VOL. XII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1894.

There is a movement in the direc-

tion of woman's suffrage in France. About \$200,000,000 worth of regis tered United States bonds are held by

private individuals. In order to protect an invention all over the world no less than sixty-four patents are required at a cost of about

The railway mileage of Europe, Asia and Africa now aggregates 159, 655 miles. The railways of the United

States reach 168,597 miles.

forbidden

New Zealand is bent on preserving her remarkable wild birds and other animals, and has set apart two islands on which all hunting and trapping is

Scarcely a stream issues from the lower slopes of the Andes, either to the Amazon on the east or the Pacific on the west, the sands of which are not auriferous. The amount of gold in the country must be almost fab-

Thomas Godbepraised, of England, after the rush and excitement of the World's Fair, sought rest, appropriately enough, observes the St. Louis Republic, in Philadelphia. But one of the live reporters of that city found him out and wrote him up. Of course his name goes back to Round-head

A widower's association has been formed in Dresden, Germany. No man can join unless his wife is dead, and if he marries again he becomes an honorary member merely. One of the chief purposes of the association is to help newly-made widowers by looking after their wives' funerals and caring for their children.

Samory, the great Mohammedan chief of interior Africa, is about the last semi-savage of the dark country to yield to civilization and the force of arms. The French have been gradually driving them into closer quarters and now the British are conducting raids against his warriors. Samory is the greatest bandit ang in the world.

Metropolitan fashions have long pre vailed throughout the country. no one thing is this more plainly apparent than in the uniforms of police men. In the smaller cities, and even in small towns, the policeman nowadays wears a uniform like that of his city brother. He may not have the city brother's repose of manner and cool jauntiness of bearing, but his clothes are strictly up to date.

The railway companies of the United States have no reasonable cause, asserts the New York News, to complain of their business for the fiscal year. Including all the bankrupt and nonpaying lines the aggregate net earnings were more than three hundred and fifty million dollars. This is equivalent to about three and onehalf per cent. of the capitalization, a very good rate of interest in view of the fact that the roads are generally capitalized at from two to five time

It is estimated that there are 10,000 books of poetry in the National Library at Washington. The rules of the library require the keeping of every copyrighted book, so that the collection must include an enormous amount of trash. The San Francisco Chroniele believes it is safe to say that nine tenths of this verse represents work which no publisher would issue without advance payment of cost, and which is absolutely worthless. There ought to be some provision for weeding out this trash, which is not worth

It illustrates the need of a Pacific cable that the news of the two most important events in the Hawaiian epi sode passed between Washington and Honolulu only after traveling backward round the globe some 21,000 miles in order to compass a direct dis-tance of some 5000 miles. The news of the decision of President Cleveland to attempt the restoration of the Queen reached Hawaii first by steamer from New Zealand, having traveled by telegraph under the North Atlantic Asia, and Australia to reach the port from which the steamer sailed. Simi larly, the first news that the Provis ional Government refused to accede to

Only about four per cent. of the sea-going vessels constructed 'at the present time are of wood.

The development of college sports is indicated, thinks the Chicago Herald, by the fact that Harvard now has a salaried manager.

In Canada positions in the Civil Service are obtainable after examination and are held during good behavior, which, as a rule, means life.

In Japan a man can live like a gen tleman for about \$250 a year. This sum will pay the rent of a house, the salaries of two servants and supply plenty of food.

The Hungarian Government has reently passed a law providing for the payment of indemnities to prisoners innocently condemned to penal servi tude, and to their families in cases where such prisoners have been found to have suffered capital punishment.

The Argentine Republic is rapidly becoming a prominent competitor in the business of supplying grain to the European markets. Shipowners of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are taking advantage of the trade and finding employment for their vessels at remunerative rates between the River Plate and Old World ports.

The low price of wheat this year is due, maintains the New York Witness to the fact that a very large surplus was held over from the big crops of the past two years. The farmers of the world are producing more wheat than the people of the world can buy, though not more than could be consumed if all the people who need it were able to pay for it.

