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The two-minute bicycle promises to arrive far ahead of the two-minute trotter, observes the New York Recorder.

Some one has figured that there are no many railway lines, steam, elevated, cable and horse cars in New York City that a person may ride for six hours at a total cost of fifty cents.

According to an election return just made to the British Parliament, there are 6,229,120 voters in the United Kingdom. There were 4,592,482 in England, 270,276 in Wales, 747,271 in Ireland and 619,091 in Scotland.

F. P. Loomis, formerly United States Consul at St. Etienne, France, says that from an investigation he made he finds about 95,000 Americans visit Europe every year, and that they spend about \$100,000,000 annually abroad.

Cardinal Gibbons has rechristened Chicago with the classic title of "Thaumatopolis," the wonder city. The appellation is deserved, but the New York World thinks it will hardly displace that of "the windy city" in popular parlance.

The name of Gay Head, applied to a famous promontory of the Massachusetts coast, means exactly what it seems to mean, and is peculiarly appropriate. The headland, as seen from the sea, is gray with many colors running in strata, the result of chemical qualities in the earth of the cliff. A like variety of color is presented by many rocky islets and headlands in the Sound opposite Pelham Bay Park.

The Woman's Library at Chicago contains 7000 volumes in sixteen languages and represents twenty-three countries. It is to be placed in the permanent Women's Memorial Building, which is to be erected in Chicago, and will form a nucleus for the collection of the literary work of women in the future, as well as, through its catalogue soon to be issued, a complete bibliography of women's writings up to the present time.

There are 22,000,000 soldiers in arms in Europe. If all Long Island were a drill-ground, calculates the New York Recorder, it wouldn't be big enough for their field manoeuvres. If they were to march in a street parade, files of ten abreast, it would take the line of 2000 miles 100 days to pass a given point at fair marching speed. In Indian file they would reach around the world. In a year they would drink the Hudson dry for over a mile of its length.

There has been a remarkable revival of interest in the "abandoned farms" of New England since so many mills closed their doors. A large number of applications have been made to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture for its descriptive catalogue of the abandoned farms of that State. It is believed that some of the men who are out of work think of taking up farming as a means of livelihood. "But will a mechanic be a successful farmer?" queries the New York Tribune.

Now comes the suggestion that the log power of the United States shall be utilized for draught purposes, as it is in Belgium. A writer estimates that there are 7,000,000 logs in this country, and then figures out their aggregate pulling capacity. The idea may be new as to logs, but the New York News recalls that humorist John Phoenix suggested the utilization of cut power more than forty years ago. His plan was to run sewing machines by cut power. The cat was to be placed in harness connected with motive works. A mouse was to be suspended just beyond the cat's reach. The cat's jumping for the mouse would propel the machine.

Says the Boston Cultivator: There is a deficiency of 34,000,000 bushels in the German rye crop this year, and this comes with a deficiency of 18,000,000 bushels of wheat. Rye bread is the staple food of a large part of the German people. They prefer it to wheat bread when they can get both. Owing to the tariff war with Russia importations of rye from that country are cut off. It is Russian rye that has heretofore supplied the deficiencies of what Germany requires. There is now to be a large demand for all the rye American farmers can produce during the coming twelve months. It is a crop much less exhaustive than is wheat. It can be sown later in the fall, and if fertilized with mineral manures it responds to liberal treatment quite as freely as does wheat. In many places the demand for rye straw makes the crop worth growing for the straw alone.

'TIS USELESS TO REGRET.

We've done the best we could, my dear, We're nothing to regret; We've taught the children many truths On which our hearts were set; And if against our old-time ways They foolishly protest, We need never regret, my dear, That we have done our best. There's many a plan that's come to naught; There's many a light gone out; And disappointments, griefs and cares Have hedged us round about; And many a sad mistake we've made Throughout our lives, and yet We've done the very best we could; 'Tis useless to regret. For out of evil good has come, And out of darkness light; And all wrong doing in this world Some day will be set right; And though we have not reached the height Attained by others, yet We've done the best we could, my dear; 'Tis useless to regret. We've tried to live like honest folks, To do our duty well, Against evil things to take our stand, In goodness to excel; So judge yourself not harshly, dear, Nor at misfortunes fret; We've done the best we could, and so 'Tis useless to regret.

