BREVITIES

AMONG THE GEMS.

The emerald is now one of the rarest of precious stones.

Very few rubies, red sapphires, exceed five carats in weight.

The most beautiful carnelians are found in Arabia and India.

The Amazon stone is pure feldspar, first found on the Amazon, now in many other places.

Carnelian is greatly improved by exposure to the sun and then heating in earthen pots.

The diamond has been found on all the continents and in almost every country on the globe.

The pearl is the only gem that does not require the lapidary's art to bring out its beauty.

The diamond is not among the earliest gems known to man. It has not been found in the ruins of Nineveh, in the Etruscan sepulchers nor in the tombs of the Phœnicians.

The finest opal of modern times belonged to Empress Josephine. It was called "The Burning of Troy." Its fate is unknown, as it disappeared when the allies entered Paris.

Tiger eye is a peculiar crystallization of quartz, formerly very rare and costly. Large deposits have been found in the western states and in South Africa, so that many common articles are now made of it.

The Golconda mines are now exhausted. At one time 60,000 men were employed in them. When the Sultan Mahmoud, who reigned 1177-1206, died, he left in his treasury over 400 pounds' weight of gems from Golconda.

Yellow quartz or topaz resembles the real topaz in color only. It is softer, lighter, different in crystallization and cleavage and in electrical properties. Much of the yellow quartz is manufactured by heating amethysts.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

STAGE GLINTS.

Chauncey Olcott was a schoolmate of Mrs. Grover Cleveland.

Vernona Jarbeau's new 3-act play is called "Fe Fe" from Paris.

H. D. Clark's new theater at Kansas City is rapidly nearing completion.

It is said that Modjeska has thrown her influence with the feminine dress reformers.

Thomas W. Keene will add "Macbeth," "King John" and "The Fool's Revenge" to his repertory next season.

Melba has made a great success at La Scala in Milan, but it cost her for the claque and press 10,000 francs.

Bill Nye and A. P. Burbank will continue lecturing together next season, making a tour of the southwest.

Fanny Rice's magnificent Newfoundland dog Carl, well remembered for having saved Miss Rice's life about five years ago, died in Petersburg, Va., recently.

Oscar Wilde's latest play, "A Woman of No Importance," was produced at the Haymarket theater, London, recently. It is said to have been very successful at once.

The new scenery of "Becket," painted on a reduced scale to fit the stage of the Waterloo chamber in Windsor castle, where the play was produced by command of the queen, cost Mr. Irving £500.

Henri Marteau, the violin virtuoso, now in this country, is but 19 years old. Rudolph Aronson has engaged him for next season, but the following year he will have to serve in the French army, according to national custom.

An Italian count has bequeathed his opera box to a Capuchin monastery with the provision that it shall be occupied at every performance by three monks who are to note whether anything done upon the stage offends against the public morals.

FADS OF FASHION.

Willow, moss, salad, stem and apple green toilets of elegant or dainty textiles will be in highest vogue.

Toile Parisienne is used by French dressmakers for foundation skirts and skirt linings to summer toilets. This fabric is much like a heavy batiste with a linen finish.

As a rule, those who elect for serge dresses do not like the coarse weaves, preferring the finer, softer grades, yet this season it seems almost impossible to obtain the latter.

For summer uses in mourning are new semidiaphanous silk and wool fabrics imitating crepons and china crapes that that are very handsome, also grenadines with alternate stripes of silk veiling or craped lusterless silk.

Some of the French zephyrs have fine broche designs, which are not printed, but thrown in relief upon the surface by a new and peculiar weaving of the goods. A beautiful design is in roses shading from sea shell pink to a rich crimson on a ground of palest golden green.—New York Evening Post.

HIGH PRICED TROTTERS.

Axtell was sold by C. W. Williams for $104,000.

Sidney, the great sire, sold not long ago for $27,000.

Maud S, once the queen of the turf, sold for $40,000.

Robert Bonner paid $41,000 for Sunol, the ex-turf queen.

Malcolm W. Forbes is said to have paid $100,000 for Arion.

It is said that $100,000 was refused for Nelson when he was the king of stallions.

Nancy Hanks, the present queen of trotters, was sold to Malcolm W. Forbes for $45,000.

GOSSIP ABOUT MEN.

Governor Flower of New York and J. Sterling Morton spent their boyhood days in sshool together.

