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A NOVEL PROJECT.

TO PRESENT A LOVING CUP TO CERVERA.

Sidney, New York, Man Who Proposes to Honor the Gallant Spanish Ad-miral with a Token of Esteem from

A movement which will result in ar event unprecedented in history—the presentation of a testimonial of regard and esteem from the people of a country which the recipient came to devastate with armed ships and men—has been instituted by Arthur Bird, of Sidney, and there is every reason to be-lieve that it will be carried to a suc-

Admiral Pascual Cervera, commander of the Spanish fleet which met disaster off Santiago, won the high regard of the entire nation by his chivalrous treatment of Lieut. Hobson and his men of the Merrimac, who were captured is Santiago harbor after the attempt to close the channel by the sinking of the Merrimac. The admiral disasteded a Merrimac. Merrimac. The admiral dispatched a messenger to the commander of the United States fleet blockading the haromicu states neet blockshing the mar's bor and informing him of the men's safety and saying they would be well treated. His act was one of consideration and thoughtfulness, as by it he relieved the American public of great anxiety, and it is without a parallel in

anxiety, and it is without a parallel in the annals of warfare.

Arthur Bird, a newspaper man of Sidney, conceived the idea of presenting Admiral Cervera a testimonial which would show the appreciation of the American people for his generous act. His suggestion met with popular favor and was indorsed by Secretary of the Navy Long, Rear Admiral Stanton, Lieutenant Commander Hobson and others prominent in the nation's affairs. The token will take the form of a loving cup. An organization has been perfected for the purpose of bringing the matter to the attention of the public and enlisting support in its behalf.



ARTHUR BIRD.

ment, was born in Port au Prince, Hay-ti, in 1853. He studied at Cornell Uni-versity and under the Hayes administration served as vice consul general at Port au Prince. He established the Sidney Record in 1882. At that time the village had a population of less than 500, but now it is an industrial center with a population of 2500 Me center with a population of 2,500. Mr. Bird has proved a great benefactor to Sidney by champloning every effort Sidney by championing every effort to make it an enterprising and prosper-ous village. Mr. Bird has published a book which has met with popular suc-

The Lavest About Platt. is the latest Patti anecdote,

says an exchange: Last winter she was staying for a few days in an isoand the extreme end of Yorkshire. To kill the monotony of the place the prima donna went one night to a concert given in aid of a certain village institution. Not half of the performers turned out. Appreciating the difficulty, Mme. Patti (incognito, of course) offered to oblige (Incognito, of course) offered to oblige the audience with a song or two. Then she sang in her own glorious way, three of her sweetest ballads. At the close the chairman approached, and in solemn tones, thanked her. "Well, miss," he said, "you've done uncommon well; and, although 'Arry 'Ock, the juggler, who thinks nowt of takin', all of, 'or pokers and assembleris'. close the chairman approached, and in solemn tones, thanked her. "Well, miss," he said, "you've done uncommon well; and, although 'Arry 'Ock, the Juggler, wbo thinks nowt of takin' old of 'ot pokers and a-swallorin needles, couldn't turn up, yet you've pleased us very considerable, miss!"

No one knew Dick's methods, no ne understood, not even the father, in mystic power, for most of the boy's work was done alone, but certain it is that a few weeks after the lumbermen were astonished to see that "Ugly Mack" acknowledged a master—just one in all the world.

For a few days the incident was

THE SONG OF LIFE.

One must sing of the mountains;
One must sing of the sea;
One must sing us the song of love;
And one in hate's shrill key;
Yet all will rise to the blending skies
In one grand harmony, One must sing of the rain;
One must sing us the songs of joy;
And one sing woe's refrain;
Yet in the end all the songs will blend
In one harmonious strain. One must sing of the future;
With hopes and fearings rife;
One must sing of the misty past—
Its dreaming and its strife—
Ite they will meet in a chord full sweet—
The marvelous song of life.

Love and hate and compassion, Sorrow and right and wrong, Past and future and war and peace— Rise in an anthem strong, And all will grow, as they ebb and flow, To life's unceasing song. —Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.



BY SHELDON C. STODDARD.

