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The army worm has cost this country more than the Revolutionary War.

The great canned goods center of industry of the world is Baltimore, Md.

Ballington Booth says that the Salvation Army has grown in twenty-eight years from two persons to over a million.

The inlet of Massowa, in the Red Sea, where Italy is sending its Anarchists, is one of the hottest places in the world, and escape from it in that sterile region would be very difficult.

The only school in the United States for the teaching of the art of letter-writing is said to be at Chautauque, N. Y. The instructress, Miss Frances B. Calloway, has pupils ranging from the Texas cowboy to the aristocratic society woman, and in age from fourteen to seventy.

The British postoffice has recently introduced a new system of notation for its date stamps. The letters from A to M are used to represent the hours and also of twelve intervals of five minutes each; thus A A means 1.05, A B 1.10, and so on. A. m. and p. m. are expressed by A and P after an asterisk; thus M C A means 12.15 a. m.

Edward Atkinson, the statistician, testified before the Royal British Commission on Agriculture that one client of his in this country had received one single order for 25,000 steam plows for the Argentine Republic. He said that there were enough good wheat lands on the Paraguay and Parana Rivers to feed the whole world.

The war between China and Japan, though not of vital interest to Americans, will yet be watched with keen interest by all our military leaders, remarks the New York Times. There has been no great war since the introduction of what we believe to be improvements in the mode of warfare, and it remains to be tested whether the greater advance has been made in weapons of attack, such as guns, smokeless powder and torpedoes, or in means of defense, such as armor plates, new turrets, and possibly bullet-proof coats for soldiers, and this war may teach us many things.

It appears that England is the greatest railway-traveling country on earth. In 1880, the extent of lines in England being then about 18,033 miles; the number of passengers was nearly 604,000,000. In 1890, by which time the railway lines had increased by about 4375 miles, the number of travelers had grown to nearly 818,000,000. No other country in the world comes near these figures. Even the railroads in the United States, which measure the enormous length of 158,750 miles, carried in 1890, only rather more than 520,000,000 passengers. In Germany, in 1880, 215,000,000 persons traveled on 20,756 miles of railway; in 1890 the number of passengers was over 426,000,000.

Edward Bellamy shudders whenever he hears the name of "Looking Backward." If you wish to make a friend of Francis Bret Harte don't mention "The Heathen Chinese." Will Carleton wonders how people can read "Over the Hills to the Poor House," which he considers one of the poorest poems he ever wrote. Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett does not wish to hear "Little Lord Fauntleroy" praised in her immediate vicinity. Charles Heber Clarke has taken a very strong aversion to his once famous non-plume of "Max Adler." But no one recognizes him as anyone else. "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr," by E. P. Roe, was considered by him to be an inferior work.

Our pestiferous friend, the bicycle, continues to grow in favor, and it is being put to very practical uses, notes the Chicago Record. In the German army estimates for the present year the sum of \$25,000 is included for the supply of bicycles to the infantry. Two wheels are assigned to each battalion and an instruction has been issued dealing with the bicycle service. These machines are to be used for communications between columns on the march and for communications between advanced guards. When troops are in quarters bicyclists are to fulfill the functions of orderlies, especially where mounted orderlies are wanting; they will also relieve the cavalry from relay and intelligence duties. In great fortresses all the duties hitherto devolving on cavalry as message-bearers are to be transferred to bicyclists. In the military service of our own country the bicycle has already begun to figure conspicuously with admirable results.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

It matters little where I was born, Or if my parents were rich or poor; Whether they shrunk at the cold world's scorn, Or walked in the pride of wealth secure. But whether I live an honest man, And hold my integrity firm in my clutch, I tell you, brother, plain as I am, It matters much!

DOCTOR BARTON'S PATIENT

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

ND you don't even know her name!" said Mrs. Renwick. "My dear Kenneth, there's never anything so ridiculous?"

The captain of artillery shifted his feet to a more comfortable position on the sofa, and looked longingly at a box of cigars which was placed just beyond his reach.

"Of course I know her name," said he; "and a very pretty one it is, Perry—Miss Perry."

