VOL. XII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1894.

The New Zealand Maoris own about 10,000,000 acres of land.

The spring and autumn maneuvers of European armies cost annually \$10.

In twelve months American railroad companies have paid \$239,616,284 as interest on bonds and \$95,337,681 as dividends on stocks.

The Egyptian Government pays in terest on \$60,000,000 Nile Canal debt and \$30,000,000 Suez Canal bonds. squeezing the money out of the farm

The most unhealthy city in Europe, according to statistics recently issued. is Barcelona, Spain, one of the love liest places in that part of the continent. One who lives in Barcelona increases considerably his chances of

The statement that a child five and a half years of age would not have more than one hundred and fifty words in its vocabulary that it was able to use understandingly, led a careful mother to note for a month the number of words used by her child. All the parts of speech used were recorded, with the result that in this case the child appeared to have a vocabulary of 1528 words.

A young man of Lewiston, Me., who prides himself on his attractiveness for the gentler sex, got on a train the other day and saw a good-looking young lady, who seemed to have nobody with her. He approached her, relates the New Orleans Picayune, and did the masher act. She was responsive, and he was having a very nice time when a man came in and thanked him for having made the task of taking a lunatic to the asylum easier than he dared hope.

An estimate of the charitable bequests in England during 1893 puts the total sum at about \$7,000,000. This is held to be about one-tenth of the estates upon which probate duty has been levied. Among the larger amounts given are the following: Earl of Derby, \$100,000; Richard Vaughan, of Bath, a retired brewer, \$225,000; the Rev. James Spurrell, \$1,300,000; John Horniman, a tea merchant, \$450,-000; Henry Spicer, the well-known paper dealer, \$750,000; Sir William Mackinnon, \$300,000. The largest legacy of all is by Baroness Forrester,

N. S. Nesteroff, an attache of the Russian Department of Agriculture, is in Michigan inspecting methods employed there in cutting and marketing lumber. His object is principally to get imformation respecting improvements in sawmill machinery. Mr. Nesteroff pronounces the Saginaw Valley mills the finest he has ever seen. He was especially interested in the maple sugar industry in the spring, and spent a month in a New York State sugar camp. This business was entirely new to him, and he will try to introduce it into his native country, which has, he says, an abundance of sugar maples.

The Chinese trade unions can trace their history back for more than 4000 years. The Chinaman does not discuss with his employer what he is to receive for the work he does; he simply takes what he considers a fair and proper remuneration. He levies toll on every transaction according to laws laid down by his trade union, and without for a moment taking into consideration what his employer may consider proper. He is, therefore, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph, generally called a thief; but he is acting under due guarantees, in obedience to laws that are far better observed and more strict than any the police have been able to

It takes 3200 mail cars to distribute Uncle Sam's mail, and the New York division alone requires 819 railway post clerks to handle it. Last year these clerks handled 1,207,220,577 pieces of mail bound past their division, of which 753, 976, 835 were letters. To get a clear idea of the immens amount of mail matter in this number of letters, suppose they average four inches in length and are laid end to end. They will stretch over a line 2975 miles long. All railway post clerks must be quick and intelligent and have a thorough knowledge of the whole country. In the second division there are 18,000 postoffices, and the clerks know every one. This system of railway postoffices has proved se valuable, says the writer from whose interesting article in Harper's Young People these facts are drawn, that it is now being operated on the transatTELLING STORIES.

I know of a boy that's sleepy, I can tell by the nodding head, And the eyes that cannot stay open While the good-night prayer is said And the whispered "Tell a 'tory, Said in such a drowsy way, Makes me hearthe bells of Dreamland That ring at close of day.

So you want a story, darling! What shall the story be? Of Little Boy Blue in the haystack, And the sheep he fails to see, As they nibble the meadow clover While the cows are in the corn?

O Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up, For the farmer blows his horn! Or shall it be the story

Of Little Bo Peep I tell, And the sheep he lost and mourned for. As if awful fate befell? But there was no need of sorrow For the pet that went astray, Since, left home, he came back home In his own good time and way.

Ob, the pigs that went to market-That's the tale for me to tell! The great big pig, and the little pigs, And the wee, wee pig as well. Here's the big pig—what a beauty! But not half as cunning is he As this little tot of a baby pig That can only say "We

Just look at the baby, bless him! The little rogue's fast asleep, I might have stopped telling stories When I got to Little Bo Peep. Oh, little one, how I love you! You are so dear, so fair!
Here's a good-night kiss, my baby—

God have you in His care -Eben E. Rexford.

OCTAVIA'S CHOICE.



red and white yarn.
Miss Octavia Mockbee, black-eyed

and scarlet-lipped, turned sharply around with an impatient frown on

her shapely forehead.
"I haven't asked your consent yet!" "I haven't asked your consent yet!"
she retorted, imperiously. "When I
do, it will be time enough to refuse!"
"Then you ain't a-goin' to marry
him after all, Octavy?" cheerfully
commented Aunt Adaline, looking up
from the sponge pudding she wasmaking for dinner. "I'm so glad! Mr.
Fothergill may be respectable, for all
we know, an' then ag'in he mayn't.
But we know all about Jerome Meadowgay, an' his folks afore him. Not a
shiftless one among 'em."

shiftless one among 'em."
"An' like as not the t'other one is a wolf in sheep's clothin," sagely commented Miss Martha Phipps, who was spending the day. "It ain't best to take no resks, Octavy."
"But you hadn't ought to encour-

age Mr. Fothergill so much, Ockie," admonished Mrs. Mockbee, with a mollified glance at her tall grand-daughter. "It ain't right to accept the attentions of any man without you

"Now, look here, grandma, and Aunt Adaline—and you, too, Miss

Aunit Adaline—and you, too, Miss Phipps!"

She was about to add some stinging The black-eyed beauty wheeled around and leveled a whole battery of angry glances at her startled hearers. "You may all keep your good advice till it's called for! I don't want it! I'm going to marry Ferdinand Fothergill and live in the city. I shan't tie "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker was a common farmer like" "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker what a fuss you are maker what a common farmer like "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker what a common farmer like "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker was a common farmer like "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker was a common farmer like "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker was a common farmer like" "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker was a common farmer like "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker was a common farmer like "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker was a common farmer like "Dear me, what a fuss you are maker was about to add some stinging paper, and almost 2400 tons of the various other kinds and grades.

The States which rank first in the production of paper are New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Wisconsin. The states which rank first in the production of paper are New York, was a fuss was about to add some stinging was common to train the various other kinds and grades.

The States which rank first in the production of paper are New York, was a fuss was about to add some stinging was common to the kinds and grades.

The States which rank first in the production of paper are New York, was a fuss was about to add some stinging was other kinds and grades.

The States which rank first in the production of paper are New York, was a fuss you are maker was a common farmer like was about to add some stinging was a bout to add some stinging was a bout to add some stinging was one to kinds and grades.

And the offended Xantippe flounced out of the room, leaving her auditors breathless with astonishment.

One hour later, sixteen-year-old Margie, coming in from the barn-loft with a flat split-basket of fresh-laid eggs, met Jerome Meadowgay leaving

'Oh, Jerome, do stay to dinner!" greeted Margie, cordially. "We're going to have rice waftles and sponge

But Jerome gloomily shook his

"The going away, Margie," he said gently. "This is the last time I shall see you for a long while—perhaps for-Margie's dimpled face clouded over

like an April sky.

"Going away, Jerome! 'But—but
where?" she asked, blankly.

