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One-seventh of the territory of France is composed of forests.

American watches are now made equal to those that come from Switzerland.

Butter has not depreciated in price like grain, notes the American Farmer. It is higher now than when wheat was \$1 and rye and corn sixty cents a bushel.

At Washington, alleges the Detroit Free Press, there is a list of all the known Anarchists in the world, and their place of residence when last heard from. The French Government has a similar list.

The Southern States are said to contain at least 70,000,000 acres of waste land which might be devoted to the production of rice. This would increase the present annual crop of 237,000,000 pounds to 70,000,000,000 pounds.

In Nanking, China, a poor man can limit his food bill to two cents a day, and on \$4 a month he can support a family and lay up money. A good farm hand can be hired for \$12 a year. A man can be well fed and well dressed on a dollar a month.

Judge Colt, of the United States Court of Boston, has denied the application of Shebaxto Saito, a Jap, for naturalization papers. He holds that Japanese, as well as Chinese, are excluded by the expression, "white men," in the Chinese exclusion act.

It is proposed to establish an international marriage bureau, with headquarters in Berne, Switzerland, for the purpose of regulating marriages between natives of different countries and so doing away with the anomalies and cruelties which at present too often result from marriages between aliens.

There is a dearth of good poetry in these times, according to the poetical editor of a New York magazine. He says that the demand for it has for a good while been greater than the supply, and he believes that the producers of it have been discouraged by the newspapers. For years past a number of papers have often taken occasion to sneer at a great deal of the poetry thrown on the market, and the younger poets especially have felt disheartened under the slighting remarks of writers who were unable to appreciate their verse. It is evident that these poets are determined to withhold their products from the public until such time as they can have a reasonable assurance of better treatment. The older poets are hardened against abuse, but they cannot turn out poetry every day.

Alaska has been a part of the United States since 1867, and of late has been rapidly growing in commercial importance, enforcing the need of the statutes and the enactment of a systematic code for the regulation of its concerns. It is as large as England, Ireland, France and Spain put together, containing 585,000 square miles, so that it is no pocket borough or Northwest Rhode Island which is to be legislated for, but a spacious and stretching territory likely in time to become of the first commercial and other importance. Its fisheries stand in the first rank, its production of gold increases year by year, and may some time be as abundant as that of California or Middle Africa, and it possesses many other productive capabilities likely to be rapidly developed. Immigration there shows a steady increasing volume, as do its tables of export and import, and altogether it is entitled to the most serious and attentive legislative consideration.

The statement that advice has been received at Copenhagen, by way of Greenland, that the two young Swedish botanists, Bjorling and Kallstenius, had started for Labrador in a small open boat will revive interest in those hardy explorers, thinks the New York Press. Bjorling and Kallstenius, with five assistants, set out two years ago on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions. Their hazardous expedition awakened much attention at that time from the fact that the young men defrayed the expenses of the journey out of their own limited resources and were actuated purely by enthusiasm for scientific research. Nothing had been heard from them for a long time, although repeated efforts had been made to find traces of them, and it had begun to be feared that they had suffered the fate of so many others who have braved the perils of the polar zone. Many besides relatives and friends will hope that the brave Swedish explorers will yet be restored to their homes.

The value of the steel manufactured in the United States every year is about \$500,000,000.

The combined assets of the Rothschild family in Europe are not less, it is said, than \$2,000,000,000.

Since Denmark established dairy schools and made a science of butter-making 100,000,000 pounds of butter have been exported from the country annually.

The Japanese in New York have formed a society to promote the welfare of their people in that city. The first step to be taken will be to establish a free night school, where lectures on pertinent subjects will be given.

It is estimated by the New York Witness that \$1,500,000 worth of fireworks are imported into the United States each year—three-quarters of which are used on the Fourth of July. How many boys bid farewell to fingers or thumbs is not stated.

The Atlanta Constitution observes: An interesting plan is under discussion in the Legislature of the colony of Victoria, Australia, for the relief of farmers who wish to borrow money on their land. The Savings Bank Commissioners are to be authorized to "assist producers" by lending them money to the amount of half the value of their land, under a plan by which borrowers will repay principal and five per cent. interest in extended half-yearly installments. The Commissioners would be recompensed by four per cent. mortgage bonds, issued locally and guaranteed by the Government.

