LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1893.

NO. 45.

Artistic coffins are nowadays made out of wood pulp.

Among the industries of the United States that of paper making now holds fifth place.

In the twenty years that have elapsed since the close of the Franco-Prussian war Europe has doubled her military

Although worth \$35,000,000 at the the time of his death, Leland Stanford borrowed money all his life, and said that he could have profitably used

A remarkable discovery has been made at Carrog, near Llangollen, Wales. While a number of workmen were carting stones from the bed of the river Dee, they discovered the remains of an ancient church, which was washed down by a heavy flood 300 vears ago.

The scientific investigors at Munich claim to have discovered that "Asiatic cholera is essentially a poisoning with with nitric acid generated by Koch's comma bacilli." This is enteresting. If we can't kill the bacilli, perhaps something can be devised to neutralize the poisonous acid.

The largest use of placards on record was prior to the Paris election in 1889. General Boulanger had 15,000 billstickers, who put up 45,000 daily, in all 900,000. In some places, when they were torn down after the election, there were found sixty layers of bills alternating with those of Boulanger's rival.

The collection of postage stamps has brought into existence a professional stamp repairer, who, for a small fee, dexteriously repairs mutilated stamps. His specialty is restoring the margin to envelope stamps that have been cut to shape, and have thus lost much of their philatelic

Mr. Dobbins writes to the Pittsburg Dispatch that the very objectionable bit of slang, "the wind blew through his whiskers," is not American at all. In fact, it was first used by an Eng lishman, one Dan Chaucer, who wrote the "Canterbury Tales." In the tale of "The Shipman" occurs this remarkable line, "With many a tempest had his beard been shaken."

The Central Peruvian Railway across the Andes starts from sea level at Callao. It crosses the Andes range to Oroya, 136 miles from the coast. At the seventh mile it is 700 feet above the level of the sea. At the fiftieth mile the elevation is about 6000 feet and the ascent is steady and rapid until it reaches its highest point at the 106th mile, when the height is 15,665 feet.

The originator of the Concord grape is still living in Concord, Mass. He is Ephraim W. Bull, now eighty-seven years old, and one of the prominent men of the historic town. He was a friend of Emerson and Alcott, and has been greatly honored by distinguished visitors to Concord, and by horticulturists at home and abroad. In his garden at Concord he still shows the old mother vine of the Concord grape which he developed from the seed of a native wild grape planted just fifty

The conservative University of Virginia could not permit a woman to attend its lectures, observes the New York Telegram, but it did suffer Miss Caroline Preston Davis to stand its examinations in mathematics at the close of the year, and as she passed the whole course successfully the faculty bestowed on her the certificate of ex cellence and made her practically the first female graduate of the university. Dr. Thornton gave to the graduating class the privilege of conveying to her the honorary diploma and the boys

Says the New York Press: Four distinct invasions of the frozen mysteries of the Arctic region will be under way this year. Lieutenant Peary will en deavor to map the northern coast of Greenland and to investigate the archipelago which lies beyond. If conditions favor he may make a ven turesome dash on sledges across the frozen sea toward the pole. The other American explorer, Gilder, will examine the movement of the magnetic pole. Two avowed attempts to reach the North Pole will be made, one by Doctor Nausen, of Norway, who proposes to drift with the ice in a craft especially designed to resist pressure from floes, and another by Mr. Jackson, whose effort to cross the ice on sledges assumes that there is no open Polar Sea, and is supported by the Royal Geographical Society of Great

Twelve different kinds of theology are preached in four languages in the eight churches at Wahoo, Neb.

Whaling in the Antarctic seas this season is reported to be a failure. Grampuses, seals and sea lions are nu merous, it is further stated.

For some unexplained reason, state the New York Tribune, more fires seem to break out on Sunday morning than at any other time of the week.

The success of the three experimen farms in Manitoba, Assiniboia and British Columbia is causing Canadian farmers to urge the Government to establish a larger number.

When people talk about bad time the Baltimore American thinks it would be well for them to remember that there is about seventeen hundred million dollars (\$1,700,000,000) of deposits in American savings banks. Savings banks are pretty good financial thermometers for telling the real condition of the country.

