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NO. 26.

China is furnishing a chain of forts along her seacoast with Krupp guns.

F. C. Selous, the celebrated African hunter, says the flesh of the lion is capital eating, lion pie being almost as good as veal pasty and quite as white.

England is to have no poet laureate, not, at least, until one arises of sufficient distinction to be worthy to succeed Wordsworth and Tennyson. Gladstone thinks that there is no such man in England at the present time.

The British training squadron, which consists of four training cruisers, and in which about 1200 young officers and seamen have annually been trained in the management of vessels under sail, is to be abolished. The Admiralty evidently assumes that it is unnecessary to teach an art which, in these days of steam war ships, might never be practiced.

Mrs. Eliza Archard Connor's sermon to young women, which won the prize among more than 1000 submitted, was elaborated under the following heads: "Do some useful work, and do it with enthusiasm. Lay up some money. Be sincere. Be helpful to others. Be neat. Stand by your own sex. Uphold forevermore the purity, dignity and worth of womanhood."

M. Martin Conway, who is lecturing at the Royal Institution in London on his recent exploration in the Himalayas, has traversed more ground in those perilous regions than any other explorer. Although his journeyings there have covered over 3000 miles, he says that the section of country which he explored compared with the mountainous region that has not yet been touched is as the size of a postage stamp to that of a large quarto page.

Authorship and book publishing are in a bad way in France, according to a number of experts who have been figuring on the situation. It is said by M. Albert Cim, and corroborated by other experts, that there are scarcely six novelists in France who can count on receiving equal to or above 10,000 francs a year for their literary work. An examination of the books of a prominent publisher of Paris showed that two-thirds of the accounts opened for works of fiction, verse, travel, domestic economy and military science showed considerable losses. A volume of reasons are offered in explanation of the situation, but the facts are admitted.

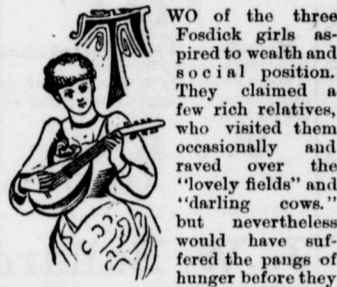
Development of the coal beds in Western Texas promises, according to the St. Louis Republic, to add very materially to the wealth of that portion of the State. Fuel is very scarce at present in the surrounding country, but that is because of the lack of roadways from the coal fields. The best road there until recently was a burro path. A wagon road was finished last year and a railroad is now being built. It is to connect with the Texas and Pacific at Van Horn and the Southern Pacific at Haskell. The State Geologist of Texas has just made his report on the coal in Presidio County: "On account of its quality and extent as well as from its location in a region otherwise practically destitute of fuel, this deposit of coal must prove," he says, "to be a prominent factor in the development of the western portion of the State." Western Texas is to be congratulated on the prospects, as are also the gentlemen of St. Joseph, Mo., who recently invested in some 136,000 acres of land in Presidio County.

In the effort to prevent the supplying of firearms to natives of the Pacific islands regulations have just been made by the British High Commissioner for the Western Pacific prohibiting British vessels from carrying more than one rifle and one pistol for each member of the crew and each bona fide passenger not a native. It has also been made an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person to supply firearms, ammunition, explosives or intoxicating liquors to the natives of any of the Pacific islands under British control or protection. Unscrupulous traders have recently supplied the natives of several of these islands with Winchester rifles and ammunition, with the result that the natives so armed have made raids on neighboring islands and slaughtered the inhabitants. A British war vessel on a recent tour of the islands found that a party of these armed marauders, notorious cannibals, had visited a near-by island and butchered the inhabitants of a large village, leaving every evidence of subsequent horrible cannibalistic practices.

THE FLOWER OF SORROW.

Summer comes and summer goes, But all months of all years There it falling of tears: Summer comes and summer goes, All hours are griefs, and the sower sows: To-day and to-morrow The Flower of Sorrow Buds and blows. —John Vance Cheney, in Century Magazine.

AUNT TABBY'S UMBRELLA.



WO of the three Fostick girls aspired to wealth and social position. They claimed a few rich relatives, who visited them occasionally and raved over the "lovely fields" and "darling cows," but nevertheless would have made an effort to till these same fields or soil their dainty hands by milking a cow.

