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### Advice.

"I must do as you do?"—your way, I own  
Is a very good way; and still  
There are sometimes two straight roads to a town—  
One over, one under the hill.  
You are treading the safe and well-worn way  
That the prudent choose each time,  
And you think me reckless and rash to-day  
Because I prefer to climb.  
Your path is the right one, and so is mine,  
We are not like peas in a pod,  
Compelled to lie in a certain line  
Or else be scattered abroad.  
There a dull world, methinks, my friend,  
If we all went just one way,  
Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the end,  
Though they lead apart to-day.  
You like the shade and I like the sun;  
You like an even pace;  
I like to mix with the throng and run,  
—And then rest after the race.  
I like danger and storm and strife;  
You like a peaceful time;  
I like passion and surge of life;  
You like its gentle rhyme.  
You like buttercups, daisy sweet,  
And crocuses, frowny in snow;  
I like the roses, born of the heat,  
And the red carnations' glow.  
I must live my life, not yours, my friend,  
For so it was written down.  
We must follow our given path to the end,  
But I trust we shall meet—in town.

### GRACE'S DESK.

Margaret looked up from her sewing machine for a minute to glance across the room at the quiet little figure sitting at the window—a round, graceful little figure, whose attitude of thoughtful ravity was full of suggestion.

And then Margaret, always more or less crusty, but kind-hearted, gave an impatient sigh and increased the speed of her machine by a savage motion of her slipped feet, and compressed her lips and puckered her forehead all up in a perfect nest of wrinkles; while Grace, unconscious of it, sat looking out of the window at the gloomy prospect—half-melted, dirty, slushy-brown snow that was rapidly growing slushier and more melted under the drizzling rain that was falling; and, of course, thinking about Laurie Marcellus.

For several months Grace had no thought of much else but him, and yet there had not been an hour or a moment of that time that she had not tried to think of him and grieve for him.

It had been very similar to the same old story Laurie Marcellus, hand-ome elegant, aristocratic, fairly well-to-do in the world's estimation of riches, had been Grace Warrenner's most devoted to several months, until by one of those venomous waves of fortune's wand social position and wealth had suddenly vanished, and the Warrenner girls found themselves obliged to take in dress-making for a living.

Friends who had always been friends, who redeemed the dear name, who knew them for what they were worth, did not desert them; but first and foremost in the ranks of those who so conveniently preferred to dispense with the society of the two dressmakers who lived in Apple-dore row was Mr. Laurie Marcellus.

He had dropped out of Grace's life as a brilliant comet disappears from the sky. He had called one evening, the same as ever, with the sweet, caressing tenderness in his voice—the glad, eager light in his handsome eyes—that made the girl's heart spring within her; and she had never seen him since nor heard from him.

That very next day the crash came, through which the great spice house of Warrenner & Gray suspended; and a month later Caleb Warrenner died with apoplexy, and as soon as decency permitted the splendid mansion and furniture, the horses and carriages, the silver and jewels, all were sold under the red flag.

Margaret came grandly to the fore in those dark days, when her keenest grief was to witness little Grace's dismay and astonishment and suffering at Laurie Marcellus' defection; and yet her words were usually more bitter and sarcastic than gentle—it was Margaret Warrenner's way to use heroic treatment.

"He's not worth the over-lasting fuss you make about him, Grace. I'm ashamed of you—downright ashamed; and he not your betrothed, either!"

That was true, so far as formal words went. Laurie Marcellus had never asked Grace Warrenner to be his wife; he had never in so many words told her he loved her; but he had known just as well as he had known he was alive—how the girl's heart was all his own—how she loved him dearly and truly, for all her sweet reserve.

Grace smiled faintly when Margaret spoke of the "fuss" she made about him. She knew well enough that the "fuss" was only her grave, sad face, her quiet ways, her listless manner, that she tried desperately hard to conquer, and in all the months that had passed had not succeeded, and seemed no nearer succeeding than in the beginning—so nearly hopeless a task is it for a woman to conquer her own heart's longings for the man she loves. Pride and shame may do valiant battle for the victory, but pride and shame are baby foes in comparison with the giant they oppose—her own strong, enduring love for her chosen beloved.

