Ex		
Jan. "	128	15 00
Feb.	237	15 00
June 1 Ella Morris	352	15 00
29 K. L Dickson	362	25 00
July 1 Maggie Lee 1896.	1	20 00
Jan. 1 Maggie Lee 13 Ella Morris	3 5	20 10 20 00
13 " "	6	20 00
KINGSTREE SCHOO NO. 16. Dec.	L DI	STICT,
1895. 12 N A Harper	20	24 00
N A Battert 1896.	131	24 00
Jan. 27 C A Benjamin S Pendergass	171 191	25 00 4 00
Feb. 6 N A Battert	250	24 00
24 " " March.	275	12 00
23 E C Dennis	315 319	8 40 25 00
30 S E Wilson	321	25 00
April. 20 E C Dennis May.	333	7 90
26 E C Dennis S E Wilson	348	7 00 25 00
" "	349	25 00
SCRANTON SCHOOL NO. 17.	DIS	FRICT,
1896. • Feb.		
6 J W Nelson March.	207	24 00
16 J W Nelson 30 " "	305 317	24 00 24 00
April. 13 W P Eaddy	332	16 90
SUNDRY.		
Nov. 10 Frank Carter	438	9 00
18 J J B Montgomery	8 9	24 00 - 13 00
Dec. 12 P A Alsbrooks	27	7 00
31 J B Montgomery	110	72 00
Feb.	233	5 00
3 Frank Carter 10 J J B Montgomery	253	81 20
March 6 JJ B Montgomery	292	38 50
16 P A Allsbrooks	307	4 50 15 00
1896. April.	001	90.00
3 J J B Montgomery 27 P A Allsbrook	331 335	36 00 3 15
Frank Carter June.	336	5 00
1 J J B Montgomery	353 354	36 00 45 00
July.	360	3 50
6 Frank Carter W G Gamble	7	5 25 15 00
J J B Montgomery 27 P A Allsbrook	9	4 00
Aug. 10 J J B Montgomery	13	18 00
17 P A Allsbrook	15	3 75 7 50

PAID STATE TREASURER.

30

45 00

14 W G Gamble

26 W E Cook

1895.

J J B Montgomery

Nov.	7	As	per	voucher	\$ 224 69
Barrie S	18				1,040 24
Dec.	10	44		**	3,323 04
	28	**		**	2,550 00
1896.	1				
Jan.	6			**	2,734 95
	28	**	. "	44	923 17
Feb.	24		**	46	957 33
Mar.	18		**	**	121 49
May	18	**	**	**	148 87
1	roı	AL	pī	BURSEN	ENTS.

TOTALDISBUR	DEMENTS.
Ordinary County	\$14,256 42
Contingent	372 20
Commutation	2600
Fence	263 00
School	8,016 42
State	11,798 09
Total	834,732 13

Respectfully submitted, R. D. ROLLINS, County Treasurer.

Real Estate Values in New York. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer has a paper on "Places in New York" in the Century. Speaking of the rapid increase of value of real estate in that city, Mrs. Van Rensselaer says: Two miles from the City Hall? Very much farther away than this stands the new "Herald" building, where Broadway and Sixth avenue intersect. In 1845 the city owned its site, and sold it for \$9,-930. The "Herald" now pays rent for it -for the land alone at the rate of \$60,-000 a year. At the same sale fifty years ago a corner lot on Fifth avenue and Forty-second street brought \$1,-400, and in 1840 four hundred lots on Fifth avenue above Twentieth street were sold at prices ranging from \$200 to \$400. Within twenty years some of these were resold for \$15,000 each, and you may guess their present worth for yourselves, remembering that business and business values have now moved into this region also.

Less than twenty years ago a much more northerly district, between Fiftyninth and One Hundred and Tenth streets, west of Eighth avenue, would have shown you little but rocks and puddles and predatory goats and boys. Now much more than half its surface is covered with buildings, all of a very good class, and their estimated cost has been \$170,000,000. Land up here is more precious than was land two miles from the City Hall in the days of Philip Hone. And it is just as easy now as then to grow greatly richer in New York if you are already rich enough to buy little bits of its soil and to hold on to them for a little while.

HAPPY DAYS AMONG THE HILLS.

Every quaint, expectant quiver Of the willows in the vale, Every curve along the river, Every note borne on the gale Every glimpse of flashing fountains, Every wild rose on the hill, Every sunset on the mountains, I recall and love them still.

