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NO. 30.

Yes, people change

DEVELOPMENT

Yes, people change ; we did, you know ;

You wore red poppies in your hair That night at Brown's ; I called you fair, And you were pleased I thought you so.

The music, throbbing soft and low,

Seemed filled with joy-or was it woeld I could not tell, for you were there-

To-night your gown's like drifted snow ;

Yes, people change. -Helen Nicolay, in the Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Experience tries to teach some very low pupils. -- Puck.

Fogg refers to his glasses as an over-

If advice cost anything we would all spend money to get it. -- Atchison Globe.

Gossip is talk about other people's affairs which are none of our business.

It is hard to be grateful to the man

Necessity may be the mother of invention; but, more often than not, she is childless.—Puck.

It is useful, often, to hold your ongue; but far more so to know how

"You've the advantage of me, sir," said Pompus, loftily. "Naturally, as I'm not you," replied Secus.—Puck.

"Delay is dangerous," remarked the train-robber, as he requested the pass-engers to hand over their valuables.---

Waiter-"What kind of fish will you

When it transpires that a speaker

has only one idea his audience is always anxious for him to carry it out.--Dallas News.

Jillson says he has noticed that when a discreet man goes to the pawn-broker's he generally puts up and shuts up.--Buffalo Courier.

uts up. --Durate content Her tastes were so expensive, So inclined to prices steep, She was uniformly silent From the fact that talk is cheap. -Puck.

"I fear," sadly said the postage stamp, when it found itself fastened

to a love-letter, "that I am not sticking to facts."--Indianapolis Jour-

Teacher -- "I don't suppose any one

of the little boys here has ever seen a whale." Boy (at the foot of the class --"No. sir, but I've felt one."-Brook-

Irate German (to stranger who has

stepped on his toe)-- "Mine frent, I know mine feet vas meant to be valked

on, but dot brivilege pelongs to me.'

Yager—"I made on e ringing speech in my life, anyway." Chorus (de-risively)—"Where, when?" Yager— "The night I proposed to Mrs. Yager." Buttle Countie

Lady (in a book store)—"Can you tell me where Packer Institute is?"

Clerk (trying to think) – "Tm not sure, madam, but I should say it was in Chicago."—Detroit Free Press.

If men were true to their first love,

nal.

lyn Life.

Tit-Bits.

-Buffalo Courier.

who fought your battle for you and got licked.—Siftings.

The wedding-march peals softly, slow ; For Tom a bridal wreath you wear,

And I—some way I do not care. I should have cared a year ago—

ight.-Boston Transcript.

-Truth.

Last August, just a year ago,

"The blarney stone at the World's Fair was a sham rock," according to the Rochester Post-Express.

VOL. XII.

The production of cotton yarns in Japan has increased from 1,000,000 pounds in 1888 to 64,000,000 in 1892.

Three-fourths of the earth's surface is unfit for cultivation on account of mountain ranges, deserts, swamps and barren ground.

The cost of the world's wars since the Crimean war has been \$13,265,-000,000, or enough to give a \$10 gold piece to every man, woman and child on the globe.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the expert on insanity, seems to be veering round to the idea that suicide is an epidemic and that mental contagion is as possible as physical.

Something like \$100,000,000 is now invested in cotton mills in the South, as compared with \$61,000,000 in 1890 and \$22,000,000 in 1860. There has been an increase of about 450 per cent. since 1880 in capital, spindles and looms.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that there is scarcely a single subject taught nowadays in the same way it was taught thirty years ago and that even law, the most conservative of studies, is now treated in an entirely different method from that which prevailed in former years. The method. he adds, is being adopted all over the country and is making its way into the English universities. Then, too, the teaching of the sciences and languages has been greatly changed.

Some queer stories are told by the Chicago Herald about the United States cruiser Charleston. The plans were purchased in England and now it turns out that they were a very sorry lot of drawings. Not only that, but the machinery plans were so defective that the entire scheme of motive power for the ship had to be remodelled. The English plans were practically of no account, and hence the charge that the Charleston is a ship of English design is absolutely without foundation.

New York is now wondering at the arrest of an express robber in a way that, in the opinion of the St. Louis Star-Sayings, wipes out all the detective stories in which Sherlock Homes, Vidocq, Lecocq and their kind figure. More than \$30,000 was stolen from an express package in transit. The company had possession of the envelope which contained the key to the safe from which the money was taken. This envelope had thumb marks on the seals which had been broken. Impressions of the right thumb of seven men who had handled the envelope were taken, and an official of the company was held in \$10,000 bail on the evidence furnished by the microscope of the lines in his right thumb.

