SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. XII. LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1893. NO. 10.

The public and private indebtedness of the world is estimated to be $100,000,000,000.

The Swiss Government has ordered that hereafter all slaughtered cattle must be made insensible before the knife is used.

A sage complains that while it is true that "man wants but little here below," the trouble is that that little is usually in someone else's possession.

An European mathematician of world-wide celebrity claims that from a single potato a careful cultivator could raise 10,000,000,000 tubers within a period of ten years.

The San Francisco Chronicle estimates that at the present rate of conquest and colonization savage Africa will be a thing of the past before the first quarter of the twentieth century is rounded out.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun asserts that "there is no such thing in all this world as sewer gas," and, further, that "there is no evidence whatever in fact and no ground for believing in the theory that the emanations from a sewer are in any wise unwholesome."

Many lakes have been formed along the banks of the South Canadian River in Oklahoma, some of which are many square miles in extent. They are caused, explains the New York Post, by the sand blowing out of the river until a high embankment is formed along the shores, and behind the bank are formed the lakes.

An elderly gentleman of wide travel and close observation remarked recently, after reading the story in the New York Times of a cruel murder, that he had long been of the opinion that the greatest calamity that has befallen the human race in modern times was the invention of the revolver. It is too easily carried, and too handy.

The report from South Africa that the British recently slaughtered the Matabeles like sheep is probably well founded, says the San Francisco Chronical. The English have never been noted for their tender regard of the aborigine. The pioneers of South Africa, like those of Australia, regard the natives as hindrance to the development of the country, and any pretext which can be used to justify killing or driving them out of a district is eagerly welcomed.

The St. Louis Star-Sayings thinks that "one of the most gratifying signs of the times is the operation of the law requiring all navy ships to be built at home, from materials of domestic production; American ships in American bottoms and the establishment of ship yards capable of turning out vessels of war of the highest speed and capacity. It is a growing enterprise and gives employment to thousands of American laborers, and soon we may anticipate that instead of going to other countries for ideas and methods in ship armor and gun construction we shall have the foreigners coming to us to learn."

America holds the record in many natural wonders and artificial triumphs, boasts the Washington Star. The largest lake in the world (Superior), the longest river (Missouri), the largest park (Yellowstone), the finest cave (the Mammoth), the greatest waterfall (Niagara) and the only natural bridge (in Virginia) are all to be found within the borders of the United States, and here the biggest fortunes are made, the most energetic commercial enterprises undertaken, the largest deals are effected, and the most wonderful inventions are perfected, while the country produces a greater amount of raw material than any other.

The zone system of railroad rates which is so successfully operated in Hungary, has made a deep impression upon James L. Cowles, well known in railroad circles. He says: "Distance costs practically nothing in the transportation of freight or of passengers, and, therefore, distance should be disregarded in the discrimination of rates. The rate now charged for the shortest distance for any particular service is the rate that should be adopted for all distances. When once a train starts from Boston to San Francisco, there isn't a man living that can tell the difference in cost of running that train, whether a passenger leaves the train at the first station out of Boston or goes through from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast." Mr. Cowles further says that there is not two dollars difference between running a train from Chicago to New York, full of passengers or empty.

RETROSPECT.

The roses were not just so sweet, perhaps,
As we thought they would surely be,
And the blossoms were not so pearly white
As of yore, on the orchard tree;
But the summer has gone for all of that
And with sad reluctant heart
We stand at rich autumn's open door
And watch its form depart.

The skies were not just so blue, perhaps,
As we hoped they would surely be,
And the waters were rough that washed our boat,
Instead of the old calm sea;
But the summer has gone for all of that,
And the golden rod is here;
We can see the gleam of its golden sheen
In the hand of the aging year.

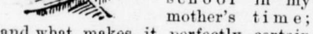
The rest was not quite so real, perhaps,
As we hoped it might prove to be,
For instead of leisure came work sometimes
And the days dragged wearily;
But the summer has gone for all of that,
The holiday time is o'er,
And busy hands in the harvest field
Have garnered their golden store.