Oft I tread those pleasant places, Dwell upon those tender themes, See again those smiling faces Welcoming me in my dreams; And those blissful memories haunt me When with disappointment crossed, And my toils and troubles taunt me With the joys that I have lost!

Often when I think of all those Scenes my heart with sadness fills. And regretfu! I recall those Happy days among the hills; Inspirations fair unnumbered Smiled upon those hills seren e, Many a dream of pleasure slumbered In those peaceful valleys green.

What are fame and proud position When the heart is ill at ease? Where the good of high ambition When compared to such as these? Ever I recall in vain those Rambles by the laughing rills, And in my dreams I live again those Happy days among the hills!

-M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution

THE FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY FRANCIS E. HAMILTON.



American friend, and calling his attention to a guinea that hung from his watch chain, said: "What do you find on that?"

The other exmined the coin closely, and upon ne side of the medallion saw enraved in exceedingly small but disnot letters this inscription, "Write O. Box 1001, London.

Looking at his host he said: "What oes that mean? Is there a story con-

ected with it?

The Englishman laughed. 'Yes, a story in five chapters. Come ere;" and he led the way into his trary. "There are the chapters," e continued, opening a desk and proneing five envelopes, each containing letter; "and I am going to ask you read them, for I am sure they will nterest you. Before you begin, owever, I will give you the preface the tale, or otherwise you would ot understand it. In 1876, when I as but a boy, I was sent to Australia look after my father's sheep busi-Much of the time I was obliged be in the bush, and when there the ours often hung heavily upon my ands. One frightfully hot Sunday I y gasping for air under a thorn tree ear my cabin when I noticed somening glittering in the dust of the adway not twenty yards distant. fter speculating upon what it might for perhaps an hour, I mustered fficient energy to rise from my hamook and investigate. It was this oin, but without the inscription you we noted. Returning to my siesta began to wonder how it came there, r not a soul had passed that way for ore than a month, except my own en; and neither they nor I had any old. My wonder grew upon itself ntil at last it occurred to me how range a story such a piece of money ould tell if it could relate its adventures, and from that idea it was but a step to the inscription and a trial of

The first time I visited Sydney, I took the coin to a jeweler and had him engrave it as you have seen. I put the London P. O. box on, for London | Here is the fourth letter." is known the world around, and 1001 whether in Australia or at home. No sooner was the gold prepared than I started it on its journeyings; for I paid it to the very jeweler who marked it. Now you may read the letters."

my fantastic notion.

"But," said his friend, "how does it come that you have the guinea now, if you parted with it twenty years ago in Australia?"

"Ah," replied the other, with s smile, "that may be termed the sequel to the story of the letters. Read those and then I will add that also."

The first was written upon heavy paper, in Spanish with the following translation attached:

H. S. M. Sloop of War, Infanta.
MELBOUENE, Meh. 9th, 1880.
Respected Sir:—I have recently receive nespected Sir:—I have recently received an English gold piece which bears the following words: "Write P. O. Box 1001, London." The same was paid to me some days since by a Maiay fruit trader while we were at Batavia, Java. Not observing the engraving until the Maiay had left the ship I am unable to state where he obtained the money. unable to state where he obtained the money.
We are about to leave for Barcelona, and should I have opportunity to visit London during my stay ashore I shall do myself the honor to personally exhibit the wandering guinea to Box 1001.

With great respect, I am, Sir,
Xavios Cardenza,
Lieut. H. S. M. N.

"This comes next," said the Eng lishman; "you may wonder at its date, and yet you can probably imagine the tragedy that intervenes;" and he handed a rather dingy sheet to the American.

The writing was coarse and unformed but evidently in a man's hand, in the German language translated as follows:

PRETORIA, TRANSVAAL, S. A. June 14th, 1882.

I have in my possession a guinea, attached to a piece of gold chain, which I think was a watch chain. It is marked Write R.O. Box 1001, London, and so I do. I have had the coin some three months and received it from a Namaqua native with whom I was trading for ivory on the Molopo River. He was a chief and wore the thing around his was a chief and wore the thing around his neck. We were together several days, and when I saw the gold piece was a guinea I was curious enough to ask him where he got it. He said one of his men took it in war from an Angra, or West Coast man. I presume that fellow got it from some wreck or even from some dead or dying sailor on the charm. If the piece is of any particular value If the piece is of any particular value as a keepsake I will send it to London upon as a keepsake 1 was a k

The American looked up.