Cardinal Vaughan, the archbishop of Westminster, keeps himself in good physical condition by taking a 5-mile walk every day.

M. Godefroy Cavaignac is a reserved, cautious and even unpopular sort of man. Like President Carnot, he is a civil engineer by profession.

Judge R. R. Nelson of the United States district court of Minnesota is the only man on the district bench appointed before the civil war.

As a memorial to their father, Jay Gould's children are arranging to build a church at Roxbury, N. Y., where the Wall street wizard was born.

Blaine was superstitious in regard to seven and believed that if he should outlive the completion of his ninth seven years he would recover. He did not.

Charles S. Hamlin of Massachusetts, who has been appointed one of the assistant secretaries of the treasury, is a distant connection of the family of Hannibal Hamlin.

Mr. Olney is the sixth Bay State man to become attorney general of the United States. His predecessors were Theophilus Parsons, Levi Lincoln, Caleb Cushing, Ebenezer B. Hoar and Charles Devens.

The Duke of Argyle, who is the father-in-law of Queen Victoria's daughter, has no sense of humor whatever. He is an earnest writer and has contributed some profound essays to the British quarterly reviews.

The Hon. Philip Stanhope, recently sent to parliament from Berwick, is married to Countess Tolstoi of Russia, who continues to use her own name, though she took his. He is a brother of the Earl of Stanhope.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is computed that there is $4,000,000,000 in gold and jewels at the bottom of the sea on the route between England and India.

The Languedoc ship canal in France by a short passage of 148 miles saves a sea voyage of 2,000 miles by the straits of Gibraltar.

The sounding board of pianos, the most important part of the instrument, is made of American spruce and is as carefully chosen as the wood for a violin.

It is asserted that waterproof sheets of paper gummed and hydraulically compressed make a material as durable as leather for the soles of shoes. It also makes serviceable horseshoes.

About $100,000 worth of pearls have been taken from the waters of Wisconsin streams during the last few years. Some single pearls obtained there have been estimated to be worth $1,000.

The headquarters for the sale of false hair is at Marseilles. Twenty huge bales of Chinese human hair arrived there recently and will be manufactured into curls, frizzes and crimps for English ladies.

Zante, the island that has been shaken up by an earthquake, is the ancient Zakunthos mentioned by Herodotus as producing asphalt 500 B. C., and the natives still call it Zakunthos and still find asphalt there.

NOVELTIES.

Smoked ivory and silver gilt unite in salad spoons and forks of great elegance.

Emeralds cabochon and pear shaped in dead gold form an attractive neck trinket.

A row of many colored topazes hung from diamonds is a design shown in a handsome necklace.

Writing pads and portfolios overlaid with perforated silver in Louis XV designs are sumptuous encouragements to correspondence.

Aparagus tongs and servers have come to the fore in numbers. The handles are much shorter and consequently are much more serviceable.

The chrysoprase appears now in every sort. Very pretty are the daffodils, wild roses and pansies of chrysoprase with gold and jeweled centers. One seen was a wild rose with a diamond in the center and a stone laid on each leaf.—Jewelers' Circular.

RAILROAD JOTTINGS.

The Texas Central is to extend its line from Waco, Tex., to New Orleans.

A new station is to be built at Middletown, N. Y., on the Lehigh Valley road.

Elizabeth, N. J., is to have a big car works, with a capacity of eight passenger cars a day.

The total amount spent for equipment on the southwest system of the Panhandle during 1892 was $1,539,939.49.

Two of the 13 leading English railroads pay dividends amounting to 9 per cent; two others pay exactly 1 per cent less, while three others pay 6 per cent, and one pays 4 per cent.

Railway extensions are to be built in upper and lower Egypt at a cost of about £1,250,000. The existing line from Girgeh to Keneh will be extended and a narrow gauge railway built to Luxor.

PHILOSOPHICAL COGITATIONS.

The best medicine in the world is a bathtub.

Gold will put a gilt edge on nearly everything.

Many crimes are committed in the name of insanity.

No man's credit is as good at a bank as he thinks it is.

Every man is a great baby if he can find the right one to cry to.

The wisest man is the dead man. He never does anything wrong.

While a man is watching his enemies his friends get away with him.

When a man stands on his dignity, he is resting on a mighty small spot.—Atchison Globe.

Had Never Seen White Rain.