A curious lawsuit has just been concluded at Brussels. A widow named Moeus died intestate, leaving a large fortune. A dispute at once began among her relatives and a lawsuit to settle the various claims was instituted. At the trial it was proved that no fewer than 3500 persons were related to the testatrix. Judgment has been pronounced in their favor--that is, in javor of relatives, even twelve degrees

The reclamation of the arid wastes of southwestern desert lands proceeds marvelously apace. Another reclamation company was incorporated at San Bernardino, Cal., a few days ago, with a capital stock of \$2,500,000. A dam is to be erected at Victor Narrows, on the Mojave River, in San Bernardino County, fifteen feet in height, which will make a lake nine miles long and about three wide, whose waters will be used to irrigate about 200,000 acres of land on the Mojave Desert, which will then be especially adapted for growing raisin grapes and alfalfa.

According to the Sviet, a St. Peters burg paper, Russia, unlike other European countries, incorporates in the army only one-fourth of the young men who are drafted every year when service. The recruiting in 1892 en listed 768,672 conscripts, but only 260,290 were actually sent into the ranks. Of these 196,000 were Ortho lox, 16,000 Israelites and 9000 Monammedans; the Russian army is therefore composed of men belonging to the National religion. There were slso in the contingent called to service in 1892 193,000 men of pure Russian rigin, 17,000 Poles, 4000 Germans, 16,000 Jews, 3689 Bashkires, and small number of Lithuanians. Tartars etc., so that the Russian army can be considered as being quite homogene ous in regard to its nationality.

Every little while the police arrest man with a kit of burglars' tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most reputable citizen would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked-looking knife ever made; but who would know where to get a slung-shot, or a jimmic, or a de nany large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are searce. Once in a while the police find such a factory. actually worth for making the tend and having still about it.

HOW-DE-DO

Say "how-de-do," an' say "goodby," Meet an' shake, an' then pass by; Ain't much difference twixt the two Say "goodby" or "how-de-do." "How-de-do," with chilly heart, Ain't much difference, meet or part ; Jes' a look, an' jes' a bow. Sometimes only jes' a "how;"

Ain't much difference which they say, "How-de-do" or tother way.

Meet a friend-yer grasp his hand, Glad ver met an' hate ter part. Kinder trembly in the heart. Neighbors lived on "Moody Hill," He was "Tom" an' you was "Bill," Kinder stop an' look an' say "How-de-do?" an' then "good day!"

Been away from home a spell. Swing the gate back, stand, an' well, Kinder don't know what ter do. Heart thumps like 'twas bustin' through. Said "goodby" a year afore-Betsy standing in the door-Said "goodby," but "how-de-do," Seems the strangest o' the two. Brace right up an' waltz right in, Shake the tremble from yer chin, Betsy's waitin' there for you, Waltz right in with—"How-de-do?"

-The Housekeeper.

THAT DOG JAGS. BY EDNA C. JACKSON.



hungry. In fact, he was almost starved. His ribs were mangy hide and there was an un-quenchable 'craving inside of them for bones. It

seems funny when one thinks of it, when there was nothing to him but bones. He raised his head from his paws and snapped eagerly at a great, bulgy bluefly that buzzed lazily around, and swallowed it with a gulp. But one fly is not much when one has a hollow within him that feels as big as a

Those hollows were common in Rat Row. It was the river street of a large Row. It was the river street of a large city, where squalid men, women and children fought, quarreled, cursed and stole their wretched lives long to keep that inner void just sufficiently filled to ward off the Potter's Field. "Stole. I said. The younger habitants, per-haps, limited their achievements to this. As for their elders—well, if a this. As for their elders—well, if a man with a comfortably filled stomach strayed into their power and would give up his "ticker" and other valuables like a gentleman and evince no discontinuous translation of the state of th disposition to "squeal," all right, perhaps; if he rebelled, the river was handy. Then a fresh flow of firewater, more desperate fighting, cursing and cutting for a day or two. Sometimes a rush of patrol-wagon and armed police, a bleeding body carried away, a living, sullen, horrible one or two to answer for it-it was an old

two to answer for it—it was an old story to the blue-coats.

