh-water mussel. This has long been known, but in the last number of the German Journal of Zoology, Doctor Oh publishes an exhaustive paper, accompanied by elaborate plates, giving figures of the embryos in different stages, and the young nearly ready to hatch lying between the folds of the mussel's gills, which serve as brood-chambers. The fish is so named from its bitter taste.—New York Independent.

Mind Your Ps and Qs.

This expression is of comparatively recent origin, dating perhaps from the invention of printing. P, D, Q and B are letters of the same form, in the "lower case" (p, d, q, b), differently used; and the saying was a warning to printers to get the letters in the right boxes. Other explanations exist; one is that when wigs were worn it was difficult to be graceful and remain bewigged, so men were admonished to mind their heads (ps) and queues (qs). A third is that the printers marked P for print, and Q for quart against the names of men who ran up scores at the inn, and were adjudged by their customers to mind their Ps and Qs. The first suggestion seems the best.—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

At the bottom of the ocean the temperature remains unchanged throughout the year.

The kangaroo readily leaps from sixty to seventy feet. The longest recorded leap of a horse is thirty seven feet.

Great expectations have been raised in the minds of astronomers concerning the results observations made in the South America and Africa during the solar eclipse.

W. H. Preece, the well-known electrician, has succeeded in sending a telephone message from the shore of the Bristol Channel, near Cardiff, to the island of Flatthorn, three miles off, without the intervention of a connecting wire.

The scale in general use is known as the Fahrenheit scale, from the name of its inventor, and is based upon his incorrect views of the laws of the expansion of mercury. He took for his zero point the greatest natural cold ever observed at Amsterdam.

Among the workers at the Harvard College Observatory who have shown special scientific ability is Miss Maury. She is a granddaughter of the Lieutenant Maury whose meteorological and other scientific work has been of immense value to seamen on the Atlantic.

Not so many people are aware that Lord Lyon Playfair is to be credited with having indirectly brought about the invention of paraffin. His discovery, when a young man, in a Derbyshire coal mine of an oil spring like petroleum attracted James Young, who, after working and exhausting this oil, produced from it paraffin and kerosene, the famous "Young's paraffin," and became a millionaire.

An account of a thunderstorm in which the rain was mixed with live lead muskels, which is said to have occurred at Paderborn, Germany, in August, 1892, is published in Das Wetter. A yellowish cloud attracted the attention of several people, both from its color and the rapidity of its motion, when suddenly it burst. A torrential rain fell with a rattling sound, and immediately afterward the pavement was found to be covered with hundreds of the muskels.

A specimen of volcanic dust from near Omaha, Nebraska, is described by Professor J. E. Todd. It was from a stratum of whitish aspect, about eighteen inches in thickness, found in the bluffs facing the Missouri River. It has the same general characteristics as the volcanic dust which has been found in quantity along the Republican River, in southern Nebraska, and in Knox, Cumming, and Seward Counties in the same State; but it differs in being stained with oxide of iron and the sharp angular grains coated with carbonate of lime. This locality is the most eastern exposure of the volcanic dust stratum which is found scattered over the most of Nebraska.

Dunning a Man-o'-War.

Strange scenes marked the weighing of the anchor of a man-of-war belonging to a South American Government at Toulon the other night. It is said that the officers had contracted debts amounting to about \$6000 in the southern naval port. Accordingly the vessel before leaving the roadstead was surrounded by hordes of excited and clamoring creditors, who made attempts to get on board, but were threatened by the crew of the man-of-war. Both officers and men, according to the report, said that they would prevent anybody from entering the ship at the point of the sword. The French cooks and stewards, who had been hired for the messroom of the foreign man-of-war, then left the vessel, as they were afraid they might receive bad treatment during the voyage. As the creditors were unable to get on board they had themselves rowed back to shore and lodged a complaint with the Justice of the Peace. A "writer" was soon dispatched out to the foreign vessel, but the captain refused to see him. Soon afterward the man-of-war stood out to sea, and the creditors, finding that the naval prefect of the port could do nothing for them, resolved to bring their grievances to the notice of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.—London Telegraph.

ABOUT THE FUR SEALS.

THE SUBJECT BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF ARBITRATION.

