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NO. 6.

It is said that the ride from Cannes, France, to Genoa, Italy, is the finest railroad journey in the world.

San Francisco is said to be rapidly declining in prosperity and the California people blame the Southern Pacific Railroad for it.

The cities of New York owe \$171,000,000; the towns, \$14,000,000, and the villages, \$2,000,000, while the counties owe less than \$14,000,000.

The egg product of the United States is much more valuable than is generally supposed. It amounts to \$100,000,000 per annum, about one-third the value of the wheat crop.

Sixty-six out of one hundred American farmers own their farms. More than half of them have no income whatever. They are infinitely better off than our urban population and their condition is constantly improving. With good roads and intelligence, predicts the Atlanta Constitution, farmers will be the rulers of the earth, literally.

One secret of Japanese success is illustrated by the fact, told in Kate Field's Washington, that the new Japanese Minister, Mr. Kurino, pays such special attention to journalists. He will often keep people who have important business with the Legation waiting while he talks to a newspaper correspondent about Japan, its people and customs, the war, or any other topic that may be uppermost.

Who is the most learned man in the world? asks the New Orleans Picayune. If degrees count, a good claim may be made out for Herr von Gossler, the overeducated West Prussian, who has just been made a doctor of philosophy honoris causa by the philosophical faculty of the University of Halle. He is thereby the possessor of a doctor's diploma in all the four academic faculties. He is a doctor of law, and a doctor of philosophy, and has attained the rare distinction of the so-called "doctor quadruplex."

The money value of hands and fingers has been made the subject of an interesting estimate by one of the German miners' accident insurance companies. According to this the loss of both hands represents a loss of 100 per cent. efficiency, or, in other words, the whole ability to earn a living. Losing the right hand depreciates the value of an individual as a worker seventy to eighty per cent., while the loss of the left hand represents from sixty to seventy per cent. of the earnings of both hands. The thumb is reckoned to be worth from twenty to thirty per cent. of the earnings, the first finger of the right hand is valued at from fourteen to eighteen per cent.; that of the left hand, at from eight to thirteen per cent. The middle finger is valued at no more than from seven to nine per cent., while the little finger is worth from nine to twelve per cent. The difference in the percentages, it is explained, is occasioned by the difference in the trades followed by the injured ones.

The investigations of Dr. Parkhurst and the Lexow Committee make it reasonably certain that in the past thirty years New York's police force has levied and collected \$100,000,000 blackmail. The shady houses in New York have paid in hush money, estimates the Atlanta Constitution, "\$3,450,000 a year to the police officials. The blood money paid by the green goods men amounts to \$14,000 per annum. The policy writers have paid the police \$19,200 a year. A conservative estimate shows that the gamblers have paid \$72,000 a year for this unlawful protection. About two thousand merchants pay \$30,000 a year for the privilege of obstructing the sidewalks with their goods. The saloon keepers pay about \$1,750,000 a year to escape prosecution for their violations of law. The evidence shows that this blackmail has been levied for thirty years, and at the lowest estimate it must amount to \$100,000,000, and it may possibly run \$50,000,000 above that sum. Such a chapter of municipal corruption has never before been exposed. And yet it must be admitted that New York has many police officers and privates who are as honest, brave and efficient as any in the land. But the corrupt conduct of others has brought the entire force under suspicion. Naturally, the scandal has encouraged the lawless classes, and they are loud in their clamor against the police. In the interests of law and order it is to be hoped that there will be a thorough and speedy reform. It would be a calamity to the whole country to have this state of affairs continue much longer in the metropolis."

THE CROAKER.

When it ain't a-goin' to blow,
It'll snow!
When the land with cash is hummin',
There's a money panic comin'!
When the sky is boom'n' bright,
There's a hurricane in sight!
And you'll know,
And you'll know,
It was him who told you so!

When the crops are growin' fine,
They'll decline,
They'll decline!
When the weather's kinder sunny,
All the heat will melt the honey!
When it's lookin' rather wet,
It will drown the cotton yet!
And you'll know,
And you'll know,
It was him who told you so!