Among the arrivals on the steamer Gaelic was the nobleman Raden Adnin, son of the powerful chieftain, Natodi Laga of Java. He is arrayed in the curious manner of his countrymen, with sandals on his feet, decked with gold, a sarong bound around his loins and gold and diamond buttons on his coat.

Adnin, the nobleman, is a dauntless, intrepid looking man of about 32 years. He is tall and has an intellectual looking face. Adnin has never been in America before and speaks no English. A. R. Kirkhoven, however, a fellow countryman who is traveling with him, told all about him last night. He said that the nobleman lived in the city of Sutaboime, had a wife and two children, and feeling it incumbent on himself to enlighten his mind on the condition of the world, had set out, like Haroun Alraschid, to be gone for many months.

With this end in view he will visit Chicago, New York, Boston and other cities of the United States and may extend his trip beyond the Atlantic.

"On the second day out from Yokohama," said his companion, "when we were about 340 miles from land, we ran into a violent snowstorm. When the nobleman Adnin saw the flakes fall upon the deck, he thought it was the most remarkable thing that could happen and called the flakes white rain. He had never seen snow before. Later, when he saw the passengers grasp the snow, press it together into balls and throw it about, he was amazed. Adnin found it pretty cold aboard ship and is greatly pleased that it is so warm here."—San Francisco Examiner.

An Extraordinarily Rainy Season.

Even South Africa has suffered from the extraordinary rainfalls which seem to have been prevalent in all quarters of the globe. The Transvaal is not, as a rule, a country that suffers from floods, but the downfall of the 10th of February, full particulars of which have now been received in London, seems to have rivaled that which caused such widespread havoc in Queensland. Hotels and houses were swept away, a suburb of Pretoria was almost destroyed, numbers of persons and heads of cattle were drowned and mines were seriously damaged by the destruction of dams or machinery.

For miles the country was under water. There seems to have been no parallel to this flood since the Transvaal came under European occupation. In the country districts the consequences will be felt most severely by the Boer population, for British settlers have avoided the Transvaal of late, but the traders in the towns are largely British, as are the shareholders of the mines, and both these classes will experience heavy losses.

Case of Intermittent Crosseyes.

All the doctors in Bucks county are puzzled over the case of little 5-year-old Justis Storck, whose eyes seem a law to themselves. One day the boy is crosseyed, while the next his eyes are perfectly straight, and this curious alternation has been going on for years. The nonplused doctors call it a case of intermittent strabismus—probably the only one on record—and despairing of curing it will give the surgeons of the Medico-Chirurgical hospital in this city an opportunity to study the matter, as the father of the afflicted boy has decided to send him to that institution for treatment. One day the little fellow's right eye squints, on the next both optics are perfectly straight, and the day following the left eye becomes affected, and so on the year round. There is another peculiar feature of the case. When the right eye looks squint, the child can bring it into the correct line of vision by placing his hand over the good optic, but as soon as the hand is removed the affected orb again seeks the inner corner of the eye. —Philadelphia Record.

Married Seventy-four Years.

Seventy-four years ago Jonathan Thayer was married to Ruth Penniman by the Rev. Jonas Perkins, pastor of what is now the Union church of East Braintree and Weymouth. Mr. Thayer was 96 on the 27th of April. Mrs. Thayer will be 92 on the 20th of June. Mr. Thayer comes from the old Braintree stock of Thayers, his mother's and father's ancestors having come from the parish of Thornberry in Gloucestershire, England, seven generations ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Thayer have been the parents of seven children, of whom four are now living. The worthy couple live in a house built by themselves 63 years ago. An unmarried son and a daughter live with them, but Mrs. Thayer refuses to give up the management of the house to her daughter. She does nearly all the cooking, but allows her daughter to do the heavier work. Mr. Thayer is still quite active, but is troubled some with deafness. He shaves himself regularly twice a week and saws and splits all the wood used in the house.—Boston Traveller.

A Disconcerted Auctioneer.

"What will you give me for this gun? Going once, going twice, and"——

But Samuel Herzoe of 408 Milwaukee avenue didn't have an opportunity to say "sold." Suddenly, and to the surprise of everybody in the room, there was a report and at the same time a cry of pain. The weapon had been accidentally discharged, and the bullet, striking a counter, glanced off and lodged in the calf of George De Hagen's leg. De Hagen is employed at 9½ South Halstead street. He was not seriously wounded. Herzoe was locked up at the West Chicago avenue station.—Chicago Herald.