Thus, Jags was a dog of the slums, kicked, cuffed and starved, with good points in him that once led an uptown clubman to coax him off the street when Jags inadvertently wandered, when Jags inadvertently wandered, foraging, to a respectable quarter. For three days Jags was fed, petted and began to grow handsome. The first hour of liberty found him fawning joyfully at the feet of Blinks, the most bratal of all the Rat Row brutes, when Jags followed with a worship. whom Jags followed with a worship-ing fidelity only found in some women and most dogs. He was ready to and most dogs. He was ready to starve with his horrible idol rather than desert him for soft treatment and unlimited bones with meat or

them.

"Here ye be, be ye, ye cuss?
Thought ye'd mosey, did ye? Been feedin', has ye? Thought ye'd sneak!
Take that—'nd that—'nd that!"

"That" was a series of brutal kicks that made the poor dog yelp out in piteous agony. When they ceased one of Jags's beautiful, loving brown eyes was gone, knocked out of its bleeding socket by the master for whom he had sacrificed wealth and comfort. That was merely a variation of the tortures that Jags's master habitually put upon him. If it ever occurred to put upon him. If it ever occurred to the dog that he had anything to for-give he did so, freely, generously and lovingly, ereeping all the more adoringly to the feet that kicked him. If he ever thought, wistfully, that his master might have done a more merciful thing and relieved him of a real trouble by kicking out his

stomach, he never said so.

Just now he dragged his bony length to the side of Blinks, keeping a watchful eye for kicks, and breathed along, sobbing sigh of relief when he got close to his idol without awakening him. him. The man was scated on a broken chair outside the tottering tenement house where he and Jags had a kennel. ward to the sun, his breath recked bad whisky, the soft summer breeze stirred his loathsome rags. One wonders how even the breeze could touch him, Blinks was bappy. He was "full," not of that unnecessary luxury, food, but of vile whisky.

His above.

a splash, a chorus of yells from the gamins on the river bank, and with bare, red arms dripping with soap suds, her frowsy hair flying in the wind, fletay O'lliley rushed from her

or windows, two or three blear-eyed men, among whom was Blinks, lurched only he, Jags, a dumb, helpless anilazily toward the place where the small, dirty figure had gone under the —his idolized tyrant, in there! muddy water, giving it plenty of time to drown in the most leisurely way before their arrival. Only the screeching mother and the dog were really

Jags was weak from long fasting, but the instinct inherited from a long line of noble ancestors nerved him. In a flash, it seemed, his gaunt body was in the water and out, and Betsy had snatched her soaked "kid," drained the water out of him and administered a ringing slap.
"Ye spalpane? Will yez be kapin

ministered a ringing slap.
"Ye spalpane? Will yez be kapin'
away from the wather—will yez?"
The child replied with a vicious
squirm and an unchildlike curse.
Betsy went back to her washtub, while Jags crept patiently to the side of his master who, with another, had dropped from sheer exhaustion on the vellow earth. No one thought of praising or thanking Jags. Such small, sweet courtesies were not customary in Rat Row. Only Blinks's companion, who seemed more alive than his surround-

seemed more alive than his surroundings, looked approvingly at the dog.

"Fetch 'n carry?" he said laconically, nodding in Jags's direction.

"Like ——!" drawled his master, with a laziness strangely at variance with the lurid comparison. "Hyar, dawg! Gif it!" dawg! Git it!"

