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The birth registers show that "Eulalia" will be a popular name this season for new young ladies.

All the Chinamen in the United States came from one of the eighteen provinces of the Celestial Empire—most of them from one corner of that province.

Assuming the working age to be from twenty to sixty years, and counting only male workers, 440 persons in this country live on the labor of every 100 workers.

A foreign correspondent calls attention to the statistics of suicides in the German army as illustrating more vividly than words could the intolerable horrors of the iron discipline of German militarism.

The Russian city of Baku, on the western coast of the Caspian Sea, is called by the natives the "town of fire." It is the greatest petroleum center in the world. The sight upon which it is built—as, indeed, the whole Caspian Sea—rests upon naphtha.

Appendicitis, the medical term for inflammation of a small intestinal appendix, the use of which no one has been able to discover, has become so common that physicians are advocating its removal from all infants as a preventative measure, like vaccination.

Frederick J. de Peyster, President of the St. Nicholas Society, of New York, the quintessence of Knickerbocker gentility, declares in a recent interview that it is more important to be a member of the St. Nicholas Society than to control 100,000 miles of railway.

The noiseless London hansom, with its india rubber tired wheels, must, in future, carry bells to give notice of its approach. So many accidents have occurred through pedestrians not hearing the noise of approaching wheels that the commissioner of police has introduced this new regulation.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly declares the American desire for gregariousness is our National vice, and he goes far to prove his point by many illustrations showing the eagerness with which people crowded into cities and towns, and their refusal to accept good employment if it requires residence in the country.

The total taxable wealth of the city of St. Louis is \$281,291,800, of which \$45,348,030 is on personal property. The real estate valuation was made in 1892. The assessment of personal property was made this year. This is the plan of the office, the two classes of property being assessed in alternate years. The totals on personals show an increase of over \$1,000,000 over last year.

A new cannon has just been invented in Germany which is expected to revolutionize the artillery of all Europe. Krupp, it is reported, has offered \$750,000 for the exclusive right to the invention, and the inventor, Herr Ehrhardt, has refused the offer. He proposes to establish a plant of his own for turning out his guns. It will be the most rapid firing cannon in the world, so far.

Bees and birds court the society of man—that is, they seek the localities where fields and gardens abound, for they fare better when human industry extorts from the soil the products upon which they subsist. A Maine bee culturist says it is the rarest thing in the world to find bees away from the settlements or from openings where flowers grow. It is in the small patches of forests they are oftenest found and generally not far from the edge of the woods. It is the same with birds. There are no song birds in the northern Maine wilderness and scarcely anything that can be called bird life. Birds cluster around towns and villages.

The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have asked the city of Philadelphia to deed twenty-five acres of a tract of land known as the almshouse property to them in trust for use as a botanical garden. They promise to convert the land within five years, and that the garden shall at all times be open to the public. The property is not used for any purpose at the present time. The trustees have in view the erection on the tract of a museum of science and art to cost \$500,000. Work on this building would begin as soon as the garden was thrown open to the public. The university does not ask for any pecuniary aid from the city in carrying out the plan, but a number of citizens have already promised contributions of \$5000, and it is stated that there will be no difficulty in raising the fund needed.

More than two-thirds of the male prisoners in the State's prisons of the various States are under thirty years of age.

Germany has one postoffice to every 1774 inhabitants. In proportion to population the United States has twice as many.

Montana is larger than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania put together.

The average weight of 20,000 Boston men was 142 pounds; women, 125 pounds. At Cincinnati the average of the same number of men was 154 pounds; of women, 131.

In the United States the average life for farmers is sixty-four years; for lawyers, fifty-two; merchants, forty-eight; mechanics, forty-seven; seamen, forty-six; laborers, forty-four.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth asserts that she is the author of the first continued story ever published in the United States, which appeared in the Washington Era forty-five years ago. It was called "Retribution," but it seems never to have overtaken her.

There is at the Executive Mansion a so-called "eccentric file," on which all letters from palpable cranks are put. Most of these contain threats and warnings. This file has been kept ever since the episode of Guitene, who wrote many such notes before he shot President Garfield.

Doctor Ernst Har t, the editor of the British Medical Journal, who is now in Chicago, says: "I consider Chicago's water supply the best of all the great cities in America. The greatest danger was done away with when the old in-shore intake was abolished. But the city will not be absolutely safe until the two-mile crib is abandoned and the four-mile intake used exclusively."

