The Forest Republican.

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Job work, cash on delivery.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

John Man had a wife who was kind and true-A wife who loved him well; She cared for his home and their only child;

But, if I the truth must tell, She fretted and pined because John was poor And his business was slow to pay; But he only said, when she talked of change, "We'll stick to the good old way."

She saw her neighbors were growing rich, And dwelling in houses grand; That she was living in poverty, With wealth on every hand; And she urged her husband to speculate,

To risk his earnings at play; But he only said, " My dearest wife, We'll slick to the good old way.'

For he knew that the money that's quickly

Is the money that's quickly lost; And the money that stays is the money

At honest endsavor's cost; So he plodded along in his bonest style, And he bettered himself each day; And be only said to his fretful wife, "We'll stick to the good old way."

And at last there came a terrible crash, When beggary, want and shame Came down on the names of their wealthy

While John's remained the same; For he had no debts and gave no trust, "My motto is this," he'd say-"It's a charm against panies of every kind-'Tis 'Stick to the good old way.' "

And his wife looked 'round on the little

That was every nail their own, And the asked forgiveness of honest John For the peevish mistrust she had shown; But he only said, as her tearful face Upon his shoulder lay,

"The good old way is the best way, wife-We'll stick to the good old way."

THE LIVING BARRIER.

It was a pretty sight to see old Uncle Jim, as he was called by every one who traveled the northern trail, sitting in front of his house in the

Well, and his house—as the rail was a sweat. That dream fixed me. great thoroughfare-was generally full in the evenings with freighters, pack-ers, "bull punchers," and those traveling for business or pleasure.

Outside the house his dominion was complete, but inside Aunt Polly was conduces to peace, don't it, ole afore I got thar."

nothing of this kind was necessary to Polly bent and kissed it. ever there was a couple who lived for each other it was that one.

take his seat outside and light his and there the two would sit, hand in scenery of Bald Peak canon. If any one was there Uncle Jim would tell stories, while Aunt Polly listened, lighting a match for him if his pipe went out, and when called upon giving her testimony to his statements in her then. was never tired of watching them.

A story which Uncle Jim was never ship. When he was young he had lived on the border, and had there wooed and won his pretty bride, for tiful when she was young, judging as he told it, Aunt Polly never failed one point, and as invariably Uncle Jim would chuckle and then gravely ask to do. her pardon. But the story itself will

about how it was told. "Long back in th' forties I were ez stories. strapping a young feller ez you c'uld find on th' border, tho' I do say it myan' my ol' father, Elder Richard Johnson, had moved out a little beyond th' most of the settlers. In fac' ther' wer' that were the Beekmans. My Polly's thirty mile to any one he wer' bein' desperit crowded. 'N them days I "The house wer' a log-cabin, fust used t' farm a leetle an' hunt consider'ble, fur th' hull country wer' full o' game. We didn't make no 'count at an' deer wer' the smallest things we thought wuth givin' any one, 'N the course o' my hunts I came 'cross the Beekman's cabin, an' had a talk with

"'N course he 'vited me in, an' thar I met my Polly fur th' fust time. She's kinder old, boys, now, but you orter said : ha' seen her then. She wer' th' prettiest gal 'n that ar' section of country, an' t' my eyes th' prettiest I ever see. T' me she ez pretty ez ever, ain't you, of woman?"

And Uncle Jim gave Aunt Polly's

hand a most perceptible squeeze.

"Arter that ar' fust visit I used to present t' Pol' other, an' t' kinder | then.

keep th' ol' man quiet, fur he was monstrous mean feeling that his wife; "but it wer' a grand ene monstrous fond of talkin' 'bout th' same skeer. Let alone Polly, I had that's a fac'. I dunno how long it degeneracy of th' boys; an' I used t' them young uns on my hands to take lasted; it mout have bin a minute an' hev Polly; an' fur a fac' I weren't, a mussimelon.
nor no other man ever wer'."
"I wer' loc

his eyes, "I used to go t' th' Beek-mans ez much ez I c'u'd; an' I cot-true," said Aunt Polly, with a con-and Uncle Jim looked at his wife. toned up t' Polly monstrous strong, scious smile, her cheek slightly reddenbut somehow I never c'u'd tell her how I keered fur her. I wer' kinder scared-like, an' I used to hope ez she'd sorter make the fust move. Mind you, Polly wer' lovin' me'th' hull time, but she never let on, an' I hadn't the savez of a mewl in th' matter, I used t' sit thar an' talk 'bout th' weather, you didn't object, did ye?" an' th' crops, an' shootin', an' then "No, dear," go outside an' blame myself fur a fool, a placid smile. cause I hadn't said nothin' special t' her. I used t' make up talks fur t' say ; says: but bless ye, when I got 'long of Polly I disremembered 'em totally.

