The Forest Republican.

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The Tangled Skein.

Two men were talking by the sea . Of what had been and what might be, And as the first his hopes made known The tide upon the bar made moan.

"The boon 1 ask of fate is fame-A world-known and an honored name. I ask not love. Let that pass by, If fame be mine, that cannot die Those in the valley seek for love; My feet must climb the heights above-"

"I ask not fame," the other said ; "What matters praise when I am dead ? Be mine the boon of love and home, From which my feet may never roam; The lowliest path will pleasant be, If love be there to walk with me."

Ah, strange indeed, the ways of fate, The tangled threads will not coine straight!

Love came to him who asked for fame, The world has never heard his name, With wite and children by his side, His neighbors think him satisfied. But by his hearth he often hears The great world's praises in his ears, And wondors vagualy which were best, The hill's wide view or valley's rest?

To him who asked for love and home, Came tame, and ever he must roam. Through all the world his fame is known, But he goes on unloved alone. Men envy him. They cannot know The human heart that hungers so For love and home. Below he sees, With longing eyes, the valley's pence. But up the hill he climbs alone; He asked for bread and found a stone.

Oh, sorely tangled skein of inte! Some time, God grant, the threads come

straight.

-Eben B. Rexford.

Up the River With a Lunatic.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard, and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, the doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitu-tional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our tional when he happened to fail in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast; the chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gypsy meal. He did. He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceed-ingly. We talked of things in general,

them over his shoulder. and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning-I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular an it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction. As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-bye, preparatory to getting into the boat, the doctor laughingly said : 'Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or forty-five, tall and bony, iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder-he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen; for it he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes." We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore; we sang out a last good-bye, and left the doctor . standing on the bank It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal; we could see the bottom and every stone and pebble on it; just a gentle breeze fanning the surface of the waters into a little ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of a traveler, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign land"; I have lived abroad as much as at home; but I will match the higher reaches of Father mames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe. And on an early summer morning, a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water cool, so clear; the banks so green, harming; the stately trees on either the mansions seen over the dows, or peeping out among the my muscles were strung, my You may choose your Rhine, your Garda, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cook-ham and old Father Thames to me. Presumably we had come for river beauties and the camping-out-presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lilian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return un il at least we had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mr .- there was no Mrs. We had met the young lady at several dances and such like; but on each occa-sion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. *MacKenzie. Apparently Mr Travers was not a party man. But Lilian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get that chance | ear.

now. So you see that little excursion riverward had more in it than met the "What!" said Tom, right out loud. donkey! Rawle's.'

"The-"

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whiskers, a heavy drooping mustache,

hair unusually long, iron-gray in color. He might be a soldier retired from his

although it was an unusual method of

It was a free-and-easy style of asking a

favor; but he seemed a gentleman, and

an elderly one too. Common politeness

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three." "Oh, that doesn't matter," he said;

' you can put me anywhere, or I'll take

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off-band manner; but Alf thought dif-

"All right," sail he; "we don't mind if you don't. Steer her in, Jack." I steered her in. No sooner were we

near the shore than, quite unexpectedly,

he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side. "Hang it!" I said; "take care, or

you'll have us over." "What if I do?" he returned. "It'll

only be a swim; and who minds a swim

We stared at him; the coolness, not to

say impertinence, of the remark was

amazing Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us

he didn't care if he spilled us into the

river! He seated himself by me, setting

the boat seesawing again, crushing me into a corner; and without asking with

your leave or by your leave, took the steering lines from my hands, and slipped

an oar for one of you.

in weather like this?"

ferently.

eye. We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the doctor and his part-ing words had gone from our minds. We talked little, and that little was of He was going to say something naughty-I know he was; but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alt overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute Lilian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some two or three hundred yaids; we were close to the shore. Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazing, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I feit the boat give a great throb. I turned; there was the stranger leaning halt out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have had us-not a dozen feet away. He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light

him look at me. "What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been plensant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring then.

profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman. We were passing on, when he raised his stick and shouted out, "Stop!" It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, otherwork it was a regular shout, as though we "I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool s a cucumber. "To what insolence do as a cucumber. you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent, but risky; I calling attention. "Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired." We looked at him and at each other. couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies: He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before-perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible. "Thank you," he said; "I shall not forget this."

forget this." There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off row-ing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank, then at the other; his eyes traveled everywhere, resting no-where; his hands fidgeted and trembled; where; his hands hageted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every sec-ond. If I hadn't called out he would have run us right into the shore; when I called he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near ns. No one spoke. We went slowly along

watching each other. At last he said something. "I-I will get out," he said, in an

odd, nervous way. "With pleasure," said Alf; "in

minute "Why not now? Why not now,

sir?" ne said, seeming to shake from head to foot. "Where are you going to get?—into the river?" I admired Alf's coolness; I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

but he must have been an eccentric sort "Hold your row, you confounded of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved onkey! It's the man from Dr. sensibly, if he had made one sensible remark, he would have blown our delu-

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we tendered our apologies as best we could to the man we had so insulted, but he treated us and them with the loftiest scorn; and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd. And as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us. we each of us in our secret heart de-clared we should never forget our ad-venture up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this I have never seen Lilian Travers, nor do I wish to.

An Anti-Fat Spring.

While surveying in the mountains northeast of Anaheim last year, Major William P. Reynolds encountered a man who had worked for him in former years. He failed to recognize him, however, until the stranger explained who he was. He was then a man of about two hundred pounds weight, whereas he weighed three hundred and forty pounds when in the major's employ. The secret of his reduced size was freely given. A short distance up the mountain was a spring, the waters of which contained some mineral anti-fat properties. Did the major want to lose some of the superfluous fiesh which encum-bered him? He did. He drank the water, and in ten days his weight water, and in ten days his weight had been reduced twenty-five pourds. He continued drinking the water until from two hundred and ten pounds he was reduced to one hun-dred and seventy pounds, his present weight. This was accomplished without any violent action on the part of the water. Maior Raynolds will obtain water. Major Reynolds will obtain water from the spring and forward it to the Smithsonian Institute at Washing-ton for analysis. The spring is about sixteen miles from Anaheim, easily acact that there is nothing to be apprehended from using the water, many obese persons will avail themselves of the opportunity to try nature's remedy. -Anaheim (Cal.) Gazette.

How Bar-room diquors are Made.

There may be seen daily on Chestnut street, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, a man dressed in faultless apparel, with a great diamond on his breast, vainly enleavoring to out-glitter the magnificent solitaire on his finger. In a German university he learned chemistry, and not even Liebig knew it better. His busi-ness is the mixing and adulterating of liquors. Give him a dozen casks of deodorized alcohol and the next day of Iceland moss are weighed out to him. To raw liquors this imparts a smoothness and oleaginousness that gives to imitation brandy the glibeness of that which is matured. An astringent cate thu that would almost close the mouth of a glass ink-stand, is next in order. A couple of ounces of strychnine, next called for, are quickly conveyed to his vest pocket, and a pound of white vitroii is as silently placed in the bottom of the basket. The oil of cognac, the sulphuric icid, and other articles that give fire and body to liquid poisons are always kept in store. The mixer buys these from various quarters. They are staples of the art.

Johnny Green's Experiment. Little Johnny Green of Louisville, Ky., was the happy owner of a very strong flying kite, made by his father, and a very strong flying he-pigeon, both white as snow. A short time ago Johnny be-gan to speculate as to which of the two

was the stronger flyer, and being unable to decide the question in his mind, he pitted them against each other in a test of strength. Arriving at the common near by with the pigeon in a basket and a kite in his hand, he soon sailed the kite before a stiff northeasterly breeze, to the limit of his two hundred yards of cord. He then tied the end of the string to one of the legs of the bird, and, turning him loose, the contest began.