He's a great one in his way,
Every day,
Every day.
He is always prophesying:
He is either dead, or dyin';
And no matter what you do,
It's exactly as he know!
And you'll know,
Know, know,
It was him who told you so!

—F. L. Stanton.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE.

BY FRANCIS COPPEE.

OR fifteen years I passed nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day, through a little street situated at the extreme limit of the Faubourg St. Germain, and ending in one of those magnificent boulevards which radiate about des Invalides. It was one of those very rare Parisian by-ways where there is not a single shop. I do not know a more tranquil spot. Several gardens, enclosed in long low walls overhung with branches, shed over the deserted street in May the delicate odor of lilacs; in June, the heavier perfume of elderflowers and acacias.

Among these was one abode even more isolated than the others. When the porte cochere opened to admit a landau or coupe, the pedestrian (who heard the echo of his steps on the sidewalk) saw only a graveled road, bordered with a hedge which turned abruptly toward a house hidden amid the verdure. It would have been difficult to find a corner more secluded. The place contained neither gardener's house nor porter's lodge—nothing but that nest in the foliage.

The pavilion was inhabited. The garden, gay with flowers, always carefully attended to, was a proof of that. In winter, the smoke from the chimneys rose to the gray sky, and in the evening a light shone dimly behind the thick curtains, always closely drawn. Several times I saw going or coming through the lattice-door an old servant in sombre livery, and with a circumspect, even suspicious, air. Evidently I should gain nothing by interrogating him. Besides, what right had I to trouble with vain curiosity the unknown host or hosts of the closed house?

I respected their secret, but the enigmatical dwelling continued to exercise for me its singular attraction.

One July night, a stifling night, under a dark, heavy sky, I came home about eleven o'clock, and, according to my usual habit, I mechanically turned my steps so as to pass before the mysterious pavilion. The little street, lighted only by three gas jets far apart, which flickered in the heated air, was absolutely deserted. Not a leaf stirred on the trees in the garden. All nature was dumb in the quiet which precedes a storm.

I was in front of the pavilion, when some notes were struck on a piano within and echoed in the motionless air. I noticed with surprise that, doubtless because of the heat, two of the windows were partly open, though not enough for one to see the interior of the apartment. Suddenly a woman's voice, a soprano of wonderful sweetness and power, burst forth upon the silence of the night.

She sang a short melody, of strange rhythm and the most touching melancholy, in which I divined instinctively a popular air, one of those flowers of primitive music which are never gathered in the gardens raked by professional maistri. Yes, it certainly was a folk song, but of what country? I did not recognize the tongue in which the words were written, but I felt there the plaintive inspiration, and fancied that I detected in them the sad spirit of the North. The air was thrilling, the voice sublime. It hardly lasted two minutes, but I never felt in all my life such a deep musical sensation, and long after the song had died away, I felt still vibrating within me the final melodious note, sharp, penetrating, sad, like a long cry of pain. I remained there for a long time in the hope of hearing that delicious voice again, but suddenly a storm burst upon the city. The wind shook the trees. I felt a large drop of rain on my hand. I was obliged to make all haste to get home.

Some days afterward I was in the Casino at Dieppe with some jolly companions, and took part in an entertainment upon music. I praised the popular airs, which I distinguished spontaneously from an innocent sentiment. In aid of my theory, I related my adventure.

"What do you think of this air?" I asked Prince Khaloff, a young Russian with whom I was very intimate. "I shall never forget it," I said warm-

ly. I proceeded to sing it indifferently well.

"Well," replied the young prince, "you can congratulate yourself, my dear sir, in having had such a rare treat. That melody is a song of the sailors of Drontheim, away out in Norway, and the beautiful voice must have been that of Stolberg, with whom we were all in love two years ago, when she made her debut in St. Petersburg—that Stolberg was the rival of her countrywoman Nilsson, and who would have become one of the great singers of the century if she had not been suddenly snatched from art, from the stage, from success of all kinds by her love for Count Basil Lobanof, at that time my comrade in the Guards, when we were both cornets in the cavalry. Yes, for two years we were without news of Basil. He had given up his commission and left Russia without saying adieu to any one. And we only knew vaguely that he had hidden himself in Paris with his wife; but we were ignorant of the piece of his retreat till you now revealed it by chance."

