



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. XII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1894.

NO. 14.

New Jersey manufactures more silk than any other State in the Union.

The Dutch Government will eventually own and entirely control all its railroads.

George Goodloe, who recently combined in Texas the ministry and burglary, has given up both and is resting in the prison.

The city of Milwaukee, Wis., has condemned the cottonwood tree and decided that all such within the city's limits must be removed within ten days.

Munhall, in his "Boat of the World," says: "Every day the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of \$2,500,000 to the accumulation of wealth in the Republic, which is equal to one-third of the daily accumulation of mankind outside of the United States."

Among the successful farmers and fruit growers in California are a hundred or more Turks who came to this country to be farmers. A great many of the small farmers on the Pacific slope are Chinamen, who carry their fruit and truck to the towns in boxes and baskets swung from a yoke on the shoulders.

Some New York shops maintain at times a curiously primitive messenger service in the suburbs. A messenger is dispatched by rail to some central suburban station and starting thence he delivers on foot small packages of goods to customers a mile or more from the railway station. It is an expensive, and laborious system, maintained to encourage trade from rapidly growing suburbs.

American sailors on men-of-war who desert in foreign ports cannot be arrested and returned. This rule, explains the Boston Cultivator, is an outgrowth of the contention of this country on which the War of 1812 was fought, the right of every man to change his allegiance, and exemption from interference by any foreign power. Sailors on merchant vessels who violate their contracts can be held to them, but deserting from a man-of-war in a foreign port, though a more serious offence, cannot be punished.

Says the Age of Steel: The renewed trend of foreign capital to the South is one of the significant signs of a coming revival of prosperity in that section. Both British and German capitalists are already in the field on a quiet hunt for profitable investments. Representatives of the Rothschilds' interests are expected shortly to make an investigating tour to apprise the European capitalists they represent of what inducements there may be for placing large sums of money in railroads, mineral lands and other enterprises. Some German capitalists are, it is said, intending to make arrangements for the establishment of a line of German steamships, carrying Western cereals to foreign markets via New Orleans. Other announcements of foreign enterprise in the same direction are in evidence of a coming movement of capital southward.

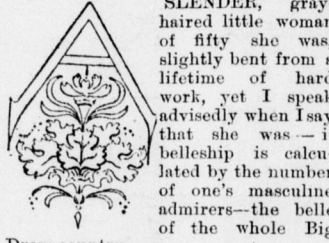
The differences between city and country ways have been illustrated in a curious manner by an experiment of the Postoffice Department. Under the last administration about fifty villages and small towns, ranging in population from 800 to 4000 inhabitants, were picked out for a trial of the system of distributing mail matter by carrier, as in large cities. At first general satisfaction was manifested, and the receipts of many of the offices for a while showed an increase, indicating that the convenience stimulated correspondence; but as the novelty wore off, the residents very generally tired of the change, and returned to the old practice of going to the office themselves for the mail. A majority of the people would apparently rather have their letters lie in the office until they call for them, and thus have an excuse for frequent visits to the centre of local activity, than have their mail delivered every day at their houses. The carrier in such places is really a foe to social activity, as "going to the postoffice" has always been a recognized means of mixing with men, and its occasional inconvenience is preferable to the loss of what is often only a pretext for making a break in the monotony of a retired life. In view of the evidence that there is not "a long felt want" to be met by this system of free delivery in small communities, and of the fact that its general adoption would involve an annual expense of at least \$10,000,000, the First Assistant Postmaster-General advises a suspension of the experiment.

REMEMBERED SONGS.

My love a song of Scotland sang, One merry, merry day, And in my ears the pibroch rang, I heard the pipers play; I saw the plaided clansmen meet— Blue was the morning sky— The heather blossomed at my feet; A Highland king was I. My love a song of Norway sang, An old Germanic theme, And where the mystic Eldas sprang I wandered in a dream. I heard a chant of Runic name, Where Mimer's fountains shine, And with the knights of Siegfried came, An errand of the Rhine. My love she sang a song of Spain; I wandered long and far, And in the court of Charlemagne I watched the morning star. I listened to the redoubled, Tones of Leys d'amour, The canzo and the pastorel— I was a troubadour. My love she sang a song of love; Her words were sweet and low, As though the echoes from above Had strayed to me below. No more my fancy wandered free, Where time and change have part; The wide, wide world had come to me, The morning of the heart. —Laura F. Hindsale, in Times-Democrat.

