



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. XII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1894.

NO. 24.

Oranges are selling cheaper than apples in apple-producing regions.

Frenchmen are alarmed to find that there is a sharp decline in the thrift of the republic.

Somebody who claims to know says that a child three years old is half the height it will ever be.

The revival of interest in gold-mining in California is beginning to attract a good deal of attention, notes the Argonaut.

The total amount spent in foreign missions last year by the Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians aggregated \$3,500,000.

"As to that European war," exclaims the St. Louis Republic, "we don't want them to fight, but by jingo if they do, we've got the wheat, we've got the pork and we need the money too."

The name of Herr Bremen, the statistician, is well known in Germany. His latest discovery is that in three thousand years there will be only one man to every two hundred and twenty women.

George W. Childs illustrates in his career, relates the New York Independent, the possibilities lying before every wide-awake American boy, and the good which men of wealth may do with their money.

According to Captain R. D. Bell, of Alaska, the Alaskan Indian will be a curiosity in ten years unless something is done to keep bad whisky from him and free him from the awful disease from which he is a sufferer.

Johns Hopkins is a young university, but it is a very lucky one. Gifts to it pour in like an unceasing flood. The latest is the herbarium and botanical library of Captain John Donnell Smith, said to be one of the most valuable collections of the kind in the world and representing the labor of twenty years.

The most widely separated points between which a telegram can be sent are British Columbia and New Zealand. The telegram would cross North America, Newfoundland, the Atlantic, England, Germany, Russia (European and Asiatic), China, Japan, Java and Australia. It would make nearly a circuit of the globe, and would traverse over 20,000 miles in doing so.

It is not likely, predicts Frank Leslie's Weekly, that there will be any further trouble with the Chinese now in this country on account of the registration law. The Chinese Six Companies in San Francisco have issued a notice ordering all their members to register under the new law, and this action will no doubt be largely influenced in determining Chinamen generally to comply with its provisions.

The fantastic and somewhat grotesque humor of the Thirteen Club, of New York, expended itself recently at a dinner which was intended to assist in giving the finishing stroke to the superstitious notions which still linger about the world from the days of our ancestors. Everything was done by the club to challenge, defy and ridicule the current superstitions. The members and their friends dined in thirteens, walked under ladders, spilt salt, crossed knives, had lamps in plaster skulls and did many other curious and absurd things at which many simple people still tremble in these days.

One of the most characteristic anecdotes ever told of England's greatest man since Pitt is recorded in Mr. Smalley's cable letter to the New York Tribune. It brings out Mr. Gladstone's courage and grit. When his eyes were examined at Hawarden not long ago one was found to be sightless from an old cataract and the other seriously impaired from the formation of a new cataract. The nerve displayed by this veteran of eighty-four in demanding the removal of the old cataract then and there, so that he could have one good eye while the other was becoming useless, was phenomenal. The surgeon based the courage required for performing the operation, but the incident stands as a luminous illustration of the invincible strength of Mr. Gladstone's character. It justifies Mr. Smalley's conclusion that it is not in the Grand Old Man's nature to accept defeat, or to flinch from any conflict, and that he will fight to the end. He is true to his name, which in the Lowland Scotch sense has and shall mean like a hawk, he has soared with constant poise above the low levels of English politics; and in indefatigable duty of moral purpose and in unshaken majesty of character he is like the matchless granite of the Scotch mountains.

A SONG OF HER LOVE.

O hills, in glory lean And bath your brows in light; O velvet valleys, soft between, Dream gently to the night; For she hath said: "I love," and she Hath given all that love to me!

SISTER MARION.

BY CLARENCE ROOK.



HE lover is always selfish, especially if it be a woman. She would kill her lover with her own hand rather than see him happy with another woman.

The man in the corner by the fire dictated these words slowly and carefully; and the girl at the table wrote them down. Then there was a silence and the girl looked across at the man expectantly.

