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NO. 2.

Parisian policemen are being mounted on bicycles. The police officials are bound to get thieves on the run, comments the Hartford Journal.

In the opinion of an expert the substitution of the Italian for the Irishman and the German in laboring circles is the prime cause of the falling off in sunstroke.

There are about 68,000 postoffices in the United States. About 67,000 of them do not pay their running expenses. The profit of the New York postoffice is \$4,000,000 a year.

The Japanese are now making tennis rackets, and some of them, the New York Ledger learns, are imported to the United States. The workmanship is uncommonly fine, and all the materials look durable. Europeans in Japan have long played tennis, and the game originated a good deal nearer Japan than Europe. It was the Badminton brought to England by East Indian travelers.

The national guardsmen of New York will hereafter be presented by the State with a handsome medal for long service. These medals are to be presented for a service of thirty, twenty-five, twenty, fifteen and ten years, and are designed to be manufactured of eighteen karat solid gold, gold and silver, silver and bronze, and bronze, according to the increased years of service. There is no difference in the design, except that the medal for thirty years is set with brilliants.

Heat holidays have now been established by law in the public schools of Switzerland, and, in the opinion of the New York Tribune, our educational authorities might do worse than take a hint from this enterprising and progressive little republic, which for centuries has been famed for its enlightenment and common-sense. Recognizing the well known fact that the brain cannot work properly when the heat is excessive, the children are dismissed from their tasks whenever the thermometer goes above a certain point. Were this sensible regulation to be adopted in this country steps would have to be taken to safeguard the thermometers from being nefariously doctored by the enterprising American schoolboy.

Dr. Erwin F. Smith, of the department of agriculture, described to the American Association for the Advancement of Science the other day an important discovery that he has made of a pest which has been giving great and increasing trouble to the watermelon raisers of the South. It is a fungus growth, which attacks the vines under the ground, speedily stopping up the minute water ducts of the plant, and causing it to wither away. He asserts that this year the South has lost many thousands of dollars' worth of melons through the ravages of this disease. Dr. Smith does not suggest any remedy for the disease, but he thinks that a good deal might be done for its extermination by burning the old vines. He thinks that many farmers are responsible for its spread, as they are accustomed to gather up the old vines, and allow them to rot on their compost heaps for manure.

The Russian thistle, that has created so much disturbance in the Dakotas as to cause a bill to be introduced in Congress appropriating money for its eradication, has made its appearance in Illinois, states the Chicago Record, and the farmers are called upon to do their utmost to eradicate the imported pest. The worst feature of the weed is the great rapidity with which it spreads over vast areas of territory, the seed being easily scattered by the wind. It is not a hard weed to deal with if taken in time, for it is an annual plant, and it cut before seeding—the last half of August—it is effectually destroyed. It is not so difficult a weed to deal with as the Canada thistle, which seems to thrive by repeated cutting. If the Russian thistle has secured a foothold in this State, it is very likely to spread fast and far. Once established in the highways and along railroad tracks, all attempts to dislodge it will be of little avail. The country highway seems to be devoted to the propagation of noxious weeds, while the right of way of a railroad company is not kept with much idea of killing weeds. The Russian thistle is eagerly eaten by sheep, and, if cut when young, is liked by cattle. It is not a worse pest on a farm than the ox-eye daisy. But the farmers of Illinois have enough to contend with without the Russian thistle being added to their burdens, and self-interest should prompt them to a vigorous warfare against this newly arrived foreigner.

TWO SONGS.

UP AND AWAY IN THE MORNING, Tido's all full; the wave breaks white (Oh, up and away in the morning); Blue is the blown grass, red is the height; Washed with the sun the sail shines white (Oh, up and away in the morning); Wide is the world in the laughing sun (Oh, up and away in the morning); Work's to be done and wealth's to be won Ere a man turn home with the homing sun (Oh, up and away in the morning).

LONG IS THE HEART'S HOPE, long as the day (Oh, up and away in the morning); Heart hath its will and hand hath its way Till the world rolls over and ends the day (Oh, up and away in the morning).

