VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1894.

NO. 10.

Every able-bodied male in Norway ! has te serve in the army.

Austria now proposes to tax cats in order to avoid a deficit in her treasury.

The United States Navy Department has been obliged to put old ships out of commission to find crews for new

"Scrub stock and scrub farming are always found in connection with a scrub education," avers the New York

A certain plant destroying grub has migrated across the Mexican border into Texas and seriously threatens all of our future cotton crops.

New South Wales is making strenuous efforts to expand her export trade. The latest experiment is a consignment of frozen rabbits for the English mar-

The New York Advertiser observe that England's prejudices do not interfere with enormous purchases of our fere with enormous purchases of our the commencement of the present de-apples and the well beloved Yankee pression of values.

It is predicted by scientists that in 300 years the earth will flop and cause the north and south poles to change places, and that in 30,000,000 years from now the sun will become ex-

The tumulus on the top of Parliament Hill fields, London, is to be opened. It is popularly supposed to be the burial place of Boadicea, the British warrior queen. A group of statuary to her memory is to be erected on the spot.

Horses are now being shipped from this country to Europe, and our exports of horses exceed in value those imported. Formerly we bought a great many horses from Europe for purpose of improvement, but Europe is now drawing on us for horses for the same purpose.

Desiccated milk began to attract attention more than twenty years ago. It was them called factoline, and, according to accounts of the period, an addition of nine parts of water would reduce it to fresh milk. The New York Sun maintains that the modern condensed milk is an improvement upon this earlier product.

The New York Independent says It is not often that we hear of a railroad being built from other than business reasons, but the new Montfort Colonization Railway, which has just been opened, extending from Montreal, Canada, northwest to Arundel, a distance of thirty-three miles, is said to have been constructed solely for religious and philanthropic mo-

In a law court at Halle, Germany, the other day a man named Wetzstein was arraigned on separate indictments for the murder of two women, and in each case a sentence of death was passed upon him. But this was not all. The man was further charged with the attempted murder of two more women. For these two offenses he was, notwithstanding the death sentences, gravely condemned to fifteen years' imprisonment.

Probably one of the most interest ing sects in Russia is the Dukhobortsi, inhabiting large districts in West ern Transcaucasia, remarks the New York Independent. Their name. "Wrestlers with the Spirit," indicates that the society at its beginning had views analogous to those of the Ger man Pietists. They were men of strong character and faith. But as time went on and active persecution of them ceased, they began to show signs of worldliness, to amass money and land, and forget their pristine simplicity of life. News from the Caucasus now states that a strangely interesting revival movement is stirring these people. Their leader, Verigin, has called upon them to divide their property equally among all the brethren, and in response to his call some of the richest Dukhobortsi possess, one man, probably the rich est among them, having cheerfully withdrawn his whole property of \$5000 from the bank and distributed it among his less opulent brethren. Verigin has ordered in all the women of the sect who are in service in neighboring towns; they are not to leave their homes in the future. And in view of the possibility of a future relapse from the faith their energetic leader is stirring them up to leave the fat lands of the Caucasus for the remote and desolate steppes of the province of Archangel on the shores of the White Sea. The Dukhobortsi number about one hundred thousand.

Self-murder is decidedly on the in ease in Christian countries.

The chief obstacle to commercial progress in Persia is in the unsatis factory state of the roads.

There are as yet as many unpub lished sermons of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon as will require another ten years to get out.

Nitrate has doubled in consumption during the past ten years, and Colonel North, the nitrate king, is afraid that the supply will soon fall short of the

Since the battle of Waterloo the Rothschilds have laid by \$2,000,000, 000 for a rainy day, and one estimate of their wealth by the year 1965 is \$60,000,000,000.