"Poor Cardenza! Evidently his ship was lost and the savages robbed his body.

The Englishman bowed.

"When I received this letter I made search through the marine records, for I was then at home, and found that in May, 1880, the Spanish sloop of war Infanta was lost off South Africa and ended, and I begged my brother to come sack!"—Tit-Bits. search through the marine records, for

Englishman | no one saved. The lieutenant's body turned to his probably washed ashore in the long ground swell which rolls in upon that coast in the spring, and the Angra man despoiled it of watch, chain and pendant. Only the guines will ever be heard of again."

"Did you write Hufeland?" queried his friend.

"Yes, out of curtesy, thanking him, and telling him where the coin had started and how it had probably reached him, and asking him not to return it, but to set it on its travels again in the regular course of business. I had no reply to my letter and doubt whether the Boer ever received it. Something more than a year later this third chapter arrived."

He handed the American a large, square envelope of rough paper, bearing the strange postmark, "Irkute," Mackor Sunt," and the sheet within was headed "Yakutsk." The letter was in English.

To the Unknown: Except to drink vodka, attend Greek church and gamble there remains nothing for a Christian (?) to do in this "heel of the world" but write. Two days since, when paying for some furs which I had bought from Tunguse Indians, one of them gave me in change an English guinea. Happening to examine it later I discovered engraved in small letters near the head. Happening to examine it later I discovered engraved in small letters near the head, "Write P. O. Box 1001, London." As an American I have all a Yankee's curiosity, and therefore am writing. I must insist, however, upon a reply. My personal knowledge of this coin begins only as stated; but when I saw the inscription I hunted up the native and dragged from him by bribe and irrigation all that he knew of the same. He had received it months before from a Bushad received it months before from a Russian official, recently arrived from St. Petersburg, whom he met on the Lena River. Where that man got it is only to be conjectured. I shall probably spend it, set it in motion again soon; but I would be pleased to hear why it bears this strange request. I am a United States naval officer section that for lead by my Government to sent to this far land by my Government to aid in the search for the crew of the lost Very respectfully,
JOHN M. HARLOW.

The American laughed. "Quite a characteristic letter. You surely wrote Mr. Harlow?"

"Oh, yes," replied the other, "and have still an epistolary acquaintance with him, maintained in a desultory manner ever since. He is now it Washington, in your country, I think. He has promised to visit me should he ever get to England on leave. Of course how the guinea reached Russia from South Africa I shall never know. "LORETO, LOWER CAL,

"For a month I have anticipated the time when I should be strong enough to write P. O. Box 1001, London. Dear old, smoky, foggy London! If you only knew how strong is the love that wraps an Englishman's heart about 'for his Great City, especially when far from the place of his birth, you will be able to estimate how such love and longing is increased when the Englishman lies for weeks on his back in a cot bed, with a forty-caliber hole through one lung. Ned—that's my chum—says I have slept with the 'home guinea' clasped in my hand night after night. Well, I may have done so. It is the first thing that has come direct from dear old England to me in three long years and I doubt if ever I see anything so near my beloved home again. I am one of the ne'er-do-wells who has drifted up and down the earth, never content, never at rest, until, "For a month I have anticipated the time the earth, never content, never at rest, until, perchance, put to rest as I have been, by an enemy's shot from behind a mesquite bush. This little coin was paid me for gold dust one wild night across the Gulf in Guayamas, Mexico, three months ago, and although guineas don't grow on trees in this blazing

desert, I have clung to it.

"Write me, Box 1001—write me for humanity's sake! They teil me I'm going to get well, but I know better. The catch at my heart and the hole in my lung don't mean my heart and the hole in my lung don't mean life, but something else. And perhaps it is just as well. The world has not been the better for me; it will not be much the worse without me; but my soul is hungry for a letter. A big yellow envelope, with my name in round hand on the outside. My friends do not know where I am, and if I am to die it is better so. Even my dearest sister, who never gave me up, has lost me; for I have been ashamed to tell her how low I had been ashamed to tell fer now low I had faller. But, Box 1001, you only know that I have your guinea, and you don't know all my foolish and my evil deeds. Write me, here; for I shall never go away.

'ARTHUR JAMESON."