IT'S HOME THAT WE TOLL FOR ALL DAY LONG (Oh, up and away in the morning); Hand on the line and heart in the song, The labor of love will not seem long (Oh, up and away in the morning).

HOME, HOME IN THE EVENING, When the crows fly in from sea (Oh, home, home in the evening); My love in his boat comes back to me, Over the tumbling leagues of sea (Oh, home, home in the evening).

AND WHEN THE SUN DROPS OVER THE HILL (Oh, home, home in the evening); My happy eyes they take their fill Of watching my love as he climbs the hill (Oh, home, home in the evening).

AND WHEN THE DEW FALLS OVER THE LAKE (Oh, home, home in the evening); I hold in my hand his dearest hand, The happiest woman in all the lake (Oh, home, home in the evening).

ALL DAY SHE SANG BY THE COASTING DOOR (Oh, home, home in the evening); At sundown came his boat to the shore— But he to the hearthside comes no more, Home, home in the evening.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in the Century.

KITTY'S ADVENTURE.

"GOOD-BY, dear." "A safe journey and a pleasant one." The train began to move. Miss Kitty Belwhistle distributed a farewell series of nods and smiles. She felt quite fond of the Chomondeleys, no wonder that she was leaving them. They were sorry to lose their guest undoubtedly.

Their brother sorrowed also, but not as one without hope. Business of a pressing nature was likely to take him up to London in the course of a week or so.

Kitty, experienced hand that she was, had not spent three weeks at Northwick Grange for nothing. The understanding between herself and the heir of the Northwick acres was pretty definite, that young gentleman flattered himself. They were almost, if not exactly, engaged.

Kitty had made the usual stipulation. If, within the space of twelve months from date, she met somebody else she liked better than dear Chubbington, all that had passed between them was henceforth to be regarded as an idle dream. If on the other hand, she did not, then—

Kitty pulled up the window and sank back into her comfortable corner seat. The first-class compartment contained no other passenger than the charming young lady in the sealskin coat and crimson-leathered toque who consulted her complexion in the strip of looking glass before she fell to overhauling her bags and packages.

The journey was tedious, and would be certain to be a cold one upon this keen, frosty January day. But Kitty, who always was distinguished by admirable forethought in matters where her own well-being was concerned, had got all her little comforts around her.

"Eau de cologne? Yes, the housemaid put it in. How stupid of Parker to catch bronchitis! Of course, I was obliged to leave her behind. If I had insisted on her traveling she would have been sure to incur a fresh chill and die on me out of spite.

"If anything in the shape of an adventure could possibly present itself in the course of the hundred seven hours' railway journey between Norwich and Liverpool, I should be inclined to welcome it, unless it came in the form of a railway smash. Ugh! The bare idea makes one shudder.

"Let me just peep at the luncheon basket. Tongue and turkey sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and anchovy ditto, a bottle of cold tea, half a pineapple and a bag of macaroni. Perhaps Chubby superintended the arrangements. Poor Chubby!"

And Kitty smiled a heartless little smile at the remembrance of Chubby's pink tinged nose and tearful eyes. Then she opened a brand new railway novel, "The Fang of the Adder," and immersed herself in the most thrilling chapter of that electrical work:

"Forked and lurid flashes of lightning solemnly played over the midnight scene. A low peal of thunder rumbled overhead as Paulina gazed at the churchyard. She reached the lonely resting place of the man whom her heart had worshipped, the man whom her reluctant hand had guided to his doom.

"Did he but know it, Cherrington Clum was bitterly avenged. In his murderer's strangling throat and she sank forward amid the matted and tangled grass—what happened?"

"A hand touched her on the shoulder. A voice said hoarsely:—"Kimpston, Kimpston! Change 'ere for Carbury and Walsing." The train slowed and stopped, with a jerk. Kitty shut the book and let down the window.

door. A dark-faced, mustached, fur-coated stranger got in hurriedly. He trampled on Miss Belwhistle's toes and apologized furiously. His tone offended her ears; the perfume which exhaled from his garments offended a still more sensitive perception.

He tramped on Kitty's toes again as he received into his arms a heavy bundle, the helpless figure of another man, and deposited it in a further corner of the compartment, with evident difficulty.

