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According to the Pennsylvania Bu reau of Railways, the street railre in the Keystone State carried during the fiscal year ending June 30th 580,654,629 passengers, and only one person was killed for every 3,600,000 persons carried. Of the 111 killed during the year 14 were employes of

The people of French Indo-China are physically so weak that scientists have been looking for the cause in the various conditions of climate, diet, etc. The conclusion is that the absence of phosphates in the rice diet is responsible for the physical weak-ness, so the French governor-general Las ordered a cargo of phosphate to be introduced into the Indo-Chinese

In the forward sten that to marking the advancement of womankind in many countries today, Chinese women are seeking the emancipation which means, first of all, the liberation of their feet. This important news comes from Madam Wu Ting-fang, who reto the chiral feet are no longer in fashion," she says. "When I went to China, I found that the rigid binding and forcing back of the growth of the feet by my countrywomen is being rapidly abandoned. China has begun to recognize the custom as barba rous." As there are about 200,000, 000 women in China, whose feet will, in course of time, be enlarged by this innovation, it may be well to call attention to a prospective new outlet for western hides.—States Success.

PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

ne Stories of the Present Archbishop

of Canterbury.

Many are the stories of the courage and wit shown by the present archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, in combating the attacks of the extreme high churchers. high churchmen which followed the publication of his "Essays and Re-views." When he was nominated as views." When he was nominated as bishop of Exeter, a writer in one of the Devon papers gave expression to the view that "the Tories disliked Dr. Temple's politics, and pretended that it was his religion they objected to." Mr. Gladstone and the queen were unmoved. Protests against the consecration were sent in by the bishops of Gloucester, Hereford, Lichfield and Lincoln. When the ceremony had been duly performed, in spite of the vehement opposition of high churchmen and Tories in all parts of the country, one church newspaper said in an ediand Tories in all parts of the country, one church newspaper said in an editorial jeremiad: "And so, on that darkest day in the whole year, was perpetrated the darkest crime ever committed in the English church!" Such a sentence as this shows to what a height the animosity had run. Dr. Benson, the most intimate of all Temple's friends, thus described his bearing during that memorable incident in Westminster Abbey: "Dear Temple's face was white as ashes, and his jethack hair and whiskers and the white and black of his robes made him look in his stillness a sad plight for a friend's eye to rest upon. His healthy bronze was quite gone, but he looked a true man." Dr. Temple's temperance agitation exposed him to criticism a true man." Dr. Temple's temperance agitation exposed him to criticism from another source. He enjoys telling this story: In the west of England he one afternoon spoke at an agricultural society's meeting—a kind of occasion at which he was eminently at home from his knowledge of farming. But he could not miss the opportunity of giving some temperance hints and advice. He remarked, with his accustomed grim humor, that "he himself had never been drunk in his life." On his way home he heard the boys in the street with the papers shouting "Remarkable statement of the ing "Remarkable statement of the bishop of Exeter." The headline was bishop of Exeter." The headline was certainly a startling one. The bishop with some curlosity opened the paper to see what he had said, and found his phrase used as a special heading: "Never been drunk in his life!"—Wil-tlam Durban in London Outlook.

It is estimated that there are at resent about 300,000 domestic ostrichpresent about 300,00 es in South Africa.

LIFE'S LOOM.

Weaving, weaving, weaving, Time is the warp, and throbbing, life's loom goes; Time is the warp,
Pulsing and throbbing, life's loom goes;
Spinning, spinning, spinning,
Man's deeds the woof,
Quickly and busily the shuttle he throws.

The little child takes up the task, His tiny hands uncertain act,
As merrily he heedless spins.

The youth, with pride and confidence, Loud vaunts the deeds he will achieve. The future big with great events,
In blazing light his name will weave.

Hard pressed, beset, the man toils on, Speed by the days, the months, the years Aghast and desperate he stands, So small his greatest work appears.

With palsied hand, old age has come, Slow goes the loom — Fate cuts the Slow goes the loom — Fate cuts thread;
Wide yawns the grave; the web is spun,
A shroud is woven for the dead.

