or Cornhill: "I represented the Freeman's Journal Dublin) in the terrible Orange riots in less at 1834, after the introduction of Gladstone's first home rule bill, and eding recognized one night in the hanklin road, the center of the Orange aroup of rioters, I was Shanklin road, the center of the Orange district, by a group of rioters, I was badly beaten. They laughed to scorn my protestations that I had as little to do as they had with the writing of the leading articles, in which they had been referred to in uncomplimentary terms. As they could not lay their hands on the editor in Dublin, t hey grimly decided to have it out with me. Another reporter was sent down from Dublin to relieve me during the fortinight I was confined to my hotel in Belfast; and the publication of rude remarks in the leading articles went so all the same. The Orange rumans, the editor wrote, paraphrasing the well

sn all the same. 'The Orange ruffians,' the editor wrote, paraphrasing the well known saying of an Irish landlord, 'are mistaken if they think they can intimidate us by murdering our reporters.' A colleague of mine was once set upon by a group of ecited females as he smerged from an Irish courthouse, and had his hat smashed and clothes torn. He had been mistaken for the defendant in a breach-of-promise action.

'The late Colonel North, pesiding at a meeting of the shareholders of the Londonderry mine, in the city, a few years ago, stated as evidence of his confidence in the concern, that he had bought 15,000 shares in the property, and, taking up the huge bundle of certificates which lay beside him, flung it to the journalists sitting below him, with the remark, 'There! you can see with the remark, "There! you can see them." The bundle alighted heavily on the head of one of the reporters, who was bent over his notebook assiduously taking notes of the speech, and on recovering from his momentary bewilderment he flung the certificates back at the chairman, though not with so good an aim, for the papers fell harmlessly over the colonel in a shower.

"Not long ago a young reporter at-

"Not long ago a young reporter at-tended a Salvation army meeting pro-fessionally. As he was walking up the hall a lassie' stopped him and asked him the usual question, 'Are you sav-ed?' 'Oh, no, I'm a reporter!' he replied in a spirit of intense self-abnegation. What right had he to any of the lux-uriouspess of religion?"

THIS SCHEME WORKED WELL.

A novel fraud by which a Minnesota bank was induced innocently to abet the robbing of a Montana bank has perplexed recently one of the detective agencies. Inquiries made last week at agencies. Inquiries made last week at a St. Paul hotel as to a possible guest who wore a silk hat, a Prince Albret coat, and gray mutton-chop whiskers, revealed the nature of the criminal scheme, says the Pioneer Press. But the inquiring detective would not re-

A few weeks ago, said the detective. very respectable gentleman with slik hat bought of a country bank not far from St. Paul a draft on New York for \$1,500, paying for it in cur-rency. He explained that he was going to a small town in Montana and that he did not care to take so large a sum with him in cash. Would the cashier kindly notify the only bank in that Montana town that he had sold the New York draft to Mr. Hat, and that

found not the slightest difficulty in cashing a forged copy of the draft. "You're Mr. Hat of Philadelphia. Of course," said the exchange clerk in Montana. "We received a letter from the bank that sold you the draft. Let's see? Tall, gray side whiskers, very subdued manner. Oh, yes! that's all right. Description, a matter of form, your know. Your signature? Exact, of course."

Bo, with apologies for taking the usual precautions, the clerk, upon comcepted his receipt and gave him all in gold, as became a banker of the min-ing state, \$1,600. As the new customer went out he made a particularly good jake about the Montana weather. aub-

The old gentleman with the sub-dued manner had copied the original draft upon a blank that he had somedued manner had copied the original draft upon a blank that he had somehow secured from the Minnesota bank. The letter from the bank would naturally have quieted any suspicion in Montana, for the letter gave, as usual, the number of the draft and other details, which were fully corroborated in the forged copy. Inasmuch as the letter proved to the Montana bank that Mr. Hat must possess an original draft for the amount required, the bank would never entertain the thought that a forged copy would be presented by the holder of that original. Thus the cashing of the forgery was easy.