Among the country relatives was Aunt Tabitha Simonds. She began life with a little amount of property, and had been known to have been very economical for many years. She was a very peculiar woman, but received due courtesy at the hands of some members of the family on account of "what Aunt Tabby might possibly do for them."

The shrewd old lady intuitively gauged these courtesies and knew just where to draw the line, where true deference should manifest itself.

The Fosticks were a family of six, father, mother, son and three daughters. Celina, Clara and Marie were the daughters, but were unlike in character and personal appearance. Celina was the acknowledged beauty of the family. Clara considered herself of the most importance in literary matters, and Marie, the youngest, a plain, sensible, good little daughter, who made everybody happy.

"Just now all were busily discussing a letter just received. It was Celina who spoke first.

"Of all things! That Aunt Tabby should thrust herself upon us this summer! And we might just as well have had some guest from the city who would have returned the hospitality for me next winter. And no knowing whether we shall make anything out of her."

"Celina, I'm ashamed of you. Why need you be so mercenary?" exclaimed her father, reprovingly. Celina scowled.

"I'm sure Aunt Tabby is mercenary," she said, in a complaining tone. "If she would ever do anything for us or make us presents it would be different, but she just scripps all the time and allows us to scripp, too." Celina tossed her head scornfully.

"And I'm sure she has no regard for the poetry of life," chimed Clara.

"Maybe Aunt Tabby doesn't care for the poetry in books, but she cares for another word that begins with p and that is 'practical'; she takes right hold to help with the housekeeping," said the tired, overworked Mrs. Fostick.

"Yes, indeed! I don't know what we would have done that hard summer without her," said Marie, with a grateful remembrance of Aunt Tabby's willing and ready hands.

"We ought to have souls above such drudgery," exclaimed Clara, rolling her eyes towards the ceiling.

"Well, Clara, I can tell you one thing," interposed Mr. Fostick. "Books are all right enough in their places. Folks ought to have plenty of 'em and know what is in 'em, too—which is more than half of 'em can say who have a big library. All the same, I guess if it wasn't for this same drudgery as you call it, you wouldn't be quite as comfortable as you are."

There was a little silence while Mr. Fostick drank his tea and then continued:

"You like pie and cake well enough, but you don't want to go into the kitchen to help make 'em. Seems to me you might help mother and Marie a little more."

"Ma says I better her," replied Clara, in an apologetic tone. "That's because you ain't teachable, like Marie. She had to learn."

"It's no use of fussing, girls," said Mrs. Fostick. "Even if Aunt Tabby is old and sometimes queer and cross, I think we can manage."

ments' rest before setting out for the hayfield for the afternoon's work. She noticed he passed his hands wearily over his pale, tired-looking face, and turning suddenly to him, said:

"Pa, can't you sit down and rest a little while? You look more tired than usual."

"No, child. There's that lot to be raked up this afternoon, and a good job it is. I must be going."

Abner came near and said: "I'm willing to work extra hard on it if you rest for a little while. I think myself you don't look quite well. If you will trust me I will look after this afternoon."

Mr. Fostick had learned to rely on Abner—much more than on his own son, Henry, who, if truth must be told, was inclined to shirk. Henry disliked the farm. In fact, he disliked labor or application of any sort.

Then I guess you may go on, Abner, and I will rest a spell. To tell the truth I don't feel very scrupulous, and he seated himself in the old-fashioned rocker out in the shady side of the porch. He soon fell asleep. Two hours passed, and Marie began to feel anxious, as her father seemed still sleeping. She passed her hand anxiously over his brow. He awoke, but seemed dazed. He failed to recognize her, as he failed to recognize all the other members of the family. Dr. Rome was hastily summoned, who said he was suffering from sunstroke, and gently intimated that his working days were over. Abner came home much later than usual, having stayed to finish the lot. He found the family in distress over Mr. Fostick's condition. Somehow the blow seemed to have crushed Mrs. Fostick. She sat in a state of apathy, from which they could not arouse her. Everything fell upon Marie. "Marie," must do this. "Marie" must direct that.

Henry, instead of bracing himself to help meet the needs of the place, grew lazier than ever, and absolutely refused to be dictated to.

"There's just one thing about it, Abner," said Marie emphatically one morning, "we have got to make our plans exactly as if Henry were not here. He can't be depended upon. You had to do his work yesterday as well as your own. He is determined to go to the city. Let him go. I shall oppose him no longer. Then we shall know just what we have got to depend upon."

