

Foul Murder of a Child

Nine-Year-Old Girl Outraged and Choked to Death by Some Unknown Fiend at Renovo.

RENOVO, Oct. 30.—The wildest excitement prevails here over the foul murder and the death of little Mary Donnelly, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, whose dead body was found early this morning in the public dumping ground along the river bank. The child's features were horribly distorted, the tongue was protruding and finger marks about the throat indicated that she had been choked to death by her brutal assailant. Local officers and Pennsylvania railroad detectives are bending every effort to find the murderer, but thus far without success. A number of hoboes and suspicious characters have been looked up, but no conclusive evidence has been found against any of them.

DISAPPEARANCE OF CHILD.—The Donnelly family reside on Eleventh street, Mr. Donnelly being employed as a machinist in the railroad shops here. About 6 o'clock in the evening Mrs. Donnelly noticed the absence of her daughter from the house, but thought nothing of it, believing that she had gone to her grand parents' home. As time passed and the child did not return, the parents became somewhat alarmed and went to look for her. When they discovered she was not with her grandparents their alarm increased and shortly after 7 o'clock the police were notified of the girl's disappearance.

BELLS RING OUT ALARM.—At 11 o'clock it was decided to sound a general alarm. Church bells were rung, followed by the sounding of the fire alarm, and in a few minutes the streets were alive with excited people. Deserted buildings, barns, dark alleys, railroad yards were searched, but without the slightest clue being obtained.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.—At 2 o'clock this morning a party of men, including Ray Brown and Roy Sanders, walked toward the river bank in the lower end of town. As Brown and Sanders neared the bank their attention was attracted to an object lying on the ground, about thirty-five feet from the water's edge. Hastening toward it they were horrified to find the body of the missing girl, a glance at which revealed only too plainly the horrible crime that had been committed. The little face was drawn and distorted with a look of awful agony, telling of the terrible ordeal which the child had undergone.

MEN IN LYNCHING MOOD.—The news of the finding of the body quickly spread. A great crowd of strong men were soon on the scene and curses loud and deep came from many lips as they gazed on the body of the child and realized what had been done. It is safe to say that there would have been short work made of the murderer had he been found at that time. An examination revealed a bruise about the right temple, where the child had apparently been struck by some blunt instrument, and around the little one's throat were the marks of a man's fingers, showing where they had pressed the tender flesh until life was extinct. Part of the girl's clothing had been torn off and it was evident that she had struggled as best she could to escape from the clutches of the fiend.

HUNTING FOR THE MURDERER.—With the finding of the body and the discovery of the horrible crime that had been committed the searchers bent their efforts toward running down the murderer. There was not the slightest "chance, however, to add them in the work. No one could be found who had seen the girl after she left her home between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening. The point where the body was found is about a half mile distant from the Donnelly residence. The indications are that the girl was carried to some secluded place, where the outrage and murder were committed, and the body then taken to the dump. If this be true, the murderer must have carried the body of his victim from one place to the other at the same time that the searchers were at work and he could not have been far away when the men came upon the dead body.

EIGHT SUSPECTS ARRESTED.—Officer Foley and Kiler, aided by many volunteers and the Pennsylvania railroad force of detectives, are doing everything possible to find the murderer. Eight strangers, one of whom is a colored man, were arrested this morning and placed in the lockup. Each one will be required to give an account of his movements during the night. Notices of the crime committed have been sent to all points along the railroad and officers and trainmen are keeping a sharp outlook for suspicious characters, who will be at once arrested and held until their whereabouts at the time of the murder is accounted for.

By Hook Or Crook.

By TROY ALLISON.
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"Fishing," said Randolph reflectively, his eyes fixed hypnotically on the blue and white bob dancing on the waters of the creek, "is the most fascinating pursuit of mankind."

The girl had traced her pole in the creek of an older branch and was pinning her white linen skirt to clear her trim ankles.

