

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.

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Russia is said to be farther behindhand than any other country in what are considered the requisite tools of the trade of war.

Japanese ladies refuse to adopt foreign dress, and the Frenchman who was imported to spread Paris fashions has gone home.

According to a German military journal, no less than 150,000 young men in Alsace-Lorraine have since 1874 evaded military service.

The population of school age in the United States is about 20,000,000. The number of children attending Sunday-school is estimated at 7,000,000.

In Maine the mortgages on the farms of that State have been reduced, figures the *New York Telegram*, from nineteen in twenty to one in twenty.

Foreign powers have lately taken up the discussion as to whether or not war correspondents were to be allowed to take part in future campaigns.

Very good, cheap land is rapidly disappearing in the United States, announces the *Chicago Star*, and speculative holdings are increasing at an alarming rate.

Wyoming has a smaller percentage of illiteracy, asserts the *New York Mail and Express*, than any other State or Territory, and Dakota and Oregon follow her closely.

It is predicted that a substitute will be found for iron within the next twenty-five years, but if this comes true it is ten to one, boasts the *Detroit Free Press*, that a Yankee discovers it.

Lumber is reaching market from a much larger number of places than a few years ago, discovers *Goodell's Star*, and hence the influence of lumber centers on the market is declining.

To the American Statistical Association Mr. Amos G. Warner has lately furnished a paper in which he argues that poverty is a disease, although he does not contend that it has its distinguishing microbe.

Queen Victoria, Julia Ward Howe and Walt Whitman have celebrated their seventieth birthdays within the last few weeks. Victoria is in the best health of the three; but, then, she has not had to work so hard as Julia and Walter.

At the rate the population of Norway is now leaving that country for the United States not one will be left there in fifteen years, and the world can use the vacant spaces, suggests the ingenious *Detroit Free Press*, for cold storage purposes.

Merchant John Wanamaker says his co-operative plan of distributing a portion of his profits among his employes has not been a success, and he proposes to appoint a committee of his clerks to devise something that will be more satisfactory all around.

The fact has just leaked out that President Garfield died entirely alone. "At the time of his death," records the *Atlanta Constitution*, "his doctors and attendants had all left the room. When they returned and found the President dead, they hushed the matter up."

As the moon, being nearer to us, seems larger than Jupiter, so the proximity of the Johnstown disaster makes it appear greater than more dire calamities far away. The overflow of the Kong-Ho River in China in December, 1887, drowned nearly a million of people and drove many of the survivors to cannibalism.

The famous Leaning Tower of Pisa has been put up for sale by lottery. The municipality of Pisa having been greatly straitened for money on account of expensive improvements, offers the tower for sale, in order to prevent the town hall from being seized, and has adopted the method of a lottery so as to get the highest price possible.

Among the very remarkable incidents of Lord Lonsdale's journey due North is his meeting in the Arctic Zone, with the nation called the Caribou & Moose McKenzie River Esquimaux, which sounds like a firm, and "the Long Firm." They were all six feet high and upward, and much—though not handsomely—decorated. For each man they kill they cut a gash in their own cheek as a mark of honor, so that their face becomes a sort of alpenstock of homicide. The pharisaic ugly customer, must be one exceedingly appropriate among these warriors.

THE HERO OF THE CONEMAUGH.

Above the valley of the Conemaugh
Black, brooding clouds frowned down;
The spirit of the tempest shrieked
Its voiceless warning to a fated town.
"Flee, flee for your lives!" it cried;
"Escape the surge of the relentless tide!"
Yet no one heeded—no one understood;
No warning reached those oft-warned ears.
Fathers but laughed and mothers fond
But smiled, and soothed their children's fears.
While still the tempest sobbed and cried:
"Flee, flee for your lives! Ride! ride!"
Far up the valley one man understood;
An unknown hero heard the awful cry,
And like a whirlwind rode he down
To warn them of death's horror night.
"Flee, flee for your lives!" he cried;
"Escape the surge of the relentless tide!"
"He's mad," they thought. Few heeded what he said;
Some laughed and scoffed, a handful fled,
But nearly all remained behind
Within that Valley of the Dead.
Still on he rode and madly cried:
"Flee, flee for your lives! Ride! ride!"
On, on he rode and raced with death,
Till, beaten in that unequal strife,
The torrent caught him, and his corpse
Swept on with those of men for whom he gave his life.
And over all the tempest vainly sighed,
"Flee, flee for your lives! Ride! ride!"
—*New York Press.*

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

BY WILLIAM M. GRAYDON.