The next day Henry started for the city, leaving his share of the burden to fall upon Marie and Abner.

"I'll do the best I can, Miss Marie," said Abner. "I want you to feel free to call upon me early and late and I will serve you faithfully."

"I don't doubt you will, Abner, but oh! if only mother had not fallen into such a strange condition! She doesn't seem to care about anything, and I don't know much. I shall have to depend upon you entirely about the farm, and if I fail to show judgment you'll know it is because I don't know, not because I don't care, and then we will talk things over and get as straight as we can."

Marie was not a crying girl usually, but just now such large tears stood in her pretty eyes, and she looked up into Abner's face with such an appealing, dependent look that he felt his heart jump straight into Marie's hands.

"It's not much that I know, but you may trust me, Miss Marie."

Somehow Marie felt extremely comforted from that moment, although she could not sing about the house in her old-time way, yet she worked and directed with a feeling of greater security than before.

And in the midst of it all Aunt Tabby came. Even Marie, hospitable as she was, felt a bit more weary after she had welcomed her and helped her place her few garments in the neat "spare chamber."

"Now, look 'n' here, Marie. I made up my mind to come, even if you put an air sick. I can do a little to help, an' I will, too, if you an' I can agree on a few things."

"But you are getting old, and you are not strong, Auntie. You must not do much; you'll get sick."

"If I ain't capable there's folks in the world as is an' we can get 'em."

"No, we can't, for we've no money to do it with," said Marie, decidedly.

"Well, I have, an' I'll do it, provided a good smart gal can come here an' help you, but if you say you'll allow her to wait on them lazy girls an' work over their flounces an' furbelows instead of helpin' you, why taint of much use."

Marie caught eagerly at this hope of help.

So a time was set apart for the duty—to Marie a sad duty, for she really loved the old lady, who had been so kind to her.

With the renewed strength and clear voice which is sometimes given a dying person, she gave a few explicit directions.

"Jest hand me that tin box out o' the upper drawer o' my bureau, Marie." She did as she was bidden. "An' now I want that unberel o' mine out o' the closet."

A faint smile touched Marie's lips as she brought an old brown umbrella that had been the derision of her sisters. Aunt Tabby took it in her trembling hands and deposited it carefully on the bed beside her. Then she opened the box.

"Now, here in this old black wallet is a hundred dollars. I calculate it will pay my funeral expenses. An' here in this brown wallet is \$200 more, which I give into your charge, Marie, to help pay some of the house expense. An' here is my will. You take care of that, Marie, an' see that everything goes straight as I have got it. Lawyer Sibley drew it up an' you can get him to read it when I'm gone. An', Abner, I give to you this unberel o' mine. Take good care on't, an' maybe it will help be a pertection to your old age. I guess that's all—only, Marie—you may give my old clothes to Mammy Giddons. Don't bury me in my best dress. Give it to her; second best will do!" And with these strange words she turned her head on the pillow and expired.

A few hours later Marie, standing in the porch, with the sunset rays falling about her, said to Abner:

"I hope you won't feel insulted by Aunt Tabby's giving you that dreadful umbrella. It was a singular thing for her to do, but you know she was partly crazy. I know she thought a great deal of you, Abner. I wish she had done something for you."

"Never mind, Marie. I shall not hold it against her, you may be sure; and as for the umbrella, if I were at all a believer in luck—which I am not—I should say the poor old weather-beaten thing will certainly bring it to me. I shall certainly take care of it, as she said."

Celina and Clara were in haste to learn the contents of the will.

"Not until after the funeral," said Marie, decidedly.

And so, after those last rites were performed, Lawyer Sibley was called to read the will. It bequeathed \$1000 to Mr. and Mrs. Fostick, \$100 to Celina and Clara and \$2000 to Marie.

"How strange that she did not mention her farm in Vermont! She has not spoken of disposing of it; but perhaps she has done so and this money is the price. Still, I should thought she would have mentioned it," said Marie to Abner.

The next morning it was raining as Marie stepped into the darkened porch.

"There's a chance for your new umbrella, Abner," said Marie, smiling. He answered with a look which showed no signs of offense.

"Now, Abner, we must make arrangements for you to have more help. We can do it now. You have worked too hard. I shall never forget your faithfulness and you shall be paid as far as money is concerned. Most young men would have gone away and left us in such straits."