Jags looked up imploringly as a stick flew far into the water. He was willing enough, heaven knows! But when one has had only one fly to eat for twenty-four hours, and had just dragged a heavy squirming body from the water, he may be pardoned for feeling trembly and averse to unneces-

sary exertion.
"Git it!" snarled his master. There was a kick in the eye, Jags went meekly out into the turbid water and came trembling all over to lay stick beside the tyrant. Again it flew out, farther than before. This time Jags was almost swept down the river.

"Let up!" said Blinks's companion;
"the dawg's nigh croaked."
"Lazy, cuss 'im!" drawled Jags's
energetic owner. Jags gave a whine
of almost human entreaty when the stick was thrown again, but tottered away to almost certain death.

Amicable relations are easily disturbed in Rat Row. Big Andy caught

Blinks by that part of his garment where the collar should have been and shook him into a stupid protest.
"Blame yer mizzable hide!" he shouted furiously. "Call 'im back or

I'll fling ye in arter 'im!"

Blinks fell limply to the ground and obeyed. But Jegs had already turned to defend his master and bounded back with a growl at his assailant.

"Cussed if the dawg wouldn't fight fer ye now, ye sneakin' hound!" mut-tered Big Andy with an admiring grin at Jags. He went into his own nest in the tenement house and flung Jags a

bone. "Hyar, dawg! Put that down your neck!" Jags snatched it with the fervor of starvation, but his master was filled with a sullen spite against the innocent cause of his shaking, and, looking to see that Big Andy was at a safe distance, he called:

"Hyar, ye imp."
The dog came, clinging desperately to the precious food.

The poor animal obeyed, eyeing it wistfully the while.

wistfully the while.

"Now, come git it!"
Jags bounded joyfully forward to meet a kick that made him howl. Repeating this amusing performance until he was weary, the human brute finally threw the bone into the river. Jags started weakly after it, but obeyed with something like tears in his one pathetic eye when commanded to lie down. to lie down.

and if his master willed this, he must know best.

It has been seen, long before this, that Jags was an ideal Christian.

Hours after this even Rat Row was

wrapped in slumber—the heavy sleep of the drunkard or the leaden one of exhaustion and weakness. Blinks, af ter taking several more drinks from a flat, black bottle, staggered into some corner of the Old Mill, after ordering

follow him in.

The stars shone as screnely down on the foul smelling city slums as upon the clover-sweet meadows far away. The river murmured and gurgled along the black piers. Sometimes the chug" of a steamboat came through the night; then its hoarse whistle—one long-drawn, three short, another long—woke the echoes and it puffed past, its high, colored lights and trailing smoke making it look through the darkness like some

tiery-eyed demon of the mists.

Jags, lying prone on the rickety steps of the Old Mill, means and cries a little in his sleep as vague realiza-tions of his wretched life and empty

Blinks was bappy. He was "full," not of that unnecessary luxury, food, but of tild whicky.

It is slumber was soon disturbed by a splash, a chorus of yells from the gamins on the river bank, and with bare, red arms dripping with soap saids, her frowey hair dying in the wind, Hetsy O'flidey rushed from her wasis tate.

"The habby! The dariint! It's drownlid he is intoirely! Howly best sirects.

In the side of the isn't there! Out again, jumping against doors in his frantic search, choked with smoke, rushing through curling tongues of flame, goes the dog. Are they all dead in there! His master, where is he? It is well that one is that we think that the in that vast hive is not too tired nor too drunk to awaken. Big Andy rouses to realize that the dog is making "a fuss," takes in the situation in a flash, and bounds out of the smokefilled room.

filled room.

"Great God! The house is on fire!"

"Fire, fire, fire!"

Somewhere a wire vibrates above the city streets. A great bell tolls out on the night. Clang, clang, clang!

Rattle, rattle, rush! Streams of sparks in the control of the cont in the wake of flying engines. Sharp and clear the engine and patrol gongs strike, in time with rattling hoofs and wheels. Over all booms slowly and solemnly, with pauses between the

solemnly, with pauses between the strokes, the great bell.