"So," said I, "the wonderfully gifted artist has renounced everything for a little love affair."

"Nay rather for a great passion!" cried the prince. "Although very young, Stolberg had had numerous flirtations when she met Lobanof. I was there in the green room on the evening when Basil—who, I should tell you, is as handsome as a god—was presented to her, and I saw the diva pale with emotion, even under her powder and paint. Oh, it was startling, and I thought that she would carry off our young friend that same evening, pell-mell, with the triumphant bouquets, after the fifth act. But immediately she became so jealous as a Mussulman—yes, jealous of the very public when she sang. He was always there in the front seats of the orchestra, and at each burst of applause he turned abruptly, and cast a sombre look over the house. That look seemed to express a desire to slap the whole audience in the face. Everything went wrong. Even when the Czar was present, the prima donna had eyes for no one but Basil—sang always to Basil. That caused trouble behind the scenes, and the poor girl decided to leave the stage. She did so at the end of three months, at the close of her engagement. He married her—and since then they have hidden themselves in Paris, in the retreat which you discovered. They must be dead by now. But I will wager that Basil will get over it. He is built like the Farnese Hercules, and they say poor Stolberg is consumptive. They pretend even that it is disease which gives her voice its wonderful power and extraordinary sweetness and pathos. Her gift is the result of disease, like the pearl. All the same, no matter how much in love with Lobanof the poor girl is, she will die of weariness in that cage in which she keeps her. Then she must sing very rarely, since in the many times you have passed before their house you have heard her but once, that night of the storm. Well, it will end badly."

The conversation turned to other things, and the next day I left Dieppe to go with some friends to Lower Normandy. I had only been there two days when I read accidentally in a theatrical paper the following notice: "We announce with sorrow the death of Mlle. Ida Stolberg, the Swedish cantatrice, who shone so briefly and brilliantly on the stage in Germany and Russia, and who renounced her lyrical career in the midst of her success and has been living quietly in Paris for two years past. She died of pulmonary consumption."

I had never seen Stolberg. One only had I heard since, in an incoherent voice. Still, the reading of this commonplace notice, which announced to me the fulfillment of Prince Khaloff's dismal prophecy, broke my heart. I knew now the whole mystery of the closed house. It was there that the poor woman had languished and been extinguished, deeply in love, no doubt, but stifled also by the captivity to which she was condemned by the jealousy of her husband. No doubt, also, she was full of regrets for the former triumphs of her abandoned art. The fate of Stolberg seemed so sad to me that I fairly hated the man who had sacrificed her whole life. He seemed to me a fop, an egoist, a brute. I was certain that he would soon console himself for the loss of his wife, that he would soon forget the poor dead woman, and that, unworthy of the love which he had inspired, he would also be incapable of grief or fidelity.

On my return to Paris, one of the first persons I met on the Boulevard was Prince Khaloff. I told him how much I had been moved at the news of the singer's death, and I could not hide from him the instinctive antipathy which I felt toward Lobanof.

"Behold, you people of imagination!" cried the prince. "You were charmed for an instant by this woman's voice, and you feel a profound, almost morbid love for her, and a retrospective jealousy of my poor friend. I own to you that I have always thought Basil a more sensual than sensible man, more passionate than tender; but I have seen him since poor Ida's death, and he is a prey, I assure you, to the most horrible and sincere despair. When I expressed my sympathy to him, he cast himself in my arms, and repeated to me, as he wept on my shoulder, that he could live no longer. And it was not instance. He goes at once to Senegal, to join the Jackson mission, a party of explorers, who will bury themselves, probably forever, in frightful Africa. That is not common, you will own. It is to be feared that fever or cholera, or a shot from the gun of a savage, will end the poor boy's life and sorrows. Take

back, I beg you, your rash and premature judgment upon him. Besides, he had before his departure an idea which should certainly seem affecting to you. That pavilion, where he has been so happy and so unhappy, belongs to him. Well, he has closed it forever. Basil wishes that no living being should ever again penetrate that abode of love and sorrow. You can pass there now, and see the house fall into ruin, and on the day when they put a notice upon it, on that day you can say, 'Basil Lobanof is dead.'