Another mustached, scented and fur-coated stranger followed and sat himself down in the seat immediately opposite Miss Belwhistle.

Kitty, in a state of freezing indifference to the admiring manifestations of her vis-a-vis, resumed her perusal of "The Fang of the Adder."

The two mustached and fur-coated individuals interchanged a sentence or two in an undertone and then settled down to their respective newspapers.

The invalid lay back helplessly in his corner, swaying from side to side with the motion of the carriage.

He was small of stature and slight of limb. He wore a gray-flapped traveling cap, tied under the chin, and a long gray ulster. From underneath the edge of the ulster peeped a pair of tiny little feet in patent-leather boots.

As much of his profile as was visible to Kitty's observation was perfectly regular and of a waxen delicacy. The unglazed right hand, which rested stiffly on his knee, was small and dazingly white.

"Oh," exclaimed Miss Belwhistle involuntarily as the express rounded a curve and the invalid lurched violently to the right.

The mustached and scented stranger looked over their newspapers. Kitty had half risen from her seat.

"Anything wrong, miss?" inquired No. 1 in accents of oily vulgarity. The train steaded; the invalid left off wobbling. Kitty sank among her rugs and parcels.

"I beg your pardon. I—I was afraid the—your friend was going to faint," she breathed. To cover her confusion she stopped for her book, which lay sprawling on the floor.

"The young lady thought Mr. Walker might be feeling ill, Sig. Denzo," remarked No. 2. "Toll him to answer himself if he's got any manners in him," the signor added, and looked at the invalid.

Immediately Mr. Walker spoke in a queer, highly pitched voice, which seemed to come from under the seat which he occupied.

"I thank you, miss, for your kind inquiries and beg to say I am quite well."

Kitty began to regret the exclamation of alarm into which she had been betrayed. She began to wonder how long it would be before the next stoppage would afford her an opportunity of exchanging to another carriage.

This horrible pair were evidently bent upon improving the occasion. Rosenbaum offered her a comic paper. Declined with thanks.

The signor produced a silver flask of cognac, which might have contained about a quart, and audaciously invited the young lady to test the quality of its contents. Declined with thanks.

Upon which both the signor and Mr. Rosenbaum applied themselves to the liquor with good result. They produced huge packages of sandwiches and ate with gusto and without offering the invalid a share of their supplies.

Kitty burned with indignation and was conscious of a yearning in the direction of her well filled luncheon basket, but dread of provoking the civilities of her companions staid her. She would change at the next station they stopped at, and then—

Thank goodness—an old town rising out of the snowy landscape! The empty noise and bustle of a station succeeding. She collected her luggage hastily; she peered anxiously out of the window searching for a porter.

"By your leave, miss," said the odious voice of Rosenbaum. He opened the door and jumped out upon the platform. The signor followed. They vanished, arm in arm, into the refreshment room.

"Porter," cried Miss Belwhistle, but no functionary responded to her call. She leaned out of the window. She waved her muff. She called to the porter again without success.

There was a dull crash, a sickening thud, behind her. She turned. The invalid Mr. Walker had tumbled out of his seat and lay prostrate on the floor. Before the affrighted girl could utter a scream for help the express moved on. Where, where were those callous companions of the sick man? Doubtless Rosenbaum and the signor had been left.

had deceived her ears with a ventriloquist trick? Had they not made good their escape, leaving their helpless dupe alone—alone with their victim?

And at last the express slackened speed, jolted, stopped. They were at Ely. She might scream now, and she did.

"What's here? Gentlemen ill, miss? What do you say?" Thus the guard.

"There has been murder here," she said, looking out upon the throng of faces that surrounded the carriage door.

"Telegraph to the last stopping place. I can describe the guilty wretches who have done this awful deed. Ah, there they are!"

Here they were indeed, the guilty wretches. Dared they brazen it out? Did they mean to deny all knowledge of the dead man?

"This is a serious charge, you know, gentlemen. I must trouble you to come along with me."

