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Spain puts out 3,000,000,000 corks per year.

Berlin has no slums. Even in the poorest quarters the streets are paved with asphalt, and are kept faultlessly clean.

The holding of Pure Food Exhibitions in all our large cities is doing a great work in calling attention to the immense benefit to mankind conferred by the plucky, sagacious men who have first produced a pure article, and second, made all the world want to buy it.

Evidence is accumulating, states the New York Mail and Express, that Marshal Ney was not shot, as the Bourbons ordered, but that he was really the American schoolmaster who dwelt in the Carolinas after the fall of Napoleon. His alleged preservation is attributed to the connivance of Wellington.

A wide-awake member of the South Australian Legislature has made a profit of \$75,000 on a shipment of onions to the mines in Western Australia. He probably had had some experience of the wants of people on freshly opened gold fields. His example has been followed by a number of other enterprising traders, and according to late advices there is quite a small of onions about the famous Coolgardie fields.

By the time Alaska is ready for settlement its resources will probably be much improved, which is far better than to have a great wave of immigration to destroy them. The Siberian reindeer taken to Alaska are increasing rapidly, and this domesticated animal will be an invaluable help to settlers. If the waste of fish and game along the coast could be stopped, the Chicago Herald believes, the big Territory would be in excellent shape.

The famous Berlin professor, Virchow, is a most outspoken opponent of the Darwinian theory as applied on the Continent to the descent of man from a lower order of creatures. At the International Anthropological Congress at Innsbruck, of which association he is the veteran President, the New York Observer states that he again poured out his vials of wrath and scorn on the advocates of this theory. He claims that Darwin himself originally abstained from applying his theory to the descent of man, and that only later the apotheosis was adopted. "Men might as well have invented a theory of the descent of man from a sheep," continued Virchow. He regards the problem involved as one that can never be scientifically solved.

The Board of Supervisors of the Boston Public Schools has reported in favor of vertical, instead of slant, handwriting. The report states that the adoption of vertical handwriting in a number of European schools has proved to be a remedy for various physical defects, and that it has the indorsement of a number of international hygienic congresses. The Board therefore makes these recommendations: "That vertical penmanship be introduced at once into a certain number of schools designated for that purpose, and that it be permitted in all of the schools. That all pupils, in writing, face the desk so that a line joining the shoulders shall be parallel with the front edge of the desk. That all paper used in teaching writing be ruled with a single line, as for ordinary correspondence."

A Vienna scoundrel named Shapira has been working a green goods swindle on the greedy and credulous of that city with great success. He has improved on the American game very decidedly. His scheme is to sell only genuine notes. Of course the buyers had no trouble in working them off, and soon his wares came into great demand, and he received orders by the score. All meetings for the delivery of the goods were arranged to take place at solitary spots on the frontiers. When the orders were for small amounts, Shapira allowed them to go, as baits for more business, but when the sale was large, the transfer would no sooner be consummated than policemen would appear and arrest the parties, confiscating all the money. The swindlers would be held, but the swindled would be allowed to go, as having suffered enough by losing their money. The police, who were confederates of the swindlers, would then return the money to the office of the firm. Some of the dupes caught on to the scheme, but they were afraid to complain, as they were criminally connected with the transaction. When rumors of his crooked work reached the ears of the authorities, Shapira absconded. He was arrested recently in Rotterdam.

WHICH?

Which are the hands we love the best, Those that are folded between our own, Or those that move us to strange unrest, By feathery touch that is quickly flown? Which, ah, which, do we love the best, Hands caressing or hands caressed?

Which are the eyes we most adore, Those reflecting our every thought, Or those whose glances our hearts implore, Whose fire will neither be tamed nor taught? Which, ah, which, do we love the best, Eyes adoring or eyes adored?

Which is the heart of hearts we prize, That which sways with a passionate power, Or that which yields us a sacrifice, Gentle and generous, day and hour? Which, of all, do we hold above, Hearts most loving or hearts we love? —The Century.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.



KATE SOMERS, my old schoolmate and dear friend for years after we entered upon our lives as matrons, invited me to spend the summer with her at Star Point, a little sea-coast village, named from a peculiar conformation of jagged rocky points which stretched into the ocean in the shape of a mammoth star.

