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The favorite course of study among the Yale students this year is the Con stitutional history of the United States.

VOL. XII.

From all over the country comes to the San Francisco Examiner "an ominous intimation that the tramp who will not work shall not eat."

Appendicitis, which has become a fashionable disease during the past few years, has had more victims at Yale College this term than in all the rest of the State of Connecticut.

Now the cry of suffering comes from India, where, it is reported, 50,000, 000 are on the verge of starvation, not because there is unusual deficiency of food, but because excessive taxation and the monetary uncertainty have reduced the pittance left to the people to a line bordering on pauperism.

The four leading Danville (Ill.) newsdealers have entered into an agreement not to sell the dime trash of the "Jesse James" type. Since the boy murderers, Pate and Stark, declared that they owed their ruin to these novels there has been a decided crusade against their sale in Danville.

Only thirty-five vessels have been built at Baltimore during 1893, while sixty-one were built there in 1892 The registered tonnage shows an even greater decline. In 1892 it was 17,277 tons, while in 1893 it was but 5589, "This," comments the New York Sun, "is a striking indication of the extent of the depression in the shipping industry during the year."

Those who read juvenile literature of thirty years ago will recall the queer pseudonym "A. L. O. E." weich appeared on the books of Miss Charlotte Tucker. A London cable records the death of this lady in India, where she was engaged in missionary work. She had the gift in an unusual degree of interesting young readers, and many of her stories are so good that, in the estimation of the San Francisco Chronicle, they are worth reprinting for a new generation.

The healthfulness of New York is a reason for rejoicing in the midst of the prevailing gloom, maintains the Tribune. In spite of the increase of population, the number of deaths in 1893 was little greater than in 1892only forty-one larger---while the number of births increased more than 2000. The death rate for last year was 23.46 per 1000, against 24.26 in the previous year, while for the last ten years the average has been 24.72. The Board of Health's most recent estimate of the population of the city is 1.891,306, the estimated increase from the previous year being nearly 50, 000, so that a year from now the popu lation will approximate closely to 2, 000,000.

The Manufacturers' Record has pub lished two pages of letters from bankers in all parts of the South in regard to the general condition of business, but especially as regards the financial position of Southern farmers. Without exception these letters say that the enfor two years has caused a complete change in Southern farm methods that the farmers are giving more at tention to diversified agriculture, and that they are now well supplied with corn and provisions, which will pre vent the heavy drain of former years to pay for Western food-stuffs. Sun ming up these reports the Manufac turers' Record says : "They show that the whole economic policy of Southern farm interests is undergoing a change and the credit system is be ing superceded by a cash basis. The low price of cotton for the last few years forced upon the farmers the necessity of raising their own food stuffs, and added to this was the de cision of bankers and factors to advance much less money on cotton than formerly. The result has been change that for the time being, while passing from the credit with its libera buying to a cash system requiring the closest economy, there has been les trade with farmers, and hence a de creased volume of general business in the South. But this has brough about a more solid condition of busi ness in those dependent upon farm trade throughout the South than we have had for many years. Merchants are carrying small stocks and buying only as needed ; farmers are paying off their debts to such an extent the without exception these letters from bankers say that the farmers are less in debt than for years. The money that formerly went North and West for provisions and grain has been retained at home, and the full result is that this section is probably less in debt to its own banks and loss in debt to the North and West for supplies than in any year since the war ended.

In Holland the year 1893 was only marked by a first trial of an extension of the right of suffrage.

SULLIVAN

The Chicago Times alleges that trolley mortality statistics are filling the daily space formarly given to cholera reports.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin estimates that the total yield of wool in 1893 was 364,156,666 pounds, the largest American clip ever raised.

The impression prevails in leading commercial circles in Germany that the seven lean years are ended and that better times are coming with the new year.

Ouida describes the nineteenth cen tury clothing of an Englishman as "the most frightful, grotesque and disgraceful male costume which the world has ever seen."

Charity pawn shops, where people may get more nearly the worth of their goods that they are compelled to part with than now, are suggested by some of the charitably disposed, states the Detroit Free Press.

State Geologist Smock, of New Jersey, who has been on a business trip to Holland, says he thinks 300,000 acres of Jersey meadow land can be reclaimed by adopting the Holland system of embankments and dikes.

