The Lovest Republican.

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A Fair Offer.

"Scurio s-like!" said the tree-toad-"I've twittered for rain all day; And I got up soon And I hollered till noon, But the sun jest blazed away Till I jest clumb down in a crawfish hole Weary at heart and sick at soul!

Dozed away for an hour, And I tackled the thing again-And Loung and sung, Till I knowed my lung Was jest about give in; And then, thinks I, if it don't rain now There's nothin' in singin', anyhow!

Once in a while some farmer Would come a drivin' past, And he'd hear my ery, And stop and sigh, Till I jest laid back at last, And hollered rain till I thought my th'oat Wou'd burst wide open at every note !

But I tetched her! Oh, I fetched her Case a little while ago-As I kind o' set With one eye shet, And a singin' soft and low-A voice drapped down on my fevered

Sayin'- If you'll jest hush I'll rain!' -J. W. Riley.

DR. BLUNT'S PATIENT.

If ever a mortal man was fitly named, such was the case with Dr Blunt, the name expressing one of his strongest characteristics. Had he been called Dr. Skillful, the same could have been said of him with truth. And then the expression on his face was a faithful index of another equally strong point of character—viz., great kindness of heart. So quick spoken was the doctor on ordinary occasions, he not, only abbreviated sentences, but words themselves frequently suffered a very per-

ceptible clipping.

All the village of L— was very much exercised one morning by the in-telligence that the two best rooms in Lowell's elegant house, which had been unoccupied for a year or more because the rent was so high, had been taken by a young lady who was a real live heiress, having no one but hersell to support; and she was going to furnish the rooms with no end of costly
"pieces and lovely ornaments, and
furthermore, Liwyer Peetham, who
had charge of her estate, said she was a beauty, but in very poor health, he believed. So the good natured gossips ruminated as to how sad it was that rne couldn't have everything in this world. If you have wealth likely as not you have no health with which to enjoy it; things are pretty evenly dealt out, after ail; and so after the manner

of news-venders. Dame Rumor seems for once to have heard only the facts in the case, for in a few days the rooms were really fur nished, and occupied as predicted, and Mrs. Lowell was highly elated over the good looks as well as affluent circum-stances of her new boarder, though in

describing her she had said: But something ails the poor girl; she is so nervous, why! fearfully nervous, my dear-but fresh-looking as a daisy, and not the least mite pale or wasted, and my! the way she dresses!"

One morning, as Lawyer Peckham was coming out of Mrs. Lowell's house, he met Dr. Blunt going in. "Morning, Peckham," said the doctor.

Good morning, doctor. Guess my client is about to become your patient,

"Yes, yes," jerked out the doctor, "shouldn't wonder," and he disappeared.

A.moment later Dr. Blunt entered Miss Lacey's room. A very fair young lady reclined languidly in the sumptuous depths of a "Sleepy Hollow" chair, but the quick, experienced eye of a medical man knew at a glance something was wrong; although, as Mrs. Lowell had said, she was rosy and plump, the expression of the eye was troubled, restless, morbid. The doctor seated himself beside his fair patient,

felt her pulse, and then vented the remarkable query: "Was it me or the young doctor you wanted?"

"Oh, you, by all means," said Miss Lacey, with a smile, but instantly the troubled look returned. She added, I want all the experience possible brought to bear on my case."

"Any parents?" queried the doctor. "No, sir; my mother died of con-sumption when I was very young; my father died when I was a more child." Humph! Have any local pains? Suffer from headache nausea?

! No, sir; nothing of the kind. There seems to be a fear of something all the time, an undefined apprehension; sometimes I think I may die, as mother did, of consumption.

Got any religion." -"Why, certainly, doctor. I should hope so. I am a church member, and have been for years. I love my religion," and quick sympathetic tears affirmed the truth of the prompt asser-

'Ever seen Jesus Christ sick and visited Him, or naked and clothed Him, or ministered to the thousand-and-one wants of the 'little ones' forever representing the Savior's symbolized

Alas, no!" sighed poor Miss Lacey "I have waited too for years, but this nervous weakness unfits me for anything useful or practical. I give regu-

feel confident I can help you. Perhaps lieving the sick child.