BELLE OF THE BIG DRAW.

BY ALICE MAGOWAN.



SLENDER, gray-haired little woman of fifty she was, slightly bent from a lifetime of hard work, yet I speak advisedly when I say that she was— if belle was calculated by the number of one's masculine admirers—the belle of the whole Big Draw country. Everybody loved her. They couldn't help it; but I think the reason for the entire admiration every man of her acquaintance—young, old or middle-aged—gave her was that she was, in spite of her bravery in carrying on alone, for twenty years, the trying work of a ranch, so thoroughly a woman. The slender store of accomplishments acquired in her girlhood were not thrown aside because she sometimes had to ride the range, gun in hand, looking for timber wolves. There wasn't a young fellow in the neighborhood who didn't make a confidante of her about his love affairs— particularly if they chanced to go wrong. She was always ready to give an hour to listening to their woes, giving them good advice or playing Smith's March or Maiden's Prayer for them on the wheezy little melodeon. She could sing, too, in a thin, sweet old voice, songs that the boys loved and whose choruses they could join in, such as "Roll on, Silver Moon" and "Araby's Daughter." Her own boy, her only son, had turned out, as widows' only sons seem prone to do, not exactly bad, but trifling. Perhaps she loved him too well or humored him too much, but it is sure that her little court of admirers was wretched more than once over reports of the hardships wrought for his mother by Wade Moore's neglect. People had seen her out on the range in bad weather, doing a man's work, and been told in hasty apology that Wade was sick at home, but these seizures never kept him from town on an evening, if there was any fun on hand. He wasn't popular with the boys who adored Mrs. Moore, and they would have been glad to let him see it in some marked way, only they knew that any blow aimed at him must strike her gentle heart first. Finally, some time along in the summer, he went to Kansas City with cattle, and his mother had been running the Bar 6 alone for nearly five months. Her friends had not neglected her in that time. Tom Andrews, the young fellow who was manager of the Three C's ranch, her next neighbor to the south, and one of her best friends, rode over nearly every day to see how she was getting on, and whether there was anything he could do for her. This fine crisp December morning, the day before Christmas, he found her sitting despondently on her porch, with no work touched and her hands in her lap, and in answer to his anxious inquiry she told him she was troubled about Wade. "Worrying because you want him home?" asked Tom. "Where's Wade now?" "As he glanced at Mrs. Moore he saw the work-worn knotted little hands close convulsively together. Her head was bent, and Tom thought she was crying. "I don't know," she said in a voice scarcely above a whisper. Tom sat down on the porch edge, speechless with astonishment. "Have you heard from him?" he said. "I haven't heard a word since he left," she replied, "and I've got so anxious and worried I've got to tell somebody. "I should think so," said Tom. "Why, it's—" "Five months" filled in Mrs. Moore; "but I wasn't uneasy until after the fair closed. I was sure he was there. He had plenty of money from the cattle to go all right, and stay till it closed, and somehow I was sure that was what he meant to do." "Why, Mrs. Moore," said Tom, "he'd never run off and leave you that way; you were intending to go together when the cattle were sold, weren't you?" "It was a cruel question, and Tom re-

