VOL. XII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1894.

NO. 21.

Ninety-one per cent. of the farmers

Encouraging reports continue to come from the cotton manufacturers of the South.

The average time spent by the British House of Lords in the Nation's work, according to a contemporary, is fifteen minutes per day.

phans or an orphanage. Each waif is taken to a receiving house, where it is kept until a country home is found for it.

The new programme of public instruction adopted in France devotes more time to the study of English and less to the study of German.

In thirty-six State prisons in this country solitary confinement is used as a punishment, and in twenty the prisoner is handcuffed to the wall.

An English widower returns thanks to a choir for their sweet singing at his wife's funeral, "thereby enlivening and brightening up the dullness and monotony which not unfrequently characterizes a funeral service.

Russia has decided to spend a quarter of a billion in the improvement of her navy. This is a pretty expensive outlay in pursuance of a plan to keep the peace: but the leading powers of Europe are not stopping at expense. England will have to meet these figures, and France can be relied upon to slide several big war ships into the water. It looks to the Detroit Free Press as though the test of modern naval improvements was not far off. and it may be followed by very material changes in the map of the eastern continent.

Says the New York Observer: "The poor we have always with us-and the lazy. To discriminate between them is somewhat of a task. In some cases the wood-pile marks the division. They go to the right or left according to their disposition. Some of the hungry go right to work, while by others the opportunity to labor, and so earn a breakfast, is left severely alone. If the newspapers are to be be lieved, and we see no reason for doubting their statements, then while in Chicago the unemployed number tens of thousands it is hard to get men to labor at fifteen cents an hour on canal work. When men were recently asked for from Milwaukee by a Chicago business firm, the answer came that while there was plenty of steady work in the Wisconsin woods for willing men at fair wages, the men were not to be had. There was work, and there were workers enough, but the men were shy and refused to be introduced.

The New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin, which keeps a daily record of the fires in this country, and is deservedly high authority on all questions of insurance, reports the total losses by fire in the United States and Canada in the year 1893 at \$156,445,875, against \$132. 704,700 in 1892. In but one month of 1893 did the total of fire losses sink below \$10,000,000, and that was in February, when the returns of the Journal of Commerce place the figures at \$9,919,900. The same paper reports 235 fires in December of a greater destructiveness than \$10,000 each. It says that the underwriters attribute much of the loss to careless installation of electric light and power Under these circumstances it ought to be the occasion of more than insurance interest to learn that the electric risk is being investigated by experts who are gathering particulars of all the fires traceable to electricity. Electricity is a good servant who will bear a lot of watching.

The Baltimore Sun's tribute to the South is worthy of reproduction: 'Less complaint has been heard from the South during the last eight or ten months than from any other part of the country, but this is not because the people of this section have not felt the financial stringency, but because they have learned to suffer and be strong and silent, too. They are not given to making an outery every time they come to rough places in the road of life. For a people who, prior to 1860, enjoyed an exceptionally luxurious existence, the manner in which they bore the poverty and privations that followed the war was amazing in its calm strength and quiet endurance, and was fully as heroic as their bearing during that conflict. The bravery and patience with which they have since progress toward prosperity has been oted with heartfelt interest by their

ands in other sections."

And we'll set off for Dreamtown,

Trot, Trot!

O listen! Bells of Dreamland are ringing soft and low! What a pleasant, pleasant country it is through which we go; And little, nodding travelers are seen in

every spot, All riding off to Dreamtown,

Trot, Trot! The lights begin to twinkle above us in the

The star-lamps that the angels are hanging out on high, To guide the drowsy travelers where danger

lurketh not, As they ride off to Dreamtown,

Trot, Trot!

Snug in a wild-rose cradle the warm wine rocks the bee;
The little birds are sleeping in every bush and tree.

I wonder what they dream of? They dream and answer not, As we ride by to Dreamtown,

Trot, Trot!

town's in sight Wherein my drowsy darling must tarry over How still it is, how peaceful, in this delight

ful spot, As we ride into Dreamtown, Trot, Trot, Trot!

-Eben E. Rexford, in Independent.