The shrinkage of value of horses in 1893 is estimated to be over \$25,000,-000, and the total loss in falling off of prices will, the New York World estimates, aggregate \$60,000,000, since

A St. Louis man is now being treated by two Chicago physicians for lying, asserts the Atlanta Constitution. He has an uncontrollable mania for falsehood, and his physicians will soon perform an operation on him for the purpose of affecting a cure. The result will be awaited with anxious in-

Nell Nelson writes to the New York World from Paris: "Not long ago a college woman went down to Thiers to teach school for the winter. The promise of eighty pupils was a temptation, but on reaching the colony of soot-begrimed and smoke-stained smithies she found that the position paid \$5 a month and the teacher was expected to furnish the fuel for the winter."

In Paris, according to a recent enumeration, there are more tailors, upholsters, bonnet-makers, barbers, advocates, and men of letters than in any other city of the world. London has the most cab and carriage proprietors, engineers, printers, booksellers and cooks. Amsterdam is ahead on general dealers and money lenders. Brus sels is celebrated as the city where the largest number of boys smoke. Naples has the most street porters. Berlin has the largest number of beer drinkers. Florence excels in flowers sellers, and Lisbon contains the most

An interesting New England custom is that mentioned by Harper's Weekly which provides that stockholders of the Boston and Albany road shall ride free to Boston from any point on that road to attend the annual stockholders' meeting in September. They show their stock certificates instead of tickets, and they have all the week to get home in. So it happens that in stockholders' week people from west-ern Massachusetts flock to Boston to do their shopping, and crowd the hotels. A similar concession by other

The black ladyhird of Australia which was introduced into California two years ago to exterminate the black scale and like orchard parasites, has not belied its reputation, announces the New York Post. To these pests it has proved so relentless an enemy that in some parts of the State, notably Santa Barbara County, scarcely any insect life remains for the sustenance of the ladybird. Trees which, two years ago, were covered with the secretions of the scale, which, in fact, seemed irremediably ruined, are now clean, bright and vigorous. difficult," says an expert, "to place a pecuniary estimate on the value of the enemy of the black scale. In one respect, however, the saving in spraying and fumigating will probably represent \$100,000 a year to the horticulturists of California. One fruitgrower alone has of late years been compelled to expend from \$3000 to \$5000 per annum for this purpose, while there are four or five growers in pay out an average of \$10,000 annually in battling against the black scale. All this will be saved, for the little beetle costs nothing. Then, in addition to the economy, the trees will be more healthful and consequently will bear more plentifully and a better quality of fruit. The officers of the Board of Horticulture are satisfied that the black scale is doomed, as was the cotton cushion, and are now turning their attention to the discov ery of a parasite that will war on the red scale, which is causing so much annoyance and loss to the crange-

growers of the South."

THE LILY AND THE POET,

A lily on the highland lay, neath the flerce and score Of midday summer sun. It chanced a poet, passing by, Upon the lily cast his eye, His sympathy it won.

'Poor little flower," he pitying said, 'Who left thee thus with drooping head Beneath a burning sky; Ab, me! it was a thoughtless deed

To cast thee forth, like common weed, To wither and to die. 'Away from cool and grateful shade

Of garden bed or mossy glade, Where, erstwhile, thou didst bloom My heart with pity bleeds for thee, Thus treated so despitefully, And left to such a doom.

"The lily is the spotless flower, Of purity of heart King Solomon, in all his power, Was not arrayed like thee, sweet flower, Thou work of Nature's art.

"I cannot leave thee in thy need, Amid the dust to pant and bleed. I cannot leave thee so. Close by thee lies a lovely mere,

Whose sparkling waters bright and clear, O'er water lilles flow. "Upon its coo!, refreshing breast,

I'll lay thee gently down to rest, And banish all thy pain. The water sprites will change thy shape, And, as a 'Lily of the Lake,' Thou yet shalt bloom again."

—The Academy.

MANDY'S ORG'N.



