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

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LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1895.

NO. 28.

hus proposes to encourage cottongrowing by loans and subsidies to the

Negotiations are in progress to begin the astronomical day, like the business day, at midnight instead of

The Chicago Record avers that matrimonial statistics prove that the masculine girl's wedding usually comes long after all her friends are married.

The Sac and Fox Indians are said to be the purest-blooded red men in the country. They neither marry in or give in marriage outside their own

The Texan Legislature has, by resolution, invited cotton manufacturers in the North to remove to Texas and get the trade of Mexico and South

Edward Atkinson says that the time will come when the fiber in the cotton stalk will be utilized, and there are important elements for tanning and dveing in the root.

The Live Stock Report, of Chicago, says that every indication points to a decrease in meat supply, which is likely to be general in all branches, and that the market is now in healthy shape and brighter for the producer than for several years

The New York Independent says: "We have quite overlooked, many of us, the extensive and valuable forests of the South. We are already getting lumber from across our Northern border. Would it not be well to make larger use of our timber resources in the South ?"

Finland must be a sportsman's paradise, opines the Atlanta Constitution. In ten years 90,000 domestic animals, including 24,000 reindeer were destroyed by wild beasts, and in that time 1100 bears, 1200 wolves, 55,000 lynxes and foxes, 19,000 ermines, and 56,000 birds of prey, eagles, hawks, etc., were killed.

Modern processes of preserving meat by freezing it were anticipated by nature in her process of preserving the mammoths or great woolly elephants of the far North. After the flesh of these animals has been frozen for several thousand years it can still be eaten. A correspondent of M. Paul Boca reported to that scientist that mammoth flesh thus preserved tastes a good deal like leather.

The story is told of old President Humphrey that he got a bequest all unknown to himself for Amherst College, made by a woman, a stranger to him, to whom he had given up his seat in a stage coach. The story is nearly matched by the bequest of \$13,-000 given to Dr. Talmage's wife by woman to whom Mrs. Talmage had shown personal attention by visiting her when she was sick in a hospital.

A very serious fall has taken place in the price of horses in Paris, also in various French towns, says the Philadelphia Record. This is said to be mainly due to the extraordinary in crease in the number of bicycles and tricycles, the production being during last year excessive -namely, over 100. 000 more than in the year prior. horsedealers, who say the bicycle is taking their bread away; but they must, like the rest of society, suffer for the benefit of the million.

erly men lived in palaces and conducted their business in the plainest of buildings. The many big white edifices recently erected in this city indicate a change in this respect. The semi-public corporation lead the way in a movement which must improve public taste. Some of these structures show a completeness in detail, a breadth in total effect which recall the profusion of the Italian Renaissence. Then the tendency was to seek the beautiful in the surroundings of publie worship, in places of trade and in

In Lambeth, says the London Telegraph, a milk vendor displayed a tin plate, setting forth that all the mill sold from "this establishment" was guaranteed pure as delivered at the dairy farm. An inspector purchased a pint for analysis, and informed the milkman of its destination. "All right," said the vendor, "there's its certificate of birth," and he tapped the tin plate with a milk can compla "Perhaps I may be able to send you its certificate of baptism answered the inspector, which he did in the form of a summons, which subsequently was transformed into a fine of \$25 for adding fifteen per cent. of water.

Strike me a note of sweet degrees

Of sweet degress—
Like those in Jewry hearts of old;
My love, if thou wouldst wholly please,
Hold in thy hand a harp of gold, And touch the strings with fingers light, And yet with strength as David might— As David might.

Linger not long in songs of love-

In songs of love— No serenades nor wanton airs The deeper soul of music move; My spirit to the gates of peace-The gates of peace.

So feel I when Francesca sings-Francesca sings—
My thoughts mount upward; I am dead
To every sense of vulgar things,
And on celestial highways tread
With prophets of the olden time—

Those minstrel kings, the men sublime-The men sublime.

—T. W. Parsons.