The hatred of Italians in France by the French lower classes, intense before the assassination of President Carnot, has become so bitter that the Italians are fleeing for their lives from many sections of France, states the Chicago Record. The people of Italy are maddened by this unreasonable hatred, and in Turin and other places reprisals have already commenced against French residents. The little fire of individual persecution blazes brightly now. There is danger that it may extend and become a conflagration of international war. There has been no love lost between the countries for years.

The Louisiana Legislature has without opposition voted an appropriation for the construction of a bust or statue of Thomy Lafon, the colored philanthropist, who died in New Orleans a few months ago. The Governor will have the selection of the statue, and will decide upon its location. It will probably be placed in the State House. It is asserted that this is the first statue ever erected to a colored man in the South, and one of the first in the country. Lafon, who was eighty years old when he died, left a fortune of \$800,000, nearly all of it to charity. He founded an asylum for old people and one for girls, and gave the rest to other benevolent institutions. His original intention was to make these institutions open to both white and colored, but he was persuaded to abandon that idea because the whites are already well provided with eleemosynary institutions.

The Louisville Courier-Journal remarks: "Congress was quite right to make Labor Day a National holiday. It does not matter what motives urged Congress to do such a thing. There is nothing the American people need more than holidays. We haven't anything like enough of them. There is too much striving and scraping, too much work and more worry, too fast a pace and too little rest, too much burning of the candle at both ends, too much high-pressure living. We don't know enough about how to rest. We too rarely invite our souls to meriment, but keep body and brain bent upon the wheel of daily cares, and pride ourselves more upon showing how far we can defy nature than how wisely we can conserve its forces. It is telling on us. Nature is beginning to exact its debt, sometimes all at once in the sudden breakdown of a vigorous physique, sometimes with the weary of a wicked mind, often in the shattering of nerves and the enforced rest that comes too late to comfort and repair. We have been spending thrifts of our energies, and have begun to think of economy none too soon to avert bankruptcy. Plenty of holidays, plenty of outings, plenty of parks, plenty of amusements, plenty of fun and frolic—that's the prescription for the overworked, overworried American. He wants now and then to lose the trail of the dollar and seek the fever of chasing it. He needs to coin some of his time into health and happiness and not all of it into money."

ROUND THE YEAR.

Oh, beautiful world of green! When bluebirds carol clear, And rills outleap, And now buds peep, And the soft sky seems more near. With willow green, and leaves, what then? How soon we greet the red again!

Oh, radiant world of red! When roses blush so fair, And winds blow sweet, And lamkins bleat, And the bees hum here and there. With trill of bobolinks—Ah, then, Before we know, the gold again!

Oh, beautiful world of gold! When waving grain is ripe, And apples beam, Through the hazy gleam, And quails on the fence-rail pipe, With patterning nuts, and winds, why then How swiftly falls the white again!

Oh, wonderful world of white! When trees are hung with lace, And through winds chide, And snowflakes hide, Each bleak, unsheltered place. When birds and brooks are dumb, what then? Oh, round we go to green again! —George Cooper, in New York Independent.

ANGEL.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

A-V-Y, oh, D-a-v-y, c-o-m-e h-o-m-e; m-a-m-m-a-w-a-n-t-s y-o-u. The mother's call rang out clear and good-naturedly shrill over the long garden where the convolvulus bells were closing, and the nasturtiums nodded their yellow heads, and reached the ears of a little boy who was playing "all by his lonesome" in the old-fashioned summer-house at the foot of the garden.

"Tummy, mamma," came back the quick answer, and Mrs. Pond, Davy's mother, went back to her pleasant sitting-room and the company of a neighbor who had called. "He's a strange child, Davy is," said the mother.

This was no gossip she was talking to, and it was a relief to speak of Davy's peculiarities to one who would listen to her, and aid her by advice or sympathy. The child's father looked upon her fears as the expression of rank heresy. His Davy—his little man! There never was such a boy in the world, none as bright and companionable. At the same time the father knew that his boy was not quite like other children, or why would he prefer to play alone rather than with the little ones of the neighborhood? "Yes," Mrs. Pond was saying, "he talks to himself nearly all the time. I can hear him in the arbor, and I have stolen down there often, but he was always alone, playing with the leaves, or talking in a low voice. And he has hallucinations. I know it, because he talks in his dreams of a playfellow he calls 'Angel.'"

"Perhaps," suggested the neighbor, cautiously, "he really does see the angels. I read in a book once a story of an old lady who had died but couldn't rest in her grave because she had hidden her will, and her niece, to whom her money was left, could not find it. So she came back to earth to try and show her where the will was. The girl could not see her, but walked through and through her, but the dog could see her and the child in the cradle, and it reached out its hands to her."