The Cincinnati Times-Star exclaims Chicago that succeeded in planning and executing an architectural and artistic and a mechanical triumph of which the most imaginative Roman poet in Rome's Augustan age could never have dreamed, will continue to be talked about throughout the world and in places, too, where all other American cities are unknown.

Says the New York Independent: It is the rative custom in Tinnevelly to marry with a necklace instead of a ring, and the Church of England mission aries there have consented to the change in the marriage service so that it shall read: "With this necklace I thee wed." But with a delicious insularity some of the Angelicans at home are protesting against the crime of the

The new invention of M. Turpin, to whom the world is indebted for the discovery of melenite, the most powerful explosive in existence, seems de tined, if not to render war impossible, at any rate, to render the artillery now in existence altogether superflu ous. It consists of a very light gun and carriage drawn by two horses, and four charges can be fired within the space of fifteen minutes, each of which throws 25,000 bullets over a surface of 20,000 square yards. The range of the gun is about two miles.

Connecticut is now added to the list of States where the practice of medicine is regulated by law. There are now but nine States in the Union where the practice of this profession is absolutely unrestricted by any rules whatever, and, the Boston Herald re grets to say, that Massachusetts is on of the delinquent States. The only equipment that is essential for the practice of medicine in Massachusetts is a signboard hung outside the physician's office, and even this is frequently dispensed with. Massachusetts is the irregular practitioner's paradise.

Where has the duster gone? asks Philadelphia Press. It is still worn in the West. It still appears on longer lines of travel. Its manifest and sensible convenience endears it to middleaged men. But on a short line like that between this city and New York the duster has disappeared as completely as last winter's snowflakes. The clothing stores keep them on the back shelves. Few are sold. The big wholesale dealers do not sell a dozen where they once disposed of bales. In a few short years this convenient garment has been relegated to the country districts and the provinces. Yet in cur climate, with our hot, dry summers, our abundant dust and long railroad journeys, the duster ought to have become a permanent article of clothing for all travelers.

"Kyphosis bievelistarum" is an parently known in the West as well as the East. "Why is it," asks the Chicago Journal, "that as soon as a young man learns the useful and graceful art of bicycle riding he must forthwith attempt to undo the work by which he was made in the image of his Maker and seek to transform him self into a hideous mesozoic dinosau; or some other uncanny creeping thing: The head goes down, the back is humped, the arms assume the position of forelegs, and all that is wanting is a croak to pass for a broken-backed frog. There is no excuse for this abomination. An erect attitude gives the rider a much better command of the wheel. It is merely a habit due to too much pernicious and unhealthy "scorching." Women who ride wheel do not stoop, Out upon this frogsquat, this hump-backed disease "kyphosis bicyclistarum!"

I dreamt that over the winter world The winter winds were sighing, And into the orioles' empty nest

The flakes of snow were flying. The vines along the garden wall

With crystal ice were gleaming,

And in the garden, dull and bare, The summer flowers were dream The snow lay deep over withered grass, The skies were cold and gray, And slowly the dreary night came on

To end the weary day. I woke. High up in the orchard boughs A hundred birds were singing, And in the birch-trees' pleasant shade The orioles' nests were swinging.
Along the river, tall and green

I saw the rushes growing, And daisy petals white as snow Among the grasses showing.

The flowers held the sunshine bright,

The breezes were at play,
And swiftly the dreamy night came on To end the happy day.

--Angelina W. Wray, in Harper's Bazar.

MIRE AND MATRIMONY.