ETWEEN the men of Pinerift lumber camp and those of Camp Seven, farther up the river, there at all times was a atrong rivalry. "Velvet Joe," the diggest and possibly the roughest man, averred it existed "on in large large large."

miral principles."

Did Camp Seven perform some particularly hazardous feat in jam-breaking, Pinerift took no peace until it had equaled and, if possible by any known means, excelled the Camp Seven achievement. Had Pinerift the champion team for hauling, Camp Seven bestirred itself diligently until it had matched the champion. The feeling extended even to the cooks and the chore-boys.

Honors had for a long time been about evenly divided between the two camps, but at last Camp Seven had won a victory, to its great and ostentatious delight. Tom Patengill, the son of Camp Seven's foreman, a strapping young fellow of eighteen, had on two distinct occasions performed feats of jam-breaking which even the older men of either camp had found it impossible to excel. Certainly none of the Pinerift young fellows had equaled the exploits of young Patengill, and Gamp Seven laid with the contained the champlonship with noisy acclaim. Heretofore the Pinerift men had fully held their own, and this, their first unmistakable defeat, rankled.

"If old Turner only had a son now, 'stead of that gal-boy of his that's afraid of the water!" growled Velvet Joe to his mates in great disgust. "But shucks!"

"That's so, Joe, all right enough," assented Pete Adams, a grizzied driver. "Dicky Turner would be afraid of wettin' his fete, let alone riding a lot of roillin' logs."

Turner, the foreman, himself felt the loss of prestige that the camp had received, and several times Dick Turner caught his father's eyes fixed upon him half-reproachfully. Dick was a quiet young fellow, with square shoulders and a broad, deep chest that showed plenty of power to endure.

On the whole, he had perhaps more than ordinary courage, but he had an uncontrollable aversion to—perhaps it would not be too harsh to say fear of —the swift, swirling waters of the river. The feeling had been born with him, and try as he might, he could not overcome it.

"Well, now, if the critter ain't skeered of the water!" Velvet Joe had said, in a tone of mingled pity and disgus

the water."
Unable to understand in the least Unable to understand in the least this "queerness," as the men termed it, they had come to feel contempt for the quiet young fellow. Half-hidden hitherto, out of respect to the sturdy foreman, the feeling now began to show outright. Dick Turner understood, and it cut him to the quick, but he gave no sign.

There were things which he could do, if he could not drive logs on the river, and one thing he could do especially well. He had a wonderful gift for handling and training horses. This talent he had doubtless inherited from his father.

gift for handling and training horses. This talent he had doubtless inherited from his father.

About a year before the foreman had bought a noted stallion, which for size, strength and beauty was faming and hear. The splendid animal also had the well-earned reputation of being in disposition the ugliest brute that ever pawed the turf.

He was said to have killed one trainer, and to have been undersentence of death therefor when Turner bought him. But the dauntless lumberman believed he could train the horse into submission.

But after several futile attempts and two or three narrow escapes from death, he had acknowledged himself defeated, and had condemned the stallion to be shot. It seemed a pity. At least, so Dick Turner thought. Never had so gallant an animal been seen in that part of the country. And the boy's heart, like that of a certain flustrious horse tamer of old, swelled with the desire to conquer and subdue the handsome, terrible creature. Reluctantly, and only after the young fellow had demonstrated some.

Reluctantly, and only after the young fellow had demonstrated something of his skill and power, did his father consent and give the horse into his care.

No one knew Dick's methods, no

C. STODDARD.

discussed more or less in the camp, and then practically dismissed. Such a feat was out of the rivermen's line of work. "Nothing but breakin' a horse, anyway," Velvet Joe said, and most of the men considered it an achievement not even worth mentioning in comparison with the deeds of Tom Patengill, the young jam-breaker. The winter of 1884-5 was one long to be remembered by the men of the two lumber camps. In the latter part of the winter one of the great blizzards peculiar to the Northwest had swept suddenly down over the woods, de-

peculiar to the Northwest and swept suddenly down over the woods, de-positing over the whole region a tre-mendou's burden of snow. This had been quickly followed by thawing weather and heavy and persistent

rains.

