

T. H. HARTER, EDITOR AND PROP.
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HON. HANNIBAL HAMLEN said recently on presenting a flag to a Bangor (Me.) school: "Perhaps a little history of this flag will not be out of place. First, consider the beautiful red stripes, an emblem of valor; the white, an emblem of purity; the blue field, the broad arch of heaven, and the stars which beset it, the freest government on earth."

A NEWSPAPER man went to interview the superintendent of one of the elevated roads in New York, a few days ago, with a lot of letters complaining that the cars on the road were too cold. "You'll save me a lot of trouble if you'll let me have these letters," said the superintendent, reaching into his desk and taking out a package of documents. "How is that?" "Why, here is a bundle of complaints we have received about the cars being kept too warm. If you'll let me have yours I can send the cold letters to the hot writers and the hot letters to the cold writers, and so make all the growlers answer each other."

The last Legislature of Delaware abolished a mode of punishment in that State which, though legal, had not been imposed since 1870. It was the punishment by whipping or compelling them to stand in the pillory of women who had been found guilty of counterfeiting, horse-stealing, burglary, arson, poisoning, perjury, forgery, receiving stolen goods, assault with intent to kill, cohabitation, witchcraft, fortune telling, or dealing with spirits. The last person punished by this means was a colored woman, who in 1870 was whipped at the public post. The last white woman to be whipped went through the operation in 1836, her offense having been larceny.

TWO YOUNG Australian cyclists have just completed a twelve months' journey on their machines. Their route was through a portion of Australia, thence to Java, where they rode 250 miles. Taking steamer to Singapore, they rode to Penang. Again sailing to British Borneo, they went overland to Calcutta; thence to Bombay via Delhi, a trip of 2,000 miles. From India they shipped to Egypt and did Palestine. Entering Europe at Sicily they rode across Europe, and came out at Rotterdam. In England and Scotland they added the distance of 1,500 miles. The whole journey was done on ordinary bicycles, and, marvelous to relate, they did not have a single fall. Their whole luggage was a spare suit and water proofs.

HANK REYNOLDS, of Cadillac, Mich., has a trick horse which rivals the famous Dan Rice horse or Forepaugh's tight-rope walker. He is master of twenty-one tricks, and among them will open his door, walk out on an elevated plank twenty feet and back into his stall; climb upon a scaffold and "teeter," and do it as nicely as a school girl; go to the water tank, wash his face, and wipe it on a towel; climb up stairs and down; open and shut the barn door, and back the longy out without a hitch or miss, etc. Hank is not so bad-looking but that the horse will walk up to him and imprint a loving kiss upon his brow—not so fastidiously, perhaps, as a Cadillac girl would do it, but still a kiss—and he does numerous other things a horse is supposed to know nothing about. He is a fine, powerful iron-gray, and his master would trade him for the rest of Cadillac, may be, but for not much less.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, in the Independent, holds up for our scorn "the bogus preacher, the charlatan, who makes a parade of rhetoric, and seeks admiration from his audience, who courts notoriety, and subsidizes the press. The true preacher," continues the Doctor, "is amazed by any notoriety. He wishes to hide himself behind his message. He finds his joy, not in the great world, but in his conscience and his God. If the world praises him he feels that he must have been indiscreet or unfaithful. Such a man wishes no triumph that is denoted by the waving of flags and the blowing of trumpets, but that which is recorded by the penitent tear, the prayer of faith, the renewed life, the happy heart." This ideal of the true preacher is so lofty that we might suspect it to be only imaginary if Dr. Crosby and many other clergymen did not so perfectly illustrate it. Yes, there are such men, whom we have all known and loved. But would it be heresy to confess, just between ourselves, you know, that there are many great preachers who fall far below Dr. Crosby's standard? Who are they? Oh, well, you don't expect that I am going to answer that question. May be I don't know.

A SONG.

A good ship bore
From its native shore
A hundred hops from land,
But a mad storm flew
Over the ocean blue
And the good ship strewed the strand;
And the hundred hops that sailed from land
Were thousands wrecked on that foreign strand.
A youth with hops
Set out to cope
In life's uncertain strife,
But his plans were crossed.
He himself was lost,
With the thousand aims of life;
For ships well sailed and plans well planned
Will oft be wrecked on the long-for-land.
—Native.

CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD.

The tremendous hurricane of snow and wind which swept over our great, level Northwest in January, 1888, was accompanied by incidents tragic, thrilling and heroic, that will no doubt become a part of the history of the vast region over which the storm swept.

It was in connection with hay-hauling in one of the marshy, unsettled townships of Iowa that there occurred an incident of extreme peril, of fortitude and intelligent exercise of the faculties amid great danger, which, at the time it came to light, was almost lost sight of in our interest to the widespread calamities which fell upon our unprepared neighbors on the more newly settled prairies of the North and West.

The little railway station of Dupont, in one of the thinly settled districts, was built entirely in the interests of the hay-hauling business, for which the uninhabited flats of Lowell and Gull Lake townships furnished thousands of tons of grass.

Over this tract, a dozen miles in extent, as far back from the railway as hay can be hauled with profit, are scattered every summer the camps of the haymakers, and the low ricks or "stacks" grow and accumulate until they dot the prairie so thickly as to become for the time the distinguishing feature of the landscape.

There are at the station large hay barns, containing steam presses, to which, from September until April, the hay is hauled, stowed and baled, ready for shipment.

Among those who were hauling hay at the time of the great storm were Dick Jordan and his small brother Orr, a little fellow, too young to attend school regularly, who went along on pleasant days to tramp down the hay in the frame of the big rack.

It had been pleasant enough for Orr to go on every trip that week up to the night of the blizzard, and the day was so warm and fine that Dick's sisters, Jennie and Carrie, younger than himself but older than Orr, obtained the permission of their mother to go home at recess, in order that they might go with their brothers for a ride to the hay field. Their mother had promised that they should go upon the first warm day after sleighing came.

They arrived at the house just as Dick and Orr drove up for a lunch, before going after their last load for the day, and, as it would be dark before they could get back, the girls, too, got each a slice of bread and cold meat to munch on the road.

Dick spread two heavy horse-blankets, which were always carried in winter to throw over his horses when standing, upon one of the bottom boards of the rack, and seated Jennie and Carrie upon them. Then, little dreaming what was before them, the brothers and sisters drove swiftly out upon a new sleigh load, which led them for several miles over a prairie almost as level as a barn floor.

The haystacks were reached, and while the boys worked at their loading, the little girls nestled about, tumbled in the hay, or rolled snowballs as they pleased.

The load of hay was taken from the bottom of a stack around which the snow had drifted, thawed and frozen until much of the outside hay had to be cut loose with an axe or freed with a shovel, both of which implements Dick carried for that purpose. It took much longer than usual to load upon this occasion, and evening was already drawing on when finally the little girls were helped upon the load and the team was turned toward home.

It had been mild and thawing all day, so mild, indeed, that Dick had feared this would be their last trip with a sleigh until snow should come again; but as he climbed upon the load to start for home, he noticed that a heavy gray bank had formed across the western sky, and that it seemed to be growing thick overhead. The air had suddenly become rather chilly.

He told his brothers and sisters that it would snow before they got home, and that they had better "cuddle down" in the hay and throw the horse-blankets over their laps. He drove forward for a few minutes, urging the horses to a half-trot, and unceasingly glancing toward the dense gray bank, which rapidly overcast the west and north, and threw a gloom and cold in advance, as it approached.

The darkness came on rapidly, and soon the rear of a high wind broke upon Dick's ears.

"It's a blizzard!" he thought, with alarm, for he had been born upon the Northwest prairies and knew the danger of being caught out upon that mowed flat, so far from any house, for the nearest dwelling was that of a farmer across Gull Lake, two miles and a half to the southeast.

He had not much time to think or to exercise his fears before the great storm was upon them.

It was nothing less than a hurricane from the beginning, and at the first fierce gust the big unwieldy rack careened with its load so that the little girls screamed with fright, and the horses stopped and stood turning their heads away from the pelting sleet which drove down at the first burst of the storm.

The air was filled instantly with this driving ice.

Dick shouted at the animals and slapped at them with the lines, but they

could not be induced to turn their heads against the storm. They stood as if paralyzed by the fierce blast of wind and sleet. Another and more furious sweep of the hurricane came almost immediately, and this time the rack was lifted completely off the sled and overturned with hay and riders.