A correspondent of the American Dairyman asks for the annual value of the agricultural products of the

	SPRING	FEVER.
Sprin	ig fever-ain't	t no cure for it :
I h	ave it once a y	ear;
It tak	es me in the	eity,
		drowsy there.
And I	nod,	
	nod,	
Like	a Georgia fish	nin'rođ.

When it feels the trout a-pullin' 'Fore you land him on the sod ! Spring fever-don't know how it comes And no one ever knew ; And all I know is when it's here, It creeps all over you!

And you dream, And you dream That you're floatin' down a stream ; Floatin', floatin' like a feather Where the water-lilies gleam ! --Atlanta Constitution.

AT CHARITY'S MERCY.

BY FRANK H. SWEET. HERE was no pret-tier piece of land in all the country round than that oc-cupied by the Tinker County poor farm. It sloped to the north, to be sure, and that did not add to the comfort of such papers as were able to work in winter, but

in compensation it had splendid woods and a fine lake front. The lake was deep and clear and dotted with small islands. On the opposite slope, and half hidden by noble trees, were the outlines of a country massion; and in the distance were blue hills which might almost be mistaken for mount-

But it was not on account of natural beauty that the Tinker County poor farm had been selected. The town of-ficers were hard, practical men and did not care for such things. When it was decided that it would be for the town's advantage to farm its paupers instead of selling them at auction, the select-men looked around for a suitable place.

The Bowen farm had the reputation of being the poorest in the town. It was rocky and unproductive, and had already ruined several small farmers who had been imprudent enough to trust their little to its keeping. Of late both purchasers and renters had given it a wide berth. But it was just the place the select-men were looking for. It was off the bicknew and mer cher drow

men were looking for. It was off the highway and was cheap. They ap-proached the owner cautionsly and found that he was anxious to sell--so much so that he accepted their first offer. The next thing was to rent the farm and the pappers to the lowest bidder. This happened to be Sim Pratt, a man who had always been an unsuccessful farmer, because he was too stingy to become a prosperous one ingly; "got over bein' sick, have ye?" "Ye-as, 'baout," the man answered,

ag'in when it's time fer work. too stingy to become a prosperous one. He was not a bad man; but he was

poor and covetous and narrow-minded.

and all these pointed to a questionable future for the paupers. And as the years went by all the indications were Pratt had been keeper of the farm for ten years now, and in all this time there had been found no one to underbid him. The pay was small, the farm poor and the paupers not very desir-able, even to men of dull sensibilities.

able, even to men of dull sensibilities. No one tried to succeed him. But Pratt liked to rule. Before his advent to power he had never been able to hire help. Now he was autocrat of a small colony. In a few months he had fixed upon the maximum work which could be had from each of the paupers. Some were able-bodied, some could only work part of the time, some could not work at all. But, as a rule, it was the able-bodied who were the hardest to manage; it was their

the rough voice of Pratt. "Come, git up, Squire! Bill's down with cold an' you'll have ter drive his team ter-day. Step lively!" The old man dressed hurriedly and stumbled down the dark staircase. It still lacked an hour of darlight

still lacked an hour of daylight. Pratt stood by the kitchen door. "Take a bit o' suthin' an' be gittin'

eyes grew wistful. It was the road INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO. you's 'bleeged ter. 'Tain't decent! I'm a sosherble man myself, an' I don't like bein' tied to a stick." rees.

The Squire gazed at him vacantly for a moment. Evidently his thoughts had been far away, and he was bringing them back by a powerful effort. As he straightened himself up to his full height he looked very tall and thin; and there was something pitifully incongruous in his rough, illscholarly face and snow-white hair. "What is it, Thomas?" he asked, gravely. "I was thinking, and did not hear you. We old men," with a slight smile, "have so much past and so little future that we are apt to go woal, eathering."

past and so little future that we are apt to go wool gathering." "Speakin' fer yourself an' not me, then," said Thomas, hastily. "My past ain't a good place ter gather wool, an' I don't go to it'ceptin' I'm 'bleeged ter. But that ain't here nor there. I didn't want nothin', Squire, only jest ter hear you speak, so't I'd know you was 'live and not a purnambulatin'

was live and not a purnambulatin' machine." He spread seaweed for several minutes in silence, then once several minutes in silence, then once more leaned upon his fork. "Come ter think on't, Squire, there is one thing I'd to ast ye. When I come ter this place I found you was a'ready here, an' I got to callin' ye Square-cos the rest did. But down 'n the kitchen last night they told me 'twas raly so. Is it?" Is it?