RESCUED AT LAST.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. ORWARD, lace counter!" shouted



floor-walker. Miss Garrick what are you thinking of? Show these ladies heliotrope chiffon and be quick about it!" Isola Garrick hurried to her post,

head. All day long she had suffered from a racking headache, but in this promising dry goods firm headaches were not "business," and no allow-ances were made for them.

ances were made for them.

"Why, mamma," whispered a tall, red-cheeked young woman, in a seal coat and a velvet toque, nodding with jets, "it's Cousin Isola!"

"Hush—sh!" said the other lady, who was stout and short, with a gold eyeglass and big diamonds in her ears. "We are not supposed to recognize her now. No"—to the young girl behind the counter—"this is not the right shade. This is violet, and I inquired for heliotrope. Some people

right shade. This is violet, and I inquired for heliotrope. Some people seem to be absolutely color blind!"

Isola looked wistfully at her aunt.

Surely—surely she could not intend entirely to ignore her!

But Mrs. Pierson Garrick's gaze

ness-like" to shed. Six months ago she had come, a timid, inexperienced orphan to New York, and naturally her first idea was to go to her father's brother, Mr. Pierson Garrick.

That gentleman, however, was not home-he generally contrived to be at home—he generally contrived to be out of the way when any embarrassing circumstance occurred—and his wife gave Isola to understand that it was quite impossible to do anything for her. In the old Connecticut farmhouse a

generous hospitality had always pre-vailed, and the girl could hardly be-lieve that she was un velcome to these

sently, "you can get something to do, for satan finds some mischief still"— Oh, no, that isn't the right quotation! Where there's a will, there's a way,'
was what I meant to say. But your
uncle isn't at home, and Cornelia is
just going out, and the house is full

I could wait a little while," hazarded Isola, glancing at an inviting easy-chair. "It would be of no use," sharply ut-

tered the lady. "We really can't un-dertake to open a hotel for all our Isola rose, with burning cheeks and

indignantly-sparkling eyes, and bade her aunt good morning. Where to be-take herself she did not know, but of one thing she was quite certain—she would be no burden on these super-

"Well," quoth Ben, smiting the table with his fist, "there isn't a soul that I've calculated more on seeing when I came back than Alfred! Nobody but myself ever knew how good Alfred was to me in the days when all —yes, Louisa, you and Pierson, too turned their back upon me. Ah, you never knew it, but I went up into the old garret one day, with a clothes line, to hang myself. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. And Alfred came after me—it was when that little baby of theirs was so ill of croup, and he was looking for herbs to make herb tea--and I tell you he talked to me as no one else had ever done. And he took his last five hundred dollars out of the bank and packed me off to South America with it. Oh, I sent back the money long ago! But what could pay money long ago! But what could pay for the kind words and the helping hand—eh? Poor Alfred! So he's dead? And that pretty little wife of his—and the child? She grew up, didn't she? What has become of her? I mean to go out to Elmville to-morrow and see after the child. They called her some strange Spanish name—Isidora or Isola. Alfred's wife was always fanciful."

always fanciful."
Mr. Pierson Garrick swallowed his soup silently. Mrs. Garrick and her daughter exchanged glances behind the tea urn.

How lucky it was that they had sent their country cousin away! For the Garricks were money worshipers, and the idea of diverting one cent of Ben's fortune from their own coffers was terrible to them. Benjamin Garrick went to Elmville

the next day, but to no purpose.

The old house was closed, padlocked, and drifted knee high with frozen January snows, and no one could tell him what had become of the solitary child with the strange Spanish name.

And no one sympathized more deeply with him in his disappointment

than Cornelia Garrick!

Isola had heard her father speak of the wayward consin who had drifted

off into the auriferous South, but that was all. Of his return she knew nothing, or she might have felt more hopeful that evening when the floor-walker notified her in an incidental way that, as it was necessary to cut down their expenses after the holidays, they had decided to dispense with her services

"I must go to Mrs. Pierson Garrick now," said Isola, "even though she stared me full in the face and never chose to recognize me to-day. She is at least a woman, and she has a daughter of my own age."