The summer was not such a dream, perhaps,
Of bliss as we thought 'twould be,
And the beautiful things we planned to do
Went amiss for you and me;
Yet still it is gone for all of that,
And we lift our wistful eyes
To the land where beyond the winter snows
Another summer lies.

—Kathleen R. Wheeler, in Lippincott's.

THE LAST SCHOLAR.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.



It used to be the fashion to go to Miss Lepington's school when my mother was a girl. Schools came into fashion just as crinolines and puffy sleeves do. I know for a number of reasons that it was the most fashionable girls' school in my mother's time; and what makes it perfectly certain is that my mother would never have gone to it unless it had been. Miss Lepington used to limit the number of scholars to forty; and there were many stories current as to the early applications made for a place in that school. It was no uncommon thing for a happy father to send in an application as soon as a daughter was born; and it was said that when Tom Snelling and Eunice Dunbar were engaged, they wrote to Miss Lepington that in case they were married and had a daughter they wished a place reserved for her.

I don't exactly know whether to believe that or not. I do know that my mother applied only six years beforehand; but then her mother knew Miss Lepington very well, and so Miss Lepington was probably willing to strain a point.

But things cannot always stay in fashion. Hoop skirts went out of style after a time, and ever so many crinoline makers were ruined. Even these beautiful great sleeves must go out of fashion. I greatly fear that they may have disappeared before this story comes out. And Miss Lepington's school went out of fashion, too. You see, Miss Lepington would not have German taught at her school; and there was Miss Cartwright's school that had a second cousin of Goethe's as a German teacher; and nowadays, of course, every girl ought to know German. That was only one reason out of a dozen for the falling off in pupils.

Miss Lepington must have noticed the diminution in applications; but she did not seem to. She was sterner than ever in her requirements. She had never taken any one whose grandfather was not "somebody," she said, and she never would. So at last the time came when there were only thirty-five pupils; and then the remaining ones dropped off, one by one, in a way that pains me to tell of.

But Miss Lepington never thought of giving up teaching. She was just as erect as in the old days, and a little stricter; and she taught just as well as ever—much better, I don't doubt, than Miss Cartwright, whose ancestors were I don't know what when the Lepingtons were lolling at their ease in Lepington Manor, or fighting for their king at Agincourt.

I suppose one reason the pupils stopped coming was because Hanover street deteriorated so. Every one lives on Enderly square now, or on Collingwood avenue, and you can't really expect a girl of fifteen to walk past all those queer shops on Hanover street. It is a strange old place, and one wonders how it could ever have been so fashionable.

Miss Lepington has a nephew, Densil Smith, of Smith, Alen & Company. They lived together in an old house on Puritan square. He was rich, and she must have been quite well off herself. He was so wrapped up in his business that he never knew much about her school. He may have had some little suspicion of what was going on; but one of his business rules was to get everything at first hand. His news about Miss Lepington's school was always derived from Miss Lepington herself, and thus he thought he was sure to know the truth. He was the only friend of Miss Lepington's who did not know it.

The school grew smaller and smaller, till there were only twenty pupils. Then ten of these left in a body to go to Miss Cartwright's. Then the rest deserted, one by one, until—I don't like to say it—until Constance Alford was the only pupil in Miss Lepington's school. And now the worst is said, for if any one were to have a school with one scholar, Constance would be just the scholar to have.

She always seemed to me more like a character in a story than a girl in every day life. She was very beautiful, in the first place, and very amiable, and very good; and she was, as you see, so loyal that she stayed with Miss Lepington after every one else had deserted her.

"I shall undertake the first class in French myself this morning, Constance. I have severed my connection with Mlle. Deroulet, and until such time as I have a new instructress, I shall discharge the duties of the position myself."

Constance took out her French books and followed Miss Lepington out of the deserted schoolroom into the recitation room.

"Read, Constance, if you please."

Constance read. She read so sweetly in any language that it was hard even for Miss Lepington to find fault. I should like to hear her read Russian, but then I was always very fond of Constance Alford.

"Look out for your 'puis,' Constance. Did not Mademoiselle tell you how to pronounce that word? Now after me: 'puis.'"

"'Puis,'" said Constance.

"That is more tolerable; but practise it, my dear, before the mirror. The lips must move in one particular way. You can always discover a Parisian by the way he pronounces 'puis.'"