Fortunately, there was a considerable drift of snow beside the road, and neither Dick nor the younger children were hurt by the fall. They had all, with a common impulse, jumped from the top of the load as it careened over, and so fell, or rather tumbled, outside the sweep of the rack.

As they scrambled to their feet the stiff wind was so filled with hay and snow that they could scarcely distinguish each other, and, as it was built in the shape of a "figure four" quilt-trap, held most of the hay securely beneath its frame.

Dick still held to one of the lines, and the horses stood shivering with fear and cold, for the temperature had suddenly dropped far below the freezing point.

"Get behind the rack out of the wind!" he screamed to the younger ones, who were clinging to each other in the endeavor to stand up before the raging wind. They obeyed him, and, hugging close against the framework, found themselves protected from the cutting blast, but snow and sleet whirled over the top and about the ends in blinding scurries.

Dick knew instinctively that to attempt to get those children on the bare sled and to drive them to a place of safety only meant certain death to them all. In the first place, it would require all their strength to cling on. Moreover, they could not endure a half-hour even of such exposure to the storm. With darkness coming on and the air filled with driving snow, there was the barest possibility of his being able to find a house—it could only be found by running against it or into a yard—even if he should be able to drive and keep the children alive all night.

His plans were quickly made, and a man of twice his age could not have made them with greater good sense, or have shown a braver spirit in their execution.

He stripped the harness from his horses and turned them loose. Then, without waiting even to see which direction the animals took, he ran to his brother and sisters.

Although it had been so warm when they started from home, their mother had insisted that Jennie and Carrie should dress warmly, and take cloaks and comforters with them. These they had put on before the storm came, and Dick, after digging in the hay for a few minutes between the boards of the rack, discovered the horse-blankets upon which the children had fortunately been sitting when the load overturned.

While digging for them he had prepared a "nest," as he termed it, for the three small ones, and he now ordered them to get in there while he tucked the blankets around them. Frightened and hushed by the terrific storm, they obeyed without a murmur, and the brave young fellow told them that they must "cuddle close together and never peep outside" till they heard him call them.

He said that he would go and bring them something to eat as soon as he could get back from Mr. Waldeman's across Gull Lake, and then after the blizzard was over they would all go home.

He knew the snow would drift over them in a very few minutes, and believed that if they kept quiet their breath would warm the "nest," and no doubt keep them alive for many hours. But he knew also that such blizzards have been known to last with unabated fury for two or three days, and that there was little likelihood of their being able to outlast such a storm. Therefore, his only hope was to reach help if possible, and get it to them the moment it should be possible to breast the blizzard.

Gull Lake lay over a mile distant, directly to the southeast. It was one side and a half across it, and on the other side lay Waldeman's ranch, a large group of buildings, dwellings, barns and shedding for stock, enclosed by a large yard which stretched along the lake shore for forty rods or more.

Dick hoped that he might be able to reach this ranch and to find it. Buttoning his overcoat tightly about him and pulling a "Norwegian cap" which he wore tightly down over his ears, he set out, going directly with the storm, which came from the northwest.

He started at a stiff run. The wind nearly lifted him off his feet at every step, and out the backs of his legs and the sides of his cheeks icily. He soon found it impossible to tell whether he was going directly with the wind or not, as it blew in changeful gusts and whirled violently about him. But there was a mile of lake shore in front, and he reached it at length and found himself upon the ice.

It had now grown dark, and amidst the pitchy blackness of night and the thick drift of snow he could no longer make use of his eyes. In fact, he was obliged to shut them and allow himself to be carried over the ice by the wind. A part of the time he was able to keep his feet, but often he was thrown forward and actually blown over the rough ice for rods. The skirt of his overcoat occasionally blew over his head, and the bitter wind pierced every part of his body.

It was a rough and terrible experience getting across the lake, and he was glad he had not attempted to take his brothers and sisters with him.

When he at length reached the southern bank, he was so chilled and exhausted that he could scarcely keep his feet at all. The bank was high at the point where he reached it, and he knew it could not be opposite the ranch fence, as the high bank was west of that. So he turned, and alternately walked and crawled eastward, guided in that direction by the wind.

