THE SIOUX COUNTY JOURNAL.

L J. SIMHONS, Prop.

HARRISON, : : NEBRASKA

Large, handsome shade trees increas the selling value of the farm.

Consciousness of honesty is a greater cemfort than a big bank account.

A practical education will make the boy a progressive, enterprising man.

Some farmers think farming the best occupation on earth, and some think it the worst Both are right, as they manage It.

Henry E. Abbey's death takes away a manager to whom the United States was indebted for much high-class entertainment.

It is not safe to wear trousers in Chicago now. Two highwaymen, not content with robbing a man recently, carried away his unmentionables. police-but why speak of the police?

The coal trust has decreased the output for the last eleven months 3,000,000 tons, as compared with the previous eleven months. Decreasing output and increasing price is the trust program. The less service it does the heavier the profit it extorts.

Mrs O. H. P. Belmont (divorced Vanderbilt) has had a disastrous social season at Newport, it is said, and will go abroad, among the English earls who put their mothers-in-law in jail and the dukes who kick their wives. She should make a hit in London.

North Carolina promises to become one of the greatest Southern States. Her cotton and hosiery mills are already sprinkled all over the State. Saw mills are turning vast forests into stumps. It has the finest castle in the world, built by a Vanderbilt. The Southern Railway Company is to erect the largest shops in the South at Salis-

There was laughter such as even comic opera never evoked in the court of special sessions in New York the other day. The young woman who was ness. She took a position with her back to the jury and began telling her story to the court. The justice said to her: "Please speak to the fury, miss; the men sitting behind you on the benches." The witness at once turned around. says the New York Times' story, and making a polite bow to the jury, said, with perfect gravity, "Good morning,

The world is facing the grandest nossibilities since the dawn of the Christian era. Africa, for instance, with an area almost four times as large as our own country, and with an estimated population of 168,000,000 against our 85,000,000, has stood still for centuries. knowing nothing of the great outside world. The British are to build a rail- so happily that the engineers have made miles long, almost under the Nyanza. There are 20 000 000 people in that country. Another 1,000 mile road is projected, starting 250 miles south of Mombaza and striking into the great and fertile interior.

England has a thriving industry in the building of portable houses, which are made of iron, and so constructed that they can be put together with bolts in a very short space of time. All the purchaser has to do is to rent a tiny plat of ground repair to the "house" shop and select a domictle suited to his particular use, order it carted to his ground and set up. He has no delay in building, and is thus free from improve ments and taxes. At the end of the summer season he sends for a man to take down his little home and store it in a convenient barn till the return of spring will tempt him again to desert his chambers for a little cot by the river side.

Blown dust is a general and familiar nuisance to housekeepers over the entire West. A minimum estimate, verified by direct observation, for the quantity of dust settling on floors during such storms is about a fourteenth of an ounce of dust on a surface of a square yard in half a day. A maximum estimate made on the basis of the above newspaper accounts would be at least ave pounds to a square yard of surface for a storm lasting twenty-four hours. If we then suppose that a house that is twenty-four feet wide and thirty-two feet long has open crevices, which average a sixteenth of an inch in width and have a running length in windows and doors of one hundred and fifty feet, the wind may be supposed to enter half of se crevices with a velocity of five miles per hour for the time the storm ests, or for twenty-four hours. The dust may be supposed to settle on not less than eighty-five square yards of surface, including floor space and borisontal surfaces of furniture. The minmum estimate, based on these figures. gives us two hundred and twenty-five ne of dust to the cubic mile of air. maximum estimate would be one red and twenty-six thousand tons.

The seed corn put up for next year be carefully guarded from prereis, especially the latter. The drying which seed corn gets by in especially attractive to the whose appetite has long been made delicate by feeding on stal rich food as nuts. When either squirrels or mits get at corn in the ear they leave the outer husk uneaten as much as possible, and dig down to the germ, which is sweeter and has a really netlike flavor. This germ they will completely devour, taking, with this rejection of the courses part a large amount of corn to satisfy them. If the corn is hung in an attic beside the chimney for warmth it should be looked after occasionally, to see that nothing gets at it. A single squirrel finding his way to the choicest seed corn will before spring spoil it for anything but hog or chicken feed.

