## Che Sorest Republican IS PURLIMEND EVERY WEDNINDAY, BY J. E. WENK.

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dutions.

THE UNDERTOW.

We gaze upon the sunlit see, But cannot scan the depths below, Nor dream how strong its pulse may be, Until we feel its undertow.

We may know well a sunny face. But not the silent tide below; The inner grace we cannot trace. We know not what the undertow,

Our life is more than we yet see: There still are greater depths to know, The surface beautiful may be, But grander is the undertow.

We cannot fathom all the strife, The mysteries that round us flow: We only have a faith in life, We only feel the undertow.

### NIGH UNTO DEATH.

A CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The warehouse of M. Justin Bertrand was situated on the Rue Madeleine. It was supposed to be burglar proof, so, you know. when M. Bertrand put up his shutters and went home, the safety of his goods troubled him but little. It appears, how-ever, that on the morning of February 15, 1849, as the watchman, accompanied by a fellow officer was passing. he noticed that one of the side shutters had apparently been removed. This aroused the suspicions of the officers, and ad-vancing a few steps he stumbled over the bleeding and inanimate form of a young man. At this moment two men rushed out of a rear door. The companion of the officer gave chase and succeeded in capturing one of the two who had just left in such great haste. The watchman then summoned assistance, and the limp body of the young man was borne to the Palais de Justice. Further search revealed the fact that M. Bertrand had been murdered while in his warehonse. When sufficiently restored to conscious-

ness the young man, Henri Gourard by name, protested his innocence. His story was heard, but not believed. "Alas!" he exclaimed, " why did they

not kill me, and save my mother this great sorrow?"

The one captured by the watchman's companion, Richet, an ex-galley slave, then told his story, on promise of being set at liberty. The three had put up a job to "gut"

M. Bertrand's warehouse. Soule, the one who had escaped, Gourard and himself. They had entered the place, and were progressing admirably when a noise startled them. It was M. Bertrand, who had entered the place to ascertain the cause of the shutters being down. As he approached to where the three were crouching Gourard struck him a tremendous blow on the head with a "jimmy, which felled him lifeless to the floor. Apparently terrified at his own act, Gourard then rushed down stairs, and when he reached the middle he stumbled, his head striking the corner of the counter. He

fell senseless. They carried him from

"Come, come, old woman, stand aside and don't hinder us any longer. The young man is wanted yonder," said one of the officers, pointing toward the court house. "Oh, sir," said the woman, "do you

not see that his injured-that is innocent ? I know he is!" "How do you know that? Maybe you can swear for him," said the officer,

gruffly. "Because-because I am his mother,

VOL. XV1. NO. 36.

and-and I taught him his prayer, and-"" "Yes, yes. You ain't the first good woman who had a bad boy for a son.

Come on my covey. Monsieure le Judge will see to that." Gaston's progress was arrested by this

pathetic scene. Deeply touched by the appearance of the mother and son, he followed them to the court house. Just as they were about to ascend the steps that led to the court house, the young man paused a moment.

"Mother," said he, is "M. Belot going to undertake my defence?"

"Not unless we pay him in advance, and-and we have not got the money,

"Oh! God have mercy upon me," exclaimed the young man, completely breaking down.

here. to defend you."

He was soon seated in the prisoner's box to await the proceeding of Court. The young lawyer followed the officer into the court-room and seated himself behind the bar. After scanning more carefully the features of the prisoner, he said to himself: "If that young man is guilty of any serious crime, then I am no udge of features."

Presently the loud tap announced the approach of Monsieur le Judge. "Officer," said the prosecuting lawyer,

'is Henry Gourard in court?"

"He is," was the reply. "Has the prisoner counsel?" asked the

Judge. "No, Monsieur; I expected M. Belot to defend me, but he refuses now.

"Why does he refuse?" asked the Court. "Because I have no money to pay him,"

was the reply.

"Then, as you have no means to em-ploy counsel, the Court will see that you nave counsel." The judge now addressed a respecta-

bly-appearing lawyer present, but he de-clined under the plea that he had pressing business, The court then addressed several other lawyers, with the same re-At this moment another lawyer sult. entered to whom the judge said :

" Monsieur Mordaunt, the court desires you to undertake the defense of Henri Gourard, the prisoner at the bar."