How the Precious Animals Are Slaughtered—The Patrol Fleet and the Poachers—A Tame Sport.

ALTHOUGH the United States Government will have no such powerfulness as the Yorktown and no such officer as Fighting Bob Evans to protect the seals in Bering Sea this summer, the patrol fleet will be strong enough and quick enough to make it lively for poachers. It is the business of our ships, under the present contention of the United States, to see that nobody save the one authorized company shall take seals within our portion of Bering Sea or in the Pacific Ocean within three miles of our possessions. That gives the patrol fleet an arena almost half as large as the Gulf of Mexico to look after. If the tribunal sitting at Paris shall decide against our claim touching Bering Sea the ships will then confine their efforts to keeping poachers away from the Pribilof Islands of St. George and St. Paul, in Bering Sea, and to guarding the coast within the three-mile limit. Nobody expects, however, that the decision of the court will be given in time for it to have much effect upon this season's sealing.

The company to which the United States has sold the exclusive right to take seals may take them only upon the Pribilof Islands, and may not take more than 7500 in any one year. Furthermore, the company's agents may kill seals only in the presence of an agent of the United States, and must not kill either the females or the old bulls, but only the bachelors, as the young males are called. The sealing of the company is the tamest kind of sport, as the bachelors are merely driven gently apart from the rest of the herd and are killed with sticks. The agent of the company counts the skins in the presence of the Government's agent, and the latter sends to San Francisco a tally of the number shipped in each cargo. This comes to another United States agent at San Francisco, who makes sure that there are no more skins than the Government agent at the Northwest has certified to. Most of our officers who have visited Alaskan waters believe that the seal must before long become extinct in spite of all these precautions taken to preserve the species. It is the sea shall be open to all comers and seals shall again be taken with nets, the final destruction will be hastened.

The sealing season properly begins about the last of June or the first of July, when the seals have become well established in Bering Sea and breeding has begun. At that time the rocky Pribilofs, and as well a few islands belonging to Russia over near the coast of Siberia, are crowded with thousands of seals, and the animals swim the sea in search of food. The poachers do not wait so long, but intercept the seals on their way from the ocean into Bering Sea. Our ships cannot interfere with sealing in the Pacific three miles from our own shores, but we can watch the passes of the Aleutian, through which seals and sealers enter Bering Sea.

The patrol fleet is on the lookout for poachers during May, June, July, August, September and October, and business is liveliest in midsummer, though the seal islands have been raided as late as December. By the last of September, however, things are pretty equally in Bering Sea, and before the 1st of November snow storms are frequent, and sealing is no fun. Captain Mike Healy, of the revenue cutter Bear, who knows Bering Sea from the Aleutians to the Arctic, and is known to everybody in that region as the embodiment of Uncle Sam's power, usually stays about the seal islands later than any one else, and the poacher who falls into Mike Healy's hands is likely to repent of his temerity.

The patrol fleet now and then sends a ship far to the east, and occasionally, even in mid-summer, has a landing party stationed on one of the islands commanding an important pass, but mostly the work of the patrol is confined to the region about the Pribilofs. A disguised poacher might enter the sealing region with a vessel of the patrol fleet looking on. Nevertheless, if a suspicious looking craft should be found entering the sea, she would certainly be overhauled and made to explain. The seal poacher is usually recognized by her having a great many small boats, an unusually large complement of men and an abundance of firearms. Her method when a herd of seals is encountered swimming is to lower many boats with armed men, who shoot the seals as rapidly as possible and then pick them up. Old and young, male and female, are thus shot, and many are lost. Some old sailors estimate that seventy-five per cent. of seals killed in this way are not recovered by the poachers. Others say that the loss does not exceed ten per cent. As a small vessel may take \$100,000 worth of seals in a single season, the temptation to the poacher is strong.

In all ordinary weather the ships of the patrol fleet can overtake the swiftest of the poachers when once the offender has been sighted; but with a fair, strong wind a trim poaching schooner may easily escape. Any vessel captured with seals on board is usually taken to Ounakaska and thence by prize crew to Sitka or Victoria, according as the prize is American or English. The poachers have fully discounted the possibility of a decision at Paris adverse to the United States, and if that shall be the outcome of the tribunal Uncle Sam will suddenly find himself beset with damage suits brought by poachers excluded from Bering Sea.—New York Advertiser.