THE EDITOR'S VISIT.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.



THE noon hour had come, and the city editor of the Chronicle was very busy making out an assignment list, when a queer old-fashioned figure of a man came into the room and stood waiting by the side of the desk.

"Well!" said the city editor, looking up sharply, after an instant, "what do you want?"

"I wanted to know if you could make use of this," answered the newcomer, timidly holding out a small bundle of manuscript.

"I'm sure we can't unless it's something a trifle less honry with age than that you brought here the other day."

The city editor, who was a comparatively young man, very alert, very quick in speech, and all business, took the manuscript, unfolded it with a snap and ran his eye over the first few lines. Then he wheeled his chair around and said, straightening up and speaking testily:

"Now look here, John Harmon, once and for all, understand that it's none of my business bringing such stuff as that in here, and I won't be bothered with looking at it! Why, this is identically the same ancient history you tried to shove off on me the other day."

"But I polished it up!" suggested the old man.

"Polished up your grandfather!" exclaimed the other. "Why, you couldn't polish that matter so that it would be readable if you worked forever. It's hard back, but the plain truth is there are too many young men hunting for live news to allow of such back-number trash as that being good for anything but to stop a hole. I haven't got any more time to talk! If you get any news, bring it in and I will look at it! Otherwise, stay away, please!"

The city editor faced his desk again, picked up his pen and fell to work, not looking at the other. The old man for an instant stood motionless, then he picked up the manuscript, put it in his pocket and turning away walked slowly out of the room without a word.

The wind was biting hard outside and he drew his collar about his ears as he walked despondently down a side street. He had not far to go, for presently he went up the steps of a small house and opened the door. The room into which he came was bare and miserable looking, and everywhere he showed the lack of a woman's hand to straighten the few bits of furniture, which only served by their mean repair to add to the forlorn appearance of the apartment. The old man stood quite still, one hand resting on the doorjamb, staring ahead of him as if he saw there, there came a glad child's cry from the other end of the room:

"Oh, Gran'pop, I glad you come! It's awfully lonesome!"

The old man's face brightened. He reached down, and as the little girl came running to him, caught her by the hand and laboringly lifted her to his breast. Then he kissed her and put her down. She did not see the tears on his cheeks as he talked to her of the fun they would have that evening "after work was done." After work was done was the season when these two had grand rumpus together. Work, as little Polly well knew, meant writing, writing, writing until she would crawl upon the old man's knee and beg him to come play, and he would drop the pen from his cramped fingers and let her kiss from his eyes the mist which would gather there, when he kept his mind long fixed on the pages before him.

John Harmon was nearly eighty, "a broken-down newspaper man" he was called, and his only inheritance from past days was a knowledge of newspaper writing and a little granddaughter, whose mother and father had died in a fever epidemic a few years before.

The old man threw the rejected manuscript on a chair, then set about getting something to eat for himself and the child, the little one all the while chattering to him of what they would do in the evening. When they had finished he pulled on his coat once more, kissed the child and went out again. A publishing house had promised to look over some manuscript he had left a week or so before. He was going there to get their answer. He comprehended dully that this answer might mean something to eat, but,

more likely, keener hunger than ever.

When the child was left to herself she sat down and fell to looking over some illustrated papers which were her invariable source of amusement. By and by, becoming tired, she wandered over to the table. The rejected manuscript on the chair caught her eye. Gran'pop's papers were forbidden articles to her, but when she saw this package and slowly spelled out the writing on its cover, "the Chronicle," there came to her mind that Gran'pop had told her when he was writing this address the night before and was too busy to play with her, that the manuscript had to be sent in to-morrow. This was to-morrow, she reasoned, and the manuscript had not gone. Gran'pop must have forgotten it! He would be sorry, she knew.

