LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1894.

NO. 31.

VOL. XII.

South Africa will again essay cotton

The fitness of things is happily illustrated, the Chicago Herald thinks, in the name of Mr. Chinook Whiskers, of Oregon.

M. Berry asks the French Chamber to give Parisians the right to vote by mail, when they are out of town, or too ill to come to the polls.

A Kentucky woman recently brought suit against a railroad for killing her horse and her husband. She got \$150 for the horse and one cent for the hus

The ex-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England condemns public drinking troughs for horses on the ground that they propagate certain diseases peculiar to

Justice Wheeler, of Chicago, holds that a bicycle rider has as much right of way on public streets as the driver of any vehicle. F. G. Nelson sued the owners of a truck which ran into him while he was riding his bicycle, and has gained a judgment for \$50 and

It has been estimated that 25,000 horses are employed in the London carrying trade, that their value is a million and a quarter, and that the cost is for food alone \$4,000,000. A rule prevails of foraging the horses on threepence an inch per week-that is a horse costs as many shillings a week as it stands hands high.

Letters just published, written during the siege of Paris, show what high prices were paid for curious meals. A certain M. Deboos bought up the Zoological Garden and sold the animals at a profit. The cassowary was sold for \$40 and the kangaroo for only \$20. Two camels brought \$1000 and a wild boar \$440. Elephants' flesh was a luxury, and the two were sold as steaks for \$5400.

In Ireland vaccination was made compulsory in 1863. Since that time the Irish Poor Law Commissioners have carried out the law and the whole population has been vaccinated. From 1830 to 1840 the yearly average of deaths from smallpox was 5800, in the next decade it was 3287 and in the next 1272. In the year 1867 they were twenty, in 1868 they were nineteen and in the next year six.

The largest balloon in the world has just been constructed at Holloway, near London, England. It is a sphere of 57.24 feet diameter, has a capacity of over 100,000 cubic feet, weighs one and a quarter tons, and will lift an additional weight of a ton. It is to be used for the purpose of obtaining continuous meteorological observations for a period of six days without descending. It has been successfully tested.

The annual report of the State Geological Survey of Iowa shows that the belt of coal extending across Missouri from Keokuk to Kansas City is more productive than any other portion of "the great interior coa field of the American continent. This field includes a large portion of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Kansas, Indian Territory, Arkansas and Texas. Coal beds are found in most other States also, but they belong to other fields and strata.

The St. Louis Republic says: Secre tary Herbert is the only member of the Cabinet who can be called specialist in his own department. Mr. Herbert is fitted to be Secretary of the Navy, and for no other place around Mr. Cleveland's council board. He is a sailor, every inch of him; he knows a ship from masthead to keel; he can box the compass like an old salt, and could walk the deck as an Admiral or climb the rigging as a sailor. He has sailed before the mast, and has been taught the art of seamanship in the school of experience

Though the Chinese have been in this country so long a time and have become so numerous, it is said of them that they do not and cannot compre hend the status of the police, remarks the New York Sun. Their first idea is that a policeman is a sort of feudal ruler, with the right to chop off their heads or levy on their property or do as he pleases with them. have no fault to find with such rulers. They are used to them in China. fact, as soon as they find out that the police are mere watchmen on salary set to guard the public peace they be come disturbed and confused and end the strain on their minds by deciding that the policemen must be soldiers, and that is what nearly every Chinaman thinks they are to-day,

The Dakota River, with an estimated length of 600 miles, is believed by many to be the longest unnavigable stream in the world.

If all the people of the United States were placed in Kansas, California and Nebraska, those States would not be so thickly settled as England is now.

Every member of the British cabi net acts in three capacities—as administrator of a department of state, as member of a legislative chamber and a confidential adviser to the crown.

An agricultural writer figures that the loss to the farmers of the coun try by the use of narrow wagon tires, through the wear and tear of horseflesh and the loss of time, amounts to the enormous sum of \$300,000,000

Jonathan Hutchinson, to the aston ishment of the New York Mail and Express, is devoting the best years of his life to studying the question, "Do the sick ever sneeze?" He believes it to be fully as important as the determination of the problem, "Why are black cats black?"

It appears as if the people of the United States were steadily reducing their consumption of quinine and other cinchona alkaloids. Year after year since 1887 the importations of cinchona bark have been diminished In 1893 the amount imported was less than half that of 1887.