THE REUNION.



HE stage rattled into the village one pleasant July day and drew up at the store. The G. A. R. man, the lumbering vehicle.

dragging after him his nondescript traveling bag. He limped up the steps in the wake of the driver, who was helping the storekeeper with the mail pouch, and once on the porch stopped and nodded a gruff greeting at the three men who were seated on the bench kicking their heels together—the Chronic Loafer, the School Teacher the Chronic Loafer, the School Teacher and the Miller. The trio gazed at the new arrival solemnly; at his broadbrimmed black slouch hat, which, though drawn down over his left temthough drawn down over his left tem-ple, did not hide the end of a band of courtplaster; at his blue coat, two of its brass buttons missing; at his trou-sers, several rents in which had been clumsily sewed together.

"From your appearance one would judge that you had come home from a battle instead of a reunion at Gettys-burg," the School Teacher remarked. "He'd never come out of no battle lookin' like thet," the Chronic Loafer

"I've come home 'fore my 'scursion ticket expired," said the G. A. R. man, removing his hat and disclosing the great patch of plaster that adorned his forehead. "Getteespurg was a sight hotter fer me yesterday 'an in '63. But I've got to the end of my story." "So thet same old yarn you've ben tellin' at every camp fire sence the war is finished at last. That's a bleesir."

The veteran seated himself comfortably upon his upturned satchel and

began:
"Fer the benyfit of the Teacher, who "Fer the benyfit of the Teacher, who I ain't never seen at our camp fires, I'll repeat my experience at the pattle of Getteespurg, and then tell ver all bout my second fight there. I served as a corporal in the 295th Pennsylvany Volunteers, an' was honorably discharged in '64."
"For which you draws a pension," the Chronic Loafer ventured.
"Thet ain't so. I got the malary an' several other complaints that I got

"Thet ain't so. I got the malary an' several other complaints that I got down on the Peninsula thet hinders me workin' steady. But thet ain't here nor there. Our retchment was allus known as the Bloody Pennsylvany Retchment, fer we'd been in the front in every fight in the Wilterness and hed some very desperate engagements. Whenever there was any chartchin' to be done, we done et: ef there was to be done, we done et; ef there was a fylorn hope we was in et; if they was a breastwork to be took, we took When we come ter the nghr at det-teespurg et was decided as they wasn't many of us left we'd better be put to guardin' baggage wagons. Thet was a kinder work didn't need many men, but took fighters in caset the enem

eaked in on our rear.
"The trains, with several brigades, couple of miles behind Cemetary Hill during the first day's fighting; but on hard ter have ter be drivin' off inter hard ter have ter be driving on inter-the country watching a lot of mules when the boys was heving the thot bang-ing away at the enemy, but there was orders, and a soldier allus hes ter obey

orders.
"The fightin' begin early on the second day an' we could hear the roar of the guns an' see the smoke risin' in cloulds an' then settlin' down over the country. We got our wagons going an' I tell yer we felt pretty blue, fer the wounded and the stragglers begin ter come hobblin' back bringin' bad news. They would tell how the boys was being all cut up along the Em-mettsburg road and how we'd better mettsburg road and how we'd better move fast, for we was losin', an' then they'd hobble away agin. Then besides the trouble with the mules and wagons and the wounded, we had to be continual watchin' for them Confed'rit cavalry we was expectin' ter pounce down on us. Evenin come an' we lay to an' prepared for the night. The fires was started and the coffee set boilin', an' the fellers had a chance to set down and rest for a while.

made et mighty unpleasant, and what with the stories them wounded fellys give us we didn't rest very easy. At 10 o'clock I went out on the picket line an' seemed I hadn't been there more than an hour when I made out a dark figure of a man comin' through the fields very slow like. Me an' the fellys with me watched sharp. Sudden he stopped and sank down in a heap. Then he picked himself up and came staggerin' on. He couldn't been more 'an fifty yards away when threw up his hands and pitched for 'a do nhs face. Me an' 'nother feller run out an' picked him up an' carried him inter the fire. But et wasn't no use; he was dead.

