

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. XIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1895.

NO. 15.

The population of the German Empire is increasing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that only eleven per cent. of the American people are illiterate.

English courts have decided that engagements rings are not recoverable at law. A Vermont court held they were.

People who live beyond their means and are very tardy in paying their debts have been blacklisted in Vienna, Austria, by a daring publisher. A book containing their names has met with a big sale.

The old Lincoln homestead, near Hodgenville, Lamo County, Ky., where Abraham Lincoln was born, is to be purchased by an association of the citizens of Hodgenville and made into a public park. The homestead is now known as the Creal Farm, and lies about two and a half miles south of Hodgenville. An electric railway is to be built out to the farm, announces the New York Sun, and in a general way it is intended as another Mount Vernon.

Crematories scattered over many parts of the East are making considerable change in the conditions of farming, the Chicago Herald takes note. The dairy is becoming more and more important, and poor farms are enriched by the presence of many cattle. The crematories buy milk by the hundred pounds and farmers like the simplicity of this wholesome trade. Meanwhile there is a constant interest in crematory prices and local newspapers publish quotations from time to time as news items.

Certain tables of longevity just published in England by Professor Humphreys leave the whole matter pretty much in the dark. Of the 824 cases in which the subjects have reached ages varying from eighty to over a hundred years, one-third were small eaters, and only one-tenth appear to have had robust appetites. Physicians, as a class, were found to fall below the average. The usual directions for prolonging life by diet, sleep and exercise are not strikingly confirmed by these tables, maintains the New York Tribune.

A notable example of a big result produced by small means is found in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the Old World. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad to the New York Sun that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.

The London Times says that the Manchester ship canal is both a financial and commercial failure. It was opened eleven months ago, and it is not doing as much business now as at first. It is stated that the gross receipts of the canal for a year will be less than \$400,000—not enough to pay the interest on the first debentures. The city of Manchester in building this canal, which has cost upward of \$25,000,000, expected that ships carrying cotton and other merchandise would use the canal and unload their cargoes at Manchester docks, instead of at Liverpool; but upon the completion of the canal the railroads immediately reduced their rates so that manufacturers found it more to their interest to continue to use the railways.

The death of Robert C. Winthrop recalls to the New York Times the events and struggles of a period extending over the average lifetime of two generations. He was eighty-five years old at the time of his death. At twenty-four he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. At thirty-one he was the best-known speaker in the Harrison campaign and a Whig member of the House of Representatives. At forty-one he was United States Senator for a brief term, by appointment. His last active participation in National politics was as a supporter of General McClellan in 1864. After that his time was devoted to study and charity—his chief work being the charge of the great and fertile benefactions of Mr. Peabody. He was a noble life, which, if not sufficiently distinguished to pass into history, exerted an influence that cannot be lost. American citizenship is better and more secure for the work of Mr. Winthrop.

A VOICE FROM THE NIGHT.

O heron, from the lonely shore Unceasingly thy cry, Ill-boding, dismal, harsh, Arises through the mist of night. 'Tis that gathers deep and cold and white Upon the silent marsh, Dim, drifting shrouds that fold lie Around my door. What shadow of the future's needs Dismays thy simple heart, Poor dweller in the fog? What evil spirit of unrest Disturbs the quiet of thy nest Beyond the tussocked bog? Do demons even ply their art Among the reeds? Perhaps thy bright-eyed mate is led Across the winding creek, Belated, tired of wing. Then grieve not! Soon thy loving mate As beacon's blaze to storm-tossed boat The wanderer will bring. O heron, can the world speak Recall the dead? O heron on the lonely shore, The east is gray above; Thy watch is well nigh done, And gentle dawn will bring thee sleep, While I my endless vigil keep, In welcoming the sun; For she, my light, my life, my love, Will come no more. —H. Prescott Beach, in Lippincott.

ON EVEN TERMS.