"One day I wer' 'n the wood, 'long with father, an' th' two of us wer' cuttin' trees. Fellin' a small saplin'. it broke sudden, an' fallin' hit me on | darlin'?" the shoulder. I wer' consider'bly bruised-like, ez you may think, an' I went to bed when I got home, an' stayed thar. It wer' my left shoulder ez wer' hurt, an' it swelled up mon-

strous. "The second day—I'll never forgit that time as long ez I live—a man came inter our house on his way t' th' fort-ol' Fort Benton. He told, arter supper, 'bout rumors ez th' Blackfeet I never did feel so good ez I did then. wer' on th' war-path, an' said he wer' goin' to warn th' people.

"Arter they all went to sleep I lay thar, an' I c'u'd'nt get th' story outer afternoon in his great cane-bottomed my head. I s'pose it wer' th' pain of char with Aunt Polly alongide of him my shoulder ez much ez anythin', but in hers, the two holding each other's I didn't seem to sleep. Finally I hand in the most unaffected and dropped off, an' I dreamed ez how th' mple way.

Uncle Jim kept the station at Indian woke up all of a start, an' in a cold

"I got up an' stole out quiet, not wakin' any one, to th' stable. Thar I wer' a flight of arrers agin' th' logs, but, saddled my critter, an' rode out into th' moonlight. Ez you may think, I headed straight fur old Beekman's time, an' at last I seen some fire arrers complete, but inside Aunt Polly was place, an' ez my hoss wer' a good one, absolute, for as he said: "Polly 'n me 'greed to split up th' bossin', an' I b'lieve that ar' ride hurt my arm. 'em off blazing. At first they fell never interferes; neither does she. It Why, boys, I declar I thought I'd faint

And Uncle Jim rubbed his shoulder. It needed but a glance to see that When he put his hand down Aunt

house it wer' 'bout 6 o'clock 'n th' morning, an' hind trees, so I didn't see em. thar 'n th' front yard I seen Polly Every afternoon Uncle Jim would feedin' chickens. Ef you'llb'lieve me, when I got thar I got kinder 'shamed, pipe, soon to be joined by Aunt Polly, an' ef I c'u'd have gone back I w'u'd. hand, looking out at the beautiful that way, an' with a story that didn't

really 'mount to much ez it stood. "S'pose ther' weren't no raid, what w'u'd I have said, frightenin' them people into fits? However, Polly seen me an' hailed me, so I c'u'dn't go back

soft voice and gentle way. I used to "I rode up an' got off. The fust think the sight a beautiful one, and I thing I hearn wer' that th' old man an' his wife had gone to Brownville, leavin' Polly an' the four young uns t' keep tired of telling was that of his court house. I had some breakfast, an' then

I sat down to smoke. " Polly found out somehow 'bout my arm, an' she took on drefful; railly, Aunt Polly must have been very beau- hearin' her, I didn't think it hurt half so much. She 'sisted on my sittin' I told Polly to get a mattrass, an' get from her face when I saw her. Often still an' lettin' Tom Beekman, her brother-a slip bout ten-feed my fell through th' hole, but she put th' to slightly blush and remonstrate at hoss, which Tom, who had a kind of admiration fur me, wer' willin' enough

"I didn't let on 'bout th' Blackfeet, be more interesting than my talking but I sorter warned Tom to keep nigh the' house, an' I kept him by tellin'

"Ez the day wore on, I got mo' an' "I'd do mo' narvous, 'till 'bout 4 o'clock I up old lady. self, ez orter wait fur others to say an' telled Polly the hull story. She sich a thing. In them days the border got kinder white 'bout th' cheeks-line were th' western edge of Ioway, didn't ye, ol' lady?—an' her eyes got big like.

"But she didn't flinch, not a mite. on'y one fam'ly further than ourn, and did before. She asked what to do, an' I told her honest ther' wer' nothin' t' father wer' a curious kinder chap, an' do 'cept wait, an' mebbe the reds knowed they were batterin' away at he b'lieved ef he wer' nearer than wu'dn't come, an' mebbe her dad 'ud th' door, an' they got it down. get back.

wer' too old a borderman not to make in that doorway an' ef you'll b'lieve his house a reg'ler fort. That night all of wild turkey nor prairie chicks, Polly an' the young uns went to bed, an' I sat up.