"I believe I have heard that men were more fascinated by the pursuit than by—well, you ought to be very happy on that theory," she said, peering into the empty basket at his feet.

"You just wait—that fly is a wonder and will soon have 'em taking notice."

"But you've promised to catch enough for dinner, and there are ten hungry girls and ten voracious men that can eat like a circus menagerie—to say nothing of the chaperons."

"I'll not try to catch enough to go round; I hate chaperons." He jerked



"Hold on tight!—I've got you!" his pole up and down vindictively. "We've been camping for four days and this is the first minute I've had you to myself. Four chaperons are entirely too many for twenty people; that's four-tenths of a chaperon to a couple—too rich for my system."

"And what, may I ask, is your system?" She made a grab at her pole, which had gradually slipped half its length into the creek.

"Dora Newton, you have a most irritating habit of playing with a man's words—and with his heart," he said, his eyes fixed on her fine young arms, bared to the elbow.

"I wasn't playing. I was earnestly seeking information—the desire for knowledge is strong within me—and I really wanted to know your system." She landed a tiny perch and helplessly held the rod for him to take the quivering fish of the hook.

He put the fish in the basket, and they regarded the lack of proportion of basket and fish gravely.

"It needs to be illustrated," he said solemnly, "not the fish, but the system. I could teach it to you."

"I don't know that you are a qualified teacher." She cast her hook in a way that made her line cross Randolph's. "Professor Jordan is coming down tomorrow to stay in camp with us two days," and the inference was that Professor Jordan, as a teacher, could not be discounted.

"Humph! The old fossil!" grunted Randolph.

"Fossil? He's not more than forty—and he certainly is a man of brains."

"Your tone, Miss Newton, intimates that I am a mere matter of physical bulk, and you are further aggravating me by getting your line tangled in mine just as I was about to have a bite."

She cast her line in a new spot with a sudden show of humility.

"Well, you see, I hadn't realized that you had attained the degree of psychic development necessary to tell when a fish was about to bite."

"Personally," he continued, "Professor Jordan bores me immensely. Think I'll run up to town for the two days he intends to illuminate the camp with his intellectual light. Would you mind telling me if you are going to marry that dried up Greek root?" He drew in his line and fixed it for deeper water.

"He hasn't asked me—yet," with a toss of her head that intimated she was prepared for future developments. "I didn't know my vacation was to be spoiled by that old—dinosaur." He was delighted that he remembered the word.

"Is he really so bad as all that? Sounds three or four shades wickeder than a Greek root, but I am glad you are at least generous enough to credit him with versatility."

"Doesn't make any difference which head you classify him under, if he's coming here to spoil the party I might as well go back to town and stay. I asked you to marry me seven times last winter and couldn't even get you to look at the matter seriously—thought maybe all this scenery and the moonlight nights and the—er—hammocks would develop a little sentiment in your soul, but if there's another man in the case I have nothing more to say."

"So hammocks are included in your system? I never sat in a hammock with Professor Jordan," reflectively.

"I could really imagine no greater joy than—a hammock and the fossilized Jordan," he said sarcastically.

"I have to thank you for the suggestion," he said. "When you are in town tomorrow night, gasping for a breath of cool air, don't think you are entirely forgotten. I shall be remembering your idea and trying the hammock. The moonlight here is fascinating," she murmured irrelevantly.

His pole dipped down with an unexpected jerk, and with the effort to

the bank, and he found himself suddenly floundering in the creek. He caught one glimpse of the girl's horrified eyes, and, with an inspiration heaven born or wicked, according to the point of view, he remembered the trick he had learned in boyhood and disappeared from her sight.

She stood motionless, her hands clasped convulsively to her breast. When he came to the surface near her, sputtering and gasping with more energy than an expert on the subject would have pronounced natural, she dropped on her knees and clutched him by the arm.

"Oh, Dickey," she screamed, throwing her little young body on the edge of the creek and reaching her other hand to him, "hold on tight—I've got you!"