For a long time he forced his way along the edge of the ice, which was swept bare, guided by the sense of feeling and the direction of the wind, but at length he stumbled against something

and joyfully discovered it to be a fence. As it afterward proved, it was an extension of the cattle-yard, a corner of which was built down into the edge of the lake to afford water for the stock, and had he missed it by even a few feet he would undoubtedly have perished.

The discovery of it gave him new life at once and aroused all his faculties. He climbed over the fence so as to get inside the yard, and then, by feeling, followed it until he came to a connection with the cattle-shed.

Once in the shelter of these, he whipped his numbed arms and stamped his chilled feet until circulation partly restored, then felt his way along to the barn, and at length managed to reach the ranch dwelling guided by the glimmer of a light which he could see through the storm.

He was welcomed and warmed and fed, and promised that by every possible effort that could be made the men should help him to rescue his brother and sisters when daylight came.

Dick found that he had escaped with only a slight frosting of his face and fingers, but his anguish on account of the little ones he had left buried in the hay was intense. He did not sleep at all, but walked the floor of the ranch kitchen, where he was allowed to keep a roaring fire all night. Every few moments he would go to the windows, scratch the frost, and endeavor to peer out into the storm.

He could gather no encouragement until daylight, when he discovered that the snow was no longer falling, and that the sky would soon be clear.

He roused the ranch hands at once, as two of them had agreed to go with him. In a short time the men were up. Some hot coffee was drunk, a jug of it was filled from the pot, and a sharp-shod team was harnessed. The horses were blindfolded, their heads wrapped in blankets to protect them from the blinding drift which was still driving hard from the northwest.

This team was hitched to a double sleigh filled with robes and wraps. Then, muffling themselves in the bottom of the box, the party set out across the lake in the very teeth of the wind.

The horses were old and steady, and, after some snorting and tossing of the heads, as a protest against the novelty of complete "blinds," took a steady hard trot over the corrugated ice.

On reaching the farther shore of the lake and ascending to the prairie, Dick, with his head completely muffled to the eyes, took a standing position and, bracing himself, directed the movements of the driver. The short distance of a mile and the steady direction of the wind enabled him to hit the hay-road at a point so close to the overturned rack that he caught sight of the top of it as they were passing some rods distant.

A moment later they had halted and tied the team, and Dick had pointed out the spot where his companions were to dig. Then, utterly overcome, he threw himself upon the drift and buried his face in his arms. His grief and suspense at that moment were almost beyond endurance. He had no idea that the children could have survived such a fearful night. But five minutes of silent digging occupied his companions, and at the end of that time both of them gave a triumphant shout.

They had uncovered the nest, and a cloud of steam rose up from the blankets. Dick was on his feet instantly. A moment later the three young Jordans were dragged forth, alive, but stupid with cold and a drowsiness which would not have left them alive many hours longer. Yet they had escaped any serious frostbite, and a dexterous rubbing, shaking and jouncing restored their circulation and their senses. They were bundled into the sleigh amid robes and comforters, and, despite the severity of the weather and the drifting snow, were taken immediately toward home, where their welcome must be imagined.

One of Dick's horses perished in the storm, but the other turned up alive and well the next day at a farmer's stables twelve miles south of Gull Lake.—Youth's Companion.

Four Sleepless Years.

Four years without sleeping a wink. That sounds preposterous, but it is exactly the case of an old negro now living in Athens, Ga. Charley Harden is his name, and the snows of age have settled down upon him. In slavery times he belonged to John White, who lived at that time in the same place. Charley was seen on the streets recently talking to several of his friends and telling them of his curious condition. "For four years," said he, "I have not slept a wink. I hear continually a buzzing sound, and it seems as if several persons were talking to me all the time. At night I lie in my bed with my eyes wide open, and if I do sleep never close them, and always hear the talking. It is an awful thing to be talked to for years, and through the long nights to have to listen to this nonsense."

Charley has tried doctors for his sleeplessness, and has found no remedy, and has given up all hope of ever sleeping again. He, as a matter of necessity, sleeps, but his eyes never close, and all his mental faculties remain ever awake.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Walk Around the Earth.

A French savant has calculated the time required for a journey round the earth, and has obtained the following results: A man, walking day and night, without resting, would take 428 days; an express train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32 1/2 hours; a cannon-ball, 2 1/2 hours; light, a little over one-tenth of a second, and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little under one-tenth of a second.

The Oldest Lawsuit.

