

THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

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MIDDLEBURGH, PA., SEPT. 19, 1889.

A MILTON (Pa.) paper says that on the day of the Sullivan-Kilrain fight the wife of William Follmer, of Shakespeare, presented him with twin boys, of six and eight pounds, which the father named Jacob Kilrain and John Sullivan respectively.

There were some curious features about the recent revolution at Honolulu, Hawaii. King Kalakaua was informed by telephone that his palace was invested by rebels, and by telephone he sent for his Chamberlain. They spent the day quietly in a boat-house playing poker. Meanwhile Wilcox, the leader of the revolt, attired in an Italian uniform, had sheltered himself in a gasoline tank from which he issued his orders regarding the siege of the palace. Twelve of Kalakaua's warriors repelled the onslaught of the gasoline hero's myrmidons, and by nightfall the farce was ended.

The California civil engineers, employed in surveying the boundary line between Nevada and California, have about completed their labors. It is reported at the lake, on good authority, that the line established by Von Schmidt is a long way east of that established by the United States survey, and that the monument now marking the boundary between the two States, erected near the town of Bijon on the Von Schmidt line, will be removed west to Meyer's on the Placerville wagon road, near the foot of Lake Valley. This will give about the entire area of Lake Tahoe to Nevada.

The British Government is in receipt of an official communication from the State Department at Washington, inviting the co-operation of England in taking measures to prevent the spread of infectious diseases. The same communication, it is understood, has been sent to the other European powers, and contains a proposal that well known plague centers, liable from their commercial relations with the world to diffuse the germs of cholera, yellow fever and similar pests, shall be declared obnoxious to humanity, and the Governments into whose territory they are situated shall be called upon to cleanse them to the satisfaction of an international commission appointed to regularly inspect. Lord Salisbury says that England will do everything in her power for the furtherance of such an object.

The records of the New York police courts present some remarkable facts as showing the increase of crime in the city during the past year. An army of 85,000 persons were arrested during the last twelve months, or an increase in the number over the preceding year of about three per cent. Of that number about 35,000 were males and 20,000 females. Fifty-eight thousand persons were tried. One hundred men and twenty-two women attempted to kill themselves, most of them by pistol shots and razors. Nearly 2000 men were arrested for grand larceny, while 250 females were held for the same offense. Six thousand women were arrested for being drunk, and 15,000 males for the same thing. Of this army of criminals France had about 400 natives, Scotland 550, Italy 2500, England 1900, Germany 6000, Ireland 15,000 and America about 27,000. About \$28,000 were collected for fines. One hundred and twenty women were arrested for being suspicious characters, six for abduction and three for perjury.

There is something suggestive, avers the Leavenworth (Kan.) Times, in the deliberations with which the several Indian tribes are considering propositions to open their reservations to white settlers. The savages begin to see their inability to stay the mighty waves of civilization which are rolling westward as the Star of Empire leads the way of progress in that direction, and rather than be overwhelmed by the rush of thousands seeking homes there, and involved in bloody conflicts against unequal numbers, they are ready to sell their lands and yield to the inevitable sure to follow in the absorption of the race. Whenever counsel can be given to influence the Indians to adopt this course the admittance will be in the interest of peace and the safety of person on the prairie. The red man must now be absorbed, not exterminated. He must be accepted and treated as a fellow-citizen and a brother, and gradually be made to understand his business rights and how to maintain them. Under such a policy all Indian Territory will be made to inure to the highest possible benefits for the Indians. The wise men among the tribes see this, and their counsels are winning their brethren to the adoption of a course that will bring them nearer in business relations and social intercourse to white men than they ever were since the discovery of the country by the bold Norseman.

POST AND KING.

Though I am king I have no throne Save this rough wooden siege alone; I have no empire, yet my way Extends a myriad leagues away! No servile vassal bends his knee In groveling reverence to me— Yet, at my word, all hearts beat high And there is fire in every eye, And love and gratitude they bring As tribute unto me, a king!

The folks that throng the busy street Know not it is a king they meet, And I am glad there is not seen The monarch in my face and mien; I should not choose to be the cause Of fawning or of coarse applause— I am content to know the arts Wherewith to lord it o'er their hearts; For, when unto their hearts I sing, I am a king, I am a king!