All this time a dog was flying, with feet scorched now by the heated floor, from room to room, hunting for one object. He finds him at last, in the second story, coiled up in a drunken heap on the floor. He springs upon him, tugs at his clothing, barks, whines and tries to drag him toward the door. At last the man awakes, stolidly, stupidly, then to a vague terror and abpidly, then to a vague terror and abject fright. He bounds to the door. It is a wall of flames. He reaches the window; no thought of the creature who saved him comes to the brute's mind. He raises the sash and leaps out. It falls behind him. Jags is im prisoned in a tomb of fire.

The people have swarmed out, dirty, dazed, half-dressed. The cordon is thrown out; the engines throb and scream. The firemen work quietly, streams of perspiration dripping beneath their helmets. Floods of water glitter like liquid fire in the red flames.
The Old Mill is doomed.
"Is every one out!" asks the Chief

brusquely, gazing up toward the tot-

tering furnace.

As if in answer there is a crash of As it in answer there is a crash of breaking glass at a second-story win-dow and a living thing appears there, pitiful, pleading, ablaze with little tongues of flame. It whines implor-

Big Andy has private reasons of his own for preferring to remain incog. among a swarm of policemen. But now into the full blaze of light he dashes forward.

dashes forward.

"The dawg, the dawg that saved all our lives! Git 'im, boys; git 'im out! My God! I hain't got no money, boys, but look hyar! They's a reward of \$500 out fer me! I'm Big Andy, the safe-cracker. You know me! I'll give myself up to anybody that'll save that dawg. I mean it, boys!"

boys!"
There was good in Big Andy; he was sobbing aloud. For the credit of human nature be it said, no one ever claimed that reward.

A quiet order through the Chief's trumpet, and a stream of water from the hose drove the crazy window in The dog sprang to the sill and tottered weakly. A fireman ran lightly up the ladder and carried him down to the cool earth. There he fell, bleeding and scorched. He roused himself to gaze longingly around, dragged his mangled body to where Blinks stood, staring stupidly, and laid his head.

"Speak to him!" bawled Big Andy furiously. "Pet 'im, or I'll kill ye! Perhaps something human stirred in the heart of the lower brute.

He stooped and laid a not ungentle hand on the bleeding head,

"W'y, w'y, Jags, ole fel!"
But with a rapturous look of gratitude from his one loving, beautiful eye, the dog had gone. Where? If there is no dog heaven, what will the Creator do with the faithful, martyr soul of Jags?—The Voice.

A Snake Story.

"I never realized the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in man," said John F. Thompson to the corridor man at the Laclede, "until I witnessed a test of it on a steamboat.

Among the passengers was a man who had a black rattlesnake in a box with glass top. The snake was a very icious one, and would strike the glass whevever any one approached. The owner of the reptile challenged any one in the crowd to hold his finger on the glass and let the snake strike at it. There could not be any danger, and there was not a man who did not think

there was not a man who did not think it an easy thing to do.

"One big fellow, who looked as if he never knew what nerves were, tried it, and, after repeated attempts gave it up. Then every passenger on the boat attempted, and failure followed in each case. It simply could not be done. Instinct was stronger than reason and will power combined."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Increased Use of Mutton.

It is not altogether the cheapness of attential is leading people to use more freely. They have learned cat and the consumption of mutton the United States is six tones ac-cent in 1885 as it was in 1887. We coundoubtedly killing off-absorptants and their natural increase. This The babby? The deplete of the first away, sleep drownied he interest? However, the root of the fit away, sleep is a conditional part of the interest. The babby? Hen, ye murthered divide Mark 1 to mere ababby of a murther of the fitting.

Again and again he head a subject to murther of the interesting exactly of fail to the arrest theorem. The condition in that the condition is a short of the condition in that there existly, as if some one had depped lightly on dry twig and half dozen little "rate" half dozen little

PROPHETIC GROUNDHOGS.