I was busy among my maps and charts at the cabin table when a dull, heavy sound, twice repeated, came through the open windows. Dropping everything I hurried up on deck.
The marines were gathered along the rail, looking off to the right bank of the creek.
"Was that firing I heard?" I inquired, eagerly.
"I think it was the report of a gun, Captain," said Lieutenant Osborne. "It came from the shore, at a distance of scarcely half a mile."
All listened intently for a moment, and then came a repetition of the sound, and mingled with it we seemed to hear a cry. I hesitated what course to pursue. An investigation ought to be made; and yet to venture off into the forest with a handful of men seemed a very risky proceeding, for these Arab slave dealers are no mean fighters, and this firing evidently could portend nothing else than that they were about.

I was in command of a gunboat attached to the man-of-war *Racer*, which was stationed on the East African coast, some miles north of Zanzibar, and which was engaged in the slave blockade. I had been dispatched some fifty miles up Vannas Creek to investigate a rumor that the Arabs had a slave station near the head waters somewhere.

Up to this time I had met with no success. The country seemed to be deserted. Of course we could not reconnoiter far from the banks, for our force was small, and a sufficient guard must always be left in charge of the gunboat.

For these reasons I hesitated to advance into the jungle; but two more shots in rapid succession removed all doubts, and I ordered a boat to be lowered instantly.

I landed my little force—a dozen trusty marines—in a small cove, and we plunged at once into the forest.

We moved with great caution, and soon struck the rude path that bore traces of travel. We continued along this in a southerly direction, and had marched nearly a mile when the two men whom I had sent forward as an advance guard hurried back at full speed and reported that a number of natives and two white men were only a few rods distant and creating a considerable disturbance.

This information staggered me. What white men could be doing here was more than I could understand. We advanced slowly, with rifles in readiness. Before us was a break in the forest, and without any difficulty we gained the edge of the bush and obtained a clear view of the open.

Some fifty or sixty stalwart negroes were dancing about and making strange gestures, while a few yards away, at the base of a small hillock, stood two swarthy men. They were on the defensive, evidently, for they held rifles in their hands, and three dead negroes lay prostrate on the ground in front of them.

Then I saw something else, for in the center of the open lay one great mass of glittering white ivory, tossed carelessly in a heap. It was an ivory caravan from the interior; for these negroes belonged to no coast tribes.

What the dispute was about I could not even guess, nor did I have time to do so, for in a sudden the negroes dashed forward with a fierce shout. The men must have been overpowered in spite of their incessant and deadly fire; but just at the critical moment we swept out from the bushes, and the negroes fell back in amazement.

The rescued men came forward with outstretched hands, and I saw on closer view that they were Portuguese.

"Senor, you have saved our lives," said the leader, in tolerably good English. He was an intelligent looking man of thirty or thirty-five. "These scoundrels were determined to kill us. My name is Torres," he continued, "and this," pointing to his companion, "is my friend, Castello. We are ivory traders, and have brought these natives from the interior at great cost. We pledged ourselves to send them home in safety, but the fools suddenly made up their minds that we proposed selling them to the Arabs, and, mad with rage, they made this sudden attack on us."

I never did put much faith in Portuguese, though this man was of a better type than many I had met. Still he might be speaking the truth.

I hesitated, not knowing what course to pursue. The negroes were grouped together at a little distance, sullenly watching our movements, but making no hostile demonstrations.

Suddenly one of them came forward, a big, stalwart fellow, with a leopard's

about his waist, and stopped in front of me.

He began to jabber out a mixture of bad English and native African, and, more from his gestures than from his speech, I comprehended what he said. He declared that the Portuguese intended to sell them into slavery, and affirmed that he had seen Torres lurking behind on the previous day to talk to an Arab that had come out of the forest.

He told me his name was Zuba, that he was a head man in his tribe, and that he had picked up his English at Zanzibar, where he had been on several occasions. He knew that I was English, and that the English hated the Arabs, so he hoped that I would protect his friends from the Portuguese and the slave hunters.