(Checker of the was of the rear with orders as lively as a cricket and throwedoff thet cout because et was warm runnin'.

"When I seen what I'd done I jumps for 'a'd, grabbed his arm I was oe x-cited, an' yells: 'An did she marry site wasn't your fault she didn't,' he said deliberate like, rollin' up his sleeves. 'Fer I got home two days after thet letter an' stopped the weddin' party on their way to church.'"

"Sights!" cried the Chronic Loafer.—New York Sun.

Atmospheric Fuel.

The possibility of carrying about with him the means of counteracting a tendency to become chilled, and a

ned like the first two days hed gone

seemed like the first two days hed gone ag'in us, an' more stragglers an' the wounded come limpin' back more an' more, all with bad news.

"I was gittin' nervous, an' thinkin' an' thinkin' an' wishin' I was where the fun was. Then I concided maybe I wasn't so bad off, fer I might a be'n killed, like the poor felly I seen the night before. I remembered the letter an' got et out. I didn't 'tend ter open et, but final I thot et wouldn't be safe ter go mailin' letters without safe ter go mailin' letters without knowin' jest what was in 'em, so I read et. Et was wrote on a piece of wrappin' paper with a pencil, an' in an awful bad hand-write. But when I got through it I sot plumb down an' cried like a chil' cried like a chil'.

"Et wus from John Parker to his wife Mary, livin' out in Western Pennsylvany. He begins be mentionin' how he was on the eve of a big fight, an' 'tended ter do his duty, even if et come to fallin' at his post. Et was hard, he sayd, but he know'd she'd ruther hev no husban' an a coward. He was allus thinkin' of her 'an the baby he'd never seen, but felt sat'sfac-tion in knowin' they was well fixed. "Et was sorrerful, he continyerd,

"Et was sorreful, he continyerd, thet she was like ter be a widdy so young, an' he wasn't goin' ter be mean about et. He allers know'd, he sayd, how she'd hed a hankerin' after young Silas Quincy 'fore she tuk him. If he fell he tho't she'd better merry Silas, when she'd recovered from the 'fects of his goin'. He ended up with a lot of last goodbys and talk up with a lot of last goodbys and talk about duty to his country.

"I set right down an' wrote thet

oor woman a few lines, tellin' her ow I found the letter in her dead husband's pocket. I was goin'ter quitthere, but decided et would be nice to add somethin' consolin' fer the poor thing, so I told how we found him on the field of battle, face to the

do with."
"I've allus be'n cur'ous 'bout thet widdy, too," the Chronic Loafer remarked.

of 'em— an' we jest had a splendid time visitin' the monyments an' talk-in, over the days back in '63. There was my old tentmates. Sam James on one leg, an' Jim Luchenbach, who was near tuck down before Petersburg be the yeller janders. There was the Colonel, growed old an' near blind, an' our Captain, an' a hundred odd

"Last night we was a lot of us set-"Last night we was a lot of us settin' in the hotel tellin' stories. Et
come my turn an' I told about the
dead soldier's letter. They was a big
felly in a uniform leaning agin the
bar watchin' us quiet like, an' when I begin he pricked up his ears a little, an' as I got furder an' furder he bean as got interes an intrier he be-gin ter get more an' more interested, I noticed. By an' by I seen him be-comin' red an' onessy, an' final, when I finished, he walks' crosst the room ter where we was an' stands there

starin' at me, never sayin' nothin'.

"A minute passed an' then I sais:
"Well, comrade, what's you uns starin'
so far."

The possibility of carrying about with him the means of counteracting with him the means of counteracting a tendency to become chilled, and a shoulder and his clothes was soaked with blood thet hed ben drippin', drippin' as he walked tell he fell the drippin' as he walked tell he fell the last time. I opened his coat and in his pocket found a letter, stamped and directed apparent to his wife—thet was all to tell who he was. So I went back to the line thinkin' no more of et an' never noticin' thet thet man's coat 'ud 'a' fit two of him.