"That," said Davy's mother, "is only a book story. I couldn't believe it if I tried."

"I believe there are influences we do not know how to receive," said the other woman; "some are born of flame, some of flesh and some of the spirit. Perhaps Davy is under control; he may have visions."

At that moment the little fellow came running in. He was a pretty boy, but not healthy-looking. His soft, curling hair lay in rings on a pale, high forehead. A blue mark, said to predict early death, lay between his delicate brows. The same blue appearance settled about his mouth. He pointed with the exertion of running. Mrs. Pond looked meaningly at her friend and began to question the child in the lingo of mothers. "Where has Davy been?" "Playin' wif Angel."

"Why doesn't Davy bring Angel home?" "Angel won't come." "Where does Angel go when Davy comes in the house?" "Davy doesn't know."

The child spoke with a sad regret, even as the little boy in the story of the Pied Piper, who all his life lamented that because he was lame he did not get to the cave in time to be swallowed up with the other children, but only caught one glimpse of the wonderful country into which they were gone.

It was strange then and it seemed stranger afterward when they thought about it, although none of them suspected the truth. Davy's father took it for granted that the boy was playing that he had an angel visitor, just as children play "house" or "company" to amuse themselves. Once he had stolen on Davy unawares, not to surprise any celestial visitor—the big, healthy man would have laughed at such a delusion—but to make the boy scream with the happy surprise of seeing him. And he had heard a strange, low singing, something like the singing of a bird, but of no bird he had ever listened to, and it surprised him greatly. When he pounced on Davy from the door of the arbor the boy was alone, but there was a strange rustling of the leaves and bushes, as if from some invisible presence.

"Were you singing, Davy?" "No, papa." "Who then, my boy?" "Angel," and the child hung his head.

And Mr. Pond did what he was sorry for long after. He shook the child angrily, and insisted upon a description of the angel who was supplanting father and mother in the heart of the boy. But Davy would only sob and say, as he had often done before, that his angel was "boo'ful, an' Davy loves him."

It was circus day in the new town to which Davy's folks had moved, and Mr. Pond tried to interest the child in the street parade, but his sick senses were wholly inadequate to the task. The disappointed man, however, the little white-robed form from the little window opening on the lawn, and laid him on the pillow with a sinking heart. He knew now, what neither doctor nor parson could have made him believe, that the hours of the boy's life were numbered. If the prancing horses, the gay bands of music, the wonderful animals, could not charm away his sickness, then nothing could help him, and the father cursed, in the feeble fashion of impotent humanity, the unknown evil that was destroying his child.

While the child lay panting on his pillow, there was lively scene under the big circus tent where a great many things were going on at once. It is only with one part of the circus that this story has to do, and that is known as the side show. It was the tent of the beautiful and renowned Mme. Selika Housnan, the oriental snake charmer. This lady was advertised in mammoth posters as the Queen of Snake Charmers, and she drew great crowds, for this was really the part of the show that answered fully to all its advertised attractions. Mme. Housnan was young and beautiful, and handled her snakes in the most fearless and expert manner. She stood within a railing, and close to her was a glass case filled with baby snakes, that looked like silver ropes as they twined about a blanket in which they were wrapped. She wore snakes on her wrists, clasping them like bracelets. Big boa-constrictors wreathed themselves about her white neck and shoulders. She would lift their flat heads, and they would dart their forked tongues against her cheek, when she said in her pretty voice, "Kiss me. Then she would lay them on the shelf that ran outside of the railing, and the crowd would fall back in a panic, but the reptiles hung there slightly moving their protruding heads, but not offering to slip away.

"Now," said the madame, taking out of his box a beautiful, brilliant-striped snake of the variety known to naturalists as the "Colubres Eximius," or house-snake, "I show you my so nique pet, my beauty. He loves me, he knows what I say. See, how smart he is?—the nice fellow!" Madame put the snake through his paces, and he was indeed a pet and prodigy. He saluted her with so many varieties of Oriental kisses that the young fellows wanted to strangle him. Then he playfully bit her finger, and was scolded, whereupon he sulked.

