The Forest Republican.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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A GOOD-BYE,

Farewell! How soon unmeasured distance

Its leaden clouds between our parted souls ! How little to each other now are wa-And once how much I dreamed we two might

I, who now stand with eyes undimmed and dry

To say good-bye.

To say goodby to all sweet memorles, Good-bye to tender questions, soft replies; Good-bye to hope, good-bye to dreaming, too. Good-bye to all things dear-good-bye to you, Without a tear, a prayer, a sigh-

Our last good-bye. I had no chain to bind you with at all; No grace to charm, no beauty to enthrall. No power to hold your eyes with mine, and make

Your heart on fire with longing for my sake Till all the yearnings presed into one cry:-"Love, not good-bye!"

Ah, no-I had no strength like that, you know; Yet my worst weakness was to love you so ! So much too well-so much too well-or ill-

Yet even that might have been pardoned still-It would have been had I been you-you I! But now-good-bye.

How soon the bitter follows on the sweet ! Could I not chain your fancy's flying feet ? Could I not hold your soul-to make you play

To-morrow in the key of yesterday-! Dear-do you dream that I would stoop to try-

Ah, no-good-bys ! -Argosy.

ONLY AUNT MARGERY.

"Girls! I have some news for you! Grand news it is, but paps told me not to mention it, so if I tell you, you will let it go no further?" and Connie Steadman anced round at her friends, feeling herself an important personage, as the youthful possessor of a secret usually does.
Oh, trust us, Connie, we won't say

as mutes on the subject," exclaimed sa mutes on the subject," exclaimed old and young.

Was considered an unquamite game, old and young.

The quiet little sleepy town of Maundtheir cousin, Edith Salter, who had come in like Constance for a morning chat, made the required assevervation, and the quartette drew their chairs close, in delightful anticipation.

"Well, then, papa told us yesterday evening—but, Katie, there is some one in the other room," and Connie glanced through the half-open curtains into the large drawing-room, at the further end of which sat a lady engaged in some quiet occupation.

"Only Aunt Margery," answered Katie; "she is copying some music for us, and won't hear if you speak low. Now do, dear Connie, get on with your story, for I am dying with impatience."

Well, then, the house on the hill is let to a single gentleman, Mr. Maurice Chester, very nice-looking, very rich, who intends to come and live in it himself, and give no end of nice parties and balls, I expect, for he asked papa if there was good society in the neighborhood, as he would not like to settle down in a dull place. Of course papa gave him a good report of the land, in that and every other respect, and so he decided to take the house. He will come here next month,

to superintend the fitting up, etc."
"Oh, how glorious!" cried Mary, clapping her hands; "now we shall have fun. But, Connie, is he young, though?"

"Oh, yes, about thirty, papa thought," answered Connie, rather doubtfully. "Thirty? Why, he is quite old!" said Mary, disgusted, from a seventeen-yearold point of view. "Why, he will do for Aunt Margery—we always call her an old maid, and he is an old bachelor ?

"Nonsense Mary, what stuff fou talk," said Kate, who, being three-and-twenty, took a different view of the matter. "Thirty is not old for a man. You only care for boys, like George Burden."
Mary blushed. "But you would not expeet him to buy a house and estate, like this gentleman. The only thing is—is he

engaged, Connie?"
"Ah, that I can't tell you, unfortunately. I asked papa, and he said very likely, he little too far-she might expect the same hadn't asked him; but mamma thinks not. because he would certainly have brought the lady to see her future home, if he had

been," said Connie. Your mamma is right, Connie; he certainly would have done so," said Kate, de-

And then followed quite an hour's discussion about the new comer, in the height of which, Connie herself, as well as the other two, quite forgot the need of secrecy, and the lady so quietly occupied in the other room must have been very deaf not to have heard all the conversation

She took very little notice of it, however: the girls made just as much commotion if they met a new face at a dinner-party, or ball, for Maundbury was such a quiet lieutenant, the only son of the rector, and society, except the old and society, except the old and married, that any chance acquaintance even caused quite a flutter among the marriageable ladies. How, then, could the news of a permanent resident fail to affect them?