Tis thus through life; man spins weaves, Until of time and deeds complete This mystic cobe, his very self, Becomes for him his winding-sheet.

Weaving, weaving, weaving,
Time is the warp,
Pulsing and throbbing, life's loom goes;
Spinning, spinning, spinning,
Man's deeds the woof,
Ever and ever the shuttle he throws.

—Harper's Weekly.

POTENTIAL PROPERTY OF THE PROP "Smiler" Hart's Watch

OHN HART, or "Smiler," as the the men called him, for his mirth-loving nature, stood in the doorway of the engine-room ounging easily against the frame set in the heavy brick walls and surveying

the scene about the iron mine.

It was a maze of tracks, ore trestle coal sheds, slag dumps and ash dumps Acres of stacked pig iron filled one co ner of the scene, with a Bessemer stee plant spouting flame and smoke to the right and a billet and iron mill neares Filling the greater part

on the left. Filling the greater part
of the foreground were huge furnaces,
with stacks carrying off the heat in
long trailing blue clouds.
Behind Smiler were three vertical
blowing engines, which ran continulowing engines, which ran continuously all the year to make the blast. They "chuged" and farred, and gave long, wailing gasps and shrieks for air. They were gigantic, old-fashioned walking beam engines, with the steam cylinder at one end of the beam, and the air cylinder on the other, each vertical and twelve feet in length. Smiler, a mere boy in appearance—he was little more than five feet tall—knew every part of the engines, from the thirty foot fly wheel to the smallest lever on the poppet valve gear. Amid the noise he could infallibly detect anything gone wrong by the unaccustomed sounds.

As Smiler stood resting his eves from

thing gone wrong by the unaccustomed sounds.

As Smiler stood resting his eyes from watching the dizxying, revolving spokes, a piece of coal struck the ground in front of him. He stepped to the edge of the doorway and saw a man standing on one of the coal trestles and gesticulating. When he had caught Smiler's attention he held up one finger, which, amid the din and uproar, signified "What time is it?"

Smiler gravely took out his watch, looked at it, put it back into its pocket and then signaled back, "Half past three." This reminded him that it was time to oil up, and he re-entered the engine room. Every inlet valve was "f-f-f-ing" for air, and the air was wailing through the outlet valve on its way to the leader pipe.

Smiler, taking an oil can, began the rounds, when an unsual noise caught his attention. There was a snap—then a crash. At the crash he sprang forward to the throttle valve on No. I enghe, and before she had turned over to make another complete stroke he bad stopped her.

had stopped her. He thought he knew what had hap-He thought he knew what had happened, and before investigating he put the other two engines to their maximum speed that the air pressure might be maintained if possible. To keep the air pressure or blast steadily on the furnaces was the most important work the engines had to do.

Smiler then seized a lamp and a wrench and ran through the arch into the compressor room, where the three air cylinders stool in a row fifteen feet apart. Then he looked down at the cylinder attached to the motionless engine.

It was as he had supposed. The voke

It was as he had supposed. The yoke holding the manhole plate and gasket in position had broken, and the whole arrangement had dropped into the cylinder. Smiler sprang to the walking beam, sild down the connecting rod to the cylinder head, standing there a moment on the immense casting, which was five feet in diameter.

Without a thought of danger he squatted down, stuck his feet through the small oblong opening and wrigsled through to his shoulders. Holding up his arms, with the wrench and lamp in his hands, he reached out with his toes pad touched the air piston. The engine being at less than mid-stroke this was a third of the way up in the cylinger.

"O Smiler! Smiler!" Then he went to the throttle valve and took up the start-

ing bar. Meanwhile Smiler gathered up the Meanwhile Smiler gathered up the broken yoke and reached up to lay it on top of the head, shoving his hand through the narrow opening. The plate was a heavier piece, and he shouldered it first. It was a severe strain in the close, hot cylinder to push it up through at arm's length. As he laid it beside the broken yoke he felt the piston beneath his feet move.

