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FRIDAY NOVEMBER 15, 1889.

OF INTEREST TO OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There is yet in the hands of some authorities to whom it was entrusted considerable money that was contributed for the relief of the sufferers of the Conemaugh Valley. The persons in charge of these funds, amounting in all cases to many thousands of dollars, are dissatisfied with the mode of distributing the relief, and have already expressed their intention of diverting the money from the purpose for which it was raised and appropriating it to some other philanthropic purpose.

The President says he was actuated by no improper motives in so hastily admitting Montana. But come people wonder why he admitted the State before the election disputes, that had begun in the Territorial Courts, were finally settled. The authorities had given no evidence of not being able to manage the affair.

When the administration took up Mahe in Virginia, it made an egregious blunder. The people had been waiting to get a stroke at the brigadier, and how well they struck, too, when the opportunity came.

In Ohio it is believed that Furaker is the only Republican candidate on the ticket, who was defeated. The official count is not yet completed.

Five thousand people viewed the remains of State Treasurer Hart, yesterday, as they lay in state in the Capitol at Harrisburg.

Now that several of our citizens have replaced the sidewalks in front of their properties, let many others follow.

CONSOLIDATION seems to be the order of the day. People are suggesting the union of Pittsburgh and Allegheny.

LAST year Pennsylvania polled 977,700 votes; this year only 604,500 votes were cast.

RATHER ROUGH. Two well-known local physicians were out on the other day, examining a proposed site for the new hospital. Continuing their investigation to quite a distance from the site they encountered one of the natives, "to the manner born."

ST. MARK'S BELL. The bell belonging to St. Mark's Episcopal Church has been put on an elevation in the rear of the temporary church on Locust street. It was rung on Sunday for the first time since the flood. It is the only thing the people of St. Mark's have of their former fine church, and of course they prize it highly. It was found in Kernville after the flood.

Congressmen. This of course did not suit Republican methods, hence the gerrymander of four years ago. One result of the election of a Democratic Legislature in Ohio will be the recovery of the stolen Congressmen.

A TERRIBLE tragedy was enacted in Lexington, Kentucky, Friday. Col. William Cassius Goddard, Collector of the Seventh district, stabbed and killed his predecessor, Col. A. M. Swope, and was himself fatally shot. These men were Republican Colonels, and conspicuous in Kentucky as well as National politics.

The usual post-election talk is now going on the rounds. What caused it? Who's to blame? and questions of a like import are favorite topics with both parties. And Mr. Benjamin Harrison, the White House occupant, is reported to be anxious to know what caused the political upheaval. He is even said to be worried and vexed about the course things took.

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THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

As from the outward world you pass— Just where the forest skirts the plain— A open book lies on the grass. And there for years untouched has lain.

The leaves are yellow now with age, But one may read in letters free, As the wind turns the ragged page. The blotted name—Philosophy

Then, long he strove to enter there; But guardian spirits in array Prevented him, until despair And made him turn the book away

Had then, when he at length had cast The stern Philosophy aside, Love bids him enter, hold him fast As conqueror of Self and Pride

And now in dim, enchanted nooks, Ruled by a Love that never fails, Ze seeks no sympathy of books— Love whispers to him fairy tales

Outside, swept by the wind and rain, Philosophy, moaned for, lies; It cannot enter Love's domain; It was not meant for Paradise. —Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Weekly.

A Sensational Letter. An amusing hoax appears to have been perpetrated upon the foreign press in the shape of a letter alleged to have been written by the present czar prior to his ascension to the throne, to the famous editor and panslavia leader, Aksakoff, whose widow died a few weeks ago.

Shot Off His Companion's Gun Barrel. I was hunting quail near Reidsville, N. C., six years ago, with S. S. Harris and James Play, of that town. Harris and myself were walking side by side, when two birds were flushed at the same time.

An Autumn Rhyme. The leaves are in a withered whiff; How quick the seasons pass! We leave with sighs the summer girl, And woo the winter lass

Two Standpoints. Bessie—My foot slipped yesterday and I got it wet in the lake. Charlie came and pulled me out. It was so fortunate the water wasn't over my shoe

The Pessimist. THE BEST DEFINITION YET GIVEN. I would not be a beauty too If all the world were given me. I would not be a bear or bull If down on Wall street I'd pull.

Getting at His Views. Jack—How is it, Algy—do you like married life as well as you do club life? Algy—Yes, about the same.

Disenchantment. While we were in admiration Of each other's certain nose, And our only source of pride, Forth these words from our pass.

Occultism in Boston. Ethel of years old—I have secured mamma's permission to come over and spend the afternoon with you

Pleasant for Both. Ed—I love you, Allie. Allie—How pleased Charlie will be to know that we were married this morning.—Epoch.

The Press. What time the printer falls in love, He sure can do no less Than show his chosen lass how great The power of the press —Judge.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Hobson's Choice. Always said, Yit you see When I wed, My wife she Gyril ud hev to be, Has a sailor skin; Highly sweet, Hair an' sich, Figger neat, Black ez pitch, Ez you'd ask to see, Eyes 'th midnight in!

