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NO. 32.

Chicago has averaged one suicide a day this year.

Scientists predict that in a century's time there will be no disease that is not curable.

The emigration from Ireland last year is the lowest recorded since the collection of returns commenced in 1851.

Probably the most complete series of court records in America are said to be those of Northampton County, Virginia. The series commences from 1692 and is complete up to the present time.

Dr. Richardson, a famous English physician, thinks that seven out of ten would reach the age of 110 if they would keep cheerful, take proper exercise, be temperate in their habits and sleep enough. He does not regard the stomach as a factor of longevity.

What will be known as serum therapeutics--i. e., the treatment of diseases by the injection of serum that has been "immunized"--is likely to be extended to other diseases than lockjaw, hydrophobia and diphtheria, remarks the New York Independent. A series of highly interesting experiments has lately been conducted by no less than six of the progressive doctors of the day, in the treatment of pneumonia by serum with satisfactory results, and it is quite certain that these experiments will be carried still further.

A writer in the Overland Monthly has seriously proposed the introduction of the kangaroo in this country to take the place of the now practically extinct buffalo as a food supply on the Western plains. It is urged that the kangaroo is hardy, easily acclimated, domesticated without difficulty, breeds easily in captivity, is cheaply maintained, has a large amount of excellent and very edible flesh, is valuable as a fur and leather producer and can be cheaply and easily procured.

It is ruled by the postal authorities that any reduction of the size of a postal card by clipping, rounding off the corners or otherwise, will subject the receiver of the card to a charge of one cent on delivery. This makes the cost of a postal card equivalent to letter postage. Many persons enclose postal cards to correspondents in envelopes too small, and imagine that a little clipping won't make any difference. Others round off the corners for ornamental purposes or convenience in handling. But the practice is wrong.

The private carrying of pistols in England appears to have reached the proportions of a menace and a nuisance, and Lord Carmarthen recently introduced a bill in Parliament to regulate the conditions under which that dangerous instrument may be sold, and define those under which it may be carried. The object of the bill was to keep it out of the hands of roughs and minors, and in a general way to discourage the practice, except where it was manifestly necessary. It provides that the vendor must take out a license, and that the pistols must be consecutively numbered, so that they can be at any time identified. The buyer's name must be registered, and he must not be a convict or a ticket-of-leave man, or under eighteen years of age. It contains other rather stringent interdictions, showing that the abuse which it sought to rectify had grown into considerable proportions.

A company has just been incorporated at Springfield, Ohio, for the discovery of the heirs of the vast Holmes estate in England, said to be worth \$400,000,000. It was left by James Holmes, a South Sea trader, and William Hinrod, of New York, is said to be one of the heirs. The odds are 100 to one that there is no such estate, declares the Atlanta Constitution. Similar announcements are made from time to time, and thousands of people in this country have been bled by unscrupulous swindlers. There are no estates in England worth millions of dollars awaiting American claimants. Our ministers and consuls have frequently made this statement, but it has no effect. Just so long as people love money and lack common sense and information they will be the victims of the lawyers and agents who work the unclaimed estate racket. In the past few years it has been announced that various persons in Georgia were attempting to recover million-dollar inheritances in Europe. Not one ever succeeded. They spent what money they could spare on the agents who were swindling them, and that was the last of it. People hunting big estates, as a rule, will have to accumulate them by their own efforts.

HE TOOK TIME TO DIE.

There was an old fellow who never had time For a fresh morning look at the Volume sublime, Who never had time for the soft hand of prayer To smooth out the wrinkles of labor and care, Who could not find time for that service most sweet At the altar of home where the dear ones all meet, And never found time with the people of God To learn the good way that the fathers have trod.

But he found time to die, Oh, yes! He found time to die.

This busy old fellow, too busy was he To linger at breakfast, at dinner or tea For the merry small chatter of children and wife, But in his marriage a bachelor life; Too busy for kisses, too busy for play, No time to be loving, no time to be gay, No time to replenish his vanishing health, No time to enjoy his swift-gathering wealth;

He found time to die, Oh, yes! This beautiful world had no beauty for him; Its colors were black and its sunshine was dim. No leisure for woodland, for river, or hill, No time in his life just to think and be still, No time for his neighbors, no time for his friends. No time for those highest immutable ends Of the life of a man who is not for a day, But, for worse or for better, for ever and aye.

Yet he found time to die? Oh, yes! He found time to die. —Amos R. Wells, in Harper's Weekly.

FIVE BLACK MARKS.