For an instant his heart stopped beating.

enting.
The piston went down slowly, with The piston went down slowly, with a hesitating motion. It would go down about four feet more, if the engine had been started, and then rush up twelve feet and flatten him against the iron head! This he realized. But when the piston had moved down two feet it stopped. The manhole by which he had entered was now almost five feet above his head. He gave a hoarse cry of terror, but it only reverberated in his ears. Above the jar, pound and scream of the other engines he could

hardly hope to make himself heard.

He felt the jerk of the engine on the piston beneath his feet as Dennison tried to start it. Luckily the furnace man was not an adept at this work. Who could be meddling with the en-Smiler wondered. attract the man's attention he thr the wrench out of the manhole. It disappeared. The piston continued to descend. Smiler, in an agony of ap-prehension, cast the lamp after the

Meanwhile the polished hot walls radiated heat and the piston burned his feet. If he could only jump and catch the manhole! But in the narrow space was unable to spring more than a inches. Taking off his jumper he tried to throw it through, but it fell ack on him. The piston was jarring harder. Smi-

back on him.

The piston was jarring harder. Smiler knew that the bungler was making desperate efforts to start the engine, and had opened the valve wider.

Then Smiler threw his keys, his snife and his hat through the hole. At last out flew his beloved watch. It sailed in a high curve and disappeared. Outside something fell on the stone floor near Dennison and broke with a crash. He looked down. A watch! Smiler's watch! Dennison looked round for the young fellow, and saw the other things—Smiler's keys, knife, lamp, hat and wrench. But where was Smiler? Dennison, deciding that something was wrong, shut off the steam.

Then, running up the steps which Smiler had ascended but a few minutes before he looked and called for the young engineer. Seeing the open manhole he went to the top of the head.

"Smiler" he called, bending over the

niler." he called, bending over th

"Smiler," he called, bending over the hollow, echoing cylinder.
"Yes, I'm in here!" Smiler answered.
Dennison lying out at full length on the head reached down his hand and Smiler grasped it. As Dennison slow-ly rose to his knees with his burden Smiler ascended inside until he was able to grasp the edge of the head, and with the furnaceman's assistance he emerged, streaming with perspiration, and so weak with fright that he could hardly stand.
"Close call, young fellow!" Dennison observed, grimly,
"Close enough," Smiler returned.
"Help me get this manhole head in position so I can start up. If you had known how you'd have had me flattened out long ago."—Youth's Companion.

Modest Fees.

Modest Fees.

Lawyers do not usually get the small end of a bargain with their clients, but the Green Bag recalls two incidents were the clients had rather the best of it.

Sir Walter Scott's first client was a burglar. He got the fellow off, but the man declared he hadn't a penny to give him for his services. Two bits of useful information he offered, however, and with these the young lawyer had to be content. The first was that a yelping terrier inside the house was a better protection against theves than a big dog outside; and the second, that no sort of lock bothered his craft so much as an old, rusty one.

Small compression as this was the

Small compensation as this was, the first brief of the noted French lawyer, Monsieur Rouher, yielded still less. The peasant for whom Monsieur Rouon the case asked how much he

owed him.
"Oh, say two francs," said the modest
young advocate.
"Two francs!" exclaimed the peasant.

"Two francs," exclaimed the peasant, "That is very high. Won't you let me off with a franc and a half,"
"No," said the counsel; "two francs or nothing,"
"Well, then," said his client, "I'd rather pay nothing."

And with a bow he left,

Lamp Boys of London.

Owing to the new acetylene lamps, which appear to-day for the first time on 1200 omnibuses, says the Westmins characters familiar to Londoners are lost from view. There are the agile lamp boys posted at various points was a third of the way up in the cylinger.

Jer.

Drawing his arms through he rouched down and so gained the interior of the cylinder. It was like an evan. The gleanning, polished walls reflected his light. He could not touch any part; it was all too hot, and he moved his lamp around over the top of the piston, looking for the broken yoke and plate.

A moment after Smiler had dropped sut of sight. Dennison, the boss furnaceman, entered the engine room extitedly. He had missed the familiar beat of one machine, and feared a diminution of the blast.

"Smiler!" he shouted, looking round.

CROWNING GEORGE III

DESCRIPTION OF HIS CORONATION

Picturesque Incidents of the Ceremony-The Ancinting of the King-Gorgeou Banquet-King Edward's Coronatio Will Be a Similar Function.