Presently there came to her a bright idea and she stood very still for a moment, thinking hard. Why could not she take the manuscript to the Chronicle? She knew where the office was; she had been there with Gran'pop. It would be such a surprise to him to find it already gone when he came home. She decided to do it. She took the bundle from the chair and pulled on her jacket and tied her hood fast. She was used to dressing herself and soon was on the steps, the manuscript clutched firmly in her hand. Then she started off for the Chronicle office, proud of her self-appointed mission.

The elevator boy was much surprised and not a little amused when she asked for the editor. He tried to check her on the way up, but she refused to take any notice of his remarks, if she understood them. All her thoughts were on the top story and the editor. Despite his fumbling the elevator boy was a trifle impressed, and, thinking she might be one of the "old man's" relations, when they arrived at the upper floor he showed her to the door of the sanctum and told her to knock. Then he left her and went back to his post.

The editor was greatly surprised when a timid knock sounded on his door, and in answer to his "come in" he saw over his gold-bowed spectacles the diminutive maiden who entered. He looked at her hard, but she did not appear discomfited. She came toward him without hesitation and stood with one little hand resting on the edge of the desk, the other extending the folded manuscript.

"Gran'pop forgot to bring it down, so I fetched it!" she explained, her blue eyes looking up into his puzzled gray ones.

Now, the editor was not a man easily confused, but this was a novel experience even for him. In all his life he never remembered having received in his office so small and at the same time so confident a visitor as this. He looked at her sharply, almost sternly, suspecting he was the victim of some joke but her gaze never flinched, and the baby eyes were not frightened.

He took the manuscript from her grasp and read it. There was no solution of the mystery to be obtained here, however. The story was some local history of early days. There was no name, no mark of any kind to tell who wrote it or where it came from. Non-plussed, he turned his eyes upon the little figure beside him. Somehow, in spite of the old-fashioned and much-worn clothes, it suggested to him that of a little one who had once called him father, and a kindly smile lit his face.

"I don't know anything about this paper," he said. "Who did it come from?"

"From Gran'pop," she answered, as if that conveyed full information.

"Yes, but who's Gran'pop? I don't remember him."

"Why don't you know him? He's been here often, and I came with him once or twice, that's how I knew where it was."

The editor racked his brain in vain to think who Gran'pop could be.

"Well," he said at last, "you sit down in that big chair there and I'll look over this paper and tell you what to say to him." Then he wheeled his chair about and began reading.

It did not take long, however, for him to decide what to do. He struck a hand-bell on the desk and a boy came into the room. "Send Mr. Campbell to me!" the editor said.

A moment and the city editor of the Chronicle entered.

"Campbell," said the editor, "do you know whose writing that is?" and he handed him the manuscript.

"Yes," answered the other "it's old John Harmon's. He brought it in here this morning and I told him we couldn't use it. It's all ancient history."

"Well," said the editor a bit shortly, "it's the kind of ancient history the Chronicle wants. Can't you see that that's local matter that a good many would rather read than news? Give it a good place on the fourth page of to-morrow's issue, and I'll try to see that we have a column of just such stuff twice a week. That's all!"

The city editor did not see the little figure in the big chair, and a bit disconcerted at being turned down so sharply, he took up the manuscript again and left the room wondering what was the matter with the "old man," and how the historical stuff had come into his hands.

When he had gone, the editor drew a sheet of paper toward him. Looking at the little figure in the chair, he said: "I will write a letter for you to take with you and give it to Gran'pop." She nodded her head wisely, and he rapidly wrote a few lines. Then he folded the sheet, put it in an envelope and rose.

The elevator boy was quite deferential to her going down; but she paid no more attention to him than before. When she dipped out of the building she hurried by the street, the letter in her hand. As she turned the corner near home she saw "Gran'pop" just entering the door and ran hard to catch him; but he had gone in before she came up, so she knocked on the door. The same instant it was pulled open hurriedly and the old man, white and trembling, stood in the frame.

"Thank God!" he breathed, drawing her up in his arms and burying his face in her curls, "I thought you were lost."

"No, I only been to th' office!" exclaimed Polly, clinging to his neck. "To the office? Where do you mean?"

"Th' Chronicle office. I took th' writin' down there you left on th' chair and th' editor gave me a letter for you; he was awful nice."