I'll run in again before night with directions—bless me, what looking gloves! Will you mend these for me, my dear?"
"Certainly, with pleasure," laughed
Miss Lacey, and for that instant there

Miss Lacey, and for that instant there was no trouble in her clear eyes.

"You see," said the doctor, apologetically, "my housekeeper isn't much on mending, according to my idea, and then there's only my boy, the young doctor, as people call him—the most graceless piece. As for wife,"—and the voice grew wonderfully tender—'dear wife has been 'singing in paradise' wife has been 'singing in paradise' these dozen years or more." The door opened and closed softly, and the doc-

tor was gone.
"What a funny doctor! What a queer, dear old gentleman!" thought Miss Lacey; "and these gloves! Well, I have a piece of work here, no mistake, must get out my piece-bag and find some bits of silk or something," and, forgetting her fears and weakness, she was soon doing her best toward repairing the doctor's well-worn driv-

ing gloves.
Presently there came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Cameron was admitted, the "very respectable Scotch woman" whom Mrs. Lowell had recommended as a "first-class laundress, neat, honest and a church member.

The woman bore in her arms a goodly sized basket in which were various arti-cles of clothing beautifully done up. As Miss Lacey rose to receive them Mrs. Came on remarked:

"Perhaps some one is sick i' the house. I saw the doctor gang awa' just as I was comin' in."

"I was not feeling very well," answered Miss Lacey, "he came to see

"Oh, did he, miss! an' isn't the auld gentleman jis' lovely?" and in most en-thusiastic terms she told of the great goodness and kindness experienced at the doctor's hands. Told how all, her life was bound up in her "one wee girlie, her bonny Janie," who had never been strong since the first time she had convulsions, caused by indigestion, and "monny was the night the gude mon had staid until the morning, and niver a penny of pay would he take

"Do you know the young doctor, ma'am?" "No, I'm a stranger here, and know

but very few persons."
Well, miss, the young doctor is a winsome lad, and a Christian indeed. He tells me oft I shouldn't fret for fear my lassie will be to'en from me, but pray the gude God to spare me one ewe lamb, an' it be His wil. He has prac-ticed with his father the year or more, and how the auld doctor loves him! He has a funny way of calling him all kinds of uncanny names, but ivery one knows And soon after Mrs. Cameron gathered up her basket and departed.

Miss Lacey had succeeded in closing up the gaping rents in the doctor's gioves, the hour had come and gone, but no doctor had reappeared.

"Oh, he thinks me too comfortable s patient to need much attention," she thought, repiningly, "but he might at least have told me what my complaint There! the bell rings; perhaps

that is he now." And the next moment a rap at her loor being answered, Dr. Blunt entered. hurried, flushed, and more adrupt in manner and speech than before.

"Say, my dear girl, will you help poor woman in great extremity?" "What do you mean doctor?

"Oh, get your hat and shawl, and come now. You've no husband to consult, no children to leave, and a poor widow is in danger of losing her only child this night, and some one must watch with her. I must be off in another direction. My dear child,"—
again that tender tone, "wouldn't you
like to hear your Savior say to you to-"Inasmuch as ye morrow morning, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me?"

"Oh, I'll go doctor; I'll be ready in a moment.