At once the gentle defrauder took the next train for Minnesota. He reappeared before the cashier of the Min-

would never entertain the thought that a forged copy would be presented by the holder of that original. Thus the cashing of the forgery was easy.

At once the gentle defrauder took the next train for Minnesota. He reappeared before the cashier of the Minnesota bank, and smiled through an "I'm extremely sorry to trouble you

again," said the urbane gentleman.
"but you see I've decided not to make
that Montana trip this month. I have found a little real estate deal up in St. Paul where I can invest the money to better advantage, at least for the present. Now, will you be good enough to cancel your draft here?" extending the bona fide original, "and let me have the \$1,600?"

The Minnesota cashler was as agree-able as had been the Montana clerk. The agreeable Philadelphian received his second \$1,500. He smiled. The had kept smiling when he thought of the affable stranger who made so pleas-ant a little joke about the weather. bank drew upon the Minne-Montana bank drew upon the Minne-sota bank for \$1,600 advanced upon a draft. Then there was but one smiler left—the polished, the respectable, the witty Mr. Hat of Philadelphia.

THE COSTLIEST SPORT.

To the men immediately interested ational yacht racing is the cost international yacht racing is the cost-lieal sport in the world. The bill for the yachts themselves, for building, al-terations, and repairs, will amount to fully \$250,000 for each; the expenses of fully \$250,000 for each; the expenses of racing them will cost their respective owners easily \$250,000 more. Here is a cool million just for building and racing the boats. The sails alone cost as much as an ordinary sailing yacht. The Columbia's sails are said to have cost even more, for here were woven to order from Egyptian and Sea Island cotton mied with slik. The expense of maintaining the crew was, or rather is, enormous, for the boats are not yet out of commission. It is said that the skipper of the Columbia receives \$2,000 for his services. The salary of the mats is \$100 a month; the second mate,

SKETCHES OF LIFE. been placed all the way from \$150,000 to \$455,000. Probably fir Thomas himself does not know exactly what his little sport has cost him; there are doubtless UP-TOsport has cost him; there are doubtless stacks of bills yet to be presented—such bills as \$15,000 for the charter of four tenders, and \$5,000 wages for twenty sailmakers for three months. Besides this, Sir Thomas paid \$275,000 for his steam yacht, his sea home, the Erin, \$100,000 more in fitting her out, and another \$100,000 in entertaining his guests during the visit. The most impressive feature about this array of costs, is that the yachts upon which so much has been spent are useless after the races. The Columbia, for instance, can race no more, for there will probably be no yacht fit to meet her, and ably be no yacht fit to meet her, and for cruising she would be a failure. In a year or two her delicate hull will be

> The money spent by yacht owners in ntertaining also reaches far into six gures. Commodore Morgan entertain ed at least 100 guests every race day and Howard Gould and John Jacob Astor entertained even a greater number—Gilson Willets in Leslie's Weekly.

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE. Mrs. Lena Rutz, a Chicago woman appeared in court, charged with spanking her husband. The man, very dejected, told how his wife, twice a day, overpowered him, and, taking him over her knee, spanked him. "Yes, I spank him before breakfast and before supper each day," admitted the defendant. "But why do you spank him?" inquired his honor. "Oh, he deserves it, and it is good for his health. He eats much better after I give him a good spanking." She was lectured and cautioned.

A dispatch from St. Louis reports a

A dispatch from St. Louis reports a sauerkraut famine in that city. What such a famine means is not understood such a famine means is not understood by those who are not aware that sau-erkraut is the great popular dish of St. Louis and occupies the piace taken by beans in Boston. There were heavy frosts at the beginning of the season which killed many plants, and conse-quently the cabbage crop was light. When the sauerkraut makers came into market this fall for their raw material they discovered that state of things. Prices went up at a jump. Cabbages Prices went up at a jump. Cabbages sold by the ton a year ago at from \$6 to \$8. Now they bring \$15 to \$18 a ton by the carload and are hard to get at

Miss Frances L. Wood of Greenwich Conn., has resigned her position as teacher in the North Street district school on account of the gossip which arose among the residents of the neighborhood when it became known that she rode a man's bicycle and wore divided skirts. The parents of the children feared lest the example of the teacher in this garb should have a bad influence. There were other complaints made, but when the town school offiwas the fact that she wore the offen-sive divided skirts in school and out of school. The town officers decided to let the teacher select her own apparel. Then it became a local issue in the district and Miss Wood resigned.