WONDER," reflect ed Mrs. Bentley, 'why 'Mandy don't feed them chick'ns -'ts high time they was fed! 'Mandy! Hoo-oo-hoo! Hoo-oo-hoo! You 'Mandy!"
"Yes, maw, wha

d'you want?" Agirlaboutseven teen years old came out the kitcher

out the kitchen door, and stood icoking at her mother. Mrs. Bentley was twenty or more steps away, and the chickens were making so much noise she had to raise her voice to a disagreeable, rasping pitch. "What'd' I want! Why, I want ter know why you don't feed them chick'ns, missy —that's what I want! Step around lively, now, 'n' don' forget's Chris'mas Eve, 'n' a lot o' extry work ter be lone. You ac' a if you didn't care whether the minister hed anything for dinner tomorrow 'r not!"

"I don't care," said the girl, with sallen emphasis. She came out into the lane, and stood near her mother."

My! I must be a sight! But when you git this horse warmed up, you can't go slow on him!"

"Won't you git down 'n' come in?" asked Mrs. Bentley, with cold and uninstakable disapproval. "How do you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! 'Mandy!"

"Mandy came to the gate, blushing and looking rather shy and awkward. The young man jumped off his horse gate.

"I've only changed in looks," he said, with shining eyes. "No, we can't come in?" asked Mrs. Bentley, with cold and uninstakable disapproval. "How do you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! 'Mandy!"

"Mandy came to the gate, blushing and looking rather shy and awkward. The young man jumped off his horse gate.

"I've only changed!" asked Mrs. Bentley, with cold and uninstakable disapproval. "How do you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! 'Mondy you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! 'Mondy you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! 'Mondy you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! 'Mondy!' out the kitchen door, and stood tooking at her mother. Mrs. Bentley

the lane, and stood near her mother apron, gathered up in her left I, was full of wheat. With her

hand, was full of wheat. With her right hand she began scattering it on the hard, ungrassed ground.

"Mebbe you think 'tis fun ter hev ministers 'n' their wives 'n' a lot o' children ter cook 'n' work fer an Chris'mas," she said; "but I don't. children ter cook 'n' work fer an Chris'mas," she said; "but I don't. I wish Chris'mas 'ud never come-fer all the good it does us! Maria Quackenbush's paw's got her a new org'n," she added, suddenly. A glow of eagerness came across her face, but faded almost instantly.

"Has he?" said Mrs. Bentley, stolidly watching the chickens.

"'N' ts twenty-four stops, maw."

"What has?"

"The color had left her face, and she was looking pale.

"No," said Mrs. Bently, with a hard look in her eyes, "she'll hev ter do all the work ternight. I'm a-go'n ter town."

"Why, maw!" exclaimed 'Mandy, in amazement. "'R' you, honest? What you go'n' fur?"

"I'm a-go'n' tar git some things fer.

"The org'n Maria's paw got 'er fer Chris'mas."
The elder woman shut her lips to

gether with a kind of grimness.
"I guess it won't give no better music than one with twenty-two," she

"No," said 'Mandy, with a sigh of railroads in other States would tend to popularize small holdings of railroad indifference. "Oh, maw," she added, suddenly, with a very passion of longing in her tone; "d' you think paw'll in the stock." ever get me 'n org'n fer Chris'mas?"
'I do' know," replied her mother.
'Looks kind o' like snow, don't it?
Which o' them pull'ts 'r' you go'n' ter

"I do' know; any of 'em's fat

enough. A dull grayness lowered upon the farm. The wind whistled a little as it came around the corner of the big barn, and pushed some stray locks of the girl's hair across her neck. A pasture, and looked over the tall bars, neighing and pawing the ground impatiently. F'.r off, down near the river, was the tinkle-inkle of a cow bell.

"There comes the cows," said Mrs. Bentley sighing precedent.

