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FREELAND, PA., APRIL 4, 1898.

Money Wasted.

There are a great many persons in this country who squander money on postage stamps and postal cards who might a great deal better save it. If it were not for such persons, however, Uncle Sam's postal revenues would be greatly reduced, so it is just as well, perhaps, that things are as they are. One form of letter writing is especially prevalent in rural communities. It is practiced by people who have no large business interests, but who love to receive mail. These people make a practice of sending for samples, catalogues and prospectuses. Whenever they see an advertisement "Samples free by mail," they write for a sample. They send their names to directories and are classed as "agents," and almost any day the "agent" can go to the post office and get a bulky catalogue from some concern which manufactures two-dollar revolvers and three-dollar gold watches. The young man who has a passion for answering advertisements loves to be seen coming from the post office with an armload of mail. The fact that he is in correspondence with so many important business houses seems to give him a sort of standing, or at least he fancies so. At any rate he helps to increase the revenues of the postal department.

During the early part of a dinner recently given in Washington, reports an exchange of that city, the guest of honor, a young married woman who is the proud mother of two very small boys, suddenly paused, with a startled look, in the midst of an animated conversation with her host, and cried: "There, if I didn't forget those boys again! Have you a telephone in the house and may I use it?" Her host conducted her to the telephone, and presently she returned "I do hope you will pardon me," she said, "but you see, I always have Georgie and Eddie say their prayers to me before they go to sleep. In the hurry of getting off I forgot it to-night, so I have just called up their nurse. She brought the children to the 'phone, and they have just said their prayers over the wire, so my mind is relieved."

The very unusual scene of a man walking through the street with a two-bushel meal sack full of silver dollars was witnessed at Lexington, Ky., a few days ago. Just before the close of banking hours two men, apparently good old farmers, walked into the Phoenix national bank, one of them carrying the sack. They told Cashier Walter Rhodes that they wanted to make a deposit, which he, knowing the men to be citizens of the country, from near Jack's Creek, accepted. They untied the bag and counted out a sum which looked to be about \$3,000, every piece of which was a shining silver "plunk." A part of the money was carefully wrapped in paper packages, \$20 in each. The scent of these packages clearly indicated that the money had been buried beneath the earth.

The supreme court of Illinois has handed down an opinion deciding that the act of breaking into a henhouse and stealing chickens is burglary. The decision was in the case of Gilcock vs. The People. Gilcock was tried in the circuit court of Sangamon county for burglary and larceny, the offense consisting of breaking into a henhouse and stealing chickens therefrom. The case was taken to the supreme court, which decided that breaking into a henhouse did not constitute burglary. A rehearing, however, was afterward granted, and the court now reverses itself. Under this decision Gilcock will have to serve time in the penitentiary, according to the sentence of the lower court.

An Emporia (Kan.) man heard a disturbance in the night and on getting up to see what was the matter found his bulldog engaged in a desperate struggle with a jack rabbit. Concluding that it was dangerous to interfere, he went back into the house and shut the door. In a short time the outside struggle ceased, and looking up he was surprised to see a jack rabbit looking in over the transom of the front door. In the morning he went out and found the bulldog dead in the front yard, with marks of rabbit teeth all over his person, bearing mute testimony to his brave and desperate struggle.

CASTORIA.
The famous signature of *Chas. H. Pritchard* is on every wrapper.

STONE MOUNTAIN LION.

Striking Monument Erected by Nature in New Mexico.

In the mountainous valley of the Santa Fe river in New Mexico there stands a huge rock known in the country around as "The Monument." It towers hundreds of feet above the bottom of the valley and even lifts its head far upward from the top of the ridge upon which it rests. A person going up the valley is struck with its striking resemblance to some huge animal not unlike an Egyptian sphinx, standing upright and gazing out across the valley to the mountains opposite.

But it is not a sphinx; the Indians who once owned the country have their



WHERE THE STONE LION STANDS.

own explanation as to how it came there. Far back in the time of their grandfathers the mountain lion, who was one of their gods, came out of the west, running toward the rising sun. For days and days he ran, and every time his feet struck the earth they left a valley, and every time he breathed forests were uprooted before him. And at last when he had run for many days he stopped to rest, curling his hind legs under him and nodding just as any giant cat would do. He was so tired that he slept a long time, and while he was sleeping along came the greatest of all Indian hunters and shot him with his bow and flint-tipped arrow. His blood flowed in such quantities that it wore the deep valley in the plain where the Santa Fe river now runs. Being a god, the great mountain lion did not fall down, and by and by he turned to stone, and now he stands guard over the valley. And the fur on his legs and sides is now the shaggy chapparal.

