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The average of human life has increased five per cent. in the past twenty-five years.

About two per cent., or one penny in fifty, which reaches the United States Sub-Treasuries is thrown out as a bad coin, being either damaged or a counterfeit.

Think of the money lying idle in Europe when the Russian loan of \$75,-000,000 was subscribed for forty times over, in twelve hours, exclaims the St. Louis Star-Sayings.

The farmers of the gas belt in Indiana have organized to protect themselves against bold thieving of live stock and grain. It is estimated that there will be 15,000 members.

Cottage homes, in which to house pauper children and preserve them from the work-house taint, have been provided by the Sheffield (England) Board of Guardians at a cost of \$150,-

The Queen of Sweden, who has always taken an interest in Swedish hospitals and the nursing of the sick, had the first experiments made in Sweden with the new cure for diph-

Russia is advancing rapidly in military civilization. For an instance, the St. Louis Star-Sayings relates, that the lance shafts of her Cossacks are now fitted to be used as punt poles or as the handles of scythes with which to cut hav on the march.

From returns received at the British War Office it is estimated that the number of noncommissioned officers and men entitled to the Queen's medal for long and meritorious service, running from twenty to thirty-four years in many cases, is over 30,000.

The New York Advertiser is reminded that General Washington was the victim of merciless political attacks when he was President. General Gates once alluded to him as that "dark, designing, sordid, ambitious, vain, proud, arrogant and vindictive knave." Political denunciation seems to have grown decidedly tame in these later years.

The surrender by the Mosquito Indians of their rights under the treaty of Managua leaves Nicaragua in com plete sovereignty over the Mosquito reserve, and puts an end to Great Britain's pretentions to the right of protectorate over the reservation. The New York Mail and Express states that no fear remains of British interference with the Nicaragua Canal Company's right of transit across the

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Hamlin has issued an order to Collector Kilbreth, of New York, directing that, until further notice, the inspection of luggage brought by passengers on transatlantic vessels shall not be stopped at sunset, as was done upon the recent arrivals of the Teutonic and Westernland. Hereafter, if the inspection has been begun before sunset, all the luggage must be passed without interruption, thus saving pa sengers unnecessary inconvenience.

fornia says in the New York Sun that the ostrich farming experiment is not an entire success, although not a complete failure. He was one of the first to engage in the business of raising the big birds for their feathers, and expected to realize a big fortune quickly. He says that, while much money has been derived from the sale of feathers, the birds do not increase as rapidly as was expected. Then, very many are so vicious that it is im possible to remove the feathers without killing them. He still hones that. as the farmers gain more experience the business may become as big a success as was at first expected.

A damage suit, in which the jury in the St. Louis County Court, at Clayton, Mo., which, it is believed be no precedent in the courts of the United States or England. The case was one, relates the Atlanta Constitution, in which a father claimed and got a verdict for \$5000 for the death of his son, who was killed by a railroad It was proved that the boy was standing alongside the track when the train rushed by at a high rate of speed and that he was hurled to the ground and forced under the cars by the current of air made by the swift motion of the train. Deep interest has been manifested in the peculiar and new feature in the case, the outcome of which in the higher courts is likely to open up a new field of action for damTHE RIDDLE OF WRECK.

Dark hemlocks, seventy and seven,

One broken body of a tree, Stabbed through and slashed by lightnin

Unsouled and grim to see

A hundred masts, a hundred more, Crowd close against the sunset fires. Their late adventure o'er, They mingle with the spires.

But one is lying prone, alone, Where gleaming gulls to seaward sweep, White sand of burial blown

In sheets about its sleep. When lightning's leashed and sea is still.

Your riddle may be read.

—Helen Gray Cone, in the Century.

LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM.



parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her family allowed

her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in in London, but they could not well refuse the invitation

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affections for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly

among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly liked it at night, when illumined by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigal streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulse bounded more quickly. She felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadying a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, freehanded young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy; and that, not-withstanding the fact, had he known

He found it not easy; and that, not-withstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But that shyness of of hers was a fashionable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inbred so long that it had become gart of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes; eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his consintals; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

one afternoon, in the first week of January, he sauntered into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting, like the historic Miss Muffit, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out to-night, Dolly?" She lifted her eyes from her needle

"Not to-night."
"Not. Are you sorry?"
"No."

"I suppose your's getting rather tired of it. You've been out pretty nearly every night lately, haven't you?"

you?"
"Yes. I'm not tired of it, though;
I like it. But auntie and I are going
to have a quiet evening to-night, and
I shall like that just as well."

There was a pause.

"Are you sure you will like it just as well?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Dolly.
He moved on his chair. "Well,"
he said, "I want you to come out
with me to-night, if you will."
She looked at him in amazement.

with delight. "Oh, you are But do you think auntie will

gasped with delight. "Oh, you are kind! But do you think auntie will allow me?"

"I'll ask her," said naughty Tom. It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalized at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theatre. However, they were not there to see it. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so, as Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course. The only condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well, which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her that Tom began to feel the cestasy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he had imagined it could be. He warmed toward her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in

her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the the-atre, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an arealiable heaven.

"We'd better walk on a bit," said
Tom. "We shall come to one presently."
There had been a heavy fall of snow

during the performance, and the pave-ment of the Strand was all slushy and

"It's rather unpleasant under foot, Dolly," said Tom. "You'd better take my arm." She did as she was bid, and imme-

diately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coatsleeve

small, gloved fingers on his coatsleeve gave him more pleasure than all his previous flirtations rolled into one.

When they came to Trafalgar Square Dolly gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how pretty!"

It was pretty. The whole square—fountains, statues, and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging—lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubly black by contrast. It was a study in thite, with just a little black to help it out. Overhead fleecy clouds soudded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely!"

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her feed "it is heautiful."

she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her face, "it is heautiful, very beautiful indeed."

"Oh," said Dolly, "let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far really is it?"

miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really, is it?"
"About a mile," said Tom.
"Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing.
Let us walk. Shall we?"
"Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again," for in her rapturous admiration she had slipped her hand loose, "the streets are slipe pery."

They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind, prevented her from falling by putting his arm round her waist. That was a new experience for Dolly. It had never happened before, Dolly. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bendwas to be blaimed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but the temptation was considerable. Dolly released herself indignantly, pushing him from her. They walked a short distance in awkward silence.

"Dolly, are you angry with me?"

No reply.
"Dolly"—very humbly—"I'm aw fully sorry; but you looked so pretty that I couldn't help it." Still a severe silence.
"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?"

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?" The gray eyes were fixed on the ground, and the pretty lips were pressed firmly together. He caught her fingers. She tried to pull them away, but it was useless.
"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?" he said sain.

said again. She found her voice at length.

She found her voice at length.

'I wish you wouldn't make me say things. Of course, I forgive you, but —you oughtn't to have done it."

'I am really very sorry, Dolly," he

Then the snow came down.

There was no mistake about it, either; it did come down, with a ven-

either; it did come down, with a vengeance. The flakes were nearly as
large as a man's hand, and the sky
was full of them.

"Dolly," said Tom, firmly, "you
must take my arm and hold it tightly.
We are going to catch it."
She took his arm, and he hurried
her along as fast as he could. It was
no use. The snow pelted their faces
so severely than in less two minutes
they were nearly, numbed with the
cold.

we must shelter somewhere till the violence of the storm is spent," with an eminent surgeon. As they said Tom. He looked about him for a convenient doorway. Fortunately, there was one near. He placed Dolly pavement into the road. The surgeon said, "My dear boy, what are get to her, and stationed himself at her side.

"Are you cold, Dolly?" he said.
"Not very, thank you," she replied.

"Not very, thank you," she replied.
"Are you?"

"1? Oh! it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community. Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?"

He commenced to take it off.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. "Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You are kind to me."

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly. "Who

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly, "Who could help being kind?"

