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It is said that Canada has never had a general panic.

Nearly a million tons of butter are manufactured in the United States every year.

There is a steady decline in the number and tonnage of steam and sailing vessels launched in Great Britain.

According to Printer's Ink, it would cost \$12,150 to put a ten-line advertisement in all the newspapers in this country.

More than 600 plans have been sent in for the construction of the Paris exposition of 1900, and it is proposed to have them exhibited in the Palais d'Industrie, which is the only gallery large enough to contain them.

Competition between Eastern and Western farmers is yearly growing less, declares the New York Tribune. In years past the Western man had the advantage of cheap lands; but the Eastern farmer has the advantage of a near-by market.

The San Francisco Chronicle feels that Alpine climbers will read with disgust of the proposed railroad and elevator to the very summit of the Jungfrau. Time was, and it was not so many years ago, that this mountain was regarded as a dangerous peak and the feat of climbing it was noteworthy. Since then the Matterhorn and other Alpine peaks have taken their place in the ambition of mountain climbers. With a railroad to the summit and a hotel perched on the topmost point of this historical mountain much of the romance will go out of Alpine climbing. The Cook's tourist is fatal to the enthusiasm of travel.

James M. Glenn, President of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, writes in the North American Review: "The South this season has been favored with an enormous crop of cotton and an exceptionally large production of corn, with also an excellent yield of tobacco, and although market prices may be low, especially as to cotton, the fact remains that the cost of production, taking into consideration not only the question of labor, but recognizing the complete utilization of the by-product which was formerly wasted, is now greatly reduced, and the net result is a favorable one. The sugar interest, it is to be hoped, may steadily continue in advancement, accompanied ultimately with remunerative results. The production of rice in the South is extending, and will undoubtedly assume very greatly enlarged proportions in the near future. The lumber resources of the South are being brought more and more into prominence, attracting capital for its preparation for market, widening the employment of labor, and adding to the available wealth of the community."

Devotion to the old Shinto faith is not extinct in Japan, and a great temple at Kioto, on which ten years and many millions have been expended, is still incomplete, and work upon it not suspended even in the time of the greatest war which the country has ever had upon its hands. The women of that country give sign of their pious zeal in this work by contributing portions of their hair, which are braided into cables and used in the transportation of material to be employed in the construction of the building. Of these a large number have been worn out in the work accompanying the structure at Kioto, but more are forthcoming, showing a spirit of zeal and sacrifice among the women there which the New York Tribune believes not to be outdone by any of the missionaries among them, or by the builders of shrines and temples anywhere. Shintoism is the old faith of Japan before the introduction of Buddhism and the Confucian philosophy, and does not now absorb a large part of the religious inspiration of the country, but still preserves a measure of vitality enough to build a new temple now and then amidst the ruin of its old ones, and supply testimony that in spite of the infiltration of newer faiths the lamp of its older one is still trimmed and burning. It has no theological scheme and specific code of morals, inculcating in general obedience and reverence for the Mikado, who in that country is the direct representative of the gods; and as a religion really amounts to little, not enough to justify the erection to it of such a spacious and costly tabernacle. Japan is going on at such a pace in the adoption of modern usages that she will no doubt have a President before long after the American pattern, and then there will be nobody for the new Kioto altar to burn its incense to.

LOVE'S PARTING.

"Farewell, farewell!" We breathe the word That tells us where our paths must part. Our breasts with deep distress are stirred, And fondest tears unbidden start. But though the world shall roll between, With boundless seas and mountains high, Though death itself shall intervene, Our hearts can never say "good-by."

AN ODD NEIGHBOR.

BY CHARLES C. ARBOTT.