"I don't know who could leave you, Marie," he said, with an earnestness which made her cheeks flush. Just then Celina called from the dining-room:

"I want to go out, Marie. My umbrella is broken, and so is pa's. Can't I take yours?"

"Yes, came the reply, and they watched Celina and Clara as they waded persistently through the little puddles between the door and gate.

"I think I'll take my new one," said Abner, and he soon reappeared with it. As he opened it a large paper fell to the floor from the inner folds and a folded note also fell out. Abner read the note first:

"To Abner Mason: I hadn't watched you all summer for nothin', an' I've made up my mind that what is yours will be pretty likely to be Marie's, too. So I hereby give you the deed to my farm in Vermont. I know you will make good use of it. Keep the old number in remembrance of me. —TABITHA SIMONDS."

It was several moments before the young people could speak, and then Abner said:

OUR HIGHEST TRIBUNAL.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

The Robing-Room, Where the Justices Put On Their Silk Gowns—A Mirror That Was Missed.

ENTERING the robing-room I passed through a small antechamber, with presses around the walls, where the Judges' gowns are kept, and a mirror hung conveniently for them to put the finishing touches to their toilets. An old colored man stood bowing and smiling at the door, and the marshal presently called out to him, "Archie, can't you show us one of the Judges' gowns?"

In a few minutes he appeared with a rustling mass of black silk, which he proceeded to show off like a shop-girl shows a jacket—by putting her hands in the armbolts and presenting the back of the garment for your inspection.

"How long have you been taking care of the robing-room, Archie?" I asked, looking at his gray head and wrinkled face. "Ever since the 10th day of October, 1849," he answered, with much pride and a flourishing bow. This here is Judge Shiras's gown, presented to him by his club-mates when he was appointed. Feel how soft and rich the silk is. But it won't last long. They never does, on account of the Judges' twistin' round as in their cheers. Yes, it takes a heap o' silk to make 'em. Fifteen yards, and they cost from \$60 to \$80, according to the quality."

Saturday is conference day at the court. The Judges meet in a large room on the floor below the court to discuss the business of the tribunal. It is a bright, cheerful library, lined with law-books from floor to ceiling, and looks very cozy and attractive. Like the robing-room, it is entered through an antechamber, which is also piled with law books, for they are very much pressed for space. Noticing this I was surprised to see one entire wall sacrificed to a wash-stand, with an old-fashioned mirror hanging over it.

"Why don't you move those and use that space for more shelves?" I asked the marshal. "What is the use of that wash-stand when you have such a nice lavatory adjoining?" "Well, we are very conservative in the Supreme Court," he said. "I thought myself what a pity it was not to utilize all that space, so one day I had the wash-stand and mirror moved away. Presently Judge Field came in and walked slowly through to the conference room. From force of habit he raised his eyes, expecting to see his face reflected in the mirror—as usual. Missing it instantly, he stopped short and demanded of the servant why it had been taken away. When the reason was explained to him he made no further comment, except to say to himself, half aloud, 'I've looked at myself in that mirror for more than twenty-five years, and now it is gone.' He really seemed to feel as if an old friend had deserted him, so while the conference was going on I had everything put back just as it was before, and when the Judge again passed through on his way out, and turned to look at the vacant wall, he stared hard for a moment, and then said, in a dazed sort of way, 'Well! I would have sworn that mirror wasn't there this morning.'"

Judge Lamar, who died last winter, was one of the characters of the court. A gentleman of the old school, he was always making fine speeches to women, and there are no end of stories told about him. On one occasion he was taken to task by a lady at Bar Harbor who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, Judge," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me; I met you here two years ago." "Remember you, madam!" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows; "why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, go away, you dear, delightful old Southern humbug!"—Harper's Weekly.

It was a Deserted City. Malvern W. Cresworth, an English mining man well known throughout Southwest Mexico has arrived at Mapine, Mexico, from a long overland journey through the Sierra Madre Mountains, his starting point being Culicán, near the Pacific coast, in the State of Sinaloa.

He claims to have discovered a large and beautiful deserted city. He says it is situated about eighty miles west of Lake Colorado, in the very recess of the Sierra Madre, and occupies a basin ten miles long by eight miles wide. Perpendicular cliffs surround the basin on all sides, rising to the height of hundreds of feet. The only entrance to the city is through a deep canon thirty feet wide.

Mr. Cresworth says he stumbled onto the secret entrance by accident. The buildings, he says, are constructed of blocks of red stone resembling granite. The business blocks are two and three stories in height and are different in architectural design from the structures built by the Aztecs and Spaniards.