"You see how long a time had passed since the third letter," said the Englishman; "six years. I had all but forgotton my golden wanderer when this came; but you may know that I wrote at once and at length to poor Jameson, dying amid the horrible wastes of Lower California. I even wrote twice; but no answer came, and I concluded that his course was run. Sometimes I remembered the fellow. pitying his loneliness if living; but as time passed the recollection slowly faded from my mind, when, two years ago, the fifth and last of the series came to hand."

The American took the letter. I was written in a lady's hand, postmarked "Cranbrook, Kent, England," dated May 10th, 1892, and ran as fol-

"Dear Sir: Almost ten years ago my brother Arthur, then a boy of only seven teen, ran away from home. For a time he used to write me and I most gladly replied, used to write me and I most gataly lephes, for he was my only brother, four years older than myself, and greatly loved. He was never quite successful, but always hopeful; and finally reached the State of California, where I heard from him in the summer of

home. I do not know if he had my letter, but, like all the rest, this sad one also remained unanswered. Sometimes I asked upon the wrapper that the letter should be returned if not delivered. A few came back, while others did not appear, so that I was therefore left in doubt and could not tell whether we do not appear and it was the rest and it

whether my dear one lived or not; nor, it he lived, where. "After 1889 I gave up writing, but not hope; but until three days ago I have never had word of Arthur nor known of his fate. had word of Arthur nor known of his fate. Only day before yesterday I received a box from China addressed to me, containing all my letters and some little keepsakes of my dear brother. There was also a note from a friend and companion of his. Ned Bacon, which told me of my boy's death in Lower California more than two years ago.

"I have been looking over and reading the old letters, and, dear Sir, I found two written by you to Arthur when he was so ill, after he had told you that he had the marked guinea. The coin itself was in the chest, and I now have it and would like much to keep it as a sacred memento of my poor brother. I have

sacred memento of my poor brother. I have written you all this because of your kind, kind letters to the wanderer, and to thank you from the bottom of my heart, both for my mother and myself, for your great sym-pathy and more than friendly words to our boy. Even when you wrote him he was dy-

ing, alone in a strange land.

"The guinea is now at rest with me, unless you desire it. Should you ever be in Kent my mother would be greatly pleased to

see you.

"Again, expressing our warmest thanks for your kindness to our beloved one, I am, very sincerely yours.

The American returned the letter

to his friend. "How strange it all is, or was," said

he, in a thoughtful tone; "starting from Australia the little coin was in Africa, Siberia, North America, and, finally, England, within the twenty years of its journeyings. But," con-tinued he, with interest, "this lady, Miss Jameson, desired to keep the gold. Did she afterward give it to you?"

"Ah," replied the host, smiling; "that is the sequel to the story of the letters, and, like many sequels, the best part of it-Jessie is now my wife."-New York Independent.

Facts About Animals.

The hog is a very sagacious beast. No constricting snake is poisonous. The wolf is more cunning than the

Some species of snakes are born cannibals. The horse is more stubborn than

the mule. No bad-tempered man can break a

horse to perform. One baby elephant will boss a whole

he d of big ones. The white clover is rank poison to the hippopotamus.

The elephant can push many times more than be can pull.

The elephant is almost as amphibious as the hippopotamus.

The wild buffalo is often more than match for the lion.

The giraffe is dumb and was never known to utter any sound.

The hippopotamus can be acclimated to live in very cold water.

The polar bear is untamable. He is also partial to a sun bath.

Panthers when taken young make very docile and affectionate pets.

The smallest mouse will cause the biggest elephant to quake with fear. The rhinocerous is the most formidable and pugnacious of all wild beasts. A snake would starve to death rather

than eat anything except living prey. America is the only country in which a baby elephant was ever born

in captivity. The parrot is but one among many species of birds that can be taught to

speak. Don't trust to the fallacy that wild beasts can be controlled by the human

Lions born in captivity are more dangerous and harder to train than

Regarding a "Close" Shave.

captured ones.

"What makes my face so dry and dusty?" asked a man in one of the chairs at the hotel barber shop.

"You shave too close," replied the barber. "You get down under the skin and irritate it."

"Well, I have to shave close. I don't want to bother with shaving every day, so I get a shave every other day, and then get a good, close one.