The Cleveland Leader thinks that the proposed improvement of country roads, by laying steel railway tracks to be used by wagons and electric cars, will hardly satisfy the wheelmen to whom all the credit for the agita tion in favor of better roads is due.

The New York Journal avers that the hard times have had a curious ef fect in reducing the sales of condi ments, sauces and similar table lux uries. A man who has a family to provide for would rather buy corned beef than curry when the money runs short.

A composite picture of the Ameri can of the future would be worth going a long way to see. According to Henry Watterson, of the Courier Journal, he will be a union of Cava lier, Puritan, Celt, Teuton, Scandinavian and other elements too numerous to mention.

Reports received at the War Depart ment of recent small-arms competitions among the troops in the Far West show conclusively, relates the Washington Star, that the noble red man as represented in Uncle Sam's military service does not compare very favorably with his pale-face brother in the matter of sharpshoot ing. There is a popular idea, gained from Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales and even more modern literature about the "dusky denizens of the forest," that all warriors are superior marksmen. Army statistics prove that this is a romantic delusion, so far as the Indian soldier is concerned.

Some time ago Mr. Carnegie, the extensive iron-master, was approached by the relief committee of Pittsburg and asked what he was willing to do for the suffering unemployed of that city. Mr. Carnegie replied that would duplicate the subscriptions of the whole city. The committee went to work with a will to make him give as much as pos sible, and had up to a few days since secured subscriptions amounting to \$60,795, when by some means Mr. Carnegie's offer became public. The committee says that the publication has done an incalculable injury to the good work, as the subscriptions at once fell off to almost nothing. The people of the city argue that if the Upon a stone bench, placed accord-ing to an old custom near the large door of a private house, a little girl scarcely six or seven year old, dressed millionaire is going to give so large a sum it is unnecessary to make an effort. The "Excelsior," the largest dia the sp mond in the world, is now deposited in one of the safes of the Bank of England. It was found in June last in the mines of Jagersfontein, Cape Colony, by Captain Edward Jorganson, the in spector of the mine. In his opinion. corroborated by that of the director Mr. Gifford, the "Excelsior" is a stonof the purest water, and is worth his hand to his vest pocket, but he about \$5,000,000. It is fully three membered that a membered that a moment before h did not find even a frane, and that h inches in height, and nearly three could not give a fee to the club waiter nevertheless, pushed by an instinctiv inches in breadth, weighing 971 carats, or about seven onnees tray. The color sentiment of pity, he approached the little girl, and he started, perhaps, to raise her in his arms and to give her a of the Jagersfontein diamond is white with a very slight bluish tint; and its place of shelter for the night, who lustre is matchless. At the centre is a which had failen from her foot. He bent over it; it was a twintyvery small black spot, which experts consider will be easily removed in the sutting. According to M. X. West, the British Government have offered half a million pounds sterling for this diamond to the proprietors, Messra, Breitmeyer and Bernheimer, but the

THE COMING OF NIGHT. The loitering Day looked backward, smiling And slipped out through the west, Where rosy, misty forms beguiling Besought her for their guest

"Oh, follow, follow through the west ! Our golden portals wide are swinging For theealone, for thee. And wistful voices clear are ringing Across the darkling sea, In eager welcoming to thee."

Aloft her silver censer holding. The star-eyed Night drew close, Her mantle round the hushed earth folding

More sweetly breathed the rose, As Night with tender tears drew close Her dusky sandals softly gleaming With wandering threads of gold, Broidered by vagrant fireflies, seeming Beneath each wing to hold

A fairy spinning threads of gold. With silent footfall, weaving slowly A mystic, slumb'rous spell, She came; and something sweet and hol The weary earth befell

When woven in the slumb'rous spell. -Celia A. Hayward, in Lippencott.

