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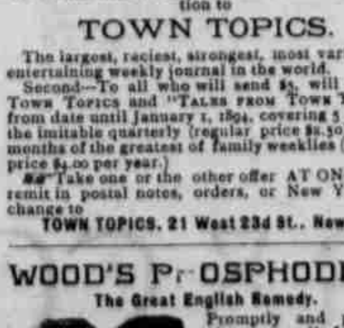
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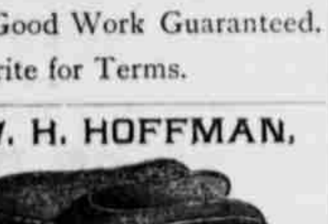

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Church Directory.

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Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15. Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. church.

Lodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited to attend. JAS. R. RASH, W. M.
CHAS. COWELL, Secretary.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 240, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. J. W. TWYMAN, N. G.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, I. O. G. T. Regular meeting of members every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends especially invited to attend. MRS. J. E. DAY, C. T.
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VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend. JESSE PHILLIPS, C. C.
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Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.
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Superior Court—Presiding Judge, Jos. Barbour; Judges, W. H. Yost, Jr., Jos. Barbour, J. H. Brent.
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Commonwealths Attorney—John T. Grayot.
Circuit Court Clerk—John Christy.
Judge of County Court—J. F. Dempsey.
County Attorney—C. J. Waddill.
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.
Sheriff—R. C. Tapp.
Jailor—Daniel Brown.
Superintendent of Schools—J. J. Glenn.
Coroner—L. D. H. Rodgers.

MAGISTRATES.

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OF INTEREST TO ALL.

AN immense collection of wild animals from all parts of the world is promised for the world's fair.

A RECENT invention is a cradle which rocks by clockwork mechanism and at the same time plays baby tunes.

ICEMEN say that men can see to read a newspaper through the clear ten-inch ice in the Hudson river near Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

NEW YORK state now has 122 chapters of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew; Pennsylvania has 102; Virginia, 47; Ohio, 39; Illinois, 38; New Jersey, 37.

THE Seabury house at Woodbury, Conn., known as the birthplace of the American Episcopal church, was purchased by the Litchfield archdeaconry.

BURIAL at sea is to be abolished for those who have money to pay for the transportation of their remains in case of death on shipboard. Air-tight steel caskets for the transportation of bodies are now a part of the equipment of all the best steamers.

THE captains of ships which carry bricks have to be very careful. An ordinary brick is capable of absorbing a pint of water. So with a cargo of bricks in the hold serious leakage may quite well go on undetected, for the water that enters is sucked up as fast as it gets in. If this should be the case the consequences are bound to be most disastrous.

NATURE'S FUNNY MOODS.

A LIVE cottonwood tree with petrified roots is growing near Atchison, Kan.

A GOOSE with three wings is the choicest fowl in the flock of Mrs. Samuel Lutz, of Worcester, Montgomery county, Pa.

HARRISON SHERER, of Valparaiso, Ind., claims to have found an elk horn in the hollow of a tree where he supposes it to have been for a hundred years or more.

AN English sparrow, undaunted by Santa Claus finery scattered everywhere, flew into a toy store at Port Carbon, Pa., and alighted upon an open money drawer. The voracious bird seized a dime and took wings for the outside world.

WANTED—A CA[LLE]R.

"O, to do something," my heart kept repeating—
"Something so beautiful, noble or fine,
That bright it should bloom like a flower in the desert;
That clear like a star in the night it should shine!"

Then I looked in the sky; 'twas a-quiver already
With star upon star, through the glittering night;
I looked o'er the land, 'twas a-flutter with flowers;
What need of my wee one to make it more bright?

Then I looked in my heart, and I saw 'mid its motives
What from my own vision I gladly would hide;
Commingled with longings for art and for beauty,
Ah! much of ambition, of envy, of pride!

Then I looked where no star-beam e'er comes penetrating,
Where the flow'rs are crushed out in the unceasing strife,
The pitiful struggle for merest existence
That mockery makes of the thing we call life!

And I gave to a child that was wailing with hunger
The comfort, the beauty of every-day bread;
To a soul that was starving for sympathy's music
A commonplace word of encouragement said.