He pressed more closely to her. Outside the snow was descending bearile.

heavily.
"Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "have you quite forgiven me?"
She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked at her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought it had never looked prettier. "Dolly," he whispered, "I love you."

you."

Her heart bounded. He loved her Oh! the blissful thought!
"Dolly." he whispered again,
"could you care for me ever so lit-

"Yes," she murmured.
Their eyes, and then their lips, met.
After that I don't think either of them

Their eyes, and then their hips, met. After that I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were prisoned in that sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

"We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears, "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom

The rest isn't worth telling.

Once, while passing through a Dutch farm, writes the author of "Three Years With Lo Bengula," in Africa, 1 went up to the house to buy some eggs, standing in front of the door was a large barrel, and while passing I carelessly tilted it up to see what was inside, but promptly let it down again, as there was a big python underneath. The Dutchman told me he derneath. The Dutchman told me he had shot at the suake some months previously, and a few grains entering the head, the reptile appeared to become stupefied and unable to move quickly. He then dragged it home, and extracted the fangs, and it gradually became tame. The python, which measured sixteen feet, was allowed to crawl about the place at night, never attempting to get away or do any damattempting to get away or do any damage; in fact, they found it useful for killing rates and vermin. By day it was kept under the barrel. The children fed the snake, and played with it. I saw one of the little Dutch boys drag it out and your two bottles of it. I saw one of the little Dutch boys drag it out, and pour two bottles of milk down its throat, and then give it six eggs, wh ch it swallowed. When they teased the python, it made a hissing noise and reared up on its tail; they were not a bit frig..ened, and would catch hold of it by the head, and drag it along the ground over their shoulders.

Use ulness of Diamonds,

Diamond powder and chips, and even the finest dust, are of great value in the mechanical arts. Brazilian diamonds are now put to a novel and interesting use. A thin disk of steel, seven feet in diameter, has spaces at intervals of about one and one-half intervals of about one and one-half inches. These spaces are filled in with pieces of steel that exactly fit, and into these are set the diamonds fixed in countersunk screw-heads. They are arranged in groups of eight, and are so placed that they do not follow one exactly after the other in the cut, but each line takes its own course. This circular saw is used for cutting up blocks of stone, and so efficient is it that in less than two and one-half years it has to cut out four hundred and twenty thousand square feet of and twenty thousand square feet of stone, at a cost of a trifle less than two cents a square foot. In this time it has been necessary to renew twenty of the teeth, the average cost of which has been about two dollars per tooth. —The Ledger.

Rules for Gam Chewing.

The visible working of the jaws in chewing gum is not a pleasant sight, and that it exasperates sensitive people beyond measure is not unnatural. A Buffalo coachman lost a good position the other day because he would tion the other day because he would persist in chewing gum on the box while driving. The severest criticism levelled at certain regiments of the Massachusetts National Guard at a recent inspection was that many privates and some officers chewed gun on parade. The only persons who really ought to be allowed to chew gum are policemen, on night service only, and members of football teams in actual conflict.--Buffalo Commer-

A proposal having been made in London that boxes should be erected severely than in less two minutes ey were nearly, numbed with the ld.

"We must shelter somewhere till e violence of the storm is spent," id Tom. He looked about him for purposition degrees. Fortuntelly, with an eminent surgeon. As they neared his house, the lad kicked away a rice of orange used that lay on the

LABOR'S CRY FOR PITY.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEMOCRATIC PROMISES
AND PERFORMANCES.

Workingmen Have Been Betrayed by the Party of Deceit and Destruc-tion—Vanished Markets in Ex-change for Former Prosperity.

change for Former Prosperity.