"Now you shall hear him sing," said madame, and, at her prompting, he gave a little chirping sound that answered very well to a song, and was curiously sweet and fascinating. "Now I shall show you something so very strange, so uncommon," said the snake-charmer, and she tied a piece of bright blue satin ribbon around the arched neck of the dappled snake. "You watch, you see. What you call a transformation scene—so." The ribbon turned from bright blue to a pale color. Soon it was intensely, purely white.

"What does it?" yelled the crowd. "It is—how you call it?—electric snake." Then to questions by the more curious of the crowd she informed them glibly that the pet had come to them when they were performing in Guiana; that it was a native of the Brazils; that its classic name was "Trigonocentrus maris," and that the natives of that part of the world regarded it as sacred. All of which was a rote-memorized out of madame's textbook on the education of snakes. But the people swallowed it all and felt that they were getting their money's worth.

Next madame laid her pet on the shelf while she turned the baby snakes loose. The crowd lost sight of the ribbon-decorated pet in the excitement of seeing the new excitement, and so did madame herself, and it was not until she had finished her performance for that time and reached out for the pythons and the anacondas, that she missed it.

There was an instant clearing of the place, people tumbled over each other in their haste to get away, but never again did the eyes of Madame Housnan rest upon her "so nique pet." He had vanished from her horizon forever.

his father and mother and a few sorrowing friends, sat by his pillow and fanned him incessantly to keep the breath of life in his frail little body. There was no sound of talking or weeping, but in utter silence which was suddenly broken by the sweet song of a bird.

They all heard it and on each it had a peculiar influence, something uncanny, like the speech of inanimate things. But Davy was transfixed. He lifted himself on his pillow and, with incredible strength, screamed at the top of his voice:

"Angel—my Boo'ful Angel!" The astonished parents looked at each other. Then, before they could speak or move, a strange thing happened, so strange that it, its historian, will not ask you to believe it without the evidence of stranger things that have previously occurred. A long, sinuous, brilliantly-marked snake darted in through the open window and sought Davy's bed. Those present fell back in a fright. The next moment it was clasped in the child's arms, was caressing every line of his wasted face, singing that weird song that sounded like a harp's vibration and twining itself about the frail body with a loving clasp. And Davy was restored before their very eyes, saying over and over again in his blessed baby patois: "Me love Angel—me so glad."

How the snake came into the possession of the circus can only be guessed. In its long search for its little human playmate it had probably been captured, when its beauty and tameness made it an attraction. Naturalists familiar with the species assured the child's parents that the snake was as harmless as a kitten, and as it caused the little fellow's speedy restoration to health, it was endured by them, if not loved. That it had found Davy by some powerful occult faculty seems certain. It was soon known that this was the attraction that had escaped from the circus, but the circus had gone its way and knew nothing of its performer's fate. And Davy's prior right to his Angel was never disputed.—Detroit Free Press.

WINE WORDS.

Cupid is thinkless. Love is the divine hypnotism. Only a fool fishes with a gold hook. Custom is oftentimes an ignoramus grown old. Occupation is the necessary basis of all enjoyment.

A woman will do more kindly things than she will say. A certain amount of friction is necessary to friendship. Man's inconstancy is no greater than woman's inconsistency.

There are as many men angels as there are women angels. Men would be different if their consciences were not elastic. Truth is mighty and will prevail when there is money in it.

"Love me little, love me long," and remind me of it occasionally. An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him. There are many good women who make bad wives, and vice versa. To kick the man who kicks your dog is no satisfaction to the dog.

When impious men bear away, the post of honor is a private station. "Put yourself in his place," but don't expect to stay there forever. What a woman says to-day does not apply to what she may think to-morrow.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. The chains of habit are too small to be felt, until they are too strong to be broken. Do not wait for extraordinary circumstances to do good actions; try to use ordinary situations.

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant. When a man asserts that all men are rascals at heart, you may be certain that there is at least one man who is a rascal at heart.

One difference between wealth and fame is, fame is what other people think a man has, and wealth is what he knows he has.

Curious Habit of Beetles. Certain beetles have long been known to eject or give out a repulsive fluid from joints of their bodies, or from their legs, or from eversible glands. M. Cuenot has recently studied the cases of the ejection of blood from these beetles. The fluid, however, is not red, as the blood of insects is either colorless or slightly yellowish. Lady birds, oil beetles and other vegetable feeders are such as possess this habit. The winter has added to this list one of our common beetles which sends out a pale milky fluid smelling like lard, and the odor being exactly that emitted by certain moths of the Arctian family.—New York Independent.