An odd error made by the clerk of

the common pleas court of Schuylkill county, Pa., in 1888, was corrected in the United States district court of Pitsburg a few days ago. Naturaliza-tion papers were issued to Conrad Feccasseko of Duquesne. In his petition Fecasseko says that he went to Shenkindly notify the only bank in that Montana town that he had sold the New York draft to Mr. Hat, and that Mr. Hat would cash the draft at the Montana town? Certainly the cashier would write. He did write. And when the owner of the draft appeared a few days later at the Montana bank he found not the slightest difficulty in cashing a forged copy of the draft.

"You're Mr. Hat of Philadelphia. Of course," said the exchange clerk in Montana. "We received a letter from the bank that sold you the draft. Let's see? Tall, gray side whiskers, very subdued manner. Oh, yes! that's all right. Description, a matter of form, your know. Your signature? Exact,

forbidden ground. Even the guide-books, which, like a mirage, force one on, said that women must stop at the door. Those who have been there said that women were received in the parior and perhaps given a dinner, but not al lowed to visit any part of the ground

dismal. These people spoke only in French; the monks, so I had been in-formed, did not speak at all. But the deity of chance was not to fail me that day. The last passenger to get into day. The last passenger to get into the stage was a Frenchman who spoke most excellent English. He knew the monks well, often visited La Trappe; perhaps he could secure for "madame" some special privileges.

some special privileges.

The stage wound slowly over the low hills. It would be hard to find prettier scenery than that along the Ottawa. Now the river is in sight, now hidden from view, until suddenly La Trappe appeared before us. The building is in the form of a square around a central court. It is made of gray stone, with several towers, and is very picturesque against a background of green hills. Both the building and the location are new. This building was erected in 1890. The old monastery is further down the hill, and is used for an agricultural school. The monks are excellent farschool. The monks are excellent far-mers, as the fields, vineyards and or-chards testify, but not one was to be chards testify, but not one was to be seen at work at that hour. The good fathers and brothers were taking their noonday nap. They dine at 11 o'clock, then sleep from 11:30 to 12:30. They certainly need the rest, for, while they retire early—at 7 in winter and 8 in a mmer—they rise at 2 in the morning.

The inscription in Latin over the door bespoke a welcome:

The inscription in Latin over the door bespoke a welcome:
"Happy are they who dwell in the house of the Lord."
The white-robed fathers received us most cordially and talked freely, tho for the most part in French. Some of the brothers were also present. They

the brothers were also present.

wear the brown robe.

The first inquiry—and a very hospitable one—was whether we had had dinner. Of course no one would dine elsewhere with a dinner at the convent in prospect. The meal was soon served for guests are always expected, but they are with rare exceptions, men. To

## UP-TO-DATE

England is going into battle with a worth only the metal of which it is

England is going into battle with a snique array of modern war equipmenta. Machine guns, motor cars and bicycles are not so novel, but wireless telegraphy is an up-to-the-minute accounterment the British will employ, while her balloon service has long been recognized as an integral part of her military system. Like all other first-class powers, England has for some years past had an army balloon department, a school of instruction in the use of such "air ships," and a staff of trained aeronauts to attend to their manufacture and working.

For obvious reasons, the utmost secrecy is observed as to the composition of the "envelope" (or outer casing of the balloon), for upon the material employed therein largely depends the utility of the air ship of any description. In the days when silk "envelopes" were in use, the adventurous aeronaut was continually exposed to difficulty and danger. For instance, if the silk were not thickly varnished, it let the air in—with singularly disastrous results to the occupants of the car. If, on the other hand, it were varnished, the casing became so brittle that it was constantly cracking and thus causing the unwelcome escape of that it was constantly cracking and thus causing the unwelcome escape of of gas.