HERE was a strange silence everywhere, as is not uncommon in the month of August, for now the promises of summer have been made good, and the world is at rest. Not a leaf stirred, and, except the plaintive note of some far-off bird, I could hear only my own footfalls. The trees and fields and shaded winding lanes were as I had seen them last, when darkness shut them in, but now, in the early morning, it seemed as if the sun had brought sad tidings. It has always appeared to me that August days are days for retrospection, and that the mind is supersensitive at such a time. It takes notice of those things which in the hurry and clatter of June are overlooked. This is no mere whim, and on this occasion the effect was to convince me that something unusual had happened or was about to occur. It is not an uncommon experience. Premonitions are too frequent to be lightly treated as mere coincidences. It was this clearly premonitory action that made the world seem to me completely at rest. There was a matter-of-factly remark, "Dyspepsia," there are people of excellent intentions who persistently blunder.

I had heard of an oaken chest, with huge brass clamps, and to-day set out to find it. There was not a wagon to be seen when I turned from the lane into the township road, and so I had the dusty highway to myself, a furthering of my fancy. Even more lonely was the wood-road into which I turned, and of late it had been so little used, it was as much the meeting-ground of bird-life as of humanity. Everywhere it was shaded by cedars of great age or by elms under which the moss had grown since colonial days. Along this ancient way the rambler has little to remind him of the changes wrought in the passing century. What few houses are passed in the course of a long walk are old-time structures, and more than one has been abandoned. The reason was plain; the land is poor, and whatever inducements were held out to the original settlers had not been continued to the fifth and sixth generations. Still, not all the tract had reverted to forest. A little garden-plot about each of the cottages that were occupied was still held back, by spade and hoe, from the encroachments of wild growth, and in the last cottage to be reached, surrounded by every feature of an old-fashioned garden, lived Silas Crabtree. As a child I had feared him, and now I both disliked and admired him; why—as is so often the case—I could not tell.

The man and his house were not unlike. The cottage was a long, low building, one and a half stories high. A window on each side of the door barely showed beneath the projecting roof of a narrow porch extending the full length of the front. There was a single step from the porch to the ground. From the roof projected two squat dormer windows. The shingles were darkened by long exposure, and patches of moss grew about the eaves. Silas was like this. The windows and door and long low steps recalled his eyes, nose and mouth, overtopped by low projecting brows and unkempt hair, that were well represented by the cottage roof with its moss and dormers. So far the house and its solitary inmate; but the open well with its long sweep, the clump of lilacs, the spreading beech with initials cut long years ago—these were a poem.

While the day was yet young, I passed by, and Silas was sitting on the porch. The quiet of this month of day-dreams was unbroken. The third hopped about the grass, but was mute; a song-sparrow was perched on the topmost twig of a dead quince-bush, but did not sing; a troop of crows was passing overhead in perfect silence. Feeling more strongly than ever the moodiness of the morning, I strove to break the spell by shouting, with unnecessary emphasis: "Good-morning, Uncle Silas." With a sudden start the old man looked up and stared wildly about him. Straightway the catbird chirped, the sparrow sang, and from over the tree-tops came the welcome cawing of the crows. Even a black cat came from the house and rubbed its arched back against Silas's knees. The spell was broken, and the old man growled (for he could not talk as other men): "I'm glad you've come."

"Oh, I was only passing by; were you asleep?" "Sleepin' or not, I was thinkin' of you. Come in." Stepping rather reluctantly into the yard, I sat down on the floor of the porch near Silas—for he did not offer to get me a chair—and waited for him to speak. "As a boy," said Silas, in softer tones than I had ever heard before, "you had a grudge again' me, as your father had again' mine, and so on away grandpa again' mine, and so on away back. It never showed much, that I know of, but the feelin' was there; and yet we started even, for my folks came from England as long ago as yourn. I know now how it all came about. It's down in some old papers in the desk that I've had a man come and go over. It's plain now why folks never set store by the Crabtrees; but it's all right, and soon the ground will be cleared for something better than Crabtrees to grow on."

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked, purposely interrupting the old man, thinking he might be merely working off the effects of too frequent potations—a no uncommon occurrence. "Can't you wait till you find out? I've had a man here, I say, who could do the writin' and read the old papers. That's enough for that. Now, it was this way. Away back, the old Crabtree of those days had a notion of thinkin' for himself, and foolish-like, sayin' what he thought. So the Friends, as they call themselves, made him write out why he did this and that, but it went for nothin', and they turned him out o' meetin'. You'll find the same in the meetin' records as you will in there." And Silas pointed his thumb over his shoulder towards the house. Even this slight movement was made with some effort; but it was evident that Silas had not been drinking.