"I—I don't know yet," hesitated
Jerome. "Maybe to Greenland," he Jerome. "Maybe to Greenland," ne added, recklessly. "But good-by, lit-tle Margie. Don't forget me, will you? There'll be nobody else to re-

But Margie clung to his hand. "Oh, Jerome, mamma and grandma will remember you, and so will I!" she declared, impulsively. "And if Cousin Octavia prefers that little dude of a Feedman Esthewill the Cousin Octavia prefers that little dude of a Ferdinand Fothergill to you, she'll rue it some day, see if she don't. "But you'll write to us, won't you, Jerome?" she pleaded, looking at him through a pair of forget-me-not blue eyes fringed with thick, curling lashes. "That's is, if you don't get froze up in Greenland," she added, dubiously. Jerome laughed in spite of his gloomy prospects, and a ray of warmth seemed to find its way to his chilled heart.

chilled heart.
"I don't think I'll freeze, Margie

And releasing the mite of a hand,

into the house.
"I musta't watch him out of sight, because it would bring bad luck, and maybe he would never come back,"

she commented, gravely, to herself,

she commented, gravely, to herself, as she stowed the eggs away in a stone jar on the pantry shelf. "Ugh! how I would hate to go to Greenland!" she reflected, with a shudder at the picture her fancy conjured up.

How Jerome Meadowgay had come to fall so desperately in love with Octavia Mockbee was a mystery, seeing there were plenty of other girls -quite as pretty, and with more amiable dis-

dale.

However, love is proverbially blind to all defects, and though Octavia was as heartless as one of the marble Bacchantes at Forest Park, she was really very attractive-looking, with her red lips and Spanish black eyes.

And as Jerome Meadowgay was considered quite an eligible match among the belies of Hillsdale, the course of his love seemed to drift placidly along, and bid fair to run in a smooth channel for a time—until Ferdinand Fothergill appeared upon the scene. Then

ergill appeared upon the scene. Then everything was changed.

Mr. Fothergill was an insurance Mr. Fornergin was an anagent, and made plenty of money; at least he spent it plentifully, which amounts to the same thing as far as

amounts to the same thing as far as appearances are concerned.

He was a dashing young man, with sharp gray eyes, and whiskers cut a la Vandyke. He wore a seal-ring, a dangling gold

watch chain and the finest of broad-cloth attire. And as Octavia Mockbee was one of those persons who are caught by superficial attractions and outside glitter, she straightway gave Jerome Meadowgay the cold shoulder.

The forty-acre farm, well stocked and timbered, with its snug cottage, Gothic-roofed and covered in spring with clambering hop vines and Virginia creepers, whereof Jerome had hoped to make her the mistress of converged to the proposed by compared to the prospects offered by the dashing city dude, soon dwindled into insignificance

And in spite of all opposition, Octavia determinedly took her fate into her own hands and made no secret of the fact that she was "off with the old love, and on with the new."

Seeing that she was determined to follow her own course, Grandma Mockbee and Aunt Adaline decided to give her a respectable wedding, at least. "It's the best we can do fur her,"

sighed the grandmother. "A willful girl must have her own way; but if she lives to repent, it won't be laid to our charge."

And so the wedding drew near, and

there was whisking of eggs and baking of cakes, to say nothing of dress-making and clear starching, within the

picious event arrived. Octavia was trying the effect of a pale pink necktie against her creamy complexion; Annt Adaline was basting complexion; Anni Admine was obsting the box pleats in a silver gray poplin that was to do duty as a "second-day" dress; Grandma Mockbee was thread-

fused to lend any assistance whatever toward the coming festivities. "I shall not help to injure poor Jerome!" she declared, with a curl-

patiently. "Can't you tell what the matter is, or have you lost the use of United States, the greatest paper your tongue?"