THE AERONAUTIC PROBLEM. Consequently the problem with which he military aeronaut was confronted the military aeronaut was confronted was that of discovering a material that would combine in one lightness strength and inperviousness to the atmosphere. For a long time the task seemed to defy human ingenuity. The art of "belligerent aeronautics," however, is not one that stands for any pronounced period. As a result, after repeated experiments, the balloonist's efforts have now been crowned with success. The fabric at present adopted for the mannow been crowned with success. The fabric at present adopted for the manufacture of the "envelopes" of war balloons at Aldershot consists chiefly of what is known as gold-beaters' skin, which is delicately descriped by an English journal : the "lining of the internal portions of the anatomy of cattle." This is soaked in a potash solution and treated with isinglass and alum water. The various sections are alum water. The various sections are then sewn together into an air-tight homogeneous mass. The extreme lightness of the material thus prepared may be estimated from the fact that its 2,500 square feet of surface (the ordinary size of a war balloon "envelope") weighs but 170 pounds. Such a case is capable of holding 10,000 cubic feet of gas, and of raising a dead weight of 700 pounds.

700 pounds.

As a peneral rule the car in which the aeronaut is carried is made of wicker, with a band of hickory wood to bind it. In size, the following are to bind it. In size, the following are the measurements usually adopted: Height and width, 2 feet 3 inches; length, 3 feet 6 inches. It is attached to a hoop by means of the best Italian hemp rope available. This hoop is connected with the cord network that incloses the whole of the balloon's "envelope." The "breaking strain" of this rigging is something over 500 this rigging is something over 500 pounds; nevertheless, it weighs but one pound to the hundred feet.

OUTFIT IS EABORATE.

With so much paraphernalia about it the complete outfit of a balloon sec-tion is necessarily rather elaborate First of all, there is the balloon itself, with its "envelope," valve, net, car, with its "envelope," valve, net, car, hoop, grapnel, spare rope, aeronautical instruments and ballast. Then there is the wagon on which it is packed, and is the wagon on which it is packed, and to which is attached a drum with a wire rope, for holding the balloon captive when necessary, and a telephone apparatus for communicating with the occupants of the car. Finally, there is a second series of wagons, containing the cylinders of compressed hydro-

time and money, but people will insist on calling him "Mike."

THE TRAPPISTS OF OKA.

The story of Trappist monasteries has been told before, but not by the pen of a woman. To such they have been is that of reconnoitering the enemy's is that of reconnoitering the enemy's position, photographing his camp and sending reports (chiefly by means of pigeons) of such observations to head-quarters. Then, despite the fulminations of the recent peace congress against the proposal, it seems extremely likely that they will also be used. iy likely that they will also be used for dropping explosives from the clouds onto the ground occupied by a hostile force. Indeed, special shells for this purpose are a part of the equipment of all war balloons. Accordingly, in the next great European campaign, when both sides are similarly prepared, and war balloon thus meets war balloon, then, indeed, will "come the tug of war." Especially thrilling would be a duel to the death, under these circum ntances, between two rival aeromotives.
It would also be one in which the danger would be equally shared by spectators as well as principals.

GLOBE OF FIRE

Easton (Md.) Special in Baltimore Sun: Some people in Royal Oak and its neighborhod last night witnessed a rare electrical phenomenon—a large globe of fire rolling about in the atmos-phere. Mr. Philip M. Pastorfield, a careful observer and accurate in his statements, thus describes the phenom-

was standing, looking from my porch toward the stable, before it rained much, when suddenly it on the ground about twenty-five saw on the ground about twenty-five feet from the stable a balloon-shaped mass of fire about as large as an ordinar hogshead. It was like a balloon upside down, with the stem pointing upward. Almost instantly it exploded with a tremendous report like a cannon, and sprays of fire flowed from it in every direction. I am positive it did not come down from the clouds, as I could not have helped seeing it if it had. Strange to say, no damage was done by it to anything around. I was sure that the amount of fire that flew from it in all directions would set something on fire, but on examination I could not find anything injured. A cow was standing within fifteen feet of it, but was unhurt. My children, three of them, with the hired men, were in the stable, and were badly frightened, but not hurt. Two stacks of fodder close to it were not even scorched. The ground was not disturbed in the least, and the whole matter is very mysterious to me. I would like some scientific man to give me an explanation."