YOU appear to forget that this fellow Vaughan has the reputation of being one of the most desperate criminals that ever stepped. 'King of the Coiners' he is rightly named; but it is chiefly because he is at the head of a dangerous gang. And because, by a lucky chance, you have found out that he is living in private lodgings under an assumed name, makes it none the less risky for us two alone to attempt his capture.

It was in a decidedly dissatisfied tone that Mr. Roche, the detective, urged upon his superior officer the hazardous nature of the business they were upon; but Arnold Bond merely smiled good humoredly as he responded: "Whatever risk there may be, Roche, I think I shall face. And as I expect to take our man entirely by surprise, in the very bosom of his family, I don't anticipate much resistance. Still, I am prepared for it, and don't think that he will easily give us the slip. For the rest, you will simply carry out my instructions."

The two detectives knocked at the door of an unpretentious looking house in a quiet street of the east end of London. Almost immediately, a respectable looking woman opened the door, and, stepping back, said, before Bond could speak: "Ah, sir, I don't believe they expected you again to-night; but it's very bad, they say."

With the ever ready wit of a shrewd detective, quick to take advantage of the slightest error, Bond instantly checked the exclamation of surprise which sprang instinctively to his lips, and, stepping in, quietly observed: "Indeed, I am sorry to hear that. Our usual friend could not come himself, but, as his partner, I thought it advisable to look in again. Let me see—Mrs. Sutton, second floor, is it not?"

Neither of the detectives scarce ventured to breathe as they anxiously waited to see the result of this rather haphazard remark. "Oh, I took you for Dr. Dalton himself, sir! Yes, second floor. It's rather dark, but I daresay you can find your way up. Lor! I never knew before as how the doctor had a partner."

"This gentleman is merely a friend of mine. If you don't mind, he will wait for me in the passage. I don't suppose I shall be many minutes," Bond said, inwardly chuckling with satisfaction at the lucky mistake which had, undoubtedly, saved him and his companion no little at the outset. Leaving his subordinate—who had previously received careful instructions—Arnold Bond, with heart beating a little faster than usual, cautiously mounted the dark, narrow staircase and tapped at a closed door facing him.

Then, without waiting for any reply, he instantly opened it, and as quickly stepped into the room and shut the door after him again. "Surrender yourself my prisoner. Michael Vaughan, alias Ralph Sutton," he said, sternly, as a tall, bearded man sprang hastily to his feet with a startled exclamation, and confronted him. A momentary pause; then, with an oath, the coiner snatched up a chair, and raising it above his head, was about to hurl it at the detective; but as quickly dropped it, as his eye rested on the revolver steadily levelled at him. "Trapped!" he ejaculated, savagely, glaring at the officer. "And in this too fool fashion, too. But there's treachery here," he added, fiercely, "and if—"

The bed was occupied by a little girl of about six years of age, who, it needed no second glance to perceive was very near to death indeed. She was wide awake, staring in mute terror from the detective to her father and back again. Nor did the white face of the coiner who stood trembling by the bedside, express much less alarm than the child's. "Let's clear out before you frighten my young 'un to death," said the coiner, in a quieter voice. "Never mind, Jess," he went on, turning to the child and speaking in such a tender and soothing tone that Bond stared with astonishment. "Perhaps, soon, I shall come back, and then you'll be better, and we will—"

Vaughan's voice faltered, and he paused. "Ah, take him away, sir, but don't hurry him over what he very well knows must be the last goodbye he'll ever say to his child! What hope there may have been you'll take with you but to take it at this moment—"

The wretched mother, unable to articulate another word, sank into a chair, hid her face in her hands, and gave way to a sudden outburst of grief. "Is the gentleman going to take you away, then, daddy?" the child said freely. "Oh, don't go! I do so want you to-night." Then looking at the detective with great, earnest eyes, little Jess continued, half indignantly, half pathetically: "How would your little girl like you to be taken away if she was ill, and wanted you to stop with her dreadfully bad?"