O, rich this new field for my thought and my labor,
And soothed was my longing for beauty and art,
For a flower sweetly bloomed on my own barren pathway,
A star softly rose in my own shadowed heart!

—Margarite C. Moore, in N. Y. Observer.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

Uncle Sol Found a Fortune, But Not as He Expected.

"I dreamed about that buried treasure again last night, Jack," said old Skipper Maxwell, resting his oars a bit to draw his sleeve across his weather-beaten face, which was moist with perspiration.

"Don't doubt it a bit, Uncle Sol," laughed Jack Belchers, who sat in the stern sheets of the dory, sandpapering some mackerel jigs to a proper degree of brightness.

"If you'n I, now, could only be lucky enough to find it, Jack, think of the good the money'd do us! I wouldn't hev to fish for a livin', an' you could go ahead and finish your schoolin' just the same's though Squire Belchers had left you his property, as folks always calc'lated he would do."

"I shall never understand why my adopted father did not make a will before he died," Jack responded; "never, for he spoke of doing so very freely the last time I was home on vacation."

"You don't s'pose, Jack," said Skipper Maxwell, involuntarily lowering his voice, "that Squire Belchers might 'a' made one, after all, and that air scaly brother of his—Lawyer Belchers—got hold of it an' hid it away?"

"Nonsense," rather sharply interrupted Jack. "Lawyer Belchers is too shrewd to commit a crime that would send him to state prison. No, that sort of thing is done in stories a great deal oftener than in real life."

"I'd believe anything that's bad of Thurston Belchers, or his boy either," the skipper returned, persistently.

The boat, having reached its destination just outside the harbor mouth, Skipper Maxwell drew in his oars and dropped the killock. A bucketful of chopped clams was used as bait, and very soon they were fingering a line in either hand, one at the bow and the other in the stern, awaiting a bite.

"There they be," muttered Uncle Sol, dropping one line, and pulling the other with the swift hand-over-hand motion peculiar to the mackerel catcher.

"Me, too!" exclaimed Jack, and for a few moments the fishermen were busy enough pulling in mackerel as fast as their hands could fly.

"Struck off again," observed Skipper Maxwell, as once more the lines tended downward through the intense greenish-black water. "There's the Spray bearin' down to us," he added, and Jack involuntarily frowned.

The Spray was the stanchest and handsomest boat in Barmouth harbor. Squire Belchers had her built for his adopted son only the year before.

But after his death no will was found, so his brother Thurston, as next of kin, took out letters of administration and coolly hinted to Jack that his room in the great old-fashioned house, so long his home, was better than his company.

Rather than be idle when he was laying plans for his future actions, Jack, dressed according to his work, accompanied Uncle Sol down the harbor in his trips for the fresh fish with which the latter supplied the two summer hotels, which were just then full of visitors.

Bradford, or Brad, Belchers had at once taken possession of the Spray, and it was the sight of the young man in the flannel boating suit steering the swiftly approaching boat, in which was a gay party, which called the frown to Jack's face.

"He's tryin' to show off his boat sailin'," said the skipper, contemptuously, as at the sight of the small boat Brad hauled his wind and headed directly for them.

"Say, you two fellows, got any fish to sell?" shouted Brad, in his most patronizing tone and manner, as soon as the Spray came within hail.

Jack bit his lip without replying. Suddenly Skipper Maxwell sprang to his feet. "Luff—luff, you thundering fool—do you want to run us down?" he roared.

But the warning came too late. The catboat's sharp stem crashed through the side of the smaller skiff, whose occupants managed to scramble aboard the Spray amid a chorus of screams from the young ladies of the party.

The loss of his boat was a serious matter for Uncle Sol. And it was in vain that he applied to Brad's father for redress. Mr. Belchers would not even listen to him.

It was the full of the moon and, according to an old legend, it was at such a time that the marks on Kidd's ledge locating the burying place of a pot of gold were visible.

The skipper was thinking of this as, making some careless excuse, he rose, and, strolling down to the shore, took his way along the shadows of the beetling ledges, leaving Jack plunged in rather gloomy meditations.

Just before reaching Kidd's ledge, which was said to be marked by three crosses cut in the stone, a murmur of voices reached his ear.