"Better take off that long-tailed dress and don a good sensible calico; I'll go down to the parlor," added the doctor, and wait and take you right along in the buggy with me. Quick, now; I wouldn't wait long for the queen of

"Well, of all things!" thought Miss "I don't know but that doctor Lacey. "I don't know but that doctor will be the death of me, or—perhaps his strange method will be the making of

She flew about the room in a surprising manner for her; donned a good warm morning dress, and in another moment the doctor's horse was tearing along the road as if to outrun his master's impatience. Yet during the ride the doctor explained to his companion how she must be very calm—"and you can be," he added with convincing emphasis-for the child was suffering from spasms quite violent, distressing and dangerous. He told briefly how the baths must be administered, and the water kept hot all night; and finally in nentioning the patient's name surprised Miss Lacey by revealing the fact that it was poor little Janie Cameron, who had been taken ill that very afternoon dur-

ing her mamma's absence. Arrived at the house, the poor, distressed mother became very much com-forted by the presence of "the dear, sweet young leddy who was too good to show such kindness to a poor body like mysel'!" The doctor gave most minute directions to be followed through the night, then left with the cheerful obser-

"I'll send that young doctor around about midnight if he makes his appearance at the family mansion before that time. On, the most graceless biped!"

and he was gone. Miss Lacey reflected with great satisfaction the next day that not one thought could she remember having bestowed upon herself during that long, painful larry to several charitable objects, and hope some good is done in that way." suffering. All her energies and sympa-thies were directed toward helping and night, with its new experiences of real know just what I shall prescribe, but comforting the agonized mother and re-

About midnight, white she was bending over a warm bath, in which she was firmly holding the convulsed frame of poor Janie, the door opened and the young doctor entered. There was no sort of an introduction between the two —who thinks of formalities at such a time?—but at once they worked to-gether over the suffering child. Miss Lacey was vaguely aware that a young man, bearded and mustached, with a calm, deep voice and shapely white

calm, deep voice and shapely white hands, gave orders which she promptly obeyed, and spoke werds of hope and encouragement to the poor dazed mother. It did not once occur to her that there was anything novel in her position, as, holding the child in her arms, quieted at last, the young doctor sat close beside her, asking questions and giving advice, now and then tions and giving advice, now and then turning down a corner of the blanket to watch the changing expression of the

little sleeper's face. But he, more accustomed to such try-ing scenes, after the first moments of intense application to the case, began wondering who this lovely angel of mercy could be, working as if her whole soul were bound up in relieving this poor little child of a lowly mother. How ong he might have remained is uncertain, had not a messenger from another

quarter summoned him away.

The next morning Jamie was better, and continued until the anxious mother was again relieved concerning her. The next day but one, Miss Lacey re-

ceived a call from three bright, interesting young girls, who, to her utter as-tonishment, informed her that old Doctor Blunt had recommended her as just the person to become president of a Dorcas society.

"Oh, you must, you must!" they chirped in concert, and before they left she had partially promised to accept

the position—to her own dismay.

But when the minister called a few days afterward and said old Doctor Blunt had insisted that a class of unruly boys in the Sabbath-school, who needed a teacher, was just the work adapted to her case, she succumbed at once, "surrendering at discretion" all right to decide for herself.

Miss Lacey finally wrote the doctor a spicy little note, telling him she believed any more of his peculiar prescriptions would undo the wonderful cure already accomplished.

But of late the village gossips could not fail to notice how continually the young doctor called at Mrs. Lowell's One morning as the elder doctor was

coming out of the house, he met Lawyer Peckham, when the following characteristic colloquy ensued:
"Hi! Good-morning doctor. Well

I hear the young doctor is about to bring a daughter for you to the 'family mansion."

"Yes, yes!"-very quickly. "Well, well, there's room enough in the hous and my heart for the precious girl, the good Lord knows, and as for young Blunt, M. D.,—who actually presumes to believe he loves and appreciates her better than I do-the renegade! if she can do anything toward reclaiming that graceless case—There! forgotten my gloves, true as the world must go back for them. Morning, Peckham.

A Curious Insect.