An involuntary smile gathered for one brief instant on the stern countenance of Bond. "It's true, worse luck," whispered the coiner, stepping near his captor. "Poor little beggar, she's mighty bad, and the doctor says the next few hours means life or death. More'n anything she's got to be kept particular quiet, so let's clear out and leave 'em; and, please God, I'll see her again yet. Yes, my prince of traps, you can see what makes me such a miserable coward, eh?"

As if ashamed of the tremor in his speech, the coiner turned, and, taking down his hat, crushed it upon his head and approached the door with a rigid countenance and twitching lips. Apparently, he dared not trust himself to take even a farewell look at his child. But, as Arnold Bond moved toward the door also, his glance fell for an instant upon the thin, white face of little Jess, who had already fallen back exhausted. She was gazing steadily at her father, who, however, kept his face carefully averted. The pitiful, pleading expression in the sick child's eyes struck the detectives to the heart, for it was a look which expressed more eloquently than any words the bitter disappointment she felt at seeing one she evidently dearly loved about to be taken from her this night of all nights.

The detective paused abruptly, hesitated a moment, and then, resolute expression on his features, stepped suddenly, and he said, in a half-jocular tone, to hide the emotion he could not entirely conceal: "Stay, Vaughan; I can't do it after all. I can't take such a cruel advantage of even you at a time like this! That's all and good night."

"Bond, Bond," cried the king of the coiners, springing forward as he recovered from his momentary stupefaction. "Heaven prosper you for this! Bad as I am, I hope I'll be able to give you your reward for this, if it's years to come."

A moment later the detective had gone. He had sacrificed an opportunity of adding enormously to his reputation. It was a year later before the authorities succeeded in discovering the "factory" where Vaughan and his confederates turned out the cleverly made counterfeit coins which so long had passed with impunity in most quarters of the metropolis.

But after infinite trouble Bond found out all he wanted to know, and one night he surrounded with his men the counterfeiters' den.

Bond got within a few feet of the door, and was already thinking how neatly he had managed everything, when suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the whole floor seemed to cave in beneath his feet; and as he threw out his arms with a startled cry, the trap he had unconsciously sprung turned completely over and threw him into a large well-lighted cellar below. Before he could rise some seven or eight men had seized him, and amidst a storm of oaths and threats, bound him hand and foot, despite his strenuous struggles.

"You fools!" cried Bond, exasperated beyond measure. "Let me tell you the game is up! My men surround the place, and this little joke will only make matters a great deal worse for you. You'd better—"

"Joke," repeated one of the coiners, with a fierce laugh. "Well, we'll see. What say you, boys? What says our oath?" "Death to the trap who bowls us out!" answered a burly, villainous-looking fellow. "Surrounded we may be, but what of that? Haven't we means for getting away through the burrow at the first alarm?" "Aye, but not if we stand chucking precious minutes away in empty talk," interrupted another of the gang. "Quick, pals! Here's an end to our snug little business, and so let's make an end of this interfering sneak before we ent. The traps outside may smell a rat if he doesn't soon give 'em the cue."

Without another word one of the coiners stepped up to the prostrate officer and, with a savage exclamation, slipped the noose of a rope over Bond's head and drew it uncomfortably tight round his neck. Another of the desperate crew at once threw the other end of the rope over one of

the beams which supported the flooring above.

The detective now recognized to the full extent the really serious nature of his position; and, half dazed by the terrible calamity which had so suddenly befallen him, was giving up all hope of escape, when for the first time the leader of the gang—Michael Vaughan—himself spoke.

"Leave him to me, lads, and get you along while you may. There's not a jiffy to lose. Hark! hear the traps! They're breaking in already."

"We don't go until we've choked the life out of the rat. Who's put 'em on our trail? Run him up sharp and have him a pleasant surprise to his friends," replied one of the ruffians. With these words the unfortunate officer was jerked off his feet, but at the same moment Vaughan snatched up a formidable knife and at a single stroke severed the rope above his head.