Etna's Climate. The variations in temperature at the summit of Mount Etna, whose height is nearly 11,000 feet, have been recorded, after many difficulties, by Professors Rieco and Saija. The climate resembles that of the North Cape or the Crocker. Automatic or personal observations on 491 days between August 27, 1891, and February 28, 1894, showed a mean annual temperature of twenty-four degrees F., with a maximum of sixty-one degrees, and a minimum of thirty-one degrees. The mean daily variations were about thirty in winter and twelve degrees in summer.—Atlanta Journal.

A REMARKABLE LIBRARY.

QUEER ABORIGINAL BOOKS OWNED BY AN ETHNOLOGIST.

Origin of Printing Books for the Indians, With Interesting Facts About the Cherokee Alphabet.

PERHAPS the most remarkable small library in this country is the property of James C. Pilling, the well-known ethnologist of Washington. It is the largest existing collection of books in Indian languages, and of these languages there are no less than fifty-five in North America north of Mexico. All of them are distinct tongues, as different from one another as Chinese and English.

More than one-half of the 500 dialects into which the fifty-five languages referred to are divided are preserved in books. It is believed that the first book printed on this continent was an Indian language—the "Nahuatl"—published at the City of Mexico in 1539. The first Bible printed in America was in an Indian tongue—the celebrated Eliot Bible. This is one of the most costly of all rare books. About four copies of it were specially prepared with a dedication to Charles II. One of these, in good condition, is now worth about \$2000.

The first printing done west of the Rocky Mountains was in the Nez Perce language. It was a primer for Indian children, turned out from the mission press at Clearwater, Idaho, in 1839. The press that did the work had been brought by the missionaries all the way from the Hawaiian Islands. The first book printed in Dakota was a dictionary of the Sioux language, produced in 1856 at Fort Laramie. It was prepared by two officers of the United States army, Lieutenants Hyde and Starring, to pass away the weary hours during a long and cold winter at that lonely outpost of civilization. They were aided in the work by an interpreter and by the Indians who loafed about the fort. The type was set up by the soldiers, and fifty copies were struck off on a crude hand press. Only two copies are now known, one of them belonging to General Starring, of New York, a brother of the author, and the other to Mr. Pilling.

The only existing alphabet that is the product of one man's mind and in which a literature has been printed was the invention of a half-breed Cherokee Indian. His name was Se-quo-yah, and he had no education whatever, but it occurred to him that he could express all the syllables in the Cherokee tongue by characters. Finding that there were eighty-six syllabic sounds in the language he devised for each one of them a peculiar mark. For some of the marks he took characters of our own alphabet, turning them upside down. With these symbols he set about writing letters, and by means of them a correspondence was soon maintained between Indians of his race in Georgia and their relatives 500 miles away.

At present this alphabet—or, more properly speaking, syllabary—is in general use among the Cherokees. In no other language can the art of reading be learned so quickly. Whereas a fairly bright child learns to read well in English in two and a half years, a Cherokee youngster is able to acquire fluency in reading books written in this syllabary within two months and a half. In 1827 the American board of foreign missions defrayed the cost of casting a font of type of the characters. The literature composed with them is now very extensive, numerous books and some of the newspapers of the Cherokees being published in the syllabary.

Later, in 1840, an improved syllabary was devised by the Rev. James Evans, a missionary among the Crees. It was phonetic, and the characters were simpler, being composed of squares and parts of squares and circles and parts of circles. The sealers, clergyman sent his type out of wood and made casting from the original blocks with lead from tea chests, which he begged from officers of the Hudson Bay Company. He manufactured ink out of soot and on a hand press of his own construction printed many little tracts and letters for the benefit of the Indians. Through modifications his characters have come into general use, not only among the Crees, but also among many tribes of the Northwest which speak languages in no wise akin to that of the Crees, and scores of books have been printed in them.

A Queer African People. Strange stories are told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffr and Swah in Africa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have no fire. They live only on ants, mice and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits. They let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes. The Dokos use to be invaluable as slaves, and they were taken in large numbers. The slave hunters used to hold up bright colored clothes as they came to the bamboo woods, where these human monkeys still live, and the poor Dokos could not resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowded round them, and if we taken in thousands, in slavery they were docile, attached, obedient, with a few words and excellent health. These queer people have one fault—a love for ants, mice and serpents, and a speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical manner when they are displeased or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food.—New York Witness.

BEWITCHED.