Stopping and crouching low in the shadow of a great bowlder, Uncle Sol peered cautiously out. Two persons, whose backs were toward him, were bending over the sand at the foot of Kidd's ledge, apparently digging with all their might at the base of the rock.

Hesitating a moment Uncle Sol stole along to the other side of Kidd's ledge and softly climbed upward till he reached the top. Then worming himself along to the edge he peeped over.

"What possessed you to run such a tremendous risk, Bradford?" were the first intelligible words that reached the skipper's ear.

"No great risk about it," coolly returned the other. "No one knew that Uncle Josh had made a will, and as I happened to find it in the tin trunk with some other papers I slipped it away and buried it here."

"Why here?" asked Mr. Belchers, who did not seem so much shocked as might have been expected.

"I knew the house would be ransacked, and I didn't want to carry it home," was the surly reply.

The skipper, who had listened with amazement too deep for words, felt his heart almost stop beating as the whole truth of the matter flashed across his mind.

Dragging himself still farther forward, Uncle Sol craned his neck until he could see what was going on below. Brad had disinterred a small square trunk of Japanned tin, which stood open on the sand. His father had taken out one of the papers and, lighting a match, was reading the heading.

"Last will and testament of Joshua Belchers, Esq.," he read aloud. "Hum, well, I hardly know what to do about this."

It occurred to Uncle Sol that an honest man would know without studying such a question for a moment.

"Burn it, of course," tersely responded Brad.

"If I did," said his father, solemnly, "it would only be to—er—save you from the consequences of what you have done."

"Gammon!" sneered Brad. "You know you're as anxious to hold onto the property as I am. Burn it, I say."

Mr. Belchers pretended to hesitate. Then drawing another match from his pocket, he struck it on the rock as the two stood close together.

Uncle Sol opened his mouth to yell, when suddenly he overbalanced himself and down he went, the yell escaping as he pitched forward. Falling down the steep and slippery ledge, he struck heavily on Mr. Belcher's head and Brad's shoulders, throwing them both to the sand.

Neither of them stopped here. Two more frightened individuals never scrambled from a recumbent posture and took to their heels without as much as casting a glance behind.

"Ye couldn't see 'em for the sand they kicked up behind 'em," chuckingly observed Uncle Sol, as ten minutes later he displayed to Jack's astonished eyes the tin trunk containing the missing will, and told his story with great gusto.

"I knowed I'd git even with them two critters, only I didn't think it would be so soon," said Uncle Sol; "an' now, Jack, don't lose a minute, but hurry up to Lawyer Titcomb's and enter a complaint agin 'em for larcenizin' a man's will with intent to defraud, or whatever you call it."

"What for?" tranquilly interrupted Jack.

"So's to have 'em both put'n state's prison, of course," returned Uncle Sol, with a bewildered stare.

"I'll think about it, Uncle Sol," said Jack, quietly. And then, taking the tin trunk, he made his way up town.

But instead of stopping at Lawyer Titcomb's he kept on till he reached the old homestead, where Mr. Belchers and Bradford had taken up their abode.

The lawyer and his son, having recovered from their fright, were about to return to the shore when Jack appeared. At the sight of the trunk the two grew pale as ashes.

"I will trouble you both to leave my premises," coolly observed Jack. "I happen to have here the will which you, Brad, stole and hid away, and you, Mr. Belchers," turning to the lawyer, "intended to burn."

What could be said to such an accusation? Mr. Belchers stammered something about a mistake and hurriedly departed.

"I suppose now you've got the whip hand you'll pay us off in—our own coin," doggedly remarked Brad, who had lingered behind.

"What do you mean?" asked Jack.

"Why, shove us into prison."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," firmly returned Jack, "though you both deserve it. No one but Uncle Sol Maxwell and I know what you have done, and I don't intend anyone shall."

She Remembered.

There is a good minister in this city whose wife is of great assistance in helping him to remember dates in history and other matter he is likely to forget.

Belonging to an itinerancy that does not believe in any abiding city here the good woman has formed a habit, unlike the leopard, of changing her spots, and as each place in which she has lived furnishes associations she refers to them on every possible occasion. Recently in the presence of a large company her husband turned to her with an inquiry:

"Do you remember in 1777—" Before he could state the fact he was trying to recall from history his wife astonished him and the company by remarking:

"Oh, yes, that was the year we lived in Moline."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MILITARY.