Unparalleled floods followed. Toward the end of the third day the river had risen to a point never reached before within the memory of any of the men, and was still rising. Traditions of the region, perhaps hardly half-believed hitherto, were more than verified. Work was impossible, and one after another all the men of Camp Seven strolled down uneasily to Pinerift camp to see if the two great bridges that spanned the river a short distance below it would be able to withstand the unprecedented flood. The bridges, one a wagon bridge and the other, a few rods below, the railroad bridge, had been well built, and as yet stood firm. But the water was now perilously high.

Soon all the men were down by the riverbank to watch the flood—all except Dick Turner. That queer horror of the water had caught like an iron hand at his chest and throat, and from the door of the main shanty of the camp he silently watched the bridges. Suddenly a great shout went up from the men. A monster pine, undermined and uproorded at last from the place that had nourlshed it for nearly a century, was rushing swiftly down toward the bridges. It missed the abutment, but a portion of the great clump of roots tossed up by the heaving water caught the wood-work. Unparalleled floods followed.

There was a single sharp crack, and

There was a single sharp crack, and the tree shot on, leaving a gap in the bridge fully twenty feet wide.

And then the rushing glant of destruction struck one of the abutments of the railroad bridge below. The shock was too much for the overtaxed structure, which had stood so well. Even as the pler gave way the central span came down, to be swept off like broken egg-shells on the flood.

The men stood in silent amazement at the sight. Only a few seconds had been required to complete the double

at the sight. Only a few seconds had been required to complete the double wreck. Suddenly some one shouted:
"The train! Number 17 is due in five minutes!"

five minutes!"
It was true, and on the farther side was no living soul to give warning.
The excited men rushed out upon the broken wagon bridge, only to start back from the yawning rent, below which the muddy waters roared. There they stood, helplessly watching the sharp curve in the railroad track, round which in so short a time the train would come sweeping to destruction.

train would come sweeping to destruction.

A shout arose behind them, and there came like the wind a horse, black as night, bearing on his back a rider with white face but steady, unfaltering eyes. All knew Turner's Dick and the terrible stallion.

The men shrank back; and then, with a mighty thunder of hoofs, the ugly, halw-wild creature dashed upon the bridge. Angry at sight of the men, with ears laid back and with wicked-looking eyes, he yet obeyed the voice and hand of his dauntless rider, who now gave a quick, peculiar call and leaned forward in his seat.

There was a breathless rush as the flery creature made instant response. Straight at the fearful gap they flashed. There was a quick uplifting on the bits, another sharp call, and then the astounded lumbermen saw the great black bulk rise in the air and shoot out over the flood. And the horse had landed fairly upon the broken planks of the farther side!

A shout went up, a shout that horror checked, for the treacherous plank gave way, and down upon breast and knees came the gallant horse, down and slipping backward toward the swift water.

But the horse had a determined spirit. Again came the sharp com-

low the road, he scrambled up the in-cline to the track, and a moment later disappeared, still at a gallop, around the curve.

the curve.

Benson, the engineer, was scanning the track closely as the train swung down the grade toward the curve that hid Sinking River bridge, when he was startled to see through the gathering mist a horseman galloping up the track straight toward the train, and gesticulating wildly. In an instant the whistle bellowed out its hoarse call for brakes.

the whistle bellowed out its hourse call for brakes.

And then the watching lumbermen saw Number 17 swing round the curve with engine reversed and brakes set, still sliding forward on the wet and slippery rails, but stopping at last twenty-five feet from the ruined bridge.

twenty-five feet from the ruined bridge.

The fireman and presently a number of men jumped down from the train and ran forward. They looked at the twisted, broken rails that reached out over the tunuit of waters below, and the broken wagon bridge above, with its crowd of watehing lumbermen.

The fireman, remembering the warning horseman, turned and explained, and a group of men instantly started back up the track.

Directly they found him whom they sought, a young fellow standing by the road bed in his shirt sleeves, unmindful of the rain into which the heavy mist had thickened. He was bandaging with narrow strips that he had cut from his coat an all but fatal wound in the neck of the big stallion, whose proud head drooped by his shoulder.

It was a number of days later, and

shoulder.

It was a number of days later, and the men of Pineriti lumber camp were at dinner, when Dick Turner once more went up the path that led past the main shanty. He walked slowly and with a limp, for his leg had been badly bruised during the scramble on the bridge. Over his arm was the bridle of the black horse, which also walked with an unsteady, shuffling gait—a gait that would, however, soon regain its former ease and vigor.