Torres's swarthy face flushed darker as Zuba poured out his appeal.

"The hound lies," he exclaimed, angrily. "When they take the ivory to the coast they will be paid and sent back home."

"But see here, Torres," I interrupted, for I was beginning to get an inkling of the state of the case. "You know well that these natives are not safe within a hundred miles of the coast. It looks to me as though you had deceived them, whether you intended to sell them to the Arabs or not. They are certainly ignorant of their real peril."

The Portuguese grew confused, and tried to stammer out some explanation, but I made up my mind at once that it was a clear case of treachery.

It was an extremely perilous situation all around, and one that called for prompt action. I at once ordered the arrest of the two Portuguese, and before they could think of resistance, my marines had disarmed them and pinioned their limbs.

The delighted negroes crowded round us with cries of gratitude, but I soon convinced them that their danger was by no means over. I could not liberate and let them go, for the bands of slave hunters that roamed the country would soon have seized them, so my only course was to take them on board the gunboat and let the authorities of the *Racer* decide their fate. I now had no doubt at all that Torres and Castello had intended to sell them into slavery, and I felt highly elated at my capture of these Portuguese slave hunters.

At my command Zuba and his dusky friends took up their burdens of ivory, and we started back along the rough trail, Torres and Castello marching sullenly between two marines.

I noticed that they turned their heads aside from time to time in a strange manner, and my suspicions were aroused.

Zuba was watchful and uneasy, and crept along some distance ahead of the column closely inspecting the jungle on all sides. We had retraced half the distance back when he hurried toward us, waving his arm frantically, while the leopard skin dapped about his loins.

"Arabs, heap Arabs!" he gasped, and his face showed the deadly terror he felt.

He tried to talk, but could only utter inarticulate sounds and point with his trembling hands.

The negroes, with a wail of terror, dashed down their ivory and prepared to flee.

"Shoot the first man that runs," I cried. "Now into the bushes, quick, all of you!"

The jungle was heavy at this point and in a moment our party was hidden beneath its cover, and none too soon, for we could already hear voices in front.

My force was small, as I have said, and I preferred, if possible, to escape a conflict with the Arabs, whose number was uncertain, and gain the gunboat with my prisoners. The negroes were unarmed, with the exception of Zuba, who carried a great knife, so I put them in the rear of the marines and left the Portuguese in Zuba's care.

We scarcely ventured to breathe, but crouched down to the ground holding our arms in readiness for an attack. The dreaded sounds came nearer, and soon, peering out through the bushes, we saw a formidable body of Arabs passing along the path. Their leader was a powerful fellow with a huge scar across his face, and all of them bore guns, and had pistols stuck in their belts, while every man carried a bunch of chains that clanked harshly as they hurried past.

The party was a large one, comprising forty or fifty men, and their presence here made the guilt of the Portuguese plain as day. They were hastening to an appointed rendezvous.

All would probably have gone well, and the negroes would have reached the gunboat in safety, but as the rear guard of the Arabs filed past, suddenly Torres gave a loud shout. Before he could repeat it Zuba felled him to the ground, but it was too late; the mischief was already done.

The Arabs grouped together a moment in consternation, and as they hesitated, one of my men, in his excitement, exposed his body. His uniform betrayed our character, and the Arabs, spurred on by their fierce hatred of the English, poured a random fire into the jungle.

One of the marines fell, and terrible cries of agony rose from the poor blacks. Then we gave them an answering volley, and with deadly effect. But reckless of danger, they closed up and swept down upon us in a dense mass.

Our fire raked down the foremost row, but their onslaught was so fierce that we fell back toward the river and gained the shelter of heavy timber, where, from behind trees, we picked off the reckless Arabs that exposed themselves to our fire. Encumbered with helpless negroes, our situation was desperate.

I concluded to retreat still nearer the creek, for the firing must shortly bring assistance from the gunboat. The Portuguese were dragged resistingly along, and soon we reached a comparatively open space where already the forest began to slope toward the water.

But the crafty Arabs had strolled a march on us, for as we started to cross the open, a straggling fire was poured in on us from all sides, and the poor negroes began to fall thickly. It was more than they could stand, and in frantic terror they scattered and fled directly into the midst of their foes. They were lost, I

Every second was precious, and we were about to make a dash for the creek when a hearty cheer rose above the din, and up the slope came a file of marines, led by Lieutenant Osborne, and driving the Arabs to right and left. We joined forces and charged the enemy, who fled in confusion, but sad to say bore off with them half of the negroes.