And so the dreary time went on for Grace, and by steady, persistent effort she disallowed herself to be dull or complaining, or a kill-joy. She resolutely determined to at least be cheer-

ful and patient outwardly, no matter what this inward commotion. And today—this cheerless January day—she had only given a momentary rein to her thoughts, enough to make her lay down her sewing and lean her head against the window, and wish she might never have known the sweetness of Laurie Marcellus' love.

Until the unusual whirring of the sewing machine wheel made her aware that Margaret had observed her and was displeased. So, with a little, desperate effort, she forced herself back to the basting of the satin fold in her work.

"I was thinking about that auction sale at Dempsey's to-night," Margaret said, almost crossly. "You want a desk, you said, and Maggie Rich says there's a very good one to be sold there. I'll go and bid on it for you, I think, if I ever under the sun get these bands stitched on! It seems to me that those Rich girls are not happy unless their dresses are absolutely loaded with trimming."

Grace looked up, with such sweet, sweet eyes—it was no wonder handsome Marcellus had liked to look into the pure brown wells of limpid light.

"You are so good, Margaret! I do want a desk, if you are sure you can afford it."

"You needn't say if I can afford it, Grace. You have as much right to the money as I have. I'm going to buy myself a cashmere polonaise—you can have the desk if it is reasonable in price."

So that was how Miss Warrenner came to be at the auction sale at the big house on the hill that evening—Dempsey's grand mansion, whose prince had taken a whim to sell out and spend a few years abroad.

And the next day the desk was delivered at the cottage in Apple-dore row, and Grace put it in her room—a small, beautiful article, standing nicely in a cozy corner, and just the very thing for Grace's few books and her stationery.

It was very handsome, and Grace cried a little over it, because it brought back so many thoughts of the dear old days when she was surrounded by just such elegancies of furniture, and when everything seemed, somehow, to lead to that one pivotal thought—when Laurie Marcellus had been her friend.

So the months went on, and the two sisters led their busy life, and Grace was growing sweeter and paler, and more patiently thoughtful, with every day that widened the distance between her and her memories.

New friends gathered around them—true friends—and there was more than one opportunity for Grace to have accepted a lover, only she had no love to give, no heart to win.

Her happiest and her saddest hours were spent at her desk, or it seemed to her that it was like a link to the past; and one windy, wildly-stormy night, five years after she had taken up her cross, for Laurie Marcellus' sake, she was sitting before her desk making out a score of bills to the "Misses Warrenner, artist dressmakers," and going back to one other stormy, snowy night, when she had said the good-night that meant good-bye, although she had not known it.

She was leaning her head on her hands, her elbow resting on the slant of her desk, when, with a little crushing noise, it broke, revealing a shallow aperture, of whose existence she had not the slightest knowledge.

She looked in, and all the blood in her body seemed to rush madly to her brain; for there, lying in the little secret place, fresh and clean, as though laid there an hour before, was a letter, stamped for mailing, and directed plainly to herself—"Grace Warrenner, The Willows," and—in Laurie Marcellus' handwriting.

She dared not touch it for a minute. She feared she was in the midst of some improbable dream; she wondered if it were possible she had gone suddenly deaf.

Was it a letter—to her—from him? But how—how could it have got there, when the desk had been locked, in her room, for years?

Then she touched it, half expecting to see it vanish before her eyes. But it did not vanish; it was all true—a letter, for her, from him, and it had laid there all these years, so near, so far!

She sank trembling on the chair and opened it—Laurie Marcellus' proposal of marriage; his avowal of love; his manly sympathy and pitiful tenderness because of her father's financial trouble; his caressing pleading to be allowed to comfort and protect her as his wife should be comforted and protected and cherished. He begged for an immediate answer, and he would come to her at once if she loved him and did not say him nay. But if—if there was no such blessed answer for him—if he had been presumptuously mistaken—her greatest kindness would be not to answer him at all.

And she had just received it, after five years.

Poor little Grace! White and trembling, amazed and bewildered, she sat there long after Margaret had gone to her own room, so unconscious of the drama enacting so near her.

He had loved her—he had loved her after all; and Grace's heart thrilled at that thought, slender though the consolation was.

She thought of it all, keeping virgin with her thoughts that night. How the letter had ever come in that desk she had bought at Dempsey's, she dared not imagine. Grace only realized that some tremendous fate had discovered it to her.

