



W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.00 in Advance; \$1.25 after Three Months.

VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1895.

NO. 13.

Russia now has, according to the best estimates, a population of 125,000,000.

"Beaver" is a very popular name in Pennsylvania, twenty-one towns having it in their names.

London journals refer to the fact that the number of unemployed clergymen at present is "distressingly large."

The 400 would be nowhere in Russia, exclaims the New York Press. The members of the Russian nobility foot up 650,000 persons.

Topeka, Kan., is advocating the annexation of the towns of Potwin, Woolles Mills and Snark, to form a Greater Topeka.

The Rural New Yorker is astonished because New Zealand ships more butter to the English market than either Canada or the United States.

New York City has six good tenements, for which all rent over enough to allow four per cent. dividend it held in trust for the tenants. Others are being built.

Despite all the criticism of the present athletic craze, it remains a fact, maintains the New York Mail and Express, that the girl of today is taller, stronger, trimmer and more robust than the girl of ten years ago.

Missouri, it is said, will have the youngest member of the Fifty-fourth Congress. Norman A. Mozley, who defeated Arnold in the Fourteenth District, is not yet twenty-eight years old. He is a self-made lawyer of Dexter.

Printer's Ink contains this admonition:

If at the foot And want to rise-- Advertisers! If top of heap-- You would keep-- Advertisers! Where's on earth Your dwelling place, If you would win Success' race-- Advertisers!

The only time when American troops were ever sent beyond this continent was in 1749, when the British sent an expedition to attack the coast cities of Venezuela. In that expedition there were 400 soldiers from North Carolina, but at the present day it is impossible to ascertain any of their names. This shows how easily our history may be blotted out by neglect.

W. R. Lerser, Indian agent for the Sac and Foxes at Tacoma, Iowa, where there are 392 Indians, makes a rather pessimistic report of the conditions and advancement of the Indians. There are but thirty-five houses, the Indians living mostly in tepees. Most of the Indians cling to the blanket, instead of civilized dress. He expected to make a report of agricultural progress, but was doomed to disappointment. There has been no progress in schools.

There are three things that attract the notice of a traveler from the States when he has got into Canada, so to say nothing of the general dullness that pervades that province. One, enumerates the Chicago Herald, is the disappearance of window blinds and bareness of the house fronts. The other is the presence of militiamen and policemen, who are as nearly copies as may be of the English militia and London "bobbies." The third is the impossibility of getting your shoes blacked, except in the wash rooms of the hotels. One pays ten cents for a shave, and a New York artist who did his work so shabbily would be made to do it over again.

The New York Sun observes: It is not surprising that parties of Norwegian immigrants have left Minnesota to settle in British Columbia. They can get farms for nothing there upon condition that they improve the land; and that is something not to be got in the United States in our time. Nearly all the Norwegians who come to this country want to take up farms, but we cannot give away these nice presents upon such easy terms as in other times. There are yet, however, Southwestern States in which they can buy land cheaply, and we direct their attention to that part of our broad country, which has a richer soil, a better climate, a higher productive power and more accessible markets than any of the Canadian provinces. We say frankly that those of them who settle in Canada will constitute a very desirable accession to its population, even though they may be discontented under foreign rule and a European flag.

A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

To-day, I sing a victor strain, A hymn of praise, A canticle of joyous sound I upward raise. From loughs that thickly overhang The battle-field, I pluck fair laurel leaves with which To deck my shield. My spear and helmet, too, I twine With leaves of bay In token of my victory In furious fray. Yet no man's blood bestains my mail, And what is best, No ghastly face, nor dying moan, Disturbs my rest. To-day, between Heaven's holy hill And Hell's dark pit, I met a Sin that tempted me, And conquered it! --Clarence Urmy, in Youth's Companion.

SUSAN ANN'S METHOD.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.