The next day she paid her small

enough, and the poor woman had sore need of it—and walked through the deep snow to the handsome house on authority, is that the spine of the

'Pretty girl," said Cousin Ben to nself. "Hangs down her head too much, though.

much, though."

"He has a kind face," thought Isola.
"I wish Uncle Pierson was like him."

And then she timidly ascended the slippery steps and rang the bell.

Mrs. Pierson Garrick was adding up

her housekeeping accounts in a pretty little room opening from her husband's library. Between the two apartments hung a portiere of richly-colored Ital-She looked up indignantly as the

daughter married and settled in a confectioner's shop on Third avenue, and here she took refuge.

"Surely," she argued within hereful, "my good chucation must stand me in stead here!"

But she was destined.

ON THE ROAD TO DREAMTOWN.

Come here, my sleepy darling, and climb upon my knee,

And lo! all in a moment, a trusted steed 'twill be

To bear you to that country where troubles are forgot,
And we'll set off for Dreamtown,

And we'll set off for Dreamtown,

dry goods house where she received the smallest possible salary for the largest possible amount of work.

As it happened, Mr. Benjamin Garrick, of Rio Janeiro, was staying at the house on Lexington avenue, the one sole guest who represented the 'household of company,' mentioned by Mrs. Garrick.

Wrs. Garrick.

dry goods house where she received the said she, 'and I have failed. Please don't look so cruelly at me. All I ask is a little money to take me back to Elmville. I can get housework to do there, or I can work in the factory.

She burst into tears; but Mrs. Pierson Garrick did not relent one whit.

'This is all nonsense, Isola,' said

"household of company," mentioned by Mrs. Garrick.

In his younger days Cousin Ben had been the black sheep of the family. But the Pierson Garricks, who had been the loudest in his censure while he was under a financial cloud, were his most devoted adherents, now that he had come home the lucky possessor of ruby mines, railway shares and thriving coffee plantations.

"You must do your very best, Cornelia, to make yourself agreeable to him," said Mrs. Garrick to her tall son Garrick did not relent one whit.

"This is all nonsense, Isola," said she. "I have already told you that we can do nothing for you. Why don't you go to the intelligence bureaus or the employment agencies?

Mr. Pierson and myself have all we can do without providing for all our penniless relations. And I beg you will go away at once. This is dear Cornelia's at home day, and I can't have her nervous system upset. I—"

"Hello! what's all this?" spoke a deep voice, and Cousin Been appeared from between the rich Roman por-

deep voice, and Cousin Ben appeared from between the rich Roman por-

"'Yes," smiled Wro."

"Course his money?" said Cousin Ben, alfred Pierson's daughter? By Jove!

If om between the rich Roman portieres. "Who is this girl? Not Isola, Alfred Pierson's daughter? By Jove! I believe she has her father's very eyes! And what are you bullying her for, Louisa? Turning has been appeared tieres. "Who is this girl? Not Isola, Alfred Pierson's daughter? By Jove! And what are you bullying her for, Louisa? Turning has a second property." Alfred was dead."

"Yes," smiled Mrs. Garrick. "Some soup, Benjamin? It's lobster bisque, and very nice. Oh, yes—we are all mortal!"

"Note: Industry of the strength of the s high and low, and these people have allowed me to believe you were dead. Yes, Louisa," in answer to Mrs. Garrick's pleading glance, "I did go out, but I returned after a paper I had left behind me in Pierson's study, and so I heard it all. I couldn't believe that a woman could have been so false and cruel. Little Isola, will you come to me and be my adopted daughter? I owe more than that to your father's child."

And Isola ran, sobbing, into his arms.

That was the last of all the dark days she had endured. Nothing was

That was the last of all the dark days she had endured. Nothing was too good thenceforward for Cousin Ben's adopted child.

But Mr. Pierson Garrick shrugged his shoulders. He was one who al-ways laid the blame of things on other

shoulders. "You have outmanaged yourself, Louisa," said he.—Saturday Night.

Poisoned Arrows.