Kate had lost her husband and only child of contagious fever during the absence of my liege lord upon a business trip to Germany; so we were desirous of avoiding the crowds at gay watering places, and spending a summer in seclusion and comfort. Star Point, Kate wrote me in June, after she had been there three weeks, was almost a solitude, where we could sew, read, write and chat without fear of intrusive visitors, and where sea air could be enjoyed without the necessity of ten or a dozen changes of dress in one day.

So one July morning found us sauntering along the little strip of beach between two high rocks, talking quietly. As we stood looking upon the water, calm and sunny, rolling in with curling waves, there passed us the prettiest trio I have ever seen.

The central figure was an immense dog, black and shaggy, with long curling hair. Upon each side of him was a golden-haired boy, of three years old, dressed only in a close-fitting suit of scarlet flannel, which left the round white arms and legs bare. The little chubby feet pattered by the side of the great dog, the little hands holding fast to his shaggy black sides, till with a merry shout the boys plunged into the water, and swam out from shore. They were buoyant as little ducks, sporting in the waves, and evidently at home there, but the great dog watched them constantly, ready to catch either, if the curling golden hair should sink for a moment.

"Did you ever see anything so pretty?" I cried. "I knew you would say so," Kate answered. "I have seen them every morning. They live in the cottage you see beyond that great rock, with a young mother as pretty as themselves, and an old man, who I presume is their grandfather."

But the occupants of the cottage were nearer than Kate supposed, for she ceased speaking, a suppressed chuckle behind us, as both took round with a start, to face the pretty young mother and the venerable old man, who said respectfully: "Beg pardon, ladies, for laughing, but," and a broad grin spread over his whole face, "those are my boys. This is my wife, Margie."

Margie blushed and dropped a courtesy. "John is so proud of the boys," she said, as if apologizing for her husband's tone. "Well he may be," I said; "they are beautiful children. Are you not afraid when they are in the water?" "Oh, no; Rover goes with them always, and they were taught to swim as soon as to walk."

"The ladies are wondering, Margie, how you are my wife, and not my daughter," said the old man. "You can tell them while I go down to the nets. I'll bring the lads in, if the ladies will rest after their walk." Margie left bashfully led the way to the cottage, and gave us each a seat in the neat sitting-room. When we were near the house we saw that it was a pleasant sized dwelling, made by throwing two little cottages into one, and the furniture and appointments proved that the occupants were in easy circumstances. With true country hospitality, Margie offered us fruit, cake and milk, and Kate, while eating, delicately led the conversation back to the point where John had left it. "Well," said Margie, blushing prettily, "John seems always to think that it looks odd for me to be his wife, when I am but twenty-four and he has turned seventy; but nobody that knows him can wonder at it. You see, my father lived in the half of this cottage, when it was two houses, and John Martin, that is my husband, lived in the other half. I was but a bit of a girl when my mother died, and I used to go with father and Uncle John, as I called him then, everywhere. They were both fishermen, as all the men are around here, and both made enough money to live on in comfort. But twice a week we took fish to market at M—, where the train stops, four miles inland."

of the road, just after you leave the town?"

We had both noticed it. "Here father and Uncle John always stopped to leave fresh fish as we went to town, and I was very often invited to stay all day to play with the children, Anna and Frederick Hall. I must tell you here, that my mother was not from this part of the country, but had lived in Philadelphia, and had come to Star Point for her health the summer she met my father and married him. She had a sister living in Philadelphia, and when I was ten years old, my aunt wrote to father to send me to her for a few years, that I might have an education."

When Mr. Hall heard of this, he made arrangements to send Anna also, and for six years we were at boarding-school in the city, my home being at my aunt's during the holidays. She was very kind to me, and I was very happy, but I was very glad to come home again to father, Uncle John and the sea. I can never tell you how I fretted for the sea. But in the six years that I had been away, father had grown very feeble, depending more and more upon Uncle John, and growing weaker every year.

"So it was that I began to carry the fish to M—, and we started a little cart and pony for the journey to and fro. I was young, and when Fred Hall, who was only five years older, began to smile at me, and find excuses for lingering at the cart, began to bring orders to the cottage for particular fish on days that were not market days, nobody found fault. I was but a poor fisherman's daughter, it is true, and his father was a wealthy man, a factor at M—, but we were all equals in position, for this is a primitive place, and I never knew anything about high and low, or money making other than in Philadelphia."