WHEN Susan Ann Bilton married Joram Nellums she thought she was doing big things, for Joram was very forehanded, and there wasn't a thrifter farmer in all Squan Neck neighborhood than he was. Of course, people said Joram Nellums was so close that a dollar couldn't be dragged out of his pocket with a team of cattle; but Susan Ann said that was because they hadn't so much as he had and didn't know how to accumulate. As far as Susan Ann was concerned, she was an old maid who took in sewing and made enough by it to dress herself well and live in the only hotel in the town of Squan Neck. It wasn't much of a hotel, as hotels go these days, but it sheltered Miss Bilton very comfortably, and being an independent woman who liked to have her own way coming and going, she found it eminently satisfactory. It cost her possibly as much as \$2 a month more to live there than if she had gone to Mrs. Wiggins's boarding-house, but Susan Ann was not close when it came to her own comfort and convenience. It was a great lift to her, no doubt, when she married Joram Nellums, for now she was to be mistress of her own house and the finest farm in the country.

Many a younger woman than she would have been glad to have become Mrs. Nellums, and it cannot be denied that on the first Sunday that the new Mrs. Nellums walked down the aisle of the church she carried her head a few notches higher than the neck and lowly doctrines taught in the edifice every Sunday really required of her. That was the woman in her, however, and it may be excused under the circumstances. It was a great thing to be Mrs. Joram Nellums, and Susan Ann Bilton was not the only woman in Squan Neck who thought so, although Susan Ann was the only woman who knew what it was from actual experience.

The happy couple went away on a bridal tour to be gone two weeks, and it was a sore disappointment to Susan Ann when Joram cut it just half in two, giving as an excuse that the business of the farm had very unexpectedly called him back. Like an obedient wife she accepted his explanation and his promises that they would go to the city as soon as the crops were laid by, and they would stay there as long as she cared to stay.

For a month after their return, Susan Ann laid great store by her exalted position in Squan Neck society, but somehow there was an ever present lack of opportunity to use it to excess. Joram was busy, or Joram was tired, or Joram had something else that prevented, or forty dozen other obstacles with Joram back of them interfered with her plans. Thus a year ran on, and by that time Susan Ann was doing kitchenwork and housework, and there was some indication that she was doing the washing next, with a fair prospect that tailoring for Joram and one or two of the farmhands would be added to her other duties. Occasionally Joram had something to say about economy, but he never accused her of extravagance.

"You ain't very savin', Susan Ann," he said to her one day, "but I'm willin' to agree that you ain't a great spender." About this time the fact began to dawn upon her gradually that there was a difference in the manner of Mrs. Nellums's every-day life and that of Miss Susan Ann Bilton. She would wonder sometimes if making dresses and getting paid for them, with the privilege of spending her earnings as she pleased, was not in some particulars almost as satisfying as doing two women's work for Joram Nellums without pay.

At the end of two years, she discovered that the wedding clothes that she had provided herself with had come to the ragged edge, and a new dress at least, and bonnet were absolutely necessary. So when Joram sat down to breakfast one morning in a good humor, for the breakfast was a good one, done entirely by herself, she told him that she wanted something to wear, and gave him a little memorandum of what was needed. "Jeerobly, Susan Ann," he exclaimed, "I can't stand this. I've always said you wasn't much on savin', but this is upsettin' everything. Why, what you've got down here will cost as much as thirty-one dollars and seventy-five cents." "What if it does, Joram," she replied amiably, "haven't I worked for it? You haven't bought me anything since we got married." "And I ain't bought myself any-

thing, have I?" he asked after the manner of the kind of man he was. When breakfast was over Susan Ann was not much nearer the desired goal than before, and she was in a bad humor besides, with an addition in the shape of a disappointment in Joram she had been trying for a long time to stave off. At the end of a week he gave her \$10 and told her that he could not spare another cent. "You must remember, Susan Ann," he said, "that I ain't a millionaire. And even if I was, I wouldn't encourage extravagance in a woman. It's born in 'em anyway, and if they get half a chance, with money they never know when to stop letting it go."