Is There a Popcorn Trust?

We are informed that in anticipation of the World's fair in Chicago a number of dealers in popcorn, expecting an increased demand for that popular article, accumulated so large a supply that the popcorn market is irretrievably glutted. Prices have fallen below any previous record, and there are rumblings of financial discontent in consequence. Can this be true? Can Chicago be responsible for this? Where is the popcorn trust? Investigate it!—New York Sun.

HUMOR

SHE TELEPHONED.

Mrs. Van Smith Found Out at Last That Her Husband Was There.

"Hel-lo!" said Mrs. Van Smith sweetly as she took down the telephone receiver without thinking to ring. "Hello! [A pause.] Oh, dear! Hel-lo-o! Why don't they answer? [Another pause.] Oh, I forgot to ring. How absurd! [Rings.] Hello! Is this— Oh, why are they so slow? Hello! Say, hello! [Rings again.] Oh, that's them at last. Well, say, is this Mr. Van— Oh, hello! [Sundry rings and pauses.] Is this Mr. Van Smith? [A pause.] Is this Mr. Van Smith? [Another pause.] Is this Mr.— Why don't you answer me? Oh, hello, hello! Who—is—this? [Pause.] Oh, central office! Why, I don't want any central office. I want the Van Smith Consolidated Cheese company. I want Mr. Van Smith— V-a-n-s-m— [Interruption and pause.] What number? How do I know what— Directory! Telephone directory? Where? Tied to this 'phone? Oh! All right! [Espies telephone directory at right of transmitter and opens it.] Let's see; Van, v—p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w—v comes between u and w. Oh, here it is; the Van Smith Consol— Main No. 4,022. [Into the 'phone.] Say, hello! Oh, my good gracious. I've got to ring again. [Sundry further wild rings and subsequent pauses.] At last! Is that you? [A pause.] My, what impudence! I mean, who is this? Well, give me—[Aside]—where is that telephone book? Wait a minute. [Consults directory.] Give me main No. 4,022! Four, yes, four, that's it. [Long pause, varied by moaned and muttered "hellos."] Say, who is this? Is this Mr. Van Smi— Well, say—who—what—why, I am close to the 'phone—as close as I can get. [Louder.] Is this Mr. Van Smith? Well, is he there? Well, say, will it be too much trouble to let him know that if he's there somebody wants to see him? Tell him I want to see him. Yes, I! It's me wants to see him. [Saddened voice, scarcely audible, coming from the 'phone: "Madam, will you kindly gather together you intellectual forces to explain who you are? The supply of 'me's' is practically unlimited."] [Mrs. Van Smith continuing.] Oh! The mean thing! I'm Mrs. Van Smith. [Long pause.] Who is this? [Ecstatically.] Charlie? Yes, dear. Well, say, Charlie, I just wanted to know if you were there. You are there, aren't you? Well, that's all. Goodby! Goodby!" [Goes away leaving the receiver hanging down.]—Chicago Record.

The Wrong Pocket.

A young governess about to start on a long journey was recommended, among other means of precaution, when passing through a tunnel, always to put her hand in the pocket in which she kept her money, so that it might not be stolen. She acted upon the advice, and on coming to a tunnel put her hand in her pocket, but was startled on finding it already occupied by another. She grasped the intrusive hand and held it firm until the train emerged into daylight, when the gentleman sitting next to her explained, with a smile, that both hands were in his pocket! Tableau.—Vom Fels zum Meer.

One of Them Told.

Little Girl—It's all nonsense 'bout ole maids never tellin their age.

Little Boy—Why?

"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, th' paper says Professor Dryasdust is goin to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."—Good News.

A Kitchen Mystery.

Father—Cooking schools are of some use, after all. This cake is delicious.

Daughter—Is it? I thought it would be a terrible failure.

"Why so?"

"I told Bridget exactly how to make it, and she went and made it some other way."—New York Weekly.

A Wary Financier.

Secretary—Bruller, the tragedian, accepts your invitation to your country house, and he wants to know if you would like to hear a performance of the play entitled "A Battle With a Dragon?"

Banker—No, no. I don't want anything that will remind me of my private life.—Fliegende Blatter.

At the Law School.

Professor—Mr. Overnite, what do you understand by "proof of heirship?"

Mr. M. Fuller Overnite—Obtaining a patent on a flying machine.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Dudekin's Misadventure.