The pigeon, feeling half free, flew to-ward home, which was directly against the wind. The resistance of the kite

caused his flight to tend upward, and, in turn, the efforts of his wings caused the kite to sail higher in the air. For a while the bird seemed to have "the best of the struggle, making slow progress for at least a square, but, in spite of all ef-forts to take a direct course, flying higher and higher.

After the bird had reached an altitude of perhaps four hundred feet, the kite being about one hundred feet higher still, it was plain that the latter had greatly the advantage. It was flesh, blood and feathers against the untiring winds. Unable to continue the strain. the pigeon changed his course to one side, thus slacking the string and causing the kite to fall, slanting from side to side in a helpless sort of a way. But feeling free again, the pigeon once more made a break for home, when the string being pulled taut, the kite, with a spring, glancing in the sun a thing of life, rose rapidly and gracefully to its former level. These movements were repeated again and again, the bird and kite in the meantime dritting before the breeze more and more rapidly to the southwest. The boy watched it all with interse eagerness. When the snowy contestants were above the Eclipse park, where the shooting tournament was in progress, a gentleman, who looked up after a wild bigeon who had escaped the gun, espied the kite, which, as such, was barely dis-cernible. The pigeon had then quite vanished into the blue. The attention of several had been drawn to the curious spectacle, and some doubt was expressed as to whether a kite could be flown so high. "The other end of the string," suggested an observer, "must be five miles off, way up in the city." But the wonder grew as the kite gradu-ally rose higher and higher, and sailed further to the southwest, and it finally vanished into the sky over the lower bend of the Ohio, or high above the blue

deodorized alcohol and the next day each of them will represent the name of a genuine wine or popular spirit. He enters a wholesale drug store bearing a large basket upon his arm. Five pounds after both bird and kite had darkened

Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

The Turning Leaf.

The elm is turning yellow, The woodbine rich with stain; The frost hath tringed the maple

With crimson fire again, hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered into sheaves.

And my heart stands still a moment to think of what it leaves.

I pick the honeyed clover

That blossoms at my icet;

Ah, me! long years are over

Since first I found it sweet."

I hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered into sheaves,

And my heart stands still a moment to think of what it leaves.

The sadness and the sweetness

I ponder o'er and o'er;

Nor sighing nor the gladness Is as it was before.

hear the crisp corn rustle that's gathered into sheaves,

And my heart stands still a moment to think of all it leaves.

-New York Evening Post.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Potatoes weighing four and a quarter ounds are common in Georgia.

P. T. Barnum says that the reason he young and hearty in his seventy-first year is because he uses neither rum nor tobacco.

The New York elevated railroad companies claim that they have added \$100,-000,000 to the taxable value of the prop-erty of New York city

The Gate City Guards, of Atlanta, Ga., while at Hartford, Conn., were presented with six wooden nutmegs made from the charter oak.

The Louisville Journal claims that Kentucky has one of the most active and aggressive temperance organizations in the Union within her borders.

A Canyon City (Oregon) farmer be-gan without a cent five years ago; at the age of fifty he took up a farm, and has now fields, house, barn, orchard, health and credit.

Fifteen miles of the Utah and North-ern railway will have to be built through lava beds, and it will be necessary to blast the rocks nearly all the distance.

Solon was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He never stopped to argue when his wife told him to get out of his warm bed and build a fire in the kitchen stove .- Wheeting Leader.

A curious accident happened to a steamer on the Missouri near Bismarck, Dakota, recently. An avalanche of about a quarter acre of land fell upon her as she was going under a bluff.

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it them, " but if you will allow me. "Not at all," he said ; " I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it."

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch

His coolness was amusing; he was mpenetrable. I know I for one regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a second or two.

"Come," he said, "when are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time.

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the stream.

"Where are you going?" said Alf. Keep us in."

"I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong.

He had the lines; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cram ming me on my seat, and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it. "I don't know if you are aware you

are occupying all my seat.

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down!like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a fiash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind; tall, strong, about forty-five, iron-gray hair, a habit of showing his teeth, and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility, nay, the probability, of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know tittle of them; have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who-

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue, made me bound from my seat like Jack in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; tists clinched; every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you ?"