According to Eugene Field "a charming feature of life at the World's Fair is the utter indifference to the rest of the world which possesses one immediately upon entering Jackson Park. He who enters there leaves all else behind. Household cares and business considerations are instantly forgotten. It is epidemic—this glorious, health-restoring, brain-resting, heart-strengthening enthusiasm!"

The conquest of arid America has but fairly begun and will not be completed for some time in the nameless distant future. Water is taken from rivers and streams by means of dams, pumping devices and canals; vast areas in the mountains are covered by well constructed reservoirs; springs, seepage and drainage sources are utilized; and even the underflow—that hidden and comparatively inexhaustible fountain—is being tapped in many localities. Artesian wells, counted by thousands, and underground tunnels and channels are flowing, and being constructed, almost everywhere. That sustaining element of plant-life, water, is sought and secured by men of enterprise and capital.

A writer in London Truth suggests that an association of girls be formed who shall pledge themselves to propose to any man whom they may consider desirable for a husband. He believes that proposing should not be limited to men, and that men, who, as he claims, are naturally more bashful than girls, often remain single because they have not the courage to propose, and, as a consequence, many girls are husbandless. But there is this difference in favor of the present order of things: If a man is refused, he soon forgets it and in a few days is ready to ask another girl to marry him, while a girl who had suffered a failure would first cry her eyes out with embarrassment, then turn cynical and never look at a man again.

It is the opinion of men familiar with the character of the Navajo Indians, declares the Argonaut, that a war with them will prove to be a serious business for the Government. The tribe numbers about thirty thousand, of whom nine thousand are fighting warriors. The reservation where they are entrenched is rough and difficult, and contains many passes where, according to one authority, "two Indians can hold their ground against the entire United States Army." The Navajos have trained their ponies to go without water for two days, if necessary. The whole tribe is armed with the most approved repeating rifles, and the bucks have been storing ammunition for years in anticipation of trouble. The Navajos have a perfect system of signals and scouts, and are always informed hours in advance of the movements of troops sent against them.

DAWN.
Out of the scabbard of the night,
By God's hand drawn,
Flashes his shining sword of light,
And lo—the dawn!
—Frank D. Sherman, in the Century.

A STORY OF HINDOO MAGIC.

EARS ago I sat one day on the deck of a vessel lying at its moorings by the river Calcutta. I had intended at first to go out to Garden Reach while the Shawmut was discharging and taking her new cargo, but illness in the family of the friend with whom it was proposed I should stop had interfered, and I decided at last to remain on board.

I was the more willing to do this, as I was accompanied by a friend of mine, whose wife had also decided to remain on board while in port. The Fox lay closely enough for us to call to each other from our decks, and nearly every day we spent together. If I could not go to the Fox, Mrs. King would take her little niece and come on board the Shawmut. I had my baby boy with me, and little Nera, my friend's niece, who was about three years old, would spend hours swinging with him in his hammock, which was hung from the spanker boom beneath the awning, that the baby might get what little air was stirring during the heat of the day. Nera would lie there for hours and play with baby if he was awake, or with her doll if he slept.

Captain King came aft to where his wife and I were sitting, and said: "Would you ladies like to see one of the best of the native jugglers? I have been talking with the comprador about it and he says he thinks he can get one to come off to-morrow if you would like to see him. According to what he says the fellow is far beyond anything in the way of magical performance that you have ever seen."

As neither of us had ever seen anything of the sort, of course we were eager to have the juggler come aboard, and the Captain returned to my far-off home and made arrangements with the comprador to fetch him the next day. Mrs. King and I talked of nothing else during the rest of the afternoon. We rubbed up our little knowledge of jugglers' tricks, recalled the stale stories of seeds planted and grown into a tree within a few moments, of the basket cut into ribbons, with an accompaniment of smothered shrieks and groans from the mutilated child within, who afterward appeared in the background, safe and sound, and all the other accounts of the stock tricks of the Indian jugglers of which we had often read.

We decided that this particular magician would be at rather a disadvantage, for he would be working on a solid deck instead of in the sand, and in an entirely unknown place, where he could by no possibility have made previous preparations to deceive his audience.

Next morning the Captain told me that the juggler would come on board and that in the afternoon. Mrs. King, as usual, came to spend the day with me, and we sat on deck all day. We felt sure that we had been there on the day when the performance was first proposed, and all of the following day, there had been no chance for any trick to be played beforehand, and that, therefore, we were to have a genuine performance, whatever it should be. There could be no chance of deception by hollow floors or easily moved sand.