"As the friendship of Mr. Rolles, wh

had procured me a pass-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be present both in the hall and the abbey, and as I had a fine view of the procession out of doors from a one-pair-of-stairs-room which your neighbor, Sir Edward, had hired at the small price of 100 guin-eas, on purpose to oblige his acquaint-ance, I will endeavor to give you as minute an account as I can of all the particulars omitted in the public papers."

So wrote Mr. James Heming to friend in the country ages ago. His letter is dated Tuesday, September 22 letter is dated Tuesday, September 22, 1761, the day on which George III. was solemnly crowned. Mr. Heming faithfully guarding his precious pass-ticket which gave him the right to row where he chose, was afoot overnight. The fronts of the houses in all the streets that could command the least point of view were lined with senfolding. We so, many galleties or boyes. ing, like so many galleries or boxes raised one above another to the very raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with car pets and cloths of different colors, and filled quite early in the day with richly dressed spectators, the mob underneath making "a pretty contrast" to the rest

Elied quite early in the day with richly dressed spectators, the mob underneath making "a pretty contrast" to the rest of the company.

Of course, there were plenty of foot soldiers on the ground. Mr. Heming relates how surprised he was to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm in arm with many of the privates. This surprise lasted until "we were let into the secret that they were gentlemen, who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mentlon."

Mr. Heming has a tender heart. "It gave me pain," he confesses, "to see the soldiers, both horse and foot, obliged most unmercifully to belabor the heads of the mob with their broadswords, bayonets and muskets, but it was not unpleasant to observe several tipping the horse soldiers slyly from time to time (some with halfpence and some with silver, as they could muster up the cash) to let them pass between the horses to get near the platform, after which these unconscionable gentry drove them back again."

Still he himself is not above having recourse to "the freesistible argument of half a crown." One of the guards accordingly pliots him to the hall gate, where he got admittance just as their Majesties were seated at the upper end under magnificent canoples.

The procession began to quit Westminster Hall between 11 and 12. He seems a veritable "familiar" does this Mr. Heming in his power to dart hither and thither. Being willing to see the royal procession pass along the platform through the streets from Westminster Hall to the west door of the abbey, he hastens from the hall, and "by the assistance of a soldier," gets back to his former station at the corner of Bridge street, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning.

corner of Bridge street, where the win dows commanded a double view at the

He has not, however, the words to express "that innate joy and satisfaction which the spectators feit and expressed, especially as their Majesties passed by; on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was sensibly impressed." The young sovereign had only been married to the good Queen Caroline in the previous July. It was noticed that as their Majesties and the nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster Bridge they stopped short and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their has off, and were thickly planted on the ground, which rose gradually, Mr. Heming compares to nothing but a prevenent of heads and faces. He has not, however, the words to

rose gradually, Mr. Heming compares to nothing but a perement of heads and faces.

Mr. Heming next turns up in the Abbey, but it is not to be wondered at that he did not get there in time to have so distinct a view as he could have wished. Still he saw a good deal, and "our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility." Harry Whitaker consequently supplements the narrative at this interesting point.

The coronation sermon lasted only fifteen minutes. The king was anointed on the crown of his head, his breast and the palms of his head, his breast and the palms of his hands. At the very instant the crown was placed on the king's head a fellow having been placed on the top of the abbey dome, whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropped as a signal, the park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echeed with

er guns began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamation of the people, which, on account of the awful silence that had hitherto reigned, had a very striking effect. The reverent attention which both The reverent attention which both their Majesties paid when (after mak ceremony was their receiving the holy communion, brought to the mind of every one near them a proper recollec-tion of the consecrated place in which they were.
Alas! that there should have been a

Alast that there, should have been a reverse to this benignant picture. According "to what Harry observed," there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonles in the Abbey as plainly showed all the actors were normally as possible to the spectators by the late resturn of the procession. In the open air the crowd had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who

had sat patiently in Westminster Hall, and sat patienty in Westminster Hail, waiting its return for six hours (Mr. Heming pretends that he was one of these patient creatures) scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches western on lighted till just upon His Majesty's entrance. "The whole was confusion, irregularity and disorder." Mr. Heming's description of the coro-