"Can't you tell what the matter is, or have you lost the use of United States, the greatest paper using country in the world.

your tongue?"
Miss Phipps resented the caustic

peech with a toss of her head.
"No, I haven't lost the use of my "No, I haven't lost the use of my tongue," she responded, spitefully—"nor my eyes, either, or I wouldn't have spied this notice in the Poplar Bluff Gazette! It's the marriage license of Ferdinand Fothergill, Hillsdale, and Miss Amy Cotterill, of Poplar Bluff "

'It's a lie!" shrieked Octavia, evi-

dently verging on hysterics. "I don't believe a word of it!" "It's right here in black and white," asserted Miss Phipps, holding up the

paper.
And at that very moment a letter was brought by a special carrier, addressed to Octavia. She tore it open and read:

Dear Miss Mockbee—Owing to the hard imes and busin-ss reverses, I regret to say hat I il ald myself unable to support a wife. Onder the circumstances I cannot afford to narry for love alone, and, therefore, I give ou back your freedom, and hope you will oon forget that there ever was such a per-on as

"Three years since I went away a "Three years since I went away a bachelor forlorn," laughed Jerome Meadowgay, as he strode along toward the Mockbee farm and turned his steps toward the old stile at the foot of the lane.

A tall figure stood in the dusky

twilight, saintly outlined against the slowly-fading crimson of the west.
"Welcome home!" called a soft

me sprang eagerly forward.

"Margie!" he cried.
"No, not Margie!" in pettish tones.
"It's Octavia. Don't you know me,
Jerome?" she asked; then added, in dulcet accents, "—I did not know my own heart when I sent you away. For-give me, Jerome, and—and let us bury

Octavia's liquid eyes looked apparently

concerned," he assured her. "You said all was over between us that day, Octaria, and I accepted your decision."
"But-but it is not too late yet,

"It is too late!" was the stern re

tavia Mockbee was a mystery, seeing there were plenty of other girls -quite as pretty, and with more amiable dispositions around the village of Hillsdale.

Pretty, pink-cheeked, Margie made a charming bride, a few weeks later, and the Gothic-roofed cottage, with its hop-vines and Virginia creepers, is no longer in want of a mistrage. ly. Pretty, pink-cheeked, Margie made

New Building Material, A new building material called compoboard is thus described by the Northwestern Lumberman: It is made of one-eighth-inch strips of wood from three-quarters to one and a quarter inches wide, placed be-tween two sheets of heavy strawboard and united under heavy pressure with a strong cement. The process of manufacture is peculiar. Into the machine that molds the board are run two sheets of the strawboard from rolls, one from above and one from below a table onto which are fed from a feeding device the strips of wood. A roller running in a tank of the liquid cement rolls upon the inner surface of the sheets of strawboard, and the three layers of 'material run together between rolls and into a hydraulic press capable of exerting a pressure 120 tous to the square inch. Ten feet of the board is stopped automatically for a few seconds in the press, then run out upon a table fit-ted with cut-off saws, where it is sawed to the desired length. It is then run upon trucks, placed in the dry-kiln, and when taken out is trimmed to forty-eight inches in

The strength of the board as compared with its weight is marvelous. The ends of an eighteen foot can be brought together without breaking or

varping it. No conditions can warp it.
Wall paper is put upon the board and the finish is as fine as upon any plastered wall. The strong points claimed for the board: It is not more xpensive than first-class plastering expensive than first-class plastering. It forms an absolutely air-tight wall. It stiffens a building much more than any coat of mortar can. It is quickly put on and produces no dampness, thus causing no swelling and shrinking of floors and casings. It is light, thus avoiding the dragging down of the bayes frame, the consequent gracking house frame, the consequent cracking of walls and the warping of the door frames. It forms a solider, cleaner, drier wall at no more expense than is involved in the old way.

Paper Manufacture in America.

old Mockbee homestead.

The proposetive bridgroom had gone on a collecting tour which would detain him till the eve of the wedding data that next to the articles entering into food and clothing, paper is the day, and the morning before the ausmost universally used commodity in It is a curious and rather startling most universally used commodity in the world, says the Philadelphia Times. The daily output of news print paper in the United States is about 1200 to 1500 tons. Just think of 125 or 150 carloads of newspapers mentally devoured each day in this country! The dress; Grandma Mockbee was threading the laces in a French corset, over which the wedding gown was to be tried on.