"Now, mind ye, I hadn't said word to Polly yet, but things wer' gettin' kinder easier, ez it wer'. I went to sleep 'bout three, leavin' Tom on watch. I guess it wer' 'most 8 o'clock when he waked me up an'

"'Jim, thar's somethin' movin'

'long th' edge of th' clearin' !' got up an' looked out, an', sure enuff, I seen a head, with a feather on knowed th' Injuns had come, an' ef you'll b'lleve me, my heart sorter sank down. I never felt skeered afore, w'u'dn't get hurt. I knowed he petition. "You shall have it," is the it, just over a bush. In course I go thar purty gler. I allus 'lowed 'cept of course with Poliv, ez I knows fur to take soms segame with me ez a on; but I wer' right down frightened

think if he looked down on us that ar' keer of, an' me with only one arm, fur it mout have bin an hour fur all Ic'u'd way he'd kinder think I weren't fit t' my left shoulder wer' swelled ez big ez tell. At last the reds broke an' run,

time, an' wonderin' what I'd do; an',

Aunt Polly as loudly as any one.
"Wa'al," said the old man, wiping b'lieve me Polly kissed me back."

" No, dear," said the old lady, with

"I looks at her for a moment, an' I

" Polly,' says I, ' I loves you, darlin.'

"Dog gone me ef she did't put her head down on my shoulder an' begin t' cry. I didn't know what t' do.
"'Polly,' says I, 'is you skeered,

"She lifted up her head an' says, soft-like, her head bent down:

"'I die willing, dear, to hear you say that. I'm cryin' Jim, 'cause 1'm so happy.'

"Now I wer' happy, too, happy as a b'ar 'n a honey tree, but I didn't feel like cryin'. Not much, boys. I felt, sore arm an' all, ez tho' I c'u'd lick all the redskins this side of the Rockies. I kissed Polly agin, an' then I prepared for work. By this time them Injuns had made up their minds ez to what they'd do, an' a few on 'em come up t' th' house to break in. They know'd th' old man wer' away, it seems. I'm glad t' say ez how three on 'em didn't go back, for Tom settled one an' I fetched two, restin' the rifle on th' logs an' Polly loadin' fur me. Th' rest, they got out. I s'pose it wer' too hot fur 'em. Th' next thing wound 'em round the arrers, an' shot 'em off blazing. At first they fell short, an' wharever I c'u'd see a redskin I'd fire, gener'ly hurtin' the chap I aimed at. But arter a while they moseyed 'round th' clearin' to th' side nearest th' house, an'

here they'd fire them arrers from be-"Bimebye one of 'em lit, an' fust thing I knowed, th' roof were on fire. Now, I were consider'ble bothered hibit the production of the precious bout this, fur I had no water to put "It seemed sorter foolish fur t' come th' fire out, ar' ef I had, I c'u'dn't work much with one arm. I were studyin' on it, an' them reds were yellin' outside, when all of a sudden my eye fell on a long pole in one

> "That 'ar roof were made of shakes -slabbed-out boards, you know-an' they was pinned to th' beams. I picks up th' pole, an' puttin' it agin th' burnin shake, th' hull lot of us heaved. Bimebye th' shake give an' slid off.

"Wall, I were delighted! I kisse! Polly an' th' two gals, an' shook hands with Tom, I calcilated that we'd shove off a shake soon ez it got on fire, an' I knowed' th' logs w'u'dn't burn. under it, so ez to be safe ef any arrers young uns thar, an' stayed out herself. Said she wer'en't goin' to let me be in danger, a' she outer it. 'Pears to me now ez this were kinder foolish, but then I thought it were just like Polly, an' in course what Polly did were

"I'd do the same now, Jim," said the

"I b'lieve you w'u'd, I b'lieve you w'u'd! Waal, boys, time slipped on, an' every chance Tom or I got we'd fire, an' somebody'd get hurt. I told Tom an' Polly an' the gals to keep a reckon I loved her better then nor I sharp lookout, fur I were feared of a run-in by th' reds. Sure enuff, 'bout 10 o'clock they come. Fust thing I

> "Wall, it 'peared t' me ez tho' I went crazy just then. I ketched hold of an ax standin' thar an' I set myself me, ther wern't no Injun ez come in. My arm! I never thought bout my

> arm at all till it wer' all over." "Jim stood up ther' in frunt of us," broke in Aunt Polly, with kindling eyes, "an' it seemed to me ez if he got

Jim, with a glange full of affection at Timia.

or Polly; an' fur a fac' I weren't, a mussmelon.