gretted it the moment it was out. The red roses in the wrinkled cheeks before him faded till they seemed like withered rose leaves. "That's why I think he went off as he did. I know Wade better than you do—" Tom doubted that—"he's young and likes to make a good appearance, and maybe he didn't care to have an old-fashioned woman like me around with him everywhere." "An old-fashioned angel," muttered Tom to his boots; "any decent man would be only too proud of such a mother—there, now; I've made you cry again, when I was trying to say something pleasant!" "No," said Mrs. Moore, raising a resolute face full of cheerful courage. "No, I'm not going to let it worry me any more. I've divided my trouble with you now by telling of it, and I'm going to put it out of my mind. "I'm not going to spoil your boys' Christmas dinner by being dull or depressed, either." "O, the Christmas dinner," said Tom (it was an annual institution with Mrs. Moore). "There are ten coming that I know of—did you get the turkeys?" "Yes," she answered, "five ones, and my pumpkins turned out so well this year. Tom fixed up a plan for irrigating the garden. We won't have the canned stuff like we had last." "Well," said Tom, rising to go, "I wouldn't worry about Wade. He'll be home all right when his money gives out. You must be ready to play and sing for us tomorrow. You know we boys expect plenty of music when we come here." "I will," cheerfully, "and I'll go in and start those pies right now. Tell the boys to bring my poor fellow they know that's away from home and has no place to eat the Christmas dinner." Tom rode away, and the last word from him, oddly enough as Mrs. Moore thought, was a faint hail sent back—"Mind—we—expect music!" Christmas morning Mrs. Moore baked her pies. A goodly row. The turkeys were in the oven, the other dishes baking, simmering or stewing, as best suited them, when the wind-swept pumping. The ranch house store was already low, a cutting off of the water supply before night. "I might as well fix it before I change my dress," she reflected, and catching up a heavy hammer she went out to the tower. Forty feet seems a rather extraordinary climb for a woman of her age, the ladder, too, was wooden, old and unsafe, as Tom Andrews had warned her a week or two ago, but old Wade was gone; she was as fearless as an urchin, and up she went, laughing a little. A tap from her big hammer set things right, and the wheel began revolving, but the first turn struck the hammer out of her hand, and down it fell, knocking off the tree rings of the rickety ladder as it went. Well, she was finely caught. Visions of the Christmas dinner burning up while she was imprisoned so flitted through her mind. Looking about for aid she saw a pony and rider approaching the front of the house cautiously. It was Tom Andrews; but how curiously he was acting. He dismounted, tied his pony in a bunch of mesquite and came up to the house almost on tiptoes, looked in at every window, tried some of the doors, and then, standing on the porch, called her name very softly. She laughed as she looked at him. No, she wouldn't answer. She'd rather anybody but Tom Andrews should help her down. He had seemed so horrified at the idea that she should ever go up on windmills at all when he had warned her of the unsafe ladder. As she looked he stole softly back to the little divide that hid the house from the road, and waved his handkerchief to some one she could not see. An awful fear clutched at her heart as, in answer to the signal, a wagon came in sight along the road. A wagon with the ten young men she had expected to dinner, some riding in it, some walking beside it, and in the body of it a long box, covered with a cloth. She knew what that meant as soon as her eye caught it. It was Wade—her boy, her baby, her only son! They were bringing him home to her. They tired arms nearly let go their hold. They were driving up in front of the house now. They had gotten out silently and were carrying the long box in. She could hear the shuffling of their feet. "Oh, Wade, my little son," she moaned, "is this your home-coming!" Her mind went through all the tortments we feel when our dear ones are taken from us—that all mothers know for their sons who go astray. Would it have been different if she had been sinner, if she had been more lenient, if she had followed him at once when she failed to hear—Oh, the tragedy of those "ifs." She thought of dropping to the ground and ending it all there, but she longed to see the face of her boy in the coffin. Tom Andrews peeped cautiously out of the back door, and she called softly to him. "Why, Aunt Mat; why, Aunt Mattie," he cried—a name he kept for state occasions of great excitement. "How did you get up there?" "O, help me down, dear, lift me down," she moaned. "I'd rather die on the ground." Tom ran and lifted her down in his strong young arms, and set her on a bench against the windmill tower, and stood looking down at her. "I saw you," she gasped. "Then you've been up there all the time. The boys sent me on ahead to spy out the ground. They didn't want to bring it while you were