Maria alone was idle, having re-

mills of the United States in opera-tion during 1892-93 for all kinds and "I shall not help to injure poor Jerome!" she declared, with a curling lip.
"Poor Jerome, indeed!" mimicked Octavia, sneeringly.
She was about to add some stinging paper, and almost 2400 tons writing paper, and almost 2400 tons of the various other kinds and grades.

ergill and live in the city. I shan't tie myself down to a common farmer like Jerome Meadowgay, and you needn't think it!"

"Dear me, what a fuss you are making Miss Phipps!" cried Octavia, impatiently. "Can't you tell what the matter is or here."

"Dear me, what a fuss you are making fourths of the entire paper supply of the country. By far the greater part of the vast output is consumed in the

Death From Fright,

"During my forty odd years of practice I have never seen but one case where death was caused by fright," said a physician. "The in-stance I speak of happened in South America, through which I was making a tour. One afternoon we experi-enced a rather severe shock of earthquake. Some time before the shock was felt a young Mexican who was em-ployed to work about an anatomical iseum in the town where I was ther visiting fell asleep in a chair in the room which contained all the ghostly relics. Suddenly he was awakened by an extraordinary noise. He was hor an extraordinary noise. He was hor-rified to see all the death's heads nodding and grimacing, and the skeleton dancing about and waving their flesh less arms madly in the air. Speech-less with terror, the poor fellow fled from the scene, and upon reaching the street fell to the ground unconscious and half dead with fright. After a few hours he became somewhat ration al, and it was explained to him that it was an earthquake that had caused all the commotion among the specimens, but the shock had been too severe and his death followed in a few days,"— St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Potomae to Light Washington.

The War Department has been making an investigation into the feasibility of making the great falls of the Po tomac furnish power for the lighting of Washington City, and the report which has just been submitted shows that the project is entirely practicable. The engineer in charge of the matter say that there is no trouble about transmitting the power to Washing-ton; that at a reasonable cost a canal can be constructed around the falls to a power plant below them, and at the Detavia's liquid eyes looked apparently to his.

Jerome put the hand coldly aside.

"The past is buried, 20 far as I am of the past is buried, 20 far as I am of the past is buried, 20 far as I am of the past is buried.

THE GLACIAL MILESTONES.

ORIGIN AND NATURE OF THESE ERRATIC BOWLDERS.

The Soil Has Been Slowly Forming Over Them Since the Great Ice Age—Stony Allens.

THE following is an extract from "Some Records of the Ice Age About New York,"
by T. Mitchell Prudden, M.
D., in Harper's Magazine: Many of
the glacial traces about New York are the glacial traces about New York are buried up by the soil which has been slowly forming over them since the end of the great ice age. If, however, one lingers in his wanderings here-abouts where the ground is being cleared for building, he will observe, almost everywhere, where much soil and earth and gravel are being dug out and carted off to clear the rock surfaces in preparation for blasting, that larger and smaller rounded rocks are fored imbedded in the cross are found imbedded in the gravel. They are usually too round and awkward in shape to be useful in the masonry even of the foundations of buildings. Many of them are too large to be shoveled into the carts and carried away with the dirt and gravel. And so one usually sees them rolled off on one side, out of the way, on the bared rock surfaces, until these are freed from soil, when they, too, are hoisted up and dragged off to some convenient dumping-ground where land, as they say, is being "made."

If one looks a little closely at these despised bowlders he will find that many of them are of entirely different to be shoveled into the carts and car-

many of them are of entirely different character from any of our native rocks. Sometimes they are rock called trap, like that which makes the Palisades; sometimes rock like that which is at home in regions many miles to the north and west of New miles to the north and west of New York. And they are rounded and smoothed in a way which indicates an enormous amount of wear and rubbing sometime somewhere.

