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#### THANKSOIVING.

As flower from the sod looks up To greet the gladsome light That fills with fragrance its gay cup, And makes its petals bright, So may our hearts look up to Thee, Oh God, our sun, our spring ! And every grateful faculty To Thee its glad song sing !

For tables bountifully spread, For homes, and hearts that love, For every good that erowns our head, For hopes that lure above, For all the streams of good that flow Down from Thy distant rills, We thank Thee; for they come, we know,

From Thine eternal hills.

We thank Thee for the friends still ours; We thank They none the less For those we have had, though their powers Our lives no longer bless. For like a meteor in the sky, Though they have gone from sight, Their passing trail still greets the eye,

Teach us to hear the songs of life ; Teach us to see its beauty ; Oh make us manly in its strife, Nor ever deaf to duty, And since whate'er we have was given. And still by right is Thine, Teach us that earth is likest heaven

Through charity divine.

And makes our night sky bright.

# AT NORRIS FARM

-A THANKSGIVING STORY. It was the day before Thanksgiving, but there were no preparations for feast or revel at Norris farm.

The old red house stood grim and silent in the midst of gaunt trees that had dropped their leaves like tears since the trouble had fallen upon Norris Place, For during the last few months matters had grown from bad to worse, and the poor harvest had proven beyond a doubt

or a hope that the old farm must go.

It had been under a mortgage these five years, and old Squire Winters had been obliged to sell the mortgage to raise money to pay the bills his long and lingering illness during the last year had secumulated.

"I was sorry to hev to do it, Neighbor Norris," he said, when he came over, the week before Thankegiving, to tell the unwelcome fact. "The mortgage would never hev been foreclosed by me, as you know. I'd hev given you time to pay it up if it had been twenty years. But my sickness just snapped me-took all my ready money; beside, hired help let the place run down and ruined all my machinery. Then that man came from the city buying up mortgages, and the money he offered for the one I held on your place would save my home for me and my old woman. I told the man to go easy with you, but I can't swear that he

And Neighbor Norris and his wife and distrust her." their "help," Janet Dyer, listening, knew just what this meant.

It meant the forcelosure of the mortgage the day after Thanksgiving. Shall I make any pies to-day

It was Janet Dyer who asked the question this morning before Thanksgiving. after the scant breakfast had been put away, almost untouched.

Mrs. Norris shook her gray head, that had seemed to whiten strangely during the last week.

'No, Janet," she said; "let us have no no thanksgiving in any of our heartshow can there be? Let the house be as dark and cheerless as our hearts!"

"While there is life there is hope, answered Janet Dyer, softly, and the soft voice in which she spoke seemed strangely at variance with her muscular form and large, handsome, but almost musculine,

" Hope!" repeated Mrs. Norris, with an accept of scorn. "Hope, did you say, Janet Dyer? No, there is no hope for us! Haven't I prayed night and day for five years that my boy might come back tous, reformed and repentant, to bless our old age? Haven't I wearied heaven with my importunities? Have not I worked like a slave to save our home? And yet a curse he seemed to follow us at every step. Everything has gone from bad to worse, and now the house and farm is to go, and we are to be paupers in our old age. Don't talk to me of hope, Janet Dyer. I have lost faith in God and man!"

"You'll never be paupers while Janet Dyer has these two arms to work with?" answered the girl, baring her strong arms with cords of museles that would have

shamed many a youth.

The old lady smiled grimly.

"That will do to talk," she said.

"But I know the world, Janet Dyer. You are young, and handsome in your way. You have a woman's heart, which is a soft thing always till it grows bitter and hard with the iron of fate, as mine You are human, and that means You think you will cling to us, but by-and-by some man will say a few sweet words in your ear, and you will forget all your promised allegiance to us, You will want a home and a husband and children by yourself, and you will say, Why should I sacrifice my youth and my happiness to these old people! They are nothing to me. Ah, I know the world, Janet Dyer.

A carious look came over Janet Dyer's

"Have I shown any weakness toward lovers during the three years I have been with you?" she asked, in her soft

the old lady, nodding her head.

But Janet did not reply to her. She went toward the cornfield, a basket slung over her shoulder, and as she went she smiled softly, and said, under her breath: longer-oh, Lord, how much longer," and the dark eyes she lifted to the gray November skies were wet with tears, yet

brave with hope.