Mr. Heming's description of the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall merits the epithet "gorgeous." Their Majesties' table was served with three courses, at the first of which Earl Taloot, as steward of His Majesty's house-ball rode, up from the hall gate to rode up from the hall gate to he steps leading to where their Majes ies sat, and on his returning the spec tators were presented with an unex-pected sight in his lordship's backing his horse that he might keep his face still toward the king. A loud clapping and huzzaing consequently ensued After that the king's champion, Mr Dymoke, came clattering up the hall mounted on a fine white horse, "the same his late Majesty rode at the bat-tle of Dettingen," and completely armed, in one of His Majesty's best

armed, in one of His Majesty's best suits of white armor.

It only remains to add that "our friend Harry," whom we have me before, "got brimful of His Majesty's claret," and in the universal plunder brought off the glass Her Majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaufet as a valuable curiosity." What an acquisition "our friend Harry" would be to any coronation party next June!—London Daily Mail. June!-London Daily Mail.

would be to any coronation party next June!—London Daily Mail.

His Own Executioner.

Many instances have been cited in proof of the argument that it pays to be polite, but few are more striking than the experience of an Italian telegrapher at the hands of Calimberti, the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, as reported in a letter from Rome.

The Minister was at Genoa, and desiring to send a dispatch of great importance, he went to the telegraph office and approached the wicket.

No one was there. He knocked-profound silence. He repeated his efforts, and only after a third trial a clerk appeared, who addressed him in language that was anything but complimentary. He had evidently been awakened from his afternoon nap.

The Minister listened to his grumbling, and then said pleasantly:

"Excuse me, but what may you name be?"

"Are you a clerk or telegrapher?"

"Telegrapher."

Calimberti wrote out a telegraphe message and said:

"Will you be so kind as to send this for me?"

The Ministry of

"Will you be so kind as to send this for me?"
The telegram read: "Ministry of Posts, Rome: The telegrapher, X. X., is transferred to Sicily.—Callimberti."
As Sicily is the hospital for all public functionaries who are in disgrace or in the way, and as one seldom escapes from it, the clerk's feelings may be easily imagined.

House Cleaning by Air.

The first stationary compressed air cleaning apparatus to be placed in a hotel in the United States, if not in the world, was put in operation in Milwaukee recently. The compressor is located in the basement, and from it pipes lead to every floor of the building, with places thereon for attaching the hose, and hereafter the carpots and furniture and draperies of the hytel will be kept clean and sweet by means of this new device. It is an automatic piece of mechanism, and when in use the air pressure is kept at eighty pounds to the square inch. It is operated by electricity, and when the limit of pressure is reached the electrical current is cut off; but as soon as started up the connection is renewed and the pressure maintained. By this means the air current is sent through the carpets, furniture and bedding, cleaning cut all dirt and rendering them sweet and clean.—Milwaukee Sentinel. lean.-Milwaukee Sentinel.

clean.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Out of Sight.

"Yes, I have a pretty big mouth, for a fact," admitted the candid man, "but I have learned to keep it shut, and that counts for something when you take your levels. I received a lesson when I was a small boy that I have never forgotten. I was born and brought up on a farm, and I had the country boy habit of going around with my mouth wide open, especially if there was anything unusual going on. One day an uncle, whom I had not seen for years, paid us a visit.

"Hullo, uncle," said I, looking up at him with my mouth opened like a barn door.

at him with my mouth opened like a barn door.

"He looked at me for a moment without answering, and then said:

"Close your mouth, sonny, so I can see who you are."

"I took the lesson to my beart and resolved that from that day I would not allow my mouth to conceal my identity."—Detroit Free Press.

Coldest Spot on Earth.

