Doubts as to the sanity as a cleryman in Warren, Pa., are freely expressed. In a recent sermon he gravely informed his parishoners that many of them were too generous in their donations.

A new telephone was lately tested between Saratoga and Albany, a distance of 38 miles. The speaker at the Albany end of the line was distinctly heard in Saratogo six feet from the instrument.

Mountain sheep are protected by law in Colorado. Ten years in the penitentiary is the penalty for s aying one.

Raid of the Fleas

New Yorkers have a plague. The wicked flea has come to town. The fashionable district between Eighth and Eighteen streets and Third and Fifth avenues has been invaded by fleas.

They come not as single spies, says the Morning Journal, but in battalions. They have entered every mansion and hotel in this large district. They meet the house owner at the door. They dance on the dinner table, hold conferences on the sideboard and promenade in the drawing-room. They take naps in the bedrooms, swim in the bath and train their muscles in the gymnasium. Wherever the house-holder flies he finds fleas.

It is rumored that the fleas were brought to the district by a wind from Ellis island. A zephyr which passed over some Russian immigrants on Ellis island blew over the lower part of the city and conveyed the fleas to Union square and vicinity. The fleas were so lively that it was thought they came from France. In fact, they had the vivacity of French fleas.

Fleas reign throughout the entire district, and their acrobatic feats are the amusement and delight of many spectators. They occupy the city houses of those who have gone to the county. They make themselves familiar with those who are still staying in town. They are jolly, lively and irrepressible. In fact, they are the humorists of the insect world.

His Speech.

Mr. W. M. Evarts, who has just been celebrating his golden wedding, is a man of wit not too often used for telling effect. He flashes his steel to good purpose now and then. The story is said that once at a dinner of the New York Potters, a sort of family reunion, he as their counsel had been asked to dine with them all. There was a bishop, and there was a doctor of divinity, and there were other distinguished scions of the family tree present, and the after dinner speeches had all been—very natural for such an occasion—on the fame and success of one another. The history of the Potters since they first came to this country was told in all its glorious details. Then Mr. Evarts was asked to make a speech, and they say he said that he felt he really must be excused. In this reverend presence, however, he might be pardoned for uttering a paraphrase of Scripture which had come into his mind during the speeches of the rest—"Lord, Lord, thou art the clay, and we are the Potters!"—Boston Transcript.

Hedges For Shady Places.

It is often desirable to have hedges along lines where large tres are already growing. Evergreens are wholly unfitted for these situations. Only deciduous shrubs can be employed. Among the best of these are the various varieties of privet. They stand dry ground better than almost anything else. It is not so much the shade which injures the hedges in these situations as it is the drying of the ground by the roots of the trees. When we imagine the enormous amount of moisture tranpiring from thousands of leaves of trees, we can readily see how dry the ground must be which has to supply this moisture. But those who have practical experience understand this without even a thought of the philosophy involved.—Meehan's Monthly.

HAVING A TOOTH PULLED.

Laughing Gas Caused the Patient a Heap of Trouble.

The dentist assured the tall man that if he took laughing gas the extraction of his tooth would not hurt, and so he settled back in the chair and the dentist administered the anæsthetic. The tall man was soon in dreamland. He first imagined that he was on his way to the World's Fair, and when the train was on the down grade and going sixty miles an hour the wheels left the track. The air brakes broke, and the cars rushed along at a terrible speed. It was with the greatest difficulty that the dreamer kept in his berth. Tremendous jolting was caused by the wheels running over the ties. The suspense was something awful; the wreck of the train was inevitable. The car was filled with the shrieks of the terrified passengers, mingled with the crash of glass and the rattle of the train. Suddenly there was a deafening report and a tremendous concussion, and the cars appeared to crumble away. The tall man found himself in total darkness, but suddenly, to his horror, he discovered a streak of lurid flame through the wreckage, which told him that he would be roasted alive if immediate succor did not reach him. He could hear voices directly over him, but do as he would not a sound could he utter. The flames were making rapid progress toward the place where he was confined, and their hot breath was beginning to singe his whiskers. Then came the crash of an ax directly over his head. The first blow struck him squarely in the back of the neck, and he felt that his time had surely come. The next one cut off his left ear, and the third opened up a space in his cranium the size of a saucer. The fire had now crept up to his feet, and the left one was slowly roasting, when another blow from the ax, greater than all the rest, knocked his head clean from his body. He experienced a singular buzzing in his ear; there was a gleam of light in the distance, and with a bound he returned to consciousness.