THE most miserable time I ever had in my life," said Dr. Macpherson one day as we sat chatting in his cosy drawing room, "was spent in a guano boat of the coast of Guinea. I began my professional life as a surgeon in the navy, you know." I did not know. But as the Doctor seemed intent on telling the story I did not interrupt him by saying so.

"We had been cruising about in the Mediterranean," he went on, "when we were unexpectedly ordered to the Bay of Lagos to overawe some miserable little tribe near the coast which had not been behaving itself as a properly regulated little tribe under the protection of the British Empire ought to do. Kakoga's tribe, it was called, and Kakoga came in for a good share of honest abuse from the officers and men of the Dragon-fly, when our orders came. The worst of it was, as far as the officers and men were concerned, that we were not at unity among ourselves. The engineer, called Lashton, had been disappointed in love, and was naturally morose in consequence. What made him more so was the fact that his successful rival was the Sub-Lieutenant, an awfully nice fellow, and the only man on board that I cared for. Lieutenant Gilby had met Miss Callan at Malta, and had become engaged to her without the least idea that the engineer had intentions that way, not that it would have made any difference to him if he had, I suppose. Lashton's unexcused enmity against him made life on board pretty unpleasant, and divided us into two cliques. The Lieutenant's clique, consisting of himself and me, certainly had the liveliest time of it, for the successful suitor of Miss Callan was the merriest fellow on earth, and while we were in the Mediterranean we suffered very little from the engineer's hostility. But directly we steamed off for Lagos a most remarkable change came over my friend, and he turned as taciturn as Lashton himself.

"It puzzled me to discover the reason, for though we were all sorry to leave the Mediterranean, still it was not like Gilby to sulk over it. He could not see less of his fiancée than he had been doing for two or three months, and we had the prospect before us of a small fight, for which he had been wishing. Lashton suggested to me in his sinister way that it was the prospect of fighting which caused the change in my friend, and though I answered the suggestion in the tone it deserved, still it seemed the only explanation.

"Gilby said, when I asked him, that it was the weather, and the irritation with which he answered prevented me continuing my inquiries, and made me more than ever convinced that it was 'fink,' and a very severe form of the disease, too. In fact, he took very little pains to conceal it. "I hope to goodness that I shall not have to go on shore," he said, when he had nearly reached our destination. "I wish the Commander would lead the party, and leave me here to look after the ship." "It is not likely," I answered, gruffly, and I was glad that Lashton was not about to overhear him. I answered his next suggestion more gruffly still. "I suppose you would not like to certify that I ought to be on the sick list, would you, Macpherson?" he asked me, hesitatingly. "I refused flatly. "If he had told me the true reason of his fear I might have acted differently, for he looked ill enough, poor fellow! His face had grown quite white and was since we started. "It looked whiter still next day when he had to go in command of the landing party, which I accompanied, of course. "When we were fairly embarked on

the enterprise, his one idea seemed to be to get it over with all possible speed, and the haste with which he advanced to Kakoga's country would have been impossible if the men under him had not themselves been so anxious to get into action, and introduce a little chance into the monotony of life on a guano boat.

"However, the change was less than the majority of the blue-jackets hoped for, the miserable little tribe did not show fight, and our business was accomplished. In five days from the time we left the Dragon-fly we were back again, none the wiser for our trip, except that we were all wore out by Gilby's forced marches.

"The Lieutenant seemed more exhausted than any of us, and as soon as he had received the congratulations of the Commander, he retired at once to his berth. What surprised me was that his spirits did not show any improvement after the chance of fighting was at an end. It seemed to me as if he were still expecting some calamity to happen to him, and I began to wonder whether there might not be something seriously wrong with his health to account for all that had surprised me in his manner. This explanation, which had not occurred to me while there was any real danger, struck me forcibly, now that we were safe on the guano boat, and, as soon as I had enjoyed the luxury of a bath after my five days of discomfort, I strolled down to the Lieutenant's cabin to have a look at him in the new light of a patient.

"The door of my friend's cabin was ajar as I approached it, and when I glanced into the room before knocking, I was surprised to catch sight of Engineer Lashton standing by the side of the Lieutenant's bunk. "The fact of Lashton's enmity for my friend was so undoubted that at the sight of his figure in his enemy's cabin I felt quite justified in watching what was going on before making my presence known. Gilby was lying across his bunk, half undressed and apparently fast asleep. The engineer was standing over him with a bottle of some black fluid in his hand. While I watched, he made five small marks with it on the sleeping man's arm. The operation seemed such a mysterious and inexplicable one that I watched him till he put the cork back into the bottle, without moving a step to interfere with the man, but I pounced upon him as he turned to leave the cabin.