Three months after this lecture from Joram, she got another when the necessities of the case drove her to him to get a pair of shoes. Then Susan Ann sat down to think over the situation, and it is safe to say that she did some very tall thinking. Some women might have wept, but Susan Ann was no weeper. If she had tears to shed, she did not intend to shed them in a cause of this kind. Something harder than tears was the remedy, and Susan Ann was not long in getting at it.

That night at supper Joram didn't like the coffee. It was more like beans, he said, but Susan Ann had much to say on Joram thought she was snail because he had talked judiciously to her on the subject of extravagance. The bad coffee continued a week and then Joram noticed that the meat was not so good nor was the bread, as it had once been. He complained, but Susan Ann hadn't much to say. On the following Sunday when they started out to church Joram thought Susan Ann was a sight to behold, but he didn't say anything for fear she might come back at him about the dress and the shoes.

It was the first time since they had been married that Joram had not felt a pride in the appearance of Mrs. Nellums and it made him think just a little. On the way home he spoke of it and suggested that as he had made it a little something on what the week before, maybe he could let her have that money for a new dress. "Indeed, no, Joram," she replied, "I don't want it. I only thought I did. I can get along just as well with what I have at present and we can save that. Every little counts, you know, Joram, and we are too poor to go to needless expense."

He insisted mildly that she should take the money, but it was not difficult for her to convince him that it was extravagant, and he said no more about it. The dark bread and the weak coffee and the bad meat continued, and there were added other things less attractive to the palate than formerly, and one day when he wanted to know why she did not use the meat in the smoke house that he knew was as good as any that had ever been cured, and he prided himself on curing meat, she surprised him by putting quite a sum of money down by his plate and telling him she had sold it for a good price because she thought it was more economical to eat less expensive meat. Joram began to talk, but she was so pleasant and practical in her arguments that he hadn't the heart to argue and gave up to her.

He also put the money in his pocket. One day when he went into town on his wagon some boys made rude remarks about the clothes he wore, and when he told Susan Ann about it, and said maybe he had ought get something better, she flew all to pieces and gave the naughty boys such a raking over that Joram was sorry he had said anything about it, and went on wearing the same old clothes. A dozen or more times during the winter Joram sat shivering before the miserable fire because Susan Ann insisted that fuel was too expensive and that they must save until they had plenty to indulge in luxuries on. Day by day the table became poorer and poorer; the good china was put away and the old cracked kind brought out; the little silver things that had been given them for wedding presents were locked up, and Susan Ann was cutting down expenses in a way that nobody would have expected of her.

Several nights Joram almost froze for lack of cover, but Susan Ann was cheerful and told him that newspapers were warmer than blankets if he would only make up his mind to think so. He kicked, however, on this and was only pacified when she gave him \$20 that she had received for the fruit she had put up and didn't care to use. He thought it was extra stock that she had, but later when he wanted some and she told him she had sold it all, and there wasn't anything for dessert now but dried apples, Joram became rather demonstrative, and it was all her good temper could do to keep him from boiling over.

All this time Joram was doing some thinking as well as Susan Ann was, and between shivering at nights and half starving during the day, he was getting in a condition to go to a lunatic asylum. One day the final crash arrived. When Joram came in from work the big easy chair he had paid \$25 for in a freak of extravagance just before he was married was gone, and with it all the carpets.

"What does this mean, Susan Ann?" he asked, trying to appear cool. "Are you housecleaning?" "Why, Joram," laughed Susan Ann, "how you talk. You know this ain't housecleaning time." "Well, where's the chair and carpets, then?" "Here they are, Joram," and she gave him \$100. "Besides the money I got a cheaper chair and cheap car-

pets in their place, and they'll be here in the morning. Now go on and wash your face and hands; supper's ready." Joram obeyed and went to supper; and it was the meanest supper he ever sat down to. That evening he shivered before the fire of slack and rubbish and that night he had little cover, but he could hear the money jingling in his pockets. At breakfast he appeared looking as blue as an ague patient and shaking like two.