"I'm with you, Mr. Bond," ejaculated Vaughan, with grim determination stamped upon his white face. "Aha! see how my mutinous crew sink back from your bulldog! And by all that's lucky for us both, here come your men. Another minute's delay and I reckon it would have gone a bit hard for us both."

Almost before he had finished speaking the long cellar-like room became for a short space a scene of desperate struggling, the walls echoing a chorus of savage cries and shouts. Of all the members of the gang their leader alone offered no resistance, but lapsed into moody silence. Only when the opportunity offered did he whisper in the detective's ear: "You see, I haven't forgotten what I once promised, sir, although you only had a smasher's word for it. Perhaps you didn't know it, but I reckon you had the life of my little Jess in your hands that night a year ago, and maybe you'll agree now that I've paid a fair price for it. As for me—but there, we're on even terms once more."—London Tit-Bits.

A Defense of Dirt.

Every few years somebody raises the question whether St. Paul's Cathedral in London ought not to be cleaned from the soot with which it is encrusted, and restored to something like its primitive whiteness. Some time ago an experiment of the sort was made on one of the porticos, which forthwith assumed a mottled or piebald appearance. Now the matter has come up for discussion again, and the following interesting point is made in a letter to the Times by a well known architect: "I have had the opportunity, when examining some of our London stone-faced churches, of removing the coating of dirt with a view of seeing the condition of the stone under it, and have found it to be perfect. The casing of dirt appeared to be made chiefly of road dust which had adhered to the stone (only the outer coat of all being gray black). All the deleterious chemicals must have gone out of the lower layer, so that the dirt was a perfect protection. If it were all cleaned off, the stone would be subjected to the strong chemicals in our London atmosphere. It must be remembered that this dirt only adheres to the parts which are not completely washed by the rain, and that it is just these parts, therefore, which are in most need of protection. If at some future time the atmosphere of London should be as pure as the atmosphere of the country is now, it might be wise to act on the suggestion, but until that time comes I sincerely trust that no such experiment will be made."—Washington Star.

By Balloon.

Perhaps the North Pole may be reached in a balloon. The question has been mooted and may be carried out in the near future. A balloon with a cubic contents of 50,000 feet and capable of lifting twenty tons, furnished with a number of smaller balloons containing a reserve supply of hydrogen, would certainly seem to give every promise of success. The balloon would carry five men, with baggage, a number of Eskimo dogs, several boats and a large sledge. It is calculated that from Spitzbergen, where the trip will begin, the air currents which blow steadily from the south, will carry them across the Arctic circle and directly over the North Pole in a flight of about four days' duration. Thus, instead of assisting to destroy human life, the military balloon may be the means of the discovery of a new continent, proving once more that "the glory of scientific invention is its utility to mankind."—Boston Herald.

The Sham Fight Was Getting Serious.

A volunteer sham fight took place recently in England. During the retreat a Scotch volunteer, in scrambling through some bushes, snuck fast in a hedge. One of the advancing force, seeing the situation, for a joke came toward the unfortunate volunteer at full charge with the bayonet fixed and a ferocious look on his face. The poor fellow in the hedge, seeing the threatening aspect of affairs, bawled out at the top of his voice. "Hand on you, idiot; dinna you ken it's only in fun?"—Australian Queenslander.

Asia and Its People.

The great continent of Asia, to which so much attention is given just now, is remarkable for many things, but it is especially noteworthy in respect of its peoples. In the first place, it was the cradle of the human race; secondly, it contains many more people—150,000,000 more, say some—than the rest of the globe put together; and, thirdly, in the Burmese it has the merriest people in the world and in the Ainu of Japan the saddest.—New York Press.

DECAPITATIONS IN CHINA.

HOW CONVICTS ARE BEHEADED ACCORDING TO CHINESE LAW.

Sign of the Red Cross—Formidable Swords—Wielded by the Executioner—Strangling a Prisoner.