"Is No?" "Is what?" dreamily. "That you was high-toned oncet, an' had money an' things, like rich folks?"

folks?" "I had all I wanted, I believe." "An' owned that house acrost the lake, an' had horses an' stables an' servants an'—an' Government bonds?" excitedly. "Yes"—a slight tremor came into

the grave voice "but we will not speak of that, Thomas. Suppose we go to work. We will freeze if we stand ber talking." They set to work vigorously, each taking one side of the long row of piles which the wagon had left and spreading as far as the seaweed would cover. But occasionally Thomas glanced furtively at his companion. "So it's raly true," he muttered under his breath, "son gambled an' run off an' old man paid his debts an' run off an' old man paid his debts an' run off as good sort, if he don't talk. An' the son—well, I guess it's them kind o' sons as makes hangin's." here talking.'

All through the afternoon they worked, and only stopped when the shrill call of the supper hoin came

arrows the field. As they passed through the barn-yard, a great, hulking figure slouched from one of the sheds. "Hullo, 'Sias!" called Thomas, jeer-

sheepishly. "Well, take car' ye don't git down

g'in when it's time fer worn. At the door they met Pratt. "Jest the fellers I'm lookin' fer," he said, briskly. "You'll have ter go he said, briskly. "You'll have ter go

he said, briskly. "You'll have ter go back an' do up the barn chores. Bill an' lke don't seem to think they're fit. You see t' the horses, yourself, Squire," he added, as they turned to do his bidding; "Thomas ain't per-tickler 'nough." tickler 'nough." It was late in the evening when they

returned to the house. Thomas went into the kitchen, but his companion was too tired to eat. He climbed slowly to his cold room in the garret. In the morning he was awakened by the rough voice of Pratt.

the hardest to manage; it was their ye can," he exclaimed, im-"It'll be daylight fust ye

As he stood there he saw a carriage approaching. Driving his team to one side he waited ; but the carriage stopped

as it came opposite. "Does Squire Burke still live at the "Does Squire burke sum into a re-old place?" a man asked. "No;" he left many years ago. At the sound of the voice the stranger started and glanced at the old man "here he average from the

sharply. Then he sprang from the carriage. But as he drew near he paused and bowed his head, like a man waiting sentence. "Richard!" The Squire tried to keep

his voice steady; but it broke as the young man sprang forward and caught him in his arms. After a few moments they stood back

After a tew moments they scool back and looked at each other. "Where have you been all these years, Richard?" the old man asked. "What have you been doing?" "In South America—working. After you—disowned me I wandered about

you-disowned me I wandered about the country for some weeks and then shipped on board of a vessel as a com-mon sailor. Finally I drifted into a place where I obtained a good situa-tion. After a while I went into busi-ness. Then I wrote to the man whose name I had-forged and told him I we able to pus some of the money was able to pay some of the money and would pay the rest as soon as I could. He answered that it was all paid. Of course I understood. After that I worked harder than ever. I

determined to repay every cent, and thought that if I could make you be-lieve I was not all bad you mightperhaps—change your opinion." The Squire raised his hand deprecat-

ingly. "Don't, Richard ! I changed it many

years ago. I was harsh-cruel-un just!

just!" "No!" in eager protest. Then, for the first time, he seemed to notice the Squire's garments. From them his eyes wandered to the oxen. "Surely you are not so-so"-"Poor? Yes; I have been on the town farm nearly ten years. I was ill, and could get no employment. There was nothing alse." was nothing else."

The young man's face whitened. Stepping quickly to the carriage he said something in a low tone to the driver. Then he returned and took

the whip from his father's grasp. "I will drive the team," he said. "The carriage will come for us in an hour and take us to the hotel. To-morrow we will see the owner of the old place and buy it back. But you

re cold !" Removing his overcoat, he threw it around the shivering form; then he took off his gloves and forced them on

the toil-worn hands. The old man's eyes glistened. As his gaze wandered across the fields to where the paupers were at work he

aid, eagerly: "There is one thing we must get,

"What is it, father?" "Overcoats for all the men on the farm."-Independent.