Despite the fact that nearly \$200,000,-000 is expended every year by the various States for public education, illiteracy is still a giant evil in this country. When pearly one-half the population over the age of ten in one of the original thirteen States-North Carolina-is unable to read and write, it is high time that the American public should realize the importance of battling against ignorance. Nebraska is entitled to the distinction of having fewer illiterates in proportion to population than any other State. North Carolina has the largest proportion of illiterates-and yet there are \$300 teachers within her boundaries. So far as liberality of provisions for education is concerned, the Empire State leads with her contribution of \$20,000,000, one-half of this amount being devoted to the metropo-Pennsylvania ranks second, with her appropriation of \$19,000,000. Then fog and cold. comes Illinois, with \$16,000,000, Ohio with \$12,500,000, and Massachusetts

A physician, who has made the human face a study, insists that it is a perfect index of its owner's physical condition. For instance, incomplete exposure of the eyelids, rendering the whites of the eyes visible during sleep, is a symptom of all acute and chronic diseases of a severe type; it is also to be observed when rest is unsound from pain, wherever seated. Twitching of the evelids, associated with the oscillation of the eyelids, or squinting, heralds the visit of convulsions. Widening of the orifices of the nose with movements of the nostrils to and fro points to embarrassed breathing from disease of the lungs or their pleural investment. Contraction of the brows indicates pain in the head, sharpness in drawn upper lip, pain in the abdomen. To make a general rule, it may be stated that the upper third of the face is altered in expression in affections of the brain, the lower third in the diseases of organs contained in the abdominal

Crude petroleum seems likely to be the coming fuel on the Government warships. According to a report just made by a board of chief engineers. United States Navy, the ancient problem of using crude petroleum instead of coal as fuel for vessels is very near solution, if not already solved. Experiments have been in progress during more than a year, chiefly in the Hudson river, with torpedo boat No. 2, belonging to the Maine. They have resulted equator, from Mombaza on the Indian | fuel under given conditions upon cerocean to the north shore of Victoria tain minor craft, such as tugboats and torpedo boats. If the results foreshadowed in this report shall be realized, a revolution is at hand in the fuel for warships and all ocean-going craft. Their operations have been known to the naval officers of all the nations, and several foreign countries have, it is said, applied to have a share in them. but were refused, as it was deemed wise to preserve the utmost secreey. The tests of a new fuel for steam vessels are cheapness, ease of operation. economy of room and general efficiency. and the claim is that by the use of spe cial apparatus petroleum meets the requirements better than coal;

> The Mother of Seven boldiers. When Col. Knox, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, acquainted the Queen with the fact that Mrs. Keveth, of Carrow, St. Bernard, Cornwall, was the mother of seven sons, all in the army, her majesty caused the following letter to be written to Col. Knox: "Her majesty considers the fact of seven sons of one family serving in the army, all with exemplace characters, reflects infinite credit on themselves, and on the parents who have brought them up. The Queen desires that you will congratulate Mrs. print of her majesty, which I send herewith, and tell her bow glad the Queen is to think of this fine example of good and honorable service to their sovereign and country from the sons of a single Cornish family. Her majesty has kept the photograph of Mrs Keveth which you sent me, and would be glad to have one of the seven brothers in a group, but if this cannot be obtained of each separately." The photographs here been framed together in an oval frame, that of Mrs. Keveth being in the middle, and sent to the Queen.-London Graphic.

> > A Bing in a Cow.

A gold ring that is supposed to have spent nearly two years in a cow's stomach was sent the other day to its owner, a young lady of Homestead, Pa. Two years ago the young lady was visiting on a dairy farm, and while in the barn picked up a kitten and tossed it in a pile of chop and bran. With the kitten went a gold ring from her finger, which could not be found, and was given up y animals, such as mice, rats and and finally forgotten. Several days ago Edward Jones, a butcher, hought a cow from the dairyman, and when the cow was killed the ring, with the young lady's name engraved upon it,



CHAPTER I.

It is a bleak, dull morning in March, and the curtain rises upon as uninviting leaden-hued atmosphere hangs over the manufacturing town of Ockham, keeping down the smoke that escapes from its filthy, black chimneys, to choke the lungs tle helplessly against the combination of

two flaring posters at the entrance of the weaker than she thought she would, as Central Theant setting forth that Mr. Joseph Gresha a's celebrated comedy and burlesque company will perform there for the next i x nights, are about the only lively spectacles of which the town up in its warm shawl, and Mrs. Jarrod can boast.

Inside the theater, huddled together upon the stage, his unfortunate company are waiting for him to conduct the rehearsal of a new piece. The call was for ten-thirty; it is now nearly eleven; the company are blue with cold, but the acting and stage managers have not made their appearance. The house is wrapped in gloom, and smells damp and musty as a graveyard.