I left the prince, and the next day, reproaching myself for my injustice, I went to see the deserted house. The shutters were closed; the dead leaves of the great plane tree, half-bare (it was the end of autumn), covered the grass of the lawn. Weeds forced their way through the gravelled walk. The work of destruction had begun. Months passed; a year; then another; then the daily papers were full of the great anxiety felt over the fate of Jackson and his companions, from whom no news had come. You know that even to-day the world is ignorant of the fate of those brave explorers.

Living always in the same vicinity and passing every day before the abandoned pavilion, I say it decays, little by little. The rain of two winters had lashed constantly the plaster of the facade and covered it with a damp mould. Then the slate roof was damaged by wind and rain storms. Dampness attacked everything. Lizards sunned themselves on the wall; the balcony was loosened; the roof bent. The appearance of the poor house became lamentable. As for the garden, it had returned quickly to its savage state. The flowers were not cultivated; the rose-bushes were untrimmed, and had only leaves and branches; the geraniums were dead. The grass had long since disappeared under the dead hay, and the high stalks of the weeds were displaced even by the butterflies. Nothing grew there but thistles and the pale poppy. It was a gloomy spot!

Years rolled on. It was now impossible to hope for the return of the Jackson party. Evidently those intrepid pioneers had succumbed to hunger and thirst in some horrible desert or been massacred by the savages, and Count Basil Lobanof was dead with them, faithful to his Stolberg. The deserted house had fallen absolutely into ruin. The great tree which was near the house, and whose foliage was no longer kept in check by trimming, had thrust one of its immense branches through the window. The shutters had fallen off, and the tree had pushed its way into the interior of the dismembered house. There might be mushrooms within and even grass growing on the floor of the salon. Each time I passed before the old ruin which had come to the last stages of decay, I thought, abandoning myself to a romantic reverie,—"It is better that it should be so. If they had heard of the count's death, the heirs no doubt would have caused steps to be taken at once for its restoration. They would have broken it open brutally, and let in the garish light of day, to desecrate those hallowed associations of love and sorrow. Basil Lobanof has done well to disappear, and nature lovingly destroys slowly this old love-nest, and keeps it from profanation."

The other day I saw the ruin again; the branches of the great tree came through the roof, and there were little trees growing in the rocks. Then I met Prince Khaloff, who had not been in France for a dozen years. We walked and talked together, and I told him all the slow destruction, and the thoughts it suggested. The prince burst into laughter.

"Decidedly, my dear fellow, you will never be anything but a poet. Basil is married again, the father of three children, and holds the office of First Secretary to the Russian Ambassador at Rome."

"The Count Lobanof is not dead!" I cried, stupefied.

"On my last visit to Rome he was as well as you or I."

"He did not go with the Jackson party? Oh, the perfidious man!" I cried, furious at my wasted sympathy. I should have suspected him. It seems that he forgot his dead love at once."

"Oh no," replied the prince. "Basil is not so guilty as that. With grief after her death, he would, for good or bad go with the party. But on the sixth day of their march he fell seriously ill and was taken to St. Louis by a caravan, in the greatest agony. There he recovered—but it was not his fault. His friends profited by his weakness and lack of energy to carry him back to Europe, and since then, after waiting a long time, he has consoled himself."

"But then the deserted house?"

"What does that comely signify?" asked I, in a bad humor.

"How else were you, my dear!" replied the amiable Russian. "It is not a comedy, but it proves on the contrary, that the count is a man of honor. What did he promise? That as long as he lived no one should go under the roof which had sheltered his love. And he has kept his word, though it has cost him a great deal. Besides, who knows if he does not always mourn his delightful singer, and regret bitterly the evenings passed in that closed house, listening to the divinely sad music of that voice which caused him so much happiness, so much sorrow? All that I can tell you," added the prince with an ironical smile, "is that with a large fortune, a beautiful family, and a home in the Eternal City, a despairing love twelve years old ought to be endurable!"—Translated for Romance.

Cloves grow wild in the Moluccas.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The whistling buoy can be heard about fifteen miles.

Asiatic cholera is the most rapidly fatal thing known to medical science.