Randolph, dripping wet, scrambled up the bank and helped her to her feet.

"I—caught you," she reiterated dazedly, clutching each wet sleeve with nervous fingers, her face white and tremulous.

"You poor little girl, I didn't know you would be as frightened as this," he said contritely, unhesitatingly putting his arm around the crisp white shirt waist.

"I thought you were—d—dead," she stammered, and Randolph, looking in her eyes, was satisfied with his system.

"Dora," he said finally, the last lingering touch of jealousy dying hard, "you never loved that dried Greek root, did you?"

She freed one hand and stroked the damp hair from his forehead. "I like them—wet," she gurgled, "but come, let's run for the camp before you catch your death of cold."

"Humph! Much danger of cold in this weather!"

When they reached the camp ten minutes later there were many derisive exclamations from the hammocks, and cards and novels were dropped for newer interest.

"Of all the earthly spectacles," shouted the irrepressible brother of Dora, throwing a pack of cards on the rustic table with such energy that they scattered over the grass. "Have you been diving for shellfish?"

"And where, may I ask, are the fish?" We've been waiting dinner for them," called Mrs. Bradley, the chaperon, and to be feared.

"Dickey—Dora's voice was an agonized whisper—"for the love of heaven try to distract their attention until I can slip into the tent—there's a—wet streak across my back where your arm—"

"Darling!" whispered Randolph fatuously. Then, walking rapidly forward, he bowed low to Mrs. Bradley.

He opened the basket where the lone little perch had long since given up the struggle for existence.

"Here, madam, is your fish," he said humbly.

Gnawed His Way Out of Prison.—A burglar named Scharschmidt, in prison at Gera, deliberately set to work to gnaw through a thick oak beam in front of his cell window. It was a work of seven weeks. The fragments of wood which were torn away with his teeth he replaced with chewed bread until the beam was almost gnawed through. A final smashing noise was heard by the wardens, but before they could appear Scharschmidt had escaped.—London Chronicle.

Ancient Egypt.—The further the Egyptian archaeologists go with their studies and investigations the clearer it appears that civilization in the land of the Pharaohs is much more ancient than has been generally supposed. It is now certain that the great pyramids were built at least 4,000 years before Christ, and it is equally certain that those mighty monuments attest an already highly advanced civilization.

Both Green.—"Wanted, at once, a rough carpenter, 7 shillings a day. Apply J. Morris, Onehunga." This advertisement caught my eye one morning, says the author of "Adrift in New Zealand," when I had been some weeks in the antipodes and thought it time to cast about for work. The 7 shillings appealed to me, and, as the advertiser did not say how rough the carpenter was to be, I decided to apply at once to Mr. J. Morris. I applied and got the job.

In spite of my conceit, however, I felt very nervous when the day arrived on which I had to begin my work. I was at the appointed place a full half hour before my time, tramping up and down in front of two empty houses, wondering what I would have to do to them.

At 8 o'clock my fellow worker arrived, and after a critical survey of me asked if I were the new man, and on my explaining that I was he had the impertinence to inquire if I knew anything about carpentering. I was plucked.

"No," I answered very sharply.

"Neither do I," he replied as cheerfully as could be and swung open a gate and walked into an empty house. From that moment we were fast friends.

A Sense of Duty.—Just before the boat capsized Rees had been boasting of his "practical common sense."

"I am nothing if not a man of practical common sense," he averred. "When there is a difficulty to be solved Rees Rees is the man to solve it."

Then when the boat sank Rees' fellow excursionist, John Jones, found that the plank to which both clung was unequal to the support of their united weight. At this juncture he remembered his companion's boast.

"Prove your practical common sense now, Rees!" he pleaded, with true Welsh eloquence. "Eu are a single man, with nobody dependent on eu. If eu drowns nobody do suffarr. But if I do down then there iss my wife an' six likkle shildren to starve, an' yewer practical common sense do tell eu that iss better for eu to drown than that I do down!"—Dundee Advertiser.