"Ah, yes; your Honor can always command my poor services; but in view of the prisoner's means-I mean the nature of his great offense-I think that he had better plead guilty and be done with it." A sob of deep, broken-hearted anguish esounded through the court room ; it was from the poor mother, who heard in this the knell of her son's doom.

The officer who first discovered the prisoner testified that on the spot where Gourard's head rested there was a great pool of blood. M. Gaston then called the surgeon, who testified that the wound on the head of Gourard could not have been made as Richet had sworn-that it was inflicted by a club or some heavy instrument.

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1883.

acid.

ventilated.

hungry, if well.

good breakfast.

and nutritious food.

ach is entirely empty.

s sore or you are hoarse.

water before breakfast.

plaster.

Health Monthly.

awakening in the morning.

shoes in cold or wet weather-

With this evidence the young lawyer rested his case, and it went to the jury.

The jury retired, and after an hour's absence returned into the court-room with a verdict of not guilty. The great, the rich reward of M. Gaston was the almost frantic joy of the mother and son. "The God of the widow and orphan

has sent you to us, sir, in our distress, and his blessing will descend upon you through all your days."

"Some day I shall reward you," said young Gourard. The glittering drops which stood in his eyes evidenced his great gratitude. And thus the mother and son took their leave of their generous benefactor.

Years rolled on; the coup d'etat of December 2, 1851, had made and unmade nany. M. Pierre Gaston had devoted all his energy and eloquence against the usurper. But like many others, he had been crushed. His great practice in the reaking down. "What shall I do?" "Come along; don't stop to blubber ere. The Court will appoint some one o defend you." Deen crushed. His great practice in the law, that he had been years building up, had been swept away, as had been his fortune and his friends. As he sat one day in his own dingy office, pondering over his misfortunes and crowding his brain for some means to obtain a sufficient sum with which to start again in life-for he was still a young man-a gentlemanly appearing man entered.

"Do you not remember me, M. Gaston ?"

"I do not," was the reply. " My name is Gourard—Henri Gourard whom you once defended on a serious charge in this city." Another glance at the visitor convinced

Gaston that it was the prisoner that he had defended years ago.

Gourard then in a few words informed his benefactor that he was a well-to-do merchant, that fortune had smiled udon him and given him prosperity. After conversing half an hour he rose to take his leave.

"Here is a small package that my mother, my wife and myself have made up for you. Do not open it until I have left. I trust that it will convince you that my words to you have not been for-gotten. May God bless you! Goodbye."

He was gone.

With trembling hands M. Gaston opened the package. It was with difficulty that he could suppress his emotion. There, spread out on the table, were 5,000 francs

"This is, indeed, a rich reward. In turn I say, God bless the widow and orphan.

With this small fortune M. Gaston soon built up his practice and regained his friends among whom he cherishes none dearer than Madame and Henri Gourard.

Torpedoes.

# \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An international society of electricians has been formed in Paris, its chief object being to promote the development of electrical science and its applications.

Professor P. Denza has made a series of magnetic observations extending through twenty solar and lunar eclipses. His results indicate that eclipses have no influence upon the earth's magnetism.

At Oakland, Cal,, the iron dust created by the Pacific Nall works, amounting to five tons a day, is now utilized and twenty-five per cent. of it made into steel by the same process that black sand is manufactured into that metal.

Observations made last year by Lieut. Gen. Sheridan indicate that the power of the Yellowstone Geysers has not diminished since 1872, when they were care-fully surveyed by Dr. A. C. Peale. Two Two new geysers of considerable importance have appeared since that time.

Pork worms are not quickly destroyed by salt. In experiments by Mons. Collin the triching in the superficial parts of hams, etc., survived in the brine for fifteen days, while in a heavy ham the parasites were not all killed until the meat had been immersed in brine for two months.

A method of adulterating milk by adding to it a solution of commercial glu-cose has been exposed by Mons. Krechel in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences. As the solution has the density of good milk the adulteration is not detected by the ordinary testing instruments.

Alcohol has been shown by Mons. Muntz to be very widely diffused in na-ture. It exists in all water, except that from very pure springs. Rain and snow are not free from it, and it is probable that the air contains much of it in the state of vapor. Poor soil yields traces of it, and rich mould has a considerable quantity.