"Before all this happened," the old man continued, after a long pause, "the Crabtrees were all right. Away back, they were looked at for their shade and shape and sweet-smellin' blossoms and all that; but after the racket, then it was only the sour crab-apples that people could see, and this worked again' the young folks and pulled 'em down. Perhaps you don't see what I'm drivin' at, but—"

"Don't see!" I exclaimed. "Uncle Silas, you're a poet, a regular poet." "A what?" Silas asked, with a faint attempt at smiling. "You've called me many a name your day, like all the rest of 'em, but never that afore this, that I know."

"I mean to be complimentary," I replied, but with some confusion, seeing, as I had often done before, what mischief lurks in ill-timed polysyllables. "Worse and worse, with your long words; but let me do the talkin'. My folks didn't clear out after the fuss, as they ought 'a' done, but held on and worked their way, as they'd a right to do. Perhaps it was a bad thing they didn't go to church when they stopped goin' to meetin'; I don't know; but they lost headway, with the Quakers again' 'em. It soured, of course, the first of the Crabtrees, and the later ones got a deal more gnarly and bitter, till it come down to me, with little more'n a human shape; and now it's the end of us. There's no Crabtrees besides me, and I wanted to get things in shape, for there's some would like the old cottage that ain't goin' to get it. I don't know that there's any more to tell you." And Silas looked out towards the road and into the woods upon its other side.

I kept my seat. I could not do otherwise. The Silas of to-day was not he whom I had known in years past. Although there was no evidence of it in the old man's words, I was convinced he had reference to me as his heir; but what of that? He might change his mind a dozen times, for he was not so very, very old—not much, if any, over eighty; and what, indeed, had he to leave? Many minutes passed, and then, as I made a slight movement, merely to change my position, Silas spoke in the same strangely softened voice. "Don't go, don't go; there's one thing more—" He suddenly paused, and stared, with a wild look, directly at me. The silence was painful; his strange appearance more so. In a moment the truth flashed across me; he was dead.

I was not surprised to learn, immediately after the funeral, that I had been left the sole legatee of the man whose death I had witnessed; but it was not an altogether pleasant discovery. I had learned, too, that it was my own ancestor who had been most active in the senseless persecution, and it was with no pleasure that I recalled the past as I took formal possession of the cottage and its contents, entering the house for the first time in my life. To cross the threshold was to step backward into colonial times. How true it is that it needs at least a century to mellow a house and make it faintly comparable to out-of-doors!

The hall-way of the Crabtree cottage was neither short nor narrow, but you got that impression from its low ceiling and the dark wooden walls, which time had almost blackened. Lifting a stout wooden latch, I passed into the living-room, with its ample open fireplace, long unused, for a little air-tight stove had done duty for both cooking and heating for many years. This was the only innovation; all else was as when its first occupant had moved into the "new" house and given over the log hut to other uses. The high-backed settle, the quaint, claw-footed chairs, a home-made table, with bread-trough underneath, seemed never to have been moved from their places since Silas's former died. These made less impression than would otherwise have been the case, because with them was

the old desk to which Silas had referred. It was a bureau with five brass-handled drawers, and above them the desk proper, concealed by a heavy, sloping lid. The dark wood had still a fine polish, and the lid was neatly ornamented with an inlaid star of holly wood. It, with the three-plumed mirror on the wall above it, was the culminating feature of the room. All else, well enough in its way, seemed commonplace. Drawing a chair in front of the desk, I sat down to explore it, but was bewildered at the very outset. Lowering the lid, the many pigeon-holes, small drawers and inner apartment closed by a carved door, took me too much by surprise to let me be methodical. Everywhere were old, stained papers and parchments, some so very old the ink had faded from them; but there was no disorder. At last, knowing it was no time to dream, I drew out a bundle of papers from a pigeon-hole, and noticed in doing so that a strip of carved wood, which I had taken for ornament, slightly moved.