I know not if her fingers small Were brown or snowy white; How'er I strive I can't recall Their form and tint aright. I know it seemed the softest hand, The night when first we met; And, oh, the clasp she gave me I never can forget.

I know not if her eyes were blue, Or jetty black, or gray, They owned a very charming hue, But more I cannot say. Have I forgot! I frankly vow I'm quite ashamed; and yet The gaze within them gleaming I never can forget.

I know not where her dimple danced, If on her cheek or chin; I only know I gazed entranced And felt my heart fall in. A dimple! 'tis a tiny thing To dream of and regret; But how that dimple twinkled I never can forget. —Samuel M. Peck, in Boston Transcript.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A lazy horse always knows his driver. The eel is not so slippery as a one-dollar bill.

There is no place like the home of one's sweetheart. —Galveston News.

There is no severer test of self-reliance than a threadbare suit. —Chicago Herald.

Try as best as she may the woman suffragist is no gentleman. —Adams Freeman.

Doubt others more and yourself less and you will have more backbone to sell. —Tammany Times.

Clerk—"Are you going to discharge me, then?" Druggist—"Yes; I think we can dispense without you." —Harvard Lampoon.

Little Boy—"How long have you had that doll?" Little Miss—"This is a girl doll, an' you oughtn't to ask her age." —Good News.

Convince some men that it pays to be good, and you couldn't keep them out of the church with a shotgun. —Ram's Horn.

"Just think, captain, the major has actually married the rich old maid." "Obviously he wanted to have his golden wedding at once." —Flegende Blaetter.

Sadira—"You say Reckless has sealed his doom?" "Coolidge—"Yes; I just saw him lick an envelope which contained a letter asking Miss Bossall to marry him." —Boston Courier.

Anxious Inquirer (to crusty old gentleman)—"When do you suppose this rain is going to stop?" C. O. G.—"When it gets to the ground, of course." —South Boston News.

Foreign Visitor—"Is it true that one man often hangs a jury in this country?" Litigious Native (with evident regret)—"Yes, stranger; but not with a rope." —Buffalo Courier.

"Whur ye bin?" said Meandering Mike. "Lookin' for work," replied Plodding Pete. "Well, you wanter look out. Yer idle curiosity'll be the ruination of ye, yit." —Washington Star.

Toby (to eccentric man)—"What are you doing with that box?" Popperack—"Going to make a wagon of it." Toby—"Where'll you get the wheels?" Popperack—"Out of your head." —New York Journal.

"Did I tell you that dear Mrs. Plimsey has invited me to spend the summer with her?" Madge—"No. Then I was right. You have not known each other for a very long time, have you?" —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Young Man—"Gracie, what is it your father sees in me to object to, darling?" The Young Woman (wiping away a tear)—"He doesn't see anything in you, Algernon; that's why he objects." —Boston Home Journal.

"Can any little boy here," asked the visitor, "give me an example of the expansion of substances by heat?" "I can," said Tommy. "Our dog's tongue is twice as long now as it was last winter." —Indianapolis Journal.

He—"I had my picture taken along with Nero—my big St. Bernard, you know. May I have the pleasure of presenting you with a copy?" She—"Oh, I guess so. I always did admire a handsome dog." —Indianapolis Journal.

New Arrival (to subdued-looking man in the hotel office)—"You are the clerk of this hotel, I suppose, sir?" Subdued-looking Man—"Oh, you flatter me, sir! I am only the proprietor!" —Browning, King & Co's Monthly.

Mrs. Yearwood (beseechingly)—"Oh, if I only knew some way to keep my husband at home nights. Can't you, from your long married experience, suggest a plan?" Mrs. Oldhand (grimly)—"Certainly; chain him." —Buffalo Courier.

Mr. E. Conomie—"Did you write to that man who advertises to show people how to make desserts without milk, and have them richer?" Mrs. E. Conomie—"Yes, and sent him the dollar." "What did he reply?" "Use cream." —New York Weekly.

"Fact is," said the grocer, "there's no money in coffee nowadays." "That's a comfort," replied the customer, "but there's most everything else in it. In the last pound I got there were eight beans, three peas, six shingle nails and a handful of gravel stones." —Boston Transcript.

"Did you ever notice," said Mrs. N. Peck, "that about half the pictures in the photographers' windows are of bridal couples? I wonder why they always rush off to a photographer as soon as the knot is tied?" "I guess the husband is responsible for it," said Mr. Peck. "He realizes that it is about his last chance to ever look pleasant." —Occident Tribune.