It is said that at no age does a woman give up the hope of marriage, but I must say at the risk of being disbelieved, that no thoughts of the matter ever caused Margery Derwent's pulse an extra flutter.

If her niece Kate had grown to the age of twenty-three, beautiful and attractive as she was, with only lovers "who loved and rode away," there seemed little chance for her, Aunt Margery, with the faded looks and quiet manners that sorrow, and loss, and thirty years of life had dowered her with, to be more fortunate.

Margery had had her love-dream, but it

brother insisted upon her making his had been surrounded by love and friendobjected, but then finding Margery very useful to call up in the night in case of sudden illness, to help take care of the children, and to make herself generally useful, as poor relations are expected to do, she ceased to grumble, and Margery found herself settled at Derwent house, with a sort of half-recognition in society, the back seat of the carriage, the coldest place at the fireside always hers, in return for being constantly at

every one's beck and call. She had never been a beauty, but she had been pretty and lively, and much only darling of a rich man, and at first the change had been very bitter to her, but of late she had grown passively re-conciled to her lot. Ten years of the same unvarying round had quite driven from her mind any hope of change. She was "only Aunt Margery" to her nieces and all their giddy circle of young ac-quaintances, and had quite resigned her-self to remain so to the end of the self to remain so to the end of the

So she took little or no interest in the flutter of preparation caused among the girls by the coming of the eligible bachelor, though with her customary amiability, she was always rady with her advice and assistance in matters of the toilet, which were to help captivate him when he came.

The girls had persuaded Mrs. Derwent to give a small evening party the week after his arrival, and as that lady had seen and approved of him as a "capital match for Kate," they had very little difficulty in getting their own way in the matter and arranging it on a scale of grandeur never before seen at Maundbury, except at the stately parties given once a year at my Lord Maundbury's own house, at which royalty directly after. was sometimes present.

But I doubt if even royalty's own gracious presence could have made that party more successful; it served for a subject of conversation for a long time afterward. Maurice Chester made himself so agreeable, and proved to be such an admirable hand at arranging improptu charactes, playing on his violin, dancing, singing and talking, that he was unani-"Oh, trust us, Connie, we won't say a single word to any one; we will be as dumb as mutes on the subject," exclaimed was considered an unqualified gain by both

> bury went nearly mad over him, and numberless were the dinners, balls, and evening parties given in his honor during the next four months.

The name of Maurice Chester was in every mouth; he was voted "a darling," "a gem," by the ladies, and a "brick," and a "jolly good fellow," by their brothers. He was so dark and sunburned that he looked his thirty-five years, but then he was tall and handsome, with no-ble features and winning manners, and all the young ladies envied Kate Derwent, who being the most handful and search thought. And with another sigh for her then he was tall and handsome, with no-

Mrs. Derwent had ascertained that he was not engaged. He had been, in his carly youth, but the lady, a clergyman's daughter, had died of a fever caught since that he wished to put in her place. This interesting information being speedthan ever-quite a hero of romance, in

"And mamma says that is very likely the reason he is so gentle and attentive to ladies-why, he is quite as nice to her and other married ladies as to us young ones, and-did you notice?-the other evening he actually danced with Aunt

Which last exploit of the hero was evidently considered an unnecessary waste of his good offices by Miss Derwent. Still less did she approve of his next proceeding, which was to send to London for two songs which Aunt Margery happened to mention had been her favorites long ago, but which she had lost through lending them to an acquaintance.

"It is all very well, you know, Connie," she said, in a confidential talk with that unfailing sympathizer. "I like him to be kind and attentive to the poor old thing, but really that is carrying things a attention when we are married, which I shall certainly not permit."

"You think he really means something, then, Katel He has not proposed yet?"
"No, but mamma says he is sure to do so

soon. Why, he is here nearly every day, on some pretext or other, and what else can he come for? Beside, don't you know that he has arranged a grand picnic to Carnforth ruins? Mamma says she is certain he will ask me then; so, if you see us walking off together, you will keep off all intruders, will you not?"

"I will certainly remember that two are company, but three none," answered Connie, laughing.