The oldest lawsuit on record is now being tried in the highest Russian court at St. Petersburg. It was brought 500 years ago against the city of Kenezep-Podolsk by the heirs of a dead nobleman to recover many thousand acres of his estate which had been confiscated by the municipality. The written testimony is said to weigh forty-five tons.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

CARING FOR FURNITURE. With care, furniture may be kept looking nice for years, but without this care it soon becomes dingy and shabby. A thorough cleansing, once a month, at least, should be given to upholstered furniture that is in every-day use. Articles covered with plush or any goods with a pile may be brushed with a bristle brush, but for hair-cloth a light switch works best, wiping off the surface afterward with a damp cloth. Wipe the wood with a damp cloth, and if there are any dents in it, it is said the application of several thicknesses of wet blotting paper held in place till dry by a warm flatiron will remove the dent, unless a very deep one, when several applications may be necessary. When the wood-work is dry, rub with warm linseed oil and polish with chamois skin. White spots may be removed by alcohol simply pressed on the spot by a cloth that is not linty, and not rubbed, as rubbing will take off the varnish. A flannel cloth moistened with kerosene is good to rub the furniture with, and the disagreeable odor of the oil soon disappears.—Courier Journal.

IRONING SHIRT WAISTS.

First, be sure that the waist is properly starched in boiled starch and thoroughly dried; then make a weak, cold starch and dip the collars and cuffs into it, being careful not to wet into the other parts of the garment as it takes longer to dry, and the starch in those parts is not needed. Lay the waist (wrong side out) with the back to the table, fold one sleeve upon it, then the other, lay over these the fronts, sprinkling each part according to the thickness of the cloth, roll tightly and let lie the desired length of time, then proceed as follows: With the sleeves still wrong side out, rub quickly the wristbands; now turn, and we are really commencing (what seems to many) an arduous task. We will iron first the outside of one wristband, then the inside, shaping it as we dry it. Next fold the sleeve (at the opening) from wrist to shoulder, and iron; the upper half of the sleeve can be ironed better with it folded that way. Now fold by the under-arm seam and finish, and the sleeve will have the same appearance as a nicely laundered shirt. Follow with the second sleeve, and we are ready for the other part. Rub over the part below the wristband, then press the tucks in the front into shape with a moderately warm iron; now use a hot one, and thoroughly dry on the wrong side; in this way the shoulder seams can be easily dried. Next iron the back in the same way, pressing the plaits into shape on the right side, but doing the greater part of the ironing on the wrong side. At last the collar is reached, requiring but a few moments' time, and the garment which has been so much dreaded is finished, and the result is satisfactory. Sometimes it is desirable to press a little on the right side at the last; in that case do not iron as dry on the wrong side.—Good Housekeeping.

RECIPES.

Raisin Pie—One lemon, juice and rind, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of water, one cupful of rolled crackers, stone the raisins and boil till soft, grate the lemon rind, mix well together, and bake with two crusts.

Macaroni With Cheese—Prepare macaroni with cream sauce, and pour into a buttered scalloped dish. Have half a cup of grated cheese and half a cup of bread or cracker crumbs mixed, sprinkle over the macaroni, and place in the oven to brown; it will take about twenty minutes.

Milk Toast—Toast a goodly number of slices, and arrange in a deep dip. Put into a saucepan one quart of sweet milk, and stir into it two tablespoonfuls sifted flour made into a smooth paste with a little milk. Stir constantly till it boils; cook a moment or two; add a little salt and small piece of butter, and pour over the toasted bread.

Potato Yeast—Grate four good-sized, uncooked potatoes into a quart of hot water, stir over the fire, and cook slowly for five minutes. Turn into a jar, add a half-cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of salt, and when lukewarm add a half-cup of good yeast. Allow this to ferment for six or seven hours, stirring it down as it comes to the top of the jar. Keep in a cold place, well covered.

Beef Rissoles—Chop fine some cold roast beef, season it well with salt and pepper, and to each half-pint of this add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a half-cup of bread crumbs, then add two whole eggs, and work the mixture to a smooth paste. Form into round balls, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. Serve with a nice, brown sauce poured around them.

