

...his nap... around his head so the ends of the knot stick up behind his head like a mule's ears, takes his knife in one hand and the fork in the other, casts a determined look around him, and then knife and fork begin to play back and forth from his plate to his mouth, and the only wonder is that they don't clash on the way.—Boston Courier.

A FAMOUS LIBRARY.

Its Hundreds of Unique Volumes Are Made Entirely of Wood.

In a retired street of Cassel stands an old fashioned, roomy house, the depository of the Natural History museum of Hesse. The most unique and interesting of the various collections is the so called "Holzbibliothek," or library of wood, consisting of 540 volumes in folio, octavo and duodecimo, made from trees growing in Wilhelmshöhe park and representing 120 genera and 441 species.

On the back of each volume is a red morocco shield bearing the common and scientific name of the tree and the class and species to which it belongs according to Linnæus, specimens of the moss and lichen peculiar to it, a bit of the rind or bark, and if it is resinous a drop or two of the resin. The upper edge shows the young wood cut crosswise to exhibit the rings and pith, while the under edge is of old wood cut in the same manner to illustrate the changes which take place in the texture as the tree gains in age and size.

The top cover is of unripe wood in the rough; the front edge shows the polished grain and also the fungi to which the tree is liable when in the stages of decay or disease. Attached to the front edge is a cubic inch of mature wood, on which is noted its specific weight when the sap is flowing in the early spring, again in mid-summer and still again when thoroughly dry. Under this is given the degree of heat obtainable from a cubic inch of dry wood in a cubic foot of space that given out by the same quantity when it becomes a glowing coal, its diminished size and weight when charred, and the properties of the soil in which it flourishes best.

The interior of the book or box contains a complete history of the tree, especially of the organs of nourishment and fructification. There are capsules, with seeds; the germ bud, with rootless and first leaves; a branch, with leaves in various stages of development; the flower from the tiny bud to the perfect blossom; the fruit from the embryo to its full maturity, and last of all a skeletonized leaf.—New York Journal.

America's Unlearned A B C.

Our holidays in this country are practically limited to two—the Fourth of July in summer and Christmas day in winter—writes Edward W. Bok in an earnest plea for more rest and recreation for the people of this nation in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. While other holidays are more or less generally observed, as conditions make it possible, "the Fourth" and Christmas are essentially the great leisure days of the American people, when every one who can takes a holiday. It is a fact to be deplored that as a nation we have not more holidays that are really observed, but this is because as a people we have yet to learn how to rest. That we will learn the lesson is unquestionable. Our national health will drive us to it, even if our judgment temporarily halts. The comfort of real living is something of which we in America as yet do not know the simple A B C. Some day we will wake up, cease this everlasting strife for the dollar, be content with what we have rather than reach out for more, take things a little easier, and we shall be a happier and a healthier people, but until we do reach this point we should wisely enjoy the few holidays we choose to recognize.

The Dear, Worn Hand.

Few things are capable of touching one with a deeper sense of pathos than the shrunken, blue veined hand of one who is near and dear. Nothing brings a sharper pang of foreboding and a harder lump in the throat than the first time it strikes us that the gentle hand that soothed our childish pains and griefs and has gladly worn away its softness and beauty in our service is thin and withered, with purple veins that stand out like whipcords when it lies at rest. Such a hand ought to look more beautiful to those for whom it has toiled, whose suffering it has charmed away, than the fairest hand ever modeled by a sculptor.—Philadelphia Press.

She Felt Hurt.

Mrs. Wibble—I found my cook in the kitchen today crying because she had broken one of my choicest pitchers.
Mrs. Wibble—Was she so sorry?
Mrs. Wibble—Oh, yes! It fell on her foot.—New York Sun.

Here was indeed a dilemma. The 80 hungry men knew that a few miles away there was food in plenty. But they did not dare to fire their guns for fear of alarming the natives and driving them away instead of securing their aid. There was nothing to do except to send small parties up and down the river in search of a native bridge. Five men were dispatched in both directions. In an hour one party returned with the report that they had encountered a swamp which they could not cross. The fate of the expedition now depended upon the success of the other party. Morgen was at his wife's end, for he knew not what to do if no means of crossing the river were found. Retreat to the coast was impossible, and some of the men would certainly perish if the party were delayed for several days on this inhospitable river bank. Fortunately no such crisis occurred, for just as the party were beginning to despair one of Morgen's faithful followers burst through the bush and gladdened every heart with the cry:

"We have found a bridge."