A CROSS BETWEEN A MOUSE AND A MONKEY

Their Habits, Home and Food and How They Live Through the Winter-Queerest of Mammals.

HEN the legendary and prophetical groundhog comes out of its hole and prophetical groundhog comes out of its hole and looks around for its shadow, if he sees it, which will naturally be the case if the sun shines, he returns to his underground habitation for another long rest, being convinced that winter is destined to linger in the lap of the forthcoming spring.

This interesting animal is equally well known as the "woodchuck." But well known as the "woodchuck." But it has a great many other names be-sides. In fact, people would seem to have exhausted ingenuity in devising varied designations for the beast. Linuaeus, the famous founder of the modern school of natural history, en-titled it "mus monax," which, being interpreted, means a cross between a mouse and a monkey. The Cana-French speak of it as the "siffleur, The Canadian French speak of it as the "siffleur," or "whistler." This is on account of the whistling noise which it sometimes utters when startled. In the great fur-bearing region about Hudson's Bay it answers to the name of the "thickwood badger," while to the westward the hardy inhabitants of Alaska mean woodchuck when they exclaim "tarbagan," and the wild Chippewas likewise when they grunt "kath-hilloe-kooay."

The animal's habits do not years with

The animal's habits do not vary with the multitude of his titles. He lives in a burrow remarkable for its extent.

It is dug in the slope of a hill or by the side of a big stone, making an ex-cavation twenty or thirty feet long, which descends obliquely four or five feet, then gradually rising to a large round chamber, where the groundhog family sleeps and brings up its young. The little ones are born three to eight at a time. When the farguer, with his horses and mowing machine, chances to slump into one of these holes, disto slump into one of these holes, disappearing from view until excavated by charitable neighbors, he is apt to feel annoyed and to revile the whole woodchuck tribe with discrimination. tis largely on this account that bounties for killing the creatures have been offered in New Hampshire and other States, as much as ten cents for each tail being paid. Hunters will not kill them, for the fur is worthless and the flesh by no means palatable. It is not true that in certain parts of the country farmers have found it necessary to shovel paths through groundhogs in over to reach their

Save in the way just mentioned, the woodchuck does little or no harm to anybody. He is strictly a vegetarian, feeding mostly on clover and grass. Rarely does he enter the garden, preferring the open meadows and rocky hillsides. The first rains that fall copiously after haying is over cause the fresh green grass to spring up anew. This second crop in many places consists largely of red clover, which the groundhog regards as a most delightful delicacy. It cats so much during the latter part of August and the first half of the following month that it becomes exceedingly fat and inert. About September 30 or a little later it goes into winter quarters, and it does not come out again to stay un-til the middle of March.

This creature is the most remarkable existing example of a hibernating mammal. It lays up no store of pro-visions as the squirrel does. Its food visions as the squirrel does. Its food is of such a nature that it does not keep, and so the groundhog must sleep to save itself from starving. It disappears with astonishing precision equinox and remains underground un-til about the time when the sun cuts the plane of the equator at the vernal equinox. Often the weather is very warm when it retires, and it will come out in March when snow is on the ground making long journeys to find places where patches of the coveted green grass has been laid bare by thaw. At the end of the winter the animal is thin and doubtless feels rather seedy. having lived on its own tissues and without subsistence for so long a time.

During the term of hibernation physical waste is reduced to a very low point, the heart's action slackenng and the breathing becoming so light that it can only be detected by delicate instruments. Even when kept in a warm house through the toroid at the usual date and remains carried to the customary term. ther south it is interrupted by periods of wakefulness, during which the woodchuck goes abroad and gets its meals. The practice of hibernating is merely a device of uature for enabling the animal to get along without food at times when there is no food to be had. Otherwise it would perish and the species would become extinct

No use for the groundhog worth mentioning has ever been discovered. It is otherwise with another queer manual—the parenpine. Porcupines have been used as find, for which purpose they are said to be superior to wood. Some time age at the Wilmet mine in Minnesota the percurings came to be regarded as such a min-

A SONG OF LOVE'S WAS

NO. 23.