"With pleasure, Mr. Polizeman," said the signor, with horrible lightness. "But we look at this corpo morto here first, with your kind oblige ment. Why will pretty young ladies shriek at everything? My good Rosenbaum, you have better the English language. Please explain."

Rosenbaum drew a large poster from the bulging pocket of his fur coat. He gravely handed it to the station-master. It bore this inscription:—

TO-NIGHT, At the Temple of Varieties, Ely. Here Rosenbaum and Sig. Denzo, The Marvelous Conjurers and Ventriloquists, in Their Unparalleled Entertainment, in which the ANIMATED DUMMY will also take part.

COME EARLY. "This here jointed wooden figure with the wax face and hands," went on Rosenbaum, "is the dummy. He usually travels in the guard's van, but the guard couldn't guarantee his reaching Ely in condition to appear before the public, having a fox-terrier pup in charge as was given to worrying. So we took him in the carriage with us. At the last station we stopped at, me and the signor, gets out for a drink, and the train having started sooner than we bargained for we whipped into a second-class compartment. Sorry the young lady has been frightened. Ain't you, signor?"

"Estremamente!" said Sig. Denzo. "Gentlewoman."

Mexican Skill With the Rope. "The cowboys of New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona are all skilled in the art of using the lasso," said Louis Edwards, of Santa Fe. "I used to be in the ranching line myself, and once thought I could throw a rope as straight as any man living. But that was before I mixed to any extent with the Mexicans. As good as the American cowboys are, they can't hold a candle to a Greaser when it comes to the roping business. They can do things with hemp that no other mortals can ever hope to accomplish. As the Australian stands out pre-eminently in throwing the boomerang, so does the ignorant son of the 'land of God and liberty' exceed all other men in this one accomplishment.

"A Mexican will chase a steer at full speed, and while he guides his bronco with one hand, whirl his rope with the other, and it isn't once in a thousand times that the noose will fail to catch just where the rider meant. A favorite trick with them is to stick a lot of long-handled knives in the ground close together within the limits of a narrow circle, and bet with outsiders that they can ride past at racing speed and pick up any one of the knives designated with a rope. They are good marksmen with the rifle, too, but in this regard the cowboys are fully their peers."—Washington Post.

Englishmen Grow Taller. Francis Galton has collected some interesting facts in regard to the effect of athletics and improved physical condition during the last forty years on the physique of the middle classes.

Mr. Galton gives instructive evidence of the amelioration of the upper middle class. When he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, from 1840 to 1844, although but five feet nine and three-fourths inches in height, he was taller than the majority of his fellows. In addressing them he habitually lowered his eyes, and if in a crowd he would readily see over the heads of the people.

Writing in 1893 he states that he no longer possesses these advantages. Altered social conditions, in his opinion, have helped to improve the bodily powers and address of his class; such conditions, for instance, as more wholesome and abundant food, better cooking, warmer clothing, moderation in the use of alcohol, better ventilated sleeping rooms, more change through vacations, and, lastly, more healthy lives led by women in their girlhood.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Vase of Gold. The Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum, has quite recently secured by purchase one of the choicest examples of ancient art in solid gold which even that great collection possesses. It is a vase of this metal in its purest condition, without sculptures, measuring nearly eight inches in height, about four inches in diameter, and in shape most like a pelvis when deprived of its handles. It is of Roman origin, perhaps of the period of Augustus. An inscription on the bottom of the vessel indicates that its weight nearly corresponds to two pound troy of the modern scale. It was lately found by a sponge diver in the sea off the Island of Samos, and may be all that remains of a wreck which occurred there nearly 2000 years ago.—The Athenaeum.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A fly's egg will hatch in twelve hours. Entomologists estimate that 10,000,000 species of insects exist.

There is harmony and discord in the combination of colors, as there is in music. Carriages propelled by electricity derived from a storage battery are common in Berlin.

Aluminum follows in bicycles are expected soon as an improvement on wood in both lightness and strength. Willie Jones, of Girardville, Penn., having lost his shin bones by blood poisoning, has been supplied by a surgeon with new ones of india rubber.

Dr. Biggs, of the New York Board of Health, who has been in Europe investigating Dr. Koch's new treatment for diphtheria, says that it is an absolute cure if applied in time.