Poisoned arrows have been in use since time out of memory. We have it on the authority of both Strabo and Aristotle that the ancient Gauls poisoned both their arrows and the shafts of their spears with a preparation of vegetable poison extracted from what is now believed to have been a species of hellebore. The Scythians went a step farther and used the venom of serpents intermixed with the virus of putrid blood, the latter being one of the most active and incurable of the

poisons known even to-day.

The natives of Japan, the Ainos, prepare their arrow poisons from a secretion of the bamboo, and the same may be said of the Aborigines of Bor-neo, Java and New Guinea.

In Central and South America the "Woorara" poison was the terror of the early explorers, as well as of the modern scientific expeditions. Analyses of several specimens of arrows rubbed with this poison prove it to be a mix-ture of rattlesnake venom, putrid blood and juice from the plant or tree which produces the strychnine of

commerce.

Among the North American Indians the Sioux, the Apaches, Comanches the Bannocks, the Shoshones and the head impatiently.

'It isn't the right color at all!'
said she. "Come away, mamma."
The floor-walker administered a sharp rebuke to Miss Garrick, when the customers were gone.

"Really," he said, "it would seem as if a sale might have been made."
Isola's eyes brimmed over with tears which it would have been "unbusiness-like" to shed. Six months.

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Isola the floor-walker administered as hard but twenty-five cents in her pocket? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was in debt to the confectioner's wife? that she was Blackfeet were the chief tribes which tical with the above, the general mo dus operandi and results were very similar. -- St. Louis Republic.

Much Like a Man.

The Kulu Kamba is more like a human being, according to Professor Garner, than any other animal. The principal difference between the phys-Lexington avenue.

As she stood hesitating at the foot of the steps, a stout, elderly gentleman, dressed in a tall silk hat and a fur-trimmed overcoat, came down gorilla is not so regularly jointed as that of a man, some of the joints havzee and the Kulu Kamba is still a mat-He glanced casually at her, but she ter of conjecture, Professor Garner had turned away her face. It seemed says, as he does not possess a skeleton as if everybody must know that she of the Kulu Kamba. Skeletons of gorillas and chimpanzees are the same to himas a varied collection of pipes are to some men, and he expects to be just as well supplied with the inanimate remains of Kulu Kambas some day. Having been in Africa on scien-tific exploration bent, he naturally in-tends to go again. The African fever seldom leaves a man upon whom it has once taken a grip.—Pall Mall Budget,

Remarkable Little Magnets.

A magnet which the great Sir Isaac Newton wore as a set in his finger ring is said to have been capable of raising 746 grains, or about 250 times its own weight of three grains, and to have been much admired in consequence of its phenomenal power. One which formerly belonged to Sir John Leslie, and which is now in the Royal Soand which is now in the Royal Sciety's collection at Edinburgh, he self. "my good chication must stand me in stead here."

But she was destined to be speedily disenchanted, and after various intervals of sickening suspense, was finally every feed.

Isola looked piteously from one to the other.

Isola looked piteously from one to supporting 1560 grains, and is, therefore, the other.

Overloyed to secure a situation in the context of the surface of the situation of the other.

Isola looked piteously from one to supporting 1560 grains, and is, therefore, the strongest magnet of its site overloyed to secure a situation in the context.

THE POSTAL GRAVEYARD.

THE WORKINGS OF THE DEAD LET-TER OFFICE. A System of the Postoffice Depart-

ment About Which There is Al-ways Something New to be Told. HE infinite pains taken by this great Government of ours with even the most trifling interests of its 60,000,000 of people is most forcibly illustrated in the workings of the Dead Letter Office. The scrawl of the illiterate receives as close attention as the polished chirography of the university graduate, a modest penny as much care in the handling as a pretentions \$100. Six million pieces of un-delivered mail matter are annually received at the Dead Letter Office, and

and not one, however insignificant, is overlooked or slighted, according to a writer in Harper's Young People.