in the house, and if you were about, I was to get you away on some pretext." A shudder went over the pathetic little figure before him. Poor Wade! Already he was "it" to everybody but her! Tom was fanning her vigorously with his big cowboy hat. "Don't you feel better now—well enough to come in and see it? The boys'll be cut up about your getting sight of it before they were ready—but you had to see it sometime, of course." The utter lack of sympathy in the young voice quite broke his listener's patient heart. "O, Wade, my son, my son!" she cried, and burst into a storm of sobs. "Why, yes," said poor, bewildered Tom. "Wade's all right. He's in him driving, but he kept his hat pulled down for fear you'd see him and know him. Says he's been sick, and gave the folks at the hospital the wrong address is the reason his letters didn't get here, but he's all right now—why, what's the matter?" For she had risen and was gripping his arm hard with both hands. "If Wade's all right," she whispered, huskily, "what—was—was—that—box?" "A piano for you," said Tom. "A piano that me and the rest of the boys sent to Emerald City for, and hauled out here to hear you play on." And when the dinner (which wasn't burned in the least) had been disposed of, any passerby might have heard the melodious strains of Smith's March as performed by the belle of the Big Draw, on a resonant new piano, to the great delight of her audience, saluting the prairie breeze. —Washington Star.

Elephant Shooting in Ceylon.

Our first attempt at elephant shooting was in "the Park." Appu Sinhu made an excellent stalk, and H., who had the toss, had the satisfaction of shooting our first elephant—a bull with short tusks. Next day it was my turn in the thorn jungle. Appu Sinhu took me up a game path to within twenty feet of the herd—one offered a fair shot, and down he went, with screams of terror the herd fled. My elephant struggled up again only to perish by the left barrel. H. killed our third as it dashed by him in a game path, but not till he and M. had emptied their rifles into it. This was a good beginning, but the firing had disturbed the game, and we now had to go farther afield for it. We found it again in the thorn jungle—a rogue. H. fired first, and the brute promptly charged, but was turned with the second barrel. Knowing he would not go far, we advanced against him by parallel game paths. He charged M., who failed to stop him. M. tried to retreat, caught his foot and fell on his back. The brute stopped in the smoke, and commenced beating for what it wanted. M. afterward learned, was trying silently to get in fresh cartridges—the elephant being between him and his tracker. Fortunately, I caught a sight of the brute across the thorns and gave him another ball. He at once charged at the smoke, but the jungle or his wounds impeded him, and gave me time to run a few yards to windward. When he emerged I brought him to his knees, and M., who had followed him in the track, gave him a coup de grace behind the ear.—Outing.

How to Avoid Colds.

For many years my occupation took me to crowded political and labor meetings, generally held in rooms destitute of any means of ventilation. The heat was intense, the air fetid and poisonous. I have left such meetings bathed in perspiration and plunged into the chill of a winter's night, thereby running the risk of catching the severest cold. Yet, strange to say, I enjoyed a singular immunity from such aggravating ailments. At the first touch of cold air I took a deep inspiration and then held my breath for half a minute, in the meantime walking as fast as I could. During that half minute the pores of the skin were closed against the chilling atmosphere, and by the time the lung called for reinvigoration the body had considerably cooled, and the risk of a chill was over. I recommend this practice to public speakers, vocalists, entertainers, and those who are obliged to frequent unduly heated rooms. In my own case the practice never failed, and, although I fully believed in its value, I never understood the reason of it until a learned scientist came forward with the remarkable theory that while holding the breath the skin could be maintained impervious to the sting of a bee.—Providence Journal.

The Teeth Tell If a Snake's Venomous.

There is a certain physiological difference between the poisonous and harmless snakes, which exists very plainly in their manner of dentition. All snakes are objects of aversion and dread to mankind, so much so that to be bitten by a snake has at times been so fearful to the victim as to have produced death, although the snake was harmless. Such is the instinctive dread with which these reptiles are thought of that it may be desirable to have some easy mode of distinguishing the one kind from the other. This distinguishing characteristic is afforded by the teeth. In all poisonous snakes there are only two rows of teeth, the fangs, or fangs, being arranged either within the two rows or outside. The harmless snakes have four distinct rows of teeth, and when the bite shows this kind of wound and not any single deeper or larger puncture, there need be no apprehension.—New York Times.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A year on Jupiter is equal to eleven years, ten months and seventeen days on our globe.

A Russian scientist has succeeded in tracing all man's diseases to the fact that he wears clothes.

The surface area of the moon is said to be fully as great as that of Africa and Australia combined.

Among other articles made from cotton-seed oil, once regarded as useless, is artificial India rubber.

There are forty-eight distinct diseases of the eye. No other organ of the human body has so many.