BY JAMES NOEL JOHNSON.



day" at Thompson's mill in Jim Creek, Lewis County, East Kentucky. The mill was a rival of Blackburn's store, two miles above, as a gossip exchange for large territory. From this distrib utive point flowed

out toward every household the news of deaths, births, scandals, fights, courtships, marriages and other matters of moment. To-day a large crowd had gathered, for a rumor was abroad that Big Tom Latimer and Polly Ann Rallin were soon to get married in the face of her father's opposition. The Rallin family was the leadin' one of the county, old Tom Rallin having a large farm several horses and "cow brutes" and, by all odds, the finest breed of cow dogs that ever yelped at a tree in Lewis county. Big Tim and Old Tom were at the mill, and as the latter was a man of hot temper, a fight between the men was hopefully anticipated. Big Tim was a handsome, good-natured fellow, who would fight only when necessity commended.

a stem into a new cob pipe when old Tom approached and said: "I hearn you an' my gal wuz fixin' ter marry?"
"We ain't fixin', ole man," placidly

returned Big Tim.
"Ye ain't?" hopefully questioned old

Tom. "No; we are already fixed-er haw, haw, haw!"
The old man's fingers bunched them

selves into hard fists, and his eyes glittered like new dirk knives a-whirling in the sunshine.
"Fixed!" hissed old Tom, "fixed!

You lazy, good-fer-nuthin' rascal, I'd like to know what you got ter marry

to marry on, ef we can't get ter stand up on yourn!" returned Tim with a loud exasperating laugh.

"You think ye'r terrible smart, don't e?" said old Tom, curling his upper lip into a vicious snarl.

"Yas, I am smart whar the hide's off, az my ole grandad uster say—er haw, haw, haw, haw! I'v course I'm er smart man, and am well awar' uv it, er I wouldn't have the brass ter try ter marry in the big Rallin family! A git a gal like yourn ter agree ter walk the puncheon er matermony with him. He must be smart enough ter keep up the family credit. Polly Ann ain't no ham eater, az my person like me, as soon as her eyes runs over his face. I cum from a smart horse, being a sp punkins herself, an' she knows er smart set of people. One uv 'em-an uncle served az road overseer in Magoffin ten years, an' wuz jist on the pint o' bein'
'lected constable, when a gun went
off in a patch o' bresh close to the road, he wuz passin' along, an' killed My great grandad wuz also er He talked six different wimmen inter the notion o' being his wife. He waz awful smart! At the age of ninety-six, he waz still smart. He waz peart enough ter set out on the his old woman chop off a hickory bushlog. Oh, I tell ye, old man, I'm not ter be grinned at by them what has no teeth as my grandad used to say. I'm er smart feller, an' thar'll be no retrigradin' in the stock as long az any o the Latimer blood iz in er family-er

The monumental impudence of Latimer was actually fascinating to old Tom. While the big, good humored fellow went rollicking on in the above style, it was impossible for Old Tom to keep his sober countenance. He tried his utmost to keep looking fierce, but ever and anon he would grin in spite of himself. At the conclusion of Tim's pedigree

he said: "Tim, I ain't got no time ter hear more o' yer foolishness, I—"

"What ye in a burry about? ye got What ye in a nurry acoust, ye got lots o' time. The ole miller sed awhile ago that we couldn't git our grindin' till erbout dark, and (glancing up at the sun) hit ain't more nor two o'clock now. That bein' the case, we'd jist az well put in the time a-gasin' az not. The fack iz, ole man, you're a mighty interesting ole feller to talk to. You may not believe me, but I consider you ter be the only man in this kentry, outside o' myself, what knows how ter talk real smart talk-the only man traveled and collected food ter feed the hog uv a man's intellectual nater an' make it squeel for more! I

az anything else that has caused me ter conclude ter lay my matrimonial claim in your family, and—"
"Say, Tim—"
"Tm er sayin' jest as fast az I can, ole man. Jist you stan' back a few minutes, an' gimme full swing. Az I wuz jist a goin' ter say, I feel that fer me ter marry in your family will be a mighty good jump for both sides—it'll keep the best looks an' finest intellecks in the county all bounded tergether. I know you think you can't bear to lose yer gal, but lemme say, right hur, you shant lose her. She can stay right with you—"

pray? Wanted ter be az humble az pray? Walted ter be az humble az pray? Wanted ter be az humble az pray a humble az pray? Wanted ter be az humble az humble az pray? Wanted ter be az humble az humb

"Oh, hush, Tim!" said the old man, grinning and turning away. "I see I can't get no sense outer you. But I want to tell ye now before you string out agin, that you can't have my gal. I'll die first. You know when I say anything I mean it. You are a good-natered sort uv a cuss—in fact too good-natered—but you are not fit ter be a husband, and ye can't never hev a gal o' mine."