Early each morning the great Government wagons marked United States Mail may be seen lumbering through the stone archway leading into the court of the Postoffice Department Building. of the Postofice Department Buiking.
Here they are speedily unloaded, and
the great leather pouches quickly disappear, being borne by the messengers to the elevator, and then to the
Dead Letter Office. Each one of the
20,000 dead letters received daily
passes at least through the hands of
three clerks, and should it chance to
contain anything of money value,

three cierks, and should it chance to contain anything of money value, through at least three more.

A "dead" letter, strictly speaking, is one that bears a correct address, is fully prepaid, and has been duly delivered at the office of destination.

Remaining there unadained for one Remaining there unclaimed for one week, such letters are advertised for the period prescribed by law, and then sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Here, first of all, each day's "dead" mail must be accurately counted, and

a correct record made of the number of letters and packages. There are usually four clerks employed on this usually four clerks employed on this work. Should any ignorant or careless postmaster send in with his 'deads' a letter bearing a written or printed card or request, a letter with no address, one without a stamp, or one address, one without a stamp, or one bearing a foreign stamp, the counting clerk must winnow them out and rectify, as far as he can, these errors, Being counted, they are tied in bundles of usually 100 each by the messengers. They are now ready for the second set of clerks, whose duty it is of "violate the sanctity of the seal" with the long, keen knives with which they are provided. It is curious to watch these men. With one quick stroke the envelope is split lengthwise and in the next instant the contents are deftly extracted and examined, and if of no money value quickly laid aside

if of no money value quickly laid aside and another taken up. Each opener averages about 2500 letters per day. Should the letter chance to contain money, even a single cent, a stamp, a money, even a single cent, a stamp, a postal note, a money-order, greenbacks, notes, drafts, checks or any legal tender, he immediately seizes a pencil, notes the kind and value of the find on the envelope, and beneath it places his own initials. Besides this he has a small blank-book in which he makes a duplicate entry, and in addition adds the name and address dition adds the name and address found on the letter. This work he usually does at the close of the day, and then both letters and book are incoming the property of the day, the standard of the standard of

given in charge to the chief of the Whenever it is possible the letter with its contents is returned to the sender in care of the postmaster, who sender in eare of the postmaster, who is responsible for its safe delivery, and who must return a receipt for it to the department. Every possible protection is thus thrown around it. When the money cannot be thus returned, on account of the failurre of the writer to the results of the results of the results. the writer to sign his name or ad-dress, then it is held in the office for a year, in the hope that it may be ap-plied for. Failing in this, the money is turned into Uncle Sam's already

corpulent money bags.

The carelessness of the people in sending money is almost incredible. About 1500 letters that bear no address whatever are received each month, and, curiously enough, they very often contain money or its equiv-alent. I recall one that came under own observation that revealed, then opened, drafts to the amount of

Accurate records are kept of all valuable letters and their final dispo In round numbers about sition. In round numbers about \$30,000 are received in cash annually, and \$1,400,000 in drafts, notes, etc. maining dead letters, that have The remaining dead retters, that have only their literary merit to commend them, or want of it to condemn them, are given one last chance before being consigned to the waste paper dealer. They are placed in the hands of clerks, who do their utmost to return them to their writers—a thankless task at

best. Each clerk is expected to average at least 250 per day, and the supply is never exhausted.

In addition to the "deads" there is another class termed "unmailable," that includes such as are held for postage, sent from hotels, fictitious and misdirected. The oldest class of un mailable letters are the misdirected mailable letters are the insatrectural three form a curious study, and are accorded careful special treatment. They number about 2000 daily. They are forwarded daily from the mailing offices, not being detained or advertised as dead letters are. Postmasters the daily of them on accounts. are unable to deliver them on account of some error of deficiency in the ad-dress, or because the writing is illegi-ble. The clerks on this work have from long experience become very ex-port in handling these letters, and de-

The Sultan of Turkey has issued a brary at Constantinople.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The English language contains forty-one distinct sounds.