Late in the afternoon, or rather early in the evening, we saw a small boat glide toward us, in which sat a tall, slender form clothed in the white native robe, with arms folded and head bowed upon his breast. Beside him sat a slight form, whether male or female we could not at that distance distinguish, but we supposed it was the boy who in all the stories we had read was one of the most important properties for the magical performance. There were no baskets in sight, and but little else in the way of furniture for setting the stage for the coming show. The boat came alongside, and her passengers were standing in our midst almost before the boat had touched the foot of the ladder. I think the juggler was the finest looking man I ever saw. He was considerably over six feet tall, and was formed like a Greek god. His snowy robe wrapped around him left his arms and one shoulder bare, and his long, slim hands were as perfect as bronze castings from an artist's master work. He had the brightest eyes I ever beheld, but in their depths shone a light which made me shudder with a not far-fetched well, I could not tell what the feeling was, but I knew it was decidedly unpleasant to meet his eyes for more than a moment. On comparing notes with my companions afterward I found that they had all felt this same strange sensation. It was not fear, but none of us could give it a name, though all experienced the discomfort in greater or less degree.

As the strangers reached the deck we saw that the figure which we had seen sitting beside the man in the boat was that of a young girl. She was almost as fine looking a specimen of her sex as the man was of his. They lost no time, but proceeded with their preparations for our amusement. The man disclaimed all speaking us at all, but gave directions to the girl, who repeated whatever it was necessary for us to hear in a low melodious voice. They asked for several things, among others a tall cane basket,

at which Mrs. King and I smiled at each other; a slender line, a pan of ashes, and some other little articles which I have forgotten now.

The line, which was handed the man, was our spare signal haliard, and after swinging it around his head a moment he seemed satisfied and laid down beside the mat which he had spread upon the deck. This mat was of woven grass, like thousands of others we saw every day.

The only thing which he had brought with him was a long slender sword and a small crystal globe, which seemed filled with some liquid clearer than water, with a sparkle and shimmer in its depths even when nothing jarred the globe to account for the motion. After a short time the man squatted down upon his mat and his strange eyes gazed at each one in the circle surrounding him for a moment. As he looked straight into my eyes I felt a most unusual chill and shudder pass through my veins. I was not a nervous woman, and this heart-chill was a new experience to me. His gaze passed slowly around our little circle, lingering for a moment as it met some eyes, and passing rapidly over others. I thought he paused longer as he gazed into my face than he did at any other, but that may have been imagination. When he had completed the circle he raised the crystal globe and held it poised upon one hand and spoke some words to his young companion in the strange musical tongue in which he had carried on all his conversation since coming on board. She turned from him and repeated to us his words: "Tell the strangers to each think of the dearest one in his own far-off land and to look deep into the magic crystal if he would learn what that loved one is doing at this instant."

We each fixed our attention upon the globe, and I wondered what my sister would think if she could see me sitting here before this strange Indian looking into the depths of a glass of water (if water the globe contained), and wishing that I could really see her for but one moment. As these thoughts passed through my mind I gazed steadily at the globe and saw the contents glitter and ripple as if moved by some wind which we felt not. Slowly across the surface passed a dim cloud, which grew rapidly more and more opaque.

Then suddenly I saw a corner of the old familiar doorway in my far-off home. The big maple tree grew into form before my eyes; its leaves fluttered and swayed in an unfelt breeze. The green grass beneath its branches waved and tossed as if it felt the fresh air of morning passing across its verdant face. A slender form came swiftly out of the dim haze which filled in the background to the picture. It was my sister, and a look of wonder shone in her hazel eyes as she seemed looking straight across the thousand miles of water which divided us. I started up and the picture faded away. I saw nothing but the Hindoo squatting before me, holding the crystal globe aloft and watching the faces before him with keen interest.

He sat silent for a moment, then rose to his feet and began his performance by giving us some of the less important tricks of the juggler, all of them his eyes roving from face to face as if he would read each heart to its depths, and I for one felt sure that he could so read mine, for I could feel his gaze sink deep into my brain. I was half afraid of him, but wholly determined to do nothing to break up the sitting.