The streets are narrow, but are laid out in regular order. In the city is a small park, which is overgrown with rare flowers and tropical vegetation. He found many strange ornaments, but little of value. While no one in that section ever heard of the city, Mr. Cresworth's story is generally believed.—New York Telegram.

A Great Lake State. Florida is one of the greatest of lake States, if the number of its lakes and lakelets enable it to be so classed. It has a half score of considerable lakes, including Okalochee, with more than 600 square miles, and many scores of small lakes and ponds scattered over an area forty or fifty miles wide and several hundred miles long.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Brick is made from slag.

Machine glass blowing is a failure. The only use of a bird's tail is to serve as a rudder during flight.

The "Georgia thumper" grasshopper has a wing spread equal that of a robin. The pearl is only carbonate of lime, is readily effected by acids and burns into lime.

The diamond has been found on all continents and in almost every country in the world. Alcohol is distilled from sweet potatoes, one bushel of the potatoes yielding a gallon of the fluid.

Motormen who ring gongs with their feet get a peculiar pedal malady which they call "trolley foot."

In a square inch of the human scalp the hairs number about 1000, and the whole number on an adult scalp is about 120,000.

The latest pattern of rapid-fire guns throw a projectile through the air at the rate of 2287 feet per second, or 1968 miles an hour.

English ophthalmic authorities say that the incandescent lamp judiciously placed and shaded is superior to any other artificial illuminant in its effect on the eyes.

Taking the earth as the centre of the universe and the polar star as the limit of our vision the visible universe embraces an aerial space with a diameter of 420,000,000,000 miles and a circumference of 1,329,742,000,000 miles.

The Chicago municipal authorities have instituted a crusade against certain stockyard packers, who have been slaughtering diseased cattle and placing the meat on sale. The present method of inspection is reported as faulty in the extreme. In future the license of every violator of the law will be revoked.

It is fair to presume that a vessel which has developed high speed under trial will always be a swift vessel under ordinary favorably conditions, and the new ships of the United States Navy may, therefore, well be regarded as among the foremost examples of what can be accomplished by modern naval architecture applied to purposes of war.

In children of consumptive parents a number of deep respirations accompanied by a horizontal extension of the outstretched arms at each inspiration distend every part of the lungs and expand especially the apices where this insidious disease first appears. In cases of contracted lung from pleurisy such exercise will break up old adhesions and restore lost breathing power. This pulmonary gymnastic exercise in moderation should be practiced by all persons of consumptive parents.

The name of the Chinook wind is taken, according to H. M. Ballou, from that of the Chinook Indians, near Puget Sound. During the prevalence of the wind the thermometer rises in a few hours from below zero to forty degrees or forty-five degrees. It is analogous to the Fohn of Switzerland, and similar winds are reported from various parts of the world. All that is needed to produce them are high and low pressure areas, whereby the air is caused to pass over the mountains, depositing its moisture on the ascent, and descending on the leeward side.

Dogs Spread Consumption.

The medical profession in France is much stirred up over the great increase of the deaths from consumption shown by recent statistics. This disease carries off five persons out of each 1000, or 170,000 a year, in France, while in England the mortality from this cause has fallen to two per 1000. The scourge is worst in Paris, where one death out of every five is due to consumption. At Marseilles it is one out of six, and at Dijon and Nancy it is one out of seven. Dr. Gilbert, a specialist on the disease, says that drunkards are specially susceptible to the disease, and that the tenement houses, where the poor live, are very hotbeds for its spread. In such places five out of twelve deaths are due to consumption. Professor Cadot, a prominent veterinarian, says that there can be no doubt that dogs very often communicate the disease. He says that a microscopic examination has shown that many dogs are infected with it. He has held post mortem examinations of a large number of dogs, which were supposed to have died of cancer, and in every case found that tuberculosis was the cause of death. He says that people who keep infected dogs about them are almost sure sooner or later to contract the disease.—New Orleans Picayune.

Mutton Growing in Popularity.

The rapid increase in the consumption of mutton in this country is largely due to improvement in the quality of the meat. People who formerly objected to what they termed the "woolly" taste soon lose their prejudice when persuaded to try really good mutton.

The disagreeable odor which is apt to accompany this meat can be avoided if, as soon as the animal has lost sufficient blood to render it insensible, an opening be made in the abdominal cavity to allow the gases to escape, and the wool then rapidly removed. The carcass should be quickly cooled and washed out with cold water.