IT costs the government $1,600 a day for firing morning and evening salutes.

THE battering ram was a beam suspended in the middle, drawn back and thrown forward.

GOV. CLEAVES, of Maine, made up his staff by selecting the handsomest men he could find in his own town.

IN the Twelfth century a hook was attached to a footman's spear to enable him to drag a knight from the saddle.

GEN. TROCHU, the defender of Paris in the closing days of the Franco-Prussian war, is a descendant of Racine. He was invited to attend a recent histrionic ceremony in honor of the eminent dramatist, but was so busy with his memoirs that he could not spare the time to accept.

A POWERFUL lamp, which distinctly illuminates objects over half a mile distant, by means of a great reflector, is to be adopted in the French army. It is carried on a light wagon, behind the soldiers, and they will be in obscurity while the enemy and all objects in front will be made conspicuous.

—Right Reply in Right Place.—Visitor—"And so you are glad the schools are open?" Little Johnny—"No, I hain't, nuther." "But you just told that gentleman you were." "Of course. He's the teacher."—Des Moines Argonaut.

A KITCHEN ROMANCE.

How Phil Made Delia Say "Yes" to an Important Question.

Delia was sitting in her rocking-chair in a corner of the kitchen, reading aloud to the other two girls. Maggie was mending a stocking, and Bridget was making a dress out of a piece of calico which Mrs. Randol had given her. Delia had found Sir Charles Grandison in the course of her clearing up, and it amazed the two older girls to hear her excited intonations and marvelous pronunciation, as it would have amazed Mr. Richardson himself. Delia was a nice-looking girl, and she was intelligent; her choice of books being, as we have seen, faultless. The other girls were older and stouter, but they had not outgrown their taste for romance, and they listened bravely to what they could understand.

A dark shadow appeared at the window. Delia stopped reading long enough to say: "It's only Phil Crowley; never mind him," and then continued. Mr. Crowley saw that he was discovered, and entering the kitchen, took a chair with a nod of recognition to his three hostesses, while Delia went on. "And that will do for to-night," she said, at last, putting the book down with the consciousness that her auditors would like to hear more, but stopping because — well, because she pleased. Delia was an autocrat.

You might have expected the visitor to begin a conversation, but no, Phil Crowley looked at Delia in an admiring way, but never opened his mouth. Maggie soon went off to bed; but Delia persuaded Bridget to stay, "just to be kind o' respectable," she said; "not that Phil an' me ain't all right alone."

So Bridget sat at her work, growing sleepier and sleepier, and there was a pause for awhile. Finally Phil spoke in an earnest whisper, leaning forward and looking hard at Delia:

"I come up to-night, Delia, 'cause—well, 'cause I couldn't help it; an' I might as well tell ye all about it. Sure I can't sleep o' nights for thinkin' of ye, an' I think more of ye than all the world, an'—an'—d'ye think ye can ever care a bit for me, Delia?"

Delia looked quickly round at Bridget, who was dozing over her work, and then said: "Aw, Phil, man, what's got into ye? I don't want to marry anyone, an' I'm sure it's not you that I'd take, if I was to choose. Sure ye must 'a been out o' your head when ye said that. Don't try romanticizin', for ye dont' understand it. You're off? Well, good night to ye!"

Phil was already at the door. "Good night, Delia," said he. "I wish ye a pleasanter night an' a better sleep than I'll have, bad luck to me!" Then he turned and went away. Delia sat down again and thought awhile, then she rose. "Come on, Bridget, it's bed time," said she; and the two went upstairs together.

The next evening Delia and Phil were to have gone to a dance given by the Westminster Boat club. As night came on, Delia wondered whether her escort would make his appearance. In the six o'clock mail she received the following letter:

"MISS MCGONIGLE: I can't take you to the Ball tonite, as I have sumthin else on Hand. As you Wos not very glad to see me last night, mayby you don't care. P. CROWLEY."

Delia studied over this a good while. It took her a long time to master the spelling, for, though her own was eccentric, it was very different from Phil's. The meaning, too, puzzled her. One thing was certain; it was not polite. Miss McGonigle, indeed! Something else on hand! Well, Mr. Phil should see that she could get on without him.

