The “Elephant in the Moon.”

In the early days of the telescope many absurd mistakes were made in the use of the new instrument, and many “discoveries” announced which have not been confirmed by the studies of astronomers who have lived since.

In the sixteenth century, an English observer, Sir Peter Neal, who possessed a telescope and was very excited about it, gave out that he had discovered “an elephant in the moon.” The discovery made quite a sensation, and Sir Peter, had the satisfaction of hearing his elephant in the moon talked about on every side.

One day, a gentleman who had some knowledge of the use of telescopes, and was incredulous about the elephant, obtained the favor of looking through Sir Peter’s telescope and seized the opportunity to search the instrument. Presently he came to Sir Peter, holding a fly between his finger and thumb.

“Well, what is it?” said Sir Peter.

“Nothing, sir, but your ‘elephant in the moon’?”

The fly had crept into the telescope in such a way as to suggest an elephant to the amateur astronomer, who kept his instrument trained on the moon. The incident soon became as widely known as the discovery, and the “elephant in the moon” became a byword, signifying the same as a “mare’s nest.”

Samuel Butler wrote a poem on the subject.

The term “mare’s nest,” by the way probably has no other history than is contained in a story current among the country people throughout the United States.

In the days when negro slaves were first imported into America, a young slave, who had in his countenance never seen a pumpkin, but had picked up something of the language of the country, happened to see a mare lying down in the edge of a field by the side of a heap of ripe yellow pumpkins.

It occurred to him that the pumpkins must be eggs that the animal had laid, and he looked in amazement for a moment, and then ran to his master as fast as his legs could carry him.

“Come quick!” he exclaimed; “I find mare’s nest—come quick!”

The story of the comical “find” spread rapidly enough, and since that time any discovery which some person regards as very strange or important, but which other people are disposed to make of little value, has been called a “mare’s nest.”

Too Familiar.

The candidate for public office often goes to such lengths in exaggeration of feeling and manner toward his constituents that he is likely to claim kinship with absolute strangers. The Governor of a Western State is noted for his bland method of public speaking during an electioneering tour.

He assumes the ingratiating familiarity of knowing every one and usually the result is most successful.

On one occasion he visited a town at some distance from his home, for the purpose of making a speech. When he arose to address his audience, his face was wreathed with smiles, and he began, “Ladies and gentlemen, it affords me great pleasure to meet the old friends here whom I have known so well.”

At this point, a shrill voice from the audience shouted, “Same, ‘mam, same ole, Governor.”

The Governor was so disconcerted by the pertinent request, that he did not recover his composure during the entire evening.—Kansas City Star.

Honest.

Well-meaning people sometimes ask a child if he or she is “a good boy” or “girl.” The question is an embarrassing one, because sensitive children do not like to proclaim their own worth; and self-respecting youth are much averse to denouncing themselves.

A Sunday-school teacher began this questioning at the end of the old year with this query, “Are you better than you were last year?”

And many of the little fellows had replied, “Yes, sir,” but a rumpy boy on the back seat had the courage of his convictions.

“I haven’t no better than I ever was,” said he; “but I added, by way of softening the harsh statement, “I got a secret fruit of any body in this class—[1-1-1—must get diploma!]

His inflamed larynx might not have been a means of grace, but his honesty certainly was.—Sel.

His Guess.

It is sometimes said that the city boys are brighter than their country cousins, but the opinion will hardly be verified by the following true story. Certainly the town-born youngster displayed an originality such as would be hard to find in the rural districts.

A Boston schoolmistress is in the habit of giving her pupils word-lessons; that is, she describes some familiar object, going more and more into particulars, till some one of the children makes a sign that he knows what it is. On this occasion she began to describe an animal with two legs and two wings, covered with feathers, lived most of the time in trees, and so on; when one little fellow put up his hand.

“Well, what is it, Johnny?” she asked.

“I think it is a cow,” Johnny answered.

The Present Capital of Canada.

There is a little newsboy who sells The Mail on Washington street, not far from this office, for whom I predict a great future. He is only about ten years old, but in point of size, address, he far excels many of his older comrades. He supplies the clerk in the circulating department with conundrums, which he claims are original and “fresh from de shop.”