Ah, Janet! already was your woman's heart crying out for its own; in spite of your bold words you were longing for freedom. So Mrs. Norris would have said had she heard Janet's low cry. But it was heard only by the angels, unless the ears of corn were listening, which which she had brought for that nurpose. She filled the basket with surprising swiftness, then lifted it on her strong shoulders and carried it to a wagon standing at some little distance, half filled with golden ears.

"If the season had been warm and dry instead of cold and wet, a dozen wagonloads of ears would have left this field instead of one," mused Janet. "And that, together with the price the horses will bring, and the machinery, would have kept us through the winter, or until I could find work to do. But as it is --- " Janet finished her sentence with a long sigh. Then she lifted her eyes skyward again. "God will not let us suffer—I know it," she said, and fell to her work with renewed zeal, and worked until the dull glare of light that shone through the gray clouds above her told her that the sun was nearing the zenith. Then she shouldered her basket and went back to the farm-house to prepare dinner. She had been at Norris form these three years, acting in every capacity-from nurse to domestic indoors, and man-of-all-work without. She, a stranger, had one day knocked at the door, saying that she had heard there was sickness in the house, and that she had been nurse in a hospital, and was wanting a situation, and would be willing to give her labor for her board until she could find a better place and

Mrs. Norris had taken her in without any parley, though some of the neighbors who were in the house at the time had warned her against such a risky act. "Men tramps are bad enough," they

better pay.

said, "but women are worse. Better find out who this girl is before you take

"I can't wait to try her before a court and judge," answered Mrs. Norris. "My husband lies in yonder room, crippled by a fall from a load of hay. My daughter is in another room, dying of quick consumption, as you all know. I am worn out with watching and with care, and the neighbors can't take care of us for ever. I've sent word far and near for help, and now help has come. I shall an export stop to question her. I like her face at d will trust her till I'm obliged to

But the time had never come, and now Janet Dyer had been with Mrs. Norri three years. It was she who had closed the eyes of sweet Hattie Norris and robed her for the grave. And it was she who waited upon Mr. Norris, and bore with all his petulance and impatience during the year that he had been confined to his room, and at the same time she had done a man's work in the field. And for all this she had refused

to take one cent in money. And so she had staid. It was ac semblance of Thanksgiving this year-it knowledged by all, far and wide, that it would be a mockery and a lie. There is was owing to Janet Dyer's excellent nursing rather than to medical skill, that Mr. Norris had regained the use of his limbs. But he was not able to do farmwork, and nove would be aga in, and his mind seemed shaken a little-its old vigor and strength gone for ever. Janet

> was head and hands both at Norris farm. And yet the neighborhood never quite forgave her for the mystery surrounding her coming to Norris farm; for Janet had not taken pains to make the explanation to her neighbors which she had made to Mrs. Norris,

> "She has her eye on the property," suggested one. "Thinks she'll be the heir, now the girl is dead and the boy disinherited."

> "Oh, yes, she's an ax to grind or she'd never stay on slavin' as she does," replied another. "But the property's all under mortgage, and even if that's paid up, and it's all deeded to her, that boy'll come

back yet and make her trouble. "Heard he was killed in a saloon fight -over a gaming table or somethin' years

"Report never was confirmed. He's

sure to turn up, like a bad penny. The "boy" referred to was the only on-now the only child of the Norrises He had been a wild youth, and his father had been a severe judge, of his youthful follies. The tighter the reins had been drawn the faster he had gone, like an unruly colt-till finally he had disgraced the family by contracting debts in the name of his father. Norris farm had to be mortgaged to lift these debts, and, with a curse, Ansley Norris was banished from his father's roof, and forbidden ever to re-

He had gone, and a year later the report had come of his death in a gambling house in a neighboring city. one disaster after another had befallen Norris farm, and things had gone from had to worse, even as its mistress had said, since then.

Thanksgiving morning broke bright and beautiful. Nature seemed in a smilvoice. "Did I not give Herman Hein a ing-which with her is always a devo- city, I shall feel far safer concerning turned out by a Kidderminster firm for slap across the mouth, when he came tional-mood. For the first time in more with his love-words, that he will never than a week the sun burst through the tional-mood. For the first time in more forget to his dying day? And did I not gray November clouds, and shone with past follies, and make a home for you is said to be perfect. send Sandy Green away with a piece of dazzling brilliancy, touching up the and them, Janet."

my mind? I want no lovers!"

traces of late glory in the forests and Janet had gone as he directed, and the dail or hoop carrings set with general than the right one comes, borrowing a smile from the late Indian very day of her arrival in the neighbor-various kinds are very fashionable.