She kept her strange, sweet, pitiful secret in her own heart for days, won-

dering with every hour if she could dare take a step in the matter.

And then, one day, the auctioneer who had sold the desk to Margaret Warrenner went to her and told her that a gentleman who had just returned from Europe desired to regain possession of the desk sold at Mr. Dempsey's auction, as it had been a gift to Mr. Dempsey from himself, on the eve of his departure abroad, five years before. And Grace listened with dilating eyes and throbbing heart, whose beats almost choked her utterance.

"Tell the gentleman to call here and he may have his property."

And that evening, when she went to the door at the sound of the bell, and opened it, with her face slightly paler than usual, Laurie Marcellus stood there.

"I expected you—come in," she said, gently, while amazed and bewildered he could only bow and obey.

Then she explained; then he remembered leaving the letter in the desk, and understood how, by accident—nay, by grim fate—the slant was not fastened and the letter had slipped into its living grave to be resurrected after all these years.

"I do not know that I should tell you even now," she said, bravely, "for I do not know whether you are—the same or not. But," and she looked up in his grand face, "I want you to know I did love you."

He stepped up to her, quietly enough for the minute.

"And now?"

"I am Grace Warrenner still."

And then he snatched her in his arms, held her to his heart, kissed her sweet, pale face.

"I never have once thought of another woman, my darling. When no answer came I was crushed to the very earth, and got myself away as well as I could. So you are my darling yet, Grace?"

And then Margaret came in, half an hour afterward, in surprise that the gentleman required so much time to make a bargain for the desk.

### Learn a Trade.

One of the many false notions which the rapid increase of civilization in our country has given rise to is the mistaken idea, so prevalent among our boys and young men, that to learn a trade is beneath the dignity of a gentleman. I heard a young man the other day expressing his views on the subject to an elder. He was the son of a dry goods clerk in moderate circumstances, and he had no means of accumulating wealth other than by his own efforts. The elder was one of Pittsburgh's wealthiest iron merchants; a man who had risen to his present position from the anvil of a blacksmith, in the mill which he now controls.

"Mr. Blank," said the young man, "I wish to present an application for a position as clerk in your office."

"Well, Mr. Smith," replied the merchant, "I have no vacancies in my office at present, but I can offer you a situation as apprentice in our machine shop if you wish to accept it."

The young man's nose was elevated a trifle as he replied in a supercilious tone:

"I would not feel that I was doing myself justice in learning a trade, as I hope to make my way up the ladder by mental abilities, rather than by physical exertions."

The merchant dismissed him without further ado, and turning to me, said:

"When will the average boy learn that a trade is worth more to him than all the clerkships in christendom?"

Returning home in the evening I pondered over his words. I was but a clerk myself. Was his remark really true? I looked around me; I had a comfortable house, but the house which I occupied was a rented one, and cost a large percentage of my salary as rental. Thinking over some few of my old friends, I made the following memorandum: One of my schoolmates had, on leaving school fifteen years before, learned shoemaking. He now owns his own home, besides being proprietor of a shoe store in which another schoolmate (who was too proud to learn a trade) clerk at a salary of \$500 a year.

My own employer and myself had gone over our arithmetic and algebra together, and I was considered the smarter of the two; but he learned a trade, and I am now his clerk, at a salary which is a small percentage of his own earnings.

Boys, give up your false pride in this matter. You are standing in your own light. None of your acquaintances will think less of you if you come home with sooty hands and face from honest toil. No one will think less of you for earning your wages at the blacksmith's fire or the carpenter's bench than they would were you a clerk in a bank, and spent all your money on your clothes. But, if you are determined to be a clerk, learn a trade first, and learn it well, for the time may come when you will need it badly.—*Waverley Magazine.*

"It will be three dollars, ma'am," said the photographer at the close of the sitting. "Three dollars!" exclaimed the woman. "I thought I was to sit for my picture. You didn't say anything about money. Is this the way you swindle your customers? If you won't give me my picture you can keep it, that's all; but I shall take good care to warn all my friends against coming here, sir." And out she flounced, leaving the poor photographer the picture of despair, beside her own.

It is in the power of the meanest to triumph over fallen greatness.

### TRICKS SMUGGLERS PLAY.

Diamonds Hid in Dutch Cheese, and Silks in Bales of Hops—Susceptible Customs Inspectors who Yield to Woman's Wiles—Queer Receipts for Smuggled Cigars—A Chase after a Coffin.