Of Course. Man (to friend)—See that fellow standing there listening to that hand organ. He must have never heard one before

Anglo-Mania. The Prince of Wales may well and dare To some eccentric garment wear. A garment which of business snacks, But which the Anglo-manues Adopt with most complacent air

Absolute Rest. City Editor (to reporter)—Billings, you are overworked. Billings—I fear so, sir. City Editor—You need absolute rest, Billings, and must have it. Go out and report the donations made to the world's fair committee.—Arkansas Traveler

Why He Stayed at Home. First New York Anglo-manias—What's up, Dick? I haven't seen you at the club for two days. Second Anglo-manias—Haven't you heard? Way, they've been expecting another riot in London and I didn't dare to go out for fear I'd get hurt.—Judge

Explained. "I see the French people call a chestnut a 'poisson,'" said Squibbsly, the funny man. "I don't see the connection, really, because a rosignol is a nightingale."

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SIMULATING DISEASE.

STRANGE CASES MET WITH BY PHYSICIANS AND OTHERS. How People Feign Injuries and Other Disabilities—Several Illustrations Taken from Life—How the Deceptions Are Discovered.

A man, apparently in great bodily pain, was found lying upon the sidewalk at Front and Chestnut streets, by a policeman. The man had fallen "all in a heap," and his story was that he had been way-laid and beaten. A patrol wagon was summoned, but when an attempt was made to place him in the vehicle he complained of such exquisite pain it was found necessary to discard the patrol wagon and to carry the man on a stretcher to a hospital.

At a glance I saw the man was a friend of mine whom I hadn't supposed for several years and who I supposed to be in Frisco. I spoke to him and he returned with a startled exclamation of annoyance, recognized me, and waited for me to speak. I asked him what he was going to do. He looked at me mournfully as the spirits in the 'inferno' did at Dante, and said:

"I'm going to jump over this rail into the river." "I asked him what he intended doing anything so foolish as that for, and he told me with tears welling up to his eyes that the girl he loved was dead.

"I sympathized with him with all my heart because I was in a precisely similar fix, but I told him he was foolish and that while it was natural for him to feel like that for awhile he would soon realize that it was the height of folly to attempt to remedy matters by dozing out of the world in this irregular and altogether disgraceful fashion.

"I persisted in my efforts to dissuade the would be suicide from his rash act, but he was obstinate, and, finally, seeing that I wouldn't relent, he made a spring and threw one leg over the rail. I grabbed him to drag him back, and then began a struggle. I saw some people running from the end of the bridge, but before they reached us my acquaintance loosened my grip on the rail and flopped me over riverward and together we fell. It seemed like we were falling to the center of the earth, and I felt the cold sweat stand all over me. Then we struck the water and—I awoke. I held my breath involuntarily as I went down, which as a swimmer I was bound to do, and when I came up I had an excellent opportunity of testing my ability to swim with all my clothes on.

"I tried to tell them that it was all a dream, and that I didn't know the first thing about it till I struck the water, but they looked at me with the most profound disdain and said: "Oh, you weakened! You can't get no more nerve in a rabbit!"

"Then the bridge tender grabbed me by the dank neck of my dripping coat and took me up the steps and turned me over to a policeman, who called a wagon and loaded me into it. I was rattled away to the station, while the officers in the wagon swore at me and the people on the streets turned to look after me curiously. At the station I was introduced as a blank blank fool who jumped in the river and then changed his mind and yelled for help. I hadn't yelled for help, and I knew it, but I thought I'd let that pass, inasmuch as I had been in the river. The desk sergeant asked me my name and put it in his book with a charge of disorderly opposite, and I was hustled down stairs to be locked up. On the way down the officer gave me a shove, and I tripped and fell headlong down five steps and struck my head.

"That was when I did awake. Everything was dark, and it took as much as a full minute to realize that I was in my own room, but half out of bed. The part of me that was in bed was my feet. The rest of me had fallen out and my head had collided with a box of books sitting at my bed's head. Luckily the bruise was on the back of my head, where it didn't show. If it had been on my face I would have been a sight I didn't go to sleep again for an hour, and you can bet when I did I was located exactly in the middle of the bed. But wasn't that a funny complication of dream fancies?" —Chicago Mail

He Had Been There. Railroad Superintendent (to applicant for position)—You were formerly employed as conductor on the P. V. and X? Applicant—Yes, sir. Railroad Superintendent—Did you ever knock down. Applicant—No, sir. Railroad Superintendent—I don't want you then. I was once a conductor myself.—Epoch.

The Original Star Route. The Jupiter and Lake Worth railroad very properly claims the prior privilege of using the designation "Star Route." According to The Railway Age, the stations on that short line are named Jupiter, Venus, Mars, Juno.—Philadelphia Times

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

A Chicago Man Who Dreamed That He Dreamed of Committing Suicide—"Ever have a dream within a dream and get the two all mixed up?" asked the man at the club whose specialty is dreams. "Well, I had one the other night that has made me think some about it since. I thought I was walking west in a mighty disconsolate frame of mind and wondering if, after all, life didn't cost pretty much all it was worth when I came to the Madison street bridge. I stopped and looked over the rail and fell to calculating how it would feel to take a plunge in the slimy depths, and how much attention it would attract if I were to climb over the side and jump. I had always thought that anybody who ever contemplated suicide was a great fool to ever start for the other world by way of the Chicago river, but at this time I didn't seem to hang quite so closely to my former prejudice and was looking down at the black surface in a rather friendly way when somebody stopped at the rail a few feet away from me, heaved a sigh, and put his foot up on the lower board.

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