Carrriages propelled by electricity derived from a storage battery are common in Berlin.

A French physician reports a case of hiccough successfully treated by taking snuff until sneezing was provoked.

Lightning is most destructive in level, open country. Cities, with their numerous projections and wires, are comparatively exempt.

A total absence of butterfly life in England is noted. Beyond an occasional white butterfly, there are none to be seen this summer.

Irish potatoes in a store, with a cellar under them, will stand a temperature of ten degrees, and without a cellar a zero temperature will not hurt them.

Gardening ants collect pieces of vegetable and pile them up to rot in the dark interior of their nests until the rubbish is covered with a growth of fungus on which the ants feed.

People wink because the eye must be kept clean and moist, and by the action of the eyelids the fluid secreted by the glands of the eyes is spread equally over the surface of the globe.

The greatest earthquake on record within the limits of the United States occurred in California in 1872. For ten days the ground was continuously agitated, not being perfectly quiet for as long as a single minute.

At the meeting of the German Congress of Natural Science in Vienna, Professor Boltzman delivered an interesting lecture on aerial locomotion. He predicted the greatest success for the application of aeroplanes.

At Predmost, in Bohemia, where many mammoth skeletons have been unearthed, a prehistoric family has lately been found. The skeletons of the man, woman and children are complete, the man's being of enormous size.

A Boston author, who is convinced that the printing of books in white and black is unnatural and trying to the eyes, is about to bring one out with the pages blue, green, yellow, etc., purchaser to make choice of his or her own color.

Professor Roux, of Paris, at a recent hygienic congress at Budapest, asserted that in the Paris hospitals seventy-five per cent. of the children inoculated with Behring's anti-diphtheritic (serum taken from horses) were saved, while those not inoculated sixty per cent. died and only forty per cent. survived.

Released Her Imprisoned Foot.

A woman crossing a network of railroad tracks in Long Island City not long ago stepped on a frog, which was unsecured, and pinioned her foot severely. There was possibly no danger from an approaching train, for there were many men about, but her position was not comfortable.

Her cries attracted assistance to her side, and the groups of men began suggesting first one thing, then another to release the foot. "Give a sudden jerk," suggested one. "Slide your foot forward," said another. The woman tried, but could not move her foot.

"No, that won't do," cried a third. "Get a crowbar. Get anything. We've got to pry it out." At this the woman became hysterical, and the men all grew nervous. Several ran up the track, and several down to signal any approaching train.

Just then when the excitement was high, a railroad employe crossed the track, swinging a tin dinner pail. "What's the matter?" he asked of one of the crowd. The situation was explained to him. Everything had been tried, his informant said, and they were waiting for a crowbar.

"Why don't you unlace the shoe," he said, and taking a knife from his pocket he cut the laces. No one had thought of that, but the remedy was effective, and in fifteen seconds the half fainting woman was able to pull her foot from the shoe, and a slight effort released the latter.—New York Herald.

Wanton Destruction of Reindeer.

The use of firearms has led to the wanton destruction of the reindeer for the sake of their skins, their antlers, and their tongues, which are a rare delicacy. It is to be feared that the Greenland reindeer will soon go the way of the buffalo of our Western plains; and so of the fur-bearing animals in general. The natural increase is sufficiently checked by the original native methods of catching them in traps. The seal, also, the most important of all the animals upon which they depend for existence—furnishing them food, clothing, fuel, and covering for the kayak—is in danger of being exterminated by the more destructive methods of hunting introduced by modern inventions.—New York Post.

A National Clothing Department.

The men who fought the establishment of the Department of Agriculture a few years ago on the ground that it was unnecessary, will perhaps be surprised to learn that one hundred years ago there was a "Clothing Department," and that Congress issued regulations for a clothier general, a State clothier, a regimental clothier, and so on. A "department of clothing" would excite derisive laughter now. There was a good deal of inquiry and report on the subject of clothing for the continental army, and at one time General Horatio Gates reported that the cost of clothing each man was \$23.—Washington Star.

THE VALUABLE FUR SEAL.

AN ANIMAL OVER WHICH GOVERNMENTS HAVE ARBITRATED.