"Excitable temperament, hot blooded youth," said the stranger.

I could have said something had I hosen, but I preferred discretion;]

didn't like his eyes. "No-nothing." I said. "Think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round. I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over .

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf. At the word " mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he said; 'do you know, sir—" He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy

In passing Tom I whispered in his ar. "The lunatic," I said.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a wellknown inn and a capital landing-stage. When we came along side, the stranger said, "This will do; I'll get out here." He turned the boat ashore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang upon the beach. There were several people about, watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leaped on shore; he touched him on the shoulder. "Now come," he said, "don't be fool-

ish; we know all about it. The other turned on him like a flash of lightning.

'What do you mean?"

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. "Come," he said, "don't let's have a row.

The stranger raised himself to his full height and shook off Tom with ease He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom_and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I fou.id I had met my match and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength. Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and, scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him Union. like leeches. The language he used was awful, his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the bystanders seeing a row, came up; they interfered and pulled us off.

"Here's a pretty go!" said one. What's all this?"

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf; "he's a lunatic."

A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum.

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off in a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd. "There's some mistake," he said : "this gentle man*is Mr. Travers, of Tollhurst Hall. You could have knocked us all three down with a father. I do believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? and that man Lilian Travers' father! could have shrunk into my boots; I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged, and watched, and insulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand-Lilian Travers father! Never did three men look such fools as we did then! We were so confoundedly in earnest about it; that was Gold Fields of California.

For hundreds of miles along the western base of the Sierras are gold-bearing veins and placers, awaiting development that will yield a profitable return to the energy and money of the capitalists who will yet seek this field as one of the best and most reliable to be found on the globe. Here will be found every facility of a kindly climate, accessibility, cheap and available power, and every concomitant that can make the business profitable above the cost of produc-tion. The gold mines of California, notwithstanding the vast treasures they have given to the world, are compara-tively unworked fields. The gold-bearing veins are practically without limit, and the dead river channels are only beginning to yield their inexhaustible stores. This is not an over-drawn estimate of the gold fields of California, and far-seeing men are begining to realize the importance of giving more attention to them as a source that will be lasting and reliable in keeping up an equable production of the metal that is pre-eminently the need wherever the wheels of industry are in motion or commerce spreads its sails .- Grass Valley (Cal.)

Words of Wisdom.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

The trees that are most in the sun bear he sweetest fruit.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

Every person is sure of at least one good friend if he will not abuse himself. As too long retirement weakens the mind, so too much company dissipates

Have the courage to wear your old ciothes until you can afford to pay for

man ever made an ill figure who understood his own tablets, nor a good one who mistoek them.

If one is rot born with an apprecia-tion, a love of the beautiful, then go and earn it as you learn mathematics, language or philosophy.

It is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary.

A "stringy," rattling voice and a constant sposition to expectorate, indicates incipient throat trouble of dangerous tendency. Une Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in good time and be say; you may think it a first-rate joke; by all druggists.

ized not only that his kite and favorite pigeon had carried each other away forever, but that the momentous question that he put them together to settle would reach a solution far beyond his observation. Only half satisfied with his experiment he started home. As he entered the house he turned his eyes sadly toward his pigeon boxes, when, what should he behold but that same strong-flying pigeon, quietly resting in front of his hole, with a piece of the string still hanging to his leg!

Advice to the Whistling Young Man.