#### Mr. Lacy's Adventures.

History is incurably apt to repeat itself leaving. And lastly, when about to leave, don't say, "Well, I guess it's about time I was going," and then hang around half an honr before you know alike in its gayest and ghastliest episodes. Most of us are familiar with the story of the tipsy Englishman in the streets of Paris, who was knocked down by the shafts of a passing cabriolet, stunned, picked up for dead and taken to the morgue, where in the middle of the night he awoke to consciousness to find himself reposing on a huge slab of slate in a state of nature, and in the very dismalist of conceivable company. The point of the story lies in the circumstance that the keeper of the morgue, roused by the shouts of the resuscitated Englishman, politely but resolutely declined to allow him to leave the establishment. "He had given," he said, "a receipt for montel pieces and table tops. Much of this work, especially the handwork, can, of sicur's corpse to the proper authorities, and a corpse monsieur must remain till the morning." It was with the greatest difficulty that this conscientious stickler for legal formalities was at last persuaded to allow his exceptionally noisy guest to resume his attire, and sit by the fire in the porter's lodge during the remainder of the night. A closely analogous story has been reported from Chicago, where a man named Lacy entered a tram-way car, and, refusing to pay his fare, was "chucked" off the platform into the street by the conductor. The prostrate Lacy being perfectly insensible, the police patrol was called, and the supposed corpse was placed in a wagon and removed to the city morgue, where, in accordance with American mortuary practice, it was placed on ice. The police then went in search of the delinquent and fugitive tram-car conductor, but in a short time the body of Lacy began to show signs of life, and in the course of half an hour was so far recovered as to be able to walk to the police station. A medical examination proved that he was not seriously hurt, and that his temporary coma was due solely to liquor. When, however, it is remembered that Chicago is rather a roughly paved city, it may be permissible to favor the hy pothesis that the "chucking off" the car platform into the street may have had something to do with the temporary, suspension of vitality in the case of Lacy His striking experience of his icy couch in the Chicago dead house should certainly induce Mr. Lacy to "swear off" from all formented beverages for the remainder of his natural life .- London

#### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	\$1.68.
One Square, one inch, one month	8 00
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One Square, one inch, one year	
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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements musi be paid in advance. Job work, cash on delivery.

OUR DEAD DARLINGS,

Little graves lie in the sunshine. And little heads rest in peace, But loving hearts keep on grieving With a rain that will not cease.

Dreaming of the dear departed-Forgetting their Joys Increase.

Ah! how we brood over life's crosses, And how we measure its sorrow, Dreaming not that this day's losses May change into gain to-morrow.

Would we wish our darlings living! And to be as we have been?

To sleep on a tear-wet pillow, And mourn over woes unseen.

Are they not far better waiting

Under their coverlids green ? They will miss life's weary crosses-

They never will taste its sorrow ; They will sleep through its cares and losses

And wake on a fair to-morrow.

S'eep on, little darlings, soundly! The parer the sied we sow.

In the spring of God's hereafter The brighter the flower will grow leaven must surely be sweeter,

The less of carth's sin we know.

How grand the change from life's crosses-From the friction of its sorrow;

To a land ne'er marked with losses-Where love waits for no to-morrow, -Wm. Lyle.

#### HUMORS OF THE DAY.

How singular that a baby's 1st 2th should come 4th.

A tramp called his shoes corporations because they had no soles .- Merchant Traveler.

Do clothes make the man ? My son, they do. . They make him mighty bashful of his tailor .- Hawkeye.

An exchange remarks that the moon is just right for buggy riding. No doubt it is, but the average young man prefers to ride with a pretty girl.-Burlington Free Press.

"A new industry in Norway is the canning of whales." It is not stated how many whales are packed in each can; but we shouldn't think the number was over four. -- Norristown Heralds

A Georgia man had every hair of his head taken off by an electric bolt during a thunder storm. A Philadelphia man, hearing of this, said he knew now why his wife's first name was Electra .-- Philadelphia Call.

"Did you give Johnny the medicine, Mr. Brown?" asked the doctor. "Oh, yes, doctor," replied the loving mother; and then she added innocently, "and it don't seem to have done him the least harm.-Somerville Journal.

Anti-vivisectionists argue that it gives an oyster acute pain to open its shell with a knife. Let us then sing to the tender bivalve, and when he gazes at us in open-mouthed wonder we can kill him with a club .- New York Commercial.

Herbert Spencer says Americans are so driven by business that they never stop to leisurely examine anything. Guess h

Don't go to bed with cold feet. Don't stand over hot air registers. Don't lie on the left side too much.

Don't inhale hot air or fumes of any Don't lie on the back to keep from

snoring. Don't eat what you don't want just to save it.