"Don't catch that bumble-bee in your fingers-it will sting you," said a by stander to a dentist with scientific proclivities who resides in the coun-Not a bit of danger," said the doctor; "the fact is that fellow is not a bee at all, only a fly made to resemble the bumble bee very closely, but differing therefrom in some point easily detected by any one with a slight knowledge of insects. He is a very formidable fellow among the smaller insects, devouring great numbers of them, but altogether incapable of injury to man. In fact he is one of the beneficial kind, because he destroys whole hecatombs of insects during his short lifetime. You see I handle it without injury. It is a born fraud, made to represent bumble-bees for two reasons: Because its victims do not expect to be eaten by the honey-loving bumble-bees, and its enemies are tright ened away by fear of the terrible business end of that insect. There are many such cases of mimicry in the insect world. It belongs to the genus laphira." "How do you distinguish them from bees?" "Easy enough. Bees have always four wings. This fellow, you see, has only two. That gives It belongs to the genus him away. He is a fly sure to the few who know that, but a terrible bum blebee to all the rest."

The Human Manufactory.

A man may eat and drink heartily all day, says an unknown writer, and sit and lounge about doing nothing, in one sense of the word; but his body must keep hard at work, or it will die. Suppose the stomach refused to work within ten minutes after a hearty dinner, the man would die in convulsions in a few hours; or cholera or cramp colic would rack and wreck him. Supposing the pores of the skin-meaning thereby the glandular apparatus with which are connected-should go on a "strike, he would in an hour be burning up with fever; oppression would weigh upon the system, and soon become insupportable. Suppose the liver became mulish, the appetite would become annihilated, tood would be loathed, torturing pains would invade the small of the back, and the head would ache to bursting. Suppose the kidneys shut up shop, and danger most imminent, sufferings unbear able, and death more certain, would be the speedy and unenviable result. If the little workshops of the eye should close, in an hour he could not shut nor open them without physical force, and in another hour he would be blind; or if those of the tongue should close,

FOR THE FAR SEX.

How Ladies Dress in Persia.

She wore a bright red satin skirt, richly embroidered with gold lace; it was very full and short, barely reaching to her knees; a loose jacket of blue vel vet, also much trimmed-this time with silver lace; the sleeves were made of cashmere shawl, buttoned by about twenty small buttons. She wore several necklaces, most of them very massive, studded with several turquoises. On her head she wore a white shawl, with covered with coarse white socks; her shoes green leather with scarlet heels. Some of the ladies wore bright red trousers reaching to the ankle; but this was quite the exception. They wear a long veil reaching from head to foot, generally made of some smart print or muslin. I ought to mention that every lady wore a small leather case around her neck, containing some earth from Mecca and verses from the Koran. The faces of my hostess and friends were much decorated, the eyebrows broadmuch decorated, the eyebrows broat-ened and carried quite across the nose. Some had small designs tattooed on the cheeks. The hair is very long and thick, generally dyed red; it is worn-plaited in many thin tails, twisted with gold thread. The hands are well shaped, but reils and palms are stained a dark but nails and palms are stained a dark red.—Tinsley's Magazine.

Infant's Cloaks. . Infants' cloaks for midsummer wear are made of nainsook, and are edged on both upper and lower capes with tucks and a ruffle of Hamburg embroidery. Sometimes the upper capes of these little cloaks are entirely covered with tiny sprays of hand-wrought embroidery. Besides the nainsook cloaks two blankets are added for wraps in every infant's layette, one of fine flannel with a simple border, the other of cashmere elaborately embroidered. The little ceru muslin close-fitting infants' caps have an entire crown of delicate Saxony work. They also have a frill of muslin around the face, and soft muslin strings to tie beneath the chin. The general fancy for bright coloring has caused some encroachments in babies' wardrobe effects, and, though the best taste still prefers pure white sashes, many fashionable mothers now include a pale rose-colored and a baby-blue Surah sash among the other effects of thoir infants' layettes.

Fashion Fancies.

Amber-colored roses are worn on black hats.