And so on, till at last the French was over, and then the English literature class, which Miss Lepington taught herself, for she had "severed her connection" with all the assistants except old Miss Nutting, who came in to teach drawing once a week. And Constance Alford often told me that she was very glad to get rid of the other instructors, for Miss Lepington was an excellent teacher, though perhaps a trifle too narrow in some ways.

After English literature came recess. This was the first break in the dignity of the school. Constance found a chair and drew it up close to Miss Lepington's, and then they ate their lunch together, and talked affectionately, for they were very fond of each other.

"Did you know I was eighteen years old to-day?" said Constance.

"Why, my dear child?" cried Miss Lepington. "And I have not given you a present."

"Yes, you have, dear," said Constance (she never called Miss Lepington "dear" during school hours). "You give me a present of something every time you teach me. But I have something to tell you; but I hardly dare."

"Not quite so many 'buts,'" said Miss Lepington, stroking her favorite (and only) pupil's hand.

"Yes, dear, all the 'buts' I want in recess," said Constance, mischievously. "What do you think I have done?"

"Become engaged to be married?"

Constance burst out laughing. "Right the first time! Oh, how romantic you are, dear! I never should have believed it."

Miss Lepington blushed. "Not romantic, my child. Perhaps it is that I know a little of the world. My dear Constance, I hope that you will be very, very happy. I am confident that the gentleman both is and will be so. Who is he?"

"Jack Mackenzie," said Constance. "He's splendid. But I haven't told you everything. I thought—I hoped you wouldn't mind—I—well—I think that he rang the door bell just now. Did you hear it? I asked him to come here to see you and me. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

Miss Lepington tried to look stern; but she couldn't. No one could look stern at Constance. Miss Lepington rose and looked in the glass to see that her hair was all right, and then changed her spectacles for her eyeglasses.

"You were indiscreet, my child, to ask a young gentleman to a girls' school; but since he is here, of course we must welcome him. Jane, show Mr. Mackenzie in."

"I hope you will pardon my intrusion," said Jack as he came forward. "But I was so anxious to meet the lady who has been so intimate with Constance; and Constance would never see me you see where she had known you and grown so fond of you. Will you forgive me?"

Miss Lepington blushed again. She was not used to fine speeches from young men. "No one can be displeased with Constance," she said, "and I begin to think that her fiance shares her immunity."

After that the three had a nice talk all about the old school; and Constance told several anecdotes, which Miss Lepington had never heard before, about things that had gone on under the teacher's nose; and Miss Lepington told about the two young people whom their mothers, who had been classmates, and pointed out the desks where they had sat.

The time for the recitation in natural history was past, and they were in the middle of the hour for Latin grammar, and still Jack stayed on. At last he rose to go, and Constance rose, too. They took hold of each other's hands and stood facing Miss Lepington. And then suddenly Miss Lepington understood what was going to happen.

Jack had come to take Constance away.

Miss Lepington was a consummate mistress of her emotions, and yet Constance is very sure that her dear old teacher's eyes were full of tears.

"Good by, Constance," she said, after a pause. "I need not tell you to be a good girl. See that you deserve her, Mr. Mackenzie."

"I can't," said Jack, "but I'll try."

Constance and Miss Lepington kissed each other and parted; and the two lovers went out, leaving the teacher alone in the deserted schoolroom. Just as they passed the doorway, Constance looked back and saw Miss Lepington with her head bowed down. Constance had never seen that head bowed before.

"Densil," said Miss Lepington the next morning at breakfast, "I am going to discontinue teaching. Yesterday was the last day of school."

Mr. Densil Smith looked up with his egg spoon half way to his mouth.

"Have your pupils been dropping off?" he inquired.

"Yes. One of the dearest I ever had left yesterday."

"Why, that's too bad. But think of the rest of them," said Mr. Smith sympathetically. "Don't leave them suddenly this way."

"Thank you for your kind interest, Densil. But I assure you there is no alternative. Let us change the subject. Have you heard that Miss Alford and Mr. Mackenzie are engaged to be married? I have been thinking of what I shall give them for a wedding present, and have finally definitely decided upon the school-house. I have no further need of it."