The phylloxera, or the vine pest, is making such ravages in the sherry wine districts of Spain that the Government has appropriated \$100,000 for the extermination of the disease.

The utility of the mosquito is beyond question. It is born in the swamp, and feeds upon animal and vegetable matter, which, if allowed to decompose, would fill the air with poisonous gases.

The vital principle is preserved in seeds and eggs, fruits and vegetable during cold weather, because they have a heat of their own. The temperature of an egg or apple, down to the freezing point, is always several degrees above that of the surrounding air.

The Japanese are really a very progressive people. The School of Science at Yokohama is remarkably thorough. One of the naval officials, Yamana, has succeeded in producing a new steel, at the Tanaka Government factory, which is proven to be a most remarkable metal. The Government has adopted it.

A living specimen of the largest and most deadly snake known has been added to the Zoological Gardens of London. It grows twelve to fourteen feet in length, and is hooded like the cobra. It occurs in India, Burma and in the East Indian archipelago, living in forests and jungles and readily climbing trees.

The Icelandic scientist, Th. Thorodsson, is at present engaged in a very interesting series of geological observations on his native island, for which he has received generous Government support. The special object of his study is the sands and glaciers in the district of Austur-Skaftafell and the great glacier Vatnajökull, in the southeastern part of Iceland.

A French electrical journal, in reply to an offer of an award of \$10,000 by the French Government to the inventor of a simple and sure method of determining fraud in the production of alcoholic liquors, suggests that a knowledge of the electrical conductivity with that of the density might be a sufficient means, if the liquors be brought to the temperature of melting ice.

A Peacock's Little Game.

Sol. Stephan has made a discovery up at the Zoo. The big peacock has for several weeks made a practice of going every afternoon to the entrance gate and parading back and forth across the path for half an hour. This action occasioned no remark for a time, but after awhile it was noticed that the feat came regularly at 4 o'clock and at no other hour, and always remained about half an hour, after which it would walk away and go about the lawns as usual till the following afternoon. For the past week a watch has been kept on it, and at last the secret is discovered. Near the gate is a glass door, leading to a cellar in the hillside, and about 4 o'clock the light falls on the door so that the peacock can see himself as in a mirror when he walks past. He evidently takes great delight in looking at himself. The strange part of the affair is that he should know just when to come, as the reflection is clear and distinct only about half an hour after 4 o'clock.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Street Car Hearse.

One of the San Francisco railway companies has constructed an electric funeral car for the San Mateo Cemetery. The car is named Cypress Lawn. It is thirty feet in length and is divided into two compartments, the forward twenty feet in length and the rear ten feet. The former is richly upholstered, tapstreed and carpeted, and twelve plush seats are arranged to seat twenty-four persons. In the rear, or funeral compartment, seats are arranged for relatives and near friends, and in the centre is the bier on which the casket stands. As San Francisco has an extensive system of electric railways the car can be employed throughout the city, and, to some extent, it is expected, supersede the use of hearse and carriages for funerals. The cost of building it was about \$2000.—Philadelphia Record.

Cold Water is Best.

Ice water is said to be one of the deadliest foes of the American people, and its temptation is especially insidious in the days of summer. An excellent substitute for real food water, or water made of icy temperature by containing ice, is a pitcher or carafe of water which has stood for some hours in the refrigerator. The water is then cold enough to be very agreeable, more so than at the paralyzing temperature of ice itself; one has a pleasing consciousness of hygienic virtue in drinking it and it has the added excellence of saving both trouble and ice in its preparation.—Rochester Post-Express.

MODERN COAST DEFENSE.

AN IMPREGNABLE SYSTEM OF SEABOARD FORTIFICATIONS.

What Would Happen if a Hostile Fleet Should Attack New York—"Danger Areas" in the Harbor.