It proved to be a long and very narrow drawer, and this again had a more carefully hidden compartment in the back, as a narrow line in the wood showed. Peering into this, I found a scrap of paper so long and closely folded that it fell apart when opened; but the writing was still distinct. It was as follows: "It is His Excellency, General Howe's, express order, that no person shall injure Silas Crabtree in his person or property." It was duly signed, countersigned, and dated December 9, 1776. So Silas, the great-grandfather, had been a Tory! I was prepared now for revelations of papers, one at a time, was too prosy an occupation, and the suggestion that there might be more secret drawers was followed until every nook and cranny had been laid bare, and there were many of them.

Silas, in anticipation of just an occurrence as I have described, had placed a roll of papers so prominently in the desk that I naturally took it up with a serious purpose. The modern red tape with which it was tied gave it an appearance of importance above the others. These time-stained sheets contained his ancestor's version of the trouble with his coterielogists, and I soon found it was most unpleasant reading. My own ancestor had been an unrelenting persecutor, and, in the name of religion, the cause of all the Crabtree troubles; and now the last of his race had taken this strange revenge, telling me the unwelcome story why his people had been no-bodies of the backwoods and my people dwellers in fat land. It was some satisfaction to know that the two families were not related, but, reading on and on as fast as the crude writing permitted decipherment, I learned that a marriage, generations ago, had been contemplated, and successfully thwarted by the father of the would-be bride. Nothing but ill came of it, and the rest we know. The wit of the Crabtrees had not quite died out, but smoldered like the burning of damp wood, never receiving the quickening of education, and ever struggling against the course of alcohol.

It was a sad story; too sad to contemplate, this dreary August day. Closing the desk, I sat by the open fireplace, as if watching the blazing logs of midwinter. As silent now indoors as out, and every object about me suggesting myself as the cause of infinite trouble, I grew desperate, and, for more light, a bit of sunshine, threw open the solid shutter of the little south window. The bright yellow beams were magical. What a strange little window it was! Three of the eight small panes were replaced by paper, and the others were all dimmed by decomposition that made the glass prismatic. Through them no object could be plainly seen. Every tree and bush was broken and distorted. The world was all askew as seen through the cracked and warped glass; as much gone wrong as in reality it had been to the Crabtrees.

Though not half explored, I went from the house to the porch, that I might return from the past to the present. How hot and steamy were the far-off woods and the one single clearing in sight! The sizzling rattle of the noontide cicadas was the only sound. I gladly returned to the old fireplace, although it was mid-August, and then to the desk, putting on some show of rationality, for Crabtree's lawyer was expected. I even made fire in the little stove to warm the lunch I had brought, and, after an attempt at eating, awaited the man's coming, with pipe and coffee.

A rattle of wheels, a click of the rickety old gate's latch, and a knock at the door, quickly followed each other, and without ceremony the lawyer appeared. With a coolness, precision, and dry-as-dust manner that soothed my fretted nerves, he proceeded to business, and did what little was to be done. Some papers which he had taken away he returned; and then, his whole manner changing, he actually smiled. I, a cigar, filled with a true lawyer's twist the single easy-chair, and handed me a bit of paper, saying, "This Silas asked me to hand to you, fearing it might be overlooked if left in the desk."

I took it with some distrust, but could not fathom its meaning. The characters had been printed by Silas and the words phonetically spelled. It was a puzzle, and I was in no humor to guess its meaning.

"What is it, anyway?" I asked. "That's plain enough," the lawyer replied; "it reads, 'Do as you'd be done by.'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

In Italy the Senate consists of princes of royal blood, and an unlimited number of members appointed by the King for life. In 1890 there were 355 members.

THE SAND HILL CRANE.

A GREAT GAME BIRD IN THE NORTHWEST.

Shy and Pugnacious, It Affords Much Sport to the Hunters—An Unequaled Table Delicacy.