She knew a girl in the next house, who was going to the ball, and some hours after receiving Phil's letter she called on this friend and they went together. They were a little late, so that the ball was already begun; and—oh, shameful—there was Phil dancing round in the happiest way with a little girl with red hair. He did not take any notice of Delia when she came into the hall, and she pretended not to look at him. Delia was a favorite, and plenty of young men danced with her; but Phil was not one of them. As to the little girl with red hair, he danced with her a great many times. Everyone sang her praises, except Delia, who was unable to see anything attractive about her.

After the dancing had gone on for several hours, Phil stepped up and asked for a dance. He was a good dancer, but Delia said she had a headache, and then danced with the next man who asked her. She was vexed that Phil had not asked her before and she wanted to punish him. But Phil would not be punished. He danced and laughed in a very lively way, especially with his little red-haired friend, Miss Sullivan, of Dublin, who was certainly the belle of the evening. Delia went home early with the girl who had come with her. She was exhausted and cross, and a man chased them part of the way. She went to bed excited and tired, and one may imagine, without being certain, that Miss Sullivan, of Dublin, played a considerable part in her dreams.

Three days went by in which Delia saw no more of Phil. On the morning of the fourth she awoke with a headache; but rose early and went to church, as she did every day, coming home to do her morning tasks. After breakfast, when Mrs. Randol was giving her orders to Bridget, Delia happened to be downstairs blacking Mr. Randol's boots. She came into the kitchen just as Mrs. Randol was speaking.

"So I think we must have a man to fix the furnace. It is too much for you and Maggie. Do you know of anyone whom we could have, Bridget? Or Delia, don't you know of anyone?"

Delia reflected. "There's a person I know," she said, "who's an honest, straightforward sort o' man. He's a little stupid, but I think he'd do it well, ma'am. I'll tell him, if ye say so, an' he'll be up to-morrer."

"But how do you know that he'll come?" inquired Mrs. Randol. "I can only afford to give him two dollars a week."

"Oh, he'll come, ma'am," said Delia. When her work was done she sat down and wrote as follows:

"DEAR PHIL:
"You was kinder impolite in your last but I thought Ide furgive you just once. Mrs. Randol warnts a Man to Fix the fernise. 2 dols a week. Do you warnt the job? You come up here twice a day. Cawdially yours,
"DELIA."

Delia always omitted her obnoxious second name in her correspondence.

The next day she received a note from Phil:

"DEAR DELIA (if youl excus the familyarity):
"My busness is now changed from Odd Jobs to Groceries and provisions. 293 Market St. All orders from Mrs. R. promptly attended to. No time for Fernisses. Saw Miss Sullivan of Dublin today. She sends love. Never felt so well in me life. Your obt servt,
"P. CROWLEY."

The tears were in Delia's eyes when she told Mrs. Randol that the man whom she had proposed as a furnace fixer would not come. She was too angry to recommend Phil's groceries and provisions.

As the twilight of that day came on, Delia sat at the kitchen window, sewing. She was putting on a button for little Jack Randol, while he looked on. This was just the time of day that Phil Crowley used to drop in; but he had not appeared since the night before the ball. "I don't care; I hope he won't come," said Delia to herself; and her eyes, which were not quite dry, showed how little she did care. Bridget came in, and Jack asked for a piece of gingerbread.

"Oh, I wish ye was married!" said Bridget. She did not mean that Jack had arrived at a suitable age for matrimony, but only that she wished him somewhere else. Before long, she yielded to his persuasive powers, and he departed with his button securely fastened on, and his gingerbread in his hands.

Delia looked up from her work, and out of the window. She could see down a narrow alley to where it joined a larger one, and thus she could, as it were, take an instantaneous photograph of every one who passed along the main alley. She heard footsteps; two figures passed. They were Phil and Miss Sullivan, of Dublin. His arm was round her waist. Delia did not shriek, as actresses do, when their lovers desert them. She only left the kitchen and went up to her own room.

It was more than a week before Phil came to call again. Delia had been schooling herself to the proper coldness of manner every evening that he did not appear; and now, when he really did come, she felt disposed to melt. However, she nerved herself to the encounter, her little heart, I don't doubt, thumping uncomfortably as she entered the kitchen.

