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Russia proposes to tunnel the Caucasus for a military railroad.

In Austria-Hungary, with a population of 56,000,000, there are 4,000,000 supported at public expense.

It is claimed that better metal ships can be built at San Francisco than in the East, because better wood for the framework can be had there.

Canadians are preparing to harness up their side of Niagara Falls now. "They know a good thing when they see it," remarks the New Orleans Picayune.

The greatest preponderance of females to males is found in the District of Columbia, where the proportion is 110,242 females to 100,000 males. This is due to the extensive employment of women in the Government offices.

Robert Louis Stevenson's estate in Samoa includes 400 acres of forest land, and is situated at an elevation ranging from 600 to 1500 feet. Among the products of his plantation are bread fruit, pineapples, bananas, coconuts, india rubber, sugar cane, ginger, kava, taro, grenadillas, oranges, limes, citrons, coconuts, mangoes, vanilla, coffee, cinnamon and guava.

Two very ingenious contrivances for easing the work of the weary typewriter pounder have been recently placed on the market. The one is styled a "typewriter prism." It is a rod of highly polished glass, fastened to the carriage beneath the impression roller. Two of its sides are flat and inclined to each other at an angle of forty-five degrees; the third is a strong cylindrical curve. This contrivance reflects the writing underneath, and the lifting of the carriage to locate an error is thus obviated. The other device is an attachment by which the writer can tell the number of words which he has pounded out of his machine.

The question—Is a man the owner of his own teeth?—has come before a German court at Gera. A man who had been suffering for some time from toothache made up his mind to have the tooth taken out. The stump proved a difficult one to draw, and when it was out it was of such curious shape that the dentist declared he would keep it as a curiosity. His patient, however, thought he would like to keep it himself, and claimed it; but the dentist, on the ground that a tooth, when drawn with the free consent of a patient, is ownerless property as soon as it leaves the jaw, refused to give it up. The patient at once entered an action against the dentist.

A Japanese mosquito-catching plant was exhibited in New York City the other day. The bare mention of such a thing suggests infinite possibilities to the Tribune. "The real name of it is Vincetoxicum acuminatum, but its name is a matter of no consequence. What we should like to know is why it has up to the present time been blushing unseen. In the specimen exhibited every blossom held within its embrace a mosquito, which appeared to be fast beyond possibility of escape. In a little time we may expect to see summer hotels and boarding houses announcing in flaming letters that they are fully equipped with large fields devoted to the cultivation of this plant. Why Japan has concealed the treasure so long is a mystery.

From what we read in the papers about cowboys, one would be justified in believing that they were a rough and vulgar lot. A gentleman just from the West, and who has many cowboys in his employ, surprised as not a little by assuring us that many of these men are well-educated; that they belong to good families; and that many of them are not addicted to profanity or intemperance. He also gave us the important information that a herd of half-wild cattle is as timid and nervous as so many sheep, and that the herders, who fully understand their peculiarities, are accustomed to soothe them, particularly in the night-time, by singing. At the sudden appearance of any strange object, or the sound of any unfamiliar noise, the herd stampede, and when the cattle get running, they are almost as difficult to check as a mountain torrent or a prairie fire. At such times, a part of a cowboy's duty is to ride around and around the "bunch" of cattle, singing a song—often a hymn—as melodiously as he can. Gradually the animals are quieted, and come to a halt, and drop down, one by one, till at length they are all asleep, and the weary singer can dismount from his panting horse, and give his own throat a rest.

WOULDN'T YOU?

I'd like to stray through forest aisles Where nature wears her sweetest smiles, Where green zephyrs all the woodland blossoms woo:
There where the wild birds trill their lays And brooklets loiter on their ways I'd like to pluck a little sprig of heartease. Wouldn't you?
I'd like to roam through meadows fair Where clover blossoms scent the air, And wander hidden, grass-grown paths and brush away the dew:
I'd like to hide in tangled dells And listen to the fairy bells, And bathe my tired spirit in music. Wouldn't you?
O, I would quit the flurry, The unending haste and hurry Of prisoned, wall-bound cities, I would go where skies are blue.
I'd quite forget the grinding mart And lying close to nature's heart I'd steal her sweetest, peace-begetting secrets. Wouldn't you?
—Chicago Journal.

SEMPRONIA.