"Is it getting dark?" he asked, after a few minutes. For Lewis Carrington had been blind for nearly six months. That was why he had engaged Marion Norman as his secretary.

"Yes, I can scarcely see," answered the girl. "Shall I light the lamp?" "No, I am tired," answered Carrington. "Let us stop now and talk."

Marion put together the sheets in their proper order, tidied up the table, and came over to the fire, by which she stood, leaning against the mantelpiece and watching her companion.

She was no older than Carrington, thirty-five or thereabouts; but she looked older than he did. A woman who has lived her life out of the sunshine—which is love—fades early. For the sunshine is good, even though it scorches at times.

"Is that true, do you think?" asked Carrington, lifting his head. Marion blushed a little, and then she remembered that the eyes that met her own could see nothing.

"Is that true?" "That sentence about love and selfishness. Men know so little of women."

Marion Norman sat down in a chair by the fire and leaned her chin upon her hand as she watched Carrington. "I hardly know," she replied, slowly. "I hope not. I think—no. Indeed, I am sure of it."

"How do you know?" asked Carrington, quickly. "Ah! forgive me. I should not have asked that."

In their four months' daily companionship, begun as a matter of business, they had grown into the habit of talking over many things together; and Marion looked forward to the ten minutes or so between the close of work and her departure as the pleasantest time of the day. She turned her eyes from Carrington's face to the fire.

"Yes, I have had my romance," she replied. "And then she told him the story. It was a poor, feeble little romance, dead almost before it was born, ten years ago, when Marion was a nurse at the London Hospital. Merely a young doctor who was poor, a few flowers and a note, which Marion still kept in her workbox, though she did not tell Carrington that. Some girls would scarcely have noticed it at the time, and would have forgotten all about it in a fortnight. But Marion cherished its memory, for it stood between her and the certainty that she had never found favor in the eyes of man."

"You know I lost more than my sight when my eyes went," said Carrington, after a pause. "That is why I am so anxious about the operation next week."

"Yes? You mean—?" "I was just engaged. And her people would not let her marry a blind man. They were quite right—weren't they?"

"And she?" "She cried and obeyed her people." "If I had been she—" Marion began quickly.

"Well?" "Nothing. Only I never had any people."

"You were a nurse once, Miss Norman, were you not?" said Carrington presently.

"Yes. Yet it is still strange to hear myself called Miss Norman. I was Sister Marion until a year ago. But my health broke down and I had to give it up."

"Would you mind very much going back to it for a time—a week or so?" "Ah! You would like me to?" "I must have a nurse, and I would rather have some one I know."

month, she appeared plainer and more commonplace than ever. "If he never saw me perhaps—" The thought had forced itself more than once in her mind, but she had beaten it back and prayed that Lewis Carrington might see again.

Marion went her way home, and climbed up three flights of stairs to her room. It looked dark and cold—almost as cold as the streets outside, where the sleet was falling. She lit the gas stove and made herself a cup of tea. Then she looked out the nurse's clothes which she used to wear. The aprons wanted a stitch here and there. This occupied her for some time. By eight o'clock all was finished. The sleet was still beating against the window. Even if she had had anywhere to go she could not have gone. But it was having nowhere to go that made her feel so lonely. There was nothing to do but sit still and think. Marion was generally too busy for this, but to-night she could not help thinking a little bitterly of the loveless life she led. And then she fell to wondering what that other one was like. Of a course she was pretty. There was a photograph of a girl upon Carrington's mantelpiece, with "Nora Thurston" scrawled across the foot. Doubtless that was she.

"Oh, if I might be just a little beautiful, just for a little while!" she sighed to herself. Then, reflecting that the wish was absurd, she had her supper—a couple of biscuits and a glass of milk—and went to bed.

There are two kinds of women—those who offer sacrifice and those who demand it. The latter must have something to lean upon; the former must have some one to support, somebody to feed or fondle or convert. It may be a husband, it may be a curate or a cat or a cannibal. Now Marion Norman was one of those women who long vaguely for some one for whose sake they shall have a right to sacrifice themselves.