All sorts of lace and net mitts are

Bunchy and aggressive draperies are dving. Many linen suits are made with almost plain skirts and plain round cor-

sages with wide belts. The most fashionable long gloves for full dress are of undressed kid, white

or in very pale shades of color. Large collars are to be revived. Bismarck shades will be worn in the

Illumination of red or orange grows in favor for black dresses. Full ruches of black lace form ruffs high about the necks of most handsome

summer mantillas, dolman visites and shoulder capes. Rough-and-ready straws, both black and white, and with wide, irregular brims, are worn as archery, lawn, gar-

den and coaching hats, trimmed profusely with feathers and bright flowers. For day we r the old white skirt is being superseded by those of black, lusterless silk, trimmed with several narrow flounces, finely plaited. Ladies of extreme elegance choose the petticoat with reference to the shade of the dress -exactly of the same shade or a decided

but harmonious contrast. French dress designers make the sides of some of their skirts to represent five large box plaits. Eyelet holes or bound button holes are then made in the front edges of two of these plaits, and the front of the skirt is laced across with cords that tie and fall in a cluster of spikes, balls or tassels near the bottom of the skirt.

The double pins attached by chains, that have been out of tashion for so many years, are now being revived, and are used for caps and cravats. In the caps they are placed either across the front or to one side, and on the cravats they are fastened in one above the other. They are also to be seen in some of the new velvet and lace toques for out-door wear.

Mittens of black and white silk are still very popular for evening wear, and some of the most elaborate are very open and fine, and have small flowers embroidered on them in colored sitks, They are very long, and are kept up by colored satin ribbon run in and out at the top and tied in a bow. The most elaborate of evening hose match the mittens in fineness and embroidery.

In Paris the great rage of the season is for dotted fabrics. Large dots, little dots, polka dots, Japanese dots, Chinese dots, French dots, printed dots, brocaded dots, light dots, dark dots; dotted dresses, dotted mantles, plain fabrics trimmed with dotted ditto and dotted fabrics trimmed with plain ones; dots of every size and every style; dots forever -such is fashion's decree for this sea-The rage for dots equals that for stripes which reigned a short time ago.

Robert M. Moore, of Media, Pa., claims that he can take the editorial page of the Philadelphia Ledger and the would become dry as a bone and stiff as advertising page following it, and in steel. To keep such a complication of twenty-four hours can repeat it line for machinery in working order for a lifemachinery in working order for a life-time is a miracle of wisdom, but to work them by the pleasures of eating and drinking is a miracle of beneficence.

GRIZZLY AND TERRIER.

A Central Pacific Bear Yarn-The Bear Gets Hurt.

A letter to the Fitchburg Dispatch tells this exciting story of how a huge grizzly bear was vanquished by a man

and a terrier: The train was delayed several hours. There were but a dozen passengers all told, and they all got out on the little station platform. In looking down the valley from the station (Truckee is away up in the mountains on the main line of the Central Pacific railroad) we could see some kind of an animal coming down out of the timber and making its way over the top of the snow to-ward the river. It looked like a steer or a mule, and none of the travelers thought it was anything else. The snow was about four feet deep and frozen so hard that one could walk over the top of it without breaking through. Captain Vincent Yore, of St. Louis, a man well-known in steamboat circles both in St. Louis and Pittsburg, and in fact, all along the river, was one of the passengers. There is considerable of the dare-devil underneath his quiet demeanor, having run the upper Missouri in his early days and attended many an Indian council along with General Sherman when the general lived in St. Louis. Yore was returning from San Francisco, where he had been to settle some rail

road business for St. Louis parties, and was fixed up neat and bright as a new pin. He spied the animal and said hi thought it was a bear, and that if he had a gun he would go down and shoot it. We all laughed at him, for he did not look much like a bear hunter, and the station agent, a burly fellow with a red flannel shirt and boots outside of his pants-a regular picture of a forty-niner -joined in, saying he would give him a gun if he wanted to shoot the grizzly. Captain Yore was a good shot, and could be cool under very trying circumstances. The agent, who was at once the express-agent, ticket-agent, baggage-smasher and everything combined, went into his little office and brought out a beautiful bre ch-loading rifle. Handing it to Yore he said, sarcastically: "Here's a gun." Captain Yore took the gun and started toward the end of the platform. The passengers, of course, never dreamed that he was in earnest. The station-agent called him back when he had gone down off the steps and, bringing out a little rat terrier dog of the