"What on earth have you been doing?" I asked, unceremoniously, and the fellow seemed rather taken aback. "It is only a practical joke," he said, with a feeble attempt to smile unconcernedly. "Joke or no joke, I demand to see what is in that bottle. I said authoritatively, my mind full of mysterious poisons, and the engineer handed it over to me. "The bottle contained nothing but ink."

"Tnk!" I exclaimed, when the great brain specialist reached this point in his narrative, and Macpherson smiled in the peculiarly quiet way he has when he has perfectly mystified a hearer. "Yes, ordinary ink," he went on. "The discovery naturally made me feel rather foolish, but not so much as it would have done if I had not been convinced still that his action was in some way a malicious one. My own idea could be, however, it was impossible for me to divine, and I felt so serious about it that I should have roused my friend at once to enquire how five black marks on his arm could possibly affect his happiness, if he had not looked so thoroughly worn out and in need of sleep. As soon as Lashton was gone, I left the cabin at once for fear of disturbing the sleeper, without stopping even to try and remove the ink-stains, a piece of stupidity at which I have not ceased to wonder. You see, it was impossible for me to guess how desperately serious the plot was that the engineer had formed against the man whom he considered his rival, and who, in my own cabin opposite Gilby's, keeping the door open to make sure that Lashton did not return to do more mischief, but I made a poor sentry. I was tired out, like the young Lieutenant, through not having my proper amount of rest for four nights, and I fell asleep still wondering about the five black marks.

"When I woke, I do not know how long after, it was to find Gilby standing in my room, half undressed as I had seen him in his bunk, but with his shirt sleeve buttoned up over the ink-stains on his arm. I was too full of sleep, however, to notice the fact at the time, or even to remember that I had seen anything about what I had seen. Sleepy as I was, I could not help noticing the look of complete misery and despair on my friend's face. He was standing at the side of my bunk, holding an envelope, and when I started up, rubbing my eyes, he put it into my hand. "I am glad you are awake, Macpherson," he said, in a strangely constrained tone. "I wanted so ask you to do me a favor. Will you give this letter to Miss Callan personally when you see her? I do not want to take the risk of sending it by the mail."

"But you will see her yourself as soon as I shall," I said, in surprise at the request, and he nodded me only. Instead, he turned and walked out of the cabin, leaving me staring at the letter in my hand and wondering what it meant. I was so stupid with sleep still that it took me two minutes to think of any explanation at all. When I did I was out of my bunk and running across to the opposite cabin in a second. Just in time, too, for Gilby was in the act of locking his door when I burst it open and rushed in without ceremony. The fact that the young Lieutenant's revolver and a couple of letters, one of them addressed to me, were lying on the table, served to assure me that my

fears were not ungrounded. The first thing I did was to secure the revolver. Then I turned to my friend. "What are you going to shoot yourself for?" I demanded, bluntly. "Gilby made no attempt to deny his intention.

"I am sorry you have disturbed me, Macpherson," he said, with perfect coolness, "because it cannot make any difference."

"And the reason?" I asked, with interest, for the Doctor had paused to light another cigarette. Macpherson blew a whiff of smoke from his mouth, and continued his story.

"I suppose you have never heard of a disease called 'Guinea Madness?' he asked, and when I shook my head, he went on: "Neither had I, until Gilby told me about it, although I am a doctor. It is one of those strange diseases that limit themselves luckily to a particular district, and is only found among a few tribes along the coast of Guinea. It is generally thought that Europeans cannot take it, but the idea is an erroneous one, or, at any rate, there are exceptions, or, as Lieutenant Gilby's father died of it, when my friend was a boy of ten. His father was Captain of a trading vessel, and the Lieutenant was accompanying him on a voyage when they called at the Guinea Coast. He therefore saw his father in all the indescribable agony of the disease, which seems more like hydrophobia than anything else, although it is infectious.

"The sight made a great impression on him, and, since his constitution was quite similar to his father's, he had always suffered from an almost supernatural terror of the Guinea Coast. He was quite persuaded that if he ever went ashore there, he would catch the disease and die like his father. Lashton, who was aware of this monomania of his; for it almost amounted to monomania. "And he had really caught the disease?" I asked. Macpherson smiled. "He thought he had. The first symptom is the appearance of small black marks on the arm or leg."

The Rice-Paper Tree.