Mornin' come, and the firin' begin over toward Getteespurg, an' we could see the smoke risin' agin an' hear the big guns roarin' tell the ground beneath our feet seemed to swing up an', down. I tell you uns thet was a grand sight. We was awful excited, for et is well to hold a handkerohei lightly sight. We was awful excited, for et is well to hold a handkerchief lightly before the nostrils, in order that the sudden ingress of a large quantity of cold air may not injure the lungs. The air should be drawn in with some force, and exhale at once in the same way. Do not retain the air, but get rid of it as soon as possible. Two seconds is long enough for filling and emptying the lungs. Breathe fast. emptying the lungs. Breathe fast, almost like panting after violent exercise, but with the utmost caution, stopping the instant any distress or uneasiness is felt. Wait a moment, then begin again, a little more sl Be steadfast in the effort to fill the lungs as full as possible without straining. Within a few moments the blood will begin to grow warm, the extremiwill begin to grow warm, the extremities will feel the glow, and soon the entire surface will be at a comfortable temperature. If one wakens in the night with a "creepy," colf feeling, this is an excellent thing to do, and will restore the circulation, and often

will restore the circulation, and often produce a desire to sleep.

There is another advantage in deep breathing that is far too little appreciated. One of the most eminent medical authorities declares that one can by full, rapid and free breathing eliminate almost all disease germs and

tendencies from the system.

Rapid breathing furnishes fuel by means of which all waste matter of the system is consumed. The blood is purified, the tissues are supplied with necessary material, and the entire body rapidly returns to healthy son-ditions.—New York Ledger.

Will Sustain 945,766,300 Persons.

Have you any idea of the number of persons that the United States would sustain without overcrowding the population or even going beyond the limit of density now shown by the State of Rhode Island? The last centhe poor thing, so I told how we found him on the field of battle, face to the enemy, an' how his last words was for her an' the baby. Thet day we won the fight, an' the very first chance I mailed Mrs. Parker her husband's letter. Et seemed 'bout the plum blamedest saddest thing I ever hed ter do with."

"Tye allus be'n cur'ous 'bout thet States of Rhode Island? The last census of the pygmy State just gives it a population of 80,000. The area of the State in square miles is only 1250. Thus we find that there is an average of 318 persons on every square mile of her territory. We can best illustrate the sustaining capacity of the whole of the United States and of the other States by making some comparisons. States by making some comparisons. The State of Texas has an area of 265,780 square miles, and were it The School Teacher cleared his throat and began:

Now night her course began, and over heaven Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed, And slience on the odious din of war;
Under her cloud—

"Don't begin no po'try jest yit, Teacher," said the veteran. "Wait tell you hear the sekal of the story. I never heard no more of William and in the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Atlantic to the Pacific and tell you hear the sekal of the story. I never heard no more of Widdy Parker tell last night, an then et come most sudden. Our retchment hed a reunion this year on the field, you know, an' last Monday I went back to Getteespurg for the first time sence I was honorable discharged.

"The boys was all there—what's left pacity, we could take care of nearly of 'em—an' we jest had a splendid two-thirds of the the present popula-tion of the globe.—St. Louis Repub

He Knew the Boy.

This story is told of Rudyard Kip-ling, as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterwards to achieve such widespread fame with his pen. When a boy of twelve, he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately sea-sick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices. Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head, and down the companionway dashed the boatswain three steps at a time, shouting excitedly, "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm; if he ever lets go he'll drown, sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falling back on his pillow, with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."—Household Words.

Water Running Un Hill.

"One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White County, Georgia," said T. R. Fauk-ner, at the St. Nicholas. "Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidentboilin', an' the fellers had a chancet to set down and rest for a while.