"But though Fred Hall was young and had been to college, though he wore handsome clothes and had money, I never cared for his fair whiskers and bright face as I did for Uncle John's white hair and gentle voice. I never thought of love. I only knew that I was happy with Uncle John, and miserable away from home. I was seventeen when, one morning, I went with Uncle John to fish from a rock we call the Camel's Back hereabouts. There were but few who fished there, for it is a dangerous point, though the fish are plenty in the hollow beneath it. You see, it was a high arching rock, and hung over the water, which was very deep directly under it. To pull up a net or a line, one must almost hang over the edge of the rock, and below the waters suck the fish down, so that it requires a strong arm to pull them in."

"Uncle John and I, however, often fished there, though he never allowed me to pull the fish in. But upon this particular day Fred Hall joined us, and we were going across the sands, and Uncle John kept a little aloof. He thought we were lovers, and never kept very near me when he fancied Fred was courting. And I did not understand then why this vexed me. On this day it nettled me more than ever, and when I felt a strong pull at my line, instead of calling Uncle John to help me, I leaped over the edge of the rock and tried to land my own fish. For a moment I succeeded in holding the line, then there was a sudden strong jerk, and losing my balance, I went over the Camel's Back into the water. I could swim, but in falling I struck my head against a point of the rock, and lost my consciousness."

"Fred stood still and screamed, but dear Uncle John, never thinking of his own danger, ran round the rock, and, at the base, plunged into the deep water after me. I cannot tell how we escaped, but I was dragged ashore by Uncle John, and Fred had sense enough to run to the house for the pony and cart. It was many days before I could go for fish again, but in those days I knew that I loved John Martin, that for his sake I could leave all the world, if it would make him happy. But I knew, too, that he looked upon me as a mere child, his old companion's daughter, and I blushed at my own presumption in thinking he would ever love me."

"I did not know then that John Martin had once been a gentleman of wealth and standing, had traveled in Europe, had studied in foreign colleges; but I did know that he was unlike any of the other fishermen at Star Point, even my own father. He first taught me to speak correctly, avoiding all the provincialisms of the people around us, and he would tell me of sights abroad, that I supposed he had read of, instead of having seen them. Once he told me that a false love, a false friend and sudden loss of worldly wealth had first driven him to Star Point, but that he had found rest and peace here, and hoped to die here. I never asked him any more."

"I was getting well of my injuries, when my father was taken suddenly very ill, and for two years I nursed him, through a gradual decline of his whole system, till he died. When he died there came a desolation into my life beyond even my orphanhood. "I must leave Star Point. My aunt wrote me to come to her, promising me a loving welcome and a home. Fred Hall, in the face of the approaching separation, asked me to be his wife, but John said nothing. Day after day I lingered, keeping with me the woman who had attended to our house after my father's illness required all my time. Day after day I saw John, with his pale, sad face, his tender, subdued manner, and he never spoke the words to keep me beside him. "With a breaking heart I felt that I must go. The stifling city, the routine of fashionable life at my aunt's, the exile from home and the ocean, all pressed upon me, and Fred urged his suit whenever he could. "Weary and heart-sick, I went one

day to the Camel's Back to bid farewell to the sea, for I had resolved to go away the next day. I was standing on the edge of the rock, when, looking down, I saw John Martin, at the base, sitting upon a rock, his head bowed upon his hands, his whole frame convulsed with deep sob.

"I knew then he loved me. I cannot tell how I knew it, but I was sure then, as I am now, that he was weeping for me. It took me but a moment to skirt round the rock and stand beside John. I never thought about being unmaidenly or bold. I never remembered that he had not spoken one word of love to me. I only knew that the coming separation was breaking his heart as well as mine. I knelt down beside him, and put my arms about his neck.

"Oh, John," I said, "don't let me go! Keep me with you." "Margie, little Margie," he said, "I would gladly keep you, if I could."

"Then he looked in my face, and said: "No, no. I am an old fool, dreaming, mad! The child cannot love me."

"But I do love you," I said, clinging closer to him, "and you love me. And now nobody can take me away."

"But, Margie," he said, very gravely, "there is but one way you can stay. You must be my wife, or I cannot keep you here."

"I know it, John," I said. "Your wife! To cook for you, sew for you, love you!"

"But Fred Hall?" "Fred Hall!" I said, contemptuously. "He is nothing to me, John. You are all the world to me."

"She can adopt somebody else." "You see," said Margie, laughing and blushing, "I was doing all the courting, but there was a look in John's eyes that told me he was pleading against his own heart, and that he loved me even when, for my sake, he thought it right to send me away."