The young fellow cast a half-apprehensive look at the camp as he went by, and wondered if he were to undergo more of the old treatment. He turned off at the little path that led to the rude shed in which Ugly Mack was used to being isolated, but stopped presently in quick surprise. A clean, new stable stood in the place of the shed, and above its door were the words, "Ugly Mack."

With a quick thrill of appreciation, young Turner led the horse into the handsome stall and fed him sparingly from a generous supply of corn thrown up in one corner of the building.

Coming out presently, he was surprised to find all the Pinerift men awaiting him. He tried to thank them, but Velvet Joe cut him short.

"We're glad if you like the hut, young feller," he said, "and if fill do you any good to know it, I'll tell you now that there ain't a man on this job but what'll give his last dime—yes, and the last coat off his back if necessary—to buy corn for that ugly critter in yonder. And as for you, young chap," the voice of the big fellow softened, "why—well, this crowd is goin' to give a kind of a salute and a cheer for the brawest chap that every struck Sinking River."

And by way of "salute" the big lumbermen caught the young fellow up, and on brawny arms and shoulders carried him in triumph back to camp. Big Joe swung his hat, and the men sent out a cheer that echoed far up and down the river.

Camp Seven caught the young fellow up, and on brawny arms and shoulders carried him in triumph back to camp. Big Joe swung his hat, and the men sent out a cheer that echoed far up and down the river.

C

Veneered Diamonds.

Every one is aware that when real diamonds are cut a quantity of fine dust is given off which is apparently But lapidaries collect th who were something the same and sell them to the makers of artificial gems at \$20 per pound, who purify them with acid that destroys everything but the pure diamond dust. This is mixed with another acid and placed under enormous pressure, which re-sults in sheets of diamond dust as

thin as paper being given off.

The faces of the sham stone are The faces of the sham stone are then covered with transparent cement and a layer of dlamond paper laid upon them. When dry the false jewels, venecred with the real dust, are so similar to the genuine stones that they are often set in pure gold, but no one but an expert can detect the difference and then only with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. This is, of course, the most expensive artificial gem made, inasmuch as one that has been properly venecred cannot be purchased for less than \$2.50.

Straight at the fearful gap they dashed. There was a quick upilifing on the bits, another sharp call, and then the astounded lumbernen saw the great black bulk rise in the air and shoot out over the flood. And the horse had landed fairly upon the broken planks of the farther side!

A shout went up, a shout that horror checked, for the treacherous plank gave way, and down upon breast and knees came the gallant horse, down and slipping backward toward the swift water.

But the horse had a determined spirit. Again came the sharp command, and ast if on springs of steel the stallion once more struggled forward, only to go down again upon the treacherous planking. A broken, jagged joist had caught him in the neck, and the men could see the deep, three-cornered cut, from which a small red stream was trickling.

Still unsubdued, the stallion plunged again, and this time reached the firm unbroken floor. Then with a bound he left the bridge, and splashing girthed provided the stallion of the stallion plunged again, and this time reached the firm unbroken floor. Then with a bound he left the bridge, and say suffout for the Caucasian Mountains in 1892, and set out on a tramping expedition with the determination of seeing the people and the countries of the world, having been filled with this desire from reading books of travel. During the nine years he has been in Central Asia, Siberia, Manchuries, Korea, Japan, India, Persia, Turkey and the stream was trickling.

Still unsubdued, the stallion plunged he has gone days without food, and subsequently came over to London. He has yet to visit America, Australla and Africa. In the head of the proper of the world, have the proper of the world was obliged and as stowaway. He has acquired on his journey a fair knowledge of rix languages.—London Chronicle.



The Light-Weight Vacation.

Over the hills and far away
Would I could hie this summer day
With baggage on this lightsome plan—
A Jap umbrella and a fan.

Some paper books—I should not read—A few small coins—I would not need:
All work forgotten—off I'd stray,
Over the hills and far away.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

The He and the She.

"Miss Slimsby's neck looks like ivory, doesn't it?"
"Yes, but it's really nothing but bone."—Brooklyn Life.

A Sad Travesty.