My scepter—see, it is a pen! Wherewith I rule these hearts of men, Sometimes it pleaseth to beguile His monarch fancy with a smile— Sometimes it is athirst for tears And so adown the laureled years I walk, the noblest lord on earth, Dispensing sympathy and mirth— Aha, it is a magic thing That makes me what I am—a king!

Let empires crumble as they may, Proudly I hold imperial sway! The sunshine and the rain of years Are human smiles and human tears That come or vanish at my call— I am the monarch of them all! Mindful alone of this am I: The songs I sing shall never die— Not even envious death can wring His glory from so great a king!

Come, brother, be a king with me And rule mankind eternally; Let up the weak and cheer the strong Defend the truth, combat the wrong! You'll find no scepter like the pen To hold and sway the hearts of men; Its edicts flow in blood and tears That will outwash the flood of years— So, brother, sing the songs, oh, sing, And be with me a king—a king!

Captured by Comanches.

I had been scouting from Fort Bascom, on the Canadian River, and carrying dispatches between that point and Fort Stanton, on the Rio Pecos, for six months, before the Comanches called the turn on me. It is agreed that an Apache is a fiend incarnate, but in the old days there wasn't much choice between the tribes. All were bloodthirsty and relentless, and it mattered little into whose hands a prisoner might fall. Every torture which ingenuity could suggest was certain to be applied, and no ransom, however great, could effect the release of a prisoner. It was while engaged in such an effort that my first capture came about.

A party of citizens from Santa Fe had come out Fort Bascom for a hunt along the Canadian River to the east. They were all well-known men, and were outfitted in the finest style, having the best of firearms, and being accompanied by four hunters and guides of long experience. The Indians were bitterly hostile at this time, and although seldom seen near the fort, they were ever on the watch for any one leaving its shelter. This party numbered twenty, all told, and was strong enough to go anywhere, providing it was well handled. It left the post one Sunday morning and was gone three weeks, and, up to two days before reaching the post, all went well. Then a Dr. Albertson, of Albuquerque, tarried behind one morning as the party broke camp, and three Comanches dashed in and cut him off. They mounted him on his own horse and had a start of half a mile before the mishap was discovered, and, although pursuit was made, it was useless. The Doctor was a man of prominence, holding some position under the Government, and having many friends, and the party no sooner reached the post than it was determined to make every effort to secure his release. It was idle to think of sending out an armed force, and it was finally decided that I should go out as an emissary to treat for his ransom. It was agreed that I should promise the Indians as high as \$10,000 in cash for his release, and all were hopeful that this large sum would induce the redskins to give him up. I had been told time and again that the Comanches had never been known to give a prisoner, and I was therefore in a state of doubt as I rode away on my errand. I had got to put myself in their hands in order to negotiate, and if they refused to give up the Doctor it was probable that they would hang on to me.

I rode away to the east, knowing that the prisoner had been conveyed to some camp in the Wichita range. I left the post in the morning and rode hard all day without sighting an Indian. At dark I went into camp and had no alarm during the night, and at sunrise was again holding for the mountains. At about 11 o'clock, while riding over broken ground, I caught sight of an Indian taking cover, and halting my horse I made the peace signs with my blanket. Ten minutes later I was surrounded by a dozen warriors, who were evidently astonished at my foolhardiness, I could speak their lingo fairly well, and I told them what I had come for, and asked to be taken to the nearest village. This request was sulkily complied with, and at the end of two hours I found myself in the village of Red Moon, Chief of all the Comanches. The village was scattered along the river for a mile or more, and numbered at least a thousand souls. My advent was hailed with whoops and yells and other tokens of satisfaction, and even when it was known that I had voluntarily come into camp on an errand of mercy it was hard to restrain some of the young bucks from doing me injury. I was taken directly to Red Moon's tent, and my reception there was anything but cordial. He was anything but noble in speech and look. He was dirty, unkempt and out of sorts, and I had no sooner set eyes on him than I knew my mission would be a failure. "Why does the dog of a white man come to my camp?" was his salutation. "Four days ago some of your warriors

captured a white hunter a sun's journey to the west," I replied. "They did, and to-morrow he shall die!"

"I have come from his friends to buy his liberty. They will give Red Moon more silver than he ever had before." "I spit upon the white man's money!" he retorted. "The white man has killed my young men, built his forts on my land, and would drive us away if he were strong enough. I would not take food from his hand if I was starving!"