"There is no end to the means smugglers employ in their business," one of the oldest custom house inspectors said. "I have known them to bring diamonds from Holland nicely packed in the center of the celebrated cheese of that country, and silverware, silks, laces and diamonds from England packed in bales of hops. Laces and diamonds have also been brought into this country tightly packed in the center of iron tubing.

"What goods can be most easily smuggled?"

"Laces and diamonds. There is nothing that occupies less space than 'they do. They can easily be concealed in false shoe soles and heels and in wigs. Notice of the sailing of smugglers from the other side is often received here. In such cases they seldom evade having their stuff confiscated on arriving here. The professional, as a rule, has a confederate, who is ready to jump aboard at the first opportunity. The two meet, go to the stateroom, and while they are all appearances effusively showing their gladness at meeting each other again, one is passing laces or diamonds to the other. It is as often done while surrounded by a crowd."

"Who are the best smugglers?"

"Women as a general thing. Why? Because the manner in which they clothe themselves enables them to conceal many things from the most Argus-eyed searcher; because they can call tears to their aid at will, and tears, as perhaps you know, are a mighty powerful argument with men, and, for that matter, also with women; because they are full of blandishments and taking little ways, which, particularly if they are pretty, a fellow with any kind of a soft heart can't resist. Now, just you take a handsome woman, handsomely dressed, with fascinating conversational powers and manners. By Jove! if she doesn't get the best of a male inspector I'll give it up. She'll first deny she has any contraband goods, and play sweet on him. If he proves obtuse, and, for example, insists on examining her trunks, she'll begin to cry, assert her innocence of anything at all underhand, and tell him how distressing it is for a lady to be subjected to such an indignity. What does he do? It all depends upon the man. If he is hard-hearted and insensible to the charms of a woman he will proceed with his examination of her luggage, and turn her over to a female searcher. If he is susceptible the fair one will gain her point. Cigar smugglers are troublesome. A great deal of ingenuity was displayed some ten years ago by some professional men I managed to catch. One day what purported to be a dead body was removed from one of the Havana steamers. It was stated that the dead man's relatives were Americans, and desiring to have him buried here, had gone to much expense in having the body brought to this country. This statement was made by one of two men who had the body in charge. I have a splendid memory for faces, and I recognized one of the two—or thought I did—as a man I had caught smuggling cigars about five years before. At any rate, my suspicions were aroused. I came to the conclusion there was something wrong about the body. When an undertaker's wagon containing the body drove away from the wharf I jumped into a cab and followed it, directing the driver to keep it in sight, but to drive right past it when it came to a final stop. The cabman had done such work for me before, and knew just what was wanted of him. The wagon pulled up at a house in Greenwich street. The body was taken into the house, and I drove down to the custom house. Accompanied by two inspectors, I returned to the house within two hours. We first represented ourselves as health officers, who had heard there was a man in the house who had died in Havana of yellow fever. They said it was untrue, that he had died of art disease, and refused to allow us to examine the body. Then I told the two smugglers that we were government officials, showing my badge, and that I believed the coffin was packed full of cigars. They finally caved in.

"Another ingenious ruse was discovered a few years ago. As I presume you know, cedar is quite largely imported from Cuba. Small-sized logs of this wood were procured by the smugglers, which they sawed, or had sawed, into boards, leaving, however, one end of the logs uncut, so that the planks were carefully removed, leaving a hollow space. This space was filled with the finest kinds of cigars packed in boxes, and the logs then carefully tied together, giving them the appearance usual to cigar-box lumber sawed into planks. The nature of this cedar would not have been discovered had it not been that while being removed from the vessel here one of the logs was thrown heavily on the pier and its contents dislodged. If I remember correctly there were fifty such packages. Since then inspectors have always carefully examined Cuban cedar imported in such a shape."—*New York Sun.*

Miss M. B. Williams, of England, and Miss Belle Cook, of California, are to ride a twenty mile race at the annual fair of the Minneapolis Association in September.

A lover is like a tug-boat when he goes out with a toe.—*Salon Sundae*

### Texas Pasture Fields.

A correspondent in the Baltimore American, who is visiting the immense cattle pastures, describes a visit to the one of these, the Fulton and Coleman Companies' grazing lands in Texas.