Today the delivery was small, but the quality was very good. He said:

“What is de capital of Canada?”

The clerk wasn’t sure, but thought it was Ottawa.

“No, sir,” replied the lad, “it’s de boodle de American cahshiers take dey earn every year.”

“How long does it take you to make them?”

“Ten to twelve days, sir.”—Sel.

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We have about 80 pair of those fine Lace Corsets left, as they were sent to me on commission and the time most out. Will sell them to our customers at whole sale prices rather than send them back. DON’T MISS A HAY-GAIN. See our drive in corsets. A good corset for 25cts. Thompson’s glove-fitting 50cts. Many other bargains in stock. Come and see them.

W. A. LINCOLN,
Between Williams and Broadway, West Side.

Alf Harries.

MEAT MARKET

1107 Third St.
At almost the very moment that the waters are destroying town after town in Pennsylvania, one of the worst fires for years, wipes out the best part of the most enterprising city in the new state of Washington.

Nearby three million dollars have been contributed to alleviate the horrors of the Johnstown flood. If divided among the survivors this would create two hundred dollars for every man, woman and child who escaped. A large part of the sum, however, will have to be used in recovering the bodies of the dead, and in improving the sanitary condition of the flooded district.

Mr. E. H. Sines, who has been connected with the Navy since the first paper was issued, has been chosen business manager of the Church Stylus, the local organ of the Brown Street Christian church. His selection for this responsible and difficult position is a tribute to his ability in business management. He goes to take charge of his new position, followed by the best wishes of all connected with the News.

Several of the street crossings on Third street need repairing. The constant travel has produced low places on each side of the streets leaving them standing up, so that when a wagon attempts to pass the crossing at a rapid speed, the wheels are thrown into the air and the contents of the wagon are liable to be scattered in the street. Nearly every day some wagon has its springs broken in trying to pass the crossing at Broadway. A similar crossing at Williams street caused the breaking down of Mr. Smith's wagon Saturday. A few shovels full of gravel or broken stone would cure the trouble at a very little expense, so that there is no excuse for its continuance.

The Improvement Association held an interesting meeting last Thursday evening in the Republican club rooms. The committee on sanitary affairs made an exhaustive report on that feature of the work. The committee on sidewalks presented a plan for securing improved side walks on the principal streets. The question of the location of the new school was brought up and a committee was appointed to look up suitable sites. A committee was also appointed to take under consideration the location of that part of Home Avenue, lying between Williams and Mound streets.

The Johnstown flood seems to be a disaster of almost unsurpassable magnitude, but it is almost nothing compared with the flood in China a year ago when the Yellow River burst its banks, turned a whole province into a lake, and destroyed almost a million lives. But a thousand lives at home seem greater than a hundred at a great distance.

The Great Flood.

The Conemaugh disaster turns out to be even worse than was indicated by the wilder reports sent out soon after the flood occurred. The best estimates show that the number of deaths will run above five thousand. In scarcely any battle of modern times has the number of the killed in both of the opposing armies been so great as this. If the bodies of the dead could be recovered and laid out in a row, end to end, a person searching for a friend might pass by five miles before finding the one for whom he sought. Is it strange that so few of the corpses are identified?

The destruction of everything within reach of the flood was almost complete, and nearly all went down the river to help make the big jam which has turned out to be one of the worst features of the affair. A stone bridge lies just below the city of Johnstown with arches of wonderful strength. This caught a part of the floating timber and a jam soon formed, which covered a space of many acres.

In it were lodged floating houses and pieces of houses, timbers and wreckage of every kind, and scattered through it, here and there, the bodies of thousands of horses, dogs, cows, etc., and what is worse, the bodies of an immense number of inhabitants of the unfortunate town. By some dire fatality this mass caught fire and in spite of the efforts made to extinguish it, burned several days and stopped when it reached the water's edge. At length the waters fell and left all this mass of wreckage piled upon the dry ground. The river, having resumed its normal size, is scarcely deep enough to float a large timber, thus rendering the task of moving the jam one of almost superhuman difficulty.