Pretty Annie Larkom (who plays principal boy under the name of Miss Stella Verel is sitting on the lowest rung of a step-ladde: which the carpenter has left in the wings, and crying her heart out in a quie' way. She has just had a letter handed her by the stage doorkeeper, to say that her mother's long illness has the cause had never been in a court of the nostrils, pain in the chest and a taken an unsatisfactory turn, and that justice prior to her appearance as a witbeen working hard for the last two years in the provinces and never gradging the luxuries she nas been compelled to deny herself, so long as she could send home money to provide her mother with the comforts her condition required. She knows that she will be unable to go home and see her mother again, for she is bound under a three years' engagement to Mr. Gresham. Even while she cries at the necessity, poor Annie cannot help feeling a thrill of pr de to think the manager would refuse to let her go, so fascinating is the knowledge that the public cannot

do without us Mrs. Jarrod stands near her, giving vent every now and then to some wellmeant words of consolation. She is a woman of at least forty years of age, and cessity of a "first old woman" in a comedy company, might be surprised to learn that Mr. Gresham considers her one of most valuable of his members But the fact is, Mrs. Jarrod can playing anything, from a duchess to a kitchen maid. She is an actre s of much ability and long experience, and would be more missed twice her beauty. It is known that she was married to a man much younger than herself, of whose existence she hever speaks; and it is evident that she lives friendless and alone, not courting even the acquaintance of those by whom she is surrounded. All the company like her, and are agreed upor the point that she pen?

ward as Mr. Gresham appears, rosy with the steaming nuxture he has imbibed at the bar, but soking somewhat put out and anxious nevertheless Mr Greshum is a favorite with most, and invariably polite to all, and as he walks on the stage this morning 's receives salutations from every side.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, he answers, raising his hat. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting. I am afraid I am hearly twenty minutes behind my time; but the fact is, Miss Bouverie found impossible to get here sooner, and it was

"How is Miss Bouverie?" "How is Mrs. Gresham?" re-Bessie? sounds from various voices. For the fact is, that "bliss Bouverie" and "Bessie" and "Mrs. Gresham" are all one and Keveth, give her the £10 and framed the same person; Mr. Gresham having married the prettiest and youngest mem ber of his company only the year before "(th, she's as well as possible! Per feetly well!" rejoins the manager. "I ex-

> She's not coming out to rehearsal for the first time on such a day as this!" interposes Mrs. Jarron incredulously. She is, inuced! Why not?" replies

pect her here every minute."

Mr. Gresham. "She is as strong as any one here, and most anxious to be at work "It'll be the deatt of ber!" mutters Mrs

Jarrod inaudibly, as she retreats to the background.

a directed to the orchestra, the lady in question appears from the stage-door en olding a bundle in her arms, and ooking timidly round in search of her husband. She is a very pretty girl, not more than proceed, tall and slim as a ronug poplar tree, and with a delicate complexion, the fairness of which is enbanced by contract with her chestnut hair and hazel eyes. The whole female portion of the company pounce upon her

"Bessie, dear! How glad we are to see you! Welcome back again! But how ale and thin you are! And is that the onby? Is that really the baby? Oh, the little darling—the dear little, sweet little angel! Do let us look at it!"

ing her here, but I couldn't help it. My nurse went home last night, and the woman at the lodgings refused to look after her for me. So I thought as she was asleep, I could lay her down in this shawl somewhere in the wings until the

Gresham, "and Mrs. Tomkins is a brute! If we weren't off in a couple of days we'd change the rooms. Never mind, though; pop it down somewhere out of the way. We can't keep the rehearsal waiting any

Nevertheless, he fingers by his wife's side, looking down proudly at the little red, inanimate face she has uncovered for the inspection of her friends. Bessie lays her buby down on a piece of scenery of the unfortunate inhabitants, who bat- at the back of the stage and takes her place with the rest of the company. is still trembling from the effects of her The High street is almost descried, and | walk to the theater, and she feels much she moves about the boards and hums over the airs of the songs and choruses in which she will have to sing. Meanwhile the little infant sleeps securely wrapped who has nothing to do in the first act of the new burlesque, takes her place as watcher beside it.

'Oh, Mrs. Jarrod." exclaims Millicent Harvey, in the intervals of work; "what a sweet little thing it is. Do tell the cards for the baby! it'll be such fun; and I'm sure Bessie would like to know whom she's going to marry, and all that."