"We left Fulton after an early breakfast, on the morning of the 31st of May, and were soon out on the open prairie, approaching the lands of the Peninsula Pasture Company, which are but a short distance from Rockport. There were but six in our party, four of whom were ladies, with Col. George W. Fulton as pilot. Eight miles from Rockport we passed through the gates of the Big Pasture of the Coleman-Fulton Pasture Company, and entered on its broad domain of 168,000 acres, or 206 square miles, of what is regarded as the very best pasture land in Texas. We were to stop at the ranch, the herdsmen's headquarters, ten miles from the gate, for dinner, and to rest horses, and afterwards to continue our journey to Mr. Coleman's mansion, eleven miles further on—making twenty-one miles from the gate to the house.

"When fairly on our journey inside of the Big Pasture, on casting the eye around, the horizon was seen to be as sharply defined in every direction as it is at sea. There were a few small motts of live-oak trees, and some scattered cattle browsing on the plain, but nothing else, not even fences, obstructed the view. By the unpracticed eye there was really no road to be seen, but during this and subsequent drives both Colonel Fulton and Mr. Coleman seemed to know every cowpath. These cowpaths are made by the cattle going to the lakes for water, as on such occasions they always walk in single file, and pursue the same course day after day. This was the case before the new pasture system was adopted, when an instinct seemed to guide the cattle in the pursuit of water. Then there were no artificial lakes, with the winter rains stored in them for the use of the cattle, as is now the case, and it often happened that the distance between water and the grazing grounds was twenty miles or more. In a dry season thousands of them would die from burning thirst, and leave their bones along the cow-tracks, or, on reaching the water, drink to such excess that death was sure to follow. Now there are five or six of these lakes on this great pasture, one of them three miles in length and from fifty to five hundred yards in width, while the Chitopin river forms its northern boundary.

"The Coleman-Fulton Pasture-Company's lands are by careful estimate capable of sustaining at all seasons of the year about 35,000 head of cattle and horses, though at the present time there is not more than half this number there. During the past year the stock of cattle was reduced to about one-half the full complement, and the grass allowed to renew itself by seeding. The pastures are consequently now covered with a heavy coat of mesquite grass, and the company are filling up the pastures with cattle purchased from Texas and largely from Mexico. During our sojourn a lot of 2,000 head arrived from Mexico, and a despatch announced that 4,000 head more, purchased by their agents at \$6, \$9 and \$12 per head, were on their way, this price including their delivery in good order in the pasture. When they arrive the bees will be fattened, and shipped to New Orleans as soon as in condition for market, the cows will be driven to the Barada pasture of 39,000 acres, used for breeding graded stock, and the male yearlings driven to the Big Pasture of 105,000 acres, which is devoted to beefs and stock for the market. The sorting and separating of the cattle require experience and good judgment, and a vast force of men and horses. The prospects of the company were never so good as at present, they having just declared a cash dividend of 4 per cent. for the past six months, while they are very confident of increasing it to 12 per cent. per annum.

### Modified by Circumstances.

There is no doubt that the early riser accomplishes more work than does his less energetic neighbor; for as the old proverb has it, the morning hour has gold in its mouth. Still it is one of those things which by common consent are set very high in the list of desirable virtues, and yet which are open to certain doubts and objections. Early rising, unless preceded by early bed-time and sound sleep, may be unhealthful. Delicate children should never be awakened till they have fully had their sleep out, and nature will then awaken them. We do not underestimate the pleasure and propriety of having the family all seated at once at the breakfast table, but in many homes an elastic breakfast hour would be a boon. If one or two people in the house, by reason of engagements, must sally forth very early, it is often better to let them have their morning meal by themselves, while others rise and breakfast later. Many a worn and ailing mother, whose sleep is disturbed by the cares of her nursery, owes it to herself and to her family to take her morning nap, and to make up the arrears of repose by late rising. No one who regards his health will sit up till midnight and rise at dawn. Overwork is slow suicide. It is better to rise at eight o'clock in the freshness of renovated powers, than to rise at five, jaded, aching, and half asleep, to drag wearily through the first quarter of the day, doing nothing well, and exasperating one's friends by fretfulness and fault finding. If you wish to indulge in the luxury of early rising, go to bed early, that your rest may be sufficient for your strength.