WHAT with pneumatic dynamite guns, ten and twelve-inch steel rifles, twelve-inch steel mortars, automatic gun-lifts that play with great fifty-two ton cannon as if they were toys, and all the other recent improvements in coast defense, the day is near when New York City will be protected from danger of invasion by sea by an impregnable system of fortifications. When that day comes the artilleryman's fun will be over, for promiscuous target practice is hardly possible with big guns whose life is less than fifty rounds, while each shot costs \$1000. And should an enemy's fleet attack New York, he will have still less fun, for then he will be stuck away under a bomb-proof, where he won't know whether he scored a hit or a miss, because he won't see what he's shooting at.

Although not new, this will probably seem to the public the most interesting phase of the development of modern ordnance. There is no exaggerated system of fortifications to be finished, should there ever be an attack from the sea only a few dozen officers and men would be where they could see the attacking fleet at all. Almost all officers and men would be below bomb-proofs, in concrete, steel-lined gun-lifts or deep in vaulted mortar pits.

Down there, where nothing can be seen except the huge breech blocks of the great guns and the complicated machinery for moving them, the cannon will be loaded, aimed, raised over the steel plated parapet and fired, and not a man will know what he fired at or whether the shot did any execution. The method by which this is accomplished is much more simple than would be expected from this statement. It is this:

The United States Engineer Corps has carefully plotted out on a map all the channels and deep-water basins and holes around New York, and then the map has been covered with little squares, each of which is numbered. Each square represents the "danger area" to a ship; that is, a shot fired anywhere in that square would hit a vessel stationed there. Now suppose all the different forts have their mortar batteries, gun-lifts, etc., which have been designed for them, and an invading fleet is sighted approaching Sandy Hook. At once every gun's company is told off to its station.

The officer in command of each gun has a table giving the numbers of the squares, and opposite each number telling him just what elevation and lateral direction he must give his cannon in order to get the range. Each gun is connected by telegraph with an observation tower, in which are the officers commanding operations together with signalmen and other assistants. They are all provided with range-finders and glasses, and the map with the numbered squares is spread out before them.

As soon as the positions of the ships can be fixed, one of the officers begins to plot the course of the vessels on the chart. Finally, say one of the ships passes into square No. 27, and it is decided to fire at her when she gets into square No. 28.

"Tick, tick," says the telegraph to all the grim, hidden men behind the grims, hidden guns.

"Train guns on square No. 28." Around swing the guns, and the officers elevate or depress them by aid of level and azimuth. All is ready.

The observers in the towers have seen the doomed ship steam into square 28. "Ready!" says the telegraph. Up goes the great twelve-inch gun on its disappearing carriage. Up lifts the ten-inch rifle on its big gun lift. The dynamite guns and the mortars don't move. They are already trained on the square because they fire at a great angle.

The ship passes into the square. "Fire!" ticks the telegraph. With a crash that shakes the earth flames burst from a dozen different points and the next instant a quarter of a hundred projectiles fall on the ship. The guns drop back behind their parapets and the deafened, powder-blackened men clean them quickly and load again. They have nothing else to do. They cannot tell what effect their fire has had. They have seen nothing. They can hear nothing unless shells from the ships fall on their gun pits and tear up the earth above them, trying to get at them.

This is no mere theory. It has been proved in practice that with the accuracy now absolutely attained by the modern breech-loading, all-steel, rifled cannon and the all-steel, rifled mortars, shot after shot can be dropped into a space less than that occupied by a modern ocean steamship.

The mortars will be placed in batteries of sixteen, consisting of groups of four, and the aggregate weight of the shells, if the sixteen be fired at once, would be 10,000 pounds, besides being filled with explosive charges.

At a test at a range of five and a half miles, ten consecutive shots all fell within a space 195 1-3 yards long and 8 1/2 yards wide, about the same space as that occupied by an ocean steamship. Thus, if an entire mortar battery, a twelve-inch and a ten-inch gun, were all fired together (naturally a likely circumstance), 11,800 pounds of steel would fall in one square. No battle-ship afloat would be able to withstand this terrific assault.—New York World.

Seeds 2000 years old have been known to sprout.

ADVERTISE RIGHT ALONG.

When trade is flush, and with a rush Large orders to you come, 'You'll find it wise to advertise,' And keep things on the 'hum.'

When trade's poor don't close the door; The rule is still the same: 'You'll find it wise to advertise,' And thereby win fresh fame.