Erather pride ourselves upon being small but select—small, that is, as a community. "Select!" old Miss Mayberry is reported to have observed. "They call themselves select, do they? Where were they selected from? That is what I want to know." Of course, no one satisfied her impertinent curiosity. We all knew where we came from, if she didn't, and some of us held strong opinions as to Miss Mayberry's ultimate destination, but that is neither here nor there.

Still, it was "rather a startler" when old Mr. Eggleston, of Bermondsey, came down to Willowtown to live. He was fabulously rich, he swallowed peas with his knife, and called them "marrerrrats," he was impatient, headstrong, choleric, apoplectic. Two important facts saved him from social ostracism—his aldermanic dinners and his daughter Sempronia.

It is not very easy to describe Sempronia. Her beauty had an elusive way of defying description. When she entered a room people were vaguely conscious that something vaguely had happened. If you were fortunate enough to take her in to dinner she confirmed that impression. Even mock turtle lost its mockery when she sat beside you. Not that old Eggleston often put people off with mock turtle; he was far too fond of dipping his white beard in the genuine thing to wish to impose imitations on his guests.

Poor Harry Nicholson's troubles, however, began the first time he dined at the Egglestons, owing to Mr. Eggleston's ambiguous speech. Mr. Eggleston was gobbling away at his soup, and only left off to observe that he "couldn't eat the 'ot 'ouse."

"But, my dear sir," observed Harry, "nothing but an ostrich could heat your hothouse."

"Don't you be impertent, young man," retorted Mr. Eggleston, "or you and me'll 'ave words. I will 'eat it if I like."

Sempronia threw oil on the troubled waters, but not before Mr. Eggleston had remarked to the remains of his soup that Harry was "a nordacious sparrer."

Sempronia was very fond of her father. She didn't obtrude the fact, but skilfully contrived to throw her mantle over him at all the social functions of the neighborhood. It soon became an understood thing that any one who poked fun at Mr. Eggleston had no chance of winning the good graces of his beautiful daughter. Her mother had been a lady—a very feeble one—and married Eggleston on account of his strong-mindedness.

Mrs. Eggleston's relatives were so astounded by the originality of such a reason that they cut her. It preyed on Mrs. Eggleston a good deal, but she lived very happily with her husband until Sempronia was born. Then, like Mrs. Dombey, "she couldn't make an effort"—and died! People who saw poor Mr. Eggleston at that awful time said that he was as one distraught. He sat by the dead woman, holding her hand, until she was taken away to the grave. Then he fell down in a fit. He was only prevented from following his wife into the silent land by hearing the doctors say he hadn't a chance of living. In order to contradict them he recovered. If he couldn't "eat the 'ot 'ouse" it wasn't for want of trying his jaws on everything else he came across.

Still, with all his faults, old Mr. Eggleston was much beloved in Willowtown. His speech when he first took the chair at the "Penny Readings" was a model of metaphorical research. "When I look round 'ere," he said, sticking his determined thumbs well into his white waistcoat, "I asks myself what brings me 'ere, and I says to myself, says I—Money! I've never been properly educated, but I've made—Money! I was born in the gutter, I ain't the genuine come-over-with-William-the-Conqueror and other-fine-old-erusted-thieves lot (any one can tell I'm not real Dosset, and only oleomargarine), but I've made—Money! Nobody'd call me a new-laid Brahmin; I'm only a sixteen-to-the-shillin' and-take-me-back-if-igh-French-egg, but I've made—Money. And now I've made money I mean to spend it on people I like, so I'll be very glad if you'll all come up to supper when the performance is over. Mr. Nicholson's agoin' to sing 'The cart Bowed Down.' I don't know what it's bowed down about, but I dessay it's very pretty."

And Mr. Eggleston retired amid thunderous applause.

Harry Nicholson sang "The Heart Bowed Down" with great effect. "He's always up to the 'ere," Mr. Eggleston informed people. He liked Nicholson now, although he couldn't resist calling him "a confounded young puppy for eniggerin' because I got gummed and said 'Mr. Recitation will give a Smith' the other night. He's of a good family, Nicholson is. I should like my daughter to marry into a good family. I never was much of a family man myself, though I dessay I could buy a crest and a Latin mortar at the 'Erald's College. Still, it's a fine thing to have a picture gallery full of beautiful murderesses and ruffians in armor and Sir 'Ugos and Sir Lunchalots, and Lady Ediths of the white 'and, and sivilike."

Sempronia did not object to Nicholson's picture gallery at all. She and Nicholson were always together. Of course, Nicholson was poor. Indeed, his picture gallery was his chief possession. He was expected to live up to it. People supposed that he did something for a living, but no one knew exactly what it was. One day, however, it occurred to him that he was in love.