Bentley, sighing unconsciously. It was a sigh of resignation, however, for Mrs. Bentley had been a farmer's was a sign of resignation, nowever, for Mrs. Bentley had been a farmer's daughter before she was a farmer's wife. "There!" she exclaimed, in mild triumph, as a cock crew, "Didn't I tell you it was go'n' ter storm? You can tell it by the mournful sound o' thet rooster's voice. Oh, say, 'Mandy! Dick Underwood got home las' week from town ter spend Chris'mas 'n' New Year. I just heard it while you was out gether'n' punk'ns!"

"I knowed it yesterday," said the girl. She did not stir or lift her eyes, but a faint color came into her face and a pulse in her throat began to beat quickly.

Her mother gave her a keen, searching look.

"I guess he'll mos' likely be go'n' ter Maria's ter-morrow, a-seein' her new org'n," she said, looking away.

"Yes, I guess," said the girl. After new org'n, "she said, looking away.

"Yes, I guess," said the girl. After awg'n, while I'm dress'n. 'N' you have the said the girl. After way'n, while I'm dress'n. 'N' you have to the said the girl. After way'n, while I'm dress'n. 'N' you have you

ing look.

"I guess he'll mos' likely be go'n'
ter Maria's ter-morrow, a-seein' her
new org'n," she said, looking away.

"Yes, I guess," said the girl. After
a moment's hesitation, she added:
"Maria's maw got 'er 'n offul pretty
new dress."

Quackenbushes git so much money ter spend on foolishness! They got just the same fer their pertatos as we did —'n' they didn't have no bigger crop, I know. 'N' they ain't sold their hawgs yet. It beat me where they git their money ter pay fer things!"

"She's got a pair o' gloves ter match, too."

match, too."

"Tan' sakes! Just 's if that pair o' gray ones she got 'n the spring wasn't good enough! It beats me. Well, there's one thing mighty sure! They needn't any of 'em think she's go'n ter look better in all her finery than you'll look 'n thet peacock blue o' your'n!"

"Ts' 's old 's the hills," said the girl. Her lips quivered, and there was an undertone of tears in her voice. Her mother looked at her in mute sympathy.

netry.

"Maria Quackenbush ain't got no such figger 's your'n," she said, after a little, taking stock of the girl's good points; "nor no such hair, 'n' she don't know how ter do 't up like you do. I don't suppose he'll take a notice to her."

"Who will?" There was a conscious look on the girl's face.
"Dick Underwood."

"Who's a-car'n' whether he does 'r not?" exclaimed 'Mandy, with an exaggerated affectation of scorn and inexaggerated affectation of scorn and indifference that but poorly concealed
the deep hurt her mother's words had
given. "He's welcome to, 'f he wants
to! Nobody 'll hender 'im, I guess."
"Hev you got them chick'ns fed?"
"Yes." She shook the last grains
of wheat from her apron. Her face
was flushed, and tears were very close
to her eyes now.

As she turned toward the house,
there was a clatter of unevenly gallon-

As she turned toward the house, there was a clatter of unevenly galloping horses on the winter ground, and up to the gate dashed Maria Quackenbush and Dick Underwood, laughing noisily, and with a great deal of color in their faces, as if they had been riding recklessly.

"Whoa!" cried Maria, with spirit.

"Whoa, I tell you! Hello, 'Mandy! How do you do, Mis' Bentley! Guess my hair's down my back, ain't it? My! I must be a sight! But when you git this horse warmed up, you can't go

to supper."
"We're go'n' ter hev some music 'n'

sing'n'," said Maria loftily. "I've got a new org'n fer Chris'mas, 'Mandy." "Yes, I heard," said 'Mandy, faintly.

"Got twenty-four stops 'n' two knee swells—a loud 'n' a soft. "T's got a high back, 'n' places fer lamps 'n' "No, I guess not," said the girl.
The color had left her face, and she

"Why, maw!" exclaimed 'Mandy, in amazement. "'R' you, honest? What you go'n' fur?"
"I'm a-go'n' ter git some things fer

"I'm a-go'n' ter git some things fer dinner termorrow. I'm all out." She began drumming with her coarse red fingers on the gate. There was a look of sudden resolution—almosi

stubbornness—on her face; and a cold glitter, like steel, in her eyes—especially when she looked at Maria.