The latest explanation of the rain which usually follows a great battle is that it is caused, not by the smoke, but by the perspiration of the soldiers.

A new system by which smokeless combustion of coal is rendered possible has been adopted by the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Companies.

London electrical supply firms are not only lending out electrical cooking stoves to customers but are prepared to supply a separate meter and charge half rates for cooking.

An instrument has been invented for sounding the depths of the sea without using a lead line. A sinker is dropped containing a cartridge, which explodes on touching the bottom; the report is registered in a microphone apparatus and the depth reckoned by the time at which the explosion occurred.

A new method of producing steel has been suggested to M. Jules Garnier by M. Moissan's diamond-making experiments. He claims that it is successful. The steel is instantaneously made by placing a bar of iron and a stick of charcoal together in a parallel direction in an electrical fire brick furnace of a temperature of 1000 degrees and subjecting them to a strong current.

Sir Charles Lyall, basing his estimate on modifications of certain species of marine life, assigned 240,000,000 years as the required length of geologic time. Darwin claimed 200,000,000 years; Crowell about 72,000,000; Geikie, from 73,000,000 upward; Alexander Winchell, but 3,000,000; McGee, Upham and other recent authorities claim from 100,000,000 up to 680,000,000 years.

It may not be known to the general reader that a rifle ball deflected from its course immediately resumes its line of flight after ridding the object it is unable to pass directly through. That is to say, a ball turned from its course by a rib passes under the skin until it reaches a point mathematically opposite to the point where it entered the soldier's body and then passes out, resuming its exact line of flight, if enough of its initial velocity remains.

Snow Sheds of the Union Pacific.

A correspondent of the New York Observer says: With two and sometimes three engines, our heavy train, now divided into two sections, climbed up the giant wall of the Sierra Nevada. We passed through the magnificent scenery of Shady Run, Blue Canyon and Giant and Emigrant Gaps. In running one hundred and seven miles we had climbed nearly seven hundred feet, sometimes over very steep grades. Before we reached the summit, snow sheds began to appear, and soon became practically continuous. It was the month of May, and the mountains were still covered deep with snow. We rode through forty miles of these wooden tunnels, from whose windows we could now and then catch glimpses of wild wastes of snow-covered mountains, and at other times of forests of pine and fir trees. Without these sheds it would be impossible to operate the road in winter. They are built in the most thorough manner, often upon solid foundations of masonry, and are separated by iron plates into sections, to guard against the spread of fire. There are automatic electric fire alarms in one of the longest sheds, and an engine with a tank close at hand is kept ready to flood any section that should catch on fire. The sheds are patrolled and guarded in a careful manner. Such attention does not only to the passenger and freight traffic which the road conducts, but to the value of the sheds, which average from eight to twelve thousand dollars per mile. Several miles, where bridges and precipices make the construction difficult, cost as much as thirty thousand dollars per mile.

Fire-side Heroes and Heroines.

The noblest and the commonest heroes and heroines are those of the fireside. They neither introduce nor obstruct themselves upon the public observation. They are usually unobserved of their heroism. They suppose that startling occasions and crises are necessary in order to the unfolding of heroic character. Yet all the time in the simple rounds of home they are displaying traits which express the finest sense of heroism.

Fathers, husbands, sons, brothers whose lives are utterly unselfish, who give up without murmuring personal wishes at the call of affection or duty; mothers, wives, daughters, sisters who take up and carry heartbreaking griefs and back-bending burdens that others near and dear to them may be eased and benefited—are not these true heroes and true heroines? They do what they do without any expectation of fame; nay, they hide their self-renunciation, and bear their crosses with silent dignity. All the more do they wear the halo of sainthood, visible to anonized eyes as the aureole on the canvas of Murillo or Titian. God bless all mute and inglorious heroes and heroines!—St. Louis Republic.

BEAR VERSUS ALLIGATOR.

A FIERCE FIGHT IN A LOUISIANA BAYOU.

While Drinking Brn is Attacked by a Huge Saurian—A Duel to the Death.