I named the price which we would pay for the Doctor, and tried to make him understand how many guns and blankets and other things the amount would purchase, but he grew more and more excited, and finally shouted: "Does the white man regard the Comanches as squaws that their heads can be turned by soft talk? Only the Dog-Indian begs for mercy from a foe or takes presents from an enemy. Were you to offer all you had I would not give him up. He shall die. I have said it!"

Finding him so obstinate and determined, I mentioned that I had come alone and placed myself in his power, trusting to his honor to be permitted to return in safety. "Did I ask you to come?" he thundered. "Are you not here to insult me? You shall see the other prisoner die, and then you shall suffer the same fate!"

I began to protest, but was hurried away to a lodge, disarmed, searched, and very roughly used. Before being left alone my hands and feet were tied, and the buck who did this gave me a good-day in the shape of a slap in the face which made my teeth rattle. I was left alone until just at dark, when a boy brought me a gourd of water, and helped it to my lips while I drank. I thanked him, and inquired where the Doctor was. He replied that he was confined in a lodge about two hundred feet away, and that he would be put to the torture next day. All the tribe within call had been notified to be present. I asked him about my own fate, and he said it was understood that I was to die the day after. If there was any doubt about this it was soon dispelled. The boy had scarcely disappeared when old Red Moon appeared. He was now fully dressed as a chief, and had on all his dignity. I was lying on my back, and he stood over me for a moment, glowering down upon me with savage expression before he said:

"Does the white man think the Comanche a dog that he can come into his village and insult him?" "On the contrary, the white man knows the Comanches to be brave," I replied, "and no chief is greater or braver than Red Moon."

"But you come to buy us off." "The white man captured by your brave warrior is neither a soldier, hunter nor scout. He is a man of peace, living far away. He has never harmed you. He is a great medicine man among his people. For these reasons his friends hoped the great chief would spare his life. We wished to make you a present."

"White dog, you lie!" shouted the Chief. "You wish to get us in a trap!" I argued and protested, and again appealed to his honor in my own case. He heard me through, and then gave me several hearty kicks in the side, and exclaimed: "You shall die! You were a fool to come!"

The kicks made me mad, and feeling that I had no hope of release I opened on Red Moon in the choicest Billingsgate of the West. I called him a cowardly paltrone, squaw, buzzard, and everything else I could think of. I offered to fight him in any way he wanted, and boasted that I had on one occasion charged five of his bravest warriors and killed two and run the others into the woods. I gave it to him straight from the shoulder for ten minutes without a break, and he did not interrupt me by word or gesture. When I finally paused for want of breath he said:

"The white scout is not a dog, as I thought for. He is a brave man. He will not cry and beg for his life when the fire is lighted at his feet. My young men shall let it be known at the fort that he died without being a woman."

"And that's more than you can say for any of your warriors!" I flung back at him. "The Comanche whines like a dog when he is hurt. He cannot stand fire. When his feet get a little warm he becomes a child."

He pulled his knife from his belt, thinking to end my life then and there, but on the second thought he replaced it and walked out. Directly he had gone two warriors came in with a liberal supply of food, and my arms were untied and I was given a chance to eat. They appeared good natured, and as the thoughts were being replaced one of them said:

"The white man is very brave. He will hold out a long time." At last two guards were placed outside my tent, and knowing that I had no show for escape, I made myself as comfortable as possible and soon fell asleep. It may be thought curious that a person could sleep soundly under such circumstances, but as a matter of fact I did not open my eyes until long after daylight. There was considerable bustle in the camp, and in a few minutes my breakfast was brought in. Arms and legs were now untied, and one of the three bucks who came into the tent informed me that preparations were being made to torture the Doctor. It was an hour later before I was sent for. Then my arms were left free and my legs were hobbled just below the knees. While I could walk it was only with short steps, and the idea of my trying to escape from such a crowd was too absurd to be entertained. I found the inhabitants of the village drawn up in two long lines extending out on the plains. Even children five or six years old, were in line, each one armed with stick or switch. I was led to the head of the line between two warriors, and in four or five minutes the Doctor was brought out. Red Moon had arranged this as a mental torture to both of us. He signified to us that we might speak, and I at once informed the Doctor of my errand and its failure. He expressed his pleasure that

his friends thought so well of him, and his sorrow that I had brought misfortune upon myself, and he seemed to have made up his mind to die like a man. I knew the Indians thoroughly, and I told him what the programme would be. After running the gauntlet, he would be tied to a post and submitted to the powder torture, which consists in shooting charges of powder into the flesh, with the muzzle of the gun only a foot or two away. After that would come cutting and mutilating, and he would not be tied to the fire stake until pretty thoroughly exhausted. I advised him to do as I intended to do—leap upon some warrior as he ran down the lines, grab his knife or tomahawk, if possible, and then fight until they would have to kill him then and there. He calmly replied that he should adopt the plan, shook me by the hand, and all was ready.