"There's no need of that," replied the barber. "There isn't so much difference between a single going-over and a very close shave. After the razor has been over your face once you can still feel a fine stubble. By a second or third scraping you can get the face feeling perfectly smooth, but in three hours' time the beard has grown out to where it was after the first going-over. What I mean is that you save only about three hours by getting what we call a "close" shave, and for a man who shaves every other day, that isn't much of an advantage. Be sides, it irritates the face and is liable to make the skin hard and scaly. A man who shaves himself simply goes over his face once, but in a barber shop the customer thinks he is not getting the worth of his money unless the barber scrapes for about ten minutes to get rid of that extra three hours' growth of beard."-Chicago Tribune.

Thrifty to the Last.

An old Lancashire miller, noted for his keenness in matters financial, was once in a boat trying his best to get across the stream which drove his mill. The stream was flooded, and he was taken past the point at which he wanted to land; while, farther on, misfortune still further overtook him, to the extent that the boat got upset. His wife, realizing the danger he was in, ran frantically along the side of the stream, crying for help in a pitiful voice; when, to her sheer amazement, she was suddenly brought to s standstill by her husband yelling out: "If I'm drowned, Molly, dunnot forget that flour's gone up two shillin' a

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Tip to George-An Experiment Suggested-The Parties Responsible-Taking No Chances-How to Rivet Attention, Etc, Etc.

King of Athens, ere you fight Listen to a lowly wight.

Get those pictures that the new Journalism labels you; Scatter broadcast every freak Likeness, and within a week.
Frightened Turks, with manner meek,
Will salute you, gracious Greek.

King of Athens, ere you scrap Take the tip that's here on tap. —Baltimore News.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

'It's very strange he committed suicide because I refused him. "Perhaps he was afraid you might change your mind."—Life.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

Jack-"The woman I marry must be beautiful, accomplished and amiable; in short, faultless." Marie-"Oh, Jack! This is so sudden."

THE PARTIES RESPONSIBLE.

Jessie-"I wonder why small men nearly always marry large women?" Nutte-"Better ask the large wo men; they probably know all about it."--Truth.

AN EXPERIMENT SUGGESTED. "They say people who live together

get to look alike. "Is that so? Well, just in the interest of science, let's try it."-Chicago Record.

DIDN'T HAVE TO MOVE. Forrester-"You live in a quiet part of the town, do you not?" Lancaster-"Not now." Forrester-"Moved?" Lancaster-"No. Got twins."

HOW TO RIVET ATTENTION. She-"Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?"

He—"Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

READY TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

Mrs. Harduppe-"The butcher is ontside and says he won't leave until he knows the color of your money." Harduppe-"Oh, certainly. Tell him I'm glad to accommodate him, and that it's an invisible green.'

ANOTHER VETERAN. First Veteran-"So you fought all through the war, did you?"

Second Veteran-"Yes." First Veteran-"I didn't know you were in the war." Second Veteran-"Neither was I. was at home with my wife."

COULD BUY RIM CHEAP. Daughter-"Father, I wish to marry

the Count." Father-"But, from the reports hear, the fellow isn't worth much." Daughter-"Then, father, if he isn't worth much, you certainly could ford to buy him for me!"-Puck.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Wheeler-"How long will it take me to reach New York on this road,

Farmer-"Wall, Jules Verne says it's been done in eighty days, but if you turn around and go the other way you kin do it in about two hours."-New York Journal.

THE WOODS ARE FULL OF THEM. Weary Waggles-"Please give a square meal to a man who has lost a job through lack of material to work with."

Farmer-"What was the nature of your job?" Weary Waggles-"I am a thinker,

and I ran out of thoughts.

A GOOD THING TO BET ON. "Why," the young man asked, "do you think that Miss Ashley will never

be the wife of anyone but Harry Hinkeley?" "Because," said the fair widow,

"her parents are both strongly opposed to her having anything to do with him."-Cleveland Leader.

AT THE ZOO.

Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)-"Oh mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?" Mamma-"Why do you say that,

my dear?" Little Elsie-"Look at all his freckles."-Philadelphia Times.

A GLITTERING INDUCEMENT. Mr. Hojack-"I see that Mrs. Caw-

ker is riding a wheel." Mr. Tomdik-"Yes. Did you hear how she came to get it?" "No."

"She told her husband that she would rather ride than talk. He bought the wheel the very next day." -New York Journal.

HIS MODEST REQUEST.

Ragged Reube-"I don't care to ask ye for alms, fair lady. No, I merely seeks de aid of yer skilful needle. May I rely on yer assistance?"