After some minor tricks of sleight of hand and of the commoner class of legerdemain, he spoke to the girl in a harsh, quick tone. She brought out from under her voluminous robe a small, flat silver salver, which I noticed was entirely covered by an intricate pattern of engraving. This the man put carefully down upon the exact center of his mat, and taking from his bosom a small silk bag, he scattered the contents, a white powder, upon the salver. He addressed the girl in earnest tones, and then took his seat again upon his mat, with his head bowed upon his breast and his hands gripped closely together as if he was making some desperate effort or was bearing some terrible agony. The girl looked at the salver with a look of awe and wonder, and then she turned to me and spoke to me in a quick, shrill voice.

She then turned repeated to us his request that we should promise that, no matter what happened, we would none of us move from our place. If we should move no one could tell what terrible accident might happen. Of course we all promised, more or less readily, and the man, to make sure of our obedience, beckoned us to sit closer together in a ring almost touching the mat upon which he sat. We did so, laughing and crowding together, and when we had taken the required position he spoke to the girl, who immediately caught up the signal line and proceeded to arrange it in a ring surrounding our little group as we sat around our entertainer.

As soon as she had completed her task she took her station within the ring, and, dropping her outer robe, stood in a closer fitting undergarment, which left her slender limbs uncovered from knee to ankle, from wrist to shoulder.

When she had taken her place the man arose, and, uttering some incantation in a musical undertone, he walked around outside the ring formed by the rope and scattered the ashes over the line, covering it from sight. He then took his place again within the circle, and after the girl had again impressed upon us that under no cir-

cumstances were we to move, the man took the tape in his hand, and, holding it high above his head, seemed to be invoking some power which he beheld in the air above our heads. He then stooped and touched the flame of the taper to the end of the rope which encircled us. The flame crept along the cord, and wherever it lighted a change took place in the substance of the cord. It began to writhe and twist in a very lifelike manner. The flame crept around the circle, and the slender line which we had all seen taken from our own signal chest was suddenly turned to a twisting, gleaming serpent, which coiled and twined around our circle, hissing and darting out its fangs at every motion. It was one of the most deadly of the many venomous serpents of the country, and we shrank together with horror.

"If the strangers sit silent nothing can harm," said the girl, with a warning gesture.

We sat still—we could do nothing else—and the juggler stood erect and began again the acrobatic chaut which had accompanied his scattering of the ashes. But then it was inarticulate; now he seemed demanding aid from the higher power (or lower, as you choose), and his eyes were lighted up until they seemed burning coals, and wondered that they did not scorch my face when he glanced at me.

He raised the silver salver with its contents, and, holding it high above his head, waited for a moment in silence.

A flash, and the powder on the salver burst into flames. He lowered it to the deck, and the flames died away, leaving behind a mist of smoke, faintly fragrant, which settled lower and lower around us until we viewed all objects through its dim haze.

I glanced behind to the hammock where the two children were lying to see if they were frightened, but baby was sleeping and Nera was swinging and humming to herself as she played with her doll. She lay with her head upon baby's skirts and he had one little hand buried in her hair.

All this time the serpent had twisted and writhed around us, and the Hindoo had kept up his low, wailing chant. The girl stood with bowed head close beside him, and the smoke seemed to bend and twine about her form until it grew dim and seemed to wave and sway as in a breeze.

Then all at once she raised her arms and slowly, softly floated upward on the cloud waves like a leaf rising on the eddying winds. The chant grew more rapid, the smoke more dense, but still through its vaporous waves we could see the light form floating upward, still up until it was lost to sight far above the tops of the masts.

London and louder chanted the Hindoo. The smoke rose even thicker and more dense. We had lost sight of the girl. All eyes were turned to the spot where she had disappeared far up above our heads.

The Hindoo stood erect in the midst of the circle, his form swaying in rhythmic measure with his chanting. He held his hands higher and his voice took on a deeper tone. Then from far up in the blue void above us we saw a tiny spot scarce visible against the azure sky. It floated downward. Nearer it came, until we could see that it was the form of the young girl. Lower, still lower, she came, and we could see that she held a burden clasped in her arms.

The smoke grew more mistlike as she descended, until it vanished. She came down with the same swaying, drifting motion I had noticed when she ascended. Soon she was below the masts, and in a moment she floated just above our heads. Then, to my horror, I recognized the burden she bore. It was the form of my baby. She held him closely clasped in her arms, and before I could move she had floated across and laid him in the hammock, where I had seen him calmly sleeping but a few moments before we saw the girl floating upward in the midst of the smoke. Before I could move she stood again before the Hindoo in the center of the circle. The powder in the salver had ceased to smoke. The line encircling our group was again nothing more dangerous than a simple hempen rope. My nerves had been so thoroughly unstrung by the sight of my child dropping through the air when I had supposed him sleeping safely by my side, that I did not care for further exhibitions of the wonderful power which the Hindoo possessed. They received their reward, gathered up their effects, and in a few moments were rowing toward the shore.