"But who is it you are talking about?" said pretty Joyce, who had been preparing a mustard-paste for her brother's chest.

"My sweetheart!" "Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said his mother, somewhat tartly.

"The sweetest, prettiest blossom in all the Adirondack wildernesses!" pursued Kenneth. "The fairest of—Catnip teal! I declare, Joyce, I won't drink it! What do you take me for?"

"It's the best thing in the world for a cold on the chest," said Mrs. Renwick, wringing her hands. "Oh, if you had only kept away from that camping party."

"I mistook her for the boatman's daughter the first time," said Captain Renwick. "She—"

"Kenneth, don't talk—please don't talk!" urged his mother. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do, with your lungs all congested, and—"

"But I must talk!" said the captain. "Consider, mother, Joyce hasn't heard a word about it. She only came last night. Fancy, Joyce, my being fool enough to mistake her for a boatman's daughter!"

"Why, aren't boatmen's daughters as nice and ladylike as any one?" said Joyce, readjusting her apron ribbons.

"Oh, but this boatman lives in a perpetual state of shirt-sleeves!" said Renwick; "and he is a living fountain of tobacco juice, and talks abominable grammar through his nose. And his wife is a low class of Meg Merrilies, who takes too much bad whiskey whenever she has the opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagine. But Jenkins sent me up to the Lake head to hire a boat, and when I saw her sitting there among the water-lilies, I jumped at once to the conclusion that this was the boat to hire. My good girl, says I—fancy my idioey!—if you will just run me up to Needle Point, and call for me again in the evening, I'll give you a dollar."

absolutely nothing about omelettes and French coffee, and she never broiled a beefsteak in her life until I showed her how. As for her soups, they are simply unsearchable. And the beds are as hard as the neither millstone, and the mosquitoes are unendurable!"

"All these are trivial annoyances," said Captain Renwick, skillfully contriving to tip over the catnip-tea on the current number of a popular magazine, in his reach after the cigar box.

"To me, the Adirondacks are the garden of the world! I shall never be willing to go anywhere else in the summer. And she says it is even finer here in winter, with the trifling exception of a little solitude."

"Kenneth," cried his mother, in agonized accents, "you must not talk!" "My dearest mother, I am all right if you only won't fret!" declared this prodigal son.

But Captain Renwick's eyes were unnaturally bright, the hot flush of fever burned on his cheek, and his breathing was alternately hurried and laborious.

It was undoubtedly the fact that he had taken a severe cold during the camping out expedition from which he had just returned, and that this cold had been poor, so far, at least, against all the remedies Mrs. Renwick had used.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the mother. "Why don't the doctor come? Joyce, look out of the window! See if there are any signs of him."

"The doctor?" ejaculated Captain Renwick, raising himself on one elbow among his pillows. "You don't say you have sent for a doctor?"

"Why, of course I have!" said Mrs. Renwick—"for Doctor Barton, from Nilesburg."

"A snuff-taking old fend, who will do me with calomel, and experiment on me with every one of the hundred-year-old drugs in his saddle-bags!" cried the captain. "I won't see him!"

"Dear Kenneth!" pleaded Joyce. "My son!" sobbed Mrs. Renwick. "No!" ejaculated Kenneth. "I'll be hanged if I do! I despise doctors, anyway! And what sort of a medical man do you imagine would perch himself up here on the boughs of those everlasting pines?"

"Kenneth, you must see him!" said Mrs. Renwick. "Mother, I won't," stoutly declared the rebel.

"But what will he think?" "What he pleases. It will matter little to you or me what he thinks," said Kenneth. "All I know is, that he shan't cross this threshold. Give him his fee and tell him to be gone!"

Mrs. Renwick and Joyce looked despairingly at each other. Undoubtedly the captain was master of the situation. If he choose to set the doctor and his gallipots at defiance, what was to be done.

All that moment, however, there was a slight rustle down stairs. "The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh, Ken, I'm sure he isn't old, and he don't catch a cold, I'm so sorry I didn't catch a glimpse of him."

"He has come, has he?" said the captain. "Then tell him to go about his business."

the doctor about his business." maliciously whispered Joyce.