light woolly Scotch pattern, said:
"Here, you'll want a dog when you go bear hunting."
Captain Yore turned back, picked up
the dog, and putting it under the flap of his coat started down toward the bear. The grizzly had by this time got out far enough to be plainly seen, as he made row valley. He looked to be the size of a horse, and did not seem to care whether there was anybody within a short distance of him or not. The bear kept quietly in his course, and Captain Yore went straight toward him. The station-agent realized the danger Yore was in, and his anxiety was quickly communicated to the pas-sengers. They got closer and closer, until they were only about the length of the train apart. Yore stopped, took out the little dog and set him down. The terrier made for the bear at once, and going up behind him, bit him on the heel. The bear turned around to see what had scratched him on the foot, and the minute he turned, Yore, who had been standing motionless, watching the bear as it came face toward him, brought the rifle up to his nose and flashed it at him. The bear immedi-ately slapped himself on the shoulder with his paw and turned toward the captain. The passengers, who were watching him, were now wild with ex-citement. "He has hit him," said the citement. old Californians on the train, "and now he must look out for him." " and ried by your station .- Burlington Hawk-Yore never moved. The little snipe of a dog bit the bear on the heel again, he turned once more, and again Yore unloaded on him. The bear slapped himself on the other shoulder and straightened up as if to go quickly at Yore. Then the beast broke through the snow and most disappeared from our sight. He tumbled and rolled and waltzed around. The old Californians

were almost breathless with fright. The bear is tramping out a place to fight, run, run!" they acreamed to Yore, but he stood motionless as a statue. The little dog flew around the top of the pit the bear had made and barked. Presently the bear put out his head to get his assailant's position, and fixing his eyes on Yore he crawled up out of the hole into the snow. He had just steaded himself on his four legs when the dog bit him once more and Yore let him have it again, quick as a flash, the moment he turned, and another time the grizzly slapped himself with his paw, indica ing he had been hit. He started on a trot toward Yore, who now had four loads left in his rifle. Twice again the dog bit the bear, and at each time as he turned Yore unloaded into him, bringing the rifle up to his face as quickly as if he threw a weaver's shuttle. After he had fired the fourth load and the grizzly's pace was not slackened up much, as you could scarcely notice his limp, Yore turned to move back a few paces, and as he did he broke through the snow and went down to his armpits. We could just see his head and shoulders. The passengers, expecting every moment to see the infuriated monster crush poor Yore, covered their eyes in perfect terror. The bear had got within a few yards of Yore, and but a few seconds would decide it. The dog bit him again and Yore, who had the rifle firmly sighted, poured it into him, two loads in quick succession, and stretched him as he was almost at the end of the rifle. The whole thing occurred in less time than it takes to tell it. The passengers rushed

little dog which he brought back with him to St. Louis, for, said he, "That dog saved my life."

Rates of Advertising.

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Rules for Ladies Traveling Alone.

First. Be sure you know where you want to go before you get on the train.

Second. When you purchase your ticket you will have to pay for it; no use to tell the ticket agent to "charge it and send the bill to your husband."
And if he says the price of the ticket is
\$2.96, don't tell him you can get one just like it of the conductor or at the other store for \$2.50; he won't believe you and

he may laugh at you. Third. Never travel without money. It requires broad views, liberal educa-tion, keen discernment and profound judgment to travel without money. No one can do this successfully but tramps

and editors. Fourth. Beware of the commercial

traveler. Fifth. Don't give a stranger your ticket and ask him to go out and check your trunk. He will usually be only too glad to do it. And what is more he will do it, and your trunk will be so effectually checked that it will never catch up with you again. And then when the conductor asks for your ticket and you relate to him the pleasing little allegory about the stranger and the baggage, he will look incredulous and smile down upon you from half-closed eye and say that it is a beautiful romance, but he has heard it before. And then you will put up your jewelry or disembark at the

next station. Sixth. If you are going three hun-dred miles don't try to get off the train every fifteen minutes under the impression that you are there. If you get there in twelve hours you will be doing excellently.