The old man took the envelope she held toward him and dropped into a chair. With the child drawn close against him he broke the paper with trembling fingers and read:

THE DAILY CHRONICLE, No. 429 Street.

Dear Sir--We will use your paper on local history in to-morrow's issue. We will be pleased to have you contribute a column of like matter as often as you can give it to us, for which we will pay you at our regular space rates. Yours truly, C. N. HARGOOD, Managing Editor.

There was a mist before the old man's eyes as he read the last words. "Was he cross, Gran'pop?" queried Polly, seeing the tears.

"No, Polly," said the old man, straining her to him; "he has given us lots to do, but it shall not interfere with your playtime, little one."--Kate Field's Washington.

Raising Foxes in Alaska. For the purpose of perpetuating the fast vanishing fur supply of Alaska certain enterprising persons have gone into the business of breeding blue and black foxes on uninhabited islands along that coast. When the seals have been finally exterminated the world may still look to that region for some of the most valuable and beautiful pelts known.

The Smeda Propagating Company has recently stocked a number of islands with foxes, and the investment is beginning to yield handsome returns. The lands thus employed are valueless for anything else, being wholly barren. The breeding of blue foxes has already been very successful on one of the Pribyloff Islands--that of St. George--in Bering Sea.

Of their increase ten thousand have been killed and skinned for market. One advantage of this industry is that it involves no expense for the care or feeding of the animals. All that is required is to let loose a few pairs. Those of them which are taken must at all times be trapped and not shot. Thus they become exceedingly tame in the course of a few generations. In the same region there are red, white and "cross" foxes. Skins of the last named variety, which is supposed to be a cross between the red and the black, are quoted at from \$5 to \$8 wholesale.

The white and red pelts were worth only about \$1 apiece, because, though they are very beautiful, they are much more common and easily obtainable. Black foxes are so rare as to be hard to procure for breeding purposes.

A Musical Canine Critic. A wonderful story of a French musical critic is related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him and to have seen him in attendance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name was Parade.

Whether he had a different name at home was never known. At the beginning of the French revolution he went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuileries palace. He marched with the musicians, halted with them, listened knowingly to their performances and after the parade disappeared, to return promptly at parade time next day. Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They named him Parade, and one or another of them always invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitations and was a pleasant guest. It was discovered that after dinner he always attended the theatre, where he seated himself calmly in a corner of the orchestra and listened critically to the music.

If a new piece was played he noticed it instantly and paid the strictest attention. If the piece had fine, melodious passages he showed his joy to the best of his doggish ability, but if the piece was ordinary and uninteresting he yawned, stared about the theater and unmistakably expressed his disapproval.--Brandon Bickshaw.

Salutations in Old Marblehead. The customary morning salutation at all seasons in old Marblehead, Mass., is, "How is the fish?" In the past rainy summer the answer, after a look round the street, has generally been, "Oh, her tail is going round and round." This is the town's way of speaking of the weather vane on the Congregational Church, the infallible oracle which determines whether boats shall put out to sea and leisurely landsmen go riding.--Rochester Unionist Advertiser.

Fond of Captivity. It would be difficult to find a more devoted tribute to the kindness he showed on the brakes kept at the dog pound than that paid by a dog disposed of a few days ago by the pound authorities to some man on the other side of the river. The dog had not been away from the pound more than forty-eight hours before he broke away from his new master, swam the Ohio and all wet turned up at the pound entrance and barked for aid.--Cincinnati Times-Star.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Edison, the electrician, makes rubies that excel the genuine. The surface of a man's lungs is estimated at 150 square feet, ten times the surface of the external body.

In Great Britain the annual sick rate for each inhabitant is ten days to the year; in the United States eight days.

Nests of the ternite ants of South Africa are, often twelve feet high and grouped together in clusters, the tallest in the center.

Ants are provided with a poison bag, which discharges a fluid having a strong sulphurous smell, sufficient to drive away most insect enemies.

The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are 1-1000th of an inch in diameter. They are bored through sapphires, rubies and diamonds by a machine which makes 22,000 revolutions a minute.