A man standing on the neck of the stone lion is hardly more than a speck, and the head of the great creature towers, bold and forbidding, scores of feet above him. Only one person ever climbed to the summit. That was a little Mexican shepherd named Juan Gonzales, who was watching his flocks near the base of the stone lion. One day he clambered up the steep sides to the very top, but when he started down he found himself slipping and slipping, and it was only by an effort that he could dig his toes into a crevice and hold fast. For a time he shouted for help, and he was fast growing weak when some neighboring ranchers saw him and came with ropes and poles and got him safely down. Since that time no one has tried the dangerous ascent.—Chicago Record.

Pat Had a Suspicion.

Pat wanted to go from Washington to Norfolk, and excited the sympathy of a ship master, who agreed to let him work his passage. Pat was densely ignorant of maritime affairs, but, while going down Chesapeake bay, with a fair wind and plenty of sea-room, he was put on the lookout. He had not been there ten minutes, when he snag out: "Ah, captain, there's something out here foreinst the boat!" "What is it?" asked the captain, as the lights of an approaching steamer became visible. "I really can't say, sir," replied Pat; "but I suspect it's a drug store. There's a red and a green light!" He was immediately removed and ordered to go down and help the cook.

Entered School at Fifty.

In Nebraska there is a man aged 52 who is going to school with his younger children. He is not by any means illiterate, having a fair education gained in his youth, but he says that he desires to be up with the times, so has entered school again. It is a humorous sight to a stranger, but the teacher and the other small pupils take it with perfect gravity.

The Princess Loves Flowers.

The princess of Wales is never content unless her rooms are one mass of flowers, so much does she love them. Every table in her rooms bears its mass of bloom, and the palms and greenery at Sandringham are a wonder to behold. She invariably wears a knot of violets or some other small flower tucked into her belt.



ANIMALS AS MODELS.

Experiences of an Artist in Sketching from Life.

"Leaves from the Sketch-Book of an Animal-Artist," is an article by Meredith Nugent in St. Nicholas. Mr. Nugent says:

There was an elephant in the Jardines-Plantes that would not pose unless he were paid for it, and paid in advance. Then he took payment in buns and pie, but if these were not forthcoming he would deliberately walk to the farther end of the enclosure and turn his back. The only way to get a drawing of this big fellow was to engage some one to feed him meanwhile.

In the same gardens I saw an unusually interesting sight one morning. A little sun-bear with a large marrow-bone in his shaggy paws was resorting to all sorts of bear devices to get the sweet marrow. Suddenly he lay down on his back, placed one end of the bone in his jaws, and with his hind paws tipped the other end of the bone so high up that the choice morsel slipped into his mouth. If the animal could only have understood the shouts of approval that greeted this performance, I think it would have turned his head. In one of the sketches you will see how this feat was accomplished.

As a rule I find the models very good natured. True, they keep a sharp eye on me for the first few days but after that are generally quite friendly. Of course, there are some parts of the business they do not like. The oriole never was happy when I held him in my hand for close inspection, but a beautiful cut which rebelled when I first placed her in a bird-cage—to keep her in front of me—grew so fond of being there, that after I finished my drawings she cried and cried to be put back into the cage.

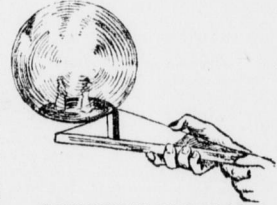
Intense curiosity is the great characteristic of animals when in the studio. They are as much interested in you and the surroundings as you are in them. This is especially the case with birds. Leave the studio but a few minutes, and these two-legged fellows are hopping into everything. Of course they inspect the paper on which you have been drawing, and the paints, and the brushes, and occasionally vary these proceedings by taking a bath in the water-bowl.

SOAP BUBBLE SHOW.

A neat trick that is always puzzling to observers.

The most interesting trick is the soap bubble one. To perform this two cork figures must be made. They can be colored with bright paint. Fasten them with wire to a small cork stand.