"But I didn't know what sort of a doctor it was," retorted the captain. Pneumonia did not set in after all. Doctor Barton proved a true prophet, and soon dispelled the heavy cloud. But Captain Renwick had yet another ailment—in the region of the heart.

"Mother," he said, coaxingly, "wasn't I right? Ain't she lovely?" "The sweetest girl I ever saw," Mrs. Renwick warmly answered; "and the most talented and self-reliant."

"And if, mother—" "You will be the most fortunate man in the world," said Mrs. Renwick.

Captain Renwick made the best use of his time, and, although Dr. Barton's summer vacation was over, and she lingered and lounged at picnics, and in the pearly shadow of water-lilies, he still continued to make many appointments for seeing her; and when he returned to the Hundred-and-Forty-seventh Artillery, he was an engaged man.

And after the first of November," he says, "Doctor Barton will be physician advisory to but one patient."—Saturday Night.

A Much Traveled Cat. "I have got a pet kitten at home," said W. L. Sloum, of Manchester, N. H., last night, "which, I think, has traveled about as rapidly and as far in one day as any other animal in the world. One morning, about a month ago, the kitten strayed into my factory a short time before the machinery was started up. It got playing around the floor, and soon took up its position in the big fly wheel, where, without being noticed, it nestled down and went to sleep. Soon the machinery was put in motion, the wheel moving so rapidly that the poor kitten could not escape. Indeed, it is probable that puss was soon unconscious from dizziness. A little computation shows the distance the cat traveled. The wheel moves at the rate of 250 revolutions a minute, and at every turn puss went seventeen feet. As the wheel was kept in motion 890 minutes without stopping, the kitten must have travelled during that time a little over 300 miles. When the wheel was stopped the kitten was discovered and taken out, more dead than alive, but it shortly recovered, and although it has remained about the factory ever since, it is observed that it always gives the fly wheel a wide berth."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese and Music. The Chinese have some extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to their queer notions, the Creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth for the express purpose of compelling man to find them.

According to the Celestial idea, the eight primitive sounds are hidden in stones, silks, woods of various kinds, the bamboo plant, pumpkins, in the skins of animals, in certain earthenware in the air itself. Any one who has ever had the pleasure of seeing and listening to a Chinese orchestra will remember that the musical instruments were made of all those materials except the last, and that the combined efforts of the other seven seemed better calculated to drive the ethereal sound away than to coax it from the air, which is really the object of all Chinese musical efforts.

When the band plays the naive credulity of the people, both old and young, hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature that were originally deposited in the various animate and inanimate objects by the all-wise Father.—Philadelphia Press.

Rescue of a Sand Hill Crane. "The devotion of birds to their young is one of the most beautiful sights of nature," said William P. Burton, of Dubuque, last evening. "I saw a striking illustration of this characteristic while on a hunting expedition up in Minnesota last fall. One day I shot and wounded a young sand hill crane, which with several others, was resting on the prairie. At the report of my gun all the birds took flight with the exception of the wounded one and one other, which was almost certainly its parent. The injured bird made several attempts to fly, and finally succeeded in rising some ten or fifteen feet in the air, but as it could not sustain itself it fell again to the ground. It tried again, however, and the parent bird, seeing the trouble the young one was in, placed herself underneath it, allowing it to rest its feet on her back, both birds continuing all the while to flap their wings. In this way, much to my amazement, she succeeded in bearing it off to a place of safety."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What \$10 Will Do in Egypt. "Speaking of the value of money to an Egyptian native," said a traveler, "I recall when I wanted to take an intelligent fellow with me for a six months' trip to act as my servant, interpreter and body guard. He said he would go, but there was one difficulty."

"What is that?" I asked. "I must leave money enough with my father, mother, wife and four children to support them for the six months while I am away," he replied.

"Whistled. It was an unexpected request."

"How much do you want?" I asked. "It is a large sum," he replied—pitiously.

"Well, name it." "I burst out laughing and gave him the money. Think of all that family living six months on \$10!"—Detroit Free Press.

CHEAPEST AND BEST FOOD,

INSTRUCTIVE BULLETINS BY THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Great Waste in Buying and Cooking Food—The Nutrition in Various Kinds of Food—Man's Need.