Sometimes, my son, you will want to whistle. Do not entirely repress this desire to aspirate your feelings in sibilant strains of wheezy music; merely modulate and regulate it. Go off into the woods five or six miles from any habitation, if the desire comes upon you during business hours, and whistle there until th e birds make you ashamed of your poor accomplishment. Do not yield to the temptation too readily, lest you become addicted to the habit and become a slave to it, and go whistling around even as a man who has lost a dog. There are men, my son, who can whistle musically; once in a while you find men whose whistle is pleasant to the ear and soothing to the soul, but you only find one of these men every three or four thousand years, and they die young, son; they die very young. You will observe that the best whistler is he who whist es least, and practices in solitude. The poor whistler, who flats on the high notes and gasps on the lower ones, and wheezes in the middle register, is the man who whistles at all times and in all places. Whistle all you will in solitary places, son, if it

pleases you, whistle in the night as you go home, if you will, for a cheery whistle in the dark is a pleasant sound unto the listening soul of the belated passenger, but when you come into the assemblages and the business haunts of men, unpucker your musical lips and shut up your whistle in your heart. And if ever the temptation comes to you to whistle against the edge of a card, crush it out, if the effort kills you. Whisting is not a lofty nor yet a useful, although it is a universal accomplishment. Though you practice a hundred years, and though you whistle never so whistley, my son, yet the commonest switch engine that ever scared a human being deaf can beat you at it. The great and good were never great whistlers, son. George Washington never sat in a friend's office with his foot on the window sill, whistling "Grandfather's Clock" against the edge of a card. Strive to emulate George Washington, and, although you may never he first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of your countrymen, yet fame will not forget you if they can write upon your tombstone that you never whistled your countrymen into convulsions of intemperate but fruitless profanity .- Burlington Hawkeye.

The unemployed of Glasgow, Scotland, to the number of nearly 1.000, marched through the principal led by a master blacksmith named Godfrey, and carrying a placard on which were the words: "Wanted, work, not charity, nor stone breaking.

An archer young woman we never did know Than the one in a quiver awaiting her beau, He has an arrow escape as a general thing, If she tries target him once on her string. -Toronto Graphic.

The Rev. Mr. Gaul, of Philadelphia, went to a menagerie and did not find all the animals that he had seen pictured on the street posters. He denounced the show from his pulpit as a humbug. A young man in the "Answers to correspondents" column in a New York paper, asks, "How can I gain a copious command of language?" We would We would suggest that he try sitting down on a tack -Courier-Journal.

When you pick up a paper and peruse a sublimely sentimental or deeply philosophical essay, the last line of which reads, "Sold by all Druggists." you are forcibly struck with the truth of that conclusive remark .- Toronto Graphic.

The Las Tegas (New Mexico) Gazette says that the old-fashioned way of tramping out grain with horses or cattle still prevails there. Goats are pressed into service also. At this time of the year may be seen a line of animals tramping round and round a pole like so many four-legged contestants for the Astley belt.

Bows are now manufactured of California yew, which is claimed to be equal to the best English, and almost equal to the famous Spanish yew. A " fuir Spanish yew bow costs from \$40 to \$50 and a fine one, though ever so plain commands a ready sale at from \$60 to \$80. Archers think the home article fully equal to English yew, and superior to the best lance-wood, snakewood and beef-wood.-Ca ifornia Bee.

THE NEW TENOR.

He drew in his breath with a gasping sob, With a quavering voice he sang; But his voice leaked out, and could not drown The accompanist's clamorous bang;

He lost his pitch on the middle A ; He initered on lower D;

And he foundered at length like a battered wreck

Adritt on the wild, high C. —Burlington Hawkeye.

Chasing the "Gamo,"

A correspondent describes one of the amusements" of the Mexicans of New Mexico, as follows: A number of horsemen assemble, a chicken is procured and placed on the ground with its feet tied together. Each cavalier in turn rushes past the lowl at full speed and strives to bick it up as he passes, until one, more skillful than the rest, succeeds, when he makes off with the prize hotly pursued by his unsuccessful competitors. His bject now is to keep possession of the bird ; to do this he must be well mounted and a daring and featless rider, as he is assailed on every hand by merciless contestants.

He uses the poor rooster as a weapon of defence, and whenever too closely pursued strikes right and left without respect of person and regardless of con-sequences. The unfortunate "gallo's" feathers fly in every direction ; its ruthless executioners dismember it without mercy, and its identity is soon among the things of the past. When too badly demoralized to afford further sport, a new victim is procured, and this game goes on indefinitely.

new ones. It is an uncontroverted truth that no