It is curious turning back in the books to the record of a time only a few decades ago, to read the speculations of the leaved as to the record of the providers to the provider

tions of the learned as to the origin and nature of these erratic bowlders, which, from their noteworthy shape and their structure, often so different from that of the rocks over which they lie scattered, early attracted atthey lie scattered, early attracted at-tention. Some thought that they mut have been cast up out of a dis-tant volcano in an earlier time and fell scattered here. For some they were rounded by the wash of Noah's flood, and swept by its fierce torrents into alien regions. Others sank—in theory—the earth's crust thereabouts for many feet, and—in theory still—let enormous icebergs from some distant arctic region drift over here, and melting, drop their ice-borne freight of rocks. Some would have it that the earth was once surrounded by a separate rock shell which somehow came to grief and left its shattered remnants down broadcast. Others, still more dramatic, worked up their facts and fancies to the point of assuming collision with a comet. The record, graven on the rocks told the true story at last, however, when the

people got ready to read it.

These rounded rocks or bowlders—these erratics, waifs and aliens—are, as well-known to-day, the torn-off and transported fragments of rock masses which the great ice mantle brought down here during the cold weather so long ago and incontinently dropped when the climate changed and the sun swept its borders back toward Greenland and the pole, Many of these erratics still bear bruises and scratches testifying to their fierce en-counters with the old bed rock along which the relentless ice mass ground them in their journey toward the coast. Here they have lain, these stony aliens, through all the long ages, buried up with other glacial wreckage, covered in by soil later formed, sharing their secrets with the rootlets of vanished generations of plants and trees, until at last another alien, Italian or Celt mayhap, breaks in upon their seclusion with pick and shovel and rolls them ignominiously away. Then, at the scarred rock surfaces, the steam-drill pecks viciously. puny successors to the gigantic sculp-tor of the old ice age, whose records it and its explosive allies soon erase.

How He Saved the Baby.

Elijah Davis, a motorman on car 121 on the Lake Breeze line of the Salt Lake City Railway, some days ago saved the life of a babe which had crawled upon the track between Ninth and Tenth West on Second South.

As the car turned on to the clear Brewing Company's works Davis gave it all the current possible, and the motor was doing its best. The motorman had his eyes fixed ahead, and to his horror saw a little child not ove eighteen months old moving in the grass and weeds in the middle of the track. He threw off the current, set his brakes and rang the bell. The track was slippery, and the wheels continued to move. The car was rap-idly approaching the babe, and it seemed as though no power could save

The continued ringing of the gong and the shouts of the tracted the attention of the child, and it crawled out of the weeds and di-rectly upon the rail. Here its posi-tion was even more dangerous than the other, for the cruel wheels was sure to grind the little body into small pieces. Seeing that he could not control his car, Davis left his post, jumped to the step, and, cling ing to the outside hand rail, reached out ahead of the car. The baby was still on the track, and as the car rushed down upon it the plucky mo-torman grasped its dress and drew the child out of harm's way.—Salt Lake (Utah) Herald.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL,

A fish swims with its tail, not with

India ship-worms ruin a vessel in five months.

A new species of giraffe has been discovered in Africa.

Owls without tufts are day owls; those with tufts are night owls. Recent experiments indicate that the normal eye can discriminate fif-teen separate tints in the spectrum.

The latest German Government reports show that eight persons have died of leprosy (three of them since 1870) in the district of Konigsberg, and that ten persons are now suffering from that disease.

If it were possible to cut sections out of the side of soap-bubbles, and then by some delicate process handle the pieces, there would be required fifty million films, laid one upon another, to make a pile one inch in height.

Meteorologists say that the heat of the air is due to six sources: (1) That from the interior of the earth; (2) that from the stars; (3) that from the moon; (4) that from the friction of the winds and tides; (5) that from the meteors; (6) that from the sun.