When we were a little calmer, and could compare notes, we found that every one had seen the same wonderful sight—the girl, with empty arms, floating away out of sight, only to descend bearing the child on her bosom.

The only thing which differed in our several perceptions was in the first vision. When the crystal globe had held us to look into each saw a different picture. Each saw the one of whom he thought when told to send his mind back to his best loved friend at home.

"But, Nera, did not you see the pretty girl fly up in the air?"

"No, her stood right still all the time. Her kept watch of big man when he swing his arms, but her not fly, her not do anything."

There you have it. They say now that the camera shows just what Nera said she saw that day. Men of science are about agreed that the mysterious power of the Hindoo juggler is nothing more or less than hypnotism, and that would account for Nera and the camera seeing things as they are, not as they appear to those who have yielded their minds to the strange power of the Hindoo.—San Francisco Chronicle

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Chinese hand is small, slim and with square phalanges.

A map of the smokes of Paris has been recently prepared by M. Foubert of the Tour St. Jacques.

The first nickel-steel crank ever cast in this country was turned out recently at the Bethlehem (Pa.) Iron Works.

The largest spider of the world is the migma of Central America, which, with legs extended, is sometimes fifteen feet in diameter. It preys upon birds and lizards.

The only two foods which contain all the substances necessary to human life are said to be milk and the yoke of eggs. A man can live in health on these two foods.

In New Zealand a species of parrot is found that, finding its food entirely on the ground, has lost its power of flight. It differs from the rest of the family only in this particular and in being almost voiceless.

A submarine vessel named Gustave Zede has been launched at Toulon, France. Its movements resemble those of a swimming whale. It is easily submerged when required and the naval experts present declared it a complete success.

The telephone has lately been arranged for the use of divers. A sheet of copper is used in place of the glasses in the helmet, and to this a telephone is fixed, so that the diver, when at the bottom of the sea, has only to slightly turn his head in order to report what he sees or to receive instructions from above.

A rat of the mountain streams of central Peru enjoys the distinction of being the only rodent that utterly discards a vegetable diet and lives wholly on fish. The animal has been named Ichthomya Stolzi, in honor of the only known specimen was obtained by a Polish collector in 1891 and has been placed in the British Museum.

A technical paper gives the following rule for determining the number of tons of rails required to lay a mile of track: Multiply the weight per yard by eleven and divide the product by seven. For example: Take a seventy-pound rail; seventy multiplied by eleven equals 770, which divided by seven gives 110, the number of tons (of 2240 pounds each) required to the mile.

Doctor Gallipe reports to the French Academy of Sciences, after eight years' investigation, that all stones, such as gravel, found in the human body are produced by microbes. Microbes are the authors of that chemical decomposition which results in calcareous deposits. Healthy organs may contain these parasites, for so long as the humor of the body are in a normal state they produce no bad effects. When the system becomes diseased the microbes produce the deposits which develop into gravel or stone.

Insects do not breathe through the nose and mouth. Down the body run two main pipes. These pipes send out branches to right and left like a network, extending to the extremities, even to the ends of the antennae and to the claws. Each main tube receives the external air through nine or ten spiracles or breathing-holes, placed at intervals along the sides of the body. The spiracles are made water-tight and dust-tight by a strong fringe of hair, which completely guards the entrance.

200 Inches of Rainfall Per Month.

Cherra Punji, in the Khasi Hills, Assam, British India, is the spot of the greatest known rainfall; in other words, it is the wettest region on the face of the earth. Mr. Blandford, at a meeting of the London Meteorological Society, read a paper entitled "Rainfall at Cherra Punji" in which he presented incontrovertible proof of the extreme moisture of the country in question. The records go back for nearly sixty-five years, but prior to 1872 are rather incomplete, there being several whole years in which no record was kept. Carefully compiled data from these weather journals, however, incomplete as they are, prove that quite frequently during the summer, say for a May till September, the rainfall for a single month ranges from 100 to 212 inches. Think of it! Nearly eighteen feet of precipitation in thirty days. Colonel Sir Henry Yule's register for the year 1841 shows that there were 264 inches of rainfall during the month of August. That was something phenomenal even for Assam, however, and is not taken into account in the deductions made above.—St. Louis Republic.

The Peculiar Penguin.