The soap bubble mixture is important to prepare. For it you must have a quantity of castile soap, perhaps half



SOAP BUBBLE QUADRILLE.

a teaspoon, and add to it a fourth of the quantity of glycerin. Melt the soap in warm water before adding the glycerin. This should make perhaps a pint of heavy, soapy water. Test the bubbles, and if you cannot blow them as large as the moon the mixture is not properly mixed. Soap bubble exhibitors often blow bubbles as large as three and four feet in diameter by the use of this mixture.

Take a short strip of wood (a foot rule will do) and drive a small nail into each end. Then stretch a thin string, or better still, a piece of wire, from one nail to the other, and place a bridge under it so as to form a primitive musical instrument. Next nail to one end of the strip of wood the lid of a tin in such a manner that it touches the string or wire, and place the figure inside the lid after moistening it well with soap and water. Now take a straw and blow a bubble in the lid and then touch the string gently. The vibration of the latter will then be communicated to the lid, and the figures will dance inside the bubble.

A beautiful optical effect is thus obtained, and the delight of the audience is such that the bubble performer is kept busy all the evening with fresh creations. There are many variations of the soap bubble trick possible, and which will readily suggest themselves.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Birth Custom in Japan.

At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted which must remain untouched till the marriage of the child. When that hour arrives the tree is cut down and a skilled cabinetmaker transforms the wood into furniture, which is always cherished by the young couple as the most beautiful of ornaments in the house.

A PENNSYLVANIA BEAR.

Tom Wilmett, 18 years old and in the 29 class at Columbia, had been studying pretty hard—carrying too big a load, his father said—and was having trouble with his eyes. So he was told that he must give them perfect rest for a week, not even to look in a book all that time, and Tom's father told him that to be far away from temptation he had better run over to Monroe county, Pa., and pay a visit to his uncle Tom, who still lived on the old place, about three miles north of the village of Cresco.

"You had better take your gun along, Tom. You may get a day or two of good shooting at this season."

"Oh, pshaw! Pop," he said, after reflecting a moment. "There's no shooting over there. I'll wait till next summer and go up into Canada, where I can get big game."

"You may be right, Tom," was the reply. "I haven't been over there for a good many years, but the game there was big enough sometimes when I was a boy. I shot a bear once not a mile from our house, and there were deer in plenty then, too."

"Bear! Why, it isn't more than three or four hours from here!"

"Well, I don't suppose there really are any so close to New York city now, but there were then."

Tom finally decided to take his gun, after all, and was very glad when he saw how interested his cousin Laura was in it.

"Oh! Cousin Tom, you'll let me go with you, won't you? I've been with you some times, and once over by Canadensis we shot a big buck with antlers."

"We'll go to-morrow!" he said, gaily. "Maybe we'll bring home a bear."

They started early next morning. It was late in February and there was a good deal of snow on the hills, but both were well clad and needed for no reason at all the joy of youth. By and by they came to a 20-foot precipice that overhung a larger brook than any they had crossed. They looked over, but there was so much brush, young evergreens and the like growing out from the side of the cliff that they could barely get a glimpse of the frozen surface below.

"Oh, Tom, look there!"

He turned in the direction she pointed. Then he started violently, for only a few feet away, sitting upright on its haunches and regarding them with wonder, was a huge black bear.

For a moment he even forgot that he held a gun in his hand. Then he noticed a little white spot on the bear's breast that seemed dead purposely for a mark.

"Run, Laura! I may not kill him first fire!" He spoke softly, as he dropped on his knee and took careful aim.

Perhaps Tom's hand trembled a little, or perhaps his overworked eyes were not quite clear. Whatever it was, the two bullets that he let go at the white mark on the bear's breast did not find at once the vital spot. As the gun cracked Tom saw the big fellow stagger a step backward, then with a snarl drop on all fours and come straight toward him. He must run for it, too, he thought, and try to load as he ran. Then, as he turned, he saw that Laura had wanted to see the shot.

"Run! Run!" he cried. The girl wheeled to obey. As she did so she tripped in a mass of mud and fell headlong. There was no time for reflection. Tom saw that he must face the bear and give Laura a chance to recover and get away.

He whirled and, seizing the gun by the barrel, dealt the brute a heavy blow just as it was rising to its haunches.

The blow stunned his opponent and brought him down, but only for a moment. He rose with a fierce growl and was upon Tom before he could swing his gun again. If Tom had felt some twinges of fear at first they were gone now. In the excitement of the struggle everything else was forgotten. He seized the big black wrestler by the throat and with a skillful movement tripped him.