As we talked I had been getting the lay of the village. It was only a quarter of a mile to the foothills. I had made up my mind to make a break for liberty, and I had my plans all laid before the Doctor started. Red Moon commanded me to tell him that he was to run straight down the lane and back, and that if he made a good run he would not be much hurt. I gave him the information, and advised him to make his break about two-thirds of the way down, as he came to the last of the warriors. When I stepped back my elbows touched a guard on either side and I saw that they were deeply interested in the scene before them. When I dropped my left hand down it was close to the hilt of the warrior's knife, and then I was as ready as I could be. The Doctor was a powerful big fellow and was entirely naked. He was to start at the report of a rifle fired in the air, and when the signal came he bounded away like a deer. The lines closed up and every one tried to strike at him, but the climax came when he made his bolt. With a leap to one side he seized a tomahawk, and at that moment I got hold of the knife without being detected. A great cry arose and one of my guards started forward. I bent down and cut my thoughts at a single sweep, and then by a back hand blow, drove the knife so far into the body of the other guard, who had given me no attention, that it was wrenched from my grasp as he fell. Then I bounded away down the river, and I believe I had a start of twenty rods before pursuit began.

It is not bragadocio to assert that in those days I had the speed and bottom of a thoroughbred. I hadn't the least fear of being overtaken after I got that start by anyone on foot, and as I at once made for the broken ground their ponies had no advantage. I looked back only once, and that was as I got clear of the village. At least fifty Indians were pursuing me on foot, and a few minutes later a score of others had mounted. The pursuers were so strung out that no one dared shoot, and when I got settled down to the pace I ran for my life. In five or six minutes I was in the foothills, and in ten I had gained the shelter of the scrub pine. At that moment twenty rifles turned loose on me, but none of the bullets came near enough to make me dodge, and I contrived to put in my best ticks. They followed me for about four miles, losing ground all the time, and then drew off to return to the Doctor. It was five days before I got back to the fort, my clothes in tatters, and my strength almost gone, and it was two years before I learned the particulars of the Doctor's fate. He made a gallant fight when he got possession of the tomahawk, killing a warrior and a boy and wounding another warrior and an old man, but he was overpowered and disarmed, and then the devils glutted their vengeance. Some idea of his sufferings can be imagined from the fact that he was under some sort of torture for three days and nights, and there was still life left in him when he was given up to the fangs of the village dogs. The Comanche who gave me the particulars was then a ward of the Government, drawing his rations, ammunition, and blankets from the very men whose scalps he hungered for, and he could not be punished. He identified himself as the warrior who was guarding me on the right when I made that occasion the chief stripped him of all his worldly possessions and gave the goods to the widow of the warrior I had slain.—New York Sun.

The Icelandic Lutheran Church of America consists of twenty-two congregations, and has just held its fifth annual conference at Argyle, in Manitoba. In 1880 the whole number of immigrants from Denmark to the United States was only a little over 64,000, including Icelanders; but since then the total has been about doubled, and among the new settlers are many Icelanders also, though their most numerous colony is in Manitoba. They have established a colony in Dakota, one in Southern Minnesota, and there is a settlement at Green Bay. Although they number as yet only a few thousands in both this country and Canada, with the prospect, however, of a considerable increase, though it can never be great, since the population of Iceland itself is barely 72,000. These immigrants from Iceland come from a region where they have never seen a real tree, a road or a plow, and yet it is remarkable how soon they adapt themselves to their new surroundings. They are of much intelligence, and there are no people among whom education is more generally diffused, the humblest being able to read and write, and being thoroughly conversant with the sages, and the history and laws of their country.—New York Sun.

A Congo warrior's outfit which has just been received by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, from Lieutenant Taunt, United States commercial agent in the Congo State, consists of a bamboo shield six feet long and one wide, a spear four feet long, a knife that looks like a pruning knife, and a bow with bamboo strings and two iron-tipped arrows.—New York Tribune.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The turnip originally came from Rome.

The peach originally came from Persia.