> ON THE BRINK. BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.



go and narrowly escaped falling to the floor. With a weary brain and trembling legs, he threw himself upon a long leather safe which surrounded the

gambling table. For several minutes he looked For several minutes he looked vaguely about these private gambling rooms where he had spoiled the most beautiful years of his youth, recog-nized the worn features of the differ-ent gamblers, cruelly lighted by the great shaded lamps, heard the soft clinking of the gold upon the green table, felt that he was ruined, lost, and remembered that he had at home, in the dware of the geometry of a prive of

in the drawer of the commode, a pair of pistols which had once been the property of his father, General de Hern, when he was a captain; then, only, worn out with fatigue, he fell into a rofound sleep. When he awakened, his mouth dry

and parched, he ascertained by glanc-ing at the clock that he had scarcely slept a quarter of an hour, and he felt an overwhelming desire to breathe the the clock pointed to a quarter of an hour of midnight. As he arose and stretched himself, he remembered that it was Christmas eve, and with an ironical play of the memory, he saw himself a little child and putting, be-

fore he went to bed, his shoes in front of the fireplace. At this moment, old Drouski, a pillar of the place, a typical Pole, wearing a rusty, long coat, trimmed with braid and large ornaments, ap-

with braid and large orninnents, ap-proached Lucien and muttered these words through his gray beard: "Lend me five frames, sir. It is now two days since I have not left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. You may laugh at me, if you wish, but I will ent off my right hand if soon, at

"les cents sous du Polonais." He passed into the anteroom, took his hat He ter past and half past, and a quarter to two, and Lucien was still seated at that infernal table. and coat and went down the staircase At last, one minute before two, the with a feverish agility. Since 4 o'clock, when Lucien went head of the house got up abrubtly and said in a loud voices: "The bank is broken, gentlemen; enough for tointo the elub, the snow had been fall-ing steadily and the street—a narrow one in the centre of Paris, with high With one bound Lucien was on hi houses on either side-was white with snow. In the calm, black-blue sky snow. In the calm, blac the cold stars scintillated. feet and, pushing aside recklessly the curious who surrounded and regarded the cold stars scintillated. The ruined gambler shivered in his furs and began to walk rapidly, turnhim with an envious admiration, he went out quickly, rushing down the stairs and running to the stone bench there. From a distance, by the light ing over always in his mind those hopeless thoughts and dreaming mor-than ever of the box of pistols which of a gas jet, he could see the little which awaited him in the drawer of his comgirl mode; but after having taken several steps, he stopped suddenly before a

a great gift, so that the little aban-doned child could believe yet in Santa (Claus, and should retain, in spite of her unhappiness and misery, some confidence and some hope in the good-uses of Providence. about 5 o'clock, had left him sueer-ing, out of pity for the ruined man. A misty December sunrise lighted up the window panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, took a bath, breakfasted, and went to arguiting officer, where he signed a

Twenty-five francs! There was in it several days' rest and wealth for the beggar, and Lucien was upon the point of awakening her to tell her of it, when he heard near his ear, like an hallucination, a voice-the voice of the Pole with his thick and drawing the tok a bath, breakfasted, and went to a recruiting officer, where he signed a voluntary engagement in the First African Infantry. To-day Lucien de Hern is a lieuten-ant, he has only his pay to live on, a steady officer and never touching a steady officer and never touching a accent--that murmured low these

race of honorable people, who bore superb military name, was possessed ith a mad, hysterical, monstrous de-sire; with one look he assured himself that he was really alone in that deserted

street, and bending his knee and push-ing his hand tremblingly into the fallen shoe, he stole the twenty-fivefranc piece. Then, running with all his strength,

he returned to the gambling house, climbed the staircases with a few strides, pushed open with his fist the padded door of the cursed room, and reached it just as the clock was strik-ing twelve placed upon the green cloth the gold biges and gried : the gold piece and cried : "I stake it all on 'seventeen !' "

Number seventeen was the winning number. With a turn of the hand Lucien place his double funds on "red."

Red was the winning color. He tried all of his money again or the same color. Red came the second time.

He doubled his preceding stake twice, three times, always with the same luck. He had before him now a cup of gold and banknotes, and scattered them over the table frantically.