We found Castello lying dead with a bullet through his head fired by his own friends, but Torres and Zuba were both missing. The Arabs still greatly outnumbered us, and their knowledge of the ground gave them a decided advantage.

We started to march toward the creek, abandoning the ivory, of course, but taking along the bodies of five of our men, and picking up on the way half a dozen of the terrified natives who had been in hiding.

A few straggling shots were fired at us, but we pressed on unheeding.

Osborne and I were in advance when suddenly he lifted his hand.

"Listen," he said. "What is that?"

Off to our right bushes were crackling, and we could hear voices raised in anger. I was sure I recognized the sound of Torres's voice. I broke through the jungle into an open glade, and found Zuba and Torres struggling in deadly combat. Before we could reach the spot the enraged negro wrestled himself from the grasp of the Portuguese, and drawing his knife, buried it in the unhappy wretch's breast.

"See," he cried, springing to his feet. "It is right he die, when all my people he betray!"

We tried to seize him, but with a cry he sprang into the forest and disappeared.

Torres was stone dead; and leaving him where he lay at the foot of a tree, we hurried on to the creek and reached the boats in safety.

The Arabs must have been in close pursuit, for a heavy fire greeted us from shore as we rowed out to the gunboats. A few rounds from a small cannon, however, soon drove the enemy back.

Before night we were gliding under full steam down the creek, for my orders were imperative and admitted of no delay, much as I would have liked to punish the Arabs.

The *Racer* at once organized an expedition to start inland from the coast, for I was satisfied that a slave station existed in the vicinity. While the preparations for this was going on, an Arab dhow was captured at the very mouth of Vannas Creek, which, to my surprise, proved to have on board the remnant of Zuba's friends. More than half had either perished in the fight or still remained in the hands of the Arabs.

Of Zuba I never heard more; but I always regarded the death of Torres and of Castello, who had caused all these misfortunes by their dastardly treachery, as a just retribution for their crimes.—*T. Argoy.*

Bird's Nest Soup.

During the recently ended social season when the retiring leaders were vying with each other in giving gorgeous entertainments and setting elaborate tables, the chef of the Stanford mansion tickled the palates of the guests on a dinner occasion and set their tongues to wagging about a delicious soup most daintily served. Every one present was sipping it and discussing its excellence, unconscious of what they were eating, until some one curiously inclined ventured to inquire what it was. It was real Chinese bird's nest soup, a culinary concoction which, if made and served as they are wont to make and serve it in the flowery kingdom, attests the fine discrimination of the Oriental gastronome—in this line of delicacies at least. As Senator Stanford employs a Chinese cook, the service was doubtless original. The soup is made from the real nest of the birds. These birds are bats or swifts, much like the American swallow, and congregate in large numbers in caves mostly along the coasts of China and British North Borneo. The nests are made from little fish and seaweed taken from the ocean in the spring of the year, and a soft fungoid growth that incrusts the limestone in damp places, about an inch thick, dark outside and perfectly white inside. This latter the birds take in their mouths and draw out in a filament backward and forward like a caterpillar weaving its cocoon. The nests are gathered entirely by candle light at a height of several hundred feet, and though these caves have been worked several hundred years, there seems to be no apparent diminution of the supply. The authentic recipe, as given by the Chinese cooks, is as follows: Take six bird's nests and soak over night in cold water. In the morning wash clean in fresh water and then steam for six hours. After steaming, pick out all feathers, retaining the juice for the soup. The stock of the soup is then made from either chicken or veal. In this put a few pigeon eggs, and the seasoning is then a matter of judgment with the cook.—*Washington Star.*

The Kissing Habit.