"He insisted upon my going to Philadelphia for a year, to test my own heart, and then, when I was homesick and wretched, he came to me. "He knew then I loved him for all my life, and he loved me, dearer even than he had loved the woman who was false to him in his youth. So we were married, and came to Star Point, to the home where I was born, and where I hope to die."

Here the sound of laughing voices reached us, and looking out, we saw the golden-haired twins, all glowing and dripping, coming over the sands, one astride of the black dog's back, the other upon his father's shoulders. The old man was prancing like a horse, the dog barking and trotting beside him, and the twin boys shouting and laughing till the air rang with their merriment.

"We rose to go, thanking Margie for her story, and firmly convinced that there was one woman in the world who, for true love's sake alone, is an old man's darling.—New York News."

Four Feet of Snow in Eight Hours.

"I have seen four feet of snow fall in eight hours," said Conductor Cobb, of the Maine Central, Thursday, "and yet it was so light that you could wade through it just as you can through water."

A Remarkable Family.

On a pretty little farm high up among the hills of Calhoun County, Alabama, 1000 feet above the sea, lives a most remarkable family. Their name is Sadlers. The family consists of a brother and four sisters, and the youngest has already turned her ninety-first year. The oldest is several years more than a century old. None of them has ever married. The Sadlers were born in the Old Dominion State. In 1831 the family moved to Alabama and Calhoun County, about fifteen miles east of Anniston. Two years later they became possessed of the property on which they now live, and there erected a log house, which dominates they have since inhabited constantly. Years ago the father and mother died, the former at the age of ninety-one, the latter at the age of seventy-five.—Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times.

Coin Dies Destroyed.

Sledge-hammer blows, delivered by powerful employes of the Mint, on Wednesday destroyed the dies in use during the last year. There were 512 in all, and of these 71 were for double eagles, 97 for eagles, 32 for half eagles, 4 for quarter eagles, 12 for dollar pieces, 21 for half-dollar pieces, 50 for quarter-dollar pieces, 36 for ten-cent pieces, 80 for five-cent pieces, and 108 for one-cent pieces. The dies are steel, and to destroy them it becomes necessary to heat them almost to whiteness. Then they were taken from the fire and placed upon an anvil and by blacksmiths with sledges struck them upon the face.—Philadelphia Times.

LET LABOR LISTEN.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE.

There Has Been No Flattering in the Battle Waged for the Industrial Welfare of Our People.—The Revolution Against the Wilson-Gorman Monstrosity Proved That the Voters Favored Protection and American Markets for American Products.

The annual address of the American Protective Tariff League, prepared by Hon. Joseph E. Throop, of Pennsylvania, at the request of the Board of Managers, is as follows: To the American Voter: Since our last annual meeting much has occurred to justify the organization and continued work of the League.

The protracted discussion of the tariff by the enemies of the protective system, who had been intrusted by the vote of '92 with the entire control of the Government, and the widespread suffering which resulted through their vicious distortion of facts, had a tendency to cause the more timid protectionists to become discouraged, and they seemed willing to compromise on almost any terms. Some Senators became so alarmed, as the condition of the country continued to grow worse under the strain, that they feared to resort to extreme measures to prevent the passage of a tariff reduction law, lest their constituents, in their anxiety for "peace at any price," might not sustain them.

We felt this depression, fear and uncertainty, but knew that the battle was for the industrial welfare of our people and the country, and we strongly urged Senators to resist the tariff reduction to the uttermost, believing that a few weeks of uncertainty were far preferable to several years under a bad law. All did not resist as we had urged, and the result is the burden of a mongrel tariff law. This law afforded inadequate protection to our workmen and industries, fails to renew prosperous times, and does not afford enough revenue to meet the expenses of the Government.

The League had to contend against the discouragements referred to, but its officers felt that the cause which we advocated was the people's cause and that the appeal should be made to the people's representatives. Efforts to gain needed support were systematically pushed; means of reaching the people through the press of the country were largely increased; facts showing the results of tariff tinkering were carefully gathered and widely circulated; wholesome truths were constantly presented to the thoughtful voter to show him the dangers which confronted him. The wisdom of this resolution which took place in the public mind, as shown in November last, has never been equaled in our political history. Catch words or phrases no longer blind the people. Such slogans as "The Tariff is a Tax," "Robber Barons," "Taxing the Many to Enrich the Few," etc., no longer have effect.