Jaggles—"Do you think he's hon-

Waggles—"Why, man, he's so honest that everybody calls him a crank!"— Puck.

Mrs. Peterby—"My dressmaker's bill was twice as large this year as last." Mrs. Poplin—"I don't see how your husband can afford it?" "He can't. But then he couldn't last year."—Life.

His Sympathy Aroused. net him at the door, all breathless with excitement.
"John," she cried, "baby's cut a

"Poor little fellow," he returned, commiseratingly; "is it a bad cut?"-Chi-cago Post.

The Kind He Wanted

The Kind He Wanted.

"Young man," said the fortune teller, going into a trance, "I can see you, in the near future, with an airship..."

"Make it an heirship to a million, can't you?" eagerly exclaimed Ardup, slipping another half dollar into her hand:—Chicago Tribune.

A Miraculous Survivor.

Hobbs—"Tubbs is the most remarkable man I know."

Dobbs—"In what way?"

Hobbs—"He weighs about 180 pounds, and according to his own account he never eats anything and hasn't had a good night's sleep for thirty years."—Chicago Record- Herald.

A Contrast to Avoid.
"I don't want to see Lydia when
she comes back from that summer
school."

"Why not?"

"Why not?"
"Oh, she will be bursting with knowledge while the rest of us have been sitting around here in the heat forgetting what little we know."—Detroit Free Press.

Ready For the Rush.

They had been drifting about in the open boat seven days, and all were near unto death, when the half-famished sailor in the bow leaped up and cried "A sail! A sail!" "What, a bargain sale?" shrieked the half-dead woman passenger, as she began fumbling for her purse.—Baltimore World.

"So you resolved to say just what you mean! to Miss Winnem," remarked Miss Cayenne.
"Yes," answered Willie Wishington; "I came out bodily and asked her if she would be mine."
"Oh, that isn't what you meant. The real question is, "Can you be hers?"
"Washington Star.

Devious.

Wheeler—"I took that short (?) trip
you recommended. It was thirty
miles."

milles."

Sprockett—"Well?"

Wheeler—"Well, you said it was only fifteen miles as the crow files."

Sprockett—"Ah! Maybe the crows were full of corn the day you went."

-Philadelphia Press.

A Profit in Sight.

"Yes," said the man who prides himself on being exceedingly astute,
"I lent him an umbrella."

"The surprised at you! When his unreliability about umbrellas is one of his chief characteristics!"

"Yes. But I lent it with the understanding that he is to bring me back the one he gets in its place."

A Pessimistic Opinion.

"They say that in order to be happy," said the young woman who reads a great deal, "a man ought to be a fool or a philosopher."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "If a man is a fool be can't get a woman to accept him. And if he is as wise as philosophers are credited with being he won't propose."—Washington Star,

"Young Mr. Dawdles has become very industrious since he decided to go into business. His office hours are from Sa. m. to 6 p. m.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "I understand that he has had to raise his office boy's wages for staying all that time to tell people that Mr. Dawdle had just gone out, but would be in at 11 o'clock next morning."—Washington Star.

Happy Thought.
Aunt Hannah—"What makes you

Aunt Hannah—"What makes you look so sad to-night, Frederlek:"
Frederlek—"Only think of it, Auntie!
I came away from Carrie's to-night without asking if she loved ne."
Aunt Hannah—"But she has told you

Aunt Hannah—"But she has told you she loves you, time and time again."
Frederick—"Oh, yes, and she told me so to-night the first of the evening; but I always ask her when I come away. There's one thing I can do. I'll write her a long lettur before I go to bed."—Boston Transcript.

TO A TORTOISE.

Paludal, glum, with misdirected legs, You hide your history as you do your

You hide your history as you do your And offer us an osseous nut to crack Much harder than the shell upon your back.

No evolutionist has ever guessed Why your cold shoulder is within your chest—
Why you were disconted with a plan The vertebrates accept, from fish to man. For what environment did you provide By pushing your internal frame outside? How came your ribs in this abnormal place?

Inside your rubber neck you hide your And answer not. To science you're a sphinx—

sphinx—
A structural epitome of missing links;
And when decapitated, still you swell
And kick and claw and scramble just as
well well.