And that is how Constance and I came to set up housekeeping in Hanover street.—Munsey's Magazine.

A Rawhide Cannon.

A Syracuse man named La Tulip, has invented a cannon known as the La Tulip rawhide gun, of which great things are expected. One of the guns, made by its inventor, was tested at Onondaga Valley. It weighs in the neighborhood of 400 pounds, while the cannon of the same calibre in use by the army weighs nearly 1500. Its peculiarity lies in its lightness and the easy manner in which it can be transported. Across the breech it measures about fourteen inches, and tapers to about six at the muzzle. A forged steel cone forming the barrel runs to the full length, and is only three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Then comes layer after layer of the finest rawhide, compressed until it has the strength of steel. In fact, its toughness and staying powers are said to exceed steel. The rawhide is put on in strips coiled around and around, and is several inches in thickness. On top of this lie two coils of steel wire wound to its strongest tension and then filed smooth. The cap placed at the breech can be easily removed for inspection of the rawhide filling. The tests were pronounced successful, and further trials will be had. A five-inch bore will be constructed as soon as possible, and when mounted upon a movable carriage it will then demonstrate whether it can be used effectively. The five-inch cannon will be smooth bore and used to discharge dynamite cartridges, a trial of which will be made. Frederick La Tulip, the inventor, has been a worker of rawhide for twelve years and is conversant with it in every detail.—Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.

Origin of the Word "Trolley."

Most persons who use the word "trolley" probably do not know the origin of this term, or why this name was given to that apparatus by which the electricity is conveyed from an aerial wire. Twenty years ago, the word was used to designate "a form of truck which can be tilted, for carrying railroad materials or the like." This is the only definition of the word in Webster's Dictionary of the edition of 1848. In the edition of 1892 of the same work, three other definitions are added. 1. "A narrow cart that is pushed by hand or drawn by an animal." It is noted that this meaning of the word is in use in England, not in the United States. 2. "A truck from which the load is suspended on some kinds of cranes." This meaning is technical, according to Webster, and employed only in speaking of machinery. 3. "(Electric railway.) A truck which travels along the fixed conductors, and forms a means of connection between them and a railway car." It is easy to see how the primitive form of the electric trolley, which travels upon the wires, came to receive its name from the resemblance to other types of trolley; and the name, having been immediately given to its primitive form, was naturally retained when the method of connection was changed from a little truck moving on a wire, to a mast having at its end a wheel pressing on the lower service of the wire.—Detroit Free Press.

A Rattler's Bite.

I send you recipe for the bite of a rattlesnake that I will warrant to cure in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. I have known it tried for forty years in Illinois and have used it on several animals that were bitten by rattlesnakes since coming to Florida, and have never known it to fail in a single instance.

Thoroughly soak the wound and the swelled part with pure hog's lard, and let the patient drink one half pint of this melted lard. In severe cases repeat it in half an hour and give all the sweet milk that patient can drink. This kills the poison almost immediately, and the swelling will disappear in a few days. A horse or a cow must be drenched with a much larger dose, but dogs will eagerly eat lard and drink milk, even when their heads are so swollen that their eyes are closed and the yellow saliva is running from their mouths. Don't call in a doctor if bitten by a rattler (as they are more dangerous than the snake), but use the above remedy, and I will warrant a cure.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Action of Cold and Heat.

The generally accepted theory of the cooking of meat relates to the application of heat, but Dr. Sawiczovosky has called attention to the fact that almost precisely the same chemical and physical changes can be accomplished by exposing animal flesh to extreme cold. Meat subjected to a degree of cold equal to fifty degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer looks and tastes exactly like meat boiled in fresh water.—St. Louis Republic.

SUBDUING WILD BEASTS.

NOT BY KINDNESS, BUT THROUGH FEAR ARE THEY TAMED.

A Trainer Tells How He Handles the Beasts When First Placed Under His Charge—Nerve Required.