Very Plain.—The Six Seasons Girl—You ask me to marry you. Can't you see my answer in my face? The Hon. Bertie (absent)—Yes. It's very plain.—London Tatler.

Electoral Proclamation!

I, D. C. Williams, High Sheriff of the County of Montour, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the Electors of the county of Montour, Pa. that an election will be held in the said County on Tuesday, the 6th day of November, A. D. 1907, it being the Tuesday following the first Monday in November, the polls to be opened at 7 o'clock A. M. and closed at 7 o'clock P. M. at which time the Freeman of Montour County will vote by ballot for the purpose of electing the following officers:

One person for State Treasurer.
One person for County Treasurer.
One person for Prothonotary and Clerk of the Several Courts.

VOTING PLACES.

I hereby also make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid elections in the several Wards of the town of Danville and Townships, within the County of Montour, Pa., are as follows, viz:

Anthony Township, at Exchange Hall.
Cooper Township, at Keller school.
Derry Township, at Billmeyer Hotel, Strawberry Ridge.
Danville, First Ward, at Court House.
Danville, Second Ward, on Front street, after school house.
Danville, Third Ward, at corner of Pine and Walnut streets.
Danville, Fourth Ward, on Ash street next to J. M. Kelso.
Liberty township, at Mooresburg, house of C. S. Middleton.
Limestone Township, at California Grange Hall.
Mahoning Township, at corner of Bloom and Railroad streets.
Mayberry Township, at Sharp Ridge school house.
Valley Township, at Maudsall, at public house of David Wise.
West Henlock Township, at Election Booth near C. F. Styer.
Washingtonville Borough, at public house of Fanny Heddens.

NOTICE is hereby given "That every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State, or any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is, or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary departments of this State or United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that any members of Congress and of the State Legislature, and of the Select and Common Council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge, or any other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office, to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand and seal at my office, in Danville, Pa. this 17th day of October, A. D. 1907.

D. C. WILLIAMS, Sheriff.

Do You Open Your Mouth

Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you? Or do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes broadcast and on each bottle wrapper, what his medicines are made of and how they are made. This he feels he can do for no other reason than to show the ingredients of which his medicines are made and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

"For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, oftentimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The 'Favorite Prescription' is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs. A host of medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, recommend each of the several ingredients of which 'Favorite Prescription' is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may read what they say for yourself by sending a postal card for a free booklet of extracts from the leading authorities, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you at once."

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

Horrible Custom of a South American Indian Tribe.

The Ucajall Indians, a numerous South American tribe, with decided cannibalistic tastes, who inhabit both banks of one of the uppermost and longest of the affluents of the Amazon, have a system by which they preserve the features of their dead, so that friends can always identify those that have gone to the "happy hunting ground" as surely as if gazing at a photograph.

To accomplish this they cut the head from the body, but retain the long hair. The ghastly, bleeding trophies of a day's battle or a night's massacre of their enemies are suspended by the long, straight black hair to the limb of a tree. Directly under this they dig a hole, which they fill with water, in their primitive way causing it to boil by placing hot stones in it, or, if near a camp or village, an earthen pot of boiling water is used.

The ascending hot vapor and steam which envelop the suspended head outlined by the fire and shadows, like ghosts in the darkness of a tropical night, in the deep solitude and under the black shadows of the palm forests, accompanied by the weird antics of the ugly human brutes and the shriek of wild birds of the night or the howl of tigers, make a scene that cannot be fully described to the imagination.

This steaming process has the effect of loosening the scalp from the skull or in some way softening it so that all the bones are removed. With the vacant sack of skin drawn from the head intact, they next fill it with hot pebbles and sand. These are replaced by others when they are cool. The process they use has the effect of drying and shrinking the skin, but in some way, not clearly known, it preserves the original features of the victim. They are thus distorted and ghastly looking reminders of the departed.—London Spare Moments.