Sir James Crichton Browne, the English specialist, is a believer in the theory that the coming man will be toothless. He declares that over 10,000,000 false teeth are annually fitted into the mouths of Britishers.

Many larvae of beetles and other insects are used for food; the bee gives honey and wax, the cocoon manna and cochineal, the Spanish fly a blistering drug, the gall insect an astringent and the silk worm an article of dress.

Uranus has four little moons--Ariel, Umbriel, Titania and Oberon--which, funnily enough, rise in the north and set in the south. A single diminutive one, belonging to Neptune, traverses the sky from southwest to southeast. Neither Mercury nor Venus has any satellites.

Doctor Neisser, of the Hygienic Institute at Berlin, has discovered in the city a new cholera bacillus which he calls vibrio berolinensis. The inoculation of dogs, cats and rabbits with this bacillus has proved that the vibrio is fully as potent as the Asiatic bacillus. The Berliners manifest no alarm over the discovery.

The difference between the atmosphere of the best ventilated houses and the outer air is illustrated by the conduct of cut flowers. Blossoms that retain their freshness but a day or two when standing in water within doors will sometimes live twice as long when dropped in a shady place out of doors, even without the aid of other moisture than they obtained from the earth and air.

Experiments made by the scientists appointed for that purpose by the French Government show that the resistance which the atmosphere to the motion of a high speed train offers amounts to half the resistance which the locomotive must overcome.

Two engines, of which the resistance was measured repeatedly and found to be nineteen pounds per ton at thirty-seven miles per hour, were coupled together and again tried. In the second trial the resistance fell to fourteen pounds per ton, the second engine being shielded from atmospheric resistance by the first.

Great attention is now being paid by the German military authorities to the question of facilitating and expediting trenching methods. Among other implements which they are testing is an trenching spade, invented by M. de Layeh. When in use it is fitted to the stock of the rifle, but it is suggested that its proposed place, when not in use, on the breast of the soldier, is likely to cause oppression and to give little or no protection. The whole arrangement adds rather more than three pounds to his impediments.

A Chinese Proverb's Origin. "He'll steal your shoes" is an expression which in China is used to describe an errand knave and pilferer.

Dr. General Edward Beiloe, recently returned from Amoy. "The expression is hundreds of years old and is based on an adventure perpetrated through the medium of decorated crockery ware. A wealthy Chinaman, whose gorgeously embroidered shoes were the envy of the community, was, according to the legend, despoiled of his pride in the following manner: A rascal one day rushed up, gave the rich man a hearty blow on the back and seizing the astonished gentleman's hat pitched it upon a high wall. The next moment the fellow seemed to discover that it was not an old friend he was greeting so enthusiastically and apologized profusely.

"How shall I get my hat?" inquired the man with the beautiful shoes.

"Jump on my back and you can reach it," replied the schemer.

The suggestion was carried out, but while the hatless man was reaching for his head covering the rascal slipped off the handsome shoes and made away, leaving the simple minded millionaire clutching the wall."

Moderate Climate Conducive to Age. Undoubtedly the climate most conducive to longevity is a moderate one, although a cold climate, other things being equal, has a decided advantage over a hot one. For instance, the rate of mortality in northern climes is much greater than in that of such regions as Scandinavia and Russia, while duration of life is longer in Norway than in any country, and of course Norway is decidedly cold. That excessive cold is prejudicial to long life is proved by the low maximum age which is reached by the inhabitants of such places as Iceland and Siberia. The African in the belt, suffers least of his fallers on the Senegal in Africa ages early and does not live long. Transplanted to a comparatively moderate climate in this country, he lives a much longer life, the census for New Jersey, for instance, showing that among colored people, with their easy going life, there is one centenarian for every 100, but only one white centenarian among 150,000.--Brooklyn Eagle.

WHAT THERE IS IN DUST.

IT CONTAINS STARCH GRAINS AND OTHER SUBSTANCES. Difference Between the Dust of Cities and of the Country--Examining a Pinch of Dust.

"O H, this dreadful dust! There is no getting rid of it. It is the bother of my life."