A fortnight had passed, and the operation was over. For some days Lewis Carrington had lain upon his sofa in a darkened room with a bandage across his eyes and a terrible dread at his heart. He was waiting for the removal of the bandage to know whether he was to see or be blind for the rest of his life. Marion had been with him all the time, waiting upon him and reading to him. She had not been so happy for years. For Lewis Carrington depended entirely upon her. Every day she had been downstairs to answer the inquiries of a fair-haired girl. It was the girl whose photograph stood upon the mantelpiece. Every day she had been able to tell her that Lewis was going on well, and that there was every hope that he would see as soon as his eyes were strong enough to bear the light.

The evening before the day on which the question was to be decided, Carrington was restless and nervous. Marion read aloud to him to keep his thoughts from the morrow. But she saw his fingers twitch upon the arm of his chair, and knew of what he was thinking. At 10 o'clock she insisted on his going to bed. But for more than an hour Marion, who was listening by his half-open door, heard him tossing from side to side. She had decided to give him a soothing draught when his breathing became more regular, and at last settled down into the rhythmic respiration of the sleeper. So Marion lay down on the sofa in the sitting room.

She had been asleep, as it seemed, but a little while when something awoke her, and from where she lay she saw Carrington standing in the doorway between the sitting room and his bedroom.

"Mr. Carrington! What is the matter? Can I get anything for you?" she said, starting up in alarm.

He did not reply, but walked slowly, without turning his head, straight across the room to the window, over which a heavy pair of curtains hung. "Mr. Carrington," she said again. But he did not answer. And then she understood that he was asleep.

For the moment, in her half-awakened state, she could not think of the right thing to do. She watched him pull open the curtains aside. The light from a gas lamp in the street below fell full upon his face. And by the light she saw that his hands were pulling and tugging at something upon the back of his head. He was trying to take off the bandage from his eyes. In another moment, if he succeeded, the glare of the gas lamp would meet them and extinguish forever the feeble glimmer of sight. Her senses half dazed with fatigue and sleep, Marion, in that instant of startled comprehension, saw but one thing, that Lewis Carrington would be blind, and being blind—

Her heart gave a great leap of exultation. Motionless she sat, watching him as he still fumbled with the bandage.

"The lover is always selfish, especially if it be a woman."

The words broke in a flash across her mind—the last sentence she had taken down from Carrington's lips.

In an instant she was by his side, wide awake, every nerve tingling with shame.

"Come—come with me," she whispered in his ear, laying her hand upon his arm and gently drawing him away from the window.

With a sigh he turned, and suffered himself to be led back to his room. For a minute or two Marion watched him as he settled again into a peaceful sleep. Then she bent down and hastily touched his forehead with her lips, and returned to her sofa. But not to sleep. She was crying, first because she was wicked enough to be tempted, and then because she was not wicked enough to yield to temptation.

The next morning Lewis Carrington, knowing nothing of his error

escape during the night, was waiting for his eyes to be uncovered. The doctor had just arrived when the servant opened the door and whispered something to Marion. Without saying anything Marion left the room and ran down stairs. Nora Thurston was there.

"Come up," said Marion. "You are just in time. I think he can see you."

"Go in there, dear—quietly. One moment." Marion took the girl's face between her hands and kissed her.

"Oh, is my hat straight? Do I look all right? I want to look nice if he does see me."

"Yes, yes. Be quick." Marion stood by the door listening. There was silence for some moments. Then she heard the doctor's voice.

"Well?" "Nora—ah! it is good to see you!" A few moments afterward the doctor came into the sitting room.

"What, nurse! Broken down, eh?" For Marion was lying upon the sofa, her face hidden in the cushions.

"Oh, I am glad! I am glad!" she sobbed. "Oh, God, make me glad!" —Fall Mail Budget.