It was too bad that just as Chappie was about to cross the street a vulgar and hungry cart horse should take a fancy to his lovely boutonniere.—Harper's Weekly.

Defined.

Fair Enthusiast—Oh, Mr. Karper, how do you like the blind organist?

Critic—He was simply out of sight, Miss Ada.—Elmira Gazette.

Hopeless.

Pastor—Pardon me, brother, but are you prepared for the great change that must come to us all? That is certainly a consumptive cough of yours.

Cadaverous Parishioner—I don't believe it, Mr. Goodman. I've been coughing this way for 46 years.

Pastor—How old are you, may I ask?

Cadaverous Parishioner—I'm a little over 50.

Pastor—And been coughing——

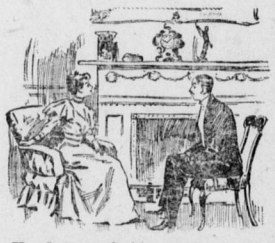
Cadaverous Parishioner — Forty-six years.

Pastor—The same way you do now?

Cadaverous Parishioner—Just exactly.

Pastor (regarding him sorrowfully)—It's a great pity, Brother Shunk, it didn't carry you off 46 years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

Fair Warning.



He—I see you looking at the clock. I hope it isn't for me.

She—Oh, no. I was thinking of father. He said he would be home an hour earlier than usual tonight.—Detroit Free Press.

A Mistake.

The tramp had a look of determination on his dirty face as he knocked at the kitchen door of a comfortable house on Foundry street.

"Well, what do you want?" queried the cook snappishly, for she had been bothered much. "Something to eat, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am," replied the tramp as honestly as he knew how.

"Oh, you don't," she sneered. "Then you want something to drink. Tramps are always ready to drink."

"No, ma'am, I don't want anything to drink."

"Maybe you want an old pair of pants, or a coat, or a pair of shoes, or a hat?" she suggested sarcastically.

"No, ma'am, none of those."

She stared at him hard.

"Well, what in the name of goodness do you want?" she asked.

"I want work," he said simply.

"Wha—what?" she gasped and fell into his arms in a faint.

"Dang it," he exclaimed, dropping her and starting for the gate, "I might 'a' knowed better than to spring that on her."—Detroit Tribune.

The Distinguishing Mark.

"I see they are having quite a discussion in New York as to whether the foreign musicians coming to the World's fair are artists or laborers."

"Why, it's no trouble to decide that."

"How are you going to determine?"

"By the length of their hair, of course."—Detroit Tribune.

A Misfit.

Little Miss de Fashion—I am going to send these shoes right back. They are a miserable misfit.

Father—How?

Little Miss de Fashion—They're a mile too big. They don't pinch a bit.—Good News.

Financially Interested.

"I understand Jigson holds quite a responsible position, and that he is financially interested in the concern he is with."

"Yes. They owe him six months' salary."—Westfield (N. J.) Standard.

Experienced.

Clothier—I can give you a position in the children's clothing department, but you'll find it very aggravating.

Applicant—Not to me, sir; I worked three years in a woman's shoe department.—Haberdashers' Weekly.

A Long Ending.

Little Dick—Who's in the parlor?

Little Dot—Mrs. Blank. She won't get through her call for an hour yet.

"How do you know?"

"I just heard her say, 'Well, I mus' be goin.'"—Good News.

A Good Reason.

"Why do you ask me for my autograph?" asked the poet who liked to hear words of praise.

"Because you are the only one who can write it," said the applicant meekly. —Vogue.

Probably.

"I wonder what a man's sensations are when he is struck by lightning?" said Dawson.

"I should think he'd feel more or less thunderstruck," said Hicks.—Harper's Bazar.

All at Sea.

Old Gentleman—Been over to Europe, eh? Did the vessel you traveled on make good time?

Little Boy—I couldn't tell. There weren't any telegraph poles.—Good News.

One Way.

First Toper—What would you do if you had 5,000 francs?

Second Ditto—Do? I would live for five days as if I enjoyed a yearly income of 365,000 francs!—Matin.

An Infantile Correction.

"I wants some bed an wugar," said Mollie.

"Don't say bed an wugar," said Bobbie. "Say bwead and tchugar."—Harper's Bazar.

A Particular Kind.

"Does Irvington keep a carriage since he married?"

"Oh, yes, I see him wheeling it 'most every day."—Indianapolis Journal.