HOW will the coming man be fed? The Department of Agriculture has become interested in this question newly, and before long will publish a series of bulletins on the subject. They will be prepared by such well-known experts in this branch of research as Professor W. O. Water and Dr. Edward Atkinson. The former gentleman has been engaged to conduct certain investigations and experiments of an original and highly scientific character. At the bottom of the whole inquiry lies the fact that the people of this country do not know how to choose the foods they eat or how to cook them afterwards. This burden of ignorance falls most heavily upon the wage-workers, who, taking an average among them, use one-half of their money to buy food with, this estimate not including the cost of cooking. The poor man wastes in purchasing provender; his wife wastes in preparing it for the table.

Most educated people have queer notions about foods. It is generally imagined that an egg contains as much nutriment as a pound of lean beefsteak. As a matter of fact it has forty per cent. less of nutriment, pound for pound. Beef sirloin is only seventy-five per cent. as nutritious as beans and peas. Chicken and turkey are ahead of peas and beans in this respect, being the most nutritious food known. Shad and mackerel are as sirloin steak. Lean beef is nearly three-fourths water.

Dealers say that the demand for fish is actually increased to a considerable extent by the popular belief that it is good brain food. The reason for this is supposed to be that fish contains a great deal of phosphorus, an element that is more abundant in the brain and nerves than in other parts of the human body. But the fact is that there is no special abundance of phosphorus in fish. If there were, it would be of no importance. The widely circulated phrase, "Without phosphorus there is no thought," was originated by a German fan in jest.

On one occasion the elder Agassiz delivered a lecture on the importance of fish culture—it was in Boston—and remarked in a joking way that fish was an excellent brain food. From this saying and from the oft-quoted phrase of the German scientist above referred to has been derived the accepted idea on this subject. In truth, there is no cause whatever for believing that the eating of fish promises cerebral activity. But, speaking of the relative value of foods, it is interesting to know that a pound of lean beef and a quart of milk as it comes from the cow contains about the same amount of nutritive material. However, the nutrients in beef are more valuable for ordinary use. Professor Atwater has invented a new contrivance for measuring the energy produced by various foods. The food selected for trial—a definite quantity of it—is burned—in a vessel surrounded by water. A thermometer of extraordinary delicacy registers the rise in the temperature of the water, the quantity of which is known. Then an equal amount of the same food is burned in the human body. Of course, all food digested undergoes a process of chemical combustion.

It is a self-evident proposition that the cheapest food to buy is that which contains the greatest amount of nutriment for a given price. With a small equipment of knowledge on this subject the poor man could select his articles of diet in the market with a vastly greater economy. In other words, he could live much better for less money. He ought to be taught to select such foods as wheat flour, corn meal, beans, milk and the cheaper cuts of meats. To start with, it is not easy for him to realize that high-priced foods are in general uneconomical. The maxim that the best is cheapest does not apply to foods.

The average man, leading a moderately active life, requires fifty-nine ounces of food per diem. He consumes thirty-seven ounces of water and absorbs in breathing thirty ounces of oxygen from the air. His total bodily income, therefore, is about eight pounds daily. What he needs for his support each day is four and one-fifth ounces of flesh-forming albumen, two ounces of fat—enough to make a fair-sized caudle—seventeen and a half ounces of sugar and starch, four-fifths of an ounce of mineral matters—such as common salt, potassium, etc.—two quarts of water and 150 gallons of oxygen. So much water is contained in solid foods that we may be said to eat as much water as we drink. In order to supply the substances above mentioned, a man should eat daily twenty ounces of bread, eight ounces of beefsteak, thirty ounces of potatoes and one ounce of butter, with one quart of water—or the equivalent. A human being is composed mostly of water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains ninety-six pounds or forty-six quarts of water. To complete his makeup must be added thirteen pounds of albumen, ten pounds of gelatine, twenty-three pounds of fat, eight and a half pounds of phosphate of lime, one pound of carbonate of lime, three ounces of sugar and starch, seven ounces of flouride of calcium, six ounces of phosphate of magnesium, a trifle of chlorid of potassium and a little ordinary table salt.—Washington Star.