A gentleman of scientific attainments says: "I have known only two or three instances of a similar appearance, yet it is a phenomenon that does happen at rare intervals, and one that no one has been able to explain satisfactorily by feet from the stable a balloon-shape

rare intervals, and one that no one has been able to explain satisfactorily by any of the known laws of electrical pho-

W. Reyman, a New York cyclist, who started out from Gotham two and one-half years ago to make a trip around the world on his wheel, has arrived at San Francisco on the United States transport Warden, having worked his passage from Nagasaki as a dishwash-er. His money gave out at Moscow, and his wheel having broken down he had to "foo" it" across Siberia and Manchurfa. PRECAUTION.

The colonel walked out into the garden where the warm, moi. : smell of the earth announced the advent of spring, and watched Uncle Dick Porter clearing away the winter's litter, preparatory to an early spading.

A plump, speckled hen scratched around in close proximity to the darky, who, all unconscious of the Colonel's presence, glanced once or twice at the fowl, and several times drove it away with an earnestness that was almost

"Go 'way!" he said. "Ah done got 'ligion now, yo' heah me? Git yo' behin me, Satan!" and then as the pullet squawked and flew awkwardly away in answer to the throwing of a pebble, he raised his eyes plously and ejaculated: "Praise de Lamb! Ah done got anothah victory!"

The Colonel, who understood the darky nature as well as he did horses, could keep still no longer, but burst into a laugh. Uncle Dick looked up quickly.

"Ah'm done glad you see mah victory, Mawse Kunnel, he said. "Ah sholy is saved. When a cullud man can 'sist a sassy pullet like dis hyah he ain' gwine have no trubble ter reach dem puhly gates. Da's so, Kunnel, it sholy am. An' yo' don need put no lock on yo' chicken house now, foh Ah done got 'ligion."

The Colonel, who never dreamed of locking his henhouse, counting the "lifting" of a nice fat Plymouth Rock now and then as a natural prerogative of the African race and an unmentioned part of the wages, put on his most judicial aspect.

"Why, have you been stealing my chickens, Uncle Dick?" he saked. Uncle Dick scratched his head for a

moment in perplexity. "It's die hyah way, Mawse Kunnel. Dev ain't no cullud puhson ever steal Mebby dey lif' a half a dollah and a yelleh-leged Dominickah ef dey hain' souls, but dey doan steal. Dey jes' kain help it. It's jes' lak ole Mose White, what done got scotched by de debbil. Ole Mose he done walkin' thro' de woods one day an' he meet de debbil face to face, an' de debbil he say: 'Mohnin' Mose, Ah'm mighty glad to see yo' lookin' so well dis mohnin,' an' he hole out he han' foh Mose to shake, But Mose he look down an' he see de debil's tail buhnin' a ole in de groun' an' he put he hands behin' him.

"'Yo' gwan away, Mistah Debbil," he say, 'Ah doan want no truck wid yo. "Den de debbil he put he han' in he pocket an' he draw out a dollah.

"'Doan yo' be 'fraid o' me, Mose,' he say, 'Ah'm gwine be you' friend'. Hyah's a dollah Ah done foun' er while ergo, an' Ah done say, "Ah'm gwine gib dis hyah to Mose White, 'case he need it." An hyah it is.'

"Mose he want dis hyah dollah mighty bad, 'case he think he might buy a voodoo bag dat keep de debbil away. but he see it gettin' red roun' de ridges an' he feahd to tech it.