"Susan Ann," he said, "I'm going to town this morning. You haven't sold the horse and buggy yet, have you?" "No, Joram," she answered, "but there's a man coming to look at it today. We don't need it, and it costs a mint of money to keep a carriage anyhow."

"What time's the man coming, Susan Ann?" he asked submissively. "He said he'd be here at 10 o'clock." Joram Nellums gulped as if something were choking him, and he looked at Susan Ann. "Susan Ann," he said slowly, "here's a check for \$1000 and you can tell the man that's coming to go to grass. I'm going to take you to town in the buggy and we are going to buy everything we want and have a nice time, and when we come back, I'm going to make you cashier of the business and you can do as you please. Economy's all right, Susan Ann, but there's a limit to it that somehow I never see before until you showed it to me."

Then it was that Susan Ann broke down and cried, because she thought the occasion appropriate, and the tears that fell from her face fell upon the face of the check in her hand, but Joram actually laughed and kicked up his heels like a boy. --Detroit Free Press.

How Scissors Are Made.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors or much skill required, yet the process of manufacture is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel and are finally put together being cut out with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part, and bow, or that which later on is fastened into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and that is afterward expanded to the required size by hammering it on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed in a more perfect shape and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet. The blades are next ground, and the handles filed smooth and burnished with oil and emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not yet finished, however. They have to undergo hardening and tempering and be again adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are not in any way so sharply ground as the former, and that in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives. --San Francisco Chronicle.

Chinamen Buying Guns.

A unique sight at the present time is the number of Chinamen who can be seen in the various gun stores purchasing firearms. In one store on Broadway, New York City, could have been seen the other day a dozen Mongolians, each carefully examining a rifle, and in their way expressing themselves as to the peculiar merits of the arm in question. As a rule, they were solicitous as to the mechanism devoted to breech-loading, but once in a while an enthusiast would raise the rifle to his shoulder and in his imagination think of the result. Dealers say that considerable quantities of small arms, as well as rifles, have been bought ostensibly for the purpose of shipping to China. Generally the assembling of these Chinamen attracts a crowd of Caucasians on the sidewalk, who look with wondering or philosophical eyes, according to the temperament of each individual upon the curious picture displayed before them. --Hardware.

Ah Shing's Little Trick.

"An amusing thing occurred while I was at Yokohama," says a recently returned traveler. "An official notice of the Government had been published in the Japanese newspapers saying that all Chinese who wished to depart must do so by a certain date, or else remain until the war was over. Thereupon, Ah Shing, a big clothing dealer of 16 Water street, called all the Chinese together and they all agreed to go. They got their goods to the dock, and finally aboard the steamer, with themselves, and the steamer pulled out. At the last moment it was found that the wealthy merchant had held his goods and slipped back to the city. He at once resumed business, having got rid of all opposing merchants, and is now rolling in riches, because of the great business he is doing." --Detroit Free Press.

Strongest Man in Kentucky.

Tom McMunegall, of Brandenburg, Ky., was said to be the strongest man in Kentucky. It was an easy job for Tom to lift a barrel to his mouth and drink out of the bung hole. Tom was a married man, and afterward moved to Harrison County, Indiana, living across the river about three miles from Brandenburg. The first increase in his family was twins, the next time it was triplets, and then his wife presented him with eight boys, four at a birth. These eight boys all grew up to be men, and the smallest of them weighed 165 pounds. One of the first quartet, Mr. McMunegall, now lives in Brandenburg, and is well known citizen of that county. --Atlanta Constitution.

IN A FIRE ENGINE HOUSE.

INGENIOUS DEVICES WHICH SAVE TIME WHEN FLAMES THREATEN.

Only a Few Seconds Needed After the Alarm is Sounded--Knowing Horses--The Firemen's Quarters.