Down they went, clinking as they fell, and rolling over and over in the snow. It was Tom's idea to free himself from the bear, and he was the first to get up. But Laura lost her own game. He was a hunger, and he hugged Tom to his breast like a long lost son. Presently Tom heard Laura's voice calling:

"Tom! Tom! You'll go over the cliff! Oh, Tom!" And then Tom seemed to feel the earth sink from under them and felt himself sliding downward, still crushed tightly in the bear's arms. He was under death at first, but a second later they crashed through a mass of evergreen boughs and turned. Then he came to Tom that they kept falling and crashing forever, almost, and suddenly there was a great shock and splashing noise and he felt cold water rise about his arms and legs and run down his back.

Tom realized that they had fallen into the brook and would probably drown together. Then all at once the bear relaxed his hold. Freeing himself, the boy staggered to his feet and found himself in three feet of water with broken ice all around and a big motionless black bear lying beside him.

He waded to the bit of bank at the foot of the cliff and set the bear on its back. He dealt shaken up, but did not feel otherwise hurt. The bear falling underneath had saved him. He coughed a little and blew some water out of his nose.

"Tom! Tom! are you there?" It was Laura calling from above.

"Tom laughed weakly.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "We got here all right. The bear seems a little confused, but I'm pretty well, thank you."

Then suddenly reaction set in and he began to laugh immoderately. Laura above caught the spirit of it and joined in.

"Oh, Tom," she shouted, "you don't know how funny you and the bear looked hugging each other."

"Come down here and I'll hug you, too, for that!" he shouted back.

"All right! Here I come!"

Tom looked up quickly. Laura had seized a slender sapling that grew over the edge of the cliff and, swinging herself to a mass of cedars below, she dropped from one to the other, and catching in the thick yielding branches she half fell and half swung herself to the next, and so on until, panting, breathless and flushed, she dropped on her feet at Tom's side. He stared at her a moment in amazement.

"Well, you are a brick!" he said at last and gave her a rousing kiss.

The bear was quite dead. Whether from the fall or the bullets Tom could not tell. They left him in the water and hurried up the cliff by a roundabout way to get Tom's gun. Then they hastened home, and Tom got dry clothes and a man and team and went back. The bear lay where they had left him. It was one of the largest that had been killed in that section for years and Tom presented the skin to his cousin Laura. But she insisted on his taking it home to show, saying that maybe she would claim it again, some day.

When Tom's father saw it and heard the story he looked at Tom proudly. Then he said:

"Well, there does seem to be some pretty big game up Cresco way, after all."

"That's right," said Tom, "and the bravest and prettiest girl in the world."—Albert Bigelow Taine, in N. Y. Herald.

NO CHANCE FOR ESCAPE.

Oh, birds! yours is a sorry lot— For if you 'scape the cats The women-folks will have you shot To trim their Sunday hats. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

GETTING EVEN.



"Mrs. Catford wants me to play your accompaniment, dear."

"Does she? I didn't know she hated me so much as that."—Milly Sloper.

A Shopper from Shoppersville. Aggie—Why, Ethel! You are going dreadfully out of your way. You can match that ribbon right across the street.

Ethel—Yes, I know; but let us try in all the other stores first.—Judge.

His Status.

Teller—What an egotistical fellow Puffington is! He is always bragging about being in a thousand.

Grimshaw—He is right about it—he's one of the eifers.—N. Y. Journal.

A Metamorphosis.

Sambo Johnson (sternly)—Don't you know I tell you not to go swimmin' wud no white-trash, chillun, eh?

Sambo Johnson, Jr.—But he wan' white befo' he went in.—Judge.

Far Safer.

Mrs. Johnson—Ain't it terrible, de sickness dat's goin' around nowadays?

Mrs. Jackson—Yais indeed! I wuz jess telling my husband dat a posson wuz safer off dead dan alive.—Puck.

Two of a Kind.

He—Why does a woman wear another woman's hair on her head?

She—Why does a man wear another cat's skin on his feet?—Chicago Daily News.

No More Brithes.

The Boy—I guess sister's bean must be engaged to her at last.

The Girl—Why?

The Boy—He has quit giving me money.—Up-to-Date.

His Excuse.

Gerald—This is so sudden!

Gerald—I know it, but I never heard a word before to-day about your father having money.—N. Y. Journal.

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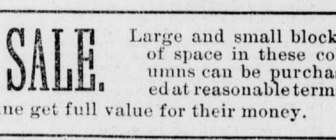
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