What, sweet mistress, should there be

There no barrier I see
Which Love may not kiss away.
Do thou waft one smile to me-

Love will find his way to thee! If a rose should har his path-Thorny, with a jealous frowr, Love such winning favor bath He would quickly kiss it down;

Then would sweetly, tenderly Bear it on his breast to thee. Love will come his own to greet, Though no light his day adorns

Through a world of roses, sweet— Through a wilderness of thorns! Do thou waft one smile to me, Love shall find his way to thee! -Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A backslider-The crab.-Hallo. A spark of genius-Winning an heir-

The man who agrees with us doesn't come around near often enough. Ram's Horn.

The stock exchange is where hope is

exchanged for experience.—Florida Times-Union. A man with an elastic imagination s too liable to use it for a conscience.

-Rochester Democrat. This is a world of compensations—men who lack long heads generally have long faces.—Truth.

The worst of the rosy colors in

which some things are painted is that they are not fast.—Puck. "How much is this dress worth?"
"I really don't know what it's worth—the price is \$3."—Hallo.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but it's the uniform that takes young women's eyes.—Judge. "Johnny, add seven apples to two

apples, and what will you have? "Colic, sir."—Harper's Bazar. A dog's tail is not necessarily a "has been" because it always points to the past.—Bimghamton Republican.

One reason why some men are s lean is because they have thrown al their fat into the fire.—Dallas News.

Tommy (with pride)—"My pa's a banker." Willie—"An' my pa's re-ceiver for his bank."—Chicago Rec-

"The foreign husband is the absorbing idea!" said the American millionaire as he wrote the wedding check.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—"Do you believe in such a thing as love at first sight?" She—"Certainly. A hasty glance does not discover imperfections."—Boston Transcript.

Hungry Higgins -- "Wot's right nowadays -- t'ank you, or t'anks?" Weary Watkins -- "I guess tanks would hit us about right." -- Indianap-olis Journal.

The man who is always careful to keep out of debt is seldom so well supplied with the modern conveni-ences of life as his less considerate fellow. - Puck. He-"What would you do if I were

to kiss you?" She—"Are you very curious to know?" He—"Very!" She—"Well, you might try—and see!" Boston Traveler.

"It makes no difference to me." said the old theologian, "whether I came from a tadpole or a monkey. How to get out of the scrape is what bother, me."—Newport News. In the cannibal islands.

In the cannibal islands.

What is the matter with you, my son? Have you eaten anything that is seen with you?" Son—"That is disagreed with you?" Son-"That is why I ate him." -Boston Transcript. Tommy -"I guess he must be the he hurt you?" Tommy-"No; I just went up to the door and my tooth stopped hurting."-Chicago Inter-

"Did you get anything from that man you just applied to for help?"
"Only good advice." "What advice
did he give you!" "I said I was cold did he give you!" "I said I was ee and he told me to go to blazes," New York Press.

The searcity of food in Bage has compelled the beseiged troops to re-sort to canines dished up in various styles. There is a havoc among the

dogs of war in that locality.—Phila-delphia Ledger.

First Belle—"Then both Herr Schulze and Herr Lehmann had made her an offer of mariage; which was the lucky man?" Second Ditto-"Herr Schulze, Herr Lehmann married her.

—Oberlander Bote.

"Have you had your new house in-sured, Mrs. Dwight?" "Yes." "Your husband is afraid of fire, then? "Mercy, yes; he will leave the house ony time before he will make one.

"flow do you know that DeVere is not in love with Mahel Sweetbriar?" "Recause I heard him tell her the

"Did you know that Miss Bjones

"Angels have wings, haven't they, grandma?" 'I've always heard a..." "I heard Unde Gerald tell Mademen