A VISIT to an engine house is full of interest to every observer, and his interest swells to enthusiasm as he sees on every side the appliances which enable the firemen to respond instantly to an alarm and begin at once their beneficent labors. Attention is first attracted to the harness suspended from the ceiling and hanging just over where the horses are hitched on each side of the tongue or pole of the engine and hose carriage. This harness is light and simple, yet very strong and supplied with every means for immediately fastening it upon the horses. The collar is not put on the animal's neck by a series of tugs and twists, but, hinged at the top, it fastens at the throat with a strong spring catch, just as the bracelets, which were so extensively worn by the ladies a few years ago, were clasped around the wrist.

The bridle is always worn, and, except when feeding, the bit is kept constantly in the animal's mouth; the traces are never unhooked from the whiffletrees, and there are no breechen straps to be fastened; consequently, the process of harnessing is an extremely simple one. It is only necessary to let the harness fall upon the horses' backs, snap the collar together, clasp the lines to the bridle and hook the belly strap. Whenever two parts of harness have to be fastened together the use of the time-delaying buckle is carefully avoided, snap hooks and spring clasps being substituted to effect the saving of even a few seconds. The harness is suspended on the ceiling by ropes of weights, which are the same as wind' are hung in houses. When the horses are in position beside the pole, it is arranged by a clever device that when the driver on his seat lifts the reins, which lie loosely on the dashboard, the weights are released and the harness falls directly on the horses' backs.

In the rear of the apparatus are the stalls, the front end of which is hung on hinges and fastened to a powerful spring so that when the pin in the harness is released this door is immediately thrown open and the sagacious animal of his own accord runs at once to his place in front of the engine.

The striking of the large brass gong, which is a prominent feature in every engine house, accomplishes much more than merely calling the men and horses to their stations. The electric current in its circuit to the gong passes through a magnet which is fastened high up on the wall back of the stalls, and thereby releases a weight to which wires are attached leading to the halter ropes, and to the brass pins, which fasten the stall doors. As soon as this weight drops, the pin is jerked out of the hasp on the door, which is immediately thrown open by the pin before described; at the same instant, the halter rope is uncoiled and the animal has no difficulty in making his way out of his stall.

Then ensues the process of hitching up, after which the men take their positions on the engine and reel. But suppose the four large doors to the house are closed; they must be unlocked and opened. Not, however, by the slow process of unbolting each door and swinging it wide separately. A more instantaneous method is adopted. As the driver on his box lets the harness fall upon the horses by the simple act of lifting the reins, so also he has at hand easy means for throwing open the heavy entrance doors. Just beside his seat, to the right, depending from the ceiling, is a rope, one pull of which unbolts the doors and releases the heavy weights hung in the wall, which are attached to them, so that the doors swing apart as if of their own volition.

The second floor is the home of the men. The front room is the sleeping quarters, where single iron bedssteads are placed in rows alongside of the side walls, leaving a wide aisle in the center. Near the front and rear of this room two brass poles project from the engine room below, and a hole is cut in the floor of sufficient size to allow plenty of room for a man to slide down one of them to the first floor, for if any of the men are in the upper room they cannot spare time to run down by the stairs at the sounding of the alarm, but adopt the second-saving method of vertical descent.

Ordinarily the opening through the floor around each of the poles is closed by two semi-circular doors bolted to the ceiling of the apparatus room, but the same device which loosens the halter ropes and pulls the pins out of the hasps of the stall doors also releases the fastenings of these coverings and they fall open of their own weight. Many of the engine houses are fitted up with a gymnasium, library and reading rooms, the furnishings of which are presented by appreciative citizens as testimonials of their interest in the welfare of the brave men who are ever ready to face danger and even risk their lives to protect persons and property in peril. The rooms as well as everything else around are models of neatness--good order must and does prevail in an engine house. There is a place for everything, and everything can always be found in its accustomed place. --Washington Star.