Princely Royalty Derived by the United States From Seals Killed—A Remarkable Creature.

THE fur seal (its name should be furry sea lion) is the most celebrated of all our fur-bearing, and the United States Government has been active in protecting it from destruction as it was indifferent to the fate of the buffalo millions. If our great international dispute with England and Canada over the fur seal had arisen seventy years ago, before the days of peaceful arbitration, there would surely have been a war over it. Nor is our interest in our fur seal to be wondered at when we stop to consider that from 1870 to 1890 our National Treasury received \$6,000,000 from the Alaska Commercial Company as royalty on the animals killed (six-sevenths of the purchase price of Alaska). When to this we add the amount received in a twenty per cent. import duty on the dressed skins as they came back to us from the English dyers, the total revenue derived from the fur seal in the Government's hands is quite certain.

No other quadruped ever became such a bone of contention between two great nations for a long period, the discussion winding up with a high and mighty conference of arbitration.

As usual, the whole trouble arose through the greediness of a few irresponsible and lawless individuals. The sealers of the Pacific coast insisted upon taking fur seals by shooting them in the open sea, by which wasteful process seven were lost for every three secured. But if it were not for the loss of money revenue derived from this animal, it is quite certain that the sealers would have allowed the wasteful slaughter to go on until the last seal was dead.

The fur seal is not a true seal by any means, but a sea lion, with naked, paddle-shaped flippers and tiny ears. It is about two-thirds the size of the Zalophus, and is therefore the smallest member of the sea-lion family. Mr. Elliott gives the average length of the full-grown male animal as six feet from nose to tail, and weight from 350 to 500 pounds. The average length of the adult female is a trifle over four feet, and weight from sixteen to twenty-five pounds.

When dry, the coat is of a dark, steel gray color, and only the coarse, stiff outer hair is visible. Underneath this lies a dense coat of very fine and soft light-brown fur, in which lies all the value of the skin. In preparing the pelt, the coarse outer hair is entirely removed, and the underlying fur is dyed a shiny, lustrous black, and sheared down very evenly. For some mysterious reason, we, the people of "Yankee ingenuity," are actually unable to dye seal furs successfully, and this work is from sheer necessity sent to England. When it comes back, there is a high rate of duty to pay, which in addition to the original royalty of \$10.22 paid to the Government by the North American Commercial Company for every skin taken, the very long bill of transportation charges, labor, and profits all along the line, from the back of the seal to that of the fortunate wearer, accounts for the price of from \$250 to \$600 on a seal skin cloak.

In its habits the fur seal is a remarkable creature. With 6000 miles of coast to land upon if it chose, its strange and perverse animal now refuses to set flipper upon any portion of the whole North American continent, little or mainland, save the two little dots of land in Bering Sea, St. Paul, and St. George Islands, known to the world collectively as the Pribilof Islands. St. Paul is seven miles by fourteen, and St. George is only five and a half by thirteen.

And yet, when Mr. Elliott made his careful and elaborate surveys of all the "rookeries," or herding grounds on those islands, in July, 1873, and laboriously calculated the number of their fin footed inhabitants, he found there the astonishing number of 3,193,420 fur seals. Like sheep in a pen, they actually crowded one another on the sloping shores of sand, or water worn boulders, or tables of slaty blue basalt. Each burly old male appears a giant beside the females and small males gathered around him.—St. Nicholas.

"A Heap of Milk."

The Earl of Surrey, in one of his best poems, says:

Laid in my quiet bed,
In study as I were
I saw within my troubled head
A heap of thoughts appear.

He here uses "heap" in precisely the sense given it by people in Southern Indiana, in Georgia, in Texas, and generally over a large part of the United States. This sense of the word is very primitive. I believe the Century Dictionary gives the sense of a crowd or throng as the earliest meaning of the word. It was good when the first colonists came out of England. It seems a little monstrous nowadays to hear a man speak of his cow's giving "a heap of milk," or to hear that "there was a heap of people at the basket meetin'."—Century.

An Island Inhabited by Turtles.

Cayca, a West India island, is inhabited exclusively by turtles; some of which grow to an enormous size. Attempts to establish human habitations on the island have always failed. The turtles undermine the foundations of the houses, and not unfrequently attack the inmates.—New York Mail and Express.

