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RELIEF COMMISSION

Meeting first Monday in February, and at such other times as may be required, Robert Gallagher, Page, Wm. Bowen, O'Neill, secretary, Atkinson

RICK'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

Every Sabbath at 10:30 o'clock, Cassidy, Pastor, Sabbath school following services

DIST CHURCH

Preaching 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Class No. 2 (Episcopal), Class No. 3 (Catholic), Mind-Week Services - General Sing Thursday 7:30 P. M. All will welcome, especially strangers, E. E. HOSMAN, Pastor

POST, NO. 86

The Gen. John A. H. will meet the first and third evening of each month in Masonic S. J. SMITH, Com.

VALLEY LODGE, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Wednesday evening in its hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited, C. L. BRIGHT, Secy.

FIELD CHAPTER, R. A. M.

Meets first and third Thursday of each month, J. C. HARNISH, H. P.

HELMET LODGE, U. D. G.

Meets every Monday at 8 o'clock P. M. in the hall, following brethren invited, T. V. GOLDEN, C. C.

ENCAMPMENT NO. 30, I. O. O. F.

Meets every second and fourth of each month in Odd Fellows Hall, Scribe, CHAS. BRIGHT.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

The Dejected and Discarded Lawyer Takes a Terrible Revenge. Pale with suppressed emotion, the struggling young village attorney stood before the haughty heiress, hat in hand, and ready to go. "I could have borne your refusal, Verdigris McSorrell," he said brokenly, "although I had hoped for a more favorable answer. But you have chosen to accompany it with words of scorn. You have accused me of fortune hunting. You have twisted me with my poverty, my insignificance and my lack of worldly knowledge. I have not deserved this. I may have been presumptuous, but I am not the sordid, mercenary, soulless wretch you have pictured me to be. And, mark my words, proud beauty, the day will come when your haughty spirit shall be brought low!"

"What will you do, Mr. Bramble?" scornfully asked the young woman. "Will you sue me for damages? Will you publish some dismal verses about me? Or will you crush me by silent contempt?" "I shall bide my time! Heartless being, farewell!" Long years passed away. In a crowded court room in a large city the famous case of Kersmith vs. Jehones was on trial, involving the possession of millions. Enos A. Bramble, now one of the most noted and successful lawyers in his native state, leaned forward in his chair to cross-examine a witness. "Your name, madam," he said, "if I understood you rightly, is Mrs. Bimm?" "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "Your familiarity with this case grows out of the fact that you have resided all your life in the neighborhood of the property in dispute? Is that correct?" "Yes, sir."

"It will be necessary, then, to ask you—but, first, how long have you been married?" "I—I was married several years ago. I am a widow." "How long have you been a widow?" "O—several years." "What was your maiden name?" "McSorrell." "Full name, please?" "Verdigris McSorrell." "Thank you. In order to ascertain all the facts pertaining to this controversy it will be necessary to ask you one more question. Now, then, Mrs. Verdigris McSorrell Bimm!" thundered Lawyer Enos A. Bramble, rising to his feet, "please tell the jury your age!"

Made the Briton Disgorge. Trouble was recently threatened between the people of Orissa and the Indian government on account of the "Poojah stone," which had rested for ages over the main entrance to the temple of the Sun. It was carved with symbols of the sun and planet, and thirty years ago fell from its place in the temple to become at once a special object of worship. The governor of Bengal, being interested in it as an archeological treasure, had it removed to the Indian museum, and this raised such resentment among the natives that the stone has been restored to them and has been raised again to its original place in the temple.

Old Chests and Trunks. Old chests and trunks have a high value as curios, and are largely taken by the dealers in the like. As paper was costly in the eighteenth century, many such articles were lined with newspapers then current, and, if the pleasantness of the period are to be trusted, with rejected manuscripts. A curious old trunk with pentagonal ends recently turned up in the shop of a dealer in old furniture. It still bore a weather-stained card, showing that its last delivery had been to somebody in Pearl street. It was lined with a Philadelphia newspaper of 1778, and the pages exposed bore the tax list of that year in pounds, shillings and pence.

Miles of Various Lengths. English speaking countries have four different miles, the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet, and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,085 feet, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two. Then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet. In fact, almost every country has its own standard mile.

An Important Decision. "George, dear," said Mrs. George, "Am I to have a sealskin sacque this winter?" "Well, I guess not," said George. "Do you want to go to prison?" "Prison?" "Certainly. Didn't you know that this Behring sea decision has made it a penal offense to buy or sell sealskins.—Truth."