All the combinations brought him All the combinations brought him success. It was a chance never heard of before. Something supernatural. One would have said that the little ivory ball jumping into the pigeon holes of the roulette table was fascinated and magnetized by the gambler and obeyed him. He had recovered in a score of plays the few miserable in a score of plays the few miserable notes of a thousand francs, his last re-source, which he had lost at the begin-ning of the evening. At present covering with several

hundred francs at a time, and served always by his fantastic luck, he was in a fair way to regain all, and more than his family fortune which he had in so

few years squandered. In his haste and desire to play he had not taken off his overcoat ; already he had filled the great pockets with rolls of notes and gold pieces; and not knowing where to heap up his gains he thrust paper and gold into the pockets of his inside coat, his vest and pockets of his inside coat, his vest and trousers pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, every place that could serve as a receptacle. And he played always, and he gained always, like a madman, like a drunken man! and he threw his handfuls of gold upon the table at hazard, with a gesture of cer-tainty and disdain! Only there was something hurning

Anny and discum: Only there was something burning in his breast like a red-hot iron, and he thought constantly of the little beg-

he thought constantly of the fittle beg-gar from whom he had stoleu. She is still in the same place! She must be there! Immediately, yes, when the clock strikes one, I swear to myself that I will get away from this place. I will take her, asleep, in my arms. I will take her home with me; she shall sleep in my bed to night; I

one. Lucien de Hern shrugged hisshoul-ders. He had not even enough in his pockets to give to that beggar, whom the frequenters of the place colled

about 5 o'clock, had left him sleep- A WONDERFUL TIMEPILCE.

a steady officer and never touching a card; it would seem also that he finds accent—that murmured low these words: "It is now two days that I have not left the elub, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. I will cut off my right hand if soon, at midnight, this number is not the one." Then this young man, twenty-three years old, who was descended from a race of honorable needle.

The inquisitive one was much sur-prised at the generosity of the poor lieutenant. Lucien de Hern had put in the hand

of this indigent child a twenty-five-franc piece.-Translated for Boston Transcript.

His Hair Turned White.

Andrew Lindsey, who has lived near Pease Bottom, Montana, for many years, was strolling through the Cochran. He was topped out in a sombrero, and had a Western flavor to his speech. Said he: I want to tell you a yarn about how a man's hair was turned gray in one whack. It was turned gray in one whack. It was just after the Custer massacre that an old fellow named Pease—we called him Major Pease, because I believe he had been in the great and only Civil War—well, he pressed forward several miles beyond the hog-back where the famous fight took place, and built a stockade at what came to be called, after him, Pease Bottom. He and his mer mere complete on a weat their is men were carrying on a very thriving trade with the redskins, but at that time this business had to be conducted with great caution, because the savages were ugly and scalp hungry. Two miles from the stockade was a high point, from which a survey of the country could be had for miles in all directions. A lookout was kept here for Indians, and suspicious circumstances or warlike demonstrations were at once reported to headquarters. One afternoon in the summer a man named Paul McCormick and his partner, named Edwards, were sent out to the observatory. They were riding along at a gallop through the tall grass, and were approaching the mouth of a little coulie. Edwards wasn't a tenderfoot, but he was a new wasn't a tenderfoot, but he was a new comer in that region. As they careered along, McCormick said: "Edwards, what would you do if the Indians should bounce out of that coulie?" "Well, 1's either fight or run." These words hadn't fallen from his lips before bang! went a rife and war whoms rent the air. Poor Ed. war whoops rent the air. Poor Ed-wards dropped from his horse, and Mac, hard pressed by a band of Black-feet Sioux, made for the stockade. The people there knew what was up, and the pursuers were picked off as they came within range of the land they came within range of the lead. The gates were opened and McCormick rushed in. His hair was white, and has continued so. The body of Ed-wards was found lying in the bloody wards was found tying in the bloody and disordered grass, and the scalp was missing. It was buried on the spot, and the legend of Edwards's Coulie is one of the best known in the far West. The folks at the stockade put up a rude headboard, but this has long ago gone to decay.

A Mining Opportunity Missed.