The coldest spot on earth where human beings exist is a little town in the valley of the Lena, in Siberia, called Werchajansk. Hundreds of people in that region have lived to a ripe old age, and yet the thermometer in that even the second spot of the second sp hat town has been known to descend to the cavernous figure of 98.4 degrees below zero. The average temperature in Werchajansk during the winter months is 74.8 degrees below zero. The Werchajansk soil is frozen permanent ly to a depth of 380 feet, and yet, dur ing the month of July the temperature of Wechajansk is on the average six ty-nine degrees above zero, the same as that of Paris,

A neat little brush is attached to the tail of the glow worm, and it is used to keep clean that part of the in-sect from which the light gleams, so



"Do stop your complaining," said the owl.
"In croating I beg that you pause."
"Your pardon I beg," said the crow;
"I never complain without caws."
—New York Herald.

—New York Herald.

A Failure.

Willie—"Ma, Johnnie swallowed the whistle that was in baby's doll, and now it won't work."—New York Journal.

Grandfather's.
"Do all old people have rheumatism,

grandpa?"
"No, dear; rheumatism has all old people."—Indianapolis News.

Mutually Attractive.
She (to herself)—"I like him, he's so

He (to himself)—"I like her; she is a charming little fool."—New York Weekly.

"There's one thing about Mrs. De Sneere, she never slanders her friends."
"No, she hasn't any."—San Francisco Bulletin.

'Their Supply of Family Javs.

Mrs. Muggins—"Have the Backbites much bric-a-brac?"

Mrs. Buggins—"I understand they have a good many family jars."—Philadelphia Record.

Not Worth Mentioning.
Acquaintance (at Monte Carlo)—
"What luck did you have yesterday?"
American Croesus—"Oh, I won a
hundred thousand or lost a hundred
thousand—"ve forgotten which."—Chigago Tribune.

Distinctly Original.
Clara—"But were the places described in Tom's book at all like the scribed in Tom's book at all like the real places, and did the men and wom-en act and talk like real women?" Edith—"Mercy, no. The book is dis-tinctly original. That is the charm of it, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Experience That Fails.

"A burned child dreads the fire, you know. Colonel," said the fair and sprightly grass widow.

"Yes," the old warrior answered, "but I notice that most people who get divorces want to rush right off and marry somebody eise."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The great writer of military songs was looking for inspiration.

"And did you say that six of your sons wore the blue?" he interrogated, as he haited at the door of a shanty.

"Were they cavalry or infantry?"

"Nayther, sor," responded the proud mother. "They wor polacemin."—Chicago News.

Starting Presumption.

The dentist had occupied about two hours in filling a cavity in the trust magnate's front tooth.

"What is the bill?" asked the mag-

"What is the bill?" asked the hug-nate after the job was over.
"Twenty dollars."
"Great Croesus! Are you trying to see if you can make as much money in two hours as I do?"—Chicago Tribune.

Composite.

Dashaway—"Quilldriver seems to be a fellow of extremes—one who writes awful slush and sublime prose, and who is at the same time an idiot and a genius?"
Cleverton—"Where did you get such an idea?"
Dashaway—"I've just been reading the reviews of his latest book."—Harper's Bazar.

Knowledge.
Once upon a time there lived a man who had no thirst for knowledge.
When his friends met him and asked:
"Do you want to know what will knock that cold?"
The man replied:
"Oh, no!"
Of course, this speedily lost him all his friends, and his state at last was pitiful, indeed.—Puck.

entirely every seven years?"

Tallor—"What has that got to do with it?"

Graphier—"Well, don't you see I'm not the same person who contracted that bill?"—Catholic Standard and

Johnny's Proverb.

"Now, Johnny, say your proverb,"
sweetly asked the schoolmistress.

"Please ma'am, I forget," lisped

Johnny.
"I will refresh your memory: 'People who live in glass houses—' Now, finish it." inish it."
"People who live in glass houses must pull down the blinds."

Johnny took the first prize,—Illus-

His Status. "It is a misrepresentation," said Sen-ator Sorghum, "to say that I care for nothing but money.

aothing but money."
"But—"
"I know what you are about to observe. I have made its accumulation more or less of a study. But so long as the other people set such a store by it, it behooves a man who is ambitious to get his hands on as much of it as possible, so that he can trade it off for votes, and thereby reach a position where he can give his country the benefit of his genius."—Washington Star.