Frightened to Death.

There are several wellauthenticated cases where fright was the cause of death. An English surgeon tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves and he died.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper, and, dabbling her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady, whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to oc-cur, and he was thrown into a fever

QUEER CUSTOMS PRACTICED BY A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Few Changes in Their Life Since Prehistoric Times-Land is Held in Common by This Peaceful Race.

CATTERED all around through

New Mexico and Arizona are to be found Indian villages, called pueblos, where the red-faced Americans live, almost as their ancestors did hundreds of years ago. The habits and customs of these Indians are interesting, but most interesting of all to the ordinary tender-foot from the land where idolatry is

looked upon as dead and gone long ago are the idols which are to be found constantly in many of the pueblos. One hears of the heathen from China One hears of the heathen from China and occasionally from the ends of the world of benighted men who are idolatrons, but in New Mexico, within three days of New York City, are to be found men and women who, it is claimed by many, are Christians, but who not only make idols, but keep them in their houses. Whether they worship them or not is a question which is much discussed, and it looks very much as if the testimony to the effect that some of the Indians do worship their idols outweighs that to the contrary. The idols of the Indians

worship their idols outweight that to the contrary. The idols of the Indians are most ridiculous looking concerns, and are a source of constant and vary-ing amusement to the Easterner who loves to dig about in old villages and

The Indian pueblo nearest the city of Sante Fe is the Tesuque pueblo, and here a man may buy a whole bagful of gods, large and small, for a dollar of gods, large and small, for a dollar or so. The Indians are not very much in love with their gods, for a hundred gods may be made in an hour or so and exchanged easily for ready money. The people of the Tesuque peublo are not a bad sort. They live in com-paratively well-made houses, mostly of adobe clay. If you say "Good day"

of adobe clay. If you say 'Good day to them in Spanish they will repeat your greeting; if you remark to a gray old buck, "Hello!" he and his lit-tle ones will cry out, "Hello, boy!

Hello, boy !" There is no sense in being bashful There is no sense in being basined when surrounded by the squaws. They certainly are not. The majority of them have no reason to be so; their age and ugliness are sufficient protecage and ugliness are sufficient protec-tion. But among the women are to be found four or five very pretty ones. These young ladies are from fourteen to sixteen years of age. They are not very tall, but their figures are good, and they are as bright and as pretty as any of the darlings of New York, Philadelphia or Baltimore. It is true they are decided bruncttes, but then some men prefer brunettes. Their features are regular, their eyes bright and fishing, and never dazed and and flashing, and never dazed and heavy-looking from too much dancing

heavy-looking from too nuclei dathing or too many cups of tea. Their teeth are white and regular and there are not half a dozen chunks of gold and silver scattered about among them. The girls do not lounge about in hammocks or read novels all day long. They get out and rush about and play with their brothers or help them at work, and if they don't like what is said to them they don't like what is said to them floor the young men with a good right-hander from the shoulder.

It is difficult, in fact impossible, to get the Indians to talk about their gods, their religion and their tradi-tions and superstitions, unless one lives agreat time among them. Several Investagreat time almong them. Several gentlement, in the interest of science, haved lived among the Indians, but as they say very little in their writings about the superstitious beliefs and the gods of the Indians, the chances are that the Indians managed to keep their severate to themselves. It is not

The Delicious Maracujas.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. There are aluminum bath tubs Incandescent lamps now sell for

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

wenty-five cents apiece. More than 16,000 Hindoos have been inoculated for the prevention of cholera.

Illinois physicians indorse the theory that sun spots and smallpox are connected. The human skin is exactly like that

of a fish, as it is covered with minute scales overlapping each other. Peach stones find ready sale to be

used in manufacturing perfumes, flavoring extracts and prussic acid. Illinois University is to have a sum-

mer station for the natural history laboratory and the study of aquatic

fauna. Opticians say that the eye can de-tect the color produced by adding but one-millioneth of a gramme of fuchsine to a glass of water.

The projected Pan-American Rail-way will be from six to ten thousand feet above sea level, and a good many long and expensive tunnels will be necessary.