"Speaking of gold excitements," said George W. Beal in the presence of a little social gathering in West Park street a few evenings since, "re-minds me of a chance I once had to purchase a placer claim in Confederate purchase a placer claim in Confederate nleh The men wo owned the har offered it to me for \$400 cash and were anxious to sell at that figure, but I hesitated. Finally I told them I would have an expert examine and test the ground and if it was what they repre sented it to be I would purchase it This was satisfactory, and my exper This was satisfactory, and my expert made the test and reported unfavor-ably upon it. That settled the deal, and I went on my way in search of other fields. About two months later I returned to Confederate gulch and and I other fields ound a six-mule team and a wagon behind it containing two tons of gold taken from a portion of the bar those men wanted to sell me for \$400. The team was ready to start for Fort Ben-ton with the gold and was surrounded by thirty armed men, who were to guard the metal on the way. After I refused to purchase the ground the men concluded to work it themselves, and from a space of 100 feet square had taken the two tons of gold. I have not seen the 'expert' since then. --Butte Miner. The Arab at Home, Dr. J. P. Peters was the manager of

MARVELS OF THE CLOCK IN STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

REPUBLICAN.

Wound Up to Run From 1840 Until 9999 - Crowds Daily Wait Noonday Hour.

YOR the third time the municipality of Strassburg decided, in 1836, that a new astro-nomical clock should be placed in the framework of the old one. A Strassburg watchmaker named Schwilgue was entrusted with the undertaking, and within four years he finished the unique mechanism which stands to-day the wonder and amusement of natives and visitors. Not only does this clock keep the time from day to day, but it runs from year to year without the intervention of any clockmaker. Besides this, its face con-tains a disk indicating all the variable holidays of the year, Easter, and so on. It regulates itself in the leap years. It gives the phases of the moon, the eclipses, the equinoxes, and the revolutions of all the planets of the solar system. The fineness of the structure can be understood when it is known that of the seven golden balls, of different size, repre enting the sun, the planets, the nearest to Mercury, takes eighty-eight days to make the circuit of its orbit, while Saturn only can complete its course in

1747 days, or nearly three years, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. The entire mechanism, its maker calculated, would run until the year

calculated, would run until the year 9999, if the brass and other metal of which it is built do not wear out in the meantime. This wonderful contriv-ance is unfortunately in a dark place, where those who constantly wish to view it well are scarcely able to do so. Its site is a wing, which can be en-tered through the Cathedral proper or a portal, which directly leads thither from outdoors. The time of greatest interest is at noon each day, though there are little performances at every quarter hour. At noon is the time the cock crows, and that is what every the cock crows, and that is what every one wants to hear. The interest never seems to wane. For an hour before 12 o'clock, day after day, a crowd gath-ers in this corner, waiting for the ex-hibition. This early arrival is partly in order to get a good place, and part-ly because the clock keeps solar time, which now is a half hour behind ordiwhich how is han had been been order-nary Strassburg time. Here arctour-ists, soldiers, nuns, bridal couples, peasant women with baskets, boys with bundles, who have run in from the street to get another look at the there. thing. Now, it is only a half hour until the performance; will the room hold any more? The beadles, like the street-car con-

ductors, are sure there is plenty of room "up front," or rather, in this case, behind. They wave the wands of their majesty, and back the people surge. Still more are coming. The natives, who never seem to tire of the sight, and who know better about the variance in the times, are now drop-ping in-mothers with babies, business everybody else. There is not space to sneeze. Now there are only five minsneeze. Now there are only Maybe utes until the rooster crows. Maybe he will not crow to-day. Everybody he will not crow to-day. Everybody he will not crow to-day. In the start of the sta Now comes the fateful minute. In the very centre of the big monument the very centre of the big monument to the clockmaker's ingenuity is a gallery. Here stands Father Time, representing Death. He has about him, on a revolving plane, four figures —Childhood, a boy; Youth, a young hunter; Manhood, a fully-armed knight; Old Age, a gray-haired man, clothed in the skin of a beast. Child-bood had struck the first outstor-hour hood had struck the first quarter-hour, Youth the second, Manhood the third and Old Age the other hours of the

Soft the Southern moon is shining; Sly the star of evening peeps Through the honeysuckles, twining 'Round the window where she sleeps-Where my honey, true-love sleeps.

WHERE MY HONEY S.L.O.S.

NO. 19.

weetly now the wind is blowing Mong the leaves the dewdrop gleams While the scent of roses growing

Fills the sweetness of her dreams, An' her face with love-light beams Now, my mocking-bird, sing true, Tho' the old owl hoots "To who?" An' the ring-dove says "Not you !"