"NO member of the feathered kingdom is keener of sight, scent or hearing than the sand-hill crane," said a New York sportsman whose range is wide. "At rest this great bird stands four, and even five feet high, and in flight he emits the air with wings eight feet in spread. In the newly settled prairie regions of the great Northwest, where he makes his home, he ranks in the estimation of sportsmen above the wild goose and duck, not only in delighting the eye and heart of the hunter, but as a provider of a table delicacy unequalled in excellence by either duck or goose."

"The visitor to those apparently boundless prairies, fringed with the wide farms of the pioneers, may well wonder how the farmers manage to house even a small portion of their crops, for from the time the wheat begins to ripen until the corn is cut the fields are not only constant prey for the cranes that come down upon them in countless thousands, but to the daily visitation of such myriads of wild geese and ducks as no hunter who has never visited those regions ever dreamed of in his wildest imaginings. The sand hill crane is several minutes later than the geese, and, as the early morning is the favorite and surest time for bagging this over shy and suspicious bird, the crane hunter must either resent all inclination to lay low the tempting geese or mallard or give up hope of getting a shot at the expected cranes. The single report of a gun between the advent of the wild geese and the time the cranes would appear will destroy the sportsman's chances for a shot at the long-legged game for that day."

"The hunter either for sand hill cranes or wild geese and ducks may always be sure of a warm welcome among the prairie farmers of the Northwest. They spend all their spare time themselves banging away at the marauding birds and in devising ways and means of dispersing them, but the greedy flock are so numerous and persistent in their raids that it would require a small army to keep them on the move."

"When the corn is ripe and the nights grow crisp and frosty, toward the end of October, sand hill crane shooting is most enjoyable. Along the edge of every cornfield there are always wide spaces where the long prairie grass has been mowed away. The dried grass lies in bunches, and with it the hunter makes his blind, close to the border of the corn. The blind must be made in a loose and scraggly form, as if the wind had tossed it there, for the crane is the most suspicious of birds."

"The cranes do not plump blindly and unconcernedly among the corn, as the geese and ducks do, but alight on the further edge of the mown spot, between the field and the prairie. From that vantage ground they reconnoitre the field, carrying their heads high in the air and advancing cautiously, step by step, toward the coveted corn. They seem instinctively to keep as far apart from one another as they can. Before the days of repeating guns this peculiarity of the cranes kept the hunter in great suspense, even after the flock or the advance portion of it had come within easy range. He knew that two shots were all that he could by any possibility get at the flock, and he was naturally anxious to make these two do the best execution possible."

"A prairie cornfield after a gun has been discharged in or near it in the morning is a sight to see, and the sounds are something to hear. For half a minute after the report the field will be black with geese and ducks and cranes rising in frightened flight from among the stocks, the noise of their great wings being like rumbling thunder, and the various harsh cries making pandemonium of the previously peaceful scene."

"Frequently a sand hill crane will be wounded so that he cannot fly, being otherwise uninjured. Away he will go over the prairie, his long, slim legs carrying him at a surprisingly rapid rate. If the hunter has plenty of bottom and wants an exciting chase and a lively scurramge at the end of it he will follow the wounded crane. He will have to be a good sprinter if he overtakes the big bird in less than a quarter of a mile run. When he does come up with the crane he will find a fight waiting for him that will put him on his mettle. A wounded sand hill crane brought to bay is a fiery antagonist. It can use its powerful six-inch bill with telling effect, and a stroke from one of its wings is sufficient to knock the strongest man off his feet. The prudent hunter who gives chase to a wounded crane with the intention of running it down and raking a fight with it will have his revolver with him. I have known more than one presumptuous sportsman to undertake the task of conquering a crane under such circumstances without having his pistol to aid him, and to come back from the prairie not only without his game, but badly used up as well."—New York Sun.

Electric Cooking for Royalty. Queen Victoria will use electricity for cooking purposes. The necessary apparatus has been installed at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. It is, however, only used for the most delicate dishes.—Atlanta Constitution.