But I'll not plague thee. Even here I find
A touch of fellowship that makes me
kind.

kind.
Sometimes a poet who has lost his head
Will keep on scratching when he should
be dead.
-Chauncey Hickox, in New Lippincott.



It takes only one generation to un-make a gentleman.—Life.

make a geptleman.—Life.

"Pa, what is a pre-glacial man?"

"Why, man before he had to pay ice bills, of course."—Detroit Free Press.

"But the gown doesn't fit." insisted the patron. "That," replied the modiste calmly, "is because you are not made right."—Chicago Post.

made right."—Chicago Post.

Wigg—"Scientists claim that all vegetation has gender." Wagg—"Of
course. Even a bed has gender. Didn't
you ever hear of a boycott?"

Intended—"Well, Tommy, has your
mother told you of my good fortune?"
Tommy—"No. She only said she was
going to marry you!"—Punch.

Those who have lets of wayer.

going to marry you?"—Punch.

Those who have lots of money
Are often in trouble about it;
And those who haven't a cent
Are often in trouble without it.
—Chicago News.
Mrs. Goodsale—"To what do you attribute your appetite for strong drink?
Is it hereditary?" Wragson Tatters—
"No, lady; it's thirst."—Philadelphia
Press.

"Young man," exclaimed her father, with emotion, "do you think you can keep her in golf balls at the rate she has been accustomed to losing them?"—Puck. The bookkeeper who had worked

twelve hours a day for thirty years paused to look at the capitity of a canary. "How pathetic!" he exclaimed.—Life.

claimed.—Life.

"I'm thinking of doing a little speculating," said the lamb. "What's the best thing to put your money in?"

"A safe deposit vault," replied the old bird.—Philadelphia Press. "It seems strange to hear you speak so bitterly of him. You used to say you admired him for the enemies he has made." "Yes, but I'm one of them, now."—Philadelphia Press.

them, now."—Philadelphia Press.

With all the wealth at his command,
Alasi he had no family tree.

He bought a dog, then killed it and
Thus swiped the canine's pedigree.

—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Black—"Am Lucy Jackson's
husband able to go to wuck yit?"

Mrs. Johnson—"De docktah say he
am, but he say he am only jes' well
enough to inj'y loafin'."— Brooklyn
Life.

Van Croke-"But, my dear fellow you can't afford to marry a girl like Ruth Richling." Van Broke—"On the contrary, old man, I can't afford to marry any other girl." — Town and Country.

"I am suffering from brain-fag, doctah," said Saphelde. "Fish is good foh that, isn't it?" "Very good," replied the doctor. "Suppose you begin with a medium-sized whale every morning with breakfast."
"Is Mickey in condition."

"Is Mickey in condition?" "He's as fine as silk. Ah, Mickey's a great boy. He's got something up his sleeve that'll asstonish all thim other duffers." "What is it, Mister Doolan?" "It's his arr-rm."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Visitor—"So you weigh 700 pounds?
Doesn't it annoy you to have people comment on your size?" Fat Man—
"Oh, no! If I wasn't worried to death with fool questions maybe I'd weigh 1000 pounds."—Chicago Record-Herald.

aid.
"He speaks of making headway in the 'teeth of the gale,'' remarked the editor. "False!" said the yachting correspondent, who knew there had not been even a ripple. "Ah, then I will put it the 'false teeth of the gale,'"—Philadelphia Record.

"It is said to said.

"It is sad to see this mercenary spirit so flagrantly manifested in polities," said the earnest citizen. "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have fought against it all I could, but it's no use. I can't get people to vote my way without payin' 'em."—Washington Star.

ton Star.

"I'm ready," shouted the speaker,
"to meet calmly any emergency that
may arise." At this moment the platform collapsed, and the speaker exhibited great perturbation. "How about
that one?" they asked him later.
"That one dld not arise." he replied,
mournfully.—Tit-Bits.

46,000 City Employes.

The list of New York City employes during the first six months of 1901 was printed in the New York City Record on Wednesday last. Four hundred and nine pages are taken up with the closely printed lists. The total number of municipal employes is about 46,000, and of these nearly one-half are in the Police, Fire and Education Departments. The list of teachers and other employes of the schools takes up 131 pages of the list.

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