Light Dough Dumplings—Make very light dough into small balls the size of eggs. Have ready a pot of water, boiling fast. Drop in the dumplings, taking care to have the water more than cover them. Cover the pot and boil for twenty minutes steadily, without lifting the cover. If it stops boiling for a moment the dumplings will be heavy. Serve hot with butter and sugar for dessert.

To Prepare Sweet-Breads—Veal sweet-breads are best. They will not keep long. Soak them at once in cold water for about one hour; then parboil them (about fifteen minutes) in salted, boiling water, after which put them into cold water again for a few minutes. This will make them firm and white. Remove the skin and little pipes, and put them in a very cool place until ready to cook them again.

Along the valley of the Nile from Alexandria to the first cataract are 70 mission stations and 70 Sunday-schools numbering 4017 scholars, while the day and boarding schools have over 5000 pupils.

The value of the horses exported from the Dominion of Canada in 1889 was \$2,226,892, including \$2,169,792 worth shipped to the United States.

THE ANSWER.

Forgotten you! Well, if forgetting Be thinking through all the long day. How the slow seconds drag since I left you. Days seem years now that you are away. If counting the moments with longing For the time when I'll see you again; If this is forgetting, you're right, dear, And I have forgotten you then.
Forgotten you! Well, if forgetting Be reading each face that I see. With eyes that mark never a feature. But yours, as you last looked at me; Or hearing, through all the strange hallo of Of voices, now grave and now gay. Only your voice, can this be forgetting? Yet I have forgotten, you say.
Forgotten you! Well, if forgetting Be belonging with all the full heart, With a yearning half pain and half rapture For a time when we see more will part, With a wild wish to see you, to hear you, To be held in your arms once again; If this be forgetting, you're right, dear, And I have forgotten you then.
—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

PITH AND POINT.

"A white lie"—City milk.
A slip of the pen—A young pig.
The sewing girl is never what she seems.
Think before you act—very saucy to bigger man than yourself.
An exchange speaks of a "regular blizzard." The most regular of them is irregular.—Danville Breeze.
Poets are born, not made. There's the rub; if they were made, we could shut the manufactory under the business act.—Time.
Dignity is a good thing; but if you see in the rear of a big crowd and wish to see the procession, don't stand on it. Get on a barrel.—Pack.
"Who makes you so lame to-day?" "I've got an accident policy for \$27 week. Ain't that enough to make any body lame?"—Mansey's Weekly.
This world has an abundance Of deceitfulness and pretense; Now what we stand in need of Is squareness and common sense.
—Danville Breeze.
Mrs. Kawler—"I suppose Willie is almost old enough now to eat himself." Mrs. Stayathome—"No, indeed! You don't suppose he is cannibal, do you?" Lawrence American.
She (laughingly)—"Why are you looking so intently into my eyes? Am you looking for the motive?" He (seriously)—"No; for the beam." Then she beamed.—Lawrence American.
"Did they treat you cordially?" she asked, yes. Why, about midnight he father came to the head of the stairs and called down to know if I wouldn't get to breakfast."—Mansey's Weekly.
Patient (to unsuccessful physician)—"Doctor, you are not experimenting on me, are you?" Physician—"Certainly not, sir." "Well, then, doctor, may you please experiment on me a little?" Time.
"George," she said, "do you believe in the old saying: 'Out of sight, out of mind?'" "Well, no, not altogether," responded George, hesitatingly. "For instance, take a boil on the back of your neck."
"How will you have it bound?" asked the binder of a man who had brought a dictionary to have new covers put on. "I think it would be appropriate to have it spang bound," was the reply.—New York Chronicle.
A Western politician who lost his eyes in a railroad accident has failed to recover damages because, in the jury's mind, his present inability to read was the newspapers say of him must be viewed in the light of compensation.
Old Gentleman (to little girl on the horse car)—"How old are you, little girl?" Little Girl—"Are you the conductor?" Old Gentleman—"Why, no, I have nothing to do with the railway." "Then I am seven years old."—Buffalo Courier.
POETS WRITE WRONGS.
When poets write Of "voiceless night," We feel like saying "rats" Because out-doors We hear the roars Of several hundred cats.
—New York Journal.
Politician (to inexperienced Assembly man)—"You're busy writing, I see. That's something new for you." Experienced Assemblyman—"Yes, I engaged in writing my first extempore speech that I shall make two weeks hence. So you'll excuse me from talking."