A novel way of illuminating a tun-nel has been devised in Paris. Re-flectors throw the light from many electric lamps sixteen feet above the rails to the sides of the tunnel, where it is again reflected by burnished tin The trains automatically turn the cur-rent on each off in outoring and laying rent on and off in entering and leaving

The apparatus for keeping the eye moist is complex and efficient. It comprises the lachrymal gland, which secretes the tears; the lachrymal car-uncle, a small fleshy body at the inner angle of the eye; the puncta lachrymae, two small openings at the nasal extremity of the cyclids; the lachrymal ducts, which convey the tears into the nose, and the lachrymai sac, a dilatation of the canal.

Linseed-oil increases in weight when exposed to the air in a vessel protected from the dust. So far as its physical qualities are concerned, it under goes a gradual change, assumes a darker color, becomes more vicious and less inflammable. An experiment made by a Bavarian chemist resulted in 3.5 ounces of pure linseed oil increasing 0.31 ounces in weight after the oil had been exposed to the air eighteen months—an increase of about eight per cent.

When electric motors were first ap plied to cars grave doubts were enter-tained as to the resoltant effects of the extreme jarring on the poles of the field magnet, in the light of the knowledge that a permanent magnet loses its magnetism by jarring. The law of compensation seems to abound in nature, since it is now proven that the field magnets, which are not permanent magnets, increase in magnet ization by the jarring to which they are subjected.

An arrangement for heating water by an incandescent electric lamp in the lighting circuit has been devised by M. Leon Pitot, of Paris, by which he utilizes eighty-five per cent. of the heat given out by the lamp. He claims that an eight-candle lamp will maintain the water at a temperature maintain the water at a temperature of forty degrees centigrade; while a sixteen-candle lamp will maintain it at boiling point. The receptacle, holding about a pint, affords, within the larger lamp, boiling water in ten

Fear as a Cause of Disease. An eminent medical authority of contagion is due largely to nervous apprehension and fear. Terror causes radical changes in the secretions and nerve cells, and while the possibility is not the direct cause of disease, it cartainly is sufficient to put the person in the proper condition to be attacked by the prevailing malady. It is a well-understood fact that excessive anger infuses a toxic element into the secretions, and the bite of a man in a state of frenzied rage is almost as deadly as that of a mad dog. Fear destroys the resistive capability and, as it were, lets down the drawbridge and makes way for the en-emy. In seasons of epidemic, thereemy. In seasons of epidemic, therefore, it is necessary to cultivate tranquility and cheerfulness, to learn not to fear and to surround oneself with an atmosphere of personal, mental and physical defiance of daugers. If, in addition to this, due precautions as to dress, diet and rest are taken, one may walk in the midst of the pestilence and dwell in infected regions, and no deadly thing shall harm one.—New York Ledger.

Some Old Statues Found,

Some interesting discoveries are re-ported in the ancient Roman city of Thamugodis, in Algeria, now known as Tinigad. In excavating the capitol many fragments of colossal statues, at least twenty-eight feet high, have been discovered on three other statues re-cently unearthed. It now appears in-disputable that the ancients were not content with the mere beauties form, but painted their beautiful statues in all the colors of life, -- New Orleans Picayune.

Blumined Gold Fish.

Mr. Edison, at one of his enjoyable Mr. Edison, at one of his enjoyable scientific seances, had a large globo of gold fish whose anatomy was distinctly outlined and every action of each organ was plainly seen. This the "wizard" accomplished by making the fish swallow minute incandescent lamps and by invisible wire conducted the electric current. The fish apparently were not incommoded by their diet of electricity. -- Atlanta () nationing.

MY SWEETHEART.

NO. 52.

Twas a quaint rhyme scrawled in a spelling

book,
And nanded to me with a bashful look, By my blue-eyed sweetheart so fondly true, In the dear old school days long years ago-"If you love me as I love you No knife can cut our love in two."

That "Sanders' Speller," so tattered and

torn, Has always a halo of romance worn, And never a poet with honeyed pen Has written so precious a rhyme since then—
"If you love me as I love you."

Ab, dear, you know I did—I do.