"I wer' lookin' at them redskins, step. We got up th' door agin, an' fur they'd come out' th' bushes by this arter that they let us alone fur the night. Next morning, bout seven, a "All right, my dear! Th' fac' air, boys, I never felt so mean in my life, lot of men come an' the Injuns got boys, Polly never w'u'd 'gree t' that statement. I've allus thought she kinder hankered arter Pete Bartons' the sto'keeper, and sorter 'gretted she didn't take him."

boys, I never led so mean in my houldout. I wer sick with my arm fur a long time, but Polly, she 'sisted on our bein' married so she c'u'd nuss me, an' we wer'. When I got well we gin a light old time we had. And Uncle Jim laughed until we for a moment, an' I got ez bold ez Sence then we've had our easy times all laughed, out of pure sympathy, brass. I bent down, puttin' my arm an' hard times, but take it all round Aunt Polly as loudly as any one. round her, an' kissed her, an' ef you'll and we've lived pretty well. An' th' best of it all is that we've never had "Now, Jim, you know that ain't no trouble atween us, has we, Polly,"

"No, dear, never a bit," was the gentle answer from Aunt Polly .-Alfred Balch.

HEALTH HINTS.

Dr. J. H. Mussen has produced good results in a number of cases of varicose veins from the use of fluid extract of hamamelis in teaspoonful doses. The cases are recorded in the Medical

The Medical Record says that Professor Bisoz has found in seventeen cases of snake bites that a filtered solution of chloride of lime, injected into the place where the virus entered, prevented any poisonous symptoms appearing.

A physician says that it must not be assumed that, because there is more fresh and unbreathed air on the mountains or at the seaside, there need be no precautions. There are special exposures in these changes. The dampness of morning and night is often apparent, and flannel underclothing is needed. The crowding into smaller rooms gives less air space and tempts to open windows, which, however good, must not be so situated as, through small openings, to pour a stream of air on the body when covered with perspiration. The beds in hotels are not infrequently damp, and many colds have their origin from them,

In some parts of England, among the poorer classes, a large glass of cold spring water, taken on going to bed, is found to be a successful remedy for colds; inffact, many medical practitioners recommend a reduced atmosphere and frequent draughts of cold fluid as the most efficacious remedy for a recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is full and plethoric. It is well known that confining inoculated persons in warm rooms will make their smallpox more violent by augmenting the general heat and fever; and it is for the same reason that a similar practice in colds is attended with ana agous results-a coll being in reality a slight fever.

The World's Gold and Silver. The subjoined statement will exmetals throughout the world in 1882, carefully compiled from the most authentic sources:

Countries. | Gold. | Silver. | Total.

Akaska...... \$100,000 \$50,000 \$150,000 British Col.... 3,000,000 100,000 8,100,000

	7.000	Languaris	
United States.	32,400,000	46,950,000	79,350,000
Mexico	600,000	24,000,000	24,600,000
Guatemala	600,000	400,000	1,000,000
Honduras	200,000	150,000	350,000
San Salvador	800,000	200,000	500,000
Nicaragua	200,000	175,000	375,000
Costa Rica	259,000	109,000	250,000
Columbia	800,000	200,000	1 000,000
Venezuela	225,000	125,000	250,000
Guiana	175,000	100,000	275,000
Brazil	850,000	450,000	1,300,000
Bolivia	100,000	8,000,000	8,100,000
Chill	600,000	780,000	1,350,000
Argentine Rep	500,000	400,000	900,000
Patagonia	100,000	20,000	120,000
Oth. countries	100,000	50,000	150,000
Totals	1, 000,000	\$92,250,000	\$123,200,000
	EUROP	Y.	
Russla	\$30,000,000	\$500,000	\$80,500,000
Austria	1,500,000	225,000	1,725,000
Prussia	1,000,000	275,000	1,275,000
France	175,000	400,000	575,000
Spain	295,000	2,000,000	9,925,000
Oth. countries	100,000	400,000	500,000
Totals	\$33,000,000	\$3,800,000	\$36,000,000
	AREA		
Japan	\$600,000	\$2,000,000	\$2,USURN
Borneo	800,000	525,000	1,335,000
China	700,000	475,000	1,175,000
Archipelago	900,000	3,000,000	3,960,000
Totals	\$,3000,000	\$6,000,000	\$9,000,000
Australia	\$32,000,000	\$522,000	\$52,525,000
New Zealand.	6,000,000	475,000	6,475,000
Africa	2,000,000	500,000	5,500,000
Oceania	1,000,000	450,000	1,450,000
		THE PERSON NAMED IN	The second second second

Grand totals \$118,000,000 \$94,000,000 \$212,000,00 The annual product of the precious metals attained its acme in 1853, since which date the annual product of gold has decreased one-half, while that of silver has doubled.