Head Keeper Conklin, in charge of a large menagerie, tells the New York Herald how wild beasts are tamed. He says:

"We have a tremendous amount of work to do with the wild animals up in the winter quarters in Bridgeport of which the public knows nothing. You see we are getting new wild animals all the time, and as they come to us there is not a man living who would dare to go into the cages with them. During the winter we have to break those beasts so that we can handle them as you see us handle them on the road."

"And how do you do it?"

"Well, when they come to us they have thick leather collars around their necks, with heavy chains attached. They are more savage then than they were before capture, their capture only having served to bring out all that is ugly in them. They will spit and growl at anybody who gets near their cage and jump at the bars until they exhaust themselves. We begin to teach them manners the very day we get them, and they take a lesson in etiquette every day after that until the show starts out."

"What do you do to them?"

"My men catch the end of the chain fastened to the collar around the new beast's neck and fasten it to the bars in such a manner that the beast can only move a short distance. Then I take a good rawhide whip and stout club and enter the cage. I take a chair and sit down in the corner."

"Feeling perfectly cool, I suppose?"

"Yes, so long as I know that chain is solid and securely fastened. Well, the instant I get in the beast will give a roar and spring for me. I would be torn to shreds if I was within reach, but the chain holds, and instead of getting at me the lion, tiger, panther or leopard simply comes to the end of his rope, as it were, is brought up with a shock that sends him in a heap to the floor of the cage, and I give him a lash with the rawhide. The beast is at me again in an instant, and again he goes down and I lash him. I never have used the club on an animal, but I always keep it handy in case it is needed. I keep drawing my chair a little closer to him as this goes on until I get so close that they can touch me with their noses but cannot bite me. Then I just sit there and talk to them, and you would be surprised at the power the human voice will finally be made to exercise over wild beasts."

"While I sit talking to one, just out of reach of his teeth, if he gets ugly and attempts to spring at me I give him the rawhide. I keep this up and after a dozen or fifteen lessons they get so that they only snarl and growl at my entrance. As soon as I think it safe I try the beast without a chain. It is a little ticklish business at first, but I have plenty of help ready for the first effort. If it is a success the first time you generally have your beast mastered, although once in a while a brute that has been tractable enough will break out and go for his keeper. We had such a case here in the Garden two years ago, when Joseph Foster an experienced lion tamer, was clawed by a lioness and nearly killed.

Mr. Conklin modestly refrained from adding that Keeper Foster would unquestionably have met a terrible death on that occasion if it had not been for the fearless and prompt manner in which he attacked the lioness with an iron prod.

"Generally in the course of a winter we can get a beast so that he will not attack his keeper when he enters the cage," Mr. Conklin continued. "We not only have to get them so that they will not attack their keepers, though, but so that they will not attack each other, and that is a mighty hard job. Sometimes we can never do that. There is an old tiger there, one of the most savage brutes I ever handled, and I could take you into his cage with him now without the slightest danger. If I dared to put him in the same compartment with that big Bengal there, though, I would have a dead tiger on my hands in two seconds. Notice the long mark on the belly. That is where the Bengal ripped him two years ago, when I tried to put them together, as they would show better that way. If the Bengal's claws had not been clipped he would have ripped open the other one and killed him."

"What truth is there in the story of the power of the human eye over wild beasts?"

"It is a pretty thing to say, and that is about all," Mr. Conklin replied. "A man who wants to subdue a wild beast has got to be fearless and go about it in a courageous way, and the eye plays its part. The man who attempted to handle a wild beast who was not chained with nothing else than a fearless eye would be in a pretty bad hole, though. What a man must have is a good heart, plenty of pluck—lots of sand in his neck, as the prize fighters say. The secret of successfully handling wild beasts is to become imbued with a confidence that all wild beasts are really cowardly, especially if they belong to the cat family. If you are not afraid and you know how to do it it is easy enough."

An interesting find is a library of 500 volumes, including seventy manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh, and some with wonderful miniatures of the fourteenth centuries, which were recently discovered in a Franciscan cloister near Rieti, Italy.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A lump of nickel weighing 4500 pounds is worth half as many dollars.

The python lays eggs and hatches them by developing a high degree of heat.

It is said that people eat twenty per cent. more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild.

Paris now gets its water supply from six great springs. It travels through eighty-three miles of aqueducts.