God pity our poor workingmen!
Yes, pity them for the cruel position
they find themselves in. Deluded and
misled to believe that a change in
the Government would not only give
them constant labor at advanced
prices, their aching hearts were, in
fancy, soothed by seeing in their
imaginations the wealth from the pockets of the rich rapidly becoming
their own. It proved worse than a
dream. Pity them for being led to
believe that their wives and their children could then wear better clothing
and sit down to better meals. Pity
them for all this; but let the party of
deceit and destruction beware, for at
the next Presidential election the ballots of laboring men will be arrayed the next Presidential election the ballots of laboring men will be arrayed in such overwhelming numbers as never before against Democracy, Free Trade, Good Times, Soup Houses, or whatever name its friends wish to be buried in. Those ballots will be cast for the party that sprung into existence in Lincoln's time, for the party that saved our Nation when it was divided against itself, and carried it along through those four years of bloodshed, and which has been controlling our Government from that conditions our Government from that time till 1892. The party took control in the most trying time of United States history, but she left us the most prosperous Nation on the face of this earth.

That we have been deceived by voting into power the free trader is proved at a moment's thought. It is so plain that a fool, though blind, may see it. When the see it. Where are our markets gone? When the farmer takes his well fed beeves, his grain, produce or fruit to market, where are his once good prices? They have vanished in exmarket, where are his once good prices? They have vanished in exchange for Democratic promises, and the farmer must be content with one-half the amount of cash, plus the knowledge that the sooner he can bid his good friend Grover an everlasting farewell, the sooner will he be prosperous again. Where is the whistling of engines calling the laborers to one more day of noble, manly toil? Where are the throngs of happy people pushing and crowding py people pushing and crowding their way to the furnace, the factory, the workshop? Gone! All gone with the happy past, but to return, bright-er and sweeter, after the bitter pres-

We were told by a free trade lady We were told by a free trade lady speaker that tramps were unknown in Democratic times; but never before in the history of Utah has the little city of Ogden been compelled to feed twelve hundred of them in one day, as she has done for the past few days. An object lesson is this, one that will An object lesson is this, one that will rise up in our memories in the coming Presidential campaign and tell us which cause is just. Utah is a Territory; hence her voting affects our Nation at present but little. She was once thought to be Democratic, but she has proven herself Republican, and when admitted as a full fledged sister State will send her Senators and Representatives prepared to battle for protection to American industries.

Jas. S. Perry. Jas. S. Perry.
Willard City, Utah.

While President Cleveland was very timid in his reference to the tariff and tariff reform, or free trade, in his last message to Congress, his Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. J. G. Carlisle, bobbed up as a semi apologist, and his remarks, coming as they do from a leading disciple, are interesting.

"The raw materials used in the production of commodities for the use of the people in their homes and in their various industrial pursuits should be free from taxation, in order that the

burdens of labor may be lightened."

Mr. Carlisle is extremely frank and honest, much more so, in fact, than the gentleman who sits at the head of the cabinet meetings. Mr. Carlisle believes that raw material should be face from teaching the page of the cabinet meetings. free from taxation; so do many other free traders, but they do not study the reason why raw material should the reason why raw material should be free with anything like the frank-ness of the Secretary of the Treasury, who gives the reason "in order that the burdens of labor may be light-Of course, when our raw materials

of course, when our raw materials are free from taxation and are free from a tariff duty, they will be imported from foreign countries, where labor costs next to nothing, being brought over here in most instances as ballast, free of freight charges. "The burdens of labor" may be lightened in this country under such circumstances, and every dollar's worth of raw material that we get from abroad must mean so much less raw material supplied in this country, unless the American wage earners consent to take the miserable pittance that is paid to the men and the women who work in the European mines or to work longer hours for the same money that they are now receiving. But in this case "the burdens of labor" would not be "lightened." They would be intensified. So that it is clearly not the intention of Secretary Carlisle that American raw material should be used in making American goods. He wants to import raw material from abroad "in order that the burdens of labor might be lightened" by affording less employment for labor in this country. In other words, he desires that American labor should take a rest.

Early last fall between fifty and

sixty ladies and gentlemen living in St. Louis were invited to visit the springs at St. Clair, Michigan, where they were highly entertained and had a trip on a steam yacht up the river. During this trip the captain called the attention of the party to a smoke stack, 100 or more feet high, saying: "See that smoke coming from the chimney? That factory has been closed for eighteen years and last week was the first time since 1876 that it has been in operation."