Passing of the Sombrero. "Nobody wears big sombreros nowadays but the cowboys on the ranches out West, the Indians and the 'tender-foot' who have smoked cigarettes and read yellow-tinted literature in the East and go West with highly inflamed imaginations only to come back with cartloads of experience," remarked big, genial George Storer at the Lindell.

And Mr. Storer knows a thing or two about hats, for he has been a traveling salesman in that line for years.

"Ten and fifteen years ago nearly three-fourths of the male population in the West and Southwest wore hats are popularly termed 'cowboy hats.' But civilization, you know, affects the style of a hat as well as the culture of the brain beneath it. The Indian chief that used to pride himself on his head-gear of eagle feathers, having rubbed up against civilization, now wants to wear the same hat he sees the pale faces wear around him—the cowboy hat. The countrymen down in Texas have pushed ahead of the cowboy and Indian a notch or two, and have thrown their old slouch aside for styles nearer the modern taste. At one time there was an immense trade in sombreros in Texas, and I placed large wholesale orders there, but civilization is having its effect, and now this class of trade practically amounts to nothing down there. Yes, the old slouch hat of the West, made famous in the stories of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, will eventually pass away along with the rip-roaring and six-shooter style of Western life."—St. Louis Republic.

Food vs. Medicine. People often wonder why it is that physicians so universally prescribe cod liver oil nowadays instead of medicines. The reason is easily explained. Of late years the medical profession has depended less upon powerful drugs and medicines and more upon nourishment to effect cures, the result being that where they formerly took cases in their own hands, physicians now are content to assist nature in her work of overcoming the ills of life in her own way.

The modern school of physicians has found that cod liver oil is one of the most nutritious of foods, and will do more to give a natural strength and tone to the body than almost any other known nourishment. It is in itself a fat, but it contains substances that make it a peculiarly rich fat. It not only increases a proper nourishment of the body, but it supplies the waste of disease or chronic ailments, and thus serves a double purpose.

In former years there were two objections to cod liver oil. These were its vile taste and its tax upon the stomach. Many preferred being ill to taking such a nauseating dose, while others could not retain the oil after taking it. It remained for the chemist to render the oil palatable and make it in an easy form for the stomach by converting it into an emulsion, thus accomplishing by mechanical process what had been left for the system to do.—New York Telegram.

Here's Richness for You. It is no exaggeration to say that there is practically no low-grade ore in Colorado \$1,000,000,000 of low-grade ore. It may cost \$500,000,000 or \$900,000,000 to take it all out, but it will furnish employment to hundreds of thousands and make business enough to give Denver 500,000 people. Cripple Creek alone cannot have less than \$100,000,000 in its hills, already partially opened. The great tunnel from Idaho Springs under the mountains to beneath Central will take out several hundred millions from old and known veins. A dozen similar tunnels will be built in other localities. Many thousands of gold seams have been opened at periods and under conditions that offered no profit. Most of them will now pay. Colorado's gold belt extends from Boulder, Manhattan, in Larimer County, and Hahn's Peak, with a broad strip southwest, to the corner of the State. It is the largest and richest gold field in the world. We doubtless have more gold than silver.—New York Dispatch.

Are We Losing Our Memories? "I think that men must be getting more forgetful than they used to be," said a prominent doctor recently, "and my principal reason for thinking so is the fact that there are so many more notebooks used than formerly. Why, if used to be very easy to use a notebook, while now every man you meet is pulling out a notebook and jotting down some fact that he wishes to remember."—Philadelphia Call.

STATION HOUSE LODGERS.

WHERE NEW YORK'S HOMELESS ARMY SLEEP.

Scenes at Midnight in a Police Station—Going to the "Island" Until Mild Weather Comes.

OUT of the black shadow of the alley, like a great bat's wing, came the head of the line of men across Oak street to the basement gate of the station-house. The doorman now developed as much activity as the German had shown. He flew at the first man in the line, and catching his shoulders, flung him ten feet away along the pavement.