A writer in *Good Housekeeping* vigorously condemns the kissing habit, and calls for its abandonment in this wise: "The kissing habit has been carried to its greatest extreme among English-speaking people, and the people of other blood are often amazed and amused by the universality and cheapness of the kiss among the English nations. It is not necessarily an argument in its favor, however, that it is thus found to be an accompaniment of the highest civilization, for it may be promptly retorted that vice and crime also increase with civilization, and that even civilized and refined peoples often keep alive barbarous practices inherited from savage ancestry. The kiss, in its proper functions, has a fine significance, and may be made the vehicle of the purest emotions, the honest expression of legitimate feeling, a greeting full of genuine, voluntary sympathy and love. The kissing habit is an abuse, and a misuse. It has brought the kiss into disgrace and made it vulgar, cheap and hypocritical. Be it the province of this generation of refinement and education to rescue it from its degraded estate and restore it to its natural elevated and elevating place and use in the social economy."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

RESTORING STONE STAIRS.

To restore stone staircases, of which the steps have become worn, the worn parts should be moistened with a solution of silicate of potash (soluble glass), and then that the step be given its original form by means of a paste composed of hydraulic lime and silicate of potash, to which fifty per cent. of fine silicious sand is then added. The durability of the steps thus restored, it is claimed, is comparable to that which would be obtained with the best stones, and the adhesion of the added part is perfect.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

TO CLEAN CANE-SEAT CHAIRS.

To clean cane-seat chairs, turn them upside down, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane-work, soaking it thoroughly; if very dirty use a little soap. Let it dry in the air and it will be as bright and firm as when new, if the cane is not broken.

If the cane is broken so that it looks unsightly cut it entirely away with a sharp knife. Thread a long, stout darning needle with thick twine of any color desired, knot the ends, loop it through the holes backward and forward, crossing from side to side, right and left, every hole being filled; work them back again, weaving as you would in darning stockings, being careful not to draw the threads very tight the first time over, as it is more difficult to weave.—*Detroit Free Press.*

COVERINGS FOR PARLOR FLOORS.

The latest thing in floor decorations for parlors is a variety of matting with checkered figures. It has become very popular, and promises to supersede all the material this summer as a floor covering. Many of the designs are striking and attractive, and the stuff is quite durable. In purchasing it, however, care must be taken to select only that which is closely woven. Loosely woven straw matting, like loosely woven ingrain carpets, wear out very rapidly, and the trifling amount additional which will be paid for matting closely woven will be made up by its durability.

Handsome rugs are almost indispensable adjuncts to the straw matting. Also wicker chairs and settees, tastefully decorated with chair scarfs, while the piano cover must be of heavy material of light colors.—*St. Louis Star-Sayings.*

THE FAMILY WASHING.

This seems to be the bugbear of all housekeeping, and in fact there is nothing that seems to upset the whole household machinery as wash day. It always seemed to me that Monday, of all days, was the worst possible day to select for this.

Many ladies have stepped out and down from the old custom; some have selected Saturday and others Tuesday.

The advantage of Saturday is that it is next after sweeping day, when the bed linen is changed, and then, too, it is a day that so many housekeepers take to scrub their kitchen; if the washing is done the same day one scrubbing day is entirely done away with. Then, too, Sunday following it gives one day of rest between the washing and ironing. If the washing is done on Monday, no matter how much is provided on Saturday in the way of baking and cooking, it is all gone by Monday, and finds you on that day with only "pickups" for dinner.

The advantage of Tuesday is that you have all day Monday to prepare for your washing. To repair any serious rents, which are much better done before the starch is in; any patching, which, after it is ironed, is scarcely noticeable.

In many families too much preparation for Monday is done upon the Sabbath evening, a time I never like anything to encroach upon.

To all young housekeepers I would say—order your own household to suit yourself, and do not act entirely to please your neighbors.

For a family of six put on the boiler two-thirds full of soft water, two table-spoonfuls of coal oil, two-thirds of a bar of soap, let it come to a boil.

Wet your clothes in clear water, wring out, putting the cleanest clothes in first, let boil for thirty minutes, put your wringer on the boiler and wring out, and so on, until all the white clothes are soiled, putting in more oil and soap each time. Be sure and have the water boiling hot before putting in the clothes.

Rinse thoroughly, blue, starch, and hang out. Should there be any very soiled places, rub on a little soap and put upon the board.—*Sunshine.*

TESTED RECIPES.

Vegetable Soup—One pint of vegetables, including turnip, carrot, onion and celery; cut into small pieces and boil one hour in water enough to cover. Add one quart of clear stock, a little more salt; boil a few minutes and serve.