In all the surrounding farmhouses, even to the hut of Tom Kelly, the section hand, which was spilling over with children of all sizes, there was some prepar-"When the right one comes. Ah, yes, I ations for a feast of thanksgiving and a know how it will be then. But how much holiday from labor. Loads of faughing restored her lost faith in God and man, people rode by, going to the homes of But amidst all the merrymakings, Nor-

ris house stood grim and silent. Scarcely a word was spoken during the and she set about preparing a feast fit for early morning hours, and Mrs. Norris kings. For Ansley Norris had come went about her household duties with a sterner and more defiant expression than from the mines of Colorado. And so,

"If any Power expects me to be grate- no one sent up a more carnest cry of Janet proceeded to sever from their ful to-day for the misfortunes which have gratitude and praise than the softened withered husks and fling into the basket fallen so thickly on my past, it will be heart of Mrs. Norris, as she clung to disappointed.

Mr. Norris was just leading out his lifted his hat politely as he accosted Mr. Shall be one long day of Thanksgiving henceforth."

Mr. Norris lifted his mild blue eyes, in which an expression of almost childish innocence and meekness had crept with his long and cruel sufferings, and an-

swered in the affirmative. "Well, sir, I am informed that your horses are for sale. I suppose this is the how in almost every country village a span. I am wanting to buy, and as I was good practice for two or three men is passing near here this morning I took the liberty of calling, although I knew it was

It was a voice that brought Janet from from aspirants for the vacant place while the hay-loft, with wide glad eyes and the body of her husband still lay in the crimson cheeks, and a palpitating heart. house. And no sooner did she catch sight of the stranger than she flew to him crying: self upon his bosom in a passion of tears.

he found the two in quiet conversation in a distant part of the stable. A little later he went into the house and left them vated gentlemen, honest and loyal, strivstill talking, so confident that it would ing in vain to secure a competence-yes. all be managed right if he left it to Janet. a bare living even-and too often is dis-And it tired him so to think.

After a time Janet came to the house, She went to the kitchen, where she found of ignorant and unprincipled rivals. Mrs. Norris, who looked up at her with I an expression of surprise in her brooding

"Why, what has happened to you,

Ay," laughed Janet, and then drawing nearer, she said: "Mrs. Norris, a man has come to buy the team and pay the mortgage on the farm, and, oh, Mrs. Norris, forgive me for deceiving you all these years, but I am a married woman, injured in mind and body. The comand this man who has come is my husband, and he has money to pay up all the debts and make us all a home while we shall live. Did I not tell you that something might happen?

But Mrs. Norris drew back, the dark cloud upon her face growing darker. she said, slowly, "this accounts for your seeming kindness, Janet Dyer! You have been scheming all these years to get the house and farm in your own hands, to be mistress here, and now it's done, and you pretend you want us to remain -paupers-charity objects under your Never; Janet Dyer! my husband and I will starve in the street first. You firm white kernel. would soon tire of us, you and your husband, whoever he may be. We will go May to the close of September. The at once and leave you in full possession of your home. Ah, the world is all alike, selfish—selfish to the core. I knew some selfish purpose lurked under all your seeming kindness. I knew it because con were human. No, no, we'll not tax your hospitality longer, Janet Dyer!"

But just then the door opened and Janet's husband entered, and sprang for several months, sometimes all past her, and took the aged woman in his arms, saying very gently as he clasped

her to his breast: "But, supposing Janet's husband was ust come back to make your old age blest, would you not dwell under his This is placed in a jar of cold water and But he spoke to senseless ears, for Mrs. Norris, with one glad cry of

away to unconsciousness After she recovered there was a glad lay of Thanksgiving at Norris house, all happened,

Ansley had been shot in a gamingfor treatment.

they had loved each other at sight. As soon as Ansley was convalescent he had told her his story, had asked her to toward the south. marry him, and, as soon as the ceremony was performed he had started for the mines of Colorado. But, first, he had the manufacture of soap and tapers, as made Janet promise that she would go the tree is found in immerse quantities, into the neighborhood where his parents | and, with machinery, the butter could be resided, and remain somewhere in their | readily obtained.

vicinity until his return. "I want you to be near them to keep

Then I know how it will be," answered, summer with which to return thanks to hood had learned of the misfortunes the old lady, nodding her head. which had befallen the Norris family, With fear and trembling, she had presented herself at the door, with what result we know.