Walk a Crook?

Most men cannot walk in a straight line with their eyes open, and none ever lived that could do so with his eyes shut. Try it. It is an aged saying that a man follows his nose, and there never was a nose since Adam that stood straight in front of a face. All of us are afflicted with either sinistorsion or dextrosion—that is, in walking we veer either to the left or to the right. It cannot be helped. Set up two posts on the lawn and bet a million that no man or woman in the crowd can walk from one to the other without anfractuousity. There's a swell word for you. Anfractuousity—that's where you get a wiggle on—walk wabblily.—Bangor (Me.) News.

A Peddler of Chestnuts.

One summer a well known senator went back to his birthplace and of course made a speech to the friends of his childhood.

"How well I remember these old familiar scenes!" he said. "Here is the house where I was born. Here is the old well and there the garden patch. Yonder are the woods, and there is the meadow. Along the meadow is the row of stately trees where I picked chestnuts when I was a mere lad."

"Yes," broke in an old neighbor, who seemed to be a bit bored, "and you have been peddling them ever since."

Whereupon the meeting closed.—Saturday Evening Post.

His Medal.

The button worn by those to whom congress awards medals for special bravery in the country's service is blue with white stars, but it is not common enough for its significance to be generally understood. A city official who was entertaining a visitor who were one of these buttons was puzzled by it and finally asked his visitor to enlighten him. The man hesitated modestly and began to explain that it was different from most decorations, especially foreign, which are usually brilliantly colored. Suddenly the official recalled what the medal meant.

"Oh, I understand now," he interrupted; "it certainly is different. There's no yellow in it."—New York Sun.

Lively Mourning.

A noted English artist once was standing at the edge of the road waiting for his horse and he was dressed in his usual peculiar style—mustard-colored riding suit, vivid waistcoat and bright red tie. A man who had evidently been reveling happened to lurch round the corner of the street. He stared at the famous artist for a minute in silence, then he touched his cap and asked in a tone of deep commiseration, "Beg pardon, gov'nor, was you in mournin' for anybody?"

The Place For the Repentant.

They had eloped and returned for the parental blessing.

"Father," the beautiful young woman said, "we are sorry for what we have done. Will you?"

"Then," the stern old man interrupted, "why don't you go to the lawyer around the corner? I'm no divorce court."

Garibaldi and Tennyson.

When the popular Italian patriot visited England in 1864 he saw Tennyson at Farringford. "Did you hear Garibaldi repeat any Italian poetry?" wrote Tennyson to the Duke of Argyll in reference to the occasion. "I did, for I had heard that he himself made songs and hymns, and I asked him 'Are you a poet?' 'Yes,' he said quite simply, whereupon I spouted to him a bit of Manzoni's great ode, that which Gladstone translated." In the same letter he gives his impression of the patriot: "What a noble human being! I expected to see a hero, and I was not disappointed." Garibaldi was a great reader; Osselin and Scott were among his favorite writers. "I read few works of fiction," he once said to an English visitor at Caprera, "but I do like Sir Walter Scott; he is a grand romancer and much to be preferred to Dumas."—Westminster Gazette.

A Nice Little Hint.

First Lieutenant—How do you like the horse you bought from me last week? Second Lieutenant—Very much. He might hold his head a little higher, though. First Lieutenant—Oh, that will come all right when he is paid for.—London Tit-Bits.

BOTH WERE TRICKY.

A Bit of Business Between a Merchant and a Lumberman.

There used to be an old retired merchant in Detroit who delighted in recalling his experiences when an active man running a general store in one of the northern cities of the lower peninsula.

"I used to reap a harvest when the men were coming out of the woods," he relates. "They were not up in styles, and about any old thing would suit them provided the color was right and the fit even passable. But there were tricksters among them, and I had to have my wits about me in order to keep even with them.

"How much is that hat?" asked a strapping six footer who arrived from camp one day with a pocketful of money.