"I'm going away," he said abruptly to Miss Eggleston. They were sitting before the drawing room fire. It was only 6.30, but just after Christmas it is very dark at that time. Miss Eggleston was clad in black velvet, and what Mr. Eggleston called "the family dimons" sparkled on her white neck. Mr. Eggleston always insisted on her wearing jewels at dinner. He was mortally afraid of his suspicious-looking butler, as that stony-hearted functionary had threatened to resign if Mr. Eggleston dared to sit down to dinner in a shooting jacket. "If people don't respect themselves," he had observed. "I do. When I served my Lord of Ditchwater he always dressed for dinner, and I'm not agoin' to demean myself by waiting on a parvenoo who don't." That had settled it. Rather than be called by such an awful word as "parvenoo," Mr. Eggleston apologized, and Perkins buried the hatchet.

When Nicholson said that he was going away Sempronia didn't like it at all. Her blue eyes looked into the fire with a rather abstracted air. The firelight played upon her beautiful, if somewhat haughty features. What right a buttermilk's daughter had to resemble the De Veres of romance it was difficult to discover, but she undoubtedly did so. Her features were neither faulty nor splendidly null; they certainly were very beautiful.

"Going away?" she asked. "Surely, Mr. Nicholson, this is rather a sudden freak."

Nicholson rose from his chair and stood looking down on her. He was black as a crow, but with a prepossessing blackness. He had a very musical voice, his gait was infectious, and people lingered to listen to his laughing witticisms. But he did not seem inclined to be funny to-night. For so mercurial a youth he was decidedly serious. His hand twisted the beautiful stud in his immaculate shirt front. Altogether he was very preoccupied. The rug wasn't big enough. He trod on the St. Bernard and was stricken with remorse.

"Such an owl is well out of the way," he said. "Miss Eggleston, I'll go."

"You forget that you dine with us," "Oh, no; I don't forget. Perhaps you will let me off. I'm not fit for the giddy throng to-night."

"It isn't a giddy throng. There will be papa and Mr. Gubbins. True, Mr. Gubbins is volatille—away from Mrs. Gubbins—but you cannot call papa giddy."

"No, I'm off to-morrow. In fact, I've made a discovery."

"In the picture gallery? Or buried treasure in the paddock?" "Don't scoff at my poverty," he said with repressed feeling. "Don't scoff at that. God knows I never felt it until to-night."

"And why to-night?" "To-night?" with assumed indifference. "Well, even the lightest-hearted fellow finds Black Carr perching on his shoulder sometimes. I—I was actually thinking this afternoon. I—I was actually thinking this afternoon."

"No wonder you are tired." But she didn't look at him. "Yes; funny, wasn't it? Actually thinking. What do you think I thought about?" "I don't know. Something interesting."

"I can't say that. It seemed interesting—to me." She smiled. "I went up to the gun room, and flung myself into a chair."

"And lit a cigar?" "Well, yes. When a man thinks he's bound to light up; can't help it."

stands to reason) while others toiled, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Yet all the time, some impossible dream—a dream of great happiness—has haunted you. You have drifted, drifted, like a boat bottom up, with this happiness quite close to you. You had but to go forth into the world, and—and win your spurs—and you didn't go. That's what the carpet wasn't?"

"Yes. Didn't it say anything else?" "Lots of things. It said I must lose this woman I loved because I was ruined."

"Ruined!" "Yes, ruined; and all that sort of thing. I have been living on capital instead of interest. The only redeeming feature about the affair is that the gallery will have to go. You see, it's hard lines on a fellow to have nothing but a gallery left to him; he can't live up to it; and yet he has to do so. None of those ruffianly old ancestors of mine ever did a day's work in their lives. I'm afraid I haven't done much. But why should I bore you with this?"

"You don't bore me, and you—snuff!" "It is a trifle unpleasant."

"You didn't think it would be particularly pleasant?" "I was horribly bored by that gallery. Lady Edith of the White Hand will fetch a good price from a soap man. I couldn't have stood that depressing female much longer. She had a way of sticking her hand out at one, as if a fellow couldn't live up to it. I'm sure I didn't want live up to it. I'm thinking of joining the mounted police in the Northwest Territory. They're a splendid lot; and there's always the pleasurable excitement of being scalped by the Man-Who-Rides-As-Male-With-His-Face-To-The-Tail, or some other equally long-named hero."