Years seemed to fall from Mrs. Norris' face during the Thanksgiving Day, which even as it restored the long-lost son. friends or relatives to celebrate the day. And something of the lost spirit and vigor seemed to return to Mr. Norris, for a time at least, and Janet was radiant. home with pockets full of gold and silver usual upon her face—an expression which after all, there was a glad and happy seemed to say:

After all, there was a glad and happy Thanksgiving Day at Norris farm, and

Janet and whispered: "It is never wise to lose faith in God, horses to water, and Janet was in the dear. You were right in clinging to his stable getting out hay, when a stranger hand through the darkness of the night, approached—a tall, bearded man, who which has been shattered by the glory of

### Too Many Doctors.

Witness the large number of doctors in every city struggling for mere existence, and see how very few out of the whole number really do the work. See piecemealed by sharp and often acrimonious competition, to the detriment Thanksgiving day, to see if we could agree on terms. What is the price you have set on your span?"

Inditious competition, that in a calling so high, so noble, so sacred, men fit for such ministry should be sought for; but Mr. Norris drew his hand across his the great question of the young graduate is not, "Who wants me?" but "Who will employ me?" not "Who withough Janet and I were talking it needs me?" but "Whore can I get a living the great question of the young graduate is not, "Who will employ me?" but "Whore can I get a living the great question of four plusing and the great question of the young graduate is not, "Who will employ me?" but "Whore can I get a living the great question of the young graduate is not, "Who will employ me?" but "Who wil over this very morning. But everything ing ?" In the case of four physicians slips from my mind so since my fall, dying, each in a country village, during Janet will know; you just step inside the the last year, I am credibly informed barn, sir, and you'll find her. Ho, Janet! that in one instance two, in another here's a customer for the horses." He three, in the third five, and in the fourth led the horses on toward the watering- case seven new men came to look the trough, and the stranger stepped inside field over within ten days after the docthe barn, and at the same time spoke the | tor's death, sometimes before the burial, name he had heard Mr. Norris speak, but In one case ten attended the funeral, and in a different tone: "Janet!"

It is a backneyed saying, with which too many cars are tickled, that " there is "Oh, my love, my love!" and flung her- always room for good men." Applied to the present condition of our profession, But five minutes later when Mr. Norris | it is false. Were only good men and the returned, leading the horses to their stalls, | best men admitted, it would undoubtedly appointment mingled with shame mortification at the success

said that results of the excess in numbers are manifold. It leads to over-practice and to bad practice. The man who is hard Janet, that your cheeks are all aglow? pushed, who has few patients and needs more, is tempted to make much of little, to magnify the importance of hi both in his own mind and to his patrons; to make uncalled-for visits, and to give too much medicine; an unnecessary medication ceases te be rational. Patients are munity is injured by teaching the people to attach undue importance to trivial diseases, and to overestimate the value of treatment therein. Legitimate, honest practice suffers in reputation; money is obtained under false pretences.-New York Medical Record.

# The Butter Tree.

The Karite, or butter tree, as very common in the valleys of the Upper Senegal and Upper Niger. It is a fine tree, with long and oval leaves, slightly carled. The fruit is agreeable and pleasant to the taste, and within it is a nut about the size of a hickory nut, with a

The fruit is gathered from the end of women and children go into the woods every day, and especially after storms and high winds, and bring in baskets and gourds full of the fruit shaken down from the trees. These are thrown into cylindrical (holes which are seen everywhere in Bambarra villages, even in the streets. Here the fruit is left winter, until the outer fruit disappears. Then the nuts are thrown into vertical ovens made in the earth inside the huts, and are dried by fire. your lost boy. Ansley, mother, who had When well dried, the shells are cracked and the kernels pounded into a paste. beaten till the butter forms on the surface of the water. This is skimmed off and Ansley, my boy, my boy 19 had swooned | beaten again to make it compact and expel the water. It is then done up in packets of leaves With the elementary means employed

And there was a long story to tell now it by the negroes, this butter-making is a long and tedious process, and is generally done in the dry season. Karite butter is room, and had been taken to a hospital constantly used by the Bambarras and Malenkes of the Niger for cooking, for Janet was one of the nurses there, and feeding their rude lamps, in soap-making, for the women's hair, for dressing wounds, etc. The Djulas export small quantities

Commandant Gallieni, French officer, draws attention to its possible value for

One of the chief features of interest at guard over their old age," he said, "and, a recent country exhibition in England beside, I do not want to leave you in the was an iron watch, which had been them and you both, and I shall not come the purpose of showing the extraordinary back till I can bring money to pay up all mall cability of their fuetal. The watch

dall or hoop carrings set with gems of

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A new branch of trade is the making of illuminating gas from sawdust. According to a writer in a foreign paper, animal oils are unsafe to use in air compressors, as they take fire spontane-ously in compressed air, or in other

words, they create an explosive gas. A specimen of vegetable wool comes from Java. When it is freed from its leathery covering and the seeds, through a very simple process, it is worth between sixteen and seventeen cents a pound.