The doctor was standing over him, holding a double tooth in his forceps.

"That was an old stager, and no mistake. How he did hang! It took all my strength to dislodge him," and the doctor wiped his dripping forehead with his handkerch ef.

"Where a-a-am I?" were the first words of the tall man.

"Why, right here in my office," responded the doctor. "You would have had a tough time if you hadn't taken the gas."

"Well, if it had been rougher than it actually was I would now be a corpse," and the tall man paid the $1.50 and went out into the street, feeling as if he had been walking in a treadmill for a week.

Dem a i ing Practice.

Permitting large and promiscuous overdrafts in the banking business is a pernicious practice and detrimental to the best interests of banking in general. Those banks which require notes and securities for every dollar loaned need have little fear in times of stringency. Unsecured overdrafts are one of the ugly phases of the Pacific Bank's report of assets, and a glance at the list covering large amounts, is enough to convince conservative business men of the rotteuness of the concern's way of doing business.

For merchants to extend a line of indiscriminate credit on book accounts is also a practice which should receive the same corrective attention which the San Francisco Clearing House has already given to the draft nuisance. The difficulty with an open account is that no fixed time is evident on its face at which it shall be closed, and room is thus left for frequent disputes, disagreements and litigations. We observe a quite general movement in some parts of the country to adjust the credit system to some approach to equity and business-like regulation. If buyers of goods cannot pay cash they ought not to object to giving notes or paper which the jobber or other merchant may use at bank in case of need. Experience in the business world has long since shown that the man who is required to meet his obligations promptly, can do so often with less discomfort than when he is allowed much more latitude. A habit of prompt pay begets confidence, and extensions may often be obtained by such a man where others unused to the business-like ways of banks need ask no favors with any hope of receiving them. "Pay as you go or don't go" is a very good maxim to observe. But credit appears as yet to be a necessary part of our commercial system, hence to curtail, regulate, and reform it is a pressing need of the day. A very long stride in the right direction therefore would be the substitution of securities for overdrafts at bank, and for book accounts with the merchant.—Cal. Fruit Grower.

The City Editor's Rustic Song.

I would flee from the city's rule and law, from its fashions and forms cut loose—and go where the strawberry grows on its straw and the gooseberry grows on its goose; where the catsup tree is climbed by the cat as she clutches for her prey, the guileless and unsuspenting rat on the rattan bush at play.

I will watch at ease the saffron cow and the cowlet in their glee, as they leap in joy from bough to bough on top of a cow-slip tree; and list while the partridge drums in the wood, and the dog devours the dog-rose fruit in primitive solitude.

O, let me drink from the moss-grown pump that was hewn from a pumpkin tree! Eat curds and drink milk from a rural stump, from form and fashion free—new garnered mush from the mushroom vine, and milk from the milkweed sweet—with luscious pineapples from the pine! Such food as the gods might eat!

And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn, where the dairymaid hastening hies—her ruddy and gold-red butter to churn from milk of her butterflies; and I'll rise at morn with the earliest bird, to the fragrant farmyard pass, and watch while the farmer turns his herd of grasshoppers out to grass.

Too Large a Story.

Among the Open Letters of the Century Magazine is one containing the following anecdote of Mr. Francis P. Blair, who, though not an officer of the Government, was more eminent than either of his sons. Montgomery Blair, a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet, and Frank P. Blair, a Major General in the Union Army. His son-in-law was an admiral in the Navy. During the last years of his life Mr. Blair lived in Montgomery County, Maryland, not very far from Washington.

One day during the Civil War, Mr. and Mrs. Blair were riding about the country on horseback, according to their daily custom. They were about eighty years of age; Mr. Blair wore a green veil about his hat to shade his eyes from the dazzling sunlight, and his wife, for the same reason, had pulled her large bonnet far over her face.

They were well known by the country people for miles about Silver Spring, where they lived, but the roads into Washington were guarded by pickets, some of whom were deficient in local knowledge. It chanced that one of these men was struck with the odd appearance of the couple, comporting so ill with the fine blooded horses they rode, and when they came in sight of him he called, "Halt!" He asked the usual questions, which were all answered satisfactorily, and then added one of his own:

"Well, who are you, any way?"

The old gentleman looked at his wife with a smile of quiet humor, and asked:

"Betty, who are we?"

Smiling in her turn, the old lady turned to the picket, and said:

"Well, guard, what would you think if I said we had a son who was a Cabinet Minister, and another son who was a Major Gene al, and another son who —"

"And I suppose," interrupted the guard, "you will say, another son who is an Admiral?"