The New York Advertiser says: "There is a horrible rumor that the word 'obey' is to be put in the man's part of the marriage ceremony. The woman must really not go too far. The men are hard to land as it is."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

No bird of prey has the gift of song. It is estimated that the crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year. Astronomers claim that there are over 7,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

South American agriculturists are experimenting with an electric drying machine for wheat.

Mosquitoes inject a poison into the wounds they inflict in order to make the blood thin enough to flow through their throats.

It is said that the flesh on the fore-quarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that on the hind-quarters has a fishy taste.

A new large crematory has just been successfully tested in Chicago in the presence of some New York experts and the Mayor of Chicago.

Cast iron blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris, instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

Voluntary muscles are almost always red; involuntary muscles are generally white, the most notable exception in the latter case being the heart.

Professor Weinek, of the Imperial Observatory at Prague, devoted 225 hours to his drawing of the lunar crater Copernicus. It is from a negative made at the Lick Observatory, California.

Hiram Maxim, the flying machine man, says he will not consider his invention complete until he can have it under perfect control at a point so high that it can neither be seen nor heard by gunners underneath.

Cellar moulds on apples--often unnoticeable--consists of more or less poisonous fungi. Physicians say they have traced cases of diphtheria to the eating of it. All fruits and vegetables should be carefully cleaned, or peeled, at least, if to be eaten raw.

Flammarion, the French astronomer, remarks that our planet, if it were as near to the sun as it is to the moon, would melt like wax under the heat from the solar surface, which is composed of "a stratum of luminous dust that floats upon an ocean of very dense gas."

A butterfly, which was found in a dormant state under a rock in the mountains of California, and which is believed to have lived thousands of years, or since the close of one of the later geological periods, is now in the Smithsonian Institution. When found it was believed to be the only living representative of its species in existence.

It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic Railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most "oil-wells" of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Reval and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

Dr. Fohler, of Berlin, has examined some 70,000 sick domestic animals in the past seven years, and of this number only 281 suffered from tuberculosis. The parrots were relatively the most frequently affected, twenty-five per cent. of those coming under his care being tuberculous. Of the cats, only one per cent. showed symptoms of the disease.

A Horse's Sense of Locality.

About the year 1856, says the Lewis and Clark Journal, a little girl was born on a farm in Aroostook County, in the State of Maine, a colt that as soon as she was born, she was taken to a stable away from the place, to come shortly after into the possession of a physician in the town of Houlton, who at the opening of the Civil War went "to the front," taking with him for cavalry service the colt, that had now reached maturity. Through all the vicissitudes of a five years' campaign this horse followed the fortunes of his master, being wrecked on the Red River expedition and suffering various other disasters, to return at the close of the war to the State of Maine, across which he carried his master horseback until the town of Houlton was again reached.

On the journey through Aroostook County the road traversed lay past the farm where some ten years before this horse was born. Neither his life between the shafts of a doctor's gig nor five years of war campaigning had caused him to lose his bearings, and when he reached the lane that led up to the old farm house he turned up to the house as confidently as though he had been driven away from it but a half hour before.

Disinfecting a Room.

A writer in the Medical Magazine who has witnessed the Berlin method of disinfecting a room describes the cleansing of an apartment in which a child had died of diphtheria: "Four men were engaged. After everything that could be subjected to steam without detriment had been removed to the disinfecting station, all the things were removed from the walls, and the men began rubbing these with bread. Ordinary German loaves are used, forty-eight hours old. The loaves are cut into substantial chunks about six inches square, the back of each piece consisting of the crust, thus allowing of a good purchase. The walls are systematically attacked with strokes from above downward, and there can be no question as to its efficacy in cleaning them, nor does the operation take as long as one would imagine. The crumps are swept up and burned. After this the walls are thoroughly sprinkled with a five per cent. carbolic acid solution. The floor is washed with a two per cent. carbolic acid solution, and all the polished wood-work and ornaments as well."