"Two fifty," I replied.

"Then he informed me that he always had the crowns of his hats punched full of holes in order to keep his head cool and his hair from coming out. I soon had this attended to, and then he asked what the hat was worth. 'Two fifty,' I responded in surprise, but he laughed at me for asking such a price for damaged goods. He had me and got his hat for \$1, while the jolly crowd with him had a laugh at my expense. He wanted to look at some 'fiddles,' and after prying one at \$10 concluded to take it.

"Where's the bow?" he asked as I was doing up the package.

"You only bought the fiddle," I laughed. The others saw the point and laughed too. The giant tried to bluff me, but I kept good humored and got even on the hat by charging him \$1.50 for the bow. I not only got even, but the others were so pleased with my 'Yankee trick' that they spent plenty of money with me."

—Detroit Free Press.

EGIDU OF NINEVEH.

The Most Ancient Banking House of Which We Have Record.

There was a kind of public record office attached to the palace and temple at Nineveh, in which it was customary to deposit important legal and other documents, such as contracts and agreements for the purchase and sale of property, marriage settlements, wills, etc. Among these there were discovered official statements as to the history and transactions of the eminent banking house of Egidu at Nineveh. Assyrian chronology proves that these refer to a date about 2,300 years before the Christian era, when Abraham dwelt at Ur of the Chaldees, as is stated in Genesis. We may therefore claim for this firm the reputation of being the oldest bank in the world at least of which we have any record or are likely to have. The accounts are very voluminous and cover the transactions of five generations of the house from father to son. The firm grew rapidly in importance during this period, during which they attained great wealth, for they succeeded in securing from the king the appointment of collectors of taxes, a position which in the east always leads to fortune. They afterward farmed the revenue for several of the Assyrian provinces with very great gain to the firm.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Wisdom Beyond His Years.

His mother found him in the jam and reprimanded him. A little later she caught him teasing his baby sister and reprimanded him again.

"I don't see what's got into you, Willie," she said. "You're usually the good little boy, but today you're up to all kinds of mischief."

"I'm tired of being good," he returned, with juvenile frankness.

"Tired of being good?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well, Brother Bob is naughty most of the time, and you're always giving him things to get him to be good, and I guess I'll be naughty for awhile and see if I don't get something too."

Sometimes a youngster seems to have wisdom beyond his years.

A Magnate In Embryo.

At the opening exercises of one of our schools it is the custom to have mottoes and sentiments given by the pupils.

Julius Moses gave, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

"Why, Julius, is the pen mightier than the sword?"

"Why? Because," answered Julius, "you can sign checks with it."—Circle.

They Shelved Browning.

Douglas Jerrold was convalescing from an illness when he read Browning's "Sordello." Not a consecutive idea could he get from that mystic production. It struck him that he had lost his reason during his illness. He thrust the volume into his wife's hand. After several attempts to make any sense out of the first page she returned it, saying: "Bother the gibberish! I don't understand a word of it."

It's better to do something for somebody than to do somebody for something. Try this today.—Wall Street Journal.

SOMETHING NEW!

A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work.

Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc.

PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

WHEN NAPOLEON WALKED.

An Incident of the Tragic Retreat From Moscow.

It was on Nov. 25, at about 7 o'clock in the morning, when we saw the head of the column. The first we saw were generals, a few of whom were on horseback, but the majority on foot. The latter painfully dragged themselves along, almost all having their feet frozen and bound up in rags and pieces of sheepskin and dying of hunger. We then saw what was left of the cavalry of the guard. The emperor came next on foot, with a stick in his hand. He was muffled up in a large capote lined with fur and wore on his head an amaranthine velvet cap edged with black foxskin. On his right marched, also on foot, King Murat; on his left, Prince Eugene, victor of Italy; then Berthier, prince of Neufchatel; Ney, Mortier, Lefebvre and other marshals and generals whose corps had been partly destroyed.