Fine carriages with rubber tires are said to be coming into use in the city of New York. These tires cost about \$100 for a set of four, and rarely last more than one season, but they are s great comfort to those who can afford them, making the motion of the carriage casy and noiseless.

This is an age of specialties, exclaims the Boston Cultivator. The successful men of the world to-day are those who devote themselves to special work. Every man has some liking or possibility which is greater than any other, and which is in some way different from those of other men. This is his vocation, and he should devote to it his best thought and endeavor. In this way he will concentrate his energies and secure larger results.

A Philadelphia physician thinks that a great deal of nonsense has been written about hypnotism. "Any one," he says, "may hynotize himself in a few minutes by closing his eyes, directing them inward and downward, and then, imagining his breath to be vapor, watching its inhalation and expulsion from the nostrils. Babies invariably look cross-eyed before going to sleep, in this way producing what hypnotists call 'transfixion.' Fishermen often hynotize themselves watching a cork on a surface of shining water. An hour passes by as if it were a few minutes."

The Swiss Government has, for the last twenty years, caused observations to be made through its forestry stations on the temperature of the air, of the trees and the soil in the forests. These observations show that the temperature in the forests is always below the temperature outside. The temperature also varies according to the trees composing the forests. A beech forest is always cooler than a forest of larch. As to the trunks of the trees, they are always colder than the surrounding air. Regarding the temperature of the soil, it is found that in the forest the temperature is invariably below that of the air. Out side the forest the soil is always warmer than the air in summer and colder in

The popular idea of Siberia, according to the Chicago Record, is that it is barren desert extending from the frozen ocean of the north to the burning sands of the tropics, but this is a great mistake. The population of Russia in Asia is nearly 18,000,000. There are several cities with a population exceeding 50,000. The agricultural products reported, which constitute only a very small portion of the whole, are valued at an average of \$30,000,000 a year, the output of the mines exported is valued at upward of \$20,000,000 annually, and the furs, fish, skins and other products that come into European Russia from Siberia are worth \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 more. But this population is scattered over an enormous area; it is only partially civilized; the greater portion of the country does not expect or aspire to the production of anything more than is necessary for local consumption; the means of communication and trans portation are lacking, and, as pro ductive industry is measured in the European countries and America, it may be said that two-thirds of the people are babitually idle.

Along the margin of the world They march with their bright banne

furled. Ustil, in line of battle drawn, They reach the boundaries of dawn

They cross the seas and rivers deep. They climb the mountains high and steep And hurry on until in sight Of their black enemy-the Night.

Then madly rush into the fray These armies of the Night and Day. Swiftly the shining arrows go, While bugling Winds their warnings blov

Strive as He will, the Night is pressed Farther and farther down the west. With golden spear and gleaming lance The cohorts of the Day advance,

Thus, daily, is the battle won By the brave soldiers of the Sun -Frank D. Sherman, in Harper's Weekly

MISS TIMBROOK'S OPENING.



time by any means
Miss Timbrook had
read her niece's letter; nor was it the first time that Miss Cynthia Stone had, Cynthia Stone had, figuratively speaking, stabbed her stout, gentle old friend by remarking, oracularly, "Ingratitude is the crying sin of the age!"

The crying sin of the age was a movable quantity with Miss Cynthia Leat

The crying sin of the age was a mov-able quantity with Miss Cynthia. Last week, when the butcher's boy had un-intentionally given her the wrong change, it had been dishonesty; and the week before, when a child had timidly walked into the little millinery shop and begged a few snip-pings of velvet for her dolly, it had been boldness. On all other occasions it was whatever happened to cross Miss Cynthia's fixed ideas of the fitness of things.