"I wish you c'u'd come," said that young lady, airily, to 'Mandy, flicking her horse's ears with her whip; among the late offerings in sole shape is the late offerings in sole shape is the late offerings in sole shape. "I've got lots ter tell you"—simpering—" 'n' just piles ter show you. I've got a new dress that'll make your

mouth water!"
"Hunh!" sniffed Mrs. Bentley, toss ing her head contemptuously.
"'Ts brown 'n' gold camel's hair—
offul fine—'n' it cost a dollar-'n'-aquarter a yard."

ount inte-h it cost a donar h a quarter a yard."

"Hez you paw sold his hawgs yet?" asked Mrs. Bentley, with sudden and startling significance. But evidently nothing could shake Maria's self-satisfaction to-day. She returned with placidity Mrs. Bentley's intense gaze.

"I do' know," she replied lightly.
"'N' I've got a pair o' gloves termatch, 'Mandy. Guess yon better come, after all. Well, we'll hev ter be go'n', Mr. Underwood"—she gave him a decidedly and boldly coquettish glance, whereat poor 'Mandy turned paler and Mrs. Bentley's face assumed a fairly purplish tinge—"'r we'll be

wag'n, while I'm dress'n. 'N' you hurry up, too, so's I can git off before you paw gits back! I won't git home to-night; I'll put up at Mis' Huntly's.

"Maria's haw got or mow dress."

"Did she?"—with a look of interest. "What's it like?"

"Ts a sort o' brown 'n' gold stript—camel's hair. "T's offul pretty," added the girl with a kind of bitter reluctance.

Mrs. Bentley was awed into silence for a moment in contemplation

"Maria's haw got or the silence to move than a passing thought to her mother's sudden resolutions, and eager to get her pale face away from those solicitous eyes, "Mandy gladly obeyed.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Beat eyes

Maria's splendor; then she gave a little sniff of contempt.

"Well, I don't see where them "I'll show them Quackenbushes's

"I'll show them Quackenbushes 't they can walk over my girl!" she was saying. Her lips were shut firmly together, and there was an ominous look in her eyes. Mandy's paw'll never git stirred up ter the pitch o' gitt'n 'n org'n; 'n' what's the sense o' my keep'n that hundred dollars ter bury myself with? Guess I'll git buried decent somehow. 'N' then a 'ticin' Dick Underwood down there on' the strength o' a new org'n 'n' a new dress!" Her tone was bitter now indeed. "I'll show 'em!"

She climbed into the wagon over the front wheel, and took up the reins with decision.
"Git up," she said, in a tone not to be trifled with.

As she passed the kitchen, she looked

be trifled with.

As she passed the kitchen, she looked in, but 'Mandy was not in sight. The ominous look deepened on the mother's face. "I'll show'em," she muttered again. The wind whistled around the corner, and brought with it the first flurry of snow. flurry of snow.

The ground was white when Mrs. Bentley drove with a flourish of tri-umph into the barn yard. 'Mandy ran out, bareheaded. Sho was still pale, and her eyes looked as if she had not slept.

"Oh, maw!" she cried. "What you cot there?"

got there?"

got there?"
"Stop holler'n'," said her mother
grimly. "'Tis a new org'n fer you—
'n' 'ts got twenty-eight stops 'n' three

grimly. "'Tis a new org'n fer you'n' 'ts got twenty-eight stops 'n' three
knee-swells!"

"Oh, maw!" exclaimed 'Mandy,
completely overcome. Then—"you're
a holler'n' yourself! 'Say, maw, what's
the third swell fur?"

"I don't know what 'ts fur, but 'ts
there. 'N' I guess I can holler 'f I
want to, because I've showed 'em!
'N' I've got a dress fur you thet cost a
dollar 'n' a half a yard, 'n' two pairs o'
gloves ter match!"