"'Yo' gwan away, Misto Debbil,' he say. 'Ah ain' neveh done yo' no hahm.' "Den de debbil he scratched he hald an' think a minute, an' den he reach in he coat tail pocket an' hand out a ship, Pike county, according to the

watchmelyon an' he say: "'Hyah's a fine watchmelyon Ah done | acuse Post-Standard. fotch along foh yo' Mose,' an' den he Despite bus' it open on he knee an' de red hyaht is active, and she startled the aucdone stick up lookin' cool an' sweet an' crumbly like, an' Mose's mouth done watah so bad he kyain't hahdly hole hoof, whah dey's little green fyah

flickerin' aroun' an' he done holler. "'Yo' gwan way an luft me erlone, yo' Misto Debbil. Ah doan' wan' none o' yo' ole watehmelyon.'

'Wel, de debbil he neveh lose h patience; he jes' think, an' bimeby he reach back an' haul out a piece o baked possum smokin' hot, wid de possum grease drippin' off on de ground', an' he doan say a wohd; he jes' hole it out whah de shine o' dis hyah grease glint into Mose's eves an' Mose he done double up wid de watah drippin' out de cohnahs ob he mouf an' he wrastle wid de speerit an' he vell out:

'Foh de lan's sake, good Misto Debbil, please go 'way. Ah ain' gwine hab none o' yo' ole possum no how.'

"Den de debbil he done grin an' he rech back an' haul out a nice, fat young pullet, an' it done roasted brown all oveh wid de yellow meat showin' thro' an' de gravy drippin' down, an' whah it split open undehneath the sage stuffin am' bustin' out, an' de debbil hole it out whah de hot steam done git up intil Mose's nose an' Mose's eyes pop out an' he tongue hang down wid de watah drippin' off de ain' an' he breff come hard, an' all ot once de temptation ob de debbil ovehcome him an' he sink he teef into dis hyah tendeh meat an' de debbll scotch 'im, an' he nebber come back no mo'. An' Ah done b'leeve, afteh all, Mawse Kunnel," he continued, with glistening eyes and moist lips, "dat yo' betteh lock up dis hyah henhouse, afteh all. Becase dey ain' no tellin', Mawse Kunnel, when de grace ob de Lamb gwine 'sert a cullud pubson an' luff 'im backslide under de temptations ob de debbil."

When she saw the golden hair upon the shoulder of her husband's coat she was at first inclined to grow sick at heart. For her own hair was as black as the

raven's wing. But her rare good sense did not for

sake her. Almost at once she recalled, with thrill of relief, that the cook's hair was rolden, and that a plate of soup had een spilled in her husband's neck at

"Oh, what a good husband he is," she mused, radiant.
Of course, this fable isn't true. It is designed simply to show women how thoroughly their happiness is a matter within their own control.

THE VOLCANIC BATH.

In Parts of California the People Take Plunges in Ice-Cold Mud. Volcano baths are the proper thing nowadays in certain parts of Califor-

nia and Mexico. Down in Mendocino county, California, such baths have become most frequent. The volcano bath is not a water bath, says the San Francisco Bulletin, nor is

it a fire bath or a lava bath, as might be supposed. It is a mud bath, and no ordinary mud bath at that. Ice-cold mud of a bluish tint and the consistency of freshly mixed mortar is the element into which the bathers plunge, splashing and spluttering. The way they manage is unique. A sapling is felled from the forest near the volcano craters, stripped of its limbs, carried to the crater and placed across it, so that each end of the pole rests on firm ground. Fancy yourself sliding out on one of these saplings stretched over off into the middle of a gurgling, bubbling, ice-cold mass of mud and swinging yourself there, suspended by your hands, until fatigued! Then, with just life enough left to crawl back along the log you reach unyielding ground again. Once plunged into one of the craters of mud with all ties to the sapling severed, a person would be lost forever. being swallowed up in the murky depths in an instant, for vastly quicker

county's mysterious volcanoes. Cleanliness has nothing to do with it. It is not for that that people face the dangers of the volcano bath. The mud which is beiched forth from the earth's interior is supposed to contain important medicinal properties.