Miss Timbrook gave a little sigh, and returned to the bonnet she was trimming. As she tried to fasten a pink rose in what she hoped was a pink rose in what she hoped was a pertly correct fashion against some very green bows, she said, with a great effort at cheerfulness: "Pink an' green is fit for the

'Humph!" said Miss Cynthia, scorn-

fully.
Miss Cynthia was Miss Timbrook's old-time friend, companion and assistant, and was the spice of her placid

'Sybilla Tim, you amaze me!" declared Miss Cynthia, sternly. "Why don't you show some spirit? Tell that girl to pause before it's too late. Remind her how you've brought her up, and even high-schooled her there in New York for three mortal years, boarding her out afterward to a highpriced woman on account of her bein' one of them highty-tity milliners, s as to have her pick up idees, and you all the time hoping that when 'twas all over she'd come back here and be the prop of your old age and build up

Miss Cynthia stopped only long enough to draw a full breath and then went on again : "And it's time 'twas built up. Look

them bonnets, Sybilla Tim. Miss Timbrook looked as she was told, and beheld four bonnets perched upon frames in the little shop window. They drooped dejectedly, and seemed to shrink from the gaze of the passers-

by. And well they might.

Miss Timbrook quailed visibly at
the sight of her own handiwork. "I know it, Cynthy," she said, apologetically. "They aren't just what they ought to be. They're oldwhat they ought to be. They re old style, like ourselves. And I know the trade's failing. But dearly as I love her liking.

At last, Ruthy could endure "Mrs. At last, Ruthy could endure "Mrs. Soficials, I'll shut up the shop before I'll say a word to hinder Ruthy from fol-

lowing her own bent. "Fudge!" said Miss Cynthis, sharply. "She feels a drawing—ain't that what the letter says?—to be an artist. And now that some of her pa's kin has left her a legacy, she thinks that instead of coming home for good, she'll just make us a little visit, and then go back to New York and study what she calls art. She thinks it's more uplifting than making bonnets. Land! I don't like making bonnets myself, but I don't intend being drawn away from my 'lotted duty by something that looks more alluring. She says it's an 'opening' to a higher life! Fudge! I

"Speaking of openings," ventured Miss Timbrook, timidly, "there's that Boston woman that's just set up a fine shop on Plum street. They tell me she's sent out cards to announce her spring millinery opening, and is going to serve tea to folks; she really is.

Suppose we have an opening. Cynthy At this rash suggestion, Miss Cynthia burst out, "Are you crazy, Sybilla Tim? And what, for the land's sake, would you open?'"
Giving a scathing glance at the four

limp bonnets in the window and be-stowing a final glare on her friend, Miss Synthia flounced out of the room. Miss Cynthia might storm and scold. but she only used her temper to cloak the sympathy and love which she was ashamed to show. Ruthy's unexpected desertion was a bitter disappointment to her, first on account of the sorrow of her friend, Sybilla, and secondly on

her own : ccount.

Bonnets to her did not represent any form of the ideal, as they did to good Miss Timbrook, but as she had said to herself over and over again through the long winter, "Since it must be bonnets, I'd like 'em to be tasty, such as Ruth'll know how to fix." And now Ruthy wasn't coming!

ful women that all the world must mend matters," Miss Cynthia had said. column he was killed.

stand still and admire; as for them, the world must truly stand still when she left them.
"What is i that is troubling Aunty

"What is i that is troubling Aunty Tim?" asked Ruthy, the second night after her arrival. Miss Timbrook had retired, and Miss Cynthia had Ruby all to herself. She therefore snatched at the opportunity of freeing her

"You!" said Miss Cynthia, solemn ly. "Sybilla Tim's just counted on you for comfort, to say nothing of helping with the bonnets. And her spirit is broke now she knows you

spirit is broke now she knows you ain't to be depended upon."
"Why, how so?" asked Ruthy, astonished at this personal criticism.
"How so!" echoed Miss Cynthia.
"You can see for yourself that the business has all gone to pieces. Why; the Kingsburys and the Lennoxes and the Fairfields haven't ordered a botinet from us for an age! Old Judge Peter's widow is the only one of the old cuswidow is the only one of the old cus-tomers that has stood by us. And I presume it's sheer pity that makes her. Besides, it ain't possible to make a Besides, it ain't possible to make a mourning bonnet homelier than it naturally is. Well, I guess to shut up shop is about all that's left for Sybilla Tim and me."

Miss Cynthia sighed and then van-

Ruthy unhappy.

The young girl sat still awhile, trying to reconcile the desire of her heart with a growing sense of disagree able duty. She was rather stunned by the fact that Aunty Tim's need of her and longing for her had never occurred to her before. The stiff, old-fashioned letters which had been received from her aunt with pathetic regularity had conveyed to her no idea of the yearning of the loving heart; and Aunty Tim had permitted the hope of years to be dashed to the ground without a murmer.