When oxygen is in a liquid state it strongly attracted by a powerful electro magnet. The beef extract factories in South

America make one pound of extract from thirty-four pounds of meat. A cubic foot of new fallen snow weighs five and one-half pounds on the

average, and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

It is strange, though true, that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection. In filing band saws, tie a string where you begin to file, and then you can tell when you get around, and therefore all the teeth will be sharp,

and you will not file any of them twice. Dr. O. V. Thayer, of San Francisco, has successfully used the solar cautery —burning glass—in removing facial discolorations of the skin of large area, also in removing tattoo or India ink

At the two large abattoirs of Lyons. France, the guards protect the animals to be slaughtered from seeing anything connected with the slaught-ering of other animals; a terror is found to have an injurious effect upon the secretions and flesh of dumb

Refined crystalized sugar, whether made from the beet or the sugar cane, made from the beet of the sugar care, is almost chemically pure and sac-charose, and is the same substance in both cases. Few articles of food are so generally free from adulteration as granulated—not powdered or coffeecrushed-sugar.

The rate of mortality of London is shown by a recent report to have steadily decreased with the introduction and perfection of adequate means of disposing of the sewage of the city. At the end of the eighteenth century the annual average mortality was estimated at fifty per 1000, and in 1892 it had dropped to 10.1 per 1000.

In South America among the moun tains the evergreen oak begins to appear at about 5500 feet, and is found up to the limit of the continuous forest, which is about 10,000 feet. The valuable cinchona tree, from which Peruvian bark is obtained, has a range of elevation on the mountain slopes running from 4900 to 9500 feet.

In the process of extracting gold from its ores molten lead is used instead of mercury. The lead is melted on a shallow hearth and the powdered ore is fed at one end and carried for ward as a film over the surface of the lead by means of an agitator moving over it. It is thus brought to the other end, where it escapes through a hopper. In order to prevent oxidation of the lead the chamber is kept filled with carbonic oxide from a gas

A Man With Three Legs.

Of late years I have lost all trace of Of late years I have lost all trace of my old and oddly malformed friend, George Leppert, whom I first met at Tiflin, Ohio, in 1884. George was a Bavarian by birth, and came to this country twelve years ago, settling at Baltimore, where he followed the trade of a wood-carver. Should you happen to meet him on the street you would notice nothing neguliar either in his notice nothing peculiar either in his gait or general makeup, unless it was that the right leg of his trousers was something near twice the size of the left, and too full to wrinkle besides. This lopsided appearance was caused by a remarkable malformation, Mr. Leppert being the not over proud possessor of two right legs and one left; or, in other words, of three perfectly formed lower limbs. I often remarked that should nature, through some of her odd freaks, ch normal supply of legs by fifty per cent. I would do my best to play the \$100-a-week fiddle in a dime museum before the setting of the sun on the

tra member to my anatomy.

He often told me that when he was a small boy in his Bavarian home he had perfect use of all three of his legs, but when I saw him last -- in 1887 -- th extra member was slightly paralyzed, probably the result of being bound to its companion, an operation that was necessary in order to get both into one trousers leg. When I last heard one trousers leg. When I last heard from him, in 1891, he was at the Belle-vue (N. Y.) Hospital, undergoing treatment for rheumatism.—St. Louis

The First Iron Bridge.

The first iron bridge ever erected in the world, and which is in constant use at the present time, spans a little river to the County of Salop, on the railroad leading from Shrewsbury to Worcester, England. It was built in the year 1778, is exactly ninety-six feet in length; total amount of iron used in construction, 378 tons. used in construction, 378 ton Stephenson, the great engineer, stephenson, the great engineer, in writing concerning it, said: "When we consider the fact that the casting of iron was at that time in its infancy, we are convinced that unblushing audacity alone could conceive and carry into execution such an undertaking."—St. Louis Republic.

Effects of Electricity on Lunatics.

It is said that when the electric car nati, Ohio, for the first time, the in-sane patients were much affected. They toased their hands about, tell when stirred by emotional nuccio. In-provement in many of the patients has been noted, due, it is believed, to the buoyant effect on the system of the surprise.—New York Telegram.

POET AND PEASANT.

A poet and peasant, side by side, Together dwelt within the self-same town;

The poet's fame was noted far and wide. The peasant's not beyond the township's bound.

The poet sang of love and household joys. But neither wife nor children made him glad;

The peasant had a wife, two girls and boys. shared.