"Get out of here," said he; "a-a-a-h, give me no talk. I know yer. You was here last night. Git, now, or I'll give yer my foot. And you too; git, now, and don't let me see yer any more."

As his eye rested on each familiar face he leaped at the owner of it and gave him a knock or a twist that sent him spinning out of the line like a top. "Them's old soaks, that's been here before," said he in explanation, "and we don't take 'em if they're regulars. There's not room enough for them that deserves a lodging."

I suppose those poor devils were the most to be pitied of all the men I saw that day. What under heaven they were to do if the station-house spurned them was indeed a question. But they were spun out of sight and out of mind. Down in the brightly lighted basement of the station-house the German and the doorman lined up the men in a crescent-shaped file with many a curt order to "turn your face this way; let's see your face, man." The manner of the policeman was rough, his tones were sharp; but it was only a manner and a tone. The New York policeman is a professional man. His business is adopted for life, and familiarity with the conditions in which he moves renders him decidedly businesslike. As for the men, those who were jerked out of the line like calves in a cattle-yard, simply hung their heads and shuffled away like calves. Those who were addressed about moved dully and mechanically, as if they were rather helpless than stupid, and had made up their minds to pay that price for a lodging without complaint or resentment.

They were now to such a place. They were not transpo professional lodgers. Seven in ten were such men as one is used to seeing about the wharves, or carrying dinner pails homeward in the uptown streets at supper time. They were unskilled laborers, with here and there a man not so easy to place—a countryman, perhaps, or a man from a distant city. They stood with their heads up and their eyes moving, to take in everything around them. The German patrolman began at the head of the line and asked for recruits for the workhouse—a new departure in lodging-room practice.

"Do you want to go 'way?'" he asked of each. "Do you want to go 'way? Do you want to go 'way?" How these unfortunates understood him I don't know, for I had to have his meaning explained. The fact was that the Department of Charities and Correction has determined in order to relieve the distress and pressure for lodging room, to send to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island all New Yorkers of several years' residence who have no homes and are willing to leave town for the winter. The strangers are to be sent back to the places they hail from.

"Do you want to go 'way?'" "No, sir." "Do you want to go 'way?'" "I don't mind." It was a longshoreman who spoke. "No, sir;" "No, sir;" "No, sir," said others in monotonous succession. Then a second man, who might have long been a truck-driver, said he, "didn't care." And a third one, a young fellow, answered, "Yes, if you please." There were boys in the line—at least two lads of seventeen or eighteen years—badly off, but yet better placed than if they had ten cents with which to get into the average lodging house, where thieves are made as if they were factories for turning discouragement and poverty into crime.

"What do you want to go to the Island for?" I asked the man who had been a longshoreman.

"Well, sir, what else can I do?" he replied. "I have no work and no money and no home. I buried my wife five years ago, and I have no children. I've been twenty-five years, and I understand I can be took care of for the winter—till times is better."

Some one slipped some silver in his hand—for tobacco on the Island.—Harper's Weekly.

The Stamp Collecting Fiend. "I know a stamp collecting fiend," said Earl Becker, "who never tires of disputing the correctness of the oft-repeated statement that used stamps have no value, and that the million stamp collector's story is a myth. He carries around with him a written offer of \$100 for 1,000,000 stamps and shows it with great gloze. Any man who wants to get rich should avoid filling an order of this kind, if he gets one, because to collect 1,000,000 stamps it is necessary to secure more than 300 a day for ten years, without even resting on Sunday. To get this number daily would take at least half a man's time, unless he happened to have access to the waste basket of a large firm, and for his reward he would get just \$10 a year, waiting, however, ten years for pay day. Under these circumstances it seems pretty safe to offer \$100 for 1,000,000 stamps, for no one acquainted with principles of arithmetic would be very likely to seriously consider the proposition."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A splendid series of photographs of Brooks's comet has been obtained.

In the space of one minute the poly-pus can change its form a hundred times.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

Dr. Hermann Zeigler, the German scientist, says a forecast of the weather may be determined by photographs of the sun's disk.

Peas and beans cooked in hard water containing lime or gypsum will not boil tender, because these substances harden vegetable caseine.

Scotch manufacturers of carbon disulphide supply most of the French demand for this article, which is extensively used in the destruction of phylloxera on grape vines.

The Capitol of Hartford, Conn., is of marble. Local engineers claim that it expands an inch to each 100 feet, being three inches longer in summer than in winter.

In the tanning industry electricity is beginning to play an important part. The largest tannery in Switzerland will soon be reconstructed and enlarged for the purpose of adopting the process of electric tanning.

The anable, a fish that inhabits the rivers of Guiana and Surinam, has two pupils in each eye, an upper and a lower one. When the fish is swimming it keeps this upper optic, which protrudes above the head, out of the water.

The green ants of Australia make nests by bonding leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue. Cook saw hundreds at a time on one leaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to receive, hold and fasten it.

Earthenware sleepers, the invention of Matsui Tokitaro, a Japanese, were recently experimented on at Shimabashi Station, Japan. Fairly good results were obtained. It is claimed that the increased cost of earthenware sleepers is amply compensated by their freedom from decay.

Dentists are great users of costly metal. Beside gold for stopping, two-sevenths of the world's consumption of platinum is employed by them in making the wires by which the artificial teeth are firmly fastened to a plate. It is the only metal possessing the required properties.

In the Institute of Experimental Pathology in Vienna Professors Hasterlik and Stockmayer, four students and others, swallowed a quantity of comma bacilli. They suffered no bad effects beyond headache and nausea. Professor Stricker therefore draws the conclusion that the comma bacilli will not cause cholera in the case of strong, healthy subjects.

The Russian naval authorities have not been slow to take advantage of the lessons taught by the sinking of Her Majesty's steamer Victoria. An exact model of the sunken vessel is, it is said, being constructed in Cronstadt, and this, together with the information available as to the causes of the accident, will serve as an object lesson to Russian naval architects as well as what shall be avoided in designing new vessels.

Rabbits for the Market. It is not generally known that a rabbit ranch exists near this city on what promises to be quite an extensive scale. J. B. Baumgartner and Matthias Foerg are the owners of the ranch, and already have a barn forty feet long and divided up into stalls, all of which are now occupied by bunny and his numerous progeny.

The rabbits are the low-lared variety, a breed exceeding scarce and held at fancy prices in the United States. Mr. Baumgartner imported two pairs from Switzerland a year and a half ago, paying \$200 for them. He now has over sixty rabbits from those two pairs.

The rabbits breed seven times a year and have from eight to ten to a litter. When full grown they weigh from fourteen to eighteen pounds. They are most delicious eating, their flesh being considered superior to chicken. As they command from fifteen to twenty cents per pound, rabbit farming is much more profitable than chicken raising.

Like ordinary rabbits they are practically omnivorous. They are beautiful animals, with their long, silky hair and fluffy fur. Unlike other rabbits, they do not burrow except at breeding time, and are exceedingly tame by nature and easily kept. Baumgartner & Foerg say that they have only made a fair beginning in the business and are already planning to enlarge their building and ranch.—South Bend (Ind.) Journal.

Saw a Meteor in Mid Ocean. On the German-American Company's steamship Standard about 6 a. m. January 20, in latitude 39, longitude 69.29, Second Officer Paradise saw a meteor. He says it fell from the zenith a ball of blue light, descending slowly to south-southwest, where it reached to fiery red. Just before touching the horizon Mr. Paradise says the meteor seemed to explode in thousands of scintillating pieces, illuminating the sea and the ship as bright as day.—Washington Star.

The Wealth of Cuba. Cuba is a rich country. On this island there are 90,000 sugar and tobacco plantations and fruit and vegetable farms, the total value of which is \$325,000,000. Cuba's yearly exports amount to \$20,000,000, while the imports are only \$44,750,000. Of the latter \$16,250,000 is from this country. Nearly \$50,000,000 goes annually to the support of Spain.—Detroit Free Press.