"Yes," responded the old lady, "an Admiral also!"

"Well, now, old woman," said the soldier, "that's coming it a little too strong. If you had left out the Admiral I might have believed you; but as it is I think you are both subjects for headquarters. So come along!"

There was no course open but that of submission, and the three rode along together. At length a group of officers approached, and halted to speak to the captured "rebels."

"Why," said one of them to Mr. Blair, "what does this mean? One might suppose you were prisoners and on your way to headquarters."

"Well," said Mr. Blair, "so we are."

The officer turned upon the crestfallen picket, and demanded what he had been doing.

"Why, sir," he explained, in an abashed undertone, "when I questioned the old man, I believed he was all right, but when the old woman told her story about her having one son in the Cabinet, and one son a Major General, and then on top of that added another son an Admiral, I couldn't believe but they were real spies! So I arrested 'em on the spot!"

Spanish Yellow as a Garniture.

Spanish yellow velvet ribbon is a fashionable trimming for cream-tinted nun's veilings, clarettes and similar sheer wool fabrics, for young ladies' wear. Some pretty bridesmaids' dresses worn recently were of cream-white crepon so trimmed and supplemented by empire sashes of liberty silk, soft and flexible in quantity and uncommonly wide, that were laid in light folds around the waist and knotted at the left side with falling ends like the Orientals. When the waist is slender and the style appropriate this fashion is a graceful one. In adopting yellow garniture, the temptation to multiply them must be guarded against. Touches of the color are sufficient for good effect, more tends to vulgarity, slight variations of shade also making all the great difference between the becoming and the unbecoming.

Only a Semicolon.

A semicolon incorrectly used is responsible for a great deal of trouble to the surface railroads. The act, which relates to railroad crossings, is as follows: "No electric, cable or horse railroad shall hereafter be constructed across the tracks of a steam railroad at grade; nor shall any steam railroad cross any such electric, cable, or horse railroad at grade, except upon application and approval by the railroad commissioners." The preceding was approved, semicolon and all, June 11, 1889, and became a law. The result is that while steam roads can cross surface lines at will with the permission of the railroad commissioners street and electric roads are barred from crossing steam roads with or without permission.

How the Japanese Mark Time.

The Japanise divide the day into six day hours, from the rising to the setting of the sun, and six night hours, from sunset to sunrise. Accordingly, although the dials of their clocks are figured with twelve numerals, the movements of the hands do not correspond with our own, these movements being regulated by ingenious mechanism to correspond with variations in the length of days and nights.

In olden times, in Sweden, it was the custom to place a small mirror in the coffin of every unmarried female. The object was to enable her, when the last trumpet sounded, to arrange her tresses before arising to join the heavenly caravan.

James Clunon, of Hancock, N. Y., while in the delirium of drunkenness, imagined boa-constrictor was coiled about his neck. He slashed at it with a knife and cut his throat from ear to ear.

Representatives of eastern loan, investment and land companies at Topeka Kan., are greatly agitated over the plans of Colorado capitalists who contemplate constructing an irrigation canal 100 miles long, from Canon City to Colorado Springs and other points to be fed by the Arkansas river. Information was received that this canal would require all the flow of the Arkansas River, and as several million acres in Kansas are watered by the Arkansas, requiring all the surplus flow even in favorable seasons there is fear of the Colorado ditch laying waste several million acres of land along that stream. At the inner-State irrigation convention at Salina, September 28, an appeal will be made to Congress to protect the millions invested along the Arkansas in Kansas.

There's a bit of irony in the name "a bridle couple."

If you follow the tramp you will learn why he rails at fortune.

Blab—Did you say you had a ball room in the house?

Dab—Yes; the nursery is our ball room.

Atlanta Constitution: The Sandersville Progress favors the unconditional repeal of the mosquito bill.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: It was mistaken politics for Pugilists Smith to attempt to cross Dixon's line.

Chicago Tribune: "I don't mind the fine jedge," sniveled the prisoner, "but your remarks about my being a drunken old vagabond, your honor, is what hurts. It—it rasps my feelin's."

"In that case," said magistrate, glaring at him, "you can file an exception."

Chicago Inter Ocean: Burglar (rousing the sleeping head of the family.) Don't move or I'll shoot! Whar's your money hid?

Head of the Family (struck by a bright thought)—It's in the pocket of my wife's dress.