So the mock-bird's softly trilling. From his trembling heart and mouth That sweet song my heart is filling,

For my honey, way down South

Down the winding river, drifting

- I am coming, love, to you Through the trees the moonlight's stating, 'Cross my dugout, gum canoe Coming, honey-love, to you. In the deep, dark woods a-hiding
- Pipes the pining whip-poor-will All the other birds a-chiding With his plaintive "Still, be still !"
 - Like my heart, old whip-poor-will. -Will L. Visscher, in Chicago Figare.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Stands to reason-The debater. -Philadelphia Record.

The characteristic of our time is that we have no time.--Fliegende Blaetter. Long hair on a man covers a multitude of crank notions. - New Orleans

Picayune. It seems that the good points of some people have all been broken off.

-Galveston News. It is curious how quiet people can

be about a thing without the least ef-fort.—Indianapolis News.

"You say he is a bad egg. How did you find it out?" "He showed it the moment he was broke."—New York Press.

Stranger--"How long have people been settling here?" Collector-" They haven't commenced yet." - Atlanta Constitution.

Noteonly can a woman laugh in her sleeve but so can her whole family, and there's room for the neighbors. peka Journal.

The nearest thing to a vacuum is a letter written merely for the purpose of keeping up a correspondence. — Milwaukee Journal.

Miss Yale-- "Do you ever play foot-ball, Mr. Kansas." Mr. Kansas.--"No; but I now and then dally with a cyclone."-Hallo.

Gudders-"Why don't you act always as your conscience tells you you should?" Cynicus—"I make enough enemies as it is."—Chicago Record.

"What an ethereal, exquisite crea ture Miss Smilax is, isn't she? Just look at the dainty pose of that left arm!" "Humph! That ain't pose; it's vaccination."—Chicago Record. Brown—"How long have you known

brown—"How long have you known that man you lent a dollar to this morning?" Jones—"I never knew him long. He's been short ever since I first met him."—Detroit Free Press.

"Is the man Grace is going to marry rich?" Jennic—"I am sure he must be from the way he acts." "Gives her expensive presents, eh?" "No; hor-ribly stingy."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. rich ?"

"I'm even with Blimming at last," said the society reporter. "How?" "You know how jealous his wife is? Well, I have alluded to him as a 'great favorite among the ladies." "-- Indiana polis Journal.

First Passenger-"I wonder why we are making such a long stop it this station?" Second Passenger (a travstation?" Second Passenger (a trav-cler of experience)—"I presume it is because no one is trying to catch the train."-Tit-Bits.

"Don't you think it would Cholliebe a noble thing for you to your wealth to establish a hor the feeble-minded?" Miss Box hor for)h. Mr. Sappe, this is so sudden dianapolis Journal.

Hern saw his last piece of money raked in by the banker, and got up from the roulette table where he had just lost the re-mainder of his little fortune which he had brought there for his final

effort, he was seized with verti-

offer has been refused.

"Thank God !" he cried, "she is still the

He approached her, and seized her heart-rending spectacle. Upon a stone bench, placed accord-

tiny hand. "Oh, how cold she is. Poor little thing!

He took her in his arms, and raised her to carry her. The head of the child fell back without awakening in a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had fallen asleep there despite the cruel cold, in a pitiful at

"How one sleeps at her age!" He pressed her against his breast to warm her; and, seized with a vague inquietude, he tried, in order to draw titude of fatigue and dejection, and her poor little head and tiny shoulder had dropped into corner of the wall and were resting upon the icy stone. One of the old wooden shoes with which the child was shod had fallen her from this heavy sleep, to kiss her on the eyelids, as one does to awaken gently a loved one.

from the foot, which was hanging down, and lay drearily before her. Mechanically Lucien de Hern put And then he perceived with horror that the eyelds of the child were half-open, and that the cychalls were assy, set and sightless. His brain whirled with a horrible

suspicion; he put his mouth close to that of the little girl; not a breath came from it.

During the time Lucien had gained a fortune with the money stolen from the little beggar, the poor child with-out a home had died, died from exposure to the cold.

Feeling in his throat a horrible choking sensation, Lucien tried to cry out, and in the effort that he made he

five-franc piece. A charitable person - a woman, no doubt had passed that way, had seen woke up from this nightmare and on that Christmas eve that shoes that had fallen in front of the sheeping where he had fallen asleep a little bechild, and recalling the touching fore midnight, and where the waiter mant, or rather lack of government legend, she had carefully placed there of the gambling room, in going out a practical exhibition of anarchy.

the expedition sent out by the Uni-versity of Pennsylvania in 1888 to ex-plore the ruins of Babylon. "During the two years I was there," said he, "I lived with many of the wild tribes around the marshes of Arabistan. The conditions in which I found them year around the marshes of Arabistan. The conditions in which I found them were most deplorable. They were a most deprayed race, robbing, cheating, lying and fighting being the daily outline of their existence. The principal diet of these people is half-cooked barley bread, and with a large percentage of the tribes this forms the sole diet. bread, and with a targe percentage of the tribes this forms the sole diet. When I offered twelve cents a day for diggers and guards I had half the population applying to me for work, and was forced to reduce the day's wages to ten cents. When one of these men has a headache his friends burn with red-hot irons, and many times I have seen wounds carefully filled with iron rust. Their govern mant, or rather lack of government, a 10114, 14

own chance. The four figures come out in view before him, while, with a grim hammer of bone, he sounds with twelve strokes the death of another dav A little figure down near the face of

wat noon it is Doath's

the clock now has his turn, and, with a little shake reverses his hour glass. th. Above all this is another gallery. begins to squeak. The machinery is in motion. In the middle is a figure or provide the second s rooster; where is he? There he still is, high up on a pedestal, besides a stained-glass window. Now he clucks. Now his old metal-plated throat swells. He thaps his wings and crows. An-other minute. Again he flaps his wings and crows. And a third time. Was there ever such a rooster as this? It is all over. The beadles drive the people out, shut up the cathedral, and o to dinner.

The time of greatest interest con but once a year, in the night from De cember 31 to New Year's Day. Ther an immense crowd always assembles to Then watch the revolutions of the machinery as it regulates itself ready for the la-bors of the coming year.

Tweatieth Contury Agriculture.

The belief is gaining ground that the model farm of the future will be the model form of the future will be an electric one. The necessary current can be had by utilizing the wasted forces of nature—the waterfalls being ufficient in many places, while in others windmills can be used in conothers windmills can be used in con-nection with storage batternes. In-ventors are undoubtailly capable of adapting electric machines to every kind of farm work. With well-made roads, electrically-lighted houses, and a well-planned e-nipment of electric machinery—including, possibly, elec-tric earls and carriages—the lot of the tilter of the soil will be greath? im tiller of the soil will be groutly is proved - Trenton (N. J.) American 1.114

"What did you get, popper?" asked the little fish, as he saw his parent make a dart at a nice fat worm. "Hooks," answered the parent. And en he soared to the world above. Indianapolis Journal.

Jackson-"I believe I have at last discovered a cure for the ills which afflict our manicipal polities." McCommick-- "I was unaware that you

Elephant-"Yes; I'd like to keep up with the times, but I can't afford it. It would bankrupt me to have to buy Giraffe wear standing collars. "-- Chicago Tribune.

Customer-"Among the other items on this bill you've got 'four and a half hours' work.' You worked just exactly four hours by the clock." Paerhanger -- "Yes, sir; but it took me alf an hour to make out the bill." ---Chicago Tribune.

"There goes Judge Sohkem," said Meandering Mike. "An old acquaint-ance of yours, 1 s pose," rejoined Plod-ding Pete, sarcastically. "Oh, we're ting rets, sareactically. On, we re-just on speakin' terms. I know him well enough to say 'not guilty' to 'im oncet in a while."---Washington Star.

"Just my luck !" exclaimed Sowerby, as he encountered an advertisement headed "All diseases healed free." "Look at that for an offer! And hero an i without so much as a single soli-tary disease about me! Did any man ever have such hick?"—Boston Tran-veried

Dusty Bhodes- "I had a private boy the food exhibit this afternoon." Fitz William - "How did you come to get 1?" Dusty Bhodes -- "I was looking in a rastaurant window to see a man stepped up and gave it to me."--Kate