COUNTRY'S MOVING.

Say your say in sing your song—Country's movin' right along! Spring or summer—fall or snow, Country's always on the go!

Puffin, blowin',
Hot, or snowin',
Always goin',
Goin',
Goin'!

Say your say by night an' day—Country's happy on the way! Spite o' weather, spite o' crops, Always goin'—never stops!

Puffin, blowin',
Makes a showin';
Always goin',
Goin',
Goin'!

Stormy skies, or weather fair,
Country's got the roadway clear!
Storms may bowl, or bells may chime,
Country's goin' all the time!

Puffin, blowin',
Reapin', snowin',
Always goin',
Goin',
Goin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Man wants but little here below—woman wants the rest.—Truth.

A man never knows how to be a son until he has become a father.—Athenian Globe.

With most people, success has a strong tendency to destroy belief in luck.—Puck.

He—"I hear that you are going abroad in a month?" She—"Not much—in a boat."—Truth.

He—"I'm telling you the honest truth." She—"Is there dishonest truth?"—Detroit Free Press.

Popularity is one of the most vague and undefined possessions that man acquires.—Milwaukee Journal.

When a man goes into business, everybody wonders "where on earth he got the money."—Athenian Globe.

This sweet old world is funny.
But we wear it by degrees;
The best first steal the honey,
Then we steal it from the bees!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The trouble about the trials of this life is that a fellow always wants to render his own verdicts.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Visitor (discovering acquaintance)—"Hello, what are you here for?" Prisoner (briefly)—"For six months."—Detroit Free Press.

The Author—"I trust you enjoyed my play?" The Parvenu—"Yes, indeed. The entractes are so delightful."—Chicago Record.

Nor bruised nor bleeding was the man.
Who near the sea's front took a seat;
No broken tones had he, although
He'd fallen over forty feet.
—Puck.

"I want a position for my son as an editor?" "What are his qualifications?" "Failed in everything else."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Did you tell your mistress that I called yesterday when she was out?" Maid—"It wasn't necessary. She saw you coming."—Inter-Ocean.

"Flossie has accepted that horrid old Goldheep. What do you suppose she was thinking of?" "Hettie—"Herself, dear."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She laughed at every little jest.
Even though it might be simple;
It wasn't a wish to show her taste,
But a cunning little dimpie.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Agent—"Bunker is a social philosopher." Caller—"In what respect?" Agent—"He never kicks when we drum him repeatedly for his rent. He just moves."—Inter-Ocean.

Dr. Emdee—"Years ago the doctors used to bleed their patients for about everything they had." Van Pelt—"The practice doesn't change much, does it?"—Truth.

Kashem—"Why don't you put a check to that fellow who is overclassifying you?" Bilker—"What'd be the use? The bank wouldn't pay it."—Buffalo Courier.

Old Lady (proudly)—"My boy is a hustler all the time, but he is humping himself here lately." Visitor—"Is that so? What bicycle does he ride?"—Detroit Free Press.

Now all the college boys bestow
Upon their hair and mustle
Consummate care, because they know
In football they must bustle.
—Washington Star.

Minks—"There is one great objection to onions." Winks—"What's that?" "They are wholesome." "Do you consider that an objection?" "Certainly. People who are fond of them don't die half so soon as you'd like them to."—New York Weekly.

"Yes," said Mr. Jason, "I allow that women air the sentimental sex and all that sort of thing, but I've always noticed that when a couple get engaged it is the woman that first thinks of figgerin' out how they air to live on his salary."—Indianapolis Journal.

Indicative—"What makes you think Jack Youngley is going to propose to you?" "Why, we were dancing to other night and I complimented him upon the easy way in which he held me. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'it's always easy for me to hold my own.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Grass Growing a Science.
Since grass growing has become a science and an art you may hire a man to create a lawn for you in a fifth of the time once thought necessary for such a creation. Thick and luxurious lawns are produced between spring and autumn, and a lawn of two years under the modern forcing process may easily rival one of five years under the old-fashioned system. Artificial stimulants and abundant water are responsible for the new order of things.—Chicago Herald.