The Mediterranean has been commonly supposed to be a sea without tides; but, as a matter of fact, at Venice there is a tide in the spring of from one to two feet.

The cave animals of North America, according to Professor A. S. Packard, of Brown University, comprise 172 species of blind creatures, nearly all of which are mostly white in color.

The campus at Yale College is now lighted by electric light. This is said to be the first time in the history of the college that lights of any kind have been displayed on the campus.

The pain caused by the bite of a mosquito is caused by a fluid poison injected by the insect into the wound in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through the mosquito's throat.

In calculating "exact time" at the National Observatory at Washington, the astronomers do not, as is generally supposed, use the sun as a basis of their calculations. Such deductions are made only from the relative position of the "fixed stars."

The largest sun spot ever noted by astronomers appeared in the fall of 1867. It was 280,000 miles long and 190,000 miles wide. Four hundred planets the size of the earth, could have been laid side by side in that "spot" without touching each other.

A disease known as peach fever is common among the employes in the fruit packing and canning establishments of Maryland and Delaware. The more experienced workers seem to become proof against the irritant after some years in the business. There is no evidence to show that the disorder is contagious.

Neither the turtle, tortoise nor toad is provided with teeth. There is a belief that a turtle can bite off a finger, but the turtle can do nothing of the kind. Its jaws are very strong and the horny membrane that runs around the jaw, where, in other animals teeth are found, is so hard and tough that the turtle can crush the bones of the hand to a pulp, but as for biting off a finger, the feat is an impossibility.

A Costly Walk.

It has been left to a St. Louis business man to construct a gravel walk, neither long nor strikingly beautiful, that is a modern if comparatively humble rival of the glistening highways of fiction and fable, for it represents $15,000 hard cash.

Edward P. Kinsella, Vice-president of the Hanley-Kinsella Coffee Company, is the proud possessor of this unique walk. It is composed of several tons of Brazilian pebbles that came to him in an ordinary business way during the past few years.

This firm are heavy importers of Brazilian coffee. Before the berries are ready to be roasted for the market the sacks are opened and the contents carefully examined for twigs, leaves and other impurities, the latter generally taking the shape of small pebbles about the size of a coffee berry. These came with such regularity and in such quantities that long ago the idea they were accidentally in the sacks was abandoned, and the conclusion reluctantly reached that they were purposely placed in the bags to make weight. The daily discoveries of these Brazilian pebbles will fill an ordinary water bucket. The importers pay for coffee. Two years ago Mr. Kinsella concluded to utilize this apparent evidence of dishonesty of the far away coffee packer, and had the accumulation of pebbles carted out to his handsome residence, on the West Pine street boulevard, No. 4323, where they were used to make a handsome garden walk. The pebbles represent a weight that in coffee would be worth $15,000. The gravel path is each month being added to, and it is but a question of time when Mr. Kinsella will have the most expensive piece of garden path in the world.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fooled Him Twice.

The examinations at a certain "prep." school were in progress. The boys were working busily over their papers and the grim old professor was watching sharply from his desk. Presently he noticed that one of the students, a prominent ne'er dowell, was consulting his watch with considerable frequency. The professor studied him. In five minutes he had looked at the timepiece three times. This was enough for the guardian. He called the student to his desk and demanded the watch. It was given him and he opened it. Across the face was a piece of paper bearing the legend "Fooled." But the worthy professor was not to be so easily deceived. He gave the student a sharp, knowing glance, turned the timepiece over and opened the back cover. It opened with considerable difficulty, and, behold, there was another slip of paper bearing the information, "fooled again."—Boston Budget.

Where Poe Wrote "The Raven."

The house where Poe wrote "The Raven" is still to be seen in New York City, a few hundred feet from the corner of Eighty-fourth street and the St. Nicholas Boulevard, formerly the old Bloomingdale road. It is a plain, old-fashioned, double-framed dwelling, two stories high, with light windows at either side and one at either gable. It has a pointed roof, flanked by two tall brick chimneys.—Detroit Free Press.

THE BILL WE NEED THE MOST.