"Oh, maw!" gasped 'Mandy,
"you're a holler'n' offul!"

"N' Dick Underwood told me he
was com'n' ter see the new org'n. 'N'
he asked me 'f I thought you liked
him like you uster, 'n' like he likes
you! So, 'f I ain't showed them
Quackenbushes, missy, I'd like ter
know who has! 'N' I guess I can holler 'f I want to!"

Over-Sensitive People.

There is a class of people with whom it is painful to come in contact. Very nice, they may be, and good in all respects, but the fact that they are gifted with an undue amount of sensitiveness makes life often a burden to themselves and to others.

tiveness makes life often a burden to themselves and to others. In many cases this intense sensitiveness has its origin in childhood when children are made much of, until they grow to be wonderfully conscious of themselves. If parents, when they see the dawning of this trait, which grows to be such a painful one awhile, would do all they could to check and discourage it, if those who have a temperament which inclines them to sensitiveness would call to their aid all the common sense they possess and reason out the causes for offense which meet them so much oftener than they meet others, and consider how much of it has its origin in imagination, both they and the world would be gainers. The busy world has no time to stop to listen to small complaints, and complainers are small complaints, and complainers are apt to be left in the background, and sometimes to be so pushed aside as to sometimes to be so pushed aside as to really have some grounds for discontent. The wisest plan is to try as far as possible to forget self. The slights which are usually so trying may be ignored, for it is not a matter of so much importance how one is treated as it is the effect it has upon the character. That effect is lasting, the other is but transient.—Christian Herald.

is the last that turns almost skyward at the toe. The curve begins at the ball, and the toe very much resembles the peaked, turned-up front of some centuries ago that had to be chained to the kuee, only that it is not nearly so long, says a writer in Boots and Shoes Weekly. It was not so very long ago that the

It was not so very long ago that the turned-up toe was in vogue with us, made with a stiff, unyielding, heavy sole-leather bottom. The advocates of this shape contended then that this was the proper form for the sole of the shoe, because the foot assumed this position in progression. But there was no provision made in it for the foot at rest.

If this new style of turned-up toes

If this new style of turned-up toes is adopted, however, the modern flexible sole will in some degree mitigate the evils of such a shape by permitting the toes of the foot to press downward partially at least. This seems to be one of those novelties in footgear that is more calculated for novelty than comfort.

Progress in Ireland.

Statistics just published show that during the past year 60,000 acres of and have been reclaimed in Ireland. land have been reclaimed in Ireland. Horses and mules have increased in the island by nearly 10,000. Sheep and cattle have decreased 316,000 and 72,000, respectively; but, on the other hand, pigs have increased to the extent of 237,000, and the poultry census shows a goose and two fowls for every man, woman and child in Ireland, with ducks and turkeys in equal abundance.—New York World.

At a recent sale of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, the property of a Mr. Grant, of Scotland, the yearling bull, Bozz, sold for \$1450, claimed to be the highest price ever paid for a bull of the breed. He was bought for an Irish breeder. The average for the forty-two animals sold was about \$180 each.—New York World.

QUEER THINGS FOR SALE.

NOVET PURCHASES THAT MAY BE MADE IN NEW YORK.

Time and Water Are Daily Bought-People Who bell Their Bodies-Autographs of Famous People.

Autographs of Famous People.

New York, as in other great cities, where the fight for life is the fiercest, there is a price for everything—even, under certain conditions, for the very air we breathe. Father Time himself is on sale. The Westorn Union Telegraph Company has desks in the Naval Observatory in Washington. Four minutes before noon the wires { the system all over the United States are cleared of business, and the instant the sun passes the seventy-fifth meridian electricity carries the news to every city. The time-ball falls in New York at noon, in Chicago at 11 a. m., in Omaha at 10 a. m. and in San Francisco at 9 a. m., in simultaneous obedience to that single click from the instrument at Washington.

eous obedience to that single click from the instrument at Washington. In all the large cities the Western Union has supplied business houses, bank and offices with electric clocks, that respond immediately to the daily mandate. Each of these rent for \$10 per year, and in New York alone over 8000 have been put up. Last year's revenue to the telegraph company from the sale of time approximated \$1,500,000.