A woman of Calais, Me., has won renown by mending a broken doorposts with a hairpin.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Schneble, the new explosive, is composed chiefly of chlorate of potash.

Hiram S. Maxim has already expended \$85,000 upon his flying machine.

Astronomers claim that there are over 17,000,000 comets in the solar system alone.

A bat can absorb and digest in one night three times the weight of its own body. Bats never have more than two little ones at a time.

General Mercier, French Minister of War, has authorized the use in the French army of the recently discovered anti-diphtheria serum.

The width of the Atlantic could be reduced one-half by lowering its depth 5534 feet. By lowering it three miles one could walk from Newfoundland to Ireland.

A scientist proves that typhoid and cholera bacilli or germs will live many weeks in a vacuum, and can endure some five or more months of complete dryness.

There are ten miles of pneumatic tubes in the streets of Chicago. They are used to deliver messages from the telegraph offices and office of the Associated Press to the newspapers and City Hall.

Simultaneous photographs at points distant from each other have already yielded information as to the height of meteors above the earth's surface, this being shown to be from sixty-five to forty-five miles.

According to Dr. Chalmers's researches, the mean duration of life at birth—based upon the mortality experience of Glasgow during the ten years 1881-'90—is 36.4 years, 35.2 for males and 37.7 for females.

Professor Agassiz indicates the growth of reefs at Key West, Fla., at the rate of six inches in one hundred years, and adds that if we doubled that amount it would require seven thousand years to form the reefs in that place, and hundreds of thousands of years for the growth of Florida.

Of the hundred thousand plants catalogued by botanists only one-tenth part have appreciable odors. Of fifty specimens of mignonette, that of our garden is the only scented one, and of a hundred varieties of the violet, only twelve have the exquisite perfume that is so popular. In general the proportion of fragrant to odorless flowers is about one per cent.

Any one living exclusively on potatoes would consume forty grammes of potash salts per day, which explains why we always require salt whenever we eat potatoes. All vegetable foods are rich in potash; and it is a fact that people in the country districts use more salt than the inhabitants of towns and cities, where more meat is eaten. In France the country people use three times more salt than the town people.

Impromptu Maps.

The "cat" and the "pig" books, designed to record people's impressions of those interesting animals (each person to draw his own without being allowed a glimpse of any other class's work), has an amusing companion in a geography sketch book.

In this one's friends are to record, in a rapid, off-hand drawing, their best recollections of certain very familiar outlines, such as the coast of Massachusetts, or Italy, or England, or North America. To be even fairly correct is difficult and rare, if one is long past daily geography lessons.

The five great lakes of North America is one of the best tasks to set, this to be drawn in outline with at least the larger bays and connections indicated, all to be done without seeing, first, any other sketch or map. A correct map should accompany the book for easy reference and comparison with the amateur work. The curiously vague, droll, mental maps that one's friends carry about with them, thus revealed, are funnier than even the sea serpent's portraits in the "sea serpent" His Album."

I have known more than one person to stop short at a mere "round O" on the first lake which seemed to lead nowhere, the other four having neither shape nor substance in the puzzled artist's vision.—Washington Star.

Submarine Torpedo.

Seymour Allan, a resident of Sydney, has invented a submarine torpedo boat, which, he claims, is capable of sinking to any depth, and of traveling rapidly under water without revealing its presence. A working model of the boat was tried in the public baths at Sydney, New South Wales, in the presence of the Earl of Hopetoun, a governor, the naval commandant, and a number of naval military officers. The experiments were a complete success, the model rising, sinking, turning, reversing, or remaining stationary in obedience to the electric current by which it is worked. The inventor claims that a full-sized boat would be capable of remaining under water for three days. It would carry torpedoes on the bow and stern decks.—Scientific American.

Dancing by the Mile.

An average waltz takes one over three-quarters of a mile, a square dance makes you cover half a mile, and a galop equals a good mile. Count up for yourself how much the girl with a well-filled programme traverses in an evening. Twenty dances is the average, you know. Of these about twelve are waltzes. There at once are nine miles. Three galops and she has gone twelve miles. Five other dances at a half a mile apiece bring her to fifteen miles, to say nothing of the intermission stroll and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate one's gown and complexion.—Appleton Post.