Ruthy went to bed very soberly. Her darling ambition was far from quenched, although she was deeply touched by her aunt's unselfishness ouched by her aunt's unselfishness. On other nights she had lain awake

picturing to herself the æsthetic side of a life devoted to art. There were lively dreams of the "cute" little apartment in the tall Studio Building in New York which she was to share with Miss Dilloway, an elderly artist friend, who was a successful illustrator of magazines.

Ruthy meant to work like a Trojan, of course, but when one was not working what a joy to inhabit such charming rooms with their gay artist trap-pings, where there was such a darling of a tea-table with fairylike cups and saucers, to say nothing of a brass kettle ready at any moment to brew a real Bohemian cup of tea! And a couch with such tremendous pillows, and the funniest closets where all sorts of things were artfully tucked away Makeshifts there might be, but the odious ugliness of uncultured poverty

would, happily, be always missing.

But to-night these fascinating dreams were extinguished by the the deals of Aunty Tim's forlorn bonnet shop, and by that awful gap in "the business" which she knew cou'd only be filled by herself.

That she was a born milliner she

was at that moment too painfully aware. Her artistic instincts would serve her in the making of a bonnet as well as in the painting of a picture. But how could she give up her heart's desire, which was the "open door" to her of all things beautiful, just to add a touch of beauty to two homely old

Ruthy turned restlessly on her pillow. The "open door" which an artistic career seemed to offer her was persistently flung back in her mind Charles Kingsley's imaginary old lady, "Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by," who had evidently come to stay until matters were adjusted more to

ciety no longer, and with an im patient sigh she jumped out of bed and carefully felt her way to the chamber across the hall. A second later, Miss Cynthia's blood ran cold as she was roused from peaceful dreams by a sharp shake of her shoulders. "Lawful sakes!" chattered the good

lady. "Is the house aftre, or has the dam given away—"
"Sh! no. It's 1," said Ruthy,
softly. "I want to talk to you—"

"Aint the days long enough?" in terrupted Miss Cynthia, crossly. "Listen!" and Ruthy put her rosy mouth to Miss Cynthia's wrinkled ear

and whispered mysteriously.
"You do beat all!" said Miss Cynthia, admiringly, when she at last n tered the situation, and was capable of doing some whispering on her own account. Then, like two conspirators,

they exchanged vows of secrecy, and Ruthy stole back to her bed. Next morning Miss Cynthia seemed a trifle more acid than usual, and the minute she had swallowed her break fast she delivered herself of the follow-

ing:
"Seems to me, Sybilla Tim, you "Restus" haven't done your duty by 'Rastus's folks. Here's 'Rastus's widow probably worn to a shadow through mournin' an' hard work, and that youngest an' hard work, and you, own cousin child having fits, and you, own cousin to 'Rastus, have never been to Pembroke Corners to see his folks since

"Why, Cynthia! You know," began "Why, Cynthia! FOU Know, Degan Miss Timbrook, fixing her eyes reproachfully on her friend. Then she stopped from sheer astonishment. Hadn't she urged the making of that very visit ever since 'Rastus died? But Miss Cynthia had invariably flown into a regent the mention of it was through the long winter, "Since it must be bonnets, I'd like 'em to be tasty, such as Ruth'll know how to tasty, such as the foolishest piece of business that she had ever heard of. "Just because 'Rastus had died, was no reason why did come for her little visit, it seemed to the two of fashioned, unsuccess-round the country, when she couldn't read invariably nown.

But it seemed that Miss Cynthia was on the other side of the fence. So, after much persuasion, and the assurance that Ruthy would extend her visit, Miss Timbrook limply resigned herself to be made ready for an eight days' sojourn at Pembroke Corners. No sooner had she set forth on her travels than Ruthy took a train for

New York, a journey of several hours' duration. The fourth day she reap-peared just at nightfall. An express-man followed her bearing several mys-

terious boxes.
All of this kept the neighbors in a feverish state of curiosity, but when the next day they beheld the blinds tightly closed, and a huge placard announcing a Grand Millinery Opening on Saturday, then indeed they were richly furnished with a subject for gossip. In addition to this, cards were sent out to the select few whom Ruthy designated as the "F. F's."