"Good evening, Delia," said Phil.

"Good evening," said Delia. "I hope you've enjoyed the last week and a half." She stopped and bit her lip.

Neither spoke again till Bridget had gone out to see to the furnace. Then Delia took a little package from her pocket. "I've got some things for you, Phil," she said, her sternness of manner having entirely disappeared. "I thought ye might want 'em back, now ye don't come here no more." Her eyes began to glisten. "There's those letters ye wrote from Narragansett last summer when ye was drivin' the hack, and here's the bangle and the earrings ye gave me last year." Here she trembled for a moment before her last effort. "I thought Miss Sullivan, of Dublin, might like 'em, an' a poor girl like me's not fit for 'em; an'—an'—an' I hope you an' Miss Sullivan—will be happy—an'—an'—" here poor Delia broke down and began to cry.

Phil came up and took her hand. "Why, Delia, child, d'ye care for me a little bit, thin? I hadn't no idea of it." He was going to put his arm round her, but she withdrew.

"No! Ye musn't," she said, looking at him with gleaming eyes. "She wouldn't like it."

"Delia," says Phil, "just listen to me." Then he goes up and whispers in her ear: "Nellie Sullivan's my half-sister."

Poor Delia is perfectly aghast. "Oh, Phil, Phil," she says, "an' I've gone an' shown ye that I don't quite hate ye arter all."

"Yes, me little girl," says Phil, "an' I shan't forget it now I knows it; but ye can't think the tin-thousandth part o' me that I do o' you." Then, with the eloquence which characterizes his race, he went on: "An' I pray the Almighty God an' all the blessed saints ye may niver suffer like I did for the next twenty-four hours after ye sent me away."

"Twenty-four hours?" said Delia. "Why, twinty-four hours arter that was the night o' the party. Why wasn't ye unhappy thin? Sure, I was cross enough to ye."

"Ah, ye sweet thing, don't ye see that that's how I began to think ye might care just a bit for me arter all?" says Phil. "An' now good-by, Delia, an' before long I'll hope to see ye Mrs. P. Crowley."

"Fine groceries an' provisions," says Delia. "Well, Phil, I guess I'd better say yes, if it's only to change me last name. Crowley ain't very fashionable"—here Phil looked a trifle abashed—"but it sounds Christian an' that's more'n can be said of McGonigle."—Robert Beverly Hale, in Boston Budget.

Butler Wanted the Best.

Gen. Butler liked to be gorgeous. He made his tour of the country as the people's candidate for the presidency in a magnificent palace car, and when it was suggested that this conveyance was not exactly appropriate to the occasion he informed his critics that he had deliberately chosen this car, and would have got a better one if there was such a thing. "The people like their champion to look well, live well, dress well and to cut as much of a dash as they would if they could," said he. "They come to see the man who asks for their support, and they find him apparently prosperous and happy, and they say to one another: 'That's my candidate. That's the kind of a man who represents me. He's all right.'"—Boston Herald.

PEOPLE NEAR HOME.

AMONG its hotel arrivals the Denison (Tex.) Herald has this: "Capt. Bill Simms is in the city. Bill is an old-time ranchman. He whacked up bulls in west Texas when Indians were as thick as prairie dogs."

JOHN AUTRAM, of Wilmington, O., voted three times for Gen. Jackson, three times for Cleveland for president, and eighteen times for presidents. He is ninety-two years old and is yet one of the best horsemen in his region.

AMERICUS SYMMES, who is to head an Arctic expedition in June, goes on a strong conviction that Verhoeff is in what became known as Symmes' Hole, owing to his father's theory that the earth is hollow and open at the poles.

WILLIAM T. STANSBURY, who entered the service of the Baltimore Sun over fifty-five years ago, has been at the case in that office ever since and spent the evening of his seventy-sixth birthday there, setting the smallest face type without the aid of glasses.

JAMES HAND and his son George parted twenty-eight years ago and did not again see or hear of each other until a few weeks ago, when they discovered each other in Seattle, and learned at the same time that they had been living within a few miles of each other, on Puget sound, for many years past.

HUMOROUS.

He Howled Too Soon.