The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a skin of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on but under the water, never keeping more than its head out, and, when fishing, coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals, that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.—Courier-Journal.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.
Dim clouds across the field there float,
And shroud the slowly forming tomb;
Another shape, a tiny boat,
I see, tossed in the foaming brine.
O rower, wait! Brave rower, stay!
Nay, boat and rower fade away.
Again the dim clouds gather o'er,
And slowly shape a battlefield,
And, dead or living, wounded sore,
One lies beside a broken shield.
O warrior, canst thou heed or hear?
Nay, for the visions disappear.
Fling down the shining surface bare:
An idle tale it tells to me.
The shadowy form I image there
I trace in earth and air and sea.
Earth, sea and air, from pole to pole
The magic mirror of my soul!
—May Kendall, in Longman's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Garden truck—The wheel-barrow.—Truth.

A believer in cold water—The ice-man.—Truth.

The zebra is the most uncomfortable of all animals—except man.—Puck.

As a rule the giant stands pretty high in the show business.—Buffalo Courier.

The Arab never leaves his home. He always takes it with him.—Hinghamton Leader.

The greatest dead-head scheme ever devised—the Chinese deportation project.—Philadelphia Call.

"Did Smigs marry his wife for her money?" "No, it was for her father's."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Friend—'Well, Pleuth, how is the detective business?" Old Pleuth—"Looking up."—Chicago Tribune.

It's a wise man who keepeth his own counsel. Yes, but a wiser one who can sell it like a lawyer.—Truth.

It is unquestionably true that some of the greatest diplomats of the age are lightning-rod agents.—Detroit Free Press.

The trapeze performer's business is precarious at best. He should always have some good thing to fall back on.—Troy Press.

A man is always more truthful in his opinion of his second baby than of his first. Women call it more brutal.—Atchison Globe.

No longer we'll wait
They are here in their glory,
The fishermen's boat
And the sea-serpent story.
—Washington Star.

"Colonel Bloodyfield's old war traits still cling to him." "How so?" "I dined with him last night, and he gave the waiter no quarter."—Philadelphia Record.

Droptin—"How'd you happen to call your paper the Sun?" The Editor—"It was started principally to make things hot for a few people."—Buffalo Courier.

"Who are those girls playing four-handed pieces on the piano?" "One of them is the daughter of the hostess." "And her accomplice?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Well!" said the philosophic fisherman, as he drew his line out of the water, "I lost the fish, but I suppose I am entitled to a re-bait."—Washington Star.

Old Lady (anxiously)—"Does this train stop at Liverpool?" Guard—"Well, if it don't, ma'am, you will see the biggest smash-up you ever heard of."—Tit Bits.

"Cholly, dear boy, don't you think you are taking cold here?" "Oh, no; my man always attends to those things for me; very elevah fellow he is."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Have you received any pie yet?" said one office-seeker to another. "No, but I've received provisions of another sort." "What sort?" "Cold shoulder."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram.

We went out fishing yesterday.
And fished with care and thought.
By night we had a splendid mess—
Which some one else had caught.
—Kansas City Journal.

Vickers—"Did you hear what Thompson said about you? He told me that you were the biggest ass he had ever met." Vickers—"He told you that? You?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The young melodramatist, telling the story of his rebuff to the manager, said: "As the robbers crawl in at the window the clock strikes one." Manager—"Good! Which one?"—Boston Globe.

"Squibbs is perfectly foolish about the safety of his baby, isn't he?" "Why do you think so?" "Well, every time the nurse takes the baby out for an airing there is a policeman with her."—Amusing Journal.

Spencer—"There is only one way of getting ahead of a life insurance company, and that is to die." Ferguson—"No, there is one other way." Spencer—"What's that?" Ferguson—"Don't insure."—Brooklyn Life.

Papa—"So you let the Maxberry girl get away with all the class honors, eh? I am almost ashamed of you!" Sweet Girl Graduate—"Oh, well, if I were as noble as she is I should have gone in for that sort of thing myself."—Indianapolis Journal.

Where Men Play Second Fiddle.
There is a considerable tribe of people among the Kasia hills, in the eastern part of Bengal, who consider the female the superior of the male. The former everywhere and in everything assert their superiority. The men do all the housework and perform all sorts of duties usually given to women in our part of the world, while the wives attend to the more serious affairs of life. Even the ownership of property descends only through the women. As a matter of course, the girls of a family are held in high esteem.—Pittsburg Dispatch.