MEMORIAL OBSERVANCES.

Origin and Growth of the Custom In the North.

It is an admitted fact that the custom of strewing flowers upon the graves of the dead soldiers once each year originated in the far south as soon as the war closed, and April 26 is still the Confederate Memorial day, but as to who first suggested the day for the Federal soldiers is still a matter of dispute. Philadelphia claims that honor for Mrs. H. G. Kimball of that city, and a letter from General Logan goes far to prove the claim.

Of course there were many suggestions in many different places, and in 1866 the 27th of June, second anniversary of the disastrous assault at Kenesaw, was celebrated in some places in Indiana by a general gathering of veterans and people. Mrs. H. G. Kimball was in the south as a nurse at the close of the war, and coming north early in 1867 she suggested to General Logan the adoption of a day one month later than that in the south, for climatic reasons. Such is the statement of Julius Simon, for some time General Logan's secretary. The next year the general issued an order to that effect, being then commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. His letter to Mrs. Kimball was as follows:

WASHINGTON, July 9, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND—It is very gratifying to me to hear, as I do today for the first time from my friends, of the reception of my order No. 11. As you observe, the custom is a beautiful one, and I am confident that it will not only never pass away from the recollection of the American people, but will more deeply engraft itself in their hearts, and each returning anniversary of sacred decoration will increase in impressive devotion to our patriot dead, and the crowns we weave for them of never fading laurel and the beautiful flowers strewn over their graves give birth to sentiments of love and honor which bind the past, the present and the future in one continuous chain of admiration that the life and service of even the humblest private shall never be forgotten. Yours truly, JOHN A. LOGAN.

His Imprisonment.

A case was on trial in a Kentucky courtroom. An old man of somewhat disreputable appearance had just given important testimony, and the lawyer whose cause suffered by his statements strove in every way to confuse and trip him, but in vain. The witness stuck to his story and did not lose his temper in spite of the irritating manner in which the cross examination was conducted.

Finally, in the hope of breaking down the credibility of the witness, the lawyer at a venture asked:

"Have you ever been in prison?"

"I have," replied the witness.

"Ah," exclaimed the attorney, with a triumphant glance at the jury, "I thought as much. May I inquire how long you were there?"

"Two years and three months," answered the witness quietly, with a manner that was interpreted by the lawyer as indicating chagrin at an unexpected exposure.

"Indeed," said the delighted lawyer, feeling his case already won. "That was a heavy sentence. I trust the jury will note the significance of the fact. Now sir, tell the jury where you were confined."

"In Andersonville," replied the old man, drawing himself up proudly.

There was a moment of silence, the jurors looked at each other, and then the courtroom rang with cheers which the court officers were powerless to check, and in which some of the jury joined.

The too inquisitive lawyer hardly waited to hear the verdict against him. —Youth's Companion.

BUSINESS BRIEFS.

Try Fackler's home made bread and rolls—baked fresh every morning.

Picnics supplied with ice cream, cakes, candies, etc., by Laubach at reasonable rates.

If you want a happy home get your wife a box of "Orange Blossom." Sold by W. W. Grover.

The flour that will make the finest bread is the Washburn brand. It is sold only by B. F. Davis.

"A stitch in time" often saves consumption. Downs' Elixir used in time saves life. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

Wanted.—A girl for general housework; small family; two children. Wm. Wehrman, watchmaker, Centre street, Five Points.

Costiveness is the primary cause of much disease. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will permanently cure costiveness. Every bottle warranted. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

In Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment is combined the curative properties of the different oils, with the healing qualities of Arnica. Good for man and animal. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

FOR SALE.—A house and lot on Centre street, Freeland; house, 32x23; lot 125x25. For further particulars apply at this office.

FOR SALE.—A well-built dwelling, with stable and lot, on Washington street, between South and Luzerne. Apply to John Yannes, opera house building, Freeland.

LOST.—On Sunday evening, May 22, between Upper Lehigh and St. Ann's church, a silver breast-pin with half-dime attached. Finder will please return it to Miss Kate Duffy, Upper Lehigh.

FOR SALE.—A lot of good young horses—two greys, one roan, one bay, one black and one black roadster. Horsemen are invited to inspect this stock, and if not suited can book their orders. Central hotel stable. M. H. Hunsicker, proprietor.

SELECTIONS

COALS FOR NEWCASTLE.