According to Electricite, spiders, which are very numerous in Japan, spin their webs during the night, between the telegraph wires and their supports. the dews are very abundant, the webs become conductors of electricity and give rise to great disturbance in the transmission of messages.

The Eureka colliery, in Pennsylvania now employing in their mining opera tions the expansive force produced by bringing together quicklime and water instead of blasting with gunpowder Among other advantages claimed by this system, besides its cheapness and quickness, are the following: Immunity from gas explosions, there being no fire or flame, necessary absence of all noxious gases and odors, and possibility of the men working without interruption, there

being no explosion. The Helena (Montana) Independent tells of a gulch between Helena and Virginia City, Nev., whose waters cover polished iron and steel, with a coating of pure metallic copper, as bright as the bur-nished metal. Pick and shovels used there soon become copper-plated. One day in 1876 a horse was permitted to stand in the moist sand some fifteen minntes, and when led out his shoes had a bright copper coating. The sands in this guich are full of beautiful crystals of metallic copper. Sometimes we found masses of crystalized copper weighing three and four ounces.

Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinse characters, each of which represents a word, not a letter, as in our Western tongues," says the English journal Eu-gineering, "the Danish Telegraph Company (the Great Nortnern) working the ew Chinese line has adopted the following device: There are from five to six thousand characters or words in ordinary Chinese language and the company has provided a wooden block or type for each of these. On one end of this block the character is cut or stamped out, and on the other end is a number representing the character. The clerk receives a message in numbers and takes the block of each number transmitted and stamps with the opposite end the proper Chinese character on the message form, Thus a Chinese message sent in figures is translated into Chinese characters again and forwarded to its destination. The sending clerk, of course requires to know the numerical equivalent of the characters or have them found for him.

### Chinese Dances. In a San Francisco letter the writer

says: Through the kindness of Colonel

Bee, American secretary of the Chinese consulate at San Francisco, we were permitted to meet Mrs. Ching Ling, wife of the Chinese vice consul of New York, and several ladies of the higher and most exclusive circles of Chinatown. Ching Ling we found to be a tall, slender and rather stately dame, who trotted into her parlor on feet not quite three inches long. Her hair was dressed in a most elaborate manner, decorated with jade and gold ornaments and a bunch of pink chrysanthemums. Her cycbrows were shaved to their arching lines on her forehead, and the brightest blush of rouge covered either cheek, shading up over the eyelids and temples. Her lips were colored a deep red, and her ears were hung with large gold and jade ear-rings. wore the loose trousers and blouse of dark blue silk. When she had minced in on her poor little feet she greeted us with two or three prettily accented English words of greeting, and gave us the limp handshake appropriate to the women of fashion all over the world. Mrs. Ching Ling had a strange mixture of womanly dignity and childlike simplicity to her and through the interpreter we carried on quite a conversation, her funny little children clinging to her knees and watching us with their slant eyes all the time. While we were talking to this Chinese madonna a vision appeared in the door-way in the person of Mrs. Ching Chung Chow, wife of one of the rich merchants and a woman of most unusual beauty. Mrs. Ching Chung Chow is young and charming, with a delicate offive skin, full round eyes, as softly black as a fawn. and the most graceful little ways of doing everything. She chanted her dainty little English sentences at us, listened with the greatest interest to the jargon the interpreter repeated after us, and had the most bewitching ways of any woman I have seen in a fortnight. While we were raving over this celestial beauty, Mrs. Ching Ling's maid set the tea tray on the round centre-table, and the hostess proceeded to offer us cups of tea, unattainable in any ordinary way, and of a quality to inspire a poet's song The ten leaves that floated around in the larger cups, in which they were steeped, were one and two inches long, and the tea itself was of a delicate number tint, Crystallized sugar was offered us to put in it, and thin wafers and dried ginger completed this unique refreshment. pent a charming half hour with her, left with many compliments on both sides and assured Mrs. Ching Ling and Mrs. Chin Chung Chow that we should only take

Recent statistics show that criminals and lunatics are generally two inches shorter than the class to which they be-

too much pleasure in future visits.