"Don't talk so lightly of things which you don't understand," replies Henrietts Jarrod, and she takes her pack of cards furtively from her pocket, and arranges them in a mystic circle round about the bundle of slumbering humanity. As she perceives the order into which they fall her face darkers.

"I thought as much," she murmurs "There's nothing but death and trouble round and about the child. She's as wrapped up in them as she is in that

"Oh. Mrs. Jarrod. You don't mean the

poor baby will die! "Nonsense," returns the other sharply "I never said anything of the sort; and if I did, do you want the whole company to hear it? But mark my words, Milli cent Harvey, you may live to see it if I That child has such a peck of trouble before her, that she'll wish a thousand times before she dies that she had never been born. It will begin be fore she knows what trouble is, and it will grow with her growth till it is part of herself. And it will keep her hanging between two vorlds until she won't know if she's living in this or that.'

At last the rebearsai is over; and the roung mother takes her baby proudly in her arms, with the intention of carrying her home aga'n. But as she does so her color fades, her body sways backward and forward, and Mrs. Jarrod has only arms before she falls on the stage in dead faint.

would prove the death of her," cries Hen rietta Jarrod in her indignation

The exclamations of his company bring

Mr. Gresham burriedly to the spot. "What is all this nonsense about?" he commences angrily; but as he catches sight of his prostrate wife, his cheeks "What has come to Bessie?" adds in a lowe voice. "How did it hap-

cians file slow'y into the orchestra, and the members of the company commence to stand at attention. They all the company commence to stand at attention. when she was more fit to be in he bed than out of doors; but what will come of it is more than I or any one The best thing you can do can tell you! now is to get her home as fast as you can and send for a doctor."

They wait until Bessie Gresham's lan guid eyes once more unclose to the light. and then, half-lifting, half-dragging, they convey her pulseless body to a vehicle and drive her back to her comfortless apart-The doctor and nurse are reimmoned to her assistance, and they do all they can to avert the illness she has brought upon herself, but without effect In a few hours her weakness and fever are merged in delirium, and in a few days she has passed away from them forever and the theatrical world will know the sparkling face and graceful figure of Bessle Bouverie no more

CHAPTER II.

Joseph Gresnam sits in the common little room, which his landlady alls her "drawing room floor," utterly disconsolate. His wife's death has be a most terrible shock to him. He has been a manager now for nearly twenty years; and it is the first time he has felas if he must throw up business altogether, and strike out a new line of life for He teels as if he could never bear to look at a stage again. As he is thinking thus Mrs. Jarrod slips quietly

"Mr. Gresnym," she says in a low voice, "I am corr; to disturb you, but I was thinking of Bessie's relations. Have you informed them of the sad event?"

"She had no relations-at least none who interested themselves in ber. was an orphan, you know, and her mother was an only child. I have written to her mother's aunt, Miss Prescott of Malis bury. She sent poor Bessie a presen when we were married, and is the only one, I fancy, who would care to hear if

she was alive or dead." At that morent the deserted infant lifts up its voice in an adjoining room, and makes itself distinctly heard. "Good heaven!" ejaculates the father, what on earth am I to do with that

"Yes such? says the roung mother, in a half-frightened tone; "but whatever landlady enters the room, and silently you do, don't wake her. I am afraid Mr. presents him with a letter. He tears it

open and commences to peruse it. Jarrod is about to leave him to himself.

He detains ber. "One moment, Mrs. Jarrod. You have been very good to me all through this dreadful business—in fact, I don't know what I should have done without you. I should like to have your advice on this letter. It is from Miss Prescott, in answer to the one I sent her the day poor Bearie died"

"Malisbury, March 20. "My Dear Sir: I have received your letter announcing the sad news of my poor niece's dersise, and the difficulty you are placed in with regard to the infant she has left behind her. Although strongly disapproving of the profession she adopted, I always felt a certain interest in poor Bessie. I am an old and lonely woman the last, as I believe, of a large family, for my youngest brother, who emigrated to Australia to enty years ago, has never been heard of since, and I am possessed of a certain income. I have no legal heirs to whom to leave my little property, and I would rather leave it to Bessie's child than any one ! know. But it most be on two conditions. First, that she is baptized by my own name of Susan Presto me at once and entirely. If you agree to my terms I will send a trustworthy person to receive the infant at any time you may appoint.

Yours truly "SUSAN PRESCOTT" "What do you think of it?" says Gresham grimly, as he looks up from the perusal of the leiter.

"I think she s a canting old humbug!" replies Mrs. Jarred.