An Unnecessary Importation of Beautiful Women For the World's Fair.

It is stated that the steamship Paris, from Southampton for New York, carried a most interesting group of ladies on the way to Chicago, who are described as the living representatives and types of the various countries of the earth clad in their distinctive dress or costume. The young ladies from France are to appear "in true Parisian style," while there are to be other damsels representing English maidens, highland lassies and Irish colleens.

The peasant class is not to be forgotten. Indeed the same care shown in the fashionable toilets will be extended to that of the "contadine," and thus it is hoped that a thoroughly graphic and veracious life picture of female humanity up to date will be obtained. There are ladies from China, Japan, the South American republics, from Mexico and Cuba, as well as from the continent. The Tyrolese girls, it is reported, are "very picturesque," and with the Hungarian contingent sailed a complete orchestra of musicians. The agents employed in getting together this company of fair women have interviewed, it is said, no fewer than 1,500 persons who applied in answer to the various advertisements.

This is truly the largest of large orders in the way of a living ethnological exhibition, and the very magnitude of the enterprise cannot fail to suggest the difficulties with which the promoters of this astonishing show of fair women have had to contend. In some cases, perhaps, the dispatch of this cargo of femininity to New York en route to Chicago may be instanced as closely approaching the sending of coals to Newcastle. Chicago is within direct and reasonably rapid railway communication with Mexico, and it would be easy enough to procure the consignment to the shores of Lake Michigan of any number of dark eyed senoritas in "ribosos" from Tenochtitlan, to say nothing of stunted little Indian squaws with ropy black hair and complexions approximating in hue to that of a hot roast turkey.

Then again the Pearl of the Antilles is only some three days' steaming from New York, and Cuban belles in very large straw hats and black lace scarfs riding in the Havana volante, drawn by a weedy horse, with a negro postilion with silver earrings, white calico breeches and bare legs, with feet girt with silver spurs, and thereby presenting a colorable imitation of jackboots, would form a desirable addition to the attractions of the World's fair. San Francisco, moreover, which is only four days distant by rail from Chicago, would furnish an adequate supply of celestial ladies with "golden lilies," or small feet. It is even questionable whether there was any appreciable need to send out a convoy of French young ladies to appear in "true Parisian style" at Chicago.

The true Parisian style has long since been acclimatized on the other side of the Atlantic, and we should say that a far larger number of fascinating costumes from the ateliers of Worth, Felix and their competitors are purchased by American ladies during their visits to Europe than are bought by English customers. Paris in the halcyon days of the second empire was defined as the place where good Americans went to when they died, but our transatlantic kinsmen have not ceased to flock to the gay city since France has been under the sway of the third republic, and fashionable female society in the great cities of the States is certainly as radiantly attired as are any of the dames in the equipages which embellish the Bois de Boulogne in fine weather or who are to be met with at official receptions and diplomatic soirees. To a great extent likewise the Parisian fashions are set by the leading actresses on the French stage, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has already shown transatlantic audiences to what a pitch of perfection theatrical dress for the fair sex can be brought.—London Telegraph.

What Effect Will the Fair Have?

The question was asked the Listener recently, "What great effect do you suppose this Chicago exhibition will have upon the people of America comparable with the effect which the centennial exhibition had?" The question was a hard one to answer. We never know beforehand what revolutions we are going to have. The American people thought in 1876 that they knew everything that there was to know, but when they got to Philadelphia they found that they did not. They were profoundly affected in spite of themselves and their presumptuous confidence in their own perfections and omniscience. But the influence then came from abroad. From what we are already able to learn of the foreign exhibit at Chicago, it does not appear likely that we shall be profoundly influenced by it. But perhaps we shall be.

It seems, however, that the influence is more likely to be exerted this time by our own best minds, in the various forms of art and in the application of art to industry, upon the minds of our less refined people, upon our great philistine "middle class" people. To judge from the architecture and landscape gardening of the exhibition, our commercial classes are likely to see a great light.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Rehm's Lack of Humor.

Mr. Rehm announces in the papers that if his wife, who disappeared last week, does not return within three days he will "forfeit all claims to her." In reality he forfeited all claims to her when he came home intoxicated on Easter Sunday and belabored her with a club. But Mr. Rehm is not a humorist. He is merely a dull sort of fellow who does not appreciate the magnanimity of his wife in merely leaving him instead of landing him in the proper place for wife beaters. —New York World.