Its removal, however, is an imperative necessity for the decaying bodies of the animals and human beings imprisoned within it threatens to create an pestilence. The work of doing it will cost an immense amount of money and will take a long time. It is possible that it will be necessary to set fire to the whole thing and thus consume the remains of a large city and the bodies of many of its citizens in one vast pyre.

LOCAL NEWS.

Ed. Ellis went to Gordontown last Thursday.

The monthly prayer meeting of the Summit street U. B. church will last Thursday afternoon.

The Third street rail road company is putting up a new switch just west of Williams street.

The Broadway M. E. sunday school will soon have their annual picnic.

Rev. A. L. Brokaw went up to Wapakoneta last Monday to visit his old home.

John Bertels is proud of an addition to his family in the shape of a bright little girl.

J. X. Saylor is putting up a new two-story frame house on Amity street west of Summit.

Engage Herr will go up to Westerville to attend commencement at Otterbein University.

The evangelical tabernacle has been moved down near the White Line power house.

Our street smiths had better take their carts in out of the rain they will get wet.

Mrs. E. J. Gilbert went up to Ar- canas, Saturday, to visit her mother, Mrs. Otis.

D. O. Kimmel is putting up a new telephone between his store and his residence.

Chadwick & Francisco are putting up a large iron fence on the new grounds at the Orphan's Home.

A pleasant strawberry supper was given Thursday evening in the new building in the rear of the Broadway M. E. church.

A street car horse fell on Third street one day last week but it sprang up and moved off without much hurt.

Mrs. Zeller of Richmond spent Thursday in this city visiting her sister, Mrs. Wright of Hawthorne street.

Mr. Will McKee who has been teaching school at Wapakonetta has returned home for the Sum- mer.

The Progressive Dunker church on College street will soon begin to boom up. The foundation is finished.

Mrs. Susan Worman, of Clay township, has been on a visit to her son, Mr. H. M. Worman, of North Summit street.

Mr. Scott Hawthorne has been re-appointed Superintendent of Public Buildings for another term, by the Board of Education.

The school building on Fifth street and the new building which is to be erected this summer will both be heated by steam.

Mr. Samuel Laughlin is spending a few weeks at the home of his son, Cyrus Laughlin, on Third street.

Mrs. Cristina Hoffman and Miss Lizzie Hoffman will soon start on a visit to Montana.

Leslie Hunter, who was reported to be some better last week, has suffered a relapse.

Miss Netta Stokes and Miss Maude Francisco paid a short visit to Lebanon, last week.

Mr. S. E. Kemp, State Commissioner of Insurance, has been spending a part of the week at his home in this city.

Stanley Keppler, who was so badly hurt by being shot in the ankle several months ago, is still confined to his room. The accident was very unfortunate one for him.

Mr. L. B. Gunke will soon move the shanties next to Harris meat shop, to the rear of his lot, and erect a substantial building in its stead.

Shelves removed a glass from the window in Dillon's book store, Tuesday night and reached in and stole such articles as they could lay their hands upon.

Wednesday evening Mr. Webster Fry and wife celebrated their 25th wedding. A number of their friends called upon them and passed a very pleasant evening.

A bill was passed in the Con­ necticut House Wednesday, giving women the right to vote on the question of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gilbert, Rev. G. M. Mathews and others will attend the commencement exercises at Otterbein University at Westerville.

Dr. J. P. Landis delivered a lecture on "Success" before the Normal class at Lewisburg, Preble county, last Thursday evening. A failure when lecturing on this subject is impossible, if the lecturer thoroughly understands his subject.

Thursday morning as the horse and wagon belonging to S. N. Smith was passing the Williams street crossing on Third street the King and broke loose and let the forward end of the wagon drop to the ground. Three boys who were riding in the wagon vacated their seats in the twinkling of an eye and the horse trotted on up the street with the two front wheels and stopped in front of the News office.
The Dayton Juniors beat the Springfield Juniors, Saturday, by a score of 11 to 7. The Springfield Juniors were so called because they had been beaten by the above score.