The Annamese Court of Appeals. The law courts of Annam seem to be

as numerous and complicated as those of the most civilized community; but, if a plaintiff fails to obtain redress in any of them, having tried them all in due order, there remains for him the following simple expedient: He proceeds bigger. He swung that ax round his to the court of appeal, or Tain Phaphead ez if it wer' a reed. Just beyond a building lying close to the outer him wer' the howling crowd of sav- walls—where he finds hanging to a ages, leapin' at him like welves, and door a gong with its stick attached. yelling ez only Injuns can yell. I could | On this he strikes three heavy blows see them by the firelight. Between and then a number of softer ones, them and us stood Jim, an' they never whereupon an attendant appears, and got past him. I tell you it wer' a grand says, with a magisterial tone of voice, sight! It seemed to me ez tho' I was "What do you ask for?" "Justice," "Th' old lady allus gets a leetle off Tain Phap is generally as good as the her head 'bout that fight," said Uncle | word of its representative,-London

A BATTLE AMONG INDIANS. THE TRAGEDY ENACTED ON THE SHORES OF GRAND LAKE.

How the Cheyennes and the Utes Settled a Standing Dispute--- A Bloody Massucre--Indian Superstition.

Referring to the murder of two men at Grand Lake, Col., the Denver (Col.) Tribune says : Grand Lake, the scene of the recent tragedy, has a number of romantid associations connected with it weaved with a number of Indian legends, all of them more or less tragic in their character, and ail full of the superstition of the red man. To the Indian Grand Lake has a peculiar interest, for with it is connected stories of battles and carnage, heroic bravery and a fierce fight which swept a whole band from the face of the earth. The principal tribes inhabiting this section of the country were the Utes, Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and between the former, who were the mountain Indians, and the latter tribes, who pitched their tepees on the plains, was waged a perpetual warfare. The Utes, if anything, more cruel and un-scrupulous than their neighbors of the lowlands, always dwelt in mountain fastnesses, from which they would swoop down from time to time, carrying off the ponies and other valuables of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, provoking each time short battles, in which they were generally victorious. In the spring of 1847 a considerable band of Utes were encamped on the banks of the lake on the exact spot where the town now stands. The snows of the past winter had left the trails sufficiently hare, and the stock of ponies and other luxuries was getting very low, so a considerable portion of the warriors were called together one fine morning by their chief and ha-rangued on the duty they owed to their tribe to inflict punishment on their hereditary enemies, and get some ponies, after which the line of march was taken for the distant plains. After several days of marching the enemy was surprised in a grove of cottonwood on the banks of the Platte, a few miles below where Denver now stands, which was the favorite camping and hunting ground of all the plain Indians. Stealing stealthily upon their foe the attack was made in the gray of the early dawn. Although aroused from their slumbers thus unexpectedly a vigorous defense was made, and the battle raged until the sun was high in the heavens, when the attacking party, being repulsed, retreated, not stopping until they had reached their mountain home on the lake. In the'r flight, however, they carried off, beside several of the coveted ponies, the fair "Star of the Night," the favorite daughter of the Arapahoe chieftain.

As soon as the great loss was discovered all of the young warriors, burning for revenge, clamored for the war-But little time was oc the funeral dance over the half dozen who had been slain in the battle, when the pursuit was began with a vow from each that no halt should be made until the enemies were punished and the maiden rescued. Silently, like an immense serpent crawling through the defiles and canons, the faint moon-light casting weird shadows from the cliffs above, now wending around some rocky bluff, then stealing through some thicket or scrub-oak, the united bands trod their way, nor paused in their course, following closely in the trail of the despoilers. On the third day, just as the dawn was breaking, they came upon the camp of the enemy, who, tired with the fatigues of their long march and battle, were sleeping soundly. Like a whirlwind of destruction was poured the arrows of the avengers into the bodies of the sleepers, and many of them never awoke to consciousness. A stubborn resistance, however, was made by the Utes, and the battle lasted the whole day through. The latter, as a measure of safety, placed all the squaws and pappooses in the camp in the canoes belonging to the tribe, and directed them to proceed to the center of the lake to await the issue of the fight. As the day wore on, however, the sky beeame overcast, a furious storm arose, and one by one the frail barks were wrecked until out of the whole number of frightened women and children not a soul remained. The Utes received a terrible punishment, for out of the six score of warriors composing the band but few escaped to tell the tale to the other bands of the distant West. The victors, flushed with their victory, returned to their beloved plains and were never afterward troub ed by these dreaded enemies.