"The experience wouldn't be of much use to you because it could only happen once."

"Yes, I suppose so. There are worse things than being scalped."

"And so goodby to the old times—and to Lady Edith. When a man is on the brink of ruin it is best for him to forget—everything."

"Yes," she said almost inaudibly. "It is best for him to forget, but not—everything. I—I am very sorry for you."

He pressed her hand lightly to his lips. She knew that this was his characteristic farewell to the hopes he had cherished. Womanlike, she was angry at his silence. And then his wretched pride. She had enough money for both. What did his poverty matter? Hadn't that delightful gallery of ancestors, some of whom, if report spoke truly, were little better than the wicked. You couldn't buy family portraits like that. There were plenty of dubious old masters in the market, but few undoubtedly "old missuses," as Mr. Eggleston called them.

And here was this irrational youth, who loved her, going off to be scalped by Pawnees, or Comanches, or Sioux, or Apaches, or any other outlandish tribe of Indians with whom fate might confront him. Why not stay at home and have his hair pulled only in the family circle? And it was such beautiful hair!

He disappeared in the darkness, feeling that desperate sorrow which only comes to a man once in a lifetime, for the simple reason that he couldn't possibly live through it twice. "By Jove," he muttered between his set teeth, "it would go hard with any one who crossed me to-night."

"Har—Harry!" gurgled a choking voice from the shrubs. "Elp—'Elp!"

The next moment Harry had jumped into the bushes. A bullet whizzed by his ear as he did so, and a cowardly ruffian who had half-strangled Mr. Eggleston fled into the woods. "My wife's portrait," cried Mr. Eggleston. "They knocked me down as I was coming up the walk—"

Harry ran swiftly down the avenue, his pulses tingling with fierce joy, and all the savage within him reveling in the prospect of a fight.

Just as he reached the gate his foot tripped against a rope, which was stretched across the drive. There was another shot—a red-hot, searing, tearing dart in his shoulder—and he fell forward on his face, whilst the cracksmen made off across the field, cursing their own stupidity in beginning operations so prematurely. Perkins disappeared with them.

Harry was carried into the house and laid on a couch. Doctors were telegraphed for right and left. For hours he remained with pallid features and closed eyes. The doctors shook their heads and looked wise. The wound was a serious one; the bullet had hit the brain; if certain things didn't happen the patient would recover; if they did happen, he wouldn't; that was all that could be extracted from them as they nodded with sphinx-like gravity, and returned to their patients.

She pushed back her hair and stared with wild, wide eyes into the gray dawn. Then a wonderful thing happened. The sleeping man opened his eyes and smiled. From that moment he grew better. "I seemed to hear your voice faintly and afar off," he explained, when he was able to "sit up and take a little nourishment," as Mr. Eggleston put it. "I was crossing a gray river, accompanied by an old man who was half clad in skins. As we drew near to the opposite shore, dimly discernible through the gloom, pale phantoms came down to meet us, and then—then I heard your voice, and all was well."

"Yes," she made answer, softly, "all was well. God has been very good to us, and all is well."

"And if anybody's got to be scalped," said old Mr. Eggleston, fondly surveying the young couple, "let's 'ope as it'll be those ruffians as garotted me when that sanctimonious Parkins (the butler) helped 'em to get my watch. Anyhow, they'll have their hair cut short at Her Majesty's expense for some time, bless her. It's refreshing after these years of paying taxes to get something for it."—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Only nine per cent. of surgical operations in amputation are fatal.

In the East Indies there are spiders so large that they feed on small birds.

The underground electric railroad in London is in places sixty feet below the surface.

The first furrow plowed by electric plows in America was on March 30, 1892, at the Kansas Sorghum Experiment Station.

A new penny-in-the-slot machine scares away tamperers by sounding an alarm and shocking them with a strong electric current.

The gannet, or solan goose, is provided with an air cushion under his skin. His body contains about 160 cubic inches of air.

There are some vegetables that can scarcely be distinguished from animals, and some animals that seem to have all the characteristics of a vegetable.

Toads and frogs carry a supply of water about with them in a sack provided for the purpose, and if by accident the supply becomes exhausted the animal dies.

The Bovista gigantea, a species of fungus, will grow in one night from the size of a pea to as large as a watermelon. Its increase of cells per minute has been estimated at 66,000,000.