WALTER D. KLAPP gives in the New York Post a vivid description of a fierce encounter between a bear and an alligator which he witnessed while hunting with a friend in Louisiana. Says Mr. Klapp: While lazily enjoying our siesta we were suddenly startled by a loud crashing in the bushes on the other side of the bayou. Snatching up our rifles, we rushed to the water's edge just in time to see a large black bear come out of the cane brake and walk leisurely to the opposite bank. He was evidently thirsty, and had sought the cool waters of the bayou instead of the easier obtained but hot and stagnant lake water. As he had not yet caught sight of us we concluded to wait developments before attempting to secure so enviable a prize.

The bear climbed into a low tree that grew out of the side of the bank, and proceeded to crawl out on a stout limb overhanging the bayou. His weight bent the thick limb till it dipped into the water, and the bear squatted himself on the interlacing branches and began lapping vigorously. So eagerly did he drink, and so intently were we watching him, that neither noticed a fierce swirling of the water just below, until a long black snout shot suddenly from beneath the surface and two gleaming rows of teeth closed on the unstretched muzzle of the bear. The shock of this unexpected onslaught was so sudden that the bear had no time to clinch his hold on the tree, and so he tumbled headforemost into the water, and turning a complete somersault, fell on his back at some distance from the alligator.

In falling he had jerked himself free from the alligator's teeth, and now he began to make frantic efforts to swim to shore. But the alligator, with one flirt of his tail, was upon him again, this time seizing him by a forepaw and crushing it like an eggshell. We could hear the bones crack. The bear uttered a terrific howl of pain and rage, and with his other paw gave the alligator a blow which sent his long body flying through the air for a considerable distance. This short reprieve the bear utilized in paddling violently for the shore, for he was at a deadly disadvantage in the water against the lightning speed of the alligator in his native element. If he could only gain the shore, it would soon be "his picnic," for the alligator cannot turn around, his little stumpy legs being too far apart.

Like a flash the alligator caught the bear by his hind leg. They were now in a place where the water was shallow over a hidden sand-bar, so the fight was a little more even. With a vicious snarl the bear turned on his back, and, bending double, caught the alligator by the soft white flesh of his throat. It was now the bear's turn to bite, and bite he did with such good will that the blood spurled in streams and the alligator, letting go the foot he had been chewing, emitted a series of howls that made the woods ring. Then the fight grew fiercer. The alligator beat a loud tattoo with his tail on the bear's tough hide, but they were at such close quarters that he could not give it swing enough to break any bones. He was gradually working around to a better position, however, and suddenly planted a vicious blow square on the breast that sent the bear flying head over heels into deep water. He was up in a second and both rushed together. The bear again sought the alligator's soft throat, and with his sharp teeth tore great mouthfuls of bleeding flesh.

Now, we thought, the victory will surely be with the bear. He certainly did seem to have the best of it. The alligator used what breath had not been squeezed out of him bellowing like a bull. The sounds he uttered were so full of rage that the water-fowl and small animals near the bayou fled in affright. The two struggled back and forth. The water was lashed into foam by the furious beating of the alligator's tail. Straining and struggling, this way and that, suddenly the writhing mass of ferocity slipped off of the narrow strip of sand and was in deep water again. Now the conditions are reversed and the advantage on the side of the alligator again. With a snake-like twist of his lithe body he slipped from the bear's clutches and, wheeling around, the long, powerful tail flashed for an instant in the air and descended with crushing force full on the back of the bear. The thick backbone snapped like a reed. With the cry of a human being in distress the bear rolled over, limp and lifeless, and sank to the bottom like a stone, and the fight was over.

The victor, apparently lifeless, floated motionless on the surface of the water—an alligator always floats when dead—so we were preparing to leave, when a low moan recalled us and we found him in great pain and slowly bleeding to death from his lacerated throat. The water for many yards around was dyed crimson with his blood and his moaning was pitiful to hear. We deemed it an act of mercy to kill him, and a well-directed bullet in the eye soon put an end to his sufferings.

Upon drawing him out of the water and measuring him, he was found to stretch a full sixteen feet from tip to tip, one of the largest known. Since the reduction of cab fares in London the ratio of patronage to population has risen from 14.6 to seventy-seven.

WHICHEVER WAY.