"Say, ole man, I want you ter jist up an' tell me what you object ter me so strong fer?"

"Wal, in the fust place, you hain't got no cow?"

"Noap; you hain't got no cow?"

"Anyth'ng else?"

"What else?"

"What else?"

"What else?"

"Will ve give me Polly App?"

dog."
"What else?" "You won't never have none. I won't

have a son-in-law that has no hoss."
"Wal, lookee hur, ole man, you've got all o' them things—more than you'll ever need. Jist suppose you give me enough to qualerfy me ter become yer son-in-law? You've got more stock than you need?"
"I'd see you dead fust!" spoke the

"I'd see you dead fust!" spoke the old man fiercely, as he turned away.
"I'm goin' ter have Polly Ann an' one of your best horses afore two weeks; I feel it in my bones!" shouted the big, jolly fellow, as the old man started off.

"You won't." shrieked the old man. grinding his teeth, and viciously shak-'You'll see, ole man. Hit won't do

er such fine stock as the Rallins and Latimers not ter mix up in mater mony er haw, haw, haw, haw!"

Late in the afternoon, about dark. old Tom's "turn o' corn" was ground and he was just shouldering it up, ready to carry it out to his horse when Tim came up and, smiling, said:
"Old man, let me carry out your

turn, an' put it on your hoss. It's too heavy for you. I don't want ter see ye kill yerself up, even if I am goin' ter marry yer gal an' inherit yer prop-

spoke the old fellow between his teeth, as he slowly strained the bag to his shoulder.

"Wait jist a minite, ole man," spoke Tim, laughing, "my turn will be ready in a minite. I am going your road, and I'm shore you'll want

Tim's last words.
"Confound that ar Tim!" the old "Confound that ar 11m: the only fellow spoke to himself in amused vexation. "He beats any feller I ever seed. He'd tickle a dog to hear him talk. If he only had a hoss I might give in arter a while, but never, never, it is said that the use of smelling is said that the use of smelling it is said that the use of smelling ever shall a gal o' mine throw herself

horse, being a spirited animal, leaped as the popular expression goes, "make far to one side, and then, oh horrors, the old fellow felt the horse sinking rapidly into the ground.

"My!" he shouted, while he at-tempted to free handelf from the ani-

with fright. There he was, helplessly when the same shall be lawfully defast in the slough. And to add further manded." That clause is in the deed fast in the slough. And to add further to his terrors, it was turning colder of transfer, and for 120 years the red every minute. Of course, in such a rose has been paid by the congrega-His hands and feet must first get a vase, was a huge red rose, numb. Gradually, slowly his blood official of the church council made

ppeal now became fountains of beg-Soon he heard the sounds of a

to shout.

knowledge that'll stuff me out an' send and a shout.

me off pickin' the teeth o' my judgment with the pine splinter uv good sense! You're jist that sort uv er ole man, an' its fer that reason az much az anything else that has caused me ter conclude ter lay my matrimonial claim in your family, and—"

"Say, Tim—"

"Tm hur in the ole miery hole!"

"The nation you are!" shouted Tim.

"Why, what got ye in the notion ter pray? Wanted ter be az humble az pray? Wanted ter be az humble az likes er humble sinner. But git up, now, ole man, hits er gittin' too cold to stay there."

right with you—"

"Oh, hush, Tim!" said the old man, grinning and turning away.

"Drised at a man o' your sense gittin' down thar. You didn't appear so awful drunk when ye left the mill! Hit must

"Will ye give me Polly Ann?" "Yes, yes," eagerly spoke the old fellow.

"An' a hoss?"
"Sartinly—hurry up, Tim!"

"An' er cow?"
"Course, course!—hurry, Tim!"
"An' er good brood sow an' pigs?"
"Oh, Lordy mighty, yas! Hurry
an' come, Tim!"