A couple of prominent St. Louis citizens, who are strong Democrats, immediately jumped up and said: "What can McKinley say to that?

"What can McKinley say to that? Here we have started a factory running that has been idle for eighteen

years."
As soon as they had finished their little jubilee the captain quetly remarked: "Gentlemen, that factory is on the Canadian shore." It was then the turn of the rest of the mem-

then the turn of the rest of the members of the party to laugh.

On returning to the hotel when the proprietor was told the story he stated that he was buying all his milk and cream in Canada, because since the Gorman bill became law and milk and cream are entered from of duty into the United States we can now buy these dairy products a cent cheaper than he could under the McKinley law.

American Shipping.

The Fithian ship bill, as originally The Fithian ship bill, as originally introduced into Congress, simply authorized the purchase of any vessels built in any foreign country and their registry free of duty as vessels of the United States. A subsequent amendment to the bill provided that such ships should not be used in our coast-

any such vessels when flying the American flag, when bought with American money and owned by Americans, can be prohibited from trading between any one coast port and another in the United States. It would be decidedly unconstitutional to attempt to restrain the movement of any ships that might be flying the Stars and Stripes in American waters. The object of the amendment of the bill looks like a blind to deceive those who objected to the original measure and who are now engaged not only in our coast-wise trade but also in our lake and river commerce.

The Tennessee Centennial.

Hon. Joseph E. Washington, mem-Hon. Joseph E. Washington, member of Congress from Tennessee, has introduced a bill into Congress to aid and encourage the Tennessee Centennal Exposition at Nashville in 1896. The bill has been referred to the Committee on Appropriations for a report as to the advisability of giving financial aid to such an enterprise. We are very glad to notice the signs of progress in Tennessee, and we have no doubt that a very interesting exposition will be held there, showing how the State has advanced and prospered during thirty years of protection, though the result would doubtless during thirty years of protection, though the result would doubtless though the result would doubtless have been more gratifying had Tennessee earlier taken advantage of the protective policy which has been of such advantage to the more Northern States. However, now that Tennessee has fallen into line in the march of progression and protection, we expect to see more rapid strides in its prosperity.—American Economist.

The South as a Coal Producer.

Of the 83,166,088 tons of coal pro-Or the 63,10,005 tons of coal produced in the Appalachian or Atlantic seaboard coal field, in 1892, practically 23,000,000 tons—to be exact, 32,908,585 tons, or twenty-seven and a half per cent.—were from Southern mines. The value of this coal at the mines was \$20,983,543. Its producmines was \$20,983,943. Its produc-tion gave employment to 37,837 per-sons an average of 249 days in the year. With the exception of farming, coal mining probably gives employ-ment to more persons in the chief coal producing States of the South— Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama—than any other indus-try, and anything that interferes with the prosperity of this industry causes widespread disaster in these States, not only to the miners and those in-terested, but to especially merchants. terested, but to especially merchants farmers and railroads which depend so largely for their prosperity upon coal mining. There must be no free

Who is the Boss?

The country should understand that another general or extensive tariff revision is not contemplated by the

But both President Cleveland and Professor Wilson have promised further tariff revision, saying that the Gorman bill was "but the beginning" of "tariff reform." Who is the boss?



A WINTER THOUGHT.

Old Winter is a surly soul, Gaunt, haggard, grim and gray His trumpet biast sweeps from the All that is green and gay.

But isn't he a poet still,

Of sweet and gentle art, Who feels a kind and gentle thrill

When he depicts in dreams wind-tost When he depicts in oreams wind-toThe flowers of summer's train,
In arabesques of sparkling frost
Upon the window-pane?

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Tell us not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
When we've had mince pie and doughnuts,
Turkey, cake and real lee cream.
—Chleago Inter-Ocean.