So says the housewife. It never occurs to her to wonder what is this ever-accumulating dust of which she complains. Yet there are ever so many strange things to be told about it.

Of all the materials of which dust is composed the most interesting is starch. In every pinch of dust there is more or less of this ingredient in the shape of oval and spherical grains. The dust found in coffins with old Egyptian mummies contains starch grains just like those which fly about in the air to-day.

A scientist with an inquiring mind once took the trouble to examine under a microscope specimens of dust which had penetrated the skulls of animals embalmed in the days of the Pharaohs. The samples revealed the same kind of grains of starch. Such grains are always in everybody's clothes and on the hands. Press your moistened finger upon a clean piece of glass, and on looking at the latter with a microscope you will discover several starch grains. Wash your hands a dozen times and every repetition of the experiment will produce the same result.

Where does all this starch come from? The answer is: From the food of mankind. Wheat, barley, rice, potatoes, etc., are largely composed of starch. Little grains of it are widely scattered by the winds, and being very light are held in suspension.

For the reason above mentioned much more starch is to be found in the dust of cities than in that of the country, where population is comparatively sparse. Thus it may be said that in every town a cloud of starch always hangs in the air. However, the dust that blows through the streets, which settles upon furniture and makes work for the housewife, contains ever so many other things besides starch. Take a small pinch of it at random and examine it at leisure. Perchance you will discover among it a fiber of wood, a scale of human epidermis, a fragment of the hair of a dog, a piece of an insect's claw, the shell of an animalcule and the spore of a plant awaiting a proper resting place, with the necessary dampness to reproduce its species.

These are all organic substances, animal or vegetable. Dust contains much inorganic matter, particularly small particles of silica. On account of their size and shape such particles were for a long time mistaken for eggs of some kind, but this notion was finally exploded by making chemical analyses of the alleged eggs. The history of a single one of these fragments would be most interesting to know. Ever so long ago perhaps it was part of a rock. The waves wore it away from the parent stone and threw it into a heap of sand on the shore. After a while the wind caught it and flung it upon the upland. Rain took it from the ground and hurried it along to a river. The river carried it to the sea. From the sea water it was taken by an oyster to build the latter's shell. The mollusk was caught and eaten, and the shell, being thrown away, was trampled upon, powdered and dispersed by the breezes. Thus the particle whose story is here related was set about in the atmosphere, to fall at length upon the library table and to afford a subject for speculation beneath your microscope.

As you walk down the street on one of the breezy autumn days a cloud of dust is blown in your face, almost stifling you. It is a mixture consisting largely of small fragments of sand. But if you will take a pinch of it home and subject it to examination, you will find that it contains an extraordinary variety of other things, such as the broken fibers of plants, pollen, fine hairs, fibers of clothing and other fabrics, particles of lime and soot, ashes and clusters of different kinds of micro-organisms.

When a ray of sunlight streams into a darkened room it reveals the finer dust particles which always fill the air, though ordinarily invisible to the eye. Doctor Prudden, who has made a study of this subject, says that the particles in question consist mostly of fragments of vegetable and animal fibers, such as cotton and wool, and of an enormous variety of micro-organisms, singly or in masses, such as bacteria and the spores of mold plants. Such are the "motus in the sunbeam," respecting which so many poetic ideas have been expressed. Not a few of them are germs capable of producing diseases of various sorts if they happen to find lodgment in the human system.--Washington Star.

A Singular Product of Hawaii. One of the most singular products of Hawaii is a vitreous lava known as "Pele's hair." It is a silky, filamentous substance, olive green or yellowish brown in color, soft to the touch, but very brittle. It is produced by the wind catching the fiery spray thrown up from the great crater Kilauea (which the Hawaiians long since personified as the fire goddess Pele), but the real cause of the lava forming into such soft silky fibers is believed to be the gas and steam escaping through the lava. Nearly all of the native inhabitants of Hawaii use it as a most valuable natural--New Orleans Picayune.

In 1892 there were 4,761,303 depositors in the savings banks of this country, who had deposited \$1,712,709,025.

WEAVING.