Swiss Lake. The lakes of Switzerland are great settling beds of glacier mud. Every one has a gray river flowing into its upper end, a blue river leaving it at the other. Eleven miles of the head of Lake Geneva have been filled up with the gray glacier grit of the Rhone.

Glass Making an Ancient Art. As far as antiquarian research has been able to determine, glass was known at least 2,000 years before Christ. The oldest known piece of glass is a lion head from Egypt, now in the Slade collection in the British museum.

Posters. Posters took their name from the fact that in former times the footways of London streets were separated from the drives by a line of posts, on which advertisements were displayed.

CHANCES OF GETTING KILLED

In a Twenty-Four-Mile Railroad Ride They Are 1 to 1,491,910. If a man takes a ride of the average length, which is twenty-four miles, in a railway train in this country, what is his chance of getting killed? asks the Pittsburg Times. According to the interesting report of the interstate commerce commission, it is one chance in 1,491,910 If a young man of 20, jilted by his sweetheart, should determine to commit suicide without sin by getting accidentally killed in a railway accident he might do it. Certainly he might do it. If he were to get on a train as a passenger and ride, ride at the rate of thirty-five and one-half miles an hour, day and night, every hour of the day and every day in the year, if he had average luck he would eventually get surcease from the gnawing pain at his heart somewhere in the course of his passing over 35,542,282 miles, for according to these official figures, one passenger is killed for every 35,542,282 miles that a passenger is carried. According to the same he would be injured in some way eight and three-quarters times, or eight times and a bad scare. It is a little better than one chance in three that he would come to an untimely grave in consequence of a collision, but if he preferred to have the train run off the track to kill him he would have only one chance in nine to be satisfied. His possible journey would have taken him around this weary world and past the place where she went to housekeeping with the other fellow 1,421 times, and would have cost him, at the rate of three cents a mile and \$2.50 a night for a sleeping berth, \$1,087,016.48. In this melancholy state of mind he wouldn't care how his shoes looked, and the porter needn't disturb his grief for a daily quarter.

And when, after all his journeying to his death, and glowering out of the window at every unsympathetic rock that might have fallen before the engine, and cursing every vagrant browsing cow that might have trespassed on the track and didn't, he finds at length "the golden key that opens the palace of eternity," it is a bigger chance than there are figures for that he will not be ready to go. For the scenery of this world becomes interesting after awhile, even to one smitten with disappointment and angry with all creation. There are many pretty acquaintances to be picked up in the course of a long journey, also, and time is a great healer of love-sickness, even though a slow one. He would be in his 135th year by the time his desperate purpose was achieved, and he would have more sense than he started with. He would have had leisure to reflect from time to time on how his false sweetheart's false teeth became her now; how her rheumatism was, whether gray hair and spectacles changed her much, and how she managed with those great-grandchildren of hers.

Destroying Bank of England Notes. With the bank of England the destruction of its notes takes place about once a week, and at 7 p. m. It used to be done in the daytime, but made such a smell that the neighboring stockbrokers petitioned the governors to do it in the evening. The notes are previously cancelled by punching a hole through the amount, in figures, and tearing off the signature of the chief cashier. The notes are burned in a closed furnace, and the only agency employed is shavings and bundles of wood. They used to be burned in a cage, the result of which was that once a week the city was darkened with burned fragments of notes. For future purposes of reference, the notes are left for five years before being burned. The number of notes coming into the bank of England every day is about 50,000, and 350,000 are destroyed every week or something like 18,000,000 every year. The stock of paid notes for five years is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes which, if placed side by side, would reach two and one-third miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five and two-thirds miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long.

Part of the Recital. Tennyson's wonderful poem, "The Revenge," was first published in the Nineteenth Century in 1878 or 1879. On the eve of its publication, Tennyson invited between thirty and forty of his most intimate friends to his house in Eaton Square, in order that he might recite this patriotic piece to them. As the poet proceeded in his rich and sonorous tones, the favored few hung upon his words. When he reached the last lines—"And the whole sea plunged and fell on the, shot shattered navy of Spain. And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags. To be lost evermore in the main—" the feelings of all present were strung up into excitement and enthusiasm, when, to the amazement of all, the laureate added, without the slightest pause and without the least change of tone in his voice, "and the beggars only gave me three hundred pounds for it, when it was worth at least five hundred pounds or more."—Argonaut.