"An' er good coon dog?" "Yas, yas, yas! the best one I've ot! Hurry!"

"Whoop, whoopee!" screamed Tim, as he leaped from his horse. He ran to a fence near by and got two rails. He soon had the old man pried out of the mud, and then the two released the horse. Tim rode home with the old fellow. On the way he stopped at Parson Ado's and forced the latter to accompany him. An hour later he was the old man's son-in-law.—Yankee

Can Odors Cause Deafness?

Everyone does not know that aromatic selts and very strong, pungent odors are injurious to the nerves of smell, and often produce serious, if not incurable difficulties.

It is well understood that certain cents start the action of the secretory glands of the nose and throat, and often the eyes fill up with tears. quent indulgence in the use of such perfumes will soon overtax the secre-ory organs and weaken them. Some day the person observes that the hearing is less acute than usual, and the sense of smell seems defective.

This is, of course accredited to a cold, and but little is thought of it. your road, and I'm shore you'll want good company! Besides it's an awful lonesome road." But the old man was riding away and he didn't hear throat and lung complications which are likely to end in chronic, if not fatal

It is said that the use of smelling away by marrying a feller what ain't salts is one of the most prolific causes got no hoss."

salts is one of the most prolific causes of deafness, operating by weakening ot no hoss."

Of deafness, operating by weakening
Darkness was now filling the road
the olfactory nerves, and through them and shutting out the view of all the auditory system. All strong or things. Suddenly an owl brawled out pungent odors should be avoided as y in front at an an-simultaneously, the act upon the secretory processes. and

An interesting ceremony took place at the Lutheran Church at Manheim, mal, he's jumped into that big miery hole." With these words he made a desperate scramble to get away from ground on which the church stands, the horse, but the frightened animal, and is locally known as the "feast of sunk now to his body in the slough, roses." In 1772 Baron William Henry gave a floundering surge, fell to its side, catching the old fellow's leg, and rolling the bag of meal off on top of him. Both horse and man were now stands. The Baron exacted for securely fast, unable to move.

The old fellow was almost delirious his land "five shillings in cash and the annual rental of one red rose in June, place, it was only a question of a few tion to some descendant of the Baron, hours when he must perish. And such At the services Mrs. Elizabeth Boyer, death! A man, in good health, to gin to die gradually without being of Baron Steigel, was the representato summon a single human being. tive of the landlord. On the altar, in must go from the surface, until, finally, address and formally tendered the it turns to ice in his heart! rose to Mrs. Boyer, who then signed He began to pray, and the lips that ever before had trembled in divine property.—New Orleans Picayune.

Two Matched Brilliants Worth \$500,000.

At the Imperial Institute, London, ne Prince of Wales lately inspected Then, like a lightning flash, broke the splendid Mylchreest diamonds, a on his soul the recollection that Tim Latimer was to follow him on the same road. He stopped praying and began Kimberly, South Africa, in 1885, by J. shout.
"What's the matter?" asked Tim, Mylchreest. Originally the weight of the stone was 199½ karats, but it was "What's the matter?" asked Tim, riding near. "Are ye repentin', ole man? Is that what yer prayin' about —tryin' ter git fergiveness for the way ye been talkin' ter me? Bully for you, ole man! I knowed you waz goin' ter gop up all right! Git on yer horse, ole man, I fergive ye. It's too cold to be repentin' down thar! Git up an' do yer prayin' an shoutin' while we ride aloux!"

He stone was 199½ karats, but it was cleft in two and cet regardless of weight, so as to secure the perfection of brilliancy. This work, together in London, and the brilliants are said to be the finest pair in existence; for it is the opinion of experts that there is no other pair of brilliants of the same size cut from the same stone. They are a complete match and their ike a man that I kin go to when the stomach uv mer mind is empty an all drawn up, an git the ham an eggs o' old fellow, in tones between a groan Review.

ECIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Men on an average weigh twenty ounds more than women

The death rate from spoplexy is highest at Turin, Italy -610 in 10,000. It is now proposed to make the trolley do the work that mules have been accustomed to do for canal boat.