The observations of Parkes and Francis show that the lungs of Europeans dying in India are lighter than the European standard after death, proving that these organs, being brought less into physiological activity, diminish in size.

That cats will occasionally hunt after butterflies has been affirmed by a British periodical, and recently observed by Dr. Jentick, of Holland. Probably many have observed them jumping after, catching and eating grasshoppers with a relish.

Mr. Michaels has recently studied the relations between many mites and certain ants in whose nests they are boarders. A strange case is that of a species of Bdella, which lives habitually in a spider's web in harmonious relations with the otherwise ferocious host.

It is a surprising fact that though the human body has in it a great number of organic salts, we take only one from inorganic nature to add to our food, and that is sodium chloride or common salt. All other salts are present in organic food stuffs, in quantities sufficient for our requirements; we have no need to seek for them elsewhere.

RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY.

HOW UNCLE SAM OBTAINS HIS SOLDIER BOYS.

All Must Undergo a Physical Examination—The Terms They Must Serve and the Pay They Receive.

It happens occasionally that people see in their wanderings about town a flag flying from the second-story window of a building on the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and are curious to know what mission of peace or war it represents. Inquiry in the drug store immediately beneath, or a close inspection of some letters on the building in the vicinity of the flag, explains its presence. The letters form this sign:

RECRUITING OFFICE, U. S. A.

Further investigation reveals the fact that this ante-room of glory opens on the Congress street side, where a soldier in the uniform of the United States army stands at attention in the doorway, his white-gloved hands held in military fashion at his side, but holding neither gun nor sword. He is a soldier of peace, the office orderly who stands there, not to guard the premises, but to say, "This way, boys," to the would-be recruits who are looking for the enlisting office.

The candidate for military honors goes upstairs, dreading the ordeal at every step, and finds himself in a large room, where the recruiting officer sits at a table attended by a sergeant and an orderly in the imposing uniform which the candidate for enlistment hopes to don.

"I want to list," he says, approaching the table. Captain Noble looks up. "Take off your hat."

"The hat is sheepishly removed. "What is your age?" "Twenty years old."

"Are you people willing?" "They are, sir."

"Ever been in jail?" At this the candidate looks surprised and hurt, and answers in the negative quite forcibly enough to be convincing.

Then the sergeant takes the man in hand, looks down his throat, examines his teeth, weighs him, takes light and finds out his reason for wanting to enlist.

If he tips the beam at regulation weight, not less than 128 nor more than 190, measures not less than five feet four inches, he comes up to the requirements of a sable-bodied soldier, and is sent into another room to disrobe. Then he is again weighed and measured and put through a course of physical exercise that brings out any disability that may exist in bold relief. If he is gymnastically correct, can bend his body like a contortionist, expand and contract his chest without getting breathless, prove that every toe and finger is capable of active service, and that his back is limber enough to enable him to stoop either way, he is accepted and registered and taken to the captain's office to be sworn in. But first he must answer a personal category of questions, and must make affidavit that he has neither wife nor child. The laws that regulate army life are then read to him. He is shown the fate of the man who enlists under a false oath, or who, once enlisted, deserts before his time is up. He has now the gala dress on for which his soul has hankered, he wears the regimentals of a private soldier in the United States army. He dare not walk out of that office without leave from his superior officer. He is an enlisted man for three or five years, as the case may be, and the recipient of \$13 a month in Uncle Sam's money.

The following is the rate of pay as now established:

Grade.	Pay per month.	Pay per year.	Pay per five years.
Private—cavalry, artillery and infantry.	\$13	\$156	\$780
Field musicians—cavalry, artillery and infantry.	18	186	780
Saddlers—cavalry.	15	180	900
Farrriers and blacksmiths—cavalry.	15	180	900
Corporals—cavalry, artillery and infantry.	15	180	900
Sergeants—cavalry, artillery and infantry.	17	204	1020
First sergeant of a company—cavalry, artillery and infantry.	22	264	1320
Saddler sergeant—cavalry.	22	264	1320
Chief trumpeter of cavalry.	22	264	1320
Principal musician—artillery and infantry.	22	264	1320
Regimental quartermaster-sergeant—cavalry, artillery and infantry.	23	276	1380
Sergeant major—cavalry, artillery and infantry.	23	276	1380
Sergeants of post non-commissioned staff.	34	408	2040

The term of service for a soldier enlisting under the present rules of army life is five years, but in accordance with a law passed in 1890 a soldier after serving one year can purchase an honorable discharge, \$120 being the maximum price.