The Odd Fellows of Mississippi have decided to build a home for the helpless ones of that Order.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The starfish has five eyes. Phonograph cylinders are now made of hard soap.

The telephone is about to be introduced into China. Experiments in weaving by electricity are being tried in Germany.

Bailey, the astronomer, figures out the weight of the earth at 6,049,836,000,000,000 tons. Sapless cedar blocks from regions swept by forest fires are used in paving Detroit (Mich.) streets.

The largest comets are so rarified that they never harm planets or satellites by colliding with them.

Sanctorius, an Italian physiologist, estimates that five-eighths of all the solid and liquid food taken are exhaled by the skin.

An examination of the eyes of many animals has shown that the natural shape of the pupil in cats and other members of the genus Felis is circular.

A ton of Dead Sea water contains 187 pounds of salt; Red Sea, 93; Mediterranean, 85; Atlantic, 81; English Channel, 72; Black Sea, 26; Caspian Sea, 11.

The group of sun spots now visible is nearly 80,000 miles in breadth. It is not remarkable for any unusually large spots, but rather for the great number of smaller ones and for their wonderful activity.

Petroleum is to be used instead of coal on the locomotives of the Higa Railway, in Russia, and reservoirs are to be built for this purpose at five cities, capable of containing collectively 1,000,000 pools of petroleum.

A Bordeaux physician has treated two cases of violent attacks of hysteria by simply holding the tongue beyond the teeth for a few minutes. The attacks were brought to a speedy close after the usual remedies had failed.

An interesting ethnological exhibition has opened on the Champs de Mars, Paris, consisting of a caravan of the Chamba tribe, men, women and children, with their animals and household trappings, brought there by the explorer, M. Bruneau.

A schema has been proposed to reduce the friction of salt water against the sides of a steamer, which, it is claimed, will increase the speed fifty per cent. It is to force air through the vessel's plates and thereby form a narrow space between the iron and water.

Dr. J. A. Gilbert, of the Yale psychological laboratory, who some time ago completed a series of tests regarding the mental and physical developments of the pupils of the New Haven (Conn.) public schools, discovered that boys are more sensitive to weight discrimination than are girls, and that girls can tell the difference in color shades better than boys.

Water Your Horses Often. Feeding a horse principally on grain and driving it five hours without water is like giving a man salt mackerel for dinner and not allowing him to drink before supper time—very unsatisfactory for the man. If you know anything about the care of horses and have any sympathy for them, water them as often as they want to drink—once an hour if possible. By doing this you will not only be merciful to your animals, but you will be a benefactor to yourself, as they will do more work, look better, and live longer. If you are a skeptic and know more about horses than any one else, you are positive that the foregoing is wrong, because you have had horses die with watering them too much, and boldly say that the agitators of frequent watering are fools in your estimation, and you would not do such a thing. Just reason for a moment and figure out whether the animal would have overdrunk and overfilled his stomach if it had not been allowed to become overthirsty. A driver who sits in his wagon and lashes his worn-out, half-couried, half-fed, and half-watered team deserves to be punished as a criminal.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Goose Plant in Full Bloom. The "goose" plant in Washington Park Conservatory is now at its best, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. One of the biggest geese is over a yard long, and broad in proportion. The plant is one of the most unique, rare and valuable known to scientists. The correct name is aristolochia gigas, Sturtevantii, and it was at the World's Fair. When there it bore only one or two flowers, owing to its being too young to bear more. It is a native of South America, and even there is considered a marvelous production. In one of the green houses next to the "goose" house at Washington Park is a collection of cladonias of the most varied shapes and colors. Mr. Kanst, the head gardener, says the collection has no duplicate. Many of the plants have leaves as delicately traced as the finest Valenciennes laces. A newspaper may be read if covered with one of these transparent leaves. The colors are all shades of red, pink, maroon, crimson and yellow.

Some Remarkable Cases. Here are some remarkable cases: The other day a wagon maker, who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke; and a blind carpenter reached out for a plane and saw; and a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd; and a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of hering and smelt; and a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a great hole.—Victoria (British Columbia) Home Journal.