"The wounded and the stragglers that jest filled the country were comin' in all the time, sometimes alone, sometimes in twos and threes, some with their arms tied up in all sorts of queer ways, their heads bandaged, or hobblin' on sticks, about the miserablest lookin' set of men I ever seen. The noise of the fight had stopped, and the whole country was quiet, as though nothin' had be'n happenin'. The quiet and the dark and the fear we was goly a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest

THEORY AND CONDITION.

WORKING GIRLS SUFFER FROM WILSON'S WICKED WORK,

Mills Unable to Earn Sufficient to Pay Their Board Under the Free Trade Tariff, Which Reduced Their Earnings.

I. -PROFESSOR WILSON'S THEORY. I.—PROPESSOR WILSON'S THEORY.

I have on my table, as I write, two samples of woolen-pile stuffs, such as make good and serviceable cloaks or sacks for working girls abroad, and which many here would be glad to get. Under the law of 1883 they were dutiable at 35 cents a pound, and 35 per cent. ad valorem; making for one sample a duty of 207 per cent. of which 172 per cent. was covered by the mild looking specific duty of "35 cents a pound;" and for the other, 171 per cent., of which 136 per cent. was carried in this specific duty. The 171 per cent., of which 186 per cent. was carried in this specific duty. The McKinley act raised the duty on these fabrics to 49½ cents a pound and 60 per cent. ad valorem. This would make for the first sample a duty of 203 per cent., of which 243 per cent. is imposed by the specific duty, and for the second sample a duty of 253 per cent., of which 193 per cent. is likewise imposed. And this in the name of American labor!

name of American labor!

The poor girl, earning the meager wages of fifty cents a day, having by two days' work made enough money to buy a dollar's worth of this material, would then have to work six days rial, would then have to work six days longer to earn sufficient to pay the McKinley taxes upon it. Those taxes increase the cost of the one from 31 79-100 cents to \$1.28, and of the other from 44 88-100 cents to \$1.58. Under the bill now proposed, the cost of these goods would be raised to 44 and 64 cents respectively, and these duties are to be lowered one-eighth with the lapse of five years.

Of course the present rates are prohibitory, and such articles never appear in the table of imports, but these examples serve to show both the work-

examples serve to show both the workexamples serve to show both the working of specific duties on chear and common goods, and the merciless taxes imposed on the poorest and most defenseless of our wage-earners.—Wm.

L. Wilson, in the Forum.

II -THE WORKING GIRL'S CONDITION Between six and seven hundred girls and a number of men employed in the S. K. Wilson Woolen Mills at Trenton, N. J., went on strike yesterday. These mills have been the only important works that have been running in Trenton for some time. In, rder to keep the hands employed a twenty per cent. reduction was made in their wages last summer. A refusal on the part of the owners to restore the cut precipi-tated the strike.

A committee of the girls called up-on Mr. Wilson Wednesday night and told him that they had not been able to earn more than \$3 in two weeks since the new scale went into opera-tion. Many of them live in boarding houses, the leader said, and were un able to earn enough to pay their board. They claim that since the Wilson Tariff law went into effect the goods turned out have necessarily been of an inferior character, in order to compete with the foreign goods, and consequently the piece price is

lower.
The girls have the sympathy of the men employed in other departments, and are arranging for public meetings in order to present their case to the trades people of the town.—New York Morning Advertiser, March 8, 1895.



This is a condition that confronts both Professor Wilson and the working girls. "The poor girl, earning the meagre wages" of "\$3 in two weeks" under Mr. Wilson's free trade tariff, has been "unable to earn enough to pay her board," although working for six days in the week. however, she worked on Sunday as well, and worked every Sunday for half a year, she might be able to spare money enough to buy a woolenpile stuffs cloak, provided she made no purchases for any other article of wearing apparel. This, Mr. Wilson. wearing apparel. This, Mr. Wilson, is the condition of your "poor girl" under one of your "narcidest taxes imposed on the poorest and most defenseless of our wage earners."