THE execution of the two Japanese spies whom we Americans delivered up to the Chinese, and the decapitation of a man-of-war's captain accused of cowardice in the sea fight off Ping-Yang, were recent notable instances of the use of the headsman's sword here in China, writes Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly. There have been other beheadings, for offences growing out of the war and for the ordinary criminal offences, and these have lent a new interest to the subject, even to foreigners resident in China, who frequently read of such punishment, but seldom witness them or hear them described. I have been so fortunate as to fall in with a distinguished European who witnessed the legal slaughter of a number of criminals in Peking. The account he has given me of what he saw is so unlike the popular idea of the methods of justice here that I have written down the substance of it.

"The official on duty on the morning of which I speak, having reached the mat shed, clothed in all the glory of a mandarin's dress—button, neck-lace, breast-cloth, and all—ordered the men brought before him one by one. The law says that in such cases the condemned men shall admit their guilt, and ask that punishment be no longer deferred. Like almost all good law and almost all good logic in China, this regulation is turned into mere ceremony and pretence. The prisoners neither say nor do anything, but a man who stands behind each one pushes him over, bumps his head on the ground and says, 'Yow.' This word, or one with that sound, means 'I want,' and the presiding mandarin understands it to have been uttered by the prisoner, and to mean, 'I want to be punished.' While the official ticks off the man's name upon the list before him, the man is pressed down upon the ground and a red cross is painted on his neck. This is done in order that the right head may be fitted upon the right body afterwards, if proof of the man's death is required for official entry.

"The prisoner thus pointed is pulled away to the execution ground, where the headsman is heating his swords in a great caldron of hot water. The swords are rather more like knives than swords. Each is a yard in length, half an inch thick at the edge, and an inch and a half or two inches thick at the back. If you should weld together nine or ten of our heaviest axes, one laid beyond the other, you would make something like one of these knives. The victim is laid upon his face, and his legs tied together. A long piece of whip-cord is looped under the man's jaw and tied into his right hand. So much of his free end is left that two men go off with it to a distance and pull on it with all their might, while a third one sits on the condemned man's back. The executioner seizes a knife and stands over the victim, whose neck is seen to pull out—and out—and out. The knife falls, the head is severed, and frequently the man who is pulling the whip-cord fall backward and roll half over, like tumblers in a circus. The executioner picks up the head and holds it towards the mandarin, who looks at it carelessly and calmly, and makes a mark upon the tally list in front of him. The legs are staid than he especially when, happening to glance at one of the heads, I saw it open its mouth just as it was held up to the mandarin's view. It was then placed beside the body, and the next felon was brought out and treated in the same way.

"Two or three prisoners were to be strangled on this occasion, and though I went away twice, from sheer inability to witness their execution, I was urged back by a friend who accompanied me, and thus I saw enough to be able to describe that mode of punishment also. The executioner tied a short bit of whip-cord around each man's throat, and then putting a stick of wood in the slack of the cord at the back of the neck, turned the stick and tightened the cord until it was evident that it could not be made tighter. For some reason he immediately loosened the cord (in each case, other said), and then tightened it again and fastened it. The victims made no sound, but a quiver passed over their bodies, and their fingers were seen to curl in as if their fists were being clinched. That was all. The mandarin sent a clerk to check off the names of these victims, and thus the law was vindicated, or avenged."

A Simple Water Filter.

A new filter is being brought out which possesses many advantages. It consists of a piece of rubber tubing an inch and a half long, which fits into a small metal case or tube perforated at its extremity. Inside the tube at the bottom against the holes is present a small piece of sponge which compresses the filter. The rubber end of the tube is pressed on to the cold water tap, and thus the filter is made perfect.—New York Telegram.

What Botanists Say of Indian Corn.

Botanists say that the Indian corn is a grass of the tribe Phalarides, and that the leaves are linear-lanceolate and pubescent with a short ligule, that the inflorescence is monoecious, that the pistillate flowers are crowded on a rachis, that the ovary is bifid and that the withered glumes and paleas remain on the rachis; and if you do not know all about the subject now, it's your own fault.—New York Dispatch.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminum corrodes in salt water.