THE HUMMING TOP.

The top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song To my dear little boy at play—

Merrily singeth all day long, As it spinneth and spinneth away, And my dear little boy He laugheth with joy

When he heareth the tuneful tone Of that busy thing That thoveth to sing The song that is all his own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight, That the song be loud and clear; Now hurl the top with all your might Upon the banquet here;

And straight from the string The joyous thing Boundeth and spinneth along; And it whirrs and it whirrs And it birs and it pirs Ever its pretty song.

Will ever my dear little boy grow old, As some have grown before? Will ever his heart feel faint and cold, When he heareth the songs of yore? Will ever this toy Of my dear little boy, When the years have worn away, Sing sad and low Of the long ago, As it singeth to me to-day? —Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sisters of Charity—Faith and Hope. —Puck. Political platforms are commonly built of deal.—Puck.

A low voice is an excellent thing in woman—also a low hat. A coat of mail—the letter-carrier's livery.—Philadelphia Record.

A forced laugh should never be accompanied with a "strain of mirth." When money talks, even the purist does not stop to criticize its grammar.—Puck.

When a good idea strikes a musician it is only proper that he should make a note of it.—Buffalo Courier.

He—"I think Miss Fairleigh is a dream of beauty." She (spitefully)—"Dreams go by contraries."—Puck.

The huntsman who brings home the antlers proves that he has been able to get a head of the game.—Elmira Gazette.

Dinks—"Was Smith's purpose of whipping the editor carried out?" Danks—"No; but Smith was."—Buffalo Courier.

Claire—"How extremely simple that gown was Miss De Vere wore at the ball." Marie—"Yes; almost idiotic."—Detroit Free Press.

"Serves me right," said the drum. "I thought I could keep tight and never feel it—and here I am beaten at my own game."—Truth.

It isn't always the stenographer that takes down the Congressman's speech. It is sometimes the orator on the other side.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hicks—"What is that horrible stench; gas escaping?" Mrs. Hicks—"No-o-o; cook was out shopping for perfume again to-day."—Puck.

There is one thing queer about stairways. And not in the least bit new; A man will find a creaking step When he comes home after two. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Harduppy tells me he never destroys a receipted bill." "No; he's more likely to have them framed and hung up in his parlor as curiosities."—Tit Bits.

Uncle George—"I trust, Henry that you are out of debt?" Henry—"No, I haven't got quite so far as that; but I am out of everything else."—Boston Transcript.

"Mrs. Grit has a constitution like iron." "What makes you think so?" "Her husband has been troubled with dyspepsia for eighteen years."—New York Press.

The editor who is always feeling the pulse of the people is not really interested in their heart-beats. It is his own circulation that he is looking after.—Life.

"I wish," said a railway passenger as a bunch of comics were dropped into his lap by the train boy, "that these people would quit poking fun at me."—Washington Star.

"Mandy, did you read that notice on the counter, 'Your choice for fifteen cents?'" "Mandy—" "Land sakes! yes; but it looks like an awful price to ask for them clerks."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Visitor—"Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar." Tommy—"Yes, sir." "If I give you the sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher,' what is that?" "Sarcasm."—Texas Siftings.

Yabsley—"You say you wouldn't marry any but a womanly woman, but what is your idea of a womanly woman?" "Mudge—" "One who would think I was the smartest man on earth."—Indianapolis Journal.

A lady asked an astronomer if the moon was inhabited. "Ma'am," he replied, "I know of one moon in which there is always a man and a woman." "Which is that?" "The honeymoon."—Journal Afloat.

Doctor—"I left directions that these powders should be taken before each meal and only two are gone." Wife—"I know; but you see cook is taking a vacation, and we only have one meal a day."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Friend—"Are you happy?" Spirit (through medium)—"Perfectly so." "Can you state what