Burglar—That's all right. I'll just take the dress. Thanks.

Chicago Record: The Husband (during the spat)—You're always making bargains! Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir. On my wedding day.

A jury in Salem, Ill., before agreeing upon a verdict, engaged in a game of cards. This came to the ears of the judge, and the verdict was set aside.

The best way to use a toothbrush is to brush the teeth up and down, so that the bristles can remove the foreign particles that lodge between the teeth.

Single eye-glasses are prohibited in the German Army. Even if a soldier has but one good eye, if he needs glasses he must cover both eyes with them.

Musquitoes were unknown in Atlanta, Ga., before sleeping cars were run from Savanah into that city. This is evidence that musquitoes travel first-class.

Salt spray was carried inland ten miles, from Wrightville, N. C., during a severe gale, and the trees were so coated with salt that they looked as though they had been in a snow storm.

Henry Jordan, of Salem, Mass., has an abiding faith in the silver dollar. A bullet fired at him struck a silver dollar in his vest pocket, and that coin is now a family memento.

The King of Italy eats only one meal a day.

In a single season a female codfish will lay 45,000,000 eggs.

Unvaccinated persons are not permitted to vote in Norway.

Fifty per cent of the bodies cremated in New York State last year were those of Germans.

William Ragan, of Hutto, Texas, owns a calf that chases and eats chickens, feathers and all.

Kansas still has nearly one million acres of unoccupied Government lands open for settlement.

Tailless cats with purple eyes, are common in Siam.

A bridegroom of Salem, Mass., was so overcome by the novelty of his position during the marriage ceremony that he fainted. The bride looked so mortified that she seemed to be meditating a severe Caudle lecture for his benefit.

Mrs. Edward Haller, of Canton, Ohio, received a startling fright during a thunder-storm. She was reading a book, when a lightning bolt passed down a sheet iron chimney, and without the least injury to herself, burnt the book she held.

Used a Curling Iron.

A few days ago a party of Utica ladies went to the St. Lawrence for a ten days' stay. One night recently two gentlemen relatives hied themselves away to the river to stay over Saturday and Sunday. Saturday afternoon the gentlemen went fishing, and their success was abundant, for they carried back to the little cottage dozens of excellent fish. In the morning the breakfast was made very inviting by the serving up of a fine mess of the fish caught the night before.

According to the Utica Herald, one of the young ladies in the party had the misfortune, while eating her breakfast, to get a small fish bone in her throat. It did not strangle her, but gave her considerable discomfort, and every effort to dislodge it failed. Fears were entertained that unless the bone was taken out it would cause inflammation, and so the sufferer was taken in a rowboat and a visit made to a neighboring island in search of assistance. The bone could be seen just back of the tonsils, but how to get at it was the question. In the search for aid a dentist was found, but he had no instruments with which to preform the operation. At length, as a trial, a visit was made to a rather pretentious cottage on one of the islands where some wealthy people were staying and though the search they could find nothing among their household utensils that could be used for the purpose of fishing for the bone.

"Why wouldn't a curling iron do?" suddenly asked one of the young ladies, with a flash of inspiration in her eyes.

"Why not, indeed?" was in the mind of everybody. And then the wonder was why this had not been thought of before.

A curling iron was procured, and though a little nervousness was exhibited on the part of the operator—the sufferer's brother—he soon succeeded in catching the bone between the jaws of the instrument and drawing it out.

Then everybody laughed and all were happy.

Detroit Free Press: Miss Keedick—Mr. Gilley actually offered himself to Miss Darley on a postal card. Miss Gaset—What did she do? Miss Keedick—Refused him. She said she preferred sealed proposals.

Chicago Record: Tommy's Mamma—So Johnny grabbed your apple, did he? The naughty boy! Why didn't you grab it from him?

Johnny [in tears]—I did. I grabbed it from him first.

Newport News: Some dentists seem to think it necessary to have a showy sign in order to have a strong pull with the public.

Washington Post: Mr. Van Alen will be much at home while at court—lawn tennis court.

Chicago Record: "How do you suppose I can get a real spring chicken?" "Order a fresh egg."

The largest canal in the world is the Imperial Canal of China. It was begun in the year 750 and completed in 600 years. Its length is 2,000 miles, and there are 42 cities on its banks.

After returning home from a party, Mr. and Mrs. Philor King, of Delevan, Wis., were started by a rap at the door. When it had been opened, three masked men rushed in, and forced her to surrender her diamonds to the value of $1,000, which she had worn at the party.

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