NELLIE'S EYES.

Sweet Nellie's eyes are twilight born, The eyes I love to greet; They never opened first at morn, Or mid the noontide heat.

But when the sun was sinking low, Before the stars began to glow, Where southern jessamines sway and blow They caught their shadows sweet.

O Nellie's eyes, sweet Nellie's eyes Illumined with celestial dyes, They haunt my dreams With gentle gleams— Wistful, Tristful, Twilight eyes.

Sweet Nellie's mouth is summer-kissed To grace beyond eclipse; One eve a ruby rose was missed And blossomed on her lips, And softer than the ooze of dove Of southern winds that flit above Are all her words, and taught but love From out her rose mouth slips.

O Nellie's lips, sweet Nellie's lips, Their dulcet tone like honey drips Upon the ear Serenely clear— Slender, Tender, Summer lips.

Sweet Nellie's locks are sunset crowned O'er ears of sea-shells mold, And mid their lissome loops are found The gleaming tints of gold. No locks more fair in prancing lure Were ever clasped by fillet pure To wake the lay of troubadour Or fire a bard of old.

O Nellie's hair, sweet Nellie's hair My heart lies in its silken sharo, Nor time nor art The bond shall part— Twining, Shining, Sunset hair!

—Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Jack of all trades—The Western burro.

About the most trying loop-hole of the law is the noose.—Puck.

The well-bred man who works in a bakery is a loafer.—Troy Telegram.

It is the thunder of the man in need that everlastingly sours the milk of human kindness.—Puck.

When a man sees that he is being driven to despair he ought to get out and walk.—Yonkers Gazette.

By all odds the finest attraction at the World's Fair will be the American girl.—Baltimore American.

Knowledge is power, except in the case of the man who knows he is whipped.—Littellian Journal.

Pluck will tell. Many a man not able to write his own name has made his mark in the world.—New Orleans Picayune.

Hicks—"Blitson, they tell me, is quite an athlete." Wicks—"Yes; his last feat, I hear was to run up a board bill."—Boston Transcript.

"That Smith girl has cast an awful spell over Charlie, He—" "I suppose so; she was a typewriter for several years."—Inter-Ocean.

It seems easy enough to name a baby, unless by some extraordinary chance the baby happens to be your own.—Somerville Journal.

It is impossible that there are so good fish in the sea as ever were caught, if the kodak pictures that fishermen bring home are true to life.—Puck.

Drusilla—"I hear you are poor. I think we will have to break our relations." Ten Broke—"I have broken all of mine already."—New York Herald.

Milkman (apologetically)—"The milk is a little blue this morning." Mrs. Housekeeper—"It must be thinking how everlastingly poor it is getting."—Troy Press.

Jinks—"Don't you think that the intentions of French duellists are more honorable than is generally conceded?" Filkins—"Oh, yes; as a rule they aim high."—Brooklyn Life.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Dillingham, your lady love has thrown you over. What was the trouble?" "Why, you see, I flattered her so much she got too proud to speak to me!"—Boston Beacon.

Gable—"No, my cold doesn't seem to be getting any better. I have got so now that I can hardly speak." Stillman—"Some people would call that a great improvement."—Boston Transcript.

She fears a girl experiences when she sees some other girl talking to her lover are nothing compared to the pangs that torture a woman when a neighbor calls her hired girl the fence and talks to her.—Athenian Globe.

"Did you know that Flagdon found himself locked out when he went home at 9 o'clock last night, and his wife wouldn't open the door?" "Why?" She didn't recognize his voice, because she had always done all the talking."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Butler—"There's a man below to see you, sir." Mayberry—"What did you tell me?" Butler—"I told him you were in, and if it was a man to say you were out." Mayberry—"What did he say then?" Butler—"He said to tell you he was a lady."—Harvard Lampoon.

Mr. Sampson (passionately)—"I love you devotedly, Miss Chumley, but my pecuniary affairs have prevented my making a declaration until now. But I have put enough away now to feel justified in asking you to become my wife." Miss Chumley (hesitatingly, but sweetly)—"I confess that I am not wholly indifferent to you, but—but—" "What, dear?" "Would you mind telling me how much you have put away?"—Tit-Bits.