Mr. L. Brumbaugh and Miss Mamie Miller, oldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Miller, were married at Mr. Miller’s residence west of town last Wednesday night. The happy couple will take a trip through the East and attend the Dunker yearly meeting, which meets at Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Rev. Mr. Mingle, the pastor of the United Brethren church at Johnstown was a student at the Seminary in this city a few years ago. The church was injured, but the personsage was entirely destroyed. Fortunately they were visiting in another part of the city, and were not harmed.

Misses Nellie Fouts, Edith Anderson, Lillian Amend, and Mr. Edwin Brown took part in the closing exercises of the Junior class of the Central High School, Friday afternoon. The twelve who obtained the highest grades during the year are chosen to represent the class in these exercises and the fact that one third of the number live on the West Side is something to be proud of.

The pony belonging to H. V. Kooge was hitched to an old wagon tire and turned out to graze on the common, one day this week, but finding that the tire moved when pulled, it got scared and went tearing up Third street at the top of its speed. At every jump its fright increased, and when the West End tower was reached it stopped. The street was too frightened to stop, and ran on past and stopped on a common near by. Its fore leg was badly galled by the rope, but otherwise it was uninjured.

**GENERAL NEWS.**

A thrifty Kansas bridegroom sold balls of popcorn to his wedding guests.

The man who said the country was suffering from drought must have been talking in his sleep. There are still some lots in Guthrie to be had for nothing—lots of trouble holding on to those you have already got.

Secretary Wisconsin is said to be the hardest working member of the cabinet. “It is a condition, not a theory,” that confronts him.

The Persian Shah has the most imposing show now on the road to Europe. He spent about five thousand dollars a day on his tour. He is a sort of peripatetic royal flush.

A young lady living in Chester Valley, Pa., was promised that if she would take charge of a public school, three young men, each twenty years of age, would enter her class.

By a new law in Denmark a man found drunk is carried to his residence, and the keeper of the saloon where he bought his last glass is obliged to pay the expense of the ride.

The “co-operate maid” is a young woman who goes from house to house, dresses hair, mends stockings, brushes clothes, puts on buttons, etc., and charges each lady who desires her services two dollars a week.

Captain Porter, chief of the United States Secret Service, returned to Chicago Wednesday after making a very important capture of counterfeiters and moonshiners. They had been at work for a few weeks, but had already flooded the southern part of Illinois with poorly made counterfeit dollars and dimes, besides supplying the saloon-keepers near Versailles with their whisky.

Rich iron ore deposits were discovered Thursday, near Guthrie, Oklahoma, and a shaft will be sunk at once and a thorough examination made.

Mayor Harding having closed the saloons of Fort Wayne, Indiana, on Sunday, the Liquor Dealers’ Association retaliates by patrolling the streets and having livery stable men, milkmen, cigar dealers, street car and ice companies, arrested for plying their trades.

Mrs. Sheridan never appears in public, but visits the ladies of the late general’s military family and her father and family. This little circle consists of Mrs. Sheridan’s sister, Mrs. Col. Sheridan, Mrs. Col. Kellogg, and Mrs. Col. Blunt.

A newspaper saturated with kerosene and a heap of gunpowder, with a half burned fuse in it has been found under the armory of the Frederic Rifles at Frederic, Maryland. Nobody knows why the Rifles were to be discharged in this fashion.

Joshua Mullen, an inmate of the Charlestown, Ind., poor-house, built a wagon and ran away with Lucinda True, another inmate, taking her baby and trunk along. When last seen Mullen was in the wagon with the baby and trunk, smoking a pipe, and Lucinda was pulling it along.

The Chicago grand jury last week indicted Detective Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O. Sullivan, the iceman, and Frank J. Black, alias Woodruff, for or for complicity in the murder of Dr. Cronin. This result was reached after an investigation which lasted several hours, during which two dozen witnesses were examined and a mass of evidence considered.

The three prisoners were included in one indictment, to which there were three counts, one charging them with killing Dr. Cronin with a blunt instrument, the second alleging the use of a sharp instrument, and the third “instruments and means unknown.”

A new law in Denmark a man found drunk is carried to his residence, and the keeper of the saloon where he bought his last glass is obliged to pay the expense of the ride.