The English importers of Australian frozen meat advise that the animal heat should be allowed to escape be-fore they begin to be frozen.

French ingenuity has contrived an mproved stone-cutting saw of remarkable efficiency—a circular saw having it edge set with black diamonds in the same way as the straight blades: but as the strain on the diamond is all in one direction the setting can be made much firmer.

In the Electrical Engineer J. E. Emerson states that once, when twen-ty-two years of age, he tried, for a freak, how much iron he could handle in a working day. He lifted and p.!ed in heaps four feet high 212½ tons of pig-iron in lumps, varying from sixty pounds to 130 pounds.

An electric alarm bell for use on trains, to supersede the unsatisfactory cord communication, has been successfully tried in Scotland. In addition to serving as an alarm, it can be used for starting trains from the guard's van, instead of the present method of whistling and waving of flags.

The Central Society of Agriculture, of Herault, France, promises that a laboratory for agricultural analysis shall be annexed to the chemical laboratory of the National School of Agriculture at Montpelier in order to deal with chemical manures, the use of which is becoming greater in that department.

The Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris has recently acquired a cameo of large size and finest workmanship, showing a duel on horseback between a Sassa nid king and a Roman emperor. M. Bableon, the keeper of the department of coins, recognizes in the subject a traditional representation of the capture of Valerian on the field of battle by Sapor I. (A. D. 250).

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lamp-black, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and seedow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flash ing beam is falling on the vessel.

A few coast lines on the world's sur face remain undefined. The longest of these is the outline of the Antartic Continent, which will be surveyed under the auspices of the Australian colonies as soon a money enough can be raised for the purpose; another is the coast line of Greenland, from Cap Washington, in eighty-three degrees thirty minutes, to Cape Bismarck, in the examination of vovagers from the fact that the whole east coast of Green swept by unceasing northeast gales.

Museular Magistrate, Judge Coleman, of Butte, may not be a very large man, says the Butte (Montana) Bystander, but when it omes to upholding the supreme power of the law he looks as large as an ele-phant. At least so thinks Mr. Reski, a Hungarian who is reported to have killed a man or two before coming to America, and, after spending eleven years in the penal institution of Hun-gary, left his native country for his

ountry's good.
Mr. Reski's aesthetic taste not being suited by the cooking of the partner, Mr. Vago, he attempted to kill him. A warrant was sworn out, but the offi-cer failed to find Mr. Reski. Vago informed Judge Coleman that Reski gambling in the Combination. officer being present at the time the judge concluded to make the arrest himself. Vago went out with him and pointed out the man wanted and then skipped out.

e judge called Reski outside and told him he had a warrant for his arrest. In response the Hungarian pulled pistol, but before he could use it he re ceived a "habeas corpus" under the ear, was disarmed and marched up to court in double-quick time. As they were going up the stairs which led to the court Reski pulled another pistol, a forty-four Colt's saying, "Me kill you now," attempted to shoot, but again the index was too quick for him and judge was too quick for him, and, knocking him down, took the second gun away from him, and besides giv-ing him a good thumping, read him a lecture on the evils of attempting to room, his case set for trial and then marched down to the city jail. Upon being searched a belt of cartridges and an eight-inch dirk were taken from him, in addition to the two pistols secured by the judge. If any State in the Union has a ner-

vier lawgiver than Judge Coleman we would like to hear from it. The judge can be found in his office at all hours of the day or night.

Horses for the Army Abroad. In Prussia, France and Austria cav

alry and other horses for the army are bred in stables owned by the Government. Every stallion must pass the severest veterinary examination. They are allowed to serve approved mares belonging to farmers and breeders. If the colts from these mares come the required standard, then the ernment buys them to elacate them for cavalry horses. - New York World.

THE BELLS OF LIBERTY.

Ring out, O bells of liberty! Ring out with joy and mirth.

And send the rapture of your chimes
Around the listening earth;
Bing loud and clear that all may hear—

The fettered and the free--The voice that stirred our fathers' souls, The voice of liberty.