A telephone line between Berlin and Vienna has been formally opened. The blood flows almost as freely through the bones as through the flesh of very young children. The hiccough nut is a South African plant bearing an oblong fruit, the eating of which causes violent hiccough. A Hartford (Conn.) man has invented a new electric motor, which he claims will run over 160 miles an hour. A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, Cornwall, with the standing rigging, as well as the hull, all of steel.

Dr. Maxim is said to entertain the hope that his aeroplane will be practical enough for general use before the close of this century.

Automatic machines have been devised for use on a moving train which mechanically record the condition of every foot of the track.

Railroad authorities say that an ordinary locomotive has 300 horsepower and burns a ton of coke for eighty miles of passenger train travel.

If man had been limited to the use of his natural weapons of defense he would long since have been beaten out of the contest by the animal kingdom.

Professor Bonney says that a fall of fifteen to twenty degrees F. in the average temperature would be sufficient to account for all known glaciation in the northern hemisphere.

At a recent session of the central criminal court, London, a witness who was suffering from a virulent affection kissed the Bible in the usual way. The judge promptly ordered the book destroyed.

Air can be frozen at a temperature of 295 degrees below zero, and the product, which can be handled and felt, burns, so to speak, with its excessive cold. Frozen air can be produced in any quantity, but its cost, \$500 a gallon, is likely to prevent a large business.

The observations of twenty-five years, made in the Bay of Bengal by the Indian Government meteorologists, have shown that the average temperature rises during years that sun spots are numerous and sink when they are few. When the number of sun spots exceeded the average the barometric pressure was less than its average.

To protect iron or steel used in pipes, roofs, bridges or other constructions where it is liable to suffer from corrosion two important precautions are necessary; first, see that there is no scale on the metal to begin with, and second, paint it with nothing but pure linseed oil and oxide of lead or graphite paints. Of course, frequent inspection and care are also required.

A foreign journal states that by a recent order of the Russian admiralty petroleum will be tried as a fuel under the boilers of the two new armored cruisers Rostislaf and Russia, now being built for the Russian navy. These war vessels will be the first to be supplied with petroleum furnaces, and a thorough test will be made of the value of this fuel before other vessels are fitted for its use.

Electrolytic experiments in connection with the manufacture of beet root sugar have proved to be so successful that the principal French factories and thirty-three German firms have decided to adopt the electrolytic processes. It has been found that the crystallization of four parts of sugar, and by means of electrolytic osmosis the saline constituents of the juices can be effectively eliminated.

Last Remnants of the World's Fair.

The last of the races of other lands who came to the World's Columbian Exposition have just returned home. People who have walked much during the last year on State street, between Washington and Randolph streets, must have noticed the Ceylonese who were used by the Ceylon Tea Company as advertisements. They were four—man and wife and two children. They came here at the opening of the Exposition, under the care of the Ceylon Commissioners. They were a part of that vision of beauty which delighted millions, but which no longer exists. After the gates closed the family was brought downtown. For a year they were at the tea-house on State street, and even city people used to tarry and look at them. Last week they left Chicago for their home, where the spicy breezes blow, 20,000 miles away. They were the last human remnant of the Exposition. They will have a strange story to tell when they get back.—Chicago Tribune.

A Machine That Shines Shoes.

Shining your shoes by machinery is one of the newest schemes of an ingenious inventor. It is a bootblack machine, consisting of an applying brush, a polishing brush, a fluid receptacle and a blacking receptacle, so placed upon a stand that by the movement of a lever, the small circular brush takes up the blacking and moistens and distributes it over the shoe; then the circular brush comes along and polishes the shoe before you can say "Jack Robinson."

This clever contrivance fills the usual "long felt want" for the gentleman who cleans his own shoes in the seclusion of his chamber, but it is doubtful whether it will be fully appreciated by the itinerant bootblack, who wants his five cents a shine. Notwithstanding all objections, however, the new bootblack machine is likely to be in great demand within a very short time.—Housefurnishing Review.