The rice-paper tree, one of the most interesting of the flora of China, has recently been successfully experimented with in Florida, where it now flourishes, with other sub-tropical and Oriental species of trees and shrubs, says the St. Louis Republic. When first transplanted in American soil the experimenters expressed doubts of its hardiness, fearing that it would be unable to stand the winter. All these fears have vanished, however, and it is now the universal opinion that it is as well adapted to the climate of this country as to that of the famed Flowery Kingdom. It is a small tree, growing to a height of less than fifteen feet, with a trunk or stem from three to five inches in diameter. Its canes, which vary in color according to season, are large, soft and downy, the form somewhat resembling that noticed in those of the castor bean plant. The celebrated rice paper, the product of this queer tree, is formed of thin slices of the pith, which is taken from the body of the tree in beautiful cylinders several inches in length. The Chinese workmen apply the blade of a sharp, straight knife to these cylinders, and, turning them round either by rude machinery or by hand, dexterously pare the pith from the circumference to center. This operation makes a roll of extra quality paper, the scroll being of equal thickness throughout. After a cylinder has thus been pared it is unrolled and weights are placed upon it until the surface is rendered uniformly smooth throughout its entire length.

It is altogether probable that if rice paper making becomes an industry in the United States these primitive modes will all be done away with. The Chiropodist on Pointed Shoes. "I am sorry to see a tendency on the part of men to forsake the sharp pointed shoe that has held the fashion for so long and to return to the broader style of extremity," said a leading chiropodist. "The change, if it come about as I expect it will, will have a pretty substantial effect for the worse upon my business. Two-thirds of the patients who come to me suffering from painful callous growths on their feet are the victims of steeple shoes. There is only one foot in a thousand that can wear such an article with anything like comfort, but the 999 who can't, stand the misery in order to make a pretty pedal appearance. The contracted space allowed for the toes in such shoes crowds them together as in a vise, and circulation in their steps and corns and bunions are the result. No one should wear a shoe which does not allow the joints of the toes to work naturally, but it should always fit the foot closely and snugly. A loose shoe is as provocative of corns and other foot ailments as a tight and narrow one." —Washington Post.

Illustrating What He Meant.

Letting dry speakers of English are getting the very worst of it, according to the distinguished linguist, Professor Whitney, and he thinks we ought to get back to the modesty and simplicity of our ancestors. This advice of Professor Whitney is no doubt timely. But in advising us not to use big words and to be clear, pure and simple in diction he employs the following words: "Avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pomposity prolixity and ventriloquial veridicity. Shun double entendres and prurient jocosity, whether obscure or apparent. In other words, speak truthfully, naturally, clearly, purely, but do not use large words." —Boston Globe.

THE BROKEN WALL.

WHEAT FARMERS PAY TO REACH FOREIGN MARKETS.

It Costs Them Seventy Millions a Year—Much More Cotton Sold for Far Less Money—The Process of "Letting Ourselves Out" Proves Very Costly.

Advance sheets of our exports of raw cotton and breadstuffs during February afford an opportunity for still further showing how the process of "letting ourselves out" into foreign markets progresses. Dealing first with raw cotton, we give the figures as follows:

Table with columns: EXPORTS OF RAW COTTON, February, 1894, 1895, Decrease, Bales, Dollars, Value.

The first table shows that our exports of cotton last month were 8,931,225 pounds less than in February, 1894, but the loss in value reached \$5,868,171. Taking our exports of cotton for six months since the Gorman tariff became law, as shown in the second table above, we find that since the wall of protection was broken down we have exported almost 612,000,000 pounds of cotton more than a year earlier, but at a loss of \$10,579,000, the money paid for the larger quantity shipped this season being that much less than was received for the smaller quantity a year ago, owing to a decrease of almost two and a quarter cents per pound in its export value. Looking next to our exports of breadstuffs, we give the figures and values for February in each year as follows:

Table with columns: EXPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS, Feb., 1894, 1895, Value, Barley, Corn, Oats, Wheat, Flour.

Outside of an increase of nearly 600,000 bushels in last month's exports of wheat, there was a decline in our shipments of barley, corn, oats and flour; the aggregate loss in value for the month slightly exceeded \$3,000,000. Taking the total values of our exports of cereals for the eight months ending February 28 last, there was a loss of \$17,500,000, as compared with the corresponding eight months a year ago, as follows:

Table with columns: EIGHT MONTHS ENDING FEBRUARY, 1894, 1895, Barley, Corn, Oats, Wheat, Flour.