in action and surer of its victim than

quicksand is the mud of Mendocino

There are about twenty-five of these singular mud-belching volcanoes in steps." Mendocino county, and they are among California's many wonders. They are situated high on a mountain side, seven miles from Cahto. At this time of year they are unusually active. Their gurgot de savin' grace o' de Lamb in dey gling roar may be heard for a distance of several miles when they are most violent. The mud frequently shoots evr the rim of the crater, flows down the mountain side like a lava stream and enters one of the Eel river's tributaries called Mud creek. It fills the craters, which are about five feet above the earth's surface and bounded with a circular base or miniature crater from four to seven feet in diameter at the base and two or three feet at the top. Prospecting parties have hewn down saplings fifty feet in length and pushed them into the mouth of a crater. Some of these have disappeared altogether Others remain near the surface, play things of the muddy element, which tossess them about like fishermen's bobbins in a rough sea. A significant coincidence is the fact that when the ocean, twenty miles away, is unusually heavy and rough the volcanoes become intensely active, belching forth not only their burden of ice-cold mud, but volumes of warm vapor. In some mysteri-ous way the ocean seems to control

> A Wowan Solp at Auction. An unfortunate old woman, poor, her usefulness gone, her friends driven from her by her peculiarities incident to old age, has just been sold at auction to the lowest bidder by the overseer of the poor of Lackawanna town-Milford (Pa.) correspondent of the Syr-

tioneers by bidding in herself.

The woman who was put on the block is Mrs. Elmira Quick. She is 77 years heself. But he look down at de debbil's old, and has resided nearly the whole of her life in Lackawaxen township. Her sale at auction was in pursuance of a custom which has long prevailed in that township.

It has been customary for the various poormasters to sell the poor of the township each year to the lowest bidder in preference to being annoyed with the case themselves, and about the beginning of the year a large sign with the glaring headline of "A Woman for Sale," can be seen posted about the township, for it seldom befalls a man to become dependent upon the district.

The successful bidders, in addition to receiving a small allowance each week from the poor authorities for the maintenance of the indigent, manage to get much work done about the house by the unfortunate.

Mrs. Quick, it is asserted, has long been subjected to such drudgery, and her mind has long been at work to devise some scheme whereby she might thwart the plans of the poormaster and bidders at her annual sale, and at last she has been successful.

When the bidders assembled at Warren K. Rutan's hotel, at Rowland station, the overseer of the poor, Mr. Rosencrance, a former Pike county commissioner, and Warren Rutan, who also acted as auctioneer, took the floor and announced that a "woman was to be sold the lowest bidder for keep for the year."

The room was crowded and many outside clamored for admission to the

was very spirited.

The auctioneers were about to knock down the woman to a backwoodsman for \$1.50 a week when Mrs. Quick, who had been a silent listener to the proceedings, arose from her chair and couldings. quietly said:
"I will bid \$5 a month. I will have no

"I will bid \$5 a month. I will have no trouble to maintain myself on that amount."

This turn in the proceedings was wholly unanticipated, and created general surprise. How was the aged woman to live on 15 cents a day?

No one seemed willing to go below Mrs. Quick's bid, and the auctioneers saw no alternative but to sell the woman to herself, and the papers were

man to herself, and the papers were accordingly drawn up.

Mrs. Quick is a widow and has three

sons and a daughter, but none seems willing to care or provide for her, and she drifts about as a pauper on the

The annual sale of the poor each year at public auction has no sanction in law in Pennsylvania, and it is only in Lackawazen township that the practice HOME GOING.

A spirit of melancholy had settle lown over the divinities at the m nouse down in the alley. Conditi eneral favored such a mood. Ginger Kelley had come to out of a disagr able lethargy of longer than the usual duration, and was pouring beleam over his wounds at the bar. "Bughouse" Pete was painting his bull black and getting ready for action. Gloom had settled with the soot over every countenance.

"I dunno," said the outlaw, "how it's to be done, but I've got to go home and butt in. We signed a treaty uv peace last Chewsday at home, and agreed to came back regular and get my laundry, but now it's all off again. The impresison of my last meeting with my wife will go with me to the grave. I trudged up Nannygoat Hill widout an idee in the world as to how I could bow myself in. Then just in the nick uv time I wuz struck wid a inspiration. I sniks into a penitential air and unpacks a few boxes of Mexican an' gits ready. I unlocks the parlor door, goes in and sets down. My wife comes in and I don't say a word, but looks forlorn at de carpet an' sighs."

'Well, what's de matter wid yous? says she. I don't answer, but rips out anudder sigh. She stands and loke at me wid her arms at her side. Den I breaks de ice. 'Mary,' says I, 'here's one al unworthy us a good woman like yousself and de cumfutable home yes keeps so clean an' tidy. I'm gein' to de

dogs; dere's nuttin' to it.' "'Why don't your go to bed?' she says, moderatin'.

"'No,' says I, 'I ain't worthy uv & civilized bed. I'll jes' lay down here on the floor an' sleep, or lay out on the

"Well, by George! she stod for it and put me to bed, uv course. I sneaks out de nex' mornin', when I ketch her off watch an' hain't been back since. "Las' night I wuz comin' down by de

White Elephant an' I meets One-eyes Williams, who has ben wadin' troo de rye for upwards uv two weeks, an' he carries a bundle dat looks like wash under his arm.

"'Where yous goin'?' says I. " 'Goin' home,' says he, wid tears in his whiskers. An' den he explains about not havin' seen his wife and family for so long, an' how he wus takin' her a little present in order to round himself up wid her. At first I didn't know what to purchase, but at ias' I gits me lamp on the proper article to fetch her,' an' he puts the bundle under his arm in a fatherly way.

" 'Morn' 14 pounds uv choice sausage," says he. 'Now what do you think ur that?" "

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.

Detroit Free Press: "You will not forget me, won't you, dear?" she pleaded by way of softening the harshness of her refusal. "Sure thing!" said he "you know I'd do anything to please YOUL'

Boston Transcript: Coddle-Well, suppose it's time to get up. Mrs. Coddie-Why, has the alarm clock gone off? Coddle-I don't know; but the baby has gone to sleep at last.

Indianapolis Journal: "Undone-hio by a woman!" said Mr. Lushforth, weepingly. Mr. Lushforth, at that pryical moment, was gazing dream ily at the shoes of his feet that the

wife of his bosom had kindly unlaced. Chicago Tribune: "Millie, dear, what is your papa's objection to me?" "He says you don't seem to have any definite object or purpose in life, Harry." "Yet he knows I've been coming to see you for five straight years!"

Detroit Journal: "I understand they fell out the next day after they were married." "Yes, the newspapers gave column to their wedding, and they disputed as to whether it was because of the prominence of his family or

Chicago News: Her Father-And 1 s'pose you expect, if I consent to let you have my daughter, that I will set you up in business and make you rich? Mr. Sappleigh-No, I really haven't any such extravagant expectations as that I'm willing to take her just for my board and clothes.

Washington Star: "A woman." marked the man who assumes superior airs, "has no sense of humor." answered his wife, "when you consider how often she is requested to lauch over serious matters like house ing and Easter bonnets, I don't think you ought to blame her."

Chicago Tribune: "I-have called, Mr. Billiwink, to tell you I love your daughter, Miss Fanny, and I want to marry her." "Well, it will not take me long to answer you, Mr. Harkalong. You can't have her." "Your refusal pains me deeply. By the way, Mr. Billiwink, are you carrying all the life insurance you want?"

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS

Tommy-I'm going to be a lawyer when I grow up. Uncle-I thought you were going to be a minister. Ton -So I was, but there's more fair play in law. Ministers is always jumping Satan, and he don't get a chance to talk back.

"Pa, is Admiral Dewey a full admiral?" "Yes, my son." "He's a sait water admiral, isn't he?" "Certainly." "And you are sure he's a full admiral?" "Of course he is." "Well, how can he keep full on salt water?"

A little boy of 4 years has a way of referring with great deference to his sister, not yet 8. She was learning a verse for Sunday school, the last its of which was: "Drive the shades of sie away." "Mary," he said, ons what is 'sin away?" "I don't Johnnie," she answered, just as ously. "But mamma puts commi into cake: let's go and not her