The largest passenger engine in the United States belongs to the Cleve-land, Columbus, Cincinnati and In-dianapolis Bailroad. Weight, sixty-

five tons. Zoologists claim that the strength of the lion in the fore limbs is only sixtynine per cent. of that of the tiger, and the strength of the hind limbs to hold your pen. --Puck. Teacher --"What is it, Harry, that stings like an adder?" Harry--"The end of a leather strap."--Truth. sixty-five per cent.

The cylinder head of a Connecticut ocomotive blew out while at full become tree between the wall of a truth speed. The train's momentum carried it to the station, five miles away, without a pound of steam. It is said that Paris will build a

the exposition of 1900. It will be for passenger service and electricity will furnish the motive power.

Josiah Hoopes, of Westchester, Penn., has been collecting American have, sir, bluefish or whitefish?" Guest —"I don't care; I'm color blind." birds for forty years past, and now has carefully mounted what is believed to be one of the finest collections in "Does Flagson practice what he preaches?" Great Caesar! No; he never gets through preaching."--Inter-Ocean. the United States. It numbers 6000

specimens. As to where man first appeared it is beyond doubt that his earliest home was in southern Europe, or Asia, or North Africa. No earlier traces of him have been found than those found in the area that is now England,

France and Spain. Professor Otto Lugger, in charge of Professor Otto Lugger, in charge of the Minnesota experimental station at St. Anthony Park, Minn., has discov-ered from numerous experiments that if the animal is healthy no rise in temperature will follow the injection of Koch's lymph, while, if afflicted with tuberculosis, even in its incipient stages, there is an instant rise in tem-nerature.

perature. In tests last year in the German town of Dessau it was shown that cook-ing by wood and coal costs a little more than twice that done with gas. From experiments continued at Leip bis for several years it is estimated that a consumption of 700 cubic feet of gas per month is sufficient for pre-paring the ordinary food of a family of four persons.

Dr. Koppen, of Hamburg, has com municated to the United States hydro graphic office his method for calming the waves about a ship in times of storm. He recommends the use of soap suds. G. W. Leutchales, assistant United States hydrographer, assistant United States Byurographer, says that it is the particles of air un-derneath the water which result in the formation of waves. He also recommends soap suds for preventing the growth of waves.

untry. The question is one of the most difficult to answer. The census of 1890 does not do it satisfactorily and since that date the acorecate value of farm production has steadily increased. President Harrison, in one of his latest messages, estimated it at \$4,500,000,000 annually. The present Secretary of Agriculture, in his late report, is silent on this point, although he does say that there are six millions of farms in the country on which thirty millions of the population live. Our opinion is that the Secretary's estimate of the number of farms exceed by a full million the actual figures. To answer our friend's query, nothing better than an approximate estimate can be offered, and his own is about as valuable as any other. The whole thing is mere guesswork.

The cost of transportation has been on the decline for the last ten o twelve years, and even for a much longer period, remarks the Boston Cultivator. The decline in rates per ton per mile on all the railroads of the country has been from 1.236 cents to .967 cents from 1882 to 1892. The decline for this period was the least in the middle and central northern States, and the greatest in the South Atlantic and Gulf States and the northwestern States. The latter embraced the Granger systems. The resric of these heavy declines has been disastrous in many instances, being more than the railroads could bear. It goes to show, however, that th cost of transportation is downward, which is an important factor in the cost of merchandise. Time and cost per mile of transportation are great agencies in equalizing prices in differout markets.

which had brought them the town farm. Tinker County had little money to

fulfilled.

patiently. "It'll be dayingnt idea of a show. I'll be boun' there's a dozen show. I'll be boun' there's a dozen know. spare its paupers for clothing, and Pratt and the farm needed all the teams on the beach already." "I don't know as I shall be able to work they could give. Consequently there was much suffering during the winter. When it was too cold to mend make a load without help." said the Squire, doubtfully, "I sprained my back a little yesterday. "Tut, tut! We've got shirks 'nough on the place now 'thout you tryin' to join 'em. You're all right. Git some stone walls and fences, the stronges were sent to the beach after seaweed

All the rest who were able to work vittles an' be starin' were put into the barn and sheds to We can't 'ford board ye here for nothin'. stamp out beans and shell corn. It The Squire made no reply. Taking a few pieces of cold bread he ate them mechanically, and then opened the was nothing unusual for a pauper to die, and the town physician sometimes

expressed his views very decidedly. But a physician's views had little weight with the practical guardian of door and went out. It was bitterly old, and he took a handkerchief from the county's finances. is pocket and tied it around his neck. One afternoon several of the old When he reached the barn he found a

piece of old sacking, and this men were at work in the lower field. The wind was sharp and cut through their clothing until their teeth chatade to do duty as an overcoat. did not take him long to yoke the oxen, and presently the heavy wheels tered with the bitter cold. All of them were thinly clad; and at last a little, round-shouldered man began to of the wagon were creaking sharply er the frozen ground.

When the sun rose he was well on finger nervously at his coat which was his way to the beach. Soon after he

already bu ttoned. "I don't call this much charity," he rove across the low ridge of sand hills which had been washed up by succesgrumbled, discontentedly. "Seems like the town might let us have over-coats seeh pesky cold weather. What sive storms. But, early as he was, sev-eral teams were ahead of him. The best of the seaweed had been thrown say, Squire?

man addressed did not answer. into piles, and the men were now load into piles, and the men were now load-ing it into their wagons. As the wind was offshore there was no fresh sea weed coming in. The Squire took his fork from the wagon and drove slowly close the bacab miching up store. Lifting a heavy forkful of seaweek he spread it thinly over the ground. As he returned for another load the little As

he returned for another load the little man went on, peevishly: "Seems like folks might be sosner-ble in a place like this. Tain't much we've got ter live fer, anyway. Jeat packed away like o.d furnitoor in a garret, an' good riddance when the undertaker brings bis box. Seems like we might pick what crutubs we could outen the cobwebs." The other man did not seem to hear. Acain his forkful of seawed was along the beach, picking up stray bunches here and there. Sometimes he stepped into the water and rescued masses which were being floated off by

Again his forkful of seaweed was spread, and he was reaching for more

hen the little man stepped in front

and then up hill and down until he came in sight of the town farm. On top of the last hill he paused to let the over test Can't ye answer a man's question?' he asked, irritably. "You sin't no more deef 'n 1 he, an' I'm gittin' sick an' tired of it. Here I've been roomar him the road branched, and

' with you more'n two year, an' you n't seasely ever spoke ter me 'cept one of the forks curved away into the before production. - New York Jour woods and around the lake. His old ual.

and died in six weeks. But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some skulls and bones for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him, and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashed together. In a fit of horror he threw himself out of the window. Though he sustained no serious injury, and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among the ghostly sur-roundings, he died of nervous tremer. —The Million.

Early London Streets,

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a London street was newly formed, its name and date were frequently recorded on a tablet built into the wall of a corner house. The ouses themselves were also sometimes distinguished by initials, names or dates, either placed like the street tablets or on a rain pipe or inside the building. Some of these relies still survive,

but there is constant danger of their destruction, for every year many old houses are leveled with the ground and streets, once important, cease to exist, are merged in other streets, or lose their importance by being re-uamed.—London Notes and Queries.

and plays, issue licenses for the publi-cation and sale of all books, magazinos and periodicals. All plays, dialogues, songs, dances and entertainments by societies, clubs or individuals must be submitted to the police and approved before wednetice. New York Low-

heir secret pleasant to live among the Indians

There are very few Indians to be found in the larger towns and cities of New Mexico and Arizona ; they prefer to keep to themselves. They live in their pueblos or villages in the house live in which were probably built hundreds of years ago. The Indians have changed but little in the few hundreds of years since the Spanish conquests. Their pueblos are built on almost the same style as those found by Cortez. Their habits have changed very little. The Indians speak but little of any-thing but a patois of Spanish. Their women are not fond of overmuch dressing. They work pretty hard, much harder than the lower class of Mexicans, whom they despise and look down upon with contempt.

They farm and make very good pot-tery, and shoot and sell their furs and carry wood in turn to the towns, and earry wood in turn to the towns, where they sell it or exchange it for the necessaries of life. As in olden times, land is held in common, and there are chiefs, just as of old, who govern the pueblos. Each pueblo is like a little republic of itself, and it is very seldom that an Indian malefactor ever gets into the outside courts. The unnishment meted out to wrong-doers ounishment meted out to wrong-doers the heads of the family in the pueblo is generally just, and one rarely or never hears of family maters being taken before the white men for adjustment.

for adjustment. The people, on all subjects but their religion, talk freely and pleas-antly to strangers, and haven't the least objection to a man's walking all over the pueblo. The women and children foilow the visitor around, and when he leaves hurrah for him and wave their hands at him until he is lost to sight.—New York Sun.