Well," says Gresham undecidedly, 'She'll have a comfortable home, and be provided for at the old woman's death, and that's better than having to earn her own living, which is all I could bring her

"If these are your feelings, you'd better send her to Malisbury," says Mrs. Jarrod. The next day an answer travels back to Miss Prescott, in which he gives his full consent to all the conditions she makes for adopting his child. The same day that poor Bessie is laid in the graveyard of Ockham a superior looking nurse presents herself at Mr. Gresham's lodgings, armed with full power from Miss Pres-

The next week Gresham's celebrated comedy and burlesque company is draw-ing crowded houses at Fordham, and the provincial notices teem with admiration for the performance of Miss Anna Leton, in the part which poor Bessie was to have filled. After teat fatal week in Ockham, he never mentions the names of his wife nor child. Only it is noticeable that his company never visits that town again. It traverses the country from one end to the other, and becomes more justly celebrated with the passing years. Bessie lies in her lonely grave at Ockham, and her infant daughter learns to walk and talk at Malisbury, and the husband and father sees and hears as little of one as of the other.

CHAPTER III.

Lucas Court, at Malisbury, tells its own story. It consists of some ten or welve small houses facing one another, and built after precisely the same pattern in gray stone. It is as strictly private and retired as a nunnery, and its inhabitants live very much the life of nuns. Here, at nine years old. Susie is a tall, graceful lit tle girl, with limpid brown eyes set wide apart in her acad like those of a fawn. and a mass of curly chestnut hair, inclining to red, which it takes all Miss Pres cott's leisure to try and reduce to any thing like order. The nurse has been dismissed by that time, and Auntie Susan has resolved, with the assistance of her maid Deborah, to take the future training of her adopted child into her own

Little Susie ha: a playground all to herself. She is permitted the free range of the yard nearly, for she is an honest and conscientious child, and Miss Prescott knows that if she promises not to pass through the gaies, she will keep her word One day in Jone Sesie takes up her kitten in her arms and proceeds to take a walk before going in to tea. She is pacing leisurely up and down the rich greet grass plot, ta king childish nonsense to he little animal, when she is startled by hearing anoth a child's voice exclaiming "Oh, what a dear kitten.' Do bring it ere, please! I want to see it close,"

Susie glances up, surprised and pleased. If there has been a want felt in this child's life it has been, not of parents, but of playmates. She scarcely knows what it is o have a good romp with a child of her own age. Miss Prescott has kept from the child the cary bread of life-companions of her own standing. Susie loves all other children with the quick, free love of a generous child, and she glances at the one who has addressed her now with a sudden interest.

She is also a little girl, older than herelf by several years, but very small of her age, and with a weird, impish sort of beauty that sits unsuitably on the face of innocence. She is standing inside the gates of the bishop's garden, holding on with both hands to the iron fretwork, and with her cheeks close pressed to the bars. She has large black eyes (startlingly large and black for so young a child) and a profusion of dark hair that falls about her features like a cloud. She is richly dressed in a silt frock, and her pinafore s trimmed with rows of lace. There is imperiousness, also, in her manner of asking to see the kitten, which seems to imply that she is some one, and that she knows it. Susle draws nearer, shyly but

"Do you think him pretty?" she asks, alluding to the kitten. "Give him to me," says the other child,

wrtly; "I want him." "But not for ever," remonstrates Susie in a half-frightened voice, as she clasps her kitten closer to her breast. I can't let you keep him, and he wouldn't like it, either."

"Why not?" demanded the little girl. "Oh! because he doesn't know you, and

esides, he is n ne." But I don't know you, and yet I like on," says the strange child, fixing her

"Do you? I am giad of that. Can't you come out then, and have a game upon the grass? See what a lot of daisies there are. We could make a thousand

The little stranger shakes the gates. "I can't! These gates are locked, and if mademoise he knew I was out here, she'd fetch me n at once. I was doing a French exercise, and I slipped away. But

what's your name?"
"Susie Prescrtt; and what is yours?"

"That's very pretty! I like it much bet-

ter than Susie "Klas me, then," said the imperious lit-tle lady, pouring her lips through the bars

of the gate. Susie draws closer and the children's ices meet-fresh, innocent and untainted by jeniousy or care. But at that moment a Fren hwoman's shrill voice is

eard bearing down in their direction. "Here is mademoiselle," cries Lena, darting away behind the shelter of some neighboring bushes.