Indeed 'tis true what'er you do, This is the safest plan, 'You'll find it wise to advertise' For then you load the van. —Henry Morrill Warren.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

High society is often simply low society in fine raiment.—Albany Argus. St. Louis now having a depot, trains will probably stop there for way passengers.—Chicago Mail.

Teacher—"What is discretion?" Bad Boy—"Gittin' over 'th' fence first when ye call 'nother feller names."—Puck.

A soldier in summer camp making love to a pretty girl shows the pleasant side of a court-martial.—Philadelphia Times.

The Opposite: Jones (facetiously) "Got a wife at last, eh?" Smith (solemnly)—"No, my wife got a husband at last!"—Vogue.

Amy—"How can I influence Charlie to propose?" Mable—"Get some one to tell him you'd be sure to reject him."—Detroit Free Press.

"It's all up with me," groaned Sky-lite as he sank on the eighth stairway endeavoring to reach his flat after a hard day's labor.—Boston Courier.

Little drops of water Sprinkled into streets Leave the gentle lambskin Quite bereft of socks. —Philadelphia Life.

The reason why people who see what they think are ghosts never grapple with them is that they know it is dangerous to hug a delusion.—Boston Transcript.

Love for the sea is felt when one leans over the rail of a ship, looking out over the deep blue ocean, feeling ready to give up everything for it.—Texas Siftings.

"They say Spohlfrey was badly hit by that handsome Miss Philreem the other night." "I'm not surprised. I saw her throw her eyes at him several times."—Buffalo Courier.

Van Pelt—"Are you a believer in the theory that one should marry a wife his opposite in temperament?" Enpee—"Don't bother about that; they're all opposite enough."—Puck.

I rather think I'm getting old— I feel it in my bones; And girls who called me Uncle Bob Now call me Mister Jones! —Harper's Bazar.

A girl is perfectly justified in looking with suspicion on a young man who tries to convince her that diamond rings are no longer fashionable for engagement purposes.—Merchant Traveler.

Judge—"You say your boy was kept in the house nights and read books. What books?" Father (of the youthful accused)—"The 'Boy Bandits of Bombay' series."—Boston Transcript.

"Conductor," said the weary commuter, "I wish you would open this window for me." "Oh, you do, do you?" returned the conductor. "Do you take me for a 'strong man'?"—Harper's Bazar.

Maudie—"Oh, he wrote me a lovely poem. It began, 'When you would know why men go mad, go gaze into your mirror.'" Bertha—"What bosh! You're not so ugly as all that."—Pearson's Weekly.

Wife—"The doctor says I will gain ten or fifteen pounds if I go away for a month. Can't I go, dear?" Husband—"Not much! Why, not one of your gowns would fit you then."—New York Herald.

Wylie (talking over college days)—"And whatever became of Duller, the only fellow in the class who was always at the foot?" De Biggs—"Professional chiroprapist, the last I heard."—Buffalo Courier.

Second Husband—"You needn't growl because I don't work. All your first husband did was to whittle." Weary Wife—"Yes; but I always found enough shavings after he got through to build the fire in the morning."—Syracuse Post.

"And what's your reason for increasing the servant's wages, pray?" her friend asked. "Because my husband complained that my dress and millinery bills equaled the household expenses, and I want to show they do not."—Fliegende Blätter.

"Did you divide your apples with Freddie?" Robbie—"No; I give 'em all to him." "Did mamma's generous little boy enjoy seeing his friend eat more than having them himself?" Robbie—"Yes; mobbie he'll get sick an' then I can borrow his bicycle."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Record Breaking Turtle. A turtle weighing between 800 and 1000 pounds, seven feet long, six feet wide and two feet thick, was recently caught near Baltimore. The head was two feet in circumference, and a man could get his head in the turtle's mouth. Its fins were as long as a man's arm and a foot wide. It was caught in a net, and had to be raised out of the net and on the shore with a block and tackle. It required fifteen minutes and a crowd of men to get the turtle on the boat. When the monster was taken off the steamer it required six men to turn it on a truck. It died on the boat from injuries received in being ho