Farmers should study this table. They will see that in eight months the markets of the world have paid \$1,265,000 less money for American barley since the wall of protection was broken down. Foreign buyers, moreover, have bought \$14,230,000 worth less of American corn and \$51,000 less of corn meal. Of what their purchases were \$16,600,000 less under the Gorman tariff, and of flour, \$14,470,000 less. Of oats they bought \$1,800,000 worth less, and oat meal alone shows an increase of less than \$120,000 during eight months.

The Republican Way.



The Democratic Way.



THE SOUTH FEELS IT.

Income Tax Works Both Ways, and Protection Good for Everybody.

Free traders here rejoiced when the income tax became law, because "It will hit hard the Yanks and scarcely notice the South." There are not many who pass the \$1000 exemption, while very many come within the specified amount requiring reports to be made and sworn to, viz., \$3500. But almost this entire contingent labored under the assumption that \$3500 meant net after deducting general expenses; but Instruction 9 on the blank puts a very different light on the scope of the law to that which they had regarded as correct. Hence, it is not a very difficult matter to find many who now wish they hadn't. It is found that many, who were overjoyed at the thought this was intended solely for the North and had but little or no effect on the South, are about the first to curse the Democrats for enacting it. Again, it is now dawdling upon them that there can be really no such thing as class legislation, strictly speaking.

Heretofore, it was quite fashionable here to oppose protection on the ground it was for the benefit of the North and East. Our folks would never occupy half way ground, hence they were out and out free traders. Now, it is not unusual to hear many say I never understood this question of protection. I see what it is and how detrimental its effects are upon the whole country. I am convinced there is nothing but protection that can lift this country out of the unparalleled condition we are in. And I am ready to vote for a very Chinese wall of protection for both commerce and immigration.

The gentleman who made the above remarks was a drummer for a wholesale dry goods house in this city, and cited, as the basis of his argument, the article of horse. He carried samples of imported French hoes retailing at eighty-five cents per pair, while he also carried American made hoes that sold at retail for less than one-half, and said: "Now if my wife or your must have imported hoes it is right that they pay for this, for it is nothing less than a fad." Upon immigration he said: "I know of several instances where foreigners now here, at \$65 per month, places that Americans formerly filled and got \$125 for, and these foreigners could hardly speak English well enough to wait on a customer.

"Now I want to say this to you," he continued, "I used to scorn you for no other reason than you were a Republican—because you were a Protectionist—and I feel very much like I owe you an apology for entertaining such an opinion of you. For I now see you were right, when I was wrong. And I do actually feel better since I made this admission."

I asked him how his sales now compared with 1891 and 1892. His face at once assumed a sad expression and looking me in the face said: "What's the use asking such a question? You know it's like comparing dimes with doubloons. Every merchant who had no trouble two or three years ago to sell, now acts as if he looked upon me with suspicion—not glad to see me, as in the past—and all the men on the road tell the same tale." And it is a fact. You Know Who. Louisiana, April 16, 1895.

Their Goods Are Coming.

A stroll through the wholesale dry goods district of New York City will convince the most skeptical that wholesale houses, large and small, are taking advantage of this era of Gorman free trade to buy everything in their line anywhere but in the United States. The sidewalks along the dry goods sections are blocked with those stroug, heavy boxes bearing the inscription, "Made in England," "Made in France," "Made in Germany," etc. This looks to the casual observer like good times and prosperity, but when we consider that each one of these foreign boxes and bales throws a dampening shower on our own furnace fires, and that the prosperity is over the water and not here, the whole business assumes another aspect. An employe of the New York Custom House has stated that during his twenty years of service he has never before seen such a volume of imports as is now entering the country. The whole Custom House force, as well as many substitutes, are employed on full time. This is prosperity for the Custom House employe, but it is destitution for the American workman.

Where Business is Booming.

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Novel Food for Hogs.

Fresno County (California) grape growers are considering of establishing a big pork-packing house. The second crop of grapes, if dried, seriously interferes with the first crop of raising, hence the new scheme is to turn hogs into the vineyards and fatten them on these late grapes, which mature in November. It is estimated that 50,000 tons of these second crop grapes are produced every year around Fresno. —New York Tribune.

The Greek Colony in Georgia.

A Greek colony has been established at Eden in Effingham County, Georgia. They have purchased eighty acres of land from Mrs. Rain, and about a dozen of them are already there and others are expected soon. They will raise vegetables and other farm products, but their principal object is to raise fruits and grapes. They are a thrifty, hard-working lot of people. —New York Journal.