### Big Water on the Mississippi in 1844.

The following is taken from an article on the "Levees of the Mississippi," in Scribner's Life in the Mississippi swamp is unique, but perhaps never so much so as during that memorable summer. The shallowest water, for indefinite miles in any direction, was two feet deep, the nearest land, the "Hills of the Arkansas," thirty miles away. The mules were quartered on the upper floor of the gin-house; the cattle had been all drowned long ago; planter, negroes and overseer were confined in their respective domiciles; the grist-mill was under water, and there was no means of preparing corn for ordinary purposes except a wooden hominy-mortar. The hog-and-hominy diet (so highly extolled by some people who have never lived on it) was adopted of necessity, the former being represented by mess pork, salted than tongue can tell. There were no visitors, except now and then a sociable snake, which no doubt bored by swimming around indefinitely in the overflow, and craving even human companionship, would glide up on the gallery of some of the houses. There was no means of locomotion except the skiff and the humble but ever-serviceable dug-out—nowhere to go and nobody within a day's journey otherwise or more comfortably situated. The only sense of sympathy from without was had from remote and infrequent glimpses of the gallant steamer J. M. White, which, leaving from New Orleans to St. Louis than time ever made before or many years after.

That year nineteen plantations out of twenty failed to produce a single pound of cotton or a single bushel of corn, and when the flood was over and the swamp Noahs came out of their respective arks, they were, to say the least, malcontent. They were not ruined, of course, but they had lost a whole year's gross income. Moreover, the prestige of the swamp as a cotton country was woefully diminished. The planters in the "hills," as the uplands are denominated, began to hold up their heads, no longer over-crowded by the extraordinary crops allowed to have been heretofore produced in the swamp.

The swamp planters set to work to redeem the disaster, and to provide, as far as possible, against its recurrence. With the purpose of retrieving their financial fortunes they took some unique measures. There is a tradition that, at a public meeting held in Greenville, Miss., in October, 1844, among other more commonplace resolutions, one was gravely and unanimously adopted to the effect that a demand of payment within twelve months from that date if any debt, great or small, upon any planter who had been overflooded that year, should be considered distinctly "personal"—a clear case for pistols and coffee. The code was certainly a curious institution, but probably this is the only instance in which it was expected to do duty as a stay-law.

### A Village of Terrors.

A Detroit who had business in a village in Washtenaw county drove out there in a buggy, and of course went to the inn for his dinner. The landlord made no inquiries until after the meal was eaten and paid for and he then found opportunity to inquire:

"Were you going out to 'Squire Brown's place'?"

"No."

"I didn't know but you were a lightning-rod man, and I was going to say that the 'Squire had threatened to shoot the next one on sight. We don't go much on them fellows around here, and I'm glad you are somebody else. Maybe you are going over to Judge Hardy's to sell him some fruit trees for fall setting?"

"No."

"Well, that's lucky. Only yesterday the judge was remarking to me that the next fruit-tree agent who entered his gate would want a coffin. Fact is, I myself have got to do some kicking to pay for being swindled on grape vines. You are not a patent-right man, eh?"

"No."

"Well, that's a narrow escape for you. We've been swindled here on hay forks, cultivators, gates, pumps, churns and a dozen other things, and I'm keeping sixteen dozen bad eggs for use when the next patent-righter shows his face in this town. Perhaps you are a lecturer?"

"Oh, no."

"Well, you haven't lost anything. We never turn out very strong here to a lecture. The last man who struck us lectured on "Our Currency," but didn't take in enough to pay me for his supper. You are not a book-cavasser?"

"No."

"That's another escape. We've been laid out here so often that if an agent should offer to sell a \$20 Bible for fifty cents we'd suspect a trick to beat us. Strikes me now you may be a lawyer."

"No."

"Good 'nuff. Last one who settled here had to leave town at midnight, and we don't want any more. Say, what are you, anyway?"

"A politician!" replied the Detroit.

"A politician! Then git! For heaven's sake! don't stand around here if you value your life! We've just impeached our pound-master for embezzling the public money, and the excitement is so intense that the Democrats will ride you on a rail or the Republicans duck you in the water trough. Git right up and scoot!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A lady resident of Buckingham Co., Va., gave birth to twins, one of whom was born with a full set of teeth—both upper and lower.