Mother—Johnnie, why are you crying? I'm only going to be away a week, and your papa will be home with you.

Johnnie—No, he won't; he's going to Rome.

"Going to Rome. Why, child, what do you mean?"

"I heard him say that he would make Rome howl when you left."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I won't leave you, Johnnie."—Texas Siftings.

Rather Liked It.

Aunty—Where are you going now, pet?

Little Pet—Down to the dentist's.

"Dear me! Don't you hate it?"

"No'm. I go twice a week with the governess. I like it."

"But doesn't the dentist hurt you?"

"No'm. 'Tain't my teeth he fixes. It's the governess'."—Good News.

Samson's Strength.

Little Dot—That is a picture of Samson. Hasn't he awful long hair?

Little Dick—That's wot made him strong.

Little Dot—Why?

Little Dick—I don't know, but I guess it's cause he never went to a barber shop. Papa says barbers talks folks half to death.—Good News.

Mutually Agreeable.

Mr. Borey—Oh, how I should love to seek the sunny south in this chill weather.

Miss Dibbsey (upon whom he has been calling regularly)—Oh, how I should love to have you.—Chicago News Record.

Out of the Question.

Brushe—I have just done a water color of Col. Bluegrass.

Mawle—Indeed; is it good?

Brushe—All but the nose. Of course that was almost impossible in water colors.—Truth.

A TENDER-HEARTED HUSBAND.

Husband—I think I'll go out for a little walk, my dear.

Wife (wrathfully)—I don't see how you can stand there and see your wife struggling with a fire that simply won't burn.

Husband—I can't, my dear, that is the reason I am going out.—Puck.

The Proper Answer.

"You know the report we printed last night about Mawson's death?" said the sub-editor.

"Yes," said the editor-in-chief.

"Well, he was in here this morning asking us to deny it."

"And what did you say?"

"I said we'd be very glad to when he presented proof that we were in error."—Harper's Bazar.

Why He Stole.

Judge Duffy—If you know of any mitigating circumstances you are at liberty to state them.

Prisoner—I don't know of any except that I took to stealing because I didn't want to loaf around the street corners and be taken for a detective.—Texas Siftings.

A Chance to Rise.

Butcher—I need a boy about your size, and will give you three dollars a week.

Applicant—Will I have a chance to rise?

"Yes. I want you to be here at four o'clock every morning."—Life.

Not Unknelled.

First Quidnunc—Did the town authorities take any appropriate action on the death of Scruggs the millionaire?

Second Quidnunc—Yes; they had the fire bell rung while the funeral was going on.—Judge.

He Told Her.

Mother (putting the boy out of the pantry)—How many more times will I have to tell you to keep out of that preserve jar?

Small Boy (sobbing)—No more, mamma. They're all gone.—Detroit Free Press.

No Mistake.

Egyptologist—They had newspapers in ancient Egypt.

Host—Well! well! Did you find one?

Egyptologist—No; but we found a fossil roach and a petrified office towel.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Wifely Remedy.

Mr. Brace (appealingly)—Oh! pshaw! Mary, there goes a suspender button off my trousers.

Mrs. Brace (sweetly)—Never mind, dear; here's a safety pin.—Puck.

Pleasantries.

Miss Cutter—You have not been in society long, have you?

Miss Planker—No; but I remember of hearing about you when I was a mere child.—Ladies' Weekly.

One Good Thing.

Arthur—I wonder how it would do to have a game of baseball on the ice?

Bert—I don't know; it would be easy enough, though, to slide to the bases.—Harper's Young People.

A Doubtful Cause for Pride.

Priscella—She looks as proud as if the whole world were under her feet.

Prunella—Well, a good part of it is. She is from Chicago.—Town Topics.

She Had Kept Count.

Mr. Skiddis—What lovely teeth Miss Ricketts has!

Miss Fosdick—Yes; they are her third set.—Truth

A Criticism.

"Don't you think," the mother said, proudly, "that her playing shows a remarkable finish?"

"Yes," replied the young man, absently, "but she was a long time getting to it."—Jury

Wouldn't Say a Word.

Burglar—What would you say if I was to blow yer head off for not telling me where your money is?

Mr Joker—Not a word, sir, not a word.—Boston Globe