Ring out, O bells ! ring once again,

A purer, holier chime, And send the echoes of your strain

Far up the hills of Time ;

Ring, ring with clear, prophetic voice The bliss that yet shall be— Say to the earth, "Rejoice, rejoice!

For love is liberty!" Ring, tuneful bells, ring sweet, and clear

A hymn of prayer and praise That God will guide us year by year

Through His appointed ways. Ring, ring harmonious to His will—

For only those are free Who in the love of God fulfill

His law of liberty.

-Ida W. Benham, in Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Old as the hills-The dales. Made to order-The waitress. Two wrongs make lawyers write. Alive and kicking -The disappointed

The buzz-saw is always ready to

take a hand in. A burning question -Was there any insurance? -- New York Journal. Little wonder that one of the billiard-

Upon the gay excursion boat
That sails by town and thicket
They say that Cupid always has
A commutation ticket,
--Washington Star

The law's delays are not manifested in the presentation of lawyers' bills. Smugglers are eccentric people;

they avoid the regular customs Truth. Every man is a great baby if he can find the right one to cry to .-- Atchison

Globe. "Well, I do declare!" said Thomas Jefferson, as he signed the Declaration of Independence.—Puck.

"I will now get into my coat of mail," remarked the letter when it saw the stamped envelope. -- Washington Star.
"Of what are you thinking?" said she.

"Of nothing," said she.
"Oh, thank you," said Cholly,
"For thinking of me."
—Washington Star. Patient—"Doctor, is there any sure cure for dandruff?" Doctor—"Yes, cultivate a bald head."—Detroit Free

While the elevator man gives many a fellow a lift, he doesn't hesitate to run a chap down.—Philadelphia Record.

"Do you think this dress makes me look older?" Clerk--"I don't see how it possibly could, ma'am."--Chicago Inter-Ocean. There is nothing a man hates worse

than to have his wife call him into her room and say she wants to have a private talk with him. -- Atchison Globe.

He saw many sights at the Fair That others had failed to take in, For he planted his heel by mistake
On a piece of soft orange skin.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean Teacher—"Do pease grow on vines or on bushes?" Pupil (whose father

keeps a summer boarding-house)—
"They comes in cans."—Boston Transcript. The Blonde-- "Of course he thinks her an angel, wings and all." The Brunette—"I guess he does. She to me he wanted her to fly with him." She told

Troy Press. "Move on, there!" said the facetious policeman to a lounger near a Western State's prison; "the Sheriff"s the only man who is allowed to hang about

Dicksmith-- "How do you account for Miss Muchcash never having mar-ried?" Kajones--"Easy enough. She's too blamed stingy even to entertain a proposal."—Buffalo Courier. "If money does talk," observed Snobbs, the other night, "I would like

shows, the other high, I would have to ask the girl on the silver dollar why she so persistently and successfully shuns me."—Philadelphia Record. "Van's not looking at all well for a man who's just back from a health resort." "No. They call it a health

resort because one leaves one's health there."—Kate Field's Washington. In a French School: Teacher-Pupilsall covered with mud." Pupils—"Oh, sir, we've only been playing the Panama Canal game."--Journal Amus-

Jinks--"Do you approve of marriage with a deceased wife's sister?'
Binks--"Certainly I do." Jinks-"And why, may I ask?" Binks--"Be cause of the saving in mothers-in-law."

"What I want, father," said the young man with the college medal, "is a wide field." "Good!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I always said you had horse sense, John; take the blind mule and ten acres." -- Detroit Free Press.

No Consideration For His Loss.

The prisoner, a tough-looking citizen with a prognathous cast of countenance and a bad eye, had been found of beating his horse to death. 'I wish it were in my power to pun

"I wish it were in my power to punish your brutality as it deserves by sending you to the penitentiary," said the magistrate, with strong indignation, "but I shall fine you \$190 and you will stand committed till the fine and costs are paid."
"Can't you make it a little lighter."

"Can't you make it a little lighter, squire?" pleaded the prisoner, drawi the back of a grimy hand across eyes. 'That's party hard on a manthat's just lost a good hoss!'-Chicago

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