The newly invented phrase, "Tariff agitation must be suppressed because it injures business," is a purposely misleading snare of the enemy. The people know that all American interests grow and were made stronger during the discussion of the law of 1890, more and more as it was made manifest that safe protection of our industries would prevail, and not a single American interest was injured; on the other hand, after the election of 1892, as it became more and more certain that protection would be weakened, industry after industry felt the blighting effects of threatened free trade, which culminated in the passage of the Wilson-Gorman monstrosity.

The people are in favor of protection. They are determined to have the American markets for American products. If those who should be their leaders and champions lack courage, the American voters do not. Now that a calm review of the situation can be taken, it seems proper to express clearly the views and policy of the supporters of the League. We believe that our country has varieties of soil and climate enough to produce nearly if not all that we, as a people, need, and that hidden beneath the surface are mineral resources sufficient to add to our comfort and wealth. We believe in developing these under an American policy and an American system of wages. We believe in considering first our own markets, the best in the world, and protecting them; then we favor trading with foreign Nations where the result is trade and not simply purchases—in other words reciprocal trade. We know that if we produce what we need and sell it within ourselves, we, as a Nation, have both the products and the money—the wealth—while if we permit other Nations to produce and sell to us, we may have their products, but they will have our money.

Protection laws are not sectional but apply in their benefits to all portions of our land. The people by their votes have indorsed this law. For the first time in many years the "Solid South" has been broken and protectionist Senators have been elected from the South to help restore the United States Senate to the friends of protection. The people have learned that no wall divides the North from the South, the East from the West. The tariff laws which have encouraged industries in the North are necessary, and they are equally applicable to industries south of the Potomac and Ohio, and west of the Mississippi. They have learned that protection is a living, wage-reducing, Queen-restoring Administration.

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raising prices to an undue level. Neither do they foster "trusts." But, on the contrary, by promoting the establishment of industries they thereby increase competition and the result is our industrial independence as a Nation with safety to the consumer.

The advocacy and discussion of a lower tariff have invariably brought ruin and destruction, but, on the contrary, the advocacy and discussion of protection have brought success and stability to every American interest. We do not believe in a tariff for revenue with incidental protection, but we do believe in a tariff for adequate protection. We know that the wisdom of the friends of protection will, in the future as in the past, be capable of devising means to supply all the revenue that is needed to maintain the public credit.

We have full faith in the patriotism and wisdom of the people. We will push forward the work of the League in all sections of our land, feeling that, in the end, the policy of protection will be restored in full effect and that some of the immense losses that we have suffered will be regained.

The Funeral in August.



The Funeral in November.



Who Can Buy Their Goods?

There are now, and we are thankful to know it, very many importers and exporters' agents who believe in protection. Heretofore they had been of the opinion that free trade in this country would make it an absolute paradise. They forgot that with our factories closed, our people idle or earning less money, there must naturally be less money to spend. But they know it now. We believe that we are correct in stating that there is not one importer in New York City whose sales during 1893 and 1894 were within twenty-five per cent. of his sales in 1892. Even now, with "tariff reform" an established fact, their business is not so brisk as it used to be. The reason is obvious, even those who make it a point to buy nothing but foreign goods are more careful about their expenditures, and every day the importers are becoming more thoroughly convinced that their business was more prosperous under protection than it is under the first step toward free trade. Protection is gaining friends and free trade is losing theirs.

A Little Sugar in It.

The Legislature of North Carolina, which has been under free trade control for the past twenty years, and which was at the last election wrested from that party, has been organized by Republican protectionists. We are glad to see that the new control is going about its business with an admirable directness. As it is now the free traders lose both United States Senators. Senator Ransom loses his seat, but under the new regime his misadventure is safe. Disappointments are not always all sting.

Lo! It Works Round.

Are cheap things good for anybody? Yes, apparently, for the man who wants to buy, but certainly not for the man who wants to sell, nor yet for the man whose labor is a factor in producing the thing sold. Since everything is produced by labor, no cheapening system can benefit it, and incidentally, labor being a consumer, all of those activities with which it has business relations suffer together under the reign of cheapness.

Cheapness Everywhere.

Eagerness of the merchant to sell at reduced prices is indicated in almost every advertisement we read and the cards of invitation hanging upon goods in every shop window indicate anything but prosperity. Change in the conditions of production means change in almost every department of legitimate business; hence the present depressing influences flowing from the Gorman tariff into all the industries in the land.