Shad Baked in Milk—Fix the shad ready to bake, open, lay flat in pan. Season pepper, salt and butter. Ready to bake, cover with milk. Bake slow. If a large, thick fish, bake one hour and a half. It will be brown and delicious. Butter gravy.

Caramel Cream—Have on the fire in a pan one pound of maple sugar; let it boil two or three times, sufficient to brown but not to burn it. Beat six eggs and one pound of white sugar very light; stir this into two quarts of boiling milk, and stir constantly until it comes to a boil; then pour in the boiling sugar, and mix thoroughly. When perfectly cold, add one quart of cream, sweetened with a cupful of white sugar. Put it in a freezer and freeze the same as ice cream.

Egg Snow—Put into a sauceman a pint of milk, adding two dessert-spoonfuls of orange water and two ounces of sugar and let it boil. Take six eggs, separate the yolks from the whites, beat the latter o a froth or snow (hence the name), and put into the boiling milk by spoonfuls; stir the whole about with a skimmer. When done take the eggs out and dress them on the dish for serving. Thicken the milk over the fire with the beaten yolks, and pour this over the frothed eggs; let the whole cool before serving it.—*American Rural Home.*

THE CALENDAR OF EVENTS.

January.

By her who in this month is born
No gem save Garnets should be worn,
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship, and fidelity.

February.
The February born shall find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the Amethyst will wear.

March.
Who on this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise,
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a Bloodstone to their grave.

April.
She who from April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest litter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence, is known.

May.
Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet flowery month of May
And wears an Emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June.
Who comes with summer to this earth
And owes to June her hour of birth,
With ring of Agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life command.

July.
The glowing Ruby shall adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then will they be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

August.
Wear a Sardonyx, or for those
Noconjugal felicity;
The August born without this stone
'Tis said, must live unloved and lone.

September.
A maiden born when autumn leaves
Are rusting in September's breeze,
A Sapphire on her brow should band,
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October.
October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know,
But lay an Opal on her breast
And hope will lull those words to rest.

November.
Who first comes to this world below
With dear November's fog and snow
Should prize the Topaz amber tone,
Emblem of friends and lovers true.

December.
If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and death,
Place on your hand a Turquoise blue,
Success will bless whate'er you do.

PITH AND POINT.

A great composer—Chloroform.

An old club-house—The statistician.

The laborer is worthy of his hire.

The widow's night is greatly estimated.

Successful aeronauts are built on ground up.

The lady who never marries is named Ida Kline.

Even a small barber may wear a character than his master.

The successful farmer has to be as a raiser.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A visit to a grocery is generally the beginning of a new order of things.

It is much easier for some men to up a tree than to foot up a man's figures.

"Talk is cheap." Not every hunter's talk is often done.—*Courier.*

Why are postage stamps like soldiers? Because you see them when you lick 'em.—*Scripps.*

Some men so often stop to think, they become round shouldered.—*Scripps.*

Mother—"Johnny, your father and Johnny—" "Well, so is the mother, and nobody makes a fuss about it!"

A young lady with a tall hat, not feel insulted if she is wearing a drawn the long hair.—*Herald.*

Two men, with the best of intentions each other, are sure to blow them when they both have the same.—*Buzz.*

Smith—"Is your friend John tracing any bad habits?" "No; he is still expanding the Omaha World."

Miss Avenoo—"Is that Miss musician?" Miss De Solon—"No; she is still expanding the New York Tribune."

Now that the picnic days are young men will wear pants with charms at the pocket end of the chains.—*New York News.*

A man engaged in selling of Life" in Boston was arrested beating recently. She says "I in an inch of her life!"—*Scripps.*

"Wood you" said the coal dealer "I wouldn't," she answered "And then, as he fired up again, she gave the coal dealer a shove."—*Washington Star.*

The statue of Liberty is looking rather seedy. Well, she looks otherwise when she has one "Jersey" to her back.—*Herald.*

An Irishman having been the price of bread had been claimed: "This is the first time I rejoiced in the fall of my loaf."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Where are the roses, sweet, that I saw upon your cheeks? I see it all; they were care.—*They've rubbed off on your nose.*

"Did you divide your little brother, mamma? I ate the only one of the molasses. You know my fond of reading."—*Tit-Bits.*