Susie is not so fortunate as to escape notice. She is moving away slowly, when the governess comes in view "Leetle girl," she says, "have you seen anoder leetle girl, just so big as you, some-

vere about here? Susie had been trained that to tell an

untruth is to have fellowship with the evil one. So, though she grows very red, she answers in a low voice: "Yes, she was here just now, but she has run away, tchind these bushes," says

Susie, pointing with her finger in the di-rection of Lenn's hiding place. But before the governess could mearth her rebellious charge, the weird girl has run up to the gates again and thrust her

tongue out at Sesle behind the bars.
"You are a teast?" she exclaims passionately; "and I hate you, and I'll never

play with you ogain. Then madem iselle pounces on her, and bears her awas, kicking and screaming, while poor little Susie, much disturbed by the whole occurrence, goes home to tell the story of the little black-eyed girl

and the governors to her Auntie Susan. She finds Miss Prescott just sitting down to ten and toast with her great friend and crony, Miss Whistler, and the two old ladies are as interested in Sasie's narrative and a eager to learn the issue of it as if it had been a sensational novel, "In Bishop Anstey's grounds, and a blue silk frock, Susie?" interrogates her aunt. "I am surprised! Who on earth can she be? I never heard of the dean having any brothers or sisters."

"I know who it is, my dear," says Miss Whistler, with pursed-up lips. "I guessed it directly the child opened her mouth. Have you never heard a rumor of Bishop Anster being married?

"Well, now you come to speak of it, I think I have. He's a widower, isn't he?" "He went abroad for his health, I believe, some twelve years ugo, and fell into a sad trap-married a most unsuitable person, an Italian-ro I have been told; and they've bardly ever lived together since. Fancy on Italian wife! Oh, terrible! And this is his daughter, I suppose; and I conclude the bishop has brought her home to be trained in the right way.

Why have we never heard of her be

fore, nor seen her mother?" "Why, her mother has been dead for the last seven or eight years, long before Bishop Anster came to Malisbury; and the child has been brought up by her grandparents is Italy. Now, they're dead too, and I am told the child inherits all their fortune. She's a good helress, this little Miss Ansley, but a most troublesome menkey, and, I fancy, whoever gets her will want all her money to make amends for the charge of her."

(To be continued.)

Woes of the Heavy Villain.

The man who plays heavy parts in a theatrical company does not lie on a bed of roses. He is unpopular with the audience, and especially with the denizens of the gallery, because he is always cast for the villain's part, and all the dirty work of the play falls to his lot. In one of the local stock companies is a gentleman whose impersonations of all sorts of villains has for several seasons offended the virtuous gallery gods, and he is always sure of being roundly hissed, which is really a compliment to his art. He was really startled, though, one day last week to receive the following letter:

Take warning by this. For a long time I have bore your actshuns with pashunts and so has many others. Your a dirty sneake and a skoupdrel. I dont see how the folks wot runs the theater puts up with your actshuns. The way you percekute that poor young lady every wek is outrageous and I want you to stop. If you don't i will lay for you when you come out of the theater sum nite and soke you."

The actor in question prizes this communication highly, but, at the same time, he is on the lookout for the gentleman who wants to "soke" him.-Philadelphia Record.

He Bid High.

An instance of perhaps not very elegant but well justified sarcasm was developed at a recent meeting of creditors to hear the statement of a man who had got into financial difficulties under discreditable circumstances.

The debtor offered to pay a certain small percentage of his indebtedness, and closed by saying that "if his creditors were not satisfied with this amount, then they might take his body."

There was a moment of "impressive silence" after this deliterance, and then a small, elderly gentleman, who had been sitting at the back of the room, rose and addressed the meeting.

"I wish to give notice," he said, in a high, squeaky voice, 'that if the gentleman's last proposition is accepted, I will take his gall for my part!"

The "proposition" was not accepted.

Fish as Climbers.

"Fish can and do manage to pass up

stream over falls fifty feet in height, observed an investigator of the subject. "There are hundreds of well-authenticated instances of this in the Columbia River, in Oregon, where salmon, which is a salt water fish, is found above the falls in the fresh water, There is no other way for them to get up the river except to use the falls as s kind of ladder, and they have been seen while making the ascent. By this I do not mean abrupt falls, but the kind of falls generally seen on the Western rivers. The Great Falls of the Potomac are an illustration. Though there is an artificial fishway there now, millions of fish managed to get into the

structed. Every girl who can play a Pitte bif can play a wedding march

Upper Potomac during their spawning

season before the fishway was con-