AS HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticized her puddings, and he found fault with her cake; He wished she'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make; She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew, Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done; His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one. His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too, If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best. Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest; So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through, She turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do. --Roboth Sunday Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A blanket mortgage furnishes but a poor house-warming. --Puck. Alice--"Beauty is but skin deep." Maud (spitefully)--"Who told you?" --Puck.

The man that rifles your pockets should be shot-gunned. --Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze. A man may be beside himself, and yet have no idea how ridiculous he looks. --Puck.

The man next door always has one advantage over me. That's in his neighbors. --Puck. "The Missing Link"--The one the dog stole in the Bologna sausage factory. --Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

The virtues made of necessity always appear as if the material couldn't have been very abundant. --Puck. We all believe in letting well enough alone; but we make mistakes as to the right time to do it. --Puck. "Is Miss Elder's hair artificial?" "Oh, no; it is human hair." "I mean it is her own?" "Certainly; she bought it." --Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

And now the busy office man Will find one duty more; When'er 'tis cold he'll have to yell, "Come back and cross the door!" --Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Placid--"Where were you last night?" Mr. P.--"At a stag party, my dear." "I thought so when I heard you staggering upstairs." --Philadelphia Record.

Friend--"Are you superstitious? Do you believe in signs?" Successful Merchant--"No; newspaper advertisements a better, and cheaper." --Printers' I.

A man may think he adores a woman. But his love is put to a terrific strain when she asks him to button her shoes with a hairpin. --New York Herald.

Tailor--"I hear that you have paid my rival, while you owe me for two suits." Student--"Who dares to accuse me of such a preposterous thing?" --Fliegende Blaetter.

"Does your wife wear a high hat when she goes to the play?" "I should say she does," replied the man who always looks weary. "It cost me \$27." --Washington Star.

Figg--"Yes, I allow that her singing is something terrible; but I guess we shall live through it." Fogg--"That is the most terrible thing about it." --Boston Transcript.

Trivet--"You knew Charlie Dummit, didn't you?" Dicer--"He went West and was lynched." Trivet--"Is that really so? Well, Dummit always was high strung." --Harlem Life.

One little girl in the slums--"Wot yer say she died of?" The other one--"Eating a tuppenny ice on the top of 'er pudden." The first mentioned--"Lor! what a jolly death." --Tid-Bits.

Tough--"Have you got pull enough in Washington to get a patent for me?" Patent Lawyer--"What is your invention?" Tough--"It's a pneumatic tire for peribic clubs." --Good News.

McSwatters--"Is Claghorn a finished author?" McSwatters--"Yes, you see, he called 'er Woolly, of the Howler, and called him a liar; and--well, you know Woolly." --Syracuse Post.

Old Friend--"Seems to me you are paying your cook pretty stiff wages." Jimson--"Have to; if I don't she'll leave, and then my wife will have to do the cooking herself." --New York Weekly.

Clerk--"Here's some of the fresh cracked wheat. Would you like a package of it?" Mrs. Newcash--"Young man, when I want damaged goods I'll let you know." --Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Workaday--"Oh, I do so like to see a good, strong, determined man." Mr. Workaday (straightening) --"So do I, my dear." Mrs. W.--"John, the coal hod is empty." --Boston Courier.

"You are charged with having voted five times in one day," said the Judge, sternly. "I am charged, an' I!" repeated the prisoner. "That's mighty odd. I expected to be paid for it." --New York Sun.

Miss De Fashion (a few years hence) --"Do you are wanted at the telephone." Mrs. De Fashion--"Oh, dear! I presume it's Mrs. De Style, to return my telephone call. I hope she won't talk long." --New York Weekly.

He (pleadingly)--"Why can't we be married right away?" She (coolly)--"Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet." He (earnestly)--"But, my darling, he has had you such a long, long time." She (freely)--"Sir!" --Brooklyn Life.