Although the pay of a private soldier seems almost inadequate to meet his living expenses, it must be remembered that in addition to the \$13 a month he receives his rations, clothing, bedding, medical services and medicines free.

YOU AND I.

You and I for a mile together. Over the greenward to the trees. Breathing the scent of the wild sweet clover. Blooming for hungry bees. Summer days are full of dreaming. Clouds like the fancies lovers weave— Silent and light as a dream of morning. Swift gliding the shadows they leave.

You and I for a life together. Over the highways thick with dust. Stones and ruts where the feet must follow. Softened and smoothed by your loving trust. Summer days of gleams and shadows. Joys all hidden 'neath winter snows: But joy and hope, and love, forever. Dear heart, out of your sweet face grows. —G. W. Ogden.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Post-mortem—Deadwood, Dak. A lover of old books—The moth.—Mercury.

To the victors belong the privilege of fighting over the spoils.—Puck. Contentment is better than money, and just about as scarce.—Texas Siftings.

Money that is hoarded is no more use than bread that is buried.—Milwaukee Journal. We all of us live and learn; but some of us live a great deal more than we learn.—Puck.

The tramp will not descend to slang when it comes to using "soap" as a synonym of money.—Puck. Father—"Tommy, what's your mother baking a cake?" Tommy—"Can't tell yet. It isn't done"—Life.

Most men would be pretty well satisfied with the world if no one in it were better off than themselves.—Puck. There are some mortals who are never happy save when they have some hurt feelings to enjoy.—Galveston News.

Every man should try to live so that the world will not be made very much better by his getting out of it.—Galveston News. If a woman's age could be told by her teeth, like a horse's, man would occasionally have a chance to edge a word in.—Puck.

Lover—"I assure you, Herr Meyer, I cannot live without your daughter." Herr Meyer—"Oh, you overestimate my income."—Pileggi's Blatler.

"Ah!" remarked the great musician as he walked the floor with his bowing offspring in his arms, "it is much easier to compose a grand opera than a wakaful baby."

"Dapper feels terribly uncomfortable about his wife's mannish ways." "Goes in for athletics, eh?" "No, but she won't learn to build a fire."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"I understand you've bought a dog to keep burglars away?" "Yes." "You are not troubled any more at night, then, I suppose?" "Only by the dog."—Tit-Bits.

Court—"Why should the prisoner have an interpreter? Can't he speak English?" Attorney—"No, your honor, he's a railway trainman."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It will be noticed that the man who advertises a sure scheme for getting rich in a hurry always requests you to inclose a few postage stamps for his recipe.—Washington Post.

Best and change are good for people," said the wife as she rose in the night to rifle her husband's pockets. "I've had a rest, and now I think I'll have a little change."—Buffalo Courier.

White—"I wonder that Gray should think of marrying that woman. She is not on speaking terms with her own mother." Black—"Perhaps that is why Gray marries her."—Boston Transcript.

Mother—"What have you done to your little sister?" Boy—"Nothing." "Then what is she cryin' for?" "I dunno. Guess she's cryin' because she can't think of anything to cry for."—Good News.

Mrs. Bewtaw—"Yes, Patrick, that is my picture; but it flatters me a little." Patrick—"It would have to flatter you a good deal, mum, to look as well as you do in my eyes, mum."—Boston Transcript.

"What's old Swizzles, the millionaire, looking so pleased about? He just lost \$10,000 in stocks." "Yes, but afterward he managed to get a free ticket to a seventy-five-cent show."—Washington Star.

Papa—"Are you sure that you and mamma thought of me while you were away?" Little Grace—"Yes; we heard a man just scolding awful about his breakfast, and mamma said, 'That's just like papa.'"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Clerk—"Does it take you an hour to go around the corner?" Boy—"A man dropped a quarter down a hole in the sidewalk." Clerk—"And it took you all this time to get it out?" Boy—"Yes, sir. I had to wait till the man went away."—Harlem Life.

He—"You are the only woman I have ever loved." She—"Do you expect me to believe that?" He—"I do. I swear it is true." She—"Then I believe you. Any man who would expect a woman to believe that cannot have been much in the company of women."—Harper's Bazar.

A Damp Detector. In England they have what is called a "damp detector," a silver trinket, not unlike a compass in appearance. At the back are small holes in the silver, through which the damp passes and moves the needle until it points to the word "damp." By the aid of this contrivance unsound sheets can be detected.—Hardware.