Bull fighting is getting a foothold among French amusements.

A five-year-old child in Monson, Me., is said to speak three languages.

The practice of feasting at funerals is still in vogue at Lancaster, Penn.

A tree was cut down at Orting, Washington, that measured 310 feet long.

At Huntsville, Ala., a pink and white chicken was hatched a short time ago.

Reversible trousers, to correct the "bagging," are proposed by a beneficent tailor of Akron, Ohio.

Old Mrs. Sidner, who died at Deckerstown, N. J., the other day, aged 105, had smoked a clay pipe for forty years.

A strange and fatal disease has appeared in Guayaquil, Ecuador. Victims fall in the street, vomit foam and blood, and die.

They have a trained lion at the Paris circus that rides on the back of a horse around the ring and does all the customary feats.

General Charles Williams, of Manchester, N. H., will give a fine park to that city, to be enjoyed especially by poor children.

Large land owners in Scotland are importing reindeer from Norway, in the hope that they may become acclimatized and increase.

A swarm of butterflies, so thick as to almost obscure the rays of the sun, passed through Mott, Cal., recently. There were myriads of them.

A rustic bridge just completed in Houston County, Ga., contains fifty-seven different kinds of wood and vines, and all were grown in the county.

It is claimed for the Mitre Hotel, Oxford, England, that it was first opened as a public house in 1400. No one to look at it can doubt the statement.

The California State Board of Trade reports that there are 13,000,000 acres of arable land in that State capable of being rendered productive by irrigation.

The cemetery at Sea Cliff, N. Y., has been closed because there is so little use for it—only fifteen burials in four years, and the receipts not equal to the expenditures.

James Buchanan, of Ashtabula County, Ohio, cuts his hair in a very peculiar manner. He shaves all his forehead short, except a ridge from his forehead to the back of his neck.

The latest fad in mechanism is an ingenious contrivance in the form of a large ice-cooler, from which, if one drops a penny in the slot, he can obtain a cupful of ice-cold Hygeia water.

A consignment of 600,000 kilograms of terra alba which arrived at New York on a British steamer a few days ago will be converted into candy for the delectation of the American people.

A novel idea in church building has been started in the neighborhood of Dawlish, England, where it is proposed to raise funds for a new church by debentures bearing interest at four per cent, secured as a first mortgage on the offertories.

Azoth, which was besieged by Psammethichus, the Powerful, held out, according to Archbishop Usher, for nineteen years, and according to Herodotus for twenty-nine years. Troy held out for ten years. These are the two longest sieges of which there is any record.

The latest and newest thing in New York shop windows is a huge spider web made of fine twine and remarkably natural. It is at least four feet high and as true to nature as though a Gulliver-like spider had used the window for a home. To intensify the illusion a spider as big as a man's fist, cleverly manufactured, has been placed in the centre of the web, while artificial butterflies are scattered promiscuously about.

Our National Snake Charmer.

Perhaps it is not generally known that this country has a national charmer, who is paid a good round salary by the Government. But such is the fact. The charmer in question is Professor A. Zeno Shindler, a bustling little German, whose headquarters are in the National Museum, at Washington. His principal duty is to make casts and drawings of all specimens of the snake family received by the Museum authorities. Some of the snakes are received in alcohol, but many of them are boxed up and sent here alive. The Professor has a large wooden cage in his room in which there is a collection of dangerous and venomous reptiles. A number of these he has succeeded in taming, and he runs his hand in among them in a manner that caused cold chills to chase each other up and down my spinal column. Although he has been handling snakes for several years Professor Shindler has been bitten only once. He had received a queer looking little fellow from Mexico, which somewhat resembled a garter snake. Being afraid that his snakeship might escape, owing to the smallness of its size, the professor decided to put it into a jar of alcohol and thus preserve it until he was ready to make a plaster cast. He seized the little striped reptile by the neck as he had done "many a time" before and dexterously dropped him into the bottle. Upon touching the liquid the snake sprang suddenly upward and fastened his fangs in Shindler's forefinger. The latter quickly seized a knife and cut the fangs loose, and then, placing the finger in his mouth, vigorously sucked at the poison, while he made tracks to the nearest bar-room. There he drank a large quantity of whiskey, and was afterward taken to his home in a carriage and a physician was summoned. He remained on the sick list for three months, during which time he was twice or thrice near the point of death. The snake, he says, must have been fully as poisonous as a rattler, and the wound has never fully healed, and occasionally breaks out into a virulent sore.—New York Star.