They were followed by 700 to 800 officers and sub-officers, marching in order and bearing in the greatest silence the eagles of the regiments to which they had belonged and that had so often led them to victory. They were the remnant of over 60,000 men. My poor Picart, who had not seen the army for a month, gazed on silently, but his convulsive movements showed only too well what he felt. I saw big tears roll down the cheeks and fall on his moustache, from which icicles were hanging. Then, turning to me, "Really, compatriot, I do not know whether I am asleep or awake; I weep because I have seen our emperor marching on foot, a stick in his hand—be that was so great and who has made us so proud!"—Memoires of Sergeant Bourgeois.

Suspicious.

"But you confess, father," protested the beautiful girl, when the father showed indications of a desire to withhold his consent, "that you do not know of a single solitary thing that is in the least derogatory to his reputation."

"That's just it," replied the old gentleman. "I don't like the idea of bringing any one into my family who is so infernally shy as all that!"—Exchange.

She Said No.

Mrs. Mannerly (to her daughter, who has just returned from tea with friends) I hope you said "No, thank you," oftener than you did "Yes, thank you."

Mabel—Yes, I did. I hadn't been eating more'n half an hour before they began saying, "Don't you think you've eaten enough?" "Aren't you afraid you'll make yourself ill?" And I said "No, thank you," every time.

Wife—If only my husband were not so frightfully absentminded! The other day when we were dining at a restaurant the waiter brought him some bad fish, and all of a sudden Fritz threw the whole thing—fish, plate, bread—at my head. I was awfully ashamed.—Fleegende Blatter.

FOREIGN MONEY.

A Showman's Experience With Counterfeit Coins In Naples.

"When you are abroad," said a tourist agent, "look out for counterfeit money. In France and Italy especially look out. There are a lot of small souled French and Italians who save up counterfeit money all the year to dump it on the tourist trade in the summer."

"I said to look out, but really that is impossible. An American tourist has his hands full just to count foreign money, with its centimes and lyses, its francs and centimes, and when too often he is unable to count this money how can he detect counterfeiters in it?"

"It is the worst country, and it is safe to say that every tourist loses in bad money there 1 or 2 per cent of all that passes through his hands."

"When Buffalo Bill showed in Naples the audience was enormous, but the next day when the business manager went to bank the receipts of the night, lo and behold, over a thousand dollars in counterfeit money had been taken in."

"Buffalo Bill in person went and complained to the prefect, or chief of police."

"They passed a thousand dollars on you in counterfeit?" said the prefect.

"They did," said Buffalo Bill bitterly.

"Just like these Italians," exclaimed the prefect. "What a grand nation!"—Exchange.

Thunder In Various Regions.

Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders ofttest, having thunderstorms ninety-seven days in the year. After it are Sumatra, with eighty-six days; Hindustan, with fifty-six; Borneo, with fifty-four; the Gold Coast, with fifty-two, and Rio de Janeiro, with fifty-one. In Europe, Italy occupies the first place, with thirty-eight days of thunder, while France and southern Russia have sixteen days. Great Britain and Switzerland have each seven days, and Norway has four. Thunder is rare at Cairo, being heard only three days in the year, and extremely rare in northern Turkestan and the polar regions.

Getting Worse.

Doctor—Well, madam, you better tell your husband to give you a list of his property and money as soon as possible.

Wife (bursting into tears)—Oh, doctor, is it as bad as that? I thought you said he was getting better.

Doctor—That's just it; he's almost well, and I want to find out how he's fixed so I'll know how much to charge him.—Toledo Blade.

That He Had.

"Can you give bond?" asked the judge.

"Have you got anything?"

"Judge," replied the prisoner, "sence you ax me, I'll tell you. I hain't got nuthin' in the worl' 'cept the spring chills, six acres o' no 'count land, a big family, a hope of a hereafter an' the ole war rheumatism."—Fleegende Blatter.