\$1,500,000.

Water is sold regularly to the ships in the harbor and the "water boats," with big tanks on board, are familiar objects to all yachtsmen. Brooklynites will recall the discomfit, incident to the breaking of a big main not long since and the people of Newark can-not forget the annoyance and cost of their experience three years ago. The supply from the Passaic was like mud supply from the Passaic was like mud soup and, for the time being, the owners of an artesian well in the Oranges did a large trade in water. The householders of Roseville, and those even further downtown, watched for the morning water carts more eagerly than ever a milkman was awaited, and saw a sufficient quantity for the day provided before taking train for New York.

Ordinarily there is no sale for air.

train for New York.

Ordinarily there is no sale for air, but, like water, when a man wants it he wants it "mighty bad." This for a while was the case at Libby Prison, where, before the prisoners organized a sort of government of their own, it was customary for the stronger men to get as near the windows as they dared and then sell their places to weaker comrades who were gasping weaker comrades who were gasping for breath. Fire, of course, in the form of various combastibles is a recognized commodity.

One frequently hears of those who suffer from strange and incurable dis-eases and who make comfortable their last days by selling their bodies to the surgeons for dissection.

Reduced gentlewomen often derive

revenue by chaperoning and intro-ducing to good society the daughters of the newly rich. Invitations to se-

of the newly rich. Invitations to select balls occasionally represents a large outley, and it probably costs as much to get into the swell set as it does to gain a seat in Congress. The social aspirant makes "presents," while the political is "assessed."

Relics, sacred, profane and ghastly, have their price. Autographs of famous people are always in demand, and a bit of the rope with which a murderer has been hanged is valued by gamblers and the supersitious. In Paris it is customary, once a year, to sell at auction the personal effects of those who have been executed, and this always attracts a large crowd of purchasers. Locks of hair from the heads of noted beauties or celebrated men are marketable.

Charms, including, of course, the

Charms, including, of course, the rabbit's foot, bring revenue to their fortune-tellers have a clientele respectable in numbers. Lucky stones and mad-stones are prized by those who believe in their virtues.

Consumptives often pay for the privilege of drinking fresh blood as it pours from the necks of butchered animals at the slaughter houses, hoping that the sanguine draught may stay the ravages of disease. The big hotels in New York and elsewhere derive some income from the sale of un-spoiled scraps of food to the keepers of cheap restaurants, and thus the latter are able to serve their patrons with large bowls of stew at a maximum price of ten cents.

On the east side of this city several people eke out a scanty living by writing letters for the illiterate. Even the four-leaved clover may be turned into coin. A big business is done in selling electricity and steam power, while many a man in New York is paying a high price for sunlight. A "view" adds materially to the value of a house.—New York World.

Effects of Electric Lights on Foliage. In the larger cities, where shade

In the larger cities, where shade trees are few and scattering, electric lights seem to have no visible effect upon their foliage. In the towns and villages, however, many of which have their electric light systems, the effect is very noticeable, the leaves appearing as though they had been subjected to the blighting breath of a harmattan. The question was recently discussed at a meeting of the Eastern aboriculturists, the conclusion being that trees need darkness in order that they may sleep, and that being continually kept awake and active they have been worn out, and made prematurely old by the action of the light. That this is probably the correct solution of the mystery of the drooping leaves may be judged from the fact that similar trees in the neighborhood of those affected (though not exposed to the illumination) still retain their color and seem bright and strong.—Chicago Herald.

THE MODERN GAME.

How they jam 'em, How they ram 'em, How they slam 'em, In the football game!