A hearty cheer went up, and everybody forgot his hunger as he shouldered his load and fell into line. Through the brush they struggled up stream, and at last they reached one of those suspension bridges made by twisting together the long, tough stems of climbing plants that are occasionally found in tropical west Africa. It was a flimsy construction, like all these affairs, and the men looked at it dubiously. The sun was setting as the first three men passed over with their loads. As the second detachment was crossing some of the withes forming the floor broke, two men dropped through, and their loads were lost. The broken bridge was hastily repaired, and just as darkness fell the last man reached the other side. It was impossible to go farther, and here the foodless men camped for the night.

By daybreak they were on the march. The men were so weak that some of them were continually falling under their loads. They had to flounder through a wide marsh in which they sank to their hips. It was noon before they emerged from the gloomy forest and once more saw the blue sky, but a more joyous sight by far was the scores of flourishing gardens of the Yaunde tribe. The starving men spent several days recuperating in this garden spot before they resumed their march.

A few weeks later Lieutenant Morgen stood on the banks of the Mbam river, whose upper course he was the first white man to see. The only sign of life as he reached the new found river was two natives in canoes on the farther shore, who quickly disappeared in an inlet when they saw him. Hour after hour the party lingered on the shore, seeking in vain to communicate with the natives. Canoes must be obtained some way or other. At last after night had fallen Lieutenant Morgen called for volunteers to swim across the river and look for canoes. It was not an inviting undertaking, and some time elapsed before two men came forward to risk their lives in the service of all. Wooden floats were given to them to buoy them up on their journey of a quarter of a mile, and then they disappeared in the darkness.

This was another very anxious time for the leader, and he passed a sleepless night in his tent. Just as day was faintly breaking he heard the dipping of paddles. His faithfuls had arrived with two canoes, and they urged him to send them back with a party to a place where five more canoes might be obtained. An hour later seven great canoes were in camp, and to the astonishment of the natives the white expedition came over to their country in the borrowed boats, which were restored to their owners, with plenty of pay for their use.—New York Sun.

She Objected.

"You stole that kiss," said Miss North side reproachfully after the theft had been accomplished.

"Oh, well," replied Mr. Van Braam cheerfully, "I'll return it!"

"I won't accept it! Do you suppose I would lay myself open to the charge of receiving stolen goods?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

...The result was... power treaty of 1850, in which the absolute neutrality of the passage across the isthmus was supposed to be guaranteed. Then England cunningly began to work on the Nicaraguan nation itself.

The Managua treaty between Nicaragua and England was signed in 1850. In that treaty Great Britain apparently agreed to give up her self-assumed protectorate in the Mosquito strip and to acknowledge the authority of Nicaragua over it. But the agreement had a loophole that would enable the British to practically reassume their protectorate whenever in their judgment it was advisable. The diplomacy of Central American statesmen was not equal to perceiving the cunningly devised snare laid for them in the treaty. The long and short of it is that lately Great Britain has been endeavoring to take on herself again the protectorate of the Mosquito mongsrels. That was what brought about the recent troubles between the Mosquitoes and Nicaragua. Although England pledged herself by the treaty of 1850 with this country not to attempt to increase her Central American territory, but to confine herself strictly within the Belize, she has nevertheless annexed large outlying districts and several islands that are beyond doubt Central American territory. It is her colonial policy the world over. Since England has violated openly the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, it only remains for the United States to go after her down there and protect its own interests.

Now, what is it the blessed business of England in any shape or form about the Mosquito Indians? In 1860 she acknowledged they belonged to Nicaragua. She is putting her fingers slyly into the state affairs of both Nicaragua and Honduras. The attitude of England toward Nicaragua at the present moment has the appearance of a menace to the integrity of the Monroe doctrine on this continent.

The completion of the Nicaragua canal under the auspices and control of the United States will do away for all time with European interference of any kind in Central American affairs. The United States does not want any Central or South American territory for herself, but it is her business and her duty to see that no European country gets such territory. And she will see to it. Now let us hear no more of filibustering in congress against the Nicaragua canal.

It is likely that horseless carriages will soon become comparatively common. They can be propelled by either steam or electricity. A machine somewhat of the bicycle pattern, driven by electricity, would be feasible certainly. Paris has at present a fad for carriages propelled without horses. Whether anything reasonable and useful will come of it is uncertain. There was lately a race of horseless vehicles from Paris to Rouen, which a steam carriage, belonging to Count de Dion, won by traveling 17½ miles an hour. It would not matter so much whether we had horseless carriages if we could only get horseless trucks and express wagons. These huge vehicles, thundering along with the reins held by ignorant, reckless drivers, are a perpetual danger to locomotion in the streets of a city. The drivers sometimes take a brutal delight in seeing how close they can come to a pedestrian without actually knocking him down. They dare not do that, but they take their revenge for this deprivation by frightening him as nearly to death as possible.

It took Senator Faulkner a considerable time to make up his mind about the late election. When at length he was ready to make public his utterance as to the cause of its going as it did, he summed up his conclusions as follows: "We were badly licked."

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