Just About Right.

Governor McKinley voiced the feeling of great multitudes of voters when he said: "The people are tired of this tariff-tinkering, bond-issuing, debt-increasing, Treasury-depleting, business-paralyzing, wage-reducing, Queen-restoring Administration."

ANOTHER SPRING.

If I might see another spring I'd not plant summer flowers and wait I'd have my crocuses at once, My leafless pink mezerons, My chilli-reined snowdrops, choicer yet, My white or azure violet, Leaf-nested primrose; anything To blow at once, not late.

If I might see another spring I'd listen to the daylight birds That build their nests and pair and sing, Nor wait for mateless nightingale; I'd listen to the lusty herds, The ewes with lambs as white as snow, I'd find out music in the hall And all the winds that blow.

If I might see another spring— Oh, stinging comment on my past That all my past results in "if"— If I might see another spring I'd laugh to-day—to-day; I'd be glad to-day and sing. —Christina Rossettl.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Gossip puts two and two together and makes whatever sum it desires. Cobblers make that business with them is mending.—Hartford Journal. A man's second love is generally worth more money than his first.—Puck.

In striving to get ahead of others look to it that you do not fall over yourself.—Puck. When Cupid breaks the ice between two people, he never puts up the danger signal.—Puck. Nobody can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.—Dallas News.

The man who "has his price" will be very careful about showing his cost mark.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "They sell water in Cairo." "How interesting! And they have the milk ticket system, too?"—Puck. The would-be meddler with "green goods" is reminded of his youthful experiences with the sour apple.—Puck.

The difference between a man and a horse is that the latter never goes on a race track until after he's broke.—Statesman. The older a man is when he gets married the sooner he commences taking his lunch at noon downtown.—Aitchison Globe.

Fred—"Was that a Boston girl you were talking to a minute ago?" Arthur—"Yes. Didn't you hear me sneezing?"—Life. A drop of ink may command the attention of hundreds. Particularly if it is on your polished shirt front.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

Wearly Waggles—"Dere sev'ral courses I'd like to persoo." Tiredy—"Wot er dey like?" Wearly Waggles—"Dinner courses."—Syracuse Post. "Does your daughter sing?" asked Mrs. Jinglegit. "No," replied Mrs. Oldfan. "We have taken great pains in educating her not to."—Washington Star.

Customer—"What in the world is that unearthly howling overhead?" Clerk—(smiling)—"There is a painless dentistry establishment upstairs, sir."—Statesman. Tough—"I want a dozen eggs, an' I wants 'em bad, see?" Grocer—"Go to that grocery across the street. Everything he keeps is bad."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Editor—"In writing up the football game why do you say it was hotly contested?" Reporter—"I don't see how it could be otherwise, when it was played on a gridiron."—Norristown Herald. "Here," said the new missionary, "here are some tracts and sermons, translated into your native language." "Thanks," yawned the King of Ehwpa. "By the way, have you a translation of 'Trilby'?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"This may be justice," said the defeated defendant, "but it strikes me as being a pretty fishy verdict." "That shows that it is justice," retorted the plaintiff. "One of the most conspicuous features of justice is her scales."—Harper's Bazar. "It is wonderful what progress has been made in the way of machinery," remarked Mr. Figg. "I see that there has been a machine invented that can make a complete pair of shoes in sixteen minutes. Why, that is even faster than Tommy can wear them out."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Queen's Curious Ways.

Madagascar's Queen, according to all accounts, has many curious ways and traits of character. She is always dressed in the latest Parisian style. Her private expenses are met by a fund called the "haseina," to which all who come into the presence of her Majesty are required to contribute a five-franc piece. It is the duty of the youngest member of the royal family to present a hat, into which the coin is dropped. Moreover, whenever the Queen travels the inhabitants of all the towns and villages she visits are expected to contribute to the same fund either in money or kind. She is very fond of games, particularly of lotto and billiards, and she flatters herself she can fly a kite higher than anyone of her subjects.—Chicago Herald.

Wood Pulp Tubing.

Tubing made from wood pulp is coming into use for underground purposes, owing to its high electrical resistance and its freedom from the action of earth-return currents which seriously injure gas and water pipes in cities where electric cars use the ground to complete their circuits. It is also free from difficulties due to expansion and contraction.—Chicago Herald.