McSwatters-"I hear Hogo, the humorist, has broken his back?" McSwitters—"Well, that's a funny snap!"—Syracuse Post.

The centre-board of a yacht is most important in a race, but on a pleasure-trip the side-board is most thought of,

—New Orleans Picayune.

She—"These horrid photographs don't do me justice at all." He—"My love, it's not justice you stand in need of, it's mercy."—New York Ledger.

A rose by any other name
Might be as fragrant. Still,
We'd all be just as pennlless
When setting up the bill.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Twenty per cent. of the Chicago women who registered did not vote at the late election. It is evident that Tuesday is bargain-day in Chicago.—Rochester Herald.

Teacher (to class) -- "In this stanza what is meant by the line 'The shades of night were falling fast?' 'Clever Scholar-'The people were pulling down the blinds.'—Tit-Bits. pulling down the billids. — It-bits Some o' these days the tide will turn, Though the river looks long and dim: But while you're waitin' you'd better lear: To swim, my boy, to swim!

A lanta Constitution.

—A lanta Constitution.

Intimate Friend—"Has your husband's love grown cool?" Sarcastic Wife—"Oh, no. He loves himself just as much now as he did when we were married twenty years ago."—Secrogyilla Louvale. Somerville Journal.

"Did I understand you to say that Thompson was a farmer?" "Good gracious, no! I said he made his money in wheat. You never heard of a farmer doing that, did you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Answer by return male," was the way the letter wound up that Miss Footlites received from Mr. Suddenrox. "I wender," said she, "whether he means by the messenger boy or by post."—Indianapolis Journal.

In a suburban Boston pulpit last Sunday morning this notice was read:
"The pastor will preach his last sermon this evening, and the choir has arranged a special praise service for the occasion."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The pen may be mightler than the sword, But many a man is willing To bet that his little typewriter Is ever so much more killing.

Traveler (to train-boy) - "Got any traveler (to frain-boy)— Out any of the humorists?" Train-Boy—'No, sir; but I've got a couple of London papers containing comments on the American elections,"—Chicago Record.

ord.
Minnie—"Did you hear about Molly's fiance falling off the trolley car and breaking his arm?" Mamie—"Yes. I wonder if he will sue the company for damages?" Minnie—"I guess not. I shouldn't wonder if she does though."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Father (to son who is just going out in the world)—"And remember one thing—never marry a gal as is richer than yourself. When I married your mother I had five dollars and she had to throw it up in my face yet."-

Diamonds Are Hard.

After perfect rubies and emeralds, and perhaps after great pearls, comes the diamond in value. This, too, has a range of colors, the most prized being red, blue, green and water white, mg red, blue, green and water white, while brown or gray tinges are not quite so highly esteemed. The Kohi-Noor, of 102; carats, ranks low in point of size with some of the world's great stones—for instance with the Great Mogul, 279 carats in weight. Diamond is the hardest mineral known, brittle though it be; acids do not effect it, and it is also the only combustible. though it be; acids do not effect it, and it is also the only combustible gem. It has high refractive and dispersive powers ("fire"), and some specimens become phosphorescent by the action of light. It usually occurs as an eight-sided crystal.—New York

The Cleveland papers report the curious case of Mrs. Charles Umlauf, of that city, who had her husband arrested for alleged assult and battery. It came out in court that the cause of the domestic unpleasantness was her refusal to cook dog for Charles on the family stove. Her energetic refamily stove. Her energetic re-menstrances against his efforts to con-vert the children to his efforts to con-traction of the contraction of the contraction of the provised him to violence. Charles promised the justice to keep the peace in the family, and was let go with a caution from the bench. Subsequently he told a reporter that he had been cating dog flesh for seven years past and prefers it to chicken.—Atlanta Constitution.

Profits in the Drug Business "Speaking of profits in the drug business," said a Broadway druggist, "my lease is for seven years, and has four years yet to run. If I don't re-tire with \$100,000 clear from this store my figuring powers are very faulty."—New York Sun.