Reformation in Mysore. The maharajah of Mysore has decided, if possible, to put an end to marriages between children, or rather infants in his kingdom. He issued an order recently forbidding girls under 8 years and boys under 14 to marry. In the future no man aged 50 or more dare wed a girl under 14. The edict has aroused much opposition in Mysore, but the ruler is said to be an energetic man and capable of executing regulations which he is pleased to promulgate.

NAMES FOR RACE HORSES.

Somewhat similar must have been the regard in which old world patrons of the turf held their race horses when they could bestow upon them such outlandish names as were in vogue at the end of the last century, says the London Telegraph. Here, for instance are a few specimens, and we regret to add that for some of them the Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox, the greatest orator of his day, was solely responsible. Their general character may, however, be gauged from the following instances, all of them culled from old "Racing Calendars" published before 1800.

The "Mr. Lowther" of that day did not disdain to start a mare named Jack, I'll Tickle Thee, and was supported by a Mr. Read with another called Jack, Come Tickle Me. Next we come across I Am Little, Pity My Condition; Why Do You Slight Me? Watch Them and Catch Them; Turn About Tommy; Kick Him, Jenny; Admiral, Whip Me Well; Peggy Grievous; Me, Hop, Step, and Jump, Jenny, Come Tye Me; Kiss Me in a Corner, Sweetest When Clothed, Look About You, Jack at a Pinch, Long Looked For, Labor in Vain, Love's Labor Lost, Fear Not Victorious, Willing and Weak, A Laughing Woman With Two Black Eyes, Invincible True Blue, Tarry Till I Come, Whistle and I'll Come to You, Smirking Nancy, Smiling Molly, Salisbury Steeple, Run Now, or Hunt Forever; Polly, Be Steady; Petticoat Tight Round Ankle, One More at a Venture, One Hundred to One, My Wife's Fancy, Miss Hot Upon It, Miss Make the Play, Look at Me, Lads, Last Time of Asking, Kitty Cut a Dash, Foxhunteribus, Fal de Ra Lal, Cold and Raw, Bounce About Boniface.

Such are some few names selected from a long list. Metallurgy and Manures. Metallurgy is tending to become one of the most efficient producers of manures in the world. Twenty years ago 20,000 tons of phosphoric acid were as poison to the 2,000,000 tons of cast iron which England produced, while English ships were ransacking the most distant regions of the globe for phosphoric acid for agriculture. The basic process has been the end of this anomaly. Apparatus attached to the furnaces in Scotland for the recovery of the ammonia out of the furnace gases have furnished a new and important source of sulphate of ammonia for agriculture.

Dealer in Secondhand Plate Glass. One of the novel business trades of Boston is that of a dealer in second-hand plate glass. Nearly all of this glass is bought by the dealer from insurance companies. The large plates of this kind of glass are insured when put in a window, and when any of them is broken the owner of the injured glass usually prefers that the insurance company should replace the broken piece rather than he should be paid its price. The dealer in the secondhand glass contrives to utilize what remains of the unbroken part of the glass.

English Orders of Knighthood. The several orders of knighthood in Great Britain are thus commonly designated: Knight of the Garter, K. G.; Thistle, K. T.; St. Patrick, K. P.; Knight of the Grand Cross of the Bath, G. C. B.; Knights Commanders, K. C. B.; Knights Grand Commanders of the Star of India, G. C. S. I.; St. Michael and St. George, G. C. M. G.; Indian Empire, G. C. I. G.

The streets of Para. A woman lately returned from Brazil tells of the curious nomenclature of the streets of Para. They are biblical or commemorative of some event in the Brazilian history. It seemed to her quite irrelevant to be told that a desirable locality was "at the corner of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist streets."

The Difference. "It is interesting to see how different men make fortunes," said the contemplative citizen. "Now, there's Biggins. He got rich out of politics, while Baggins got his start from what he won in a poker game."

"Yes," replied his friend, "Biggins' fortune was machine made and Baggins' was hand made."

Different Points of View. In one corner of the ball-room. Mr. Dornicke, to Mme. Nouveau —Yes, a young man yet. Only 42. In another corner of the same. Young Dickson, to his chum—There's that giddy old guy, Dornicke. Why can't he stay home and leave the dancing to the young men?—Chicago Record.

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