HEALTH HINTS.

Don't eat in less than two hours after bathing

Don't bathe in less than two hours after eating. Don't sleep in a room that is not well

Don't eat the smallest morsel unless

Don't start a day's work without eating

Don't eat anything but well-cooked

Don't take long walks when the stom-

Don't sing or holloa when your throat

Don't wear thin hose or light-soled

Don't forget to take a drink of pure

Don't forget to cheer and gently

Don't jump out of bed immediately on

Don't strain your, eyes by reading on an empty stomach or when ill.

Don't eat between meals, nor enough

Don't fill the gash with soot, sugar or

anything else to arrest the hemorrhage

when you cut yourself but bring the parts together with strips of adhesive

Don't call on your sick friend and ad-

vise him to take some other medicine,

get another doctor, cat more, cat less,

sit up longer, go out more frequently, stay a week and talk him to death before

how to get away, Say "good night," and go and be done with it.-Dr. Footer

Cutting Marble Blocks.

Describing the Vermont marble quar-

rics a writer in Harper's Monthly says: The marble is brought to the mills in

massive cubes, is sawed, turned, chiselled,

polished, mounted, and emerges as tomb-

stones, capitals, cornices, columns, man-

course, be studied in every place where

people die and have monuments set up

graves, but the heavier preliminary labor

the local stone cutter over their

amuse invalids when visiting them.

to cause uncaseness at meal-time.

the building, intending to convey him to a place of secrecy. They had just reached the street when they remembered that they had left something compromising behind, and had gone in search of it when the officers arrived. The rest is known. Gourard was remanded to be tried be-fore the presiding judge at the Tribu-neux. He first, however, sent a letter to his mother informing her of his great trouble and assuring her of his innocence. His mother, hastening to Paris, had secured the service of one M. Belot to defend her son. The day of trial at length arrived. It happened, however, that on that very day a young lawyer, Pierre Gaston, was stopping in Paris awaiting the arrival of certain persons with whom he had important business. Not having anything to do he sought the court room for the purpose of passing the time in observing the proceedings o the court. His route led him by the juil where Gourard was incarcerated. Just before reaching the grim recepticle of crime and misery, two officers, having in charge a pale young man, apparently about twenty-one, came from the prison, stepped upon the walk immediately in front of him, and moved in the same direction he was going. M. Gaston had then an opportunity to observe the features of the young prisoner. His features, his manners, his respectable bearing, all struck the young lawyer favorably. The three persons walked with rapid strides sired to enter a building which he pointed toward the court house. They had proceeded but a short distance when they were met by a respectably-appearing woman of about forty years of age. The moment she saw him she sprang forward and clasped him in her arms, exclaiming:

"Oh, Henri! Henri! My boy, my son!

The sudden appearance of the woman caused the officers to halt.

"Mother, why did you not wait at the Court House for me?" said the young man, endeavoring to smother his emotions.

"Because I did not see you there, Henri, and I thought perhaps you might not have your trial to-day after all, and so I started to see you at the jail. Oh, my boy, my darling," said the wretched woman, her voice now broken with sobs, "are they going to try you to-day?"

"Yes, mother, I am to be tried today. But calm yourself. I trust all will that I am not guilty."

The woman raising herself to her full height, with flashing eyes, answered: "You guilty, Henri! You guilty!

Who dare accuse you?" Then hesitating, and seeming to realize

the full situation of the wretched doom that threatened her son, she exclaimed

"Oh, no, no! You are not guilty You cannot be, you are so good and true! There! there! Now you looked our dear old-

"If the court please, I will undertake the defense of the young man," said M. Gaston, in a voice whose tones attracted the attention of every one in the court room.

With some surprise at the youth of the young lawyer, the judge asked if he de-sired assistance, to which Gaston replied that he would undertake the entire charge of the defense.

The case was then adjourned one day to give M. Gaston an opportunity to consult with the prisoner.

The prisoner was the only son of the ooor woman present, and she was a widow. A few days before the commispose of obtaining employment. He soon made the acquaintance of a very friendly appearing man, who took much interest in him, and kindly offered to assist him in obtaining employment. One evening he was invited by his friend to accompany him and examine some personal property he had in the Rue Madeleine in certain building he had rented. Although it was quite late, Henri assented. On their way his friend overtook another person with whom he was acquainted, and whom he also invited. His friend now informed him that he greatly deout, saying that was his store, but as he had forgotten his key he produced a small iron bar which he handed to Henri, telling him to pry open one of the shut-In a moment the young man unters.