THE SOVEREIGN POET.

Hearts above the clang and dust of time, With the world's secret trembling on his lip.

He asks no converse nor companionship In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.

The undelivered tidings in his breast Suffer him not to rest.

He sees afar the immemorial throng, And binds the scattered ages with a song.

The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath, His might, his spell, we know not what they be:

We only feel, what'er he uttereth, This savors not of death,

This hath a relish of eternity. —William Watson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Although money talks, woman can meet it half-way and get in the last word. —Puck.

A new broom may sweep clean, but a new towel does not wipe clean. —Athenion Globe.

You will not find one spring pool in fifty who does not need liver medicine. —Galveston News.

"That Bagley is a chump." "Why so?" "He paid me ten he owed me, right before my tailor." —Life.

A piece of limburger cheese is like a tack in one's pocket—you can always find it in the dark. —Texas Siftings.

"The whole world loves a lover." "Then I really do not see why my suit didn't prosper." —She was all the world to me!

It is a dangerous business for men and women to lie to each other until they are married. —Detroit Free Press.

A woman should have learning; but she should convert her learning into wisdom, that she may know how to conceal it. —Puck.

The blindest kind of love Is the unwearied kind, That marks the egotist. —Puck.

Mrs. Nawed—"Our landlord thinks of nothing but the rent." Nawed—"You wrong him, my dear. I'm sure he never thinks of the rent in the roof." —Judge.

The proprietors of a West Philadelphia saloon have this sign outside their establishment: "If you are looking for mules don't forget us." —Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Watts—"So it was in the Chicago wheat market that you lost your all?" Everett West—"Yes, mum, all save me honor—and an elegant third." —Indianapolis Journal.

A maiden lady in Newburg keeps a parrot which swears and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says between the two she doesn't miss a husband very much. —Athenion Globe.

She—"How old would you say I was?" He—"Um—well, I should say you were old enough to know better than to think I would answer a question like that." —Detroit Free Press.

Burglar Bill—"Wot's become o' Slickfinger's sister?" Sneaky Sam—"Servin' time fer follerin' a fashionable fad." Burglar Bill—"Wot fad?" Sneaky Sam—"Kleptermaniac." —New York Weekly.

"Who is that gentleman engaged in conversation with Mrs. Sobright?" "I don't know him; but he must be one of the most distinguished men in the country." "What makes you think so?" "His portrait has never appeared in the newspapers." —Norristown Herald.

Chinese Emperor—"Why did you lose that battle?" General Wan Run—"The Japanese attacked us in the rear." Chinese Emperor—"I was informed that they attacked you in front." General Wan Run—"Y-o-s; but that was not our rear when they got there." —New York Weekly.

"Have you been able to catch the speaker's eye?" asked the first lady legislator. "Have I?" rejoined the second legislator. "Well, rather. I wore my navy blue bengaline with the hellebore sleeves, and the speaker couldn't keep his eyes off me." Upon the call of the house they separated. —Detroit Tribune.

"Hypnotism," said the professor, "in our present state of knowledge, may be defined as the power exerted by one person over the mind of another." "Why," giggled the fluffy girl, "that is just the same as falling in love." "I said 'mind,' my dear young lady," retorted the professor. —Cincinnati Tribune.

Sympathetic Old Lady—"Will you please tell me if the lady is in who writes the 'Mothers' Column' in your paper every week? I want to tell her how much pleasure I had in perusing her articles on 'The Baby in the Cradle.'" Old Boy—"He's your mother's name." That's him who is standing there with a pink shirt on and smoking his pipe. —La Semana Comica.

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"Have you been able to catch the speaker's eye?" asked the first lady legislator. "Have I?" rejoined the second legislator. "Well, rather. I wore my navy blue bengaline with the hellebore sleeves, and the speaker couldn't keep his eyes off me." Upon the call of the house they separated. —Detroit Tribune.

"Hypnotism," said the professor, "in our present state of knowledge, may be defined as the power exerted by one person over the mind of another." "Why," giggled the fluffy girl, "that is just the same as falling in love." "I said 'mind,' my dear young lady," retorted the professor. —Cincinnati Tribune.

Sympathetic Old Lady—"Will you please tell me if the lady is in who writes the 'Mothers' Column' in your paper every week? I want to tell her how much pleasure I had in perusing her articles on 'The Baby in the Cradle.'" Old Boy—"He's your mother's name." That's him who is standing there with a pink shirt on and smoking his pipe. —La Semana Comica.

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