Housewife — "Certainly, my poor

man. What can I do for you with my Ragged Reube-"I has here a but-

ton, mum, and I hopes ye will be kind enough to sew a shirt on it fer me."

AS GOOD AS A BOARDING HOUSE. Colonel Peppers-'You were lost population of Greece is 2,418,000.

on the desert for three weeks ones Professor?"

Professor - "Yes." Colonel Peppers-"How did you

manage for food?" Professor-"Splendidly There lots of wind currents. you know, and these, mixed with the sand, made me imagine I was eating prunes."-Not York Journal

CLAIRVOYANCE UP TO DATE.

"Are you the celebrated Mme. Roulette?" he asked, after he had climb four flights of stairs, and was admitted into the mysterious interior.
"Yes," replied the bizarre-lo

personage who had received him. "The great clairvoyant?" "Yes.

"And you foretell the future?" "It is so."

"And read the mind?"

"Verily." "And unfold the past?" "I do."

"Then," said the visitor, eagerly, he took a large wad out of his pocks "please tell me what it was my asked me to bring her home to-night. -Life.

A City Without Wheels.

Catorce is Spanish for fourteen. T tradition is that that many soldier deserted from the Spanish army in Mexico some time in the last century climbed to this almost inaccessil spot, turned bandits, discovered that the mountain under them was full of silver, began to mine and in d course became rich and respectable according to the St. Louis Globe Democrat. To-day Catorce enjoys all that goes to make life comfortable and agreeable, save one thing.

In the stores of Catorce money

buy as many articles and as cheaply

in any Mexican city of like impor ance. The hotel is better than so in more pretentious cities. T market abounds in fruits and vege tables. Nowhere are the shop fro decorated with more elaborate pie torial information of what is to be found within. The church is a massive structure, towering above the surroundings. In every sense save is metropolitan, Catorce one as things go in Mexico. Catoro has no wheels. Catorce not only has no bicycles, but it has no wheeled vehicles of any kind. There is not so much as a pushcart within the corporate limits. The back of the burro is Catorce's common carrier.

"It is not strictly accurate," said Mr. Kaufman, the leading druggist of Catorce, and one of the three Englishspeaking residents, "to speak of this city as never having known the presence of a wheeled vehicle. The oldest inhabitants will tell you of a tradition that once a carriage was seen in Catorce. The occaston was the celsbration of a certain very notable anniversary. The carriage was brought up the mountain, after having been separated into as many parts as practicable. The pieces were loaded on the backs of burros. When they reached the city they were put to-gether. The carriage was used as the chief feature of a procession. There was only one street in the whole city on which the carriage could be drawn. That was the thoroughfare to the cemetery. After the celebration, the carriage was taken apart and carried down the mountain in the same way that it had been brought up."

"I think," said Jean De Reszke, the

tenor, "that we will sing in the German cities next season. There have been frequent opportunities and invitations, but we are always busy else-where. Now there is a chance, and we rather expect to improve it. "We have never sung at Baircuth.

Mme. Cosima Wagner has desired to have us, but the long rehearsals would conflict with the London season." "Do you think," Jean was asked,

"that there are no more exceptionally good voices among the aspirants for a musical career?" "By no means," exclaimed Mr.

Jean, quickly. "There are many good voices, particularly in the United States, where there is the greatest possible promise in tht direction. constantly meet with most admirable voices in this country, but they are in too great haste. The road to artistic excellence is a long one, and it requires great patience, persistent study, and a great teacher to make a fine voice available."

"And the necessity of a Continental training?"

"It is not necessary," exclaimed the great Tristan with unexpected emphasis. "It is not necessary at all. I know half a dozen teachers in this country, and there are probably others. ers, who can develop the voice as well as any of the European instructors." "Then you do not favor this crase among American students to put themselves under the training of Continen-

tal teachers?" "I do not. It is quite unnecessary. A fine voice well taught here has quite as good a foundation for a career as it would have if developed in Europe." -New York Times.

It Bore Apples Ninety Years,

A Winchester (Ohio) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune says: On the farm of Enoch McCall, near Wrightsville, this county, stands an apple tree that has been bearing fruit for ninety years. It is a yellow bellflower, and was planted when this whole region was almost a solid forest. Five feet from the ground it measures nine feet six inches in circumference, and it would take a basket forty-eight

thought the year 1900 will find it producing. According to the recent census the

feet wide to set under the tree to catch

every apple that falls. The tree shows

some signs of decay now, but it is