I placed my loom the slender threads along-- I laughed to see them gliding; Then--idle weaver! sat with careless hand; And dreamful eyes to listen.

The whirling song crooned vibrantly, the warp was wondrous fair that day; At eve I rose--I had forgot the weft! The threads were all one way.

A useless fabric, with unwoven shreds Across--no binding ties; The warp of aims may glint, but idly runs, In which no purpose lies.

O careless heart! I said, and are you thus An instrument unstrung? A strain of harmony but half complete, For words you left unstrung?

O listless dreamer! leaving shadows there, To echoes half content, Across the loom, if you will only look, Love, smiling, holds the weft.

---Louise Warson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Ruled off--Ledgers. A tweed garment--A sea coat. "Get off the earth," the cyclone said to the barn.

A nervous affection--A man on the eve of proposal. The crawfish is not very good to eat, but it will do at a pinch.--Truth.

One characteristic of good old Elijah was his ravenous appetite.--Cleveland Plain Dealer. London's constant fog may be caused by the continuous reign.--Dallas News.

The fine wheat will insure the farmer and the English sparrow full crops.--Cleveland Plain Dealer. People who are always scheming generally pay about double for what they get.--Milwaukee Journal.

When a man is dressed in a little brief authority, he makes it more conspicuous than a red neck-tie.--Puck. So far no one has ever made the blunder of painting a Cupid to look as if he had any sense.--Atchison Globe.

"Why does Shaggy keep his hair cut so short?" "Because he's getting bald, and he won't have it long."--Philadelphia Record. "He says he owes you a licking, does he? Well, you'll never get it."

"How do you know?" "I'm his tailor."--Chicago Tribune. "He's a very modest young man, isn't he?" "Modest as a burglar; he doesn't even want the credit of his own work."--Philadelphia Record.

An enterprising hosier has announced a new button, which he calls The Old Maid's Wedding. Why? Because it never comes off.--Tit-Bits. The coalman's season may be the winter, the summer the iceman's harvest, so that it's possible the milkmaid finds his greatest profit in the spring.

Shall I from her sweet spelt depart, Or take her for labor or work? The choice is--will she break my heart, Or shall she break my purse?!--Puck. Demonstrator in Natural Science.--"Gentlemen, I hold in my hand three shells. Voice (from amphitheatre)--"It isn't under any of them."--Detroit Free Press.

Watts--"I wonder how this world will get along when you and I have left it?" Potts--"You'd better be wondering how we'll get along."--Indianapolis Journal.

Pipkin--"Does your wife know anything about cooking?" Potts--"I guess she does; you can't get her into any of your cheap restaurants."--Kate Field's Washington.

"Hello, Bingley, how did the doctor succeed in breaking up your fever?" "Oh, easy enough; he presented his bill, and I had a chill in fifteen minutes."--Chicago Inter-Occult. "Can I get this note 'shredded'?" he timidly asked the money-lender.

"Gracious!" ejaculated the broker, as he glanced at the date, "it would be enough to need it!"--Atlanta Constitution. Unless old words can be exchanged for the new ones that are being rapidly coined, English dictionaries will soon have to be taken to a cotton compress to be rendered portable.--Dallas News.

Applicant for Work--"But the occupation seems to be a dangerous one." Manager--"Yes; but then in case you are killed the company would send flowers to your funeral."--Boston Transcript.

Richard--"When my wife agreed to share her lot with me I didn't know there was a mortgage on it." Harry--"A mortgage?" Richard--"Her mother, I found, went with the lot."--Boston Transcript.

A fellow in Smithville who couldn't spare \$2 a year for a newspaper sent fifty two-cent stamps to a down-east Yankee to know how to "hang beats." He got an answer, "Take half of the tops and pull for all your strength."--Chicago Times.

Oh, the gold is rolling in! From beyond the windy shore Millions rolling in upon my door! Including my bank-bill and my millionaire's note, and my money rolling toward to his door. And as we are none so stupid, Why we'll just let 'em roll! --Chicago Times.

Measuring the Glass. A recent number of the Boston Globe states that Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes has made a practice for some years of taking the "width" of the large class and other trees which he has seen in his