A great many of our Southern iends voted for free trade as a means friends voted for free trade as a means of developing their iron industry among others. They were told by Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has been a life-long enemy of American iron producers, that free trade was what they wanted for the development of their industry, and it was hinted that free trade would also injure the Northern iron maker—i. e., free trade was a kind of gun that would hit the Northern deer and miss the Southern a kind of gun that would hit the Northern deer and miss the Southern calf! It undoubtedly hit the North-ern deer. But how does the Southern calf come out! In 1892 the Southern States made 1,899,167 gross tons of iron and in 1891 the same States made 1,268,425 tons. In 1892 those States turned out 20.6 per cent. of the total

they made nineteen per cent. When the free trade President goes out of office they will be fortunate if they are making seventeen per cent. It is probable that their solid support of the British candidate and the British theory of trade development will cost then the labor and profits that would have pertained to the making of at least four million tons of pig iron.

The Dairy Farmer's Experience.

Now that the markets of the world are waiting anxiously to purchase our supplies of farm products, it is well to let the farmers know what enormous quantities of our butter and cheese they are purchasing under the Gorman tariff. The great increase in this branch of our foreign trade can be seen from the tellowing forces show. seen from the following figures, showing our exports for the seven months ending January 31, 1895, as compared with the seven months ending January 31, 1894, as follows:

BUTTER AND CHEESE EXPORTS. Seven months ending January 31. Butter, pounds. 1894. 5,067,783 1895. 2,863,826

Decrease.....2,203,957 Decrease.......2,203,957 4,513,799

Here is another instance where we find that, with the markets of the world wide open to us, our export trade of American products has fallen off, the shipments of butter during the seven months showing a decrease of 2,204,000 pounds and the shipments of American cheese showing a falling off 4,514,000 pounds. The buyers of dairy products in foreign countries dairy products in foreign countries must have forgotten that our wall of protection has been broken down, because we are hardly letting ourselves out to such advantage as the free traders promised the farmers when so liciting their votes before election. There is no theory about our dairy export trade. It is a condition that confronts American farmers—a condition of smaller exports under a free



1895-John Bull Goes.



"The Tariff is a Tax."

Under the McKinley tariff our imports for January, 1894, on the average tariff of 50 per cent. ad valorem, 414,000 for the month. Under the new law our imports for January, this law our imports for January, this year, at the average of 40 per cent. ad valorem, would give us a customs revenue \$3,956,000. Thus, upon the supposition made by all free traders that "the tariff is a tax," we find that the Gorman tariff taxed them for the month of January \$1,542,000 more than they were taxed under the McKinley tariff, while it doubled our imports of English goods, decreased the products of our factories and farms to the extent of \$5,000.000 for a single month, and of \$5,000,000 for a single mouth, and enabled us, in the same mouth, to sell \$2,500,000 worth less of our own goods in one of those markets of the world that are supposed to be waiting ready to receive everything that we can

We thus have, during the area month of the present year, under the new tariff a direct money loss of \$7,500,000, with a direct increase in the burden of taxation of \$1,500,000, on the theory of the free traders that "the tariff is a tax," without reckoning the increased taxation necessary through creased taxation necessary through the increase in our bonded indebted-

An Attack on Farmers.

The difficulties of managing the American wool business have been multiplied. We have to share the American market with many foreign wool sellers who have never before been competitors with our home narket and the American wool growers are competing on such unequal terms that the industry is shrinking. The domestic wool men were hit hard by the Gorman bill.

Let Us Hope So.

John Barns believes that within the Government of the world. Sooner than that, John. Mr. Cleveland and his chum, Wilson, will go over to pave the way in '95.—Jersey City Evening

A WINDY DAY. The dawn was a dawn of splendor,

And the blue of the morning skies
Was as placid and deep and tender
As the blue of a baby's eyes; The sunshine floods the mountain, And flashed over land and sea Like the spray of a glittering fountain-But the wind, the wind. Ah, me!