Folks at the legislature—they come from up an' down;
From old-time human nature, clear down to Bill an' Brown;
An' the last one's got his row to hoe; but one thing bothers still—
The absence, 'mongst the bills they have o', the old five-dollar bill.

There's bills for county bridges, an' bills for new town sites;
An' many bills for mountain stills, where moonlight shines o' nights;
But of all the bills we're after, the one that bothers still,
Is the bill that brings the laughter—the old five-dollar bill!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Observed of all observers—The looking-glass.—Hallo.

Struggles with the dentist generally end in a draw.—Hallo.

"He is your closest friend?" "Yes, he never lends a cent."—Harvard Lampoon.

Fly paper is gradually being withdrawn from circulation.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Yachts take spins to show whether they are tip-top or not.—Boston Transcript.

Nearly every boy determines to whip a certain school teacher when he grows up.—Atchison Globe.

Belle—"I can't bear to think of my thirtieth birthday." Alice—"Why, dear—what happened?"—Vogue.

When you can think of nothing but the weather to talk about it is a good time to keep quiet.—Atchison Globe.

It is noticeable that the man who thinks he is a whole show by himself seldom draws a crowd.—Milwaukee Journal.

There is some consolation in being a bachelor when you hear a woman talk fifteen minutes without taking a full breath.—Hallo.

Money on call is not to had; that is, not on one call. It takes many, and then you don't always get it.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

Miss Singleton—"I never expect to marry." Miss Sateful—"But you know it is the impossible that always happens."—Boston Transcript.

"I guess I'll quit," said the boy who was scraping a perch at a market fish-stand. "I'm tired of doing business on such a small scale."—Washington Star.

'Tis now the heartless iceman,
With never the least ado,
Leaves on the steps a piece of ice
That will chill the whole house through.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A boarder has good reason for suspecting his landlady of hypocrisy when she advises him to eat sparingly if he wishes to be healthy.—New York Journal.

"Painter Schmierlein's representations of tropical life are so realistic that any critic who examines them too long is sure to be afflicted with sunstroke."—Schalk.

"My son, if you think it is hard work to get up in the world, just try to raise a mustache and you will find it infinitely more difficult to get down."—Elmira Gazette.

Teacher (to class in addition)—"Now, take two mince pies and four mince pies, what does it make?" Johnny Longhead—"Nightmare, ma'am."—New York Journal.

Young Man—"I want an engagement ring." Jeweler—"Yes, sir. About what size?" "I don't know exactly, but she can twist me round her finger, if that's any guide."—Tit-Bits.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,"
Which line an old song does begin,
In these electric days should read:
"While yet the dynamo does spin."
Buffalo Courier.

"What are you crying for, Fritz?" "Because my brothers have a holiday and I haven't." "But why haven't you a holiday, too?" "Because I'm not old enough to go to school yet."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Bright—"By dividing your detectives into two squads you'd accomplish a great deal more." Burns—"What would I do that for?" Bright "So one-half could hunt clews while the other went after criminals."—Vogue.

Tommy (who has been studying without poor success)—"Pop, my teacher says history repeats itself; does it?" Tommy's Father—"Yes, my boy, sometimes." Tommy—"Well, I wish mine would repeat itself, 'cause I can't."—Philadelphia Record.

The Professor's Daughter—"Oh, papa, here is the sweetest little bird, that one of the boys caught in the yard. I would so like to keep it for a pet, if I only knew what it eats." The Absent-minded Professor—"We can find that out easily enough. I'll cut it open and examine its crop."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Puzzling Fact About Woods.

The problem has puzzled many why two pieces of wood sawn from the same section of tree should possess very varied characteristics when used in different positions. For example, a gate post will be found to decay much faster if the butt end of the tree is uppermost than would be the case if the top were placed in this position. The reason is that the moisture of the atmosphere will permeate the pores of the wood much more rapidly the way the trees grow than it would if in the opposite direction. Microscopical examination proves that the pores invite the ascent of moisture, while they repel its descent. Take the familiar case of a wooden bucket. Many may have noticed that some of the staves appear to be entirely saturated, while others are apparently quite dry. This arises from the same cause; the dry staves are in the same position in which the tree grew, while the saturated ones are reversed.—Chicago Herald.