Whichever way the wind doth blow some heart is glad to have it so: Then blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best. My little craft sails not alone; A thousand fleets from every zone Are out upon a thousand seas; And what for me were favoring breezes Might dash another with the shock of doom, upon some hidden rock. And so I do not dare to pray For winds that wait me on my way, But leave it to a Higher Will To stay or speed me—trusting still That all is well, and sure that He Who launched my bark will sail with me/ Thro' storm and calm, and will not fall, Whatever breezes may prevail, To land me—every peril past— Within His sheltering heaven at last. Then whatsoever wind doth blow Some heart is glad to have it so. And blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows, that wind is best, —Woman's Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A good dressing down—Swan's You usually love people because you do not know them.—Aitchison Globe. A tree seems more polite in winter because you can see its boughs.—Gazette. The best "quarter-back"—The one returned by the man to whom you lent it.—Chicago Record. Jason says hot water will dissolve almost everything, including a business firm.—Elmira Gazette. Stranger—"Who owns this store?" Officeboy—"The boss says I do, but I don't."—Detroit Free Press. I asked a gay chrysanthemum What made her flourish so? She answered, looking frolicsome "I get such lots of show!"—Puck. Jones—"Does Daubre paint for a living?" Wright—"I should say not, to judge by his pictures."—New York Times. "No," she exclaimed with emotion, "I can never forgive you, but—but—I will try to forget you."—Boston Transcript. The wraith spirit never dies. In peace 'tis present just the same; When Nations know no enemies Their youth will brave the football game! —Washington Star. Mrs. Brown-Jones—"So he married you after all? Mrs. Brown-Smith—"Yes, after all I had—, but he didn't get it."—Truth. To borrow money is to borrow trouble, and some men find it a good deal of trouble to borrow money, too.—Somerville Journal. A New Jersey exchange urges the use of the spring trap in dealing with thievish tramps. It's a snappy article.—Philadelphia Ledger. "I have lost my heart," he whispered. Gazing in her lovely eyes; But the maiden coldly answered: "Why don't you advertise?"—Puck Me Up. Professor Garner says he can tell what monkeys say to one another. But who wants to know that? There is too much talk of that kind already.—Chicago Tribune. He—"Was the Suddenlys elopement a success?" She—"Hardly; her father telegraphed them out West to stay where they were and all would be forgiven."—Brooklyn Life. Police Magistrate—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" Witness—"Never, your Honor; but I've seen him when I strictly suspected he'd been at it."—Tit-Bits. Columbus was considered a great Italian because he made an egg stand on end, but nowadays Italians think nothing of having a peanut stand on the corner.—Buffalo Times. There was a young man in Bellaire, Who said, "When I was at the fair— So they jumped on his neck And left him a wreck. With his heels sticking up in the air. —Indianapolis Journal. "You seem to be a frayed," observed the flat-iron. "That's because I am hard pressed," retorted the collar, starchily. And the ironing-board got hot under the collar.—Chicago Tribune. A fine collection of fossils formed by her father has been given to Cambridge University (England) by Mrs. Moore of Beardsley. Several interesting specimens are still at large on this side.—Philadelphia Ledger. Officeboy—"I'll get even with the old snooter for not letting me off this afternoon." Janitor—"What can you do?" Officeboy—"Every crank, book agent and bum that comes will go straight in."—Brooklyn Life. Crusty Old Gentleman—"Your singing, Miss Taylor, is like that of roses." Miss Taylor (with a gratified smile)—"Oh, you are too flattering." Old Gentleman continuing—"A little of it goes a long way."—Tit-Bits. Teacher—"Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?" Johnny—"Whalebone." Teacher—"Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal?" Tommy—"Sealing wax."—Racket. "Mr. Smartly," said the professor in the astronomy class, "how far should we let ourselves be guided by the theories of Copernicus?" "As to that," replied Mr. Smartly, "I should prefer to intrust so important a decision entirely to you, sir."—Chicago Record. "I have seen some pretty ignorant people among the summer boarders my wife takes every year," said old Mr. Jason, "but they ain't never none of them up to the young woman there wanted to know if apple butter was made from feedin' apples to the cows." —Indianapolis Journal. The best whispering gallery is in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.