DON'T FRET.

Are your enemies at work? Don't fret. They can't injure you a whit; If you heed them not a bit They will soon be glad to quit. Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told? Don't fret. It will run itself to death. As the ancient adage saith, And will do for want of breath. Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot? Don't fret. Fortune's wheel keeps turning round— Every spoke shall touch the ground, All in time shall upward bound. Don't fret. —Ram's Horn.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In "golf society" people think they have found the missing links.—Statesman.

A genius is a man who does something that others say cannot be done.—Ram's Horn.

Most people eat as if they were fattening themselves for the market.—Acheson Globe.

It sounds rather odd to read in the hardware market report that cutlery is dull.—Truth.

Woman is always pleased with the last new wrinkle, provided it is not on her own face.—Puck.

Cashier—"We never pay bills on Saturdays." Short—"But my name is not Bill."—Chicago Record.

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.—Acheson Globe.

A man should have no secrets from his wife except surprises he is getting up for her birthday.—Acheson Globe.

If some men wandered as much as their minds do they would be great travelers.—Hartford (Conn.) Journal.

She looked a perfect poem With that witching face of hers; But, when I tried to kiss her, she Proved not at all a verse.—Puck.

There is a certain kind of charity that would attach balloons to birds of the air, that they might be saved from fatigue.—Puck.

A girl always likes to find a man after her own heart; because what is the good of a fellow who is after some other girl's heart?—Truth.

Caller—"Can I see Miss Snuggle?" Servant—"She's engaged, sir." Caller—"Of course she is, and I'm the man she's engaged to."—Vick's Monthly.

Tell us not in mournful numbers Life's but an empty dream, When to pay the coal and gas bills. All the winter we must scheme.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It is more romantic and better for the digestion to sleep with wedding cake under the pillow than to try to sleep with it in the stomach.—Acheson Globe.

Caller—"Do you notice any difference since the doctor treated your eyes?" "Yes; I can see a fifty-dollar bill without my glasses now."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"This is my first experience as a steeple chaser," murmured the Kansas farmer as he whirled through the air just behind the fragments of the village church.—Yale Record.

Friend—"Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?" Ethel (enthusiastically)—"It's simply delightful. We've been married a week and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time."—Fun.

Mrs. Strongmind—"If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder they would soon win the suffrage." Dr. Guffy—"But, madam, that is something they can't do, with the present styles in sleeves."—Harper's Bazar.

Employer—"How did you break that vase?" Office Boy—"I had it in my hand when I heard your bell ring and dropped it, because you told me yesterday to drop everything and answer your bell whenever you rang."—Harper's Bazar.

Applicant for Situation as Zoological Keeper—"May I ask why you think it necessary that candidates should be married men, sir?" Secretary—"My good man, how on earth do you expect any one else could stand the continual row?"—Half-Holiday.

Reformed His Mustache.

When J. C. S. Blackburn, the Kentucky Senator, came to Congress, writes Moses P. Handy from Washington, twenty years or more ago he wore the greatest mustache, except General Logan's, ever seen in this country. Now he has one of moderate dimensions and keeps it well trimmed. The transformation was effected some years ago by his daughter. She was very much annoyed by the caricatures in the newspapers which made her honored father all mustache. Seeing one of these caricatures in a Chicago newspaper one day while they were riding on a train en route from Cincinnati to Chicago, she took a pair of scissors and, against his protest, clipped his hirsute adornment to the conventional proportions. The Senator caught a bad cold, but when he came to look in a mirror he looked himself so much better that he has never gone back to the old style of mustache.—New York Mail and Express.

Wheat Cheap, But Bread Dear.

Referring to the continued fall in the prices of wheat, an English paper remarks: "Both here and in the United States large quantities of the inferior kinds will be used for feeding purposes. Wheat has never been so cheap before within the memory of living man. The odd thing is, we do not find our bakers' bills any smaller."—New York World.