Small Boy (to grocet)---"If you lease, Mr. Wellby, my mother wants no know if you will give her an al-manae?" Grocer (leaning over the counter)- "But, my little man, your nother does not get her groceraut we horrow your wheelbarrow. Ttt-Bits.

Have you ever eaten n not, I advise you to make the experi ment as soon as may be. I had never seen them till the other night, when I was dining out, and noticed what at first I thought were oranges nestling on the dish beneath glorious bunche of purple and green grapes. The fruit was arranged on low silver epergnes and mingled with flowers, as is now

often the case. I soon, however, dis covered that the skin of the fruit as well as the shape were quite dis-similar to that of an orange, the exterior being shiny and "papery," and the size and shape resembling that of a very large Victoria plum.

I found that maracuja was another name for the fruit of the passion name for the fruit of the passion flower, and as soon as I had been tord this I recollected that even in England the shape and color of our own passion flower fruit is exactly of the though it becomes no larger than a good-sized damson. Those to which I was introduced the other evening

came from Jamaica and the south of Maderia, and were obtained at a West End fruiterer's. It requires a little pluck to eat them, as the interior is rather a shock.

The fruit is like a collection of The fruit is like a collection of dark gray seeds in silver-colored gelatinons syrup, and does not look appetizing, but the flavor is delicions, resembling a most beautiful hothouse melon. If maracujas were better known, I am sure they would be a favorite addition to our dessert.— London Gentlewoman. London Gentlewoman.

The Phantom City of Glacier Bay.

During the past eight or ten years a curious phenomenon has been regu-larly observed at Glacier Bay, Alaska. It always occurs immediately after the full moon of June and at no other time during the year, and is said to be a beautiful mirage of some unknows city suspended in the rarified air directly over the bay. A. Junea (Alaska) photographer has taken pic tures of it on four different occasion Juneau but so far no one has been able i identify a single one of the ghost buildings outlined on his plates.—S Louis Republic.

as stage heroes, novels and women de-mand that they should be, every man ould marry the cook who made little cakes when he was a boy. - Atchison Globe.

First Samoan Belle--"What horrible instincts those Christian women must have." Second Samoan Belle-""Why, dear?" "I am told that they actually wear live lizards for ornaments. Indianapolis Journal.

Ambitious Young Person _....What do you think is the first step one should take in order to become a poet?" Experienced Editor (thoughtfully)-"Well, I should say take out a life in-surance policy."-Somerville Journal.

"The next gown I shall issue," said the ladies' tailor, "will be the triumph of the century." "Indeed," said his humble assistant. "Yes, indeed. It will be impossible to tell from its shape that there is a woman in it at all."--Indianapolis Journal.

If you would know the difference in the speed of the shooting star and the the speet of the shoring an ind the canal nule, quietly observe a man in the act of taking money from a debtor and thrusting it into his pocket; and then watch him as he takes a dollar from his pocket to shower upon a creditor. — Puck.

Pendragon - "Hello, Wordleigh, Pendragon — "Hello, Wordleigh, you're looking way up. Where'd you get you're good clothes?" Wordleigh — "Oh, I'm doing finely. Getting rich. Pendragon— "Why, how's that? The last time I saw you you looked like a tramp, and complained that you couldn't get an article accepted." Wordleigh—"Oh, yes; but now I'm reading a series of unpublished manu-scripts before the Bellamy Literary Club."—Brooklyn Life.

Club."—Brooklyn Life. "Look here, I have come to the con-clusion that it is all humbug with your vegetarian principles. The other evening I was at a vegetarian club and, true as I am alive, most of the mem-bers present were actually gorging themselves with beefsteaks!" "That is easily explained. Any member ar-viving late on a club might is comriving late on a club night is com-pelled to cat a beefsteak by way of punishment; and yet, strange to say, any of our members always make oint of being late."-Spassyogel.

masses which were being the rising tide. But it was slow, hard work. The other teams left and new arrivals took their places. At last he threw his fork upon the load and drove away. It was being past noon. Power of Foreign Police. The Vienna police have general charge of all newspapers, and keep records of all presses and publications, recent a consorship over all theatres

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