When he returned to consciousness he was in the office of monsieur, the examin- titled "The Battle of the Kegs," ng magistrate. From the testimony of Richet he learned that the building had been broken open and entered, and that the proprietor, had been M. Bertrand. murdered. Of all that he knew absolutely nothing. The friendly person whom he had started out with had made his escape, while Richet had been captured.

The next morning the trial began. be well with me, for God above knows The ex-galley slave repeated the same story that he had originally told. On the cross-examination by M. Gaston, however, at first he sustained himself but at length he stumbled, hesitated, and became confused, and it was evident that his testimony was considerably shaken. The chief clerk of the murdered man was then put on the stand, and to the questions put by M. Gaston, it was learned that no blood had been found on the floor below the one where M. Bertrand's just as you used to, when on your knees body was found, and where Richet had I first taught you your little prayer in testified that the prisoner had struck his head on the counter.

David Bushnell, of Connecticut, was

the first to introduce torpedo warfare on our side of the water. One of his earliest attempts was the famous "Battle of the Kegs," when he cast adrift from Bordentown in 1777 a number of floating torpedoes in the shape of kegs for the purpose of annoying the British shipping at Philadelphia. The effect of his experiment, however, proved more amusing to the Americans than disastrous to the British. For the latter, fearing the rapid formation of the ice, had warped in their ships to the wharves, thus escaping Mr. Bushnell's unfriendly designs. The kegs were charged with gunpowder, and were to fire and explode by a spring-lock on touching the bottom of a vessel, sion of the crime with which he was One which was taken up by the crew charged, he came to Paris for the pur- of a barge exploded, killing four of the men and wounding the rest. The alarm of the explosion set the whole city in commotion. Soldiers and sailors Housekeepsrs and lined the wharves. children hurried to their homes for shelter. The British ran to their places of muster; horns, drums, trumpets sounded everywhere to arms, while cavalry and horsemen added to the din and noise by dashing to and fro in wild confusion The kegs themselves could not be seenonly the buoys which floated them were above water-so imagination ran riot, They were kegs filled with rebels; the points of their bayonets had been seen sticking through the bungholes; they were filled with combustibles which would turn the Delaware into a sheet of flame and envelop all the shipping; they were magic machines, which would mount the thought, he attempted to run away; but ere he had made two steps he received a heavy blow on the head which felled him to the earth insensible. story of the day has come down to us in Francis Hopkinson's humorous song, enof which the following is an extract:

"These kegs, I am told, the rebels hold, Packed up like pickled herring, And they've come down to attack the town In this new way of ferrying.

The soldiers flew, the sallers too, And, scared almost to death, sir, Wore out their shoes and spread the news, And ran till out of breath, sir,

"Arise, arise, Sir Erskine cries, "The rchels, more's the pity, Without a boat are all afloat, And ranged before the city."

The royal band now ready stand All ranged in dread array, sir, With stomach stout to see it out And make a bloody day, sir.

"Such flery feats did they perform Among these wicked kegs, sir, That years to come, when they get home, They'll make their boast and brag, sir."

John Simpson caught a buffalo fish weighing seventy-two pounds in the canal in Louisville, Ky.

is best to be seen near the quarries

The marble is delivered at the mills in elongated cubes-parallelopipeds, I suppose Euclid would say-from ten to fifteen feet long and three to five feet square, and placed on the frames for sawing. An expert will then decide as to the manner of reduction, that is, the thickness and number of the slabs, according to the quality, the shape and size of the block, or the special nature of the orders to be filled. In outward appearance a "gang," as a set of saws is called, resembles the old-fashioned upright sawmill, except that the vertical frame contains not one but many saws, arranged at different intervals, corresponding to the desired thickness of the cuts. One process, therefore, divides an entire block into slabs. The saw has, it should be added, no teeth. The cutting is the joint effect of the hard edge of the steel blade and the wet sand which is fed into the opening, and thus produces an incisive friction. The ordinary progress is about two and a half inches an hour, and the gangs work night and day. The polishing of small pieces is done on a revolving iron disk some twelve feet in diameter. The marble is thrown upon this, and caught by fixed wooden strips like the radii of a circle, while the motion of the wheel, which is supplied with sand and water, furnishes the attrition. It takes two or three hours to polish a surface down one inch. Heavy pieces are smoothed by hand, with the aid of pumice-stone. Marble is turned into circular shapes in a lathe, exactly like iron, and is bored with an ordinary dry drill.