Since the day of the battle the place has ever been regarded by the Indians as haunted by the spirits of those who perished there, the soughing of the wind as it moans through the tall pines around the lake being, in the superstitious minds of these sons of the forest, the cries of and shricks of the women and children drowned on that fateful day. Recent events would seem to lend some color to the Indian theory that an uncanny spr overs over the place, and Grand Lake, with all its natural beauties of mountain and lake, will ever carry with its mention the memory of fiendish deeds and scenes of carnage, which will repel for a long time any idea of a rapid settlement of the country.

Statistics show that the growth of timber in Kansas is yearly increasing beyond the consumption.

LIFE'S TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

Deeper than all sense of seeing Lies the secret source of being, And the soul with truth agreeing Learns to live in thoughts and deeds,

For the life is more than raiment,

And the earth is pledged for payment

Unto man for all his needs Nature is our common mother. Every living man our brother,

Therefore let us serve each other; Not to meet the law's behests, But because through cheerful giving We shall learn the art of living; And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies; Not a game of idle chances;

But it steadily advances Up the rugged heights of time, Till each complex web of trouble, Every sad hope's broken bubble

Hath a meaning most sublime. More of religion, less profession; More of firmness, less concession; More of freedom, less oppression,

In the church and in the state; More of life and less of fashion; Moze of love and less of passion; That will make us good and great

When true hearts, divinely gifted, From the chaff of error sifted, On their crosses are uplifted, Shall the world most clearly see That earth's greatest time of trial Calls for holy self denial. Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever Let it be the soul's endeavor Love from hatred to dissever. And in whate'er we do, Won by love's eternal beauty, To our highest sense of duty Evermore be firm and true.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The prince of Wails-A baby. Passed balls-Last winter's festivities .- Lowell Courier.

Every machinist has at least one vice.-New York News.

Even the quietest woman can make a bustle when she takes a notion to .-The Judge.

Can't get drunk on water? Nonsense! Go on a yachting trip and see if you can't .- Boston Transcript. "Please give me something, sir," says an old woman. "I had a blind

child; he was my only means of subsistence, and the poor boy has recovered his sight !" "Papa," said a lad the other night, after attentively studying for some minutes an engraving of a human

skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?" The "assisted" emigrant is one that is sent to this country as a pauper, with passage paid. The "assisted"

tramp is one that is urged out of your yard with a boot .- Picayune. A London oculist says that culture diminishes the size of the eyes. Now just listen to that! Everybody knows that small i's are a sign of the entire absence of culture .- Boston Tran-

Mr. Alexis Campbell was locked up by the St. Louis police because, after nine sherry cobblers, he couldn't walk or stand straight. It was the last straw, you see, that broke the Camp-

bell's back .- Life.

An amateur scientist has discovered that the mercury climbs up high in warm weather in order to keep cool. Paste this on your thermometer when the next hot wave comes sizzling along .- New York Commercial.

"There is one thing connected with your table," said a drummer to a Western landlord, "that is not surpassed even by the best hotels in Chicago," "Yes," replied the pleased landlord, "and what is that?" "The salt."--Rochester Express.

Papa-"What! Jimmy, you smoke? and what do you smoke, pray?" Jim-my-"1 smoke cubebs." Papa-"And why do you smoke them?" Jimmy—"Oh! they are good for a bad cold."
Papa—"How often do you have a bad cold?" Jimmy—"Oh, whenever you give me ten cents."-New York Life.

" Mamma, what's a book-worm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. "Oh, mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she is a ring-worm, ain't she?"—Springfield (O.)

"She thirsted for one fond lookshe starved for a kiss denied," says Ella Wheeler in one of her poems, Poor thing! In these days, when "fond looks" are flying all about from every street corner, and "kisses" are not denied when anybody knows where they are wanted, is too bad. We have heard of "starving to death in the midst of plenty." This poor creature seems to be trying it on .- Hartford

A friend, visiting in a minister's family where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath deportment, was confident ally informed by one of the little girls that she would like to be a maister, "Why?" inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She quickly eni ghtened him by the prompt reply: "So I could holler on Sunday."