Behind the blinds Ruthy and Miss Behind the blinds Ruthy and Miss Cynthia worked like bees. The money which Ruthy had previously consecrated to art had been expended in millinery goods. She had visited the leading shops in New York, and her quick eyes had taken in every new writhle and fold.

The ruse liest contains and a few

wrinkle and fold.

The rugs, face curtains, and a few other trinkets she had been hoarding for the adornment of that artistic apartment in New York now transformed the ugly little shop into an at-tractive bower where bonnets budded

and bloomed as if by majic under Ruthy's skilful fingers. Saturday morning, bright and early, Miss Timbrook was driven in from Pembrook Corners by a neighbor of Rastus's widow, who was a milk peddler. The cans jingled merrily as they drove up to the door. "Good land!" exclaimed Miss Tim-

brook, fearfully. "The shutters are shut!" and she cast a tragic look at the wooden blinds that had never remained up after seven o'clock in the morning since she had been in the business. And now it was quite eight.
What could have happened!

What could have happened!

Just then Ruthy rushed out and dragged the bewildered oid lady into the little shop where she sat down, her knees "all of a shake," as she expressed

knees "all of a shake," as she expressed it, too astonished to speak.
"You see," explained Ruthy, "we were determined that nobody should get a peep at the 'Opening' until you did, yourself. I've given up painting, you know, and invested my capital in millinery. How do you like your new carteer. Annty Tim?" millinery. How do y partner, Aunty Tim?

orthor, Aunty Tim?"
"Bless you, child!" quavered the old lady, tenderly. "You're the Bible Ruth over again—'easy to be entreated;' though I didn't mean you should know how hard it was to give up. But I expect an old woman's eyes are full of entreaty, and though it isn't mentioned in the Beatitudes, still I believe that those that see and yield to the yearings of old folks shall some day be truly blessed.

Then she dried her eyes and took nother delighted look around. Such shapes, such curious combinations of olor and material, such dazzling, indescribable millinery-well, the like of it she had never even dreamed of

before!
The "Opening" was a great success.
Miss Timbrook's little shop soon acquired a fame which traveled far and wide, and everybody who was any-body, according to Miss Cynthia, "bought bonnets of Sybilla Tim."

As for Ruthy, her heart's desire died hard. She would never paint a pict-ure, maybe, but she had touched with glowing colors the grayness of two hu-

And she would sometimes say to herself, whimsically: "Have I not routed 'Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by," and made it quite impossible for that less amiable person, 'Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did,' even to show her face? Besides, it must be higher art to trim a bonnet beautifully than to paint a poor picture, which I-might have done."—Youth's Companion.

What trees bear the largest leaves? An English botanist tells us that it is those that belong to the palm family. First must be mentioned the Inaja palm of the banks of the Amazor fifty feet in length by ten to twelve in width. Certain leaves of the Ceylon palm attain a length of twenty feet and the remarkable width of sixteen. The natives use them for making tents. Afterward comes the cocoanut palm, the usual length of whose leaves is about thirty feet. The umbrella mag-nolia, of Ceylon, bears leaves that are so large that a single one may some times serve as a shelter for fifteen or twenty persons. One of these leaves carried to England as a specimen was nearly thirty-six feet in width. The plant whose leaves attain the greatest dimensions in our temperate climate is the Victoria regia. A specimen of this truly magnificent plant exists in the garden of the Royal Botanical So ciety of Edinburgh. Its leaf, which is about seven feet in diameter, is capable of supporting a weight of 395 pounds.—Scientific American.

Vell County His Monument.

Yell County, Arkansas, bears the name of a hero. It was named after Archibald Yell, who was once a Federal Judge in the Territory of Arkansas, says the Arkansas Gazette, and was elected to Congress the year the Territory was admitted into the Union as a State. The year James H. Berry as a State. The year James H. Berry was born Yell was inaugurated Gover-nor of Arkansas. When Berry was learning in Alabama how to speak that sweet Southern accented language, Yell was again elected to Congress. After serving one year of this term in Congress he resigned to fight for his country in its war with Mexico. He ed the First Arkansas Cavalry at the gaged in a charge at the head of

HOUSEKEEPING IN CHINA.

CHINESE SERVANTS, MALE AND FEMALE, AND HOW THEY WORK.

Their Ways Are Peculiar, But, After All, They Make Ideal Servants-One Woman's Experience.