#### The German Emperor.

The vitality of the German emperor is a source of unceasing astonishment and admiration. He is now on his way to eighty-seven-thirteen years older than his great ancestor, "Old Fritz," when that monarch's tough constitution broke down under the weight of years and the cares of government-and his life has been one of the most wearing activity. Yet he was on horseback last Saturday despite the weather, for three hours, and the next day he was busy all day in discharging various formal functions of royalty. In face of this marvelous and sustained vigor it needs the emperor's own words in his touching address to the fourth army corps to remind the world how close he necessarily is to the end of his extraordinary career: "It was a joy and honor to me," he says, "to see the army corps once more. Probably it is the last time. At my age one makes no plans." Yet the event which the emperor looks so steadfastly in the face will make the greatest changes, perhaps, in the foreign and certainly in the domestic relations of his empire. By no career of our time has the immense importance of the personal element in politics been clearly illustrated .- Pall Mall more Budget.

#### Irrigation on a Large Scale.

Telegraph.

The most gigantic irrigation enterprise ever inaugurated in the State of California has been commenced in Fresno county, the canal for which will be the largest in the State, and fed by King's river. The water is intended to irrigate 30,000,000 acres of rich land, at present harren through lack of water. source of supply of this canal will be higher than any other debouching from the same stream. Its dimensions are: One hundred feet in width at the bottom; levees an average of fifteen feet in height and eight feet wide at the top, broad enough for a wagon read. The depth of the water is expected to be five feet with a fall of eighteen inches to the mile. The dam in the mountain canon, whence the water is taken, will be a wonderful and permanent It is twenty-five feet high, eight one. hundred feet long, one hundred and forty fect wide at the base and twentyfive feet wide on top. It is rip-rapped on the inside with heavy rock, and every precaution taken to make it sufficiently strong to securely hold the great weight of water that must be supported. The water is led into the canal from a large custom headgate, constructed of heavy timber. rond : one hundred feet in width and eighteen feet high. It is planked over so as to driver make a bridge for heavy wagons, and has that h wings to protect it from the floods. The with canal is expected to carry thirteen huneach dred cubic feet of water per second .that Los Angeles Herald. and

never saw 500 or 600 Americans standing around for two hours watching three men raising an office safe to a fourth-story window. - Boston Gazette.

"Have you brought your gimlet with you ?" "Hush, Johnny," said Mrs. Yerger. "Go to bed, sir,"remarked Col. Yerger. "What do you mean ?" asked Gus. "I don't mean nuffin; except 1 heard pa say you were coming up this evening to bore us all."-Texas Siftings.

The awful prevalence of pie in this country is illustrated by the remark sent to the Drawer by a grandfather, proud of hi grandchild of three years who is visiting him. Enthroned in her high chair, sh : waited at table for the appearance of the dessert. The family pie was duly act before grandma, and baby's eyes were directed that way, when a small pie made for her nujesty was slipped before her. Equal to the occasion, her eves dancing with delight, she burst out with, "Oh, auntie, I'm mamma of this ple !"-Harper's Drawer.

Simply because a Dayton, Ohio, father used a horsewhip when he remonstrated with a young man for hanging on his front gale, the young man has brought suit for damages, to find by what right the father objected to his swinging on the gate with his daughter. The old man was right. He knew that the gate-swinging season was passed, and that the young man was in danger of catching cold in the head. Then, when he came to help burn the oil and coal this winter, his pesky snuffing and nose-blowing would keep the indulgent father awake all night. The father was right in protecting himself .- Peel's Sun.

It is simply impossible for a fat man to be a real dude. He may sport the regulation collar; he may wear coats so short that his vest shows beneath it, but he can't be a successful dude. A dude must have thin legs 'head shaped like a pincapple. He ar ave dimples heenough to hide chubby, plump hind his ears and e them. Now a fat, ralook and and rotund youth, can specifications. Hawound to pervacant and bilio Door get red in spire in weather the face and A dude ship, sthose other never perspire Ors for dways but the things. He Committee corross. toned up, alw leans Times-Bourbon has tary. will run the ice. Why Driv No Northers appointed Henry Gra stitution : M The electric said es-lisis is a declisame, will the following

working that the SGOOD. workingman is per laborer of

usual tip