How they squirm with Ghoulish joy, When they've killed Some bright young boy! How they roar and How they laugh When they've crush

Some youth in half, In the football game! How they mangle,

How they wrangle, In the football game! How sweetly soft Awful groans! Listen to their Happy cries When they've knocked

Out some one's eyes,
In the football game!
—Harold McGrath, in Truth,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Keep off the grass--Lawn mowers. A theorist is a man with perfect con-idence in his imagination.

The competition of vanity has done much to swell many a fund for char-

It is the first step that costs; and sometimes it costs so much that can't afford to take a second. There is nothing poetical about money. Distant prospects of it lend no enchantment to the view.—Puck.

A gallant youth—a pretty miss— A trolley car that's dark— Would it be right to say that this Was an electric spark? —New York Herald.

The same woman who laughed at you with riches, will smile with you at poverty—if she takes the notion.—Puck. "I'll tell you a tale that is positively

hair raising." "For Jupiter's sake, tell it to Jobson; he's bald headed!" -Judge. Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matri-monial halter.—Statesman.

"Virtue lends dignity to a man, but wickedness sometimes lends dollars," said a cynic who had never dared to tell a lie."—Puck. Bacon-"It's not difficult, nowa-

days, to get men to do your bidding."
Egbert—"No; I've often noticed the dummies about an auction room.

Can a woman a secret keep?
There is one such, I'll engage,
As the years upon her creep—
'Tis the secret of her age.

The man who never knows when he is beaten would be perfectly happy if he could get rid of the suspicion that other people may be better posted.

Puck.

Miss Hasbeen—"I'm very tired after the party last night." Little Ethel
—"Yes, you must be. Sister says you held the wall up the whole evening."
—Brooklyn Life.

-Brocklyn Life.

She-"I like this place immensely since they have had the new French chef." He (weak in his French, but generous to a fault)--"Waitah, bring chef for two."--Harlem Life.

chef for two."—Harlem Life.

Mr. Snapp—"Is the gentleman in the next room a somnambulist?" Landlady—"Gracious goodness, no; for generations back they've all been Baptists."—Chicago Record.
There's heads and heads and heads and heads.

heads, Long heads, round heads, and flats; Some neads are made to carry brains, And some just carry hats.
—Spare Moments.

"Why did the football game stop?" "How did that happen?" "A practi-cal joker on one of the teams slipped a wig on it during the game."—Puck. Patron (to laundryman) -- "John, how did it happen that the Japanese killed so many Chinamen in the last battle?" John—"Notee know. Maybee bigee rain makee bad runnee."—New York Weekly.

"I don't see how you dare trust yourself to young Dr. Pills. He hasn't any patients." "That's just the point. He strains every nerve to keep me alive; I'm his only source of income." —Harper's Bazar.

"Every tree can be distinguished by its bark," said Twynn. "I deny that," replied Triplett. "Name one that cannot." "I maintain that a singletree cannot be distinguished by its bark."—Detroit Free Press.

"And what kind of a chin has she? "And what kind of a chin has she?" she asked, as he paused in the middle of an attempt at description of her features. "A movable one," said he, after a moment's sober thought. And then he heaved a deep and pensive sigh.—Somerville Journal.

The poet was in a brown study, and The poet was in a brown study, and his wife was sewing over by the window. "A penny for your thoughts, Algernon," she said, looking up at him. "That's just it, my dear," he replied. "A penny is about all I can get for them, and that's what worries me."—Detroit Free Press.

Drugging Fish.

Drugging Fish.

There are various drugs that have been employed for stupefying or making fish so drunk that they could be caught by hand or with small dip nets; but fortunately for the fish, laws have been passed in nearly if not all of the States prohibiting the use of such means for taking fish. In many old books of recipes the cocculus berry is recommended as the best material for this purpose, but we do not think the Fish Commissioners would care to have us tell you how to prepare the noxious compound.—New York Sun.