TOUSEKEEPING in China, or ousekeeping in Hong Kong, differs materially from housekeeping in Japan. A multiplicity of servants must be employed in the one as in the other country, but the great difference consists in the fact that in Hong Kong nothing can be bought for the house save through the compradore. A compradore, generally compradore. A compradore, generally speaking, in places of business is the cashier; in this case he is the middle man, and it is useless to rebel against his rule; nothing can be done withou

him.
"Master" himself occasionally grows weary of the compredore's yoke, and declares he will market for himself; declares he will market for himself; it would be worse than useless for the mistress to do so, for the Celestials have no sort of respect for their own or other women folk, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

To market "master" goes; he finds the short full of water the latest the

the shops full of meats and vegetables, but not a penny worth can he buy. No amount of expostulation avails him; a thousand and one polite but diaphanous excuses are given him why the goods cannot be sold, and he is perforce obliged to have recourse to the compradores again. One com-

to the compradores again. One compradore usually serves several families, and as a rule serves them well.

The "boy" is at the head of the servants, as in Japan, and is paid about the same wages—\$10 per month. In most households he hires the remainder of the servent After him. mainder of the servants. After him come the cook, the house coolie, and one or two small boys, "larn pidgins' who serve as apprentices, without pay then there is a scullion in the kitcher and the market coolie-if the family

Usually an amah is kept who waits upon her mistres and does the house-hold mending; her pay averages from ten to twelve dollars. If there are children one or more nurses are employed, according to the number. least four chair coolies are kept, from six to seven dollars a month; the household is a large one, and off the line of the tram, a double number

must be employed.
Some ladies keep a Chinese tailor
the year round, instead of an amah.
He costs no more, and he can make dresses and many of the linen and cotton clothes of the men folk, which is a great advantage in that clime, where so many clanges are necessary. Some families who are very particular keep a "washman," others send all of the linen out of the house to be done; this costs but little compared to London or New York prices. The ordinary laundry work done in Hong Kong is very poor; shirts and collars are passably laundried, but other things are badly done compared with the work of the Chinese out of China.

Chinese servants are peculiar, and one must spend some time in learning their ways and habits, for they imitate many things without trouble, and, a rule, do exactly as they are told; still they will persist in doing some things in their own way. They can never be persuaded to do a thing which they do not wish to; they will always take refuge in the laconic answer, "no savey," which means they a rule, do exactly as they are told; answer, "no savey," which means they do not understand; and, having once said they do not understand, nothing

will ever make them confess they do.
As in all Eastern countries, the lines of caste are strongly drawn, and the European women—all white women are called Europeans—who asks one of her servants to perform a bit of work not belonging to him soon discovers this fact. "This no blong my pidgin" is a refusal as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

An amah will refuse to carry even small parcel for a block, and lose her coolies will carry "chits" and parcels, but it is beneath the dignity of a boy or an amah to do so.

As a race the Chinese have no re-

spect for women in general, and an unmitigated contempt for any one in particular who chooses to wait upon herself. They much more admire a woman who lies on the veranda all day reading novels and occasionally calls, "Boy, bring me my handker calls, "Boy, oring inc in, chief," or, "Boy, pick up my book," than they have for one who does these

things for herself.

A boy who has lived in a bachelor's house dislikes very much to go to live where the household is controlled by a woman, and in many cases an old and devoted servant will take his leave if the master brings home a wife. They cannot stand to be looked after in the careful way which so many women think necessary, and it is my opinion that they will take advantage of a woman twice as often as of a man

Some days ago there was found stranded on the beach near Corson's Inlet, N. J. a large mammal, which was at first supposed to be a porpoise, but has since been found to be somethe University of Pennsylvania, went down to look at the luckless monster, and after examination pronounced it pygmy, or Japanese whale. He wa very much surprised to see this speci-men in the Atlantic, as these whales are rare even in their natural habitat, the sea of Japan. The whale was nine feet long and weighed about 600 pounds. This is the second specimen found on the Jersey coast, the other having been found at Spring Lake in 1875, and secured by the Smithsonian Institution—Picayune. Institution. - Picayune.

The "four o'clocks" open regularly at 4 o'clock, rain or shine.

MIDNIGHT SONG.