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Girls tricycles,
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Buy your Umbrellas and PARASOLS

direct at the Factory at wholesale prices.

**A. CAPPEL**

121 East Fifth St.
Cheap Poetry.

The cheapness of poetical talent at the present time, and the ease with which it can adapt itself to the wants of publishers, is illustrated by the following letter, which was received by the publisher of a newspaper:

"Sir,—I will write you a splendid poem for every issue of your paper for a dollar and fifty cents a week, and poems to be of any length required,—but I wouldn't want to go over a column,—and on any subject you like, and write in blank verse, regular rhyme, or sonnet style, although I think rhymes take best with the general public. But I can write one as easy as the other. Let me know if you want me to begin."—Sel.

He Was Conscientious about it.

"There are some funny things in law, and lawyers meet with some funny cases once in a while," said Representative Kelly, of Lackawanna. "A man who is somewhat distinguished in criminal annals as an expert pickpocket once asked a friend of mine to take his case for him."

"Where's your money?" inquired the friend."

"I haven't got any," was the reply, "but if you'll promise to do the business for me, I'll go out and get a watch for you in five minutes."

An Alibi.

According to the legal language, the heart is capable of remarkable operations. It "sinks" if "uttered," if "dies," and even, on extraordinary occasions, changes its location in the body.

Said a gentleman to an Irish soldier: "Did you come through the whole war without a scratch, Pat?"

"Not I, yer honor! Once a bullet went right through here," and he pointed to his left breast. "Surely not! It must have hit your heart, if it went through there."

"Oh, yer honor, not at all, at all! Why, me heart was in me mouth at the time!"

Mistress.—Mercy on me, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a junk shop, and—why, it will take you a week to get things cleaned up! What have you been doing?

Servant.—Sure, mum, the young lady has just been down here showing me how to roast a potato at the cooking school.

A Maiden's Artifice.—Artful Amy.—Algernon, in parliamentary usage, what does the speaking officer say when a matter is to be put to a vote?

Unsuspecting Algernon.—Are you ready for the question?

Artful Amy.—Yes, Algernon, I think I am.—Burlington Free Press.

The Law's Inconsistencies.—Mr. Noodle.—Wall, it do beat all how the law work, one upsettin' another right along.

What's wrong now?

"Wall, there ain't much that's wrong. Here I've been makin' a good livin' as a juryman for years and years, all because I don't read the papers and ain't got no opinions, ye know."

"You can't read."

"No; never learned. Wall, now I set great store on that there son o' mine, an' wanted to bring him up for a juryman, too, but hang me if they ain't talkin' 'bout laws fer make every boy go to school. Where's the jurymen goin' ter come from in the next generation? That's what beats me."—Philadelphia Record.

A Great Row about a Small Matter.—Passenger (springing from his birth).—Captain! Captain! Is the ship sinking?

Captain.—Oh, no; the mate is only retelling the watch.

Passenger (disgusted).—Humph! I suppose he'd blow up the boat starting it, if it should stop. Why, don't you get one of these light-running, stem-setting watches and pitch your old trap overboard!—Towle's Weekly.

Well Represented.—Young Man (applying for situation).—I have had considerable experience as a commercial traveler, sir. Would you not like to engage me to push your products?

Manufacturer.—Your services will hardly be required. There are already about seven million men engaged pushing our products in this country. We manufacture baby carriages.—Burlington Free Press.

"What would you think of a man," asks a hotel clerk, "who came in, registered, got a room, stayed out his time, left without paying his board or saying anything about it, and then wrote back, saying he had lost his revolver while in the hotel, and asking, if it was found, to forward it to him? What do you think of that for a check? And yet such a case recently happened!"

A taberer in a chip-yard was one day given a two-foot rule to measure a piece of iron plate. Not being accustomed to the use of the rule, he returned it, after wasting a good deal of time.

"Well, Mike," asked his superior officer, "what is the size of the plate?"

"Well," replied Mike, with the smile which accompanies duty performed, "it's the length of your rule, and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand and arm, from here to there, bar a finger."

The News three months for only twenty cents.