I've kept it safely for many a year-This dog's-eared, shabby old spelling-book,

dear, And now, as I hold it within my hand,
Again in the school-room I seem to stand—
Reading once more with rapture new— "If you love me as I love you."

How some foolish saying from out the past Like a rose branch is over the pathway cast, And the time of flowers, we still remembe Till minds blow cold in the block Decembe

God grant it always may be true—
"That you love me as I love you."
—Carolyn L. Bacon, in Buffalo Express.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Doing time--The lady who grows vounger every year. -- Puck.

It is usually a great big man who insults you. -- Atchison Globe. The politician's favorite novel—'Put Yourself in His Place."—Puck. Many do a heap of hard climbing in search of easy grades. - Chicago Her-

Order of the Bath-Come right out of that water this minute!-Boston Transcript.

No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing.—Atchison Globe.

Some people are of such happy dispositions that they never amount to much.—Atchison Globe. A great deal of the piety of to-day is a thing of great beauty because it is only skin deep.—Puck.

Never put any confidence in the answers of a man who is afraid to say "I don't know," occasionally. Don't think that because a man has done you a favor he is under everlasting obligations to you.—Puck.

Butter is prime while it's fresh; but a man has long lost his freshness when he reaches his prime. -- Puck.

"Are you certain that you love me?"
"I am." "But are you sure that you are certain?" -New York Press. The lawyer who worked like a horse was engaged in draving a convey-ance.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

May--"Next to a man, what's the jolliest thing you know of?" Ethel-"Myself, if he's nice."--Brooklyn Life. One of the dampers of ambition is the fact that the mantle of greatness has to be worn as a shroud too often.

One's own capacity is a poor standard of measurement; the stars shine, though my near-sighted neighbor deny

When a man does not want to do a thing he says "I cannot;" when he cannot do it he says "I don't want to."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The average dwarf is at a very serious disadvantage. No matter how large his income he is always sure to be short.—Buffalo Courier.

When a boy goes out West hunting, and writes home that he killed a deer, he can fool his mother, but he can't fool his father.—Atchison Globe. As the express dashes through the station—"O, porter, doesn't that train stop here?" Porter—"No, mum;

train stop here?" Porter--"No, mum; it don't even hesitate."-Tit-Bits. To his mate the caterpillar said

In a tone of caution, soft and low,
As they clung to the branch just overhead

Get onto the the girl in the hammock below

—Washington Star.

A man regards his newspaper much as he does his wife-something to find fault with when he feels cross and something he never approves of -- Atch-

"I love to listen to the patter of the rain on the roof," said the miserly poet. "I suppose you do," said his wife. "It's a cheap amusement."— Harper's Bazar. Dora-"Don't you think my gowns

fit better than they used to?' Cora-"Yes. Your dressmaker told me yesterday she was taking lessons in geome--- Harlem Life. Mr. Oldstyle-"I don't think that a college education amounts to much."
Mr. Sparerod—"Don't you? Well,

you ought to foot my boy's bills and see."—New York World. No woman is such a slouch at mathe-matics that she can't tell in half a minute how much her husband would

save in the course of a year if he shaved himself.—Atchison Globe. One of the unexplained mysteries to get into a comfortable position when you go to bed, and how unusual to find one that isn't comfortable when

you have to get up .-- Puck. Jinks (on the rail)--"I was talking with an eminent physician in the smoker." Mrs. Jinks-"What is his name?" "He didn't mention it, and I did not like to ask." "Then why do you think he is an eminent physician?" "I asked him what was the best cure for consumption, and he said he didn't know."--Puck.

Cabman (at library) -- "Say, is this here the novel you advised me to read?" Librarian—"Yes; that's the one." Cabman—"Well, you can take it back. There's nine people in the first four chapters who hired cabs, and each of 'em when he got out 'flung his purse to the driver.' Now w I want that sort of literature, I'll to Jules Verne and get it pure."—