The star that in the midnight sky Above the heaving foam Shines brightly when the storm is nigh, To guide the sailor home; That peorless light no gloom can blue

Shines not more pure above Than innocency beams in her-Than innocency beams
The little lass I love.

Star of my heart O dreaming star. Shed one soft ray To bless my lay Before the darkness flies.

The rose that in the night wind sways So flawless and so pure
'Tis fit to charm a seraph's gaze, A hermit's glance to lure.
O not more fair is that white rose In spotless grace divine,

Than is the lass whose bosom knows

Rose of my heart, O rare, white Rose, In song my love I pour! O come and rest Upon my breast White Rose that I adore -Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY,

The burglar's friend-His faithful

A host in himself-The cannibal

who devours his entertainer. -- Grip. The good measure of the vegetable peddler always appears at the top.—Puck.

One of the most striking things you can place in a parlor is a clock.—Hart-ford Journal.

When you lose the power to enjoy yourself, people no longer like you.-Atchison Globe.

"He has no more influence," said a Hartford wit, "than 'p' in pneumo-nia."—Hartford Courant. Many people would be more truthful but for their uncontrollable desire

to talk. -Atchison Globe. We dream great things of to-morrow; but all it ever becomes is another yesterday. - Atchison Globe.

The only objetionable feature about the violet is that so many people write poetry about it. -- Atchison Globe.

The popular idea of a good business man is one who can meet and beat a scoundrel at his own game. —Puck. Some men have such confidence in their ability that they would start a sun-umbrella business in London.—

to the anarchist if his exploded bomb were only as harmless as his exploded theories.—Washington Star.

There's nothin' like the weddin'.
For to make a feller learn; For he thinks that she is his'n.

But finds out that he is her'n.

—Indianapolis Journal.

Passenger — "I say, conductor, there's an old gentleman falling off the 'bus." Conductor—"That's all right; he's paid his fare."—Pearson's Week-"Are you sure Miss Oldtime keeps

up the study of ancient history?" Madge—"Oh, dear me, yes. I saw her reading in her diary to-day."—Inter-"Are there any more jurymen who

have a prejudice against you?" in-quired the lawyer. "No, sah, de jury am all right, but I want to challenge the judge."—The Green Bag. La Fiancee-"I am awfully sorry, Jack, but those roses you sent me don't match my gown." Le Fiance (who paid \$9 a dozen)—"Can't you change your gown, dear?"—Vogue.
"I think I understand now," said

Higgs, "why they speak of Miss Wel-laby's new Paris-made gown as a 'cre-ation.' It looks almost as if it were made of nothing."--Chicago Tribune. Men cannot consistently deride wo-

making their sleeves, so long as they themselves are wearing the long-tailed coats that are in fashion.—Somerville Author-"I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night, hour after hour, thinking about my literary work." Friend—"Why don't you get

up and read portions of it?"--Brook-"If, as the Bible says, 'all flesh is ass,'" said the star boarder at the breakfast table yesterday, "this steak must be the kind of stuff those tough

Mexican hammocks are made of."— Philadelphia Record. Jess- "Miss Fitz gives her age as Jess—"Miss ritz gives ner age ac twenty-nine, but she means thirty." Bess—"Then why don't she say thir-ty?" Jess—"Oh, that's the way mer-chants mark their goods, nowadays."

-Kate Field's Washington. Duel Up to Date: "I challenge you a duel." "Accepted." "Your choice of weapons—dagger or pistols?"
"Neither. Winter ascent of Mont Blanc-rotten rope-three tance."-Fliegende Blaetter. -three feet dis-

"I don't know whether I like those pictures or not," said the young woman. "They seem rather indistinct." "But you must remember, madame," said the wily photographer, "that your face is not at all plain."—
Indianapolis Journal.

Indianapolis Journal.

"I need a new umbrella, and I'm going to buy one," declared Mrs. McBride. "Let me give you a piece of advice about buying umbrellas," added her husband. "Never buy on a rainy day." "I'd like to know why not?" "Because they are always up them."—Detroit Free Press.

"Dear," asked Mrs. Wickwire, look ing up from her paper, "what does this paper mean by referring to the superfluous woman?" What is the superfluous woman?" "In our en-gugement days," answered Mr. Wickwire, "the superfluous woman was your younger sister,"—Indianapolis