Like a weird invisible spirit, It swooped in its airy flight; And the earth, as the stress drew near it, Quailed as in mute affright; The grass in the green fields quivered-The waves of the smitten brook

Chilly shuddered and shivered, And the reeds bowed down and shook Like a sorrowful miserere, It sobbed and it wailed and it blew Till the leaves on the trees looked weary, That failed in the awful strain,

All the hope of my eyes grew dimmer, In the spatter of spiteful rain. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When you give others advice take some of it yourself.—Ram's Horn. A man's experience teaches him to fear nothing on earth but his friends.

—Atchison Globe.

There are a few fossils in this country that as yet are in no collection.— West Union Gazette.

The reason more short men do not buy tall hats is because they are short.

Rockland Tribune. A courtship by mail is about as sat-

isfactory as a perusal of the bill-of-fare in place of dinner.

Adversity is like the frosting on a sumptuous cake, and its rewards are like the plums below.—Puck. It is estimated that a woman has the last word and eighty-two per cent.

of the preceding conversation. - Puck. There are many rules for merchants, But these two will suffice: Be diligent in business,
And don't fail to advertise.
—Detroit Free Press.

"Move on," said the officer; "you're full." "Thash right," said the dizzy one; "who told you?"—Adams Free-

It is easier to throw stones at a pro-cession than it is to twirl the drummajor's baton. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

woman's life. One is when she has a hired girl and the other is when she hasn't.—Rockland Tribune. The man who sighs for the happy day
When a barefoot boy he ran
Is the same old boy who used to say
"I wisht I wuz a man."
—Philadelphia Record.

The world is like a fruit basket. The big and attractive ones get on top, while the little ones are crushed out of sight in the bottom.—Texas

Mrs. Murphy—"Yes, sonny, I've had a fruit stand on this block for thirty years." Tim Ryan—"If you'd have advertised you might have owned the block have been supported by the state of the the block by this time."-Boston

You think your old hat looks pretty well until you come out in a new one.
Then you notice by the enthusiasm of
your friends that they'd been hoping or this for some time. - Rockland Tribune.

"It's all nonsense, dear, about wed-"It's all nonsense, dear, about wedding cake. I put an enormous piece under my pillow and dreamed of nobody." "Well?" "And the next night I ate it and dreamed of everybody."—Life. Old Player-"When next you try

you want to forgot everything but that you are on the stage." Amateur Slippupp—"That was just the trouble; I did forget everything but that."— Boston Courier.

charity concert, do you think?" Wag-gles-"if don't know. Possibly be-cause it is so often necessary to be charitable toward the performers."— Somerville Journal. "There is some satisfaction of being

a kodak fiend," mused the amateur photographer, as he sent a bundle of pictures to a friend. "At least, a man can express his own views. Philadelphia Record.

As the cow on the barbed wire scraped her-self She gave a tremendous bound, And remarked: "I think the wires should

all

Be put right under the ground!"

--Puck. Caller-"I am going to send my little girl to cooking school at once,"
"Does she care for such things?"
Caller -"Dear me, no; but I am sure
she will make a good cook, she breaks
so many lovely dishes."--Chicago In-

Wife—"The language you used last night when you came home was something dreadful." Husband—"But—"Wife—"Don't try to deny it. I am as positive as I am that I sit here that when I said 'Who's there?' you said 'Me.'"—Chica 30 Tribune.

"Do you intend to pay an income tax?" "No; I've had my salary reduced to \$340°." "Then, of course, you'll expect a Christmas present of about \$500 or \$600 from your employers." "Yes, that is about the size of it."—Boston Budget.

Let's fad no more on Bonaparte,
As we have lately done;
And, setting him aside, lets make
A fad of Washington.

He might object if he were here:
But really its too bad
To go to foreign parts when we
Can have a home-made fad.
—Detroit Free Pres

If all the people who shut the door in the summer could be sent to the equator, and nailed to it, and all the people who leave the door open in the winter carried to the North Pole, and tied to it, what a comfortallo world this would be to the rest of us.