King of Crabs. A soft shell crab weighing twenty-four ounces and measuring twenty-one and a half inches from tip to tip of the extended claws, was received in Baltimore a few days ago from Deal's Island, Md.—New York Post.

A SONG OF LOVE TIME.

Sing a song of love-time— All the world is light; Ripple on the river And the stars a-shining bright. Sing a song of love-time— All the world is sweet, Rainbows round the heavens— Lilies at your feet! Sing a song of love-time— Sorrow in eclipse! Roxy children climbing To the leaning of your lips Sing a song of love-time— Sing it—sing it, birds! Set the sweetest music To the sweetest human words! Sing a song of love-time— All the world made new, And a heaven that is nearer Than the heaven in the blue! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A civil tongue is a better protection for the head than a steel helmet.—Ham's Horn. Praising yourself relieves your friends of a great burden.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. What availeth it if a girl wear white kid slippers and nobody sees them?—Oil City Blizzard.

Some men ought to be ashamed of themselves, but they never happen to think about it.—Galveston News. People who are always telling their troubles are never at a loss for something to talk about.—Ram's Horn. No person ever lives the allotted years of man without wishing he hadn't written that letter.—Pack.

We don't believe a long-haired man knows any more about medicine than a short-haired man.—Acheson Globe. He—"Shall we take the cars down town?" She—"No, Jack; let's have the cars take us down town."—Truth. "Oh, doctor! doctor! I've swallowed a filbert."—"Swallow a nutcracker, madam. Five dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

Higbee—"By Jove, old man, you are looking extremely well. Been taking a vacation?" Bradford—"No; my wife has."—Truth. A man spends most of his time when around home in wondering where the women folks have "hid" the things he wants.—Acheson Globe. Stewart—"Miss Mitford is a very magnetic girl." Darley (who is jealous)—"I have heard that she shocks every one she meets."—Truth.

A—"We had an addition to the family yesterday." B—"Congratulate you, old man; a boy or a girl?" A—"Neither; mother-in-law."—Truth. A mother's idea of a good luck as any one can ask for is to occasionally find a pair of stockings in the pile that doesn't need darning.—Acheson Globe.

Admirer—"Where did you get all this wonderful strength?" Famous Strong Man—"I was a carver in a boarding house for three years."—Syracuse Post. "What do you think? Dick said that I was the prettiest girl at the reception."—"Think? Why, that he can't consult an oculist any too quick."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"There's one thing I can't understand about mosquitoes," said Bobbie. "Where do such little bits of things keep those great big bites that spread about so?"—Harper's Bazar. "How did Officer Dulan get the silver medal he wears?" "It was for bravery." "What did he do?" "Walked by three fruit stands without taking anything."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"What does Dr. Slinpursue say produced this case of appendicitis?" "Lack of work."—"What! Why, the man never has an idle day."—"Oh, no; but Slinpursue has."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Mrs. Nucook—"Isn't it funny, dear, we are never troubled with tramps? Why is it, I wonder?" Mr. Nucook—"Probably because you always give them something to eat, darling."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Carry any life insurance?" "Yes, \$10,000 in favor of my wife."—"Shouldn't you'd be ashamed to look her in the face?"—"What—what for?"—"For living."—"What excuse do you give her?"—Indianapolis Sentinel. Dick—"Cholly's down with nervous prostration. He read a cablogram in the paper that it was raining in London and couldn't turn up his trousers." Harry—"Why not?" Dick—"He had on knee breeches."—New York Herald.

How odd it is that it seems never to have occurred to the street-car people that by taking all the seats out of their cars they could get a great deal more room than they have now for folks to stand up.—Somerville Journal.

Cums—"Say, old man, why don't you try electricity for your baldness?" Caraway—"Electricity? What good could that possibly do me? Does it make the hair grow?" Cums—"Best thing you could use—sure to give you a shock."—Harvard Lampoon. "My dear," he said to his wife upon returning home after the vigilance committee were through with him, "I have remembered at last to get the tar to paint the roof with; and I have brought you home some feathers to fill those cushions that you have been making."—Truth.

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