EMIGRANT SONG.

(Written on the steamship City of Rome.) Behind us lies a land all dim With sighs of sorrows old;

Before us on the ocean's rim A land that looks of gold. We go, a fuller life to win. With freedom for th' opprest-But wont forget the old land in The new world of the West,

We cannot weep who cross the deep, Unfairly driven forth; We might not sow, we could not reap Our share of native earth ! We go, a fuller life to win,

With freedom for th' opprest-But wont forget the old land in That new world of the West. As emigrants from land to land-

From rise to set of sun. We build the bridge till ocean's spanned, And all the world is one. We go, a fuller life to win. With free iom for th' opprest-But wont forget the old land in That new world of the West. -Gerald Massey.

#### HUMOROUS.

Remarkably find board-Sawdust, Superior court-Sparking a rich girl. When you see a glass of water-Goblet. Out of sight, out of mind-A blind lu-

Light houskeeping-Keeping a light-

The Great Indian Corn Cure-The Au-

Quick at figures-The dancing master. Boston Bulletin, The fisherman is the one who has to scratch for a living, at least you continu-

ally hear of his having a bite. - Statesman. Under certain circumstances it makes a man feel mean to have people give him a wide berth, but somehow it never does when traveling on a steamboat. - Burling-

ton Free Press. A Michigan youth, aged nineteen, had a flare-up with his girl, and out of re-venge, married the latter's nunt—"fat, fair and forty." It is the first time aunty fat has been utilized as a cure for a broken heart,-Peoria Transcript.

Ex-Minister Schenck is made to say, in Life, "Will you please state that Miss Anderson is not the only dignified American. I, too, in my day, refused to see the Prince of Wales, although at the time I held three jacks."

There are ninety-six hundred musical bands of various kinds in the United States, and still some people are surprised when they open their morning papers and read of the terrible crimes committed every day.—Merchant Traveler.

A learned man has discovered that birds lack the sense of smell. If this learned man should pull off his coat and roll up his shirt sleeves he might in time also discover that birds lack a nose to smell with.-Philadelphia Call.

They have an extraordinary police force in Troy, A man was attacked at night, stunned, carried a quarter of a mile, and then robbed of his watch and chain, money and diamond pin, hat, clothes and shoes. The police recovered the shoes .- New York Sun.

The idea of congratulating a man because he has reached his seventieth birthday, as though that was something to be joyous about. Now, if the man could only reach his seventh birthday again there'd be something to fetch the band out for.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A philosopher asserts that one of the best lessons of life is "Learn to labor and to, wait," and that "all that is good. takes time, and comes only by slow growth." 'This is decidedly encouraging," murmurs the young man, ashe consults the almost invisible bristles on his upper lip,-Stateman,

A German accosted a broad-brimmed specimen from Texas on Wisconsin street Sunday. "Who vos you, I don't know?" Looking the inquisitive German in the face he replied: "I am a cow-boy," "Dot's good," replied our German friend, "Snake, I vosa bully boy, deo," They shook. - Peck's Sun.

Now comes the annual poultry feast, when roosts do barren grow,
When every brand of feathered beast
Doth in the oven go,
When man doth mounds of turkeys bake And with a gravy lather 'em, And then doth of his stomach make

A sort of omnium gatherum. - Youkers Gazette. Two San Francisco women are at law about a wedding dress, each claiming it, and the testimony is so mixed that the judge can't decide. Let him try Solomen's scheme with the women and the baby! Let him threaten to spill a plate of soup or a dish of ice cream on the dress; the woman who screams and calls

him "a mean old thing" will be the real owner. - Detroit Free Press, "I was to be married, you know," said Blooms to his friend Clark, "but I gguess it's off, you know, for g-good." How is that? asked Clark. "This way," replied Blooms. "She s-said she'd marry me, you know, when all impediments were r-removed. "Yes." "Well, I asked her last night if they were not all-aw-r-removed, you know, and s-she said 'no.' I s-till s-stutter."- New

"Oh, yes," said the eldest Miss Culture at table d'hote the other evening, "I breakfasted with Mrs. Brainwait and we enjoyed a delicious repast-excellent coffee, superior bread, and piscatorial globes "What?" asked her done admirably." friend. "Piscatorial globes," repeated the Boston miss, "And what under the sun are they?" "I believe," said Miss Culture, drawing herself up stilly, believe uncultured people call them fish balls."- Hotel Mail

York Commercial.