Seventh. Call the brakeman "conductor;" he has grown proud since he got his new uniform, and it will flatter

Eighth. Put your shawl strap, bundle and two paper parcels in the hat-rack, hang your bird cage to the corner of it, so that when it talls off it will drop into the lap of the old gentleman sitting behind you, stand your four house plants on the window-sill, set your lunch basket on the seat beside you, fold your shawls on the top of it, carry your pocketbook in one hand and hold your silver mug in the other, put your two valises under the seat, and hold your bandbox and the rest of your things in your lap. Then you will have all your baggage handy and won't be worried or flustered about it when you have only twenty-nine seconds in

which to change cars.

Ninth. Address the conductor every ten minutes. It pleases him to have you notice him. If you can't think of any new question to ask him, ask him the same old one every time.

Always call him "San" or "Mister."

Always call him "Say" or "Mister." Tenth. Pick up all you can while traveling. Open the window and look forward to see how fast the engine is going. Then when you get home you can tell the children about the big cinder you picked up with your eye, and how nice and warm it was and what it tasted like. Eleventh. Don't hang your parasol on

the cord that passes down the middle of the car. It isn't a clothes line. It looks like one, but it isn't. Twelfth. Keep an eye on the passen-

ger who calls the day after Monday "Chewsday." He can't be trusted a car's length. Thirteenth. Do not attempt to change

\$20 bi'l for any one if you have only \$9.25 with you; it can't be done.

Fourteenth. It you want a nap, always lie with your head projecting over the end of the seat, into the aisle. Then everybody who goes up and down the aisle will mash your hat, straighten out your frizzes, and knock off your back hair. This will keep you from sleeping so soundly that you will be car-

A Wonderful Clock .

An ingenious clock, the work of Professor Felix Meiers, of Detroit, is on exhibition in New York. This clock is eighteen feet high, eight feet wide, and five feet deep, and weighs four thou-sand pounds. It is wound once in twelve days, and is run by weights of seven hundred pounds. It shows the local time in hours, minutes and seconds, and the time of thirteen other cities of the world, among which are Washington, San Francisco, Melbourne, Pekin, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, London, Berlin and Paris. It also denotes the movements of the planets, and measures their movements by seasons, years and cycles for two hundred years, including leap-years. Concealed in its interior is a musicbox, which plays when Death strikes each hour. At the same moment the figure of Washington, seated in a chair beneath a canopy, rises to his feet, holding the declaration of independence in his right hand. A liveried servant sitting at the right hand also rises and opens a door, through which come all the Presidents of the United States, who march in review before the effigy of Washington, saluting him as they pass. The procession disappears through a door on the opposite side of the platform, which is opened and closed by a servant in livery. As soon as the door is closed, the figure of Washington resures its chair of state, and all is quiet until the hammer of Death again sounds the hour on the gong, when the extraordinary scene is repeated. The quarter-hours are struck by an infant, the half-hours by a youth and the threequarters by a man.

A man downtown was presented with a pair of twin boys yesterday. He remarked that it was a warm day, but he didn't expect two sonstrokes-New Haven Register.

The young man who was referred to down with a shout. They brought the pa when he popped the question, stated immense bear up to the station and that he visited the convention as an instructed delegate. - Philadelphia clubbed together and bought the rifle for Cartain Yore, and the captain laid an instructed down a twenty-dollar gold piece for the Chronicle-Herald.