The sheep should be kept without food for several hours before killing, and the latter operation should be performed out of doors, as fresh meat is peculiarly susceptible to bad odors. A little more attention to these two points would go far toward still further popularizing mutton among consumers.—New York World.

RUNNING AWAY FROM MAMMA.

Running away from mamma, Barchased up the street, Kicking the dust into yellow smoke With little rough feet. Tossing it over his clean white dress Into his stocking heels, Checking the little wooden horse That trundles along on wheels.

Dreaming away with wide blue eyes, And speculating why God won't give him the golden ball That drops in the quivering sky. What is the use of that pretty pink cloud, Sailing away so high, If he can have a ride in it? And it's no use to try.

If that woman grew with glasses on, If this house is papa's! Why that nice red cow won't talk to him Looking across the bars. Into the neighbors' gates and doors, Under their cherry trees, Into mischief and out again, Wherever he may please.

Wandering at last to the old church steps, Little horse and all, Climbing up laboriously— Too bad if he should fall! Pushing in with dimpled hands The great doors strong and tall, Letting the warm, sweet summer light Slide down the shadowed wall.

Standing still in the solemn hush Of chance, nave and dome, Thinking it is prettier Than the sitting room at home. Not a bit afraid, ah! no, indeed, Of the shadows vast and dim, Quite at home, and sure it was made All on purpose for him.

The old, old story comes up to me Written so long ago, About the heavenly temple, Where you and I must go, The beautiful waiting temple, That has no room for sin— Something about a little child And the way of entering in. —Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sweet meets—Lovers' appointments. Never strike a man for five dollars when he is down. Life is so short that man is but a paper collar on the neck of time.—Puck.

The worn-out clock usually comes to an untimely end.—Glens Falls Republican.

Yes, Minerva, there is a vast difference between fast days and fast nights.—Elmira Gazette.

Delarsie was nowhere alongside of a dog's tail in the art of expression.—Boston Transcript.

When money talks, even the deaf mute can get on to its meaning without the aid of signs.

"The modern servant doesn't know her place." "She can't. She changes it too often."—Puck.

When a friend turns out not to be a trump, then is the time to discard him.—Boston Transcript.

There are some friends who can't be good to you unless you will let them own you.—Aitchison Globe.

A girl may be almost pardoned for throwing herself at a man if he is a good catch.—Albany Press.

"There is a time for everything" when the boarding-house cook makes hash.—Binghamton Republican.

Woman may be the weaker vessel, but it's always the husband that's broke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You can always tell the boy who has no skates, by his industry in breaking the ice.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bakers ought to make good friends. They can always raise something for you in time of need.—Hartford Journal.

"With bloodless lips, the villain glared at her." His eyes, doubtless, were otherwise occupied.—Boston Transcript.

"The great trouble with Duff is that he doesn't know anything." "Oh! on the contrary, that doesn't trouble him at all."—Puck.

Be careful of your language when talking with the elevator boy; he is apt to take you up very quickly.—Boston Bulletin.

"How did you discover she was a woman masquerading as a man?" "She sent me a letter with two postscripts."—Yankee Blade.

Hicks—"Snider says he hates a humbug." Wicks—"Well, there's nothing egotistical about Snider, is there?"—Boston Transcript.

She—"This is so sudden." He—"That's where you are mistaken. I've been thinking about it for a whole year."—New York Press.

A scientist, who is probably still owing his tailor, claims that all the diseases of humanity are due to wearing clothes.—Hartford Journal.

Wife—"What would we do without a doctor?" Husband—"Well, we might get along, but what would the druggists do?"—Texas Siftings.

That Nicetown man who named his hen "Macduff" has a neighbor who called his rooster "Robinson," because he crew so.—Philadelphia Record.

"Have you gained her father's consent to your marriage?" "I can't tell." "He's away, eh?" "No; her mother is."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Hicks—"That girl broke only one dish to-day." Hicks—"How did that happen?" Mrs. Hicks—"It was the only one left."—New York Herald.

"You cannot judge a man by the umbrella he carries." "Why not?" "Because the chances are it belongs to somebody else."—New York Journal.

Uncle—"Well, Robbie, how did you stand at school last term?" Robbie—"Sometimes with my face in the corner and sometimes up at the teacher's desk."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.