DO YOU WANT?

Do you want some real estate, Or a box of paper collars? Do you lack a chicken coop Or a pocketful of dollars? Make an ad—make an ad.

Do you want a billy goat? Would you sell a house and lot? Want to rent a lumber yard Or a tea or coffee pot? Make an ad—make an ad.

Have you got a horse to trade, Or a stovepipe, or a bell, Or a gold mine, or a store, Or a block of stock to sell? Make an ad—make an ad. —Printers' Ink.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Never try to make game of a tame duck.

A long head is a great help in preventing a long face.

Put a beggar on horseback and he'll run into debt.—Puck.

Charity covers a multitude of sins; justice uncovers them.

No one has as much money as people imagine.—Aitchison Globe.

Of all the sad words to scribble on cranks, The saddest are these, "Declined with thanks."

A word to the wise is sufficient—especially if they have chips on their shoulders.

She—"Do you believe marriage is a mistake?" He—"No; I am a bachelor."—Puck.

Some "jokes" are so utterly bad that they are actually good.—New York Tribune.

Gushing is excusable in immature girls and oil wells.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Kitty—"Oh, Mr. Flirtily is so tender, isn't he?" Judith—"Yes;—pretender."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think Elsie will take her millionaire for better or worse?" "No; for more or less."—Puck.

Never judge a man by the clothes he wears; form your estimate from the clothes his wife wears.—Puck.

The man who has attained a high position must not think himself exempt from the force of gravitation.

One of the sweetest things in neckties is a true love knot made by the girl's own hands.—Philadelphia Times.

Life is real, life is earnest. And the moments speed away, In a manner far too rapid. When we have a note to pay, —Detroit Free Press.

The man with nobody to care for is just as badly off as the man with nobody to care for him.—Galveston News.

When a man makes a success of anything, the conceit of other men is so great that they think they can do just as well.—Aitchison Globe.

When man begins to climb too fast With all his heart and soul, Invariably he finds at last He's climbed into a hole.

If you could condense the wisdom of ages into a single short sentence, you couldn't get a young man to remember it for five minutes after he starts out in the world.—Puck.

"This shape doesn't seem to be as becoming as a small hat; do you think so?" Milliner—"Oh, my, yes. You can't see how much of your face it covers up."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I knocked at the door of her gentle heart, Which I had so longed to win, And she came in response to my timid knock, But she never asked me in. —Detroit Free Press.

Harry—"Do you enjoy the idea of marrying a man reputed to be as miserly as your fiancé is?" Maud—"Oh, yes! Don't you see that the dear fellow will be saving enough for us both!"—Puck.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on. "The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."—Detroit Free Press.

Why the Girls Giggled.

At a place of worship in North London a funny incident occurred on a recent Sunday. A young man who carried a collecting plate after the service, before starting put his hand in his pocket and placed, as he supposed, a shilling into the plate, and then passed it around among the congregation, which included many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked on the plate, all seemed astonished and amused, and the young man, taking a glance at the plate, found that he had put instead of a shilling a conversation lozenge on the plate, with the words, "Will you marry me?" in red letters staring everybody in the face, while one of the congregation had capped it by a second lozenge, on which was printed, "Name the day."—London Weekly Telegraph.

Big Hive Full of Honey.

Mrs. John Welsh, of the town of Sumico, Wis., has obtained between 400 and 500 pounds of honey in a singular manner. Her boy, Philip, while in the woods, observed the mark of claws upon a dead tree, and, thinking to find a wildcat, cut it down. It proved to be a bee tree, and fifteen or sixteen feet of its length was filled with honey. The tree was about three feet in diameter, and the shell was only about three inches thick. The comb was not broken, but was in five sections, each the length of fifteen or sixteen feet. The good lady procured a washtub full of chilled bees and several tubs of honey. The boy is still after the animal with claws that was feeding upon the honey.—Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal.