Andover News.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1893.

So alarming has been the increase in the ivory trade that if it continues much longer at the present rate the elephant will soon become extinct. One firm alone in Sheffield, England, last year received the tusks of 1280 elephants. A few years ago 800 pairs of tusks were sufficient for them.

Socialists and anarchists might have their opinions of millionaires changed somewhat, the Chicago Herald thinks, by learning of the act of Moses Loria, born in Mantua in 1814. Loria died lately in Milan, Italy, leaving $3,000,000 to the city to establish an international home for laboring people out of employment.

Hungary is stated to be the country where railway traveling is the cheapest. It is said to be possible to journey from Buda Pesth to Kronstadt, a distance of 500 miles, for $1.66, being at the rate of six miles for two cents. Low as this price is it is liable to a reduction of one-half in the case of laborers journeying in parties of not fewer than ten.

It is reported that Indian Commissioner Morgan has received a letter signed by Lewis Miller, and fifteen other Indians, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, members of Troop L, Fifth United States Cavalry, asking him to take steps to procure their discharge from the army. They say that they are tired of military life, and can do much better for themselves by working on their farms. The letter has been referred to the Secretary of War for such action as he may deem proper. Military life is a little tiresome, but white men that enlist are not therefore discharged whenever they desire it; and to discharge these Indians now would be to destroy the, to them, most valuable part of their military lesson.

The degree of poverty existing in the city of London is not expressed by the figures of the census of paupers, although, admits the San Francisco Chronicle, they are formidable enough. It is appalling to think of 105,000 publicly registered paupers in one city, but if the assertions of missionaries and others who are familiar with the subject are to be credited, that number is scarcely a tithe of the whole. A writer in an English review, nearly two years ago, declared that there were a million persons in London always hovering on the verge of starvation and another million whose condition, while not so precarious, was always menaced by the wolf of want. Since these unchallenged assertions were made, the depression of business in England has been greatly increased, so there is good reason for believing that the conditions are much worse now. Whatever may be the cause of this extraordinary state of affairs, it is no credit to Nineteenth Century civilization, and there is little wonder that the contemplation of it drives sympathetic men into all sorts of vagaries of opinion.

Suicide is increasing as rapidly as murder in this country, according to the statistics gathered by the Chicago Tribune. There were 3860 last year as compare with 3331 in 1891, 2640 in 1890 and 2224 in 1889. The causes for this large number of self-murders are given as follows:

Despondency	1461
Unknown	684
Insanity	520
Domestic infelicity	293
Liquor	315
Disappointed love	249
Ill health	278
Business losses	55

According to this total a man had about one chance in about 16,829 of committing suicide in 1892, calculating the population at 65,000,000. In hurrying themselves into eternity 1300 of these suicides sought death by shooting, 1010 by poison, 608 by hanging, 396 by drowning, 319 by throat cutting, ninety-one by throwing themselves before locomotives, fifty-six by jumping from windows, fifty by stabbing, fifteen by burning, six preferred starving and the same number took the dynamite route, while one each chose freezing, a trip hammer or beating his head against a stone wall. It is not honorable to men to have to say that 2555 of these suicides were males and only 805 females, and that medicine heads the list of the professions whose members sought an untimely death, with thirty-seven physician suicides.

MY CHOICE.

BY JEFFIE FORBUSH-HANAFORD.

No baby in the house!
  How sad the words sound!
Not a chair out of place,
  Or a toy lying round.

Not a spot on the carpet,
  So scrupulously neat,
No clear, ringing laughter,
  Or patter of feet.

Could I be happy,
  And live in that house,
With things in such order,
  As still as a mouse?

No! Give me my children,
  With all of their noise—
My darlings, my treasures,
  My two little boys!

CHICAGO, Ill.

CAPTAIN SMEDLEY.

A Romance of the Civil War.

BY MAJ. JAMES F. FITTS.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Before mid-day, forty-seven men were assembled outside the cabin. The story of the new Captain had been carried about with the news of the expected raid, so that when Smedley came out with his sword buckled on, accompanied by Brandon, he was received with attention and respect. There were no cheers, no noisy welcomes; they saw in his face that he was both courageous and earnest, and they gave him the approval of silence.

Without preliminaries, he formed them into a company, opened ranks, and inspected arms. The whole together made a queer lot; but he was glad to find that there was ammunition enough, not a firearm but was capable of some service, and that the rifles outnumbered the shotguns. Closing the ranks, he then counted off by fours and instructed them in the facings. Some difficulty was caused by the great space occupied by Ithuriel Mancy; which the Captain observing, and correctly "sizing-up" this recruit, he transferred him to the left, where he made a file by himself.

The Captain had no time to devote to the "manual." He commanded "attention" and spoke a few words.

"You know why you are here; you know what is before you. I know something of what kind of men you are; I believe you will not flinch. I am no braver, no better than you; I am to command you because you think I can direct you how to fight. I believe I can. I am willing to try. You, for your part, must obey my orders. You will fight better if you do, and with better hope of success. Now we understand each other, and we will march to our position."

A murmur of approval ran along the ranks. The leader was instantly recognized. The men who had thirsted for his blood a few hours before were now ready to peril life at his command.

"Those are the sentiments!" a squeaky voice at the left uttered. "Let us march upon the insolent invader, and assert our constitutional rights, secure the blood-bought heritage that our fathers waded neck-deep in the gore of Hessian mercenaries to obtain for us, their future ancestors, and——"

"Silence!" thundered Captain Smedley. "Right—face! Forward—march!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW THERMOPYLAE.

The topography of the Little Blue Pass and its vicinity we have heard described in a few expressive words by Captain Smedley. Daylight still prevailed among these heights when the mountaineers and their leader marched down the road to this point, climbed the detached rocks that had during centuries past been falling from above, and then tediously scaled the steep face of the thirty-foot rampart, holding on by bushes and vines, and at last gained the summit.

Captain Smedley's orders were quickly issued.

"Rest yourselves," he said, "but do not leave this place without permission. Hankins, go down to the bend of the road and watch for the approach of the enemy. You can see them a mile off as they come up. Come back and report at once when they appear."

The man obeyed. He was but just out of sight when another man appeared coming up the road, followed by a woman and several children. Each carried some article of household furniture or bedding, and a cow was driven at the head of the procession.

"It's Baird," said one of the men. "He's coming in with his folks and things they can bring along."

As the melancholy party passed below the rocks, the Captain leaned over and hailed them.

"I'm sorry I can't send the men down and get everything away for you. We must stay here and be ready; I don't dare let the men go."

"All right, Captain. I'm taking them back here half-a-mile, and then I'll join you."

"I'm coming, too," said Dan.

"No, no!" exclaimed the mother. "You're only fourteen; you're not old enough for such dreadful work."

"I can load and shoot the gun just as good as father," the boy sturdily replied.

"It won't do, Dan," said the father. "You've got to go long with your mother and the children, and take care of 'em till the fight's over."

The Captain and Graham Brandon leaned over the natural rampart. As far as they could hear the voices of the family, the boy protested that it was not fair to send him away when there was a fight coming on.

"Some revelation comes to me each day of the unconquerable spirit of this people," Smedley remarked. "No bolder, more independent souls animated William Tell and his followers than dwell among these fastnesses. I have learned much since I left the Mississippi and its low-lying lands. The mountain regions are the strongholds of the Union. The cause could survive here if crushed everywhere else."

"True, and you have only begun to learn what these simple people are prepared to suffer for that cause."

Wallace Baird presently returned and climbed the height. His comrades greeted him, but he drew aside by himself, moody and silent, and carefully examined his gun.

The men lay at ease, most of them looking intently down the road, silent and prepared. Only the thin voice of Ithuriel Mancy broke the silence.

"We are perfectly safe here," he remarked.

"O, no," returned one of the men, willing to excite his fears. "Bullets search out people anywhere. Besides, you are so big that none of these rocks will entirely cover you."

"Dear, dear—is that so? Perhaps the enemy won't advance to-night."

"Yes, they will. A scout came in a while ago with the report that there were fifteen thousand of them."

Mancy was speechless. His great bulk trembled and his fat cheeks hung livid.

Hankins was now seen coming in. He climbed up and reported that the cavalry were in sight.

"A good lot of 'em," he added.

The sun was but now set; there would still be almost an hour's strong twilight, save where the shadows fell. Quietly the Captain ranged his men along the edge of the rampart, bidding each one shelter himself as much as possible.

"Whatever happens," he said, "let no man fire a shot till I give the word. Then let each fire, and load and fire again as fast as he can. But be cool—aim well, and don't throw away your bullets."

Silence again, and suspense. Soon, faint in the distance, but sounding nearer and nearer, the thump of hoofs on the hard road was heard.

Brandon was strangely excited. He turned to the Captain, who lay with his eyes fixed upon the bend of the highway.

"Captain Smedley," he said, "would you object to a flag of truce, to warn them away?"

The Captain looked surprised. His lips slightly curled.

"Of what use would it be? They are not coming up here for child's play."

"It might be of use."

"I thought you were eager to fight."

"For God's sake, Captain, don't misunderstand me. If there must be bloodshed here, you'll have no reason to complain of me. But I suppose that in the hostile column we hear coming up there are old acquaintances, not to say friends, of mine. I thought I had realized in its whole length and breadth what this war means; but the truth never came home to me as at this moment. Is it not worth the effort to save the blood of men I have once taken by the hand?"

"You may try," replied the Captain. "Go down with your flag as soon as they come in sight."

The tramping grew loud and near. By fours the head of the column came round the bend. Graham Brandon, with his white handkerchief tied to a ramrod, clambered over the edge and descended almost to the road. Forty horsemen had now appeared in view.

"Halt!" Brandon shouted, waving his flag. The leading files pulled up; there was a brief conference, and then a man in the Confederate uniform, with the wreathed collar and insignia of a field officer, rode forward to within twenty feet of the flag-bearer. Captain Smedley, looking down upon them, heard every word of the colloquy that followed.

"Brandon—is that you?"

"Yes, Webber, and I'm sorry to see you here."

"I reciprocate the sentiment, old fellow! So it is true, as the report went around Knoxville two days ago, that you've come out a traitor to the Confederacy, and fled to these mountains to hide?"

"We've no time for epithets, Jack. I am with my friends, who are the friends of the Union. They are near by and well armed. Look up there!"

The Colonel followed Brandon's outstretched finger with his eye and saw the ledge above lined with heads peering over.

"We are in a position where it will be folly to attack us. If you try to lead your men further on this road, we shall fire on you. Be warned and go back. I came down here to make an effort to save you. Heed my advice and go back."

The Colonel laughed.

"Brandon, you're a fool! I've got men enough behind me to swallow you all up alive. Do you suppose those boors up there are going to stand a charge? Are you in command?"

"No."

"Who is?"

Brandon hesitated an instant, but saw no reason for withholding the truth.

"Captain Smedley."

"Where is he from?"

"Mississippi."

"The devil! What—Charley Smedley, who served with the volunteers from that State in Mexico?"

"The same."

Colonel Webber gave a loud whistle.

"This is more serious than I expected. Does he know that I've got five hundred men with me?"

"Yes; I told him of it."

The Colonel's tone became more angry.

"You'll see the day you'll repent of this work, Brandon."

"I think not."

"I'd advise you not to show yourself in Knoxville in a hurry."

"I'm coming back there with the Union army."

Colonel Webber swore a very savage oath.

"We might as well stop this parley," he said. "I've got the men to clear this road, and I'm going to do it. Look out for yourselves! I can't answer for my men when you surrender, if there's blood shed first."

"Your blood be upon your own heads," replied Brandon, as he clambered back to his comrades; and the other wheeled and galloped to the head of the column.

Three minutes passed. There was a stir and movement; full an hundred dismounted men filled the road, scattering like skirmishers as they came, firing their muskets and shouting. The balls whistled overhead, or glanced against the rocks. Foremost was a slender young officer, waving his sword and calling to his men to come on.

They were among the rocks at the foot of the ascent when Captain Smedley gave the command to fire. An irregular volley burst forth all along the natural parapet. Full a dozen dropped dead, as many more fell severely wounded; others went to the rear with slight wounds. The twilight air was hideously vocal with shouts, yells, and groans. The whole attacking party, save the young officer, fell back in confusion.

"Come on!" the leader shouted. "Charge them before they can load again. Give them the steel!"

He was climbing the ascent, with twenty of his men trying to follow, dragging their muskets after them, when a bullet struck him fair in the breast and tumbled him backward. A scattering fire of ball and buckshot struck down every man who tried to gain that ascent. The assailants were brave, but flesh and blood could not stand against this hopeless slaughter. The survivors broke and fled.

Wallace Baird jumped up in full view, waved his hat, and cheered. A single shot was heard from below; the mountaineer fell dead among his comrades. They fired down the road as fast as they could load their guns, expecting another charge.

"Cease firing!" the Captain commanded. "Save your ammunition."

Another horseman now rode forward with a white flag.

"Colonel Webber wants a suspension of hostilities for half an hour, to remove his wounded," he called out.

Captain Smedley stood up and answered:

"I want those poor fellows cared for," he said; "but if there is any truce it must be till an hour after sunrise."

"Yes," said the officer. "I am authorized to consent to that."

A large party came up to remove the wounded. The mountaineers, incensed by the fall of Baird, and several slight wounds received, would not, as the Captain requested them to do, go below and render assistance. Some of them began to gibe and taunt their enemies; but this was instantly stopped by Smedley.

It was quite dark when the discomfited cavalry withdrew. As the relief-party retired, leaving the dead behind and carrying off the wounded, one of the party called out:

"I say, above there! The Major is hurt too bad to move. He won't last long. Will you make him as comfortable as you can?"

"Yes," replied Brandon. The thoughtfulness of one of the men had provided some pine knots; the east was cloudy, and there would be no certain moonlight. He lighted one of these, and with the Captain made his way down to the spot where the heroic but unfortunate young officer lay in the last pangs of death. His breast was crimson with blood, his face was ghastly pale, his breath was almost gone.

With an exclamation of anguish, Brandon was on his knees beside him.

"Tommy, Tommy—don't you know me?" he cried.

The dying youth opened his eyes and smiled. Feebly he pressed the other's hand—and thus he died.

"Who is it?" the Captain asked.

"Alice's brother," was the choked reply. Brandon went off a little way by himself; he wanted no man to see or hear him then!

Above this scene, by the light of another flaring pine torch, the mountaineers gathered sadly about the body of their slain comrade. Few words were spoken; their faces showed their heavy hearts.

"Who'll be the man to take this news to his wife and babes?" one asked. There was no answer.

"Look there!" another cried, pointing off to the southwest. Bright tongues of flame were ascending, disclosing volumes of smoke. They well knew what it meant; some of the stragglers and marauders of the column had fired poor Wallace Baird's house and shed.

They watched the night away, talking but little, wondering what the morrow would bring. Smedley and Brandon, covered by the same blanket, lay sleepless half the night, revolving plans for the future. The Captain had taken the precaution to post pickets well down the road; but the truce was kept, the night passed, and the morning sun looked blandly down alike upon the living and the dead.

A strong reconnoitering party was sent out, and returned in two hours with the intelligence that the raiders had disappeared.

"We shall hear of them elsewhere in these mountains," said the Captain.

The hostile dead—ah, now no longer hostile—were buried, and the corpse of Baird was borne on the shoulders of two of his comrades to his widow and orphans. Let that scene be veiled.

It was just after these occurrences that Ithuriel Mancy, who had not been seen since the firing began, was discovered furtively returning to the scene of the battle. His assumed appearance of lofty satisfaction exasperated the mountaineers, who were now in no mood for trifling.

"Ah, good morning, comrades and gentlemen," he began. "How we did whip them, to be sure! The dastardly invader could not stand before our collective and individual prowess. We rolled him back in sanguinary and disgraceful disorder, and——"

"You cowardly whelp!" shouted wrathful Burt Hankins. "Stop your noise, or I'll——"

"Now, really, Mr. Hankins!—it is unkind in you to indulge in such personalities. It pains me to hear such insinuations. If I did exhibit some little perturbation, it was quite natural, under the circumstances. You must know that my sense of hearing is abnormally developed, and I had no reason to suppose that all those guns were going off together. It would have been kind, at least to caution me——"

A shower of indignation and emphatic kicks fell upon Ithuriel's inviting person. He took his departure in perfect good-humor, repeating, as far as he could be heard, that he expected to see a great deal more of the war.

Captain Smedley was right in his prediction that this raiding party would be heard of elsewhere in that region. Other strong detachments, both cavalry and infantry, appeared; the mountains were overrun; the scattered Unionists of the Clinch could not cope with the numbers sent against them. In that fall the whole of East Tennessee came under Confederate domination; the Union men with their familes sought safety in the recesses of the great Cumberland Range. Here Charles Smedley recruited an infantry battalion of four companies among the mountaineers, of which he became Lieutenant Colonel and Graham Brandon Major. Their first service in this organization was at the battle of Mill Spring, Kentucky, at the opening of the following year, where they behaved gallantly. We may expect to meet them again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

SOMETHING ABOUT THEM AND THEIR PEOPLE.

A Delightful Climate—Trees Are Always Green—Habits of the Natives—In the Family Circle.

If the United States is going to enter upon a career of foreign acquisition it could find no fairer domain than the little group in the middle of the Pacific. Think of a climate the outside variations of which cover not over thirty degrees—from sixty degrees to ninety degrees on rare occasions. Here trees are always green, taking on a new life while still throwing off the old. There is no sere and yellow leaf—no dying year there. Watch the guava trees, and while on one side the fruit is mellowing into yellow ripeness on the other side will be green fruit interspersed with white blossoms. In all Honolulu there is but one brick chimney and that was buit by newly arrived New England missionaries before they had learned to tear out of their minds their bleak winter.

In the lowlands and the fertile valleys there is an infinite variety of products that would be profitably cultivated were there a market assured to them. Rice was included with sugar in the list of products accorded free entry to the United States. As a consequence the nearby reed-grown shores have been partitioned off into trim rice beds, with intervening banks by the thrifty Chinamen, and their tender, vivid green is the brightest feature in the lovely landscape seen from the heights of the neighboring mountain.

On the mountain sides a brilliant scarlet berry on a small, dark green, small leaved bush will attract an observant eye. Break open the berry and imbedded in each half will be found a white seed with a line running lengthwise through the flat exposed surface. In this unfamiliar guise it will not take you long to recognize coffee, which is indigenous to this soil. Some exports have been made of this product and it is found in the Honolulu groceries under the title of Kona coffee. Connoisseurs have pronounced its flavor and aroma equal to the Mocha. It could doubtless be cultivated to advantage. Successful experiments have also been made in the cultivation of the olive. Limes grow in great profusion and to a fine size. Efforts have been made to raise lemons in the islands.

It is curiously asserted that after a few crops of lemons the tree runs into a lime and yields only limes after that. As the lime is the preferable fruit this cannot be called an unfortunate tendency. Pineapples abound and the tamarind can be had by those who like it. Mangoes are especially plentiful and good. Many other tropical fruits have been successfully grown here, though not on a large scale. There are plenty of noble groves of cocoanut trees along the seashore, one of the finest being at Waikiki, the beach near Honolulu. A quarter will induce a diminutive kamalii (boy) to walk up the slender stem and twist off the nuts beneath the tuft of graceful palm leaves at the top. Garden vegetables of fine quality are to be had in Honolulu all the year around, thanks to the thrifty foresight and labor of the Chinese gardners. These can be seen daily with broad pagoda-like basket hats on their heads, a tough, elastic stick like a long bow across their shoulders with a great bucket of water hanging from each end, passing between the rows of vegetables and plentifully besprinkling them. They carry these vegetables around from house to house in flat baskets, which are substituted for the sprinkling baskets at the end of the yoke stick.

Of the people of these islands it can be truly said that they are the most amiable, careless, irresponsible people in the world. The nearest approach to work of any of them is in their employment as cowboys on the stock ranches. They are wonderfully expert horsemen and also become adept in the use of the lasso. A native man, or native woman for that matter, is never so happy as when on a spirited horse, going at hand gallop, decked out with flowery leis and streamers of bright colored cloth, in screaming conversation with a whole troop of companions. They ride their horses to death, they kill their babies with neglect and improper food, and yet it cannot be said that there is a grain of conscious cruelty in their nature.

The household sits on mats around the calabach and all dip their fingers in the common supply, bringing them out with an upward and outward twist, followed by a downward and inward twist and to the desired haven of the mouth. In a family circle there is not unlikely to be an old crone who puts in almost all her waking hours in a monotonous chant, which is carried on steadily through all the clatter of small talk by the others. These old women are possessed of prodigious information and have been industriously drilled and trained through early life in these chants, which are a recitation of the traditions of her people. These old women, in fact, constitute the archives and take the place that scrolls and bound volumes fill with more civilized people. —[Washington Star.

"I got my start in life through picking up a pin on the street. I had been refused employment by a banker, and on my way out I saw a pin and—"

"Oh, thunder! What a chestnut. I've heard of that boy so often. The banker was impressed with your carefulness, and called you back and made you head of the firm."

"No, I saw the pin and picked it up and sold it for $500. It was a diamond pin."—[Harper's Bazar.

[THE] TWO VISITS.

The Kaiser [goes] to see the Czar,
  The worl' [turns out] to see;
His ret'nue follers from afar,
An' then the Kaiser and the Czar
  Embrace in solemn glee,
An' then select an' hug an' kis[s]
An' both are filled and soaked i[n]...

W'en I go down to Hiram's place
  The worl' don't seem to care,
I neither kiss his hands or face,
'Twould make 'em laff at Hiram'[s]
  'Twould make 'em 'ar an' tear...
But Hiram says, ez roun' he pok[es]
"I'm glad to see ye; h'ow's yer fo[lks]..."

I take a look at Hiram's hogs
  An' hear how much they gro[w]...
This somehow Hiram's mem'ry j[ogs]...
An' he lets out on them ar' hog...
  You oughter hear him blow;
If you could only hear him once...
You'd hear some ginooine eloku[tion]...

O' Hiram he is slow enough
  But none too slow for me,
For I'm a purty tame o' duff,
An' fairly mo lerit enough,
  An' jest as slow ez h...
So we stub roun' th' whole day...
Until we hear the supper gong.

The Kaiser goes to see the Czar,
  And maybe stops to t...
But men like Czars an' Kaisers...
Cooped in the palace of the Cza[r]...
  Hain't no sich times ez we.
The Czar an' Kaiser know no c...
Like loafin' roun' ol' Hiram's fa[rm]...

—Sam Walter Foss, in Yank[ee Blade].

HUMOR OF THE DA[Y].

It is not man's sins that find... it's his neighbor.—Atchison G[lobe].

The great part of a self-wil[led]... estate usually goes to the lawye[rs]... Press.

Every day a man hears a do[zen things]... he ought to do that he can't do... son Globe.

"Do you believe in fate, Pat... and phwat would we stand... 'em?"—Siftings.

Whatever may be said of a s... she can't be too good to be tr... adelphia Times.

There is no help for the ca[se of the]... woman who can't get a serva[nt]... adelphia Record.

Teacher—"What is a hero?... —"The man who marries a h..." Indianapolis Journal.

The cynic is the man who... price of everything and the... nothing.—The Fun.

Women are not cruel to dum[b animals]... No woman will wilfully step o... —Richmond Recorder.

It appears to be the busin[ess of the]... needy tramp to go around lo[oking for]... succors.—Binghamton Leader.

"Do you think this tooth... filling?" Patient—"Well, I... has plenty of nerve."—Inter O[cean].

The man who thaws out... being heard from. There is... but one report.—Baltimore A[merican].

The Keg—"Your headpie[ce is posi]tively ugly." The Barrel... "Maybe, but I wear hoops."... News.

Time is generally represent[ed as carry]ing a scythe. This will proba[bly keep] up till it is no mower.—... Times.

"There's another unconscio[us humor]ist!" gleefully remarked the... he sandbagged the punster.... ton Star.

"There's a time to work a[nd a time to] play," but to the hand-or[gan man] both times come at once.... Democrat.

"Say, Chimmie," said th... had a white pink, "le bloki[e what]... dis flower must ov bin col[or-blind]."—Washington Star.

That the cynic is an ext... humanity is indicated by t... he is always very old or ver[y young].—Washington Star.

"I feel better about lickin'... stamp," said the boy who na... to mail a letter. "It's nea[rly]..." —Washington Star.

"Yes," said the man w[ho had] fallen down three flights of... been on quite an extended t[rip]..." —Washington Star.

Dullpate—"I find it very... to collect my thoughts." M... says it's always difficuit to r[ealize on small] amounts."—Inter Ocean.

Mudge—"Thompson ca[lled me an] idiot." Yabsley—"You n[eedn't mind] that. Thompson always doe[s exaggerate] more or less."—Tit-Bits.

What makes the bicycle... many, rich or poor, is that,... to ride one, they feel that th[ey are well] off.—Philadelphia Times.

Artist—"How do you l[ike the por]trait I made of you?" Cra... —"Well, the coat is too tig[ht under the] arms."—New York Journal.

The words of a man's m... more of the meditations of h[is heart when]... the voice of a dinner bell... quality of the dinner.—Puc[k].

"When it comes to reven[ue]..." said old Bullion, snipping... coupon, "there's nothing... pair of shears."—Chicago...

A difference between a... losing its temper and a w... the former becomes duller a... more cutting.—Philadelphi[a]...