The poet mused, "What is this gift of mine? 'Tis but a dream, a hollow dream of bliss; I would exchange it gladly at the shrine

The peasant sighed while at his daily task, Turning the furrows while he held the

plow; 'Had I my neighbor's gift I would not ask Ah! such is life, common fate of all,

With pain and pleasure ever strangely The gifts we crave on others lightly fall, And with our own we never seem content.

-Boston Post.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The man who labors under a delusion works for a bad paymaster. Anybody can see through people who make spectacles of themselves.—Dallas News.

The borrower is a good deal like piecrust—he is very "short" and very sweet.—Truth.

When a man has no bills against him he must feel as if he belonged to the nobility. —Texas Siftings.

Eating one's own words isn't exactly a love-feast, but sometimes our friends enjoy seeing us do it.—Truth. A man's worth and what a man's

worth, are, it frequently happens, widely different things. —Puck. If a man gets up when the day breaks can he be said to have a whole day be-fore him?—Minneapolis Times.

Sneezing is probably an effort of nature to force lazy people to take some exercise.—Milwaukee Journal. Cholly—"Yaas, we missed each other in the crowd." She—"That's just like her. She's always losing things."—

A large part of the average hack-man's success is doubtless due to his knowing how to take people.—Buffalo. Clarissa-"I owe you an apology, dearest." Fred-"Don't speak of it.

I wish to remain a preferred credi-"And do you ever invite your poor relations to visit you?" "O yes, indeed. You see they are all too poor to get here."—Judge.

"Bilkein's is a strong face, or I'm o judge of physiognomy." "It ought no judge of physiognomy." "It ought to be. He and his whole family are living on it."—Buffalo Courier.

Mamma-"Aren't you home from school earlier than usual to-day?" Bobby-"Yes, mamma, I wasn't kept in to-day."-Harper's Young People.

"I wonder what this image represents?" "The god of humor, probably. Don't you see that it is full of little funny cracks?"—Indiapolis Jour-"Why in the world do you want to get your daughter a violin, Jawson? She is not my ical, is she?" "Not at all; but vic ins have chin rests."—

Jinks-"I on't think it looks well for a minist r to wear diamonds." Ellkins-"Why not? Aren't there sermons in stones?"-Kate Field's Washington.

that fish was a brain food?" She-"Probably by the wonderful stories that men tell who go fishing."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. He ... 'Did you ever hear that Jag-

"I wonder how it was discovered

son's wife speaks two languages?"
She—"Yes." He—"What are they?
'The one for company and the other for Jagson."—Inter-Ocean. "Now, what must I do with this wedding cake to dream of it?" asked gushing damsel of a matter-of-fact young man. "Just eat it; that's all," was the reply.—Tid-Bits.

She-"Tell me, now, have your af fections always remained ec He--"I can truthfully say that they have, though I admit that their object has often changed."-Boston Tran

satisfied to know that certain things are so, but are continally wanting to know the why and whereof of it."
Buggins—"Yes, I wonder why it is?"
—Philadelphia Record.

"It's bad luck," said the bad boy, 'to give a person something sharp of pointed. I shouldn't be a bit surpointed. I shouldn't be a bit sur-prised if young Mr. Jinkles and I were to part friendship after I leave this pin in his chair for him."—Wash-ington Star.

Bartender-"Look here, That'll do! I've counted ten crackers and seven junks of beef you've eaten already." Hungry One—"They hire you to tend here, don't they? One lunch counter is enough—see?"—Boston Transcript.

Timid Young Author - "Haven't you read my poem too hastily? I'm sure, sir, it has some good features about it that you would see on a more careful reading." Editor (with a sudden sus-picion)—"You are not trying to work off an acrostic on us, are you, miss?

- Chicago Tribune.

Penelope (triumphantly) - "A heard ast night that Juck was head over cara n love with me. ' (irace (jealously) ... You cannot believe all you hear." Penelope 'No, but I should not wone Penelope "No, but I should not wone der if there was something in it." Grace "Why! Who told you?" Pene-lope "He lid." Vogue.