WELL, I DECLARE!

Old Silas lived threescore and ten Of years, to him one long surprise To ways of women and of men, To ways of fleas, and foals, and fien, To reptiles crawling on the ground, To swift birds flying through the air, Wide mouthed, but one comment he found "Well, I declare!"

It was the same from morn till night, From night till morn, and evermore, When life was dark, when life was bright, When doctors told him have a care, When preachers preached with all their might, When judge and jury bade him swear, Surprised he answered, wrong or right, "Well, I declare!"

When some one said the earth was round, And others said the earth was flat, The disputants would confound, By saying nothing but just that, When he was told, Oh, this is best, It seemed to take him unawares, And he would gasp out as he shot, "Well, I declare!"

One summer day old Silas died, And friends ad tears about him shed, He parted beyond the great divide, That passes the living from the dead, But from the bliss and tender shade, Down through the sun-lit summer air, A whisper came of glad surprise, "Well, I declare!"

—Galveston News.

PITH AND POINT.

A glaring fraud—A glass eye.

A pie plant—A pie manufacturer.

Net weight—The mossbunker catch.

After young Parkford, the groom, hugged his girl he called her string honey.

The man who registers at a hotel night, is soon on the "retired list."—New York News.

No wonder the spoon looks so hot and long-faced. What in the world oftener in the soup?

Mrs. A.—"Do you play the organ, Smith?" Smith—"Yes, if the hands not broken."—Epoch.

Fashion item from the Columbus Dispatch: Treasurers' accounts are worn very short this season.

The first man who discovered elixir of life died at the age of nine.—Commercial Advertiser.

Wisdom does not always come in yellow leaf, but you'll generally find the seer.—Glens Falls Republican.

Visitor at Medical College—"Did those skeletons come from?" Ye Doctor—"We raised them."—Epoch.

"He owes everything he has to that's bad. He owes a great deal more than he has to me."—Harper's Bazar.

The man who invented the cover never got a cent for it. And yet it given lots of men a lift.—New York.

"Then, my dear sir, we will ag differ." "No, sir, we won't do any thing, because you're wrong."—Pitt.

The rich bug, now with haughty mien, Will boast what he's of Paris wien. The poor potato bug, meanwhile, Will feel that he's of Paris wien.—New York.

Wife (tearful)—"You've broken promise you made me!" Husband (promising her)—"Never mind, my dear, cry; I'll make you another."—Ma.

Old Lady—"I hope, my dear, never conceal anything from your hand." Young Wife—"Oh, nothing but my thoughts."—New Weekly.

At a concert in Wilkesbarre, Pa. while every one was applauding, a child exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, the big men patting."—New Herald.

Do you think it is grammatical? "He summers in the country." "No." "Why not? You can say 'He in the mud' or 'He springs in the mud'."—Chicago American.

"I guess I'll take my vacation again, if you have no objection." "flashy young clerk to his employer, the slightest, sir. You can make it permanent."—Hartford Post.

"Dear," said a physician's wife sitting in church, "there is Mrs. G. sitting in a draught." "Never say so, said her husband, "I will cash that later on."—Washington Capital.

Shall strangers in the Northern land, Bely the sign of star and strand? Shall England pluck with ruthless hand, Our sealskin snuggles before they part?—Washington Post.

"We are all worms," exclaimed preacher in his sermon. Little boy who was listening attentively, spoke to his mother—"Then that's the great big whale swallowed Jonah!"—Portland Press.

Miss Cutely—"May I marry Mr. ley, mamma?" Mrs. Cutely—"Not on any account!" Miss (toying with her mother's hair, even on his bank account, mamma.)—Laurence American.

Mr. Import (for applicant for a diamond)—"You say you are able to give a genuine diamond. What are the principal features?" Arthur (a grand stand, a home plate and a line between the bases.)—Seattle Herald.

Alaska Seal Breeding Grounds.

The breeding grounds of the fur seal includes the seal islands, Paul and St. Georges, the Aleutian, and that portion of Alaska north of Kodiak. Here, in the "eries," as they are called, the seals from May to December to the amount of six millions every year, at least one-third are now being bred thousand a year of the seals makes no apparent impression on the whole mass, and it can be seen what a fertile source of revenue to the industry might be made under governmental supervision.—Seattle Herald.