She could afford to be good-natured, for

The day of the picnic arrived. The weather was superb, and everybody was in high spirits, except the originator of the oliday. At starting he looked pale, and his manner was pre-occupied and nervous, unlike his usual bright, genial self. Mrs. Derwent and her daughter exchanged glances; Kate's was triumphant, and she saw herself, in imagination, returning home the promised bride of the rich and popular Maurice Chester, of Chester Grove, as he had renamed his splendid home.

By the time they arrived at their destination, Maurice had quite recovered his usual spirits, and was soon rowing Kate and some other gay young friends on the lake, while Aunt Margery walked quietly along its margin alone and rather sad, for had faded with the loss of her father and she could not but recall, as the sound of all her fortune, except a small sum which | their merry laughter came to her from the soat found her in clothes, while her water, her own bright youth, when she ary stimulant.

house her home. At first Mrs. Derwent ship, as Kate was now. She felt a little hurt, too, that Mr. Chester had not offered her a seat in the boat; it was not like his usual kind thoughtfulness for all, which she had so constantly admired in

him. "Ah, well, I am only Aunt Margery to him, I suppose. I dare say I look forty, at least, beside Kate," she thought. But it was not in her nature to spend

long in repining. She was soon engaged in a merry hunt through the maze with the younger members of the party, and when the rowing-party returned, shouts had been pretty and lively, and much of "Auntie, where are you?" "This way, sought after in society when she was the Johnnie!" "Take the path to the right!" "Keep round to the left!" "Oh, I am lost!" resounded through the usually silent ruins.

Presently Margery found a gap in the hedge, which she plunged through, calling on Reggie, her youngest nephew, to follow her.

"I'm coming, Aunt Margery; wait a moment!" he cried.

But, willing to give him a good chase, Margery sped on, and presently found herself in a small stone grotto, in which the path unexpected terminated, and shut in on either side by masses of tangled bushes and underwood. Breathless, she sat down on a little worm-eaten wooden bench, and waited for Reggie.

Footsteps soon were heard on the leafstrewn path, and, springing out, intend-ing to give Reggie a start, Margery flew right into the arms of Maurice Chester.

Kate herselef could not have blushed more vividly than did Margery at this unlooked-for visitor to her retreat, nor, had it been Kate, would Maurice have looked more embarrassed, or have had a brighter look of pleasure on his handsome face

"Pray, excuse me, Mr. Chester; I thought you were Reggie," exclaimed Margery, who, woman-like, was the first to recover herself.

"Well, Miss Derwent, I really think you owe me some apology for so nearly knocking me down! What sort of a place is this!" he continued, coolly lookng around him, and not offering to relinquish the hand he had caught when Margery darted out upon him.
"It is a very nice place. I think we

will go back, Reggie cannot find me," said Margery, blushing more deeply, and trying to withdraw her hand.
"I don't want Reggie or any one else

to find you just now, though I am only too glad I have done so," answered Mau-rice, and he gently drew her back to the grotto. "Come and sit down just for a few moments; I have something to tell you.

Margery's face grew pale again, and with a gentle, yet dignified movement, she withdrew her hand.

who being the most beautiful and accomplished lady in the circle, would naturally stand the best chance of winning such future life, she seated herself to listen.

It was strange how the commonplace civilities she had received from the man now before her had seemed to reawaken the hopes and thoughts of that time through visiting the poor, on the eve of which had for so long seem buried. But their marriage, and he had seen no one he, too, began to speak of a buried past, and she resolutely put aside her own thoughts, and listened with an interest ily circulated, made him more popular in the speaker that bred in her a vague than ever—quite a hero of romance, in alarm. What was Maurice Chester to her, she tremblingly asked herself, that

his tones should thrill her? "Ten years ago, Miss Derwent, I was engaged to be married, and I can truly say that no two people could have loved each other with a truer devotion, or have seen before them the prospects of more happiness than my poor Marion and I. But she was taken from me, and the blow was cruel indeed. For years I have mourned her, and I never hoped to be gay and happy again, until a happy fate sent me to Maundbury, where I have seen one whose sweet self-forgetfulness and gentle care for others awakened my admiration, and has now won the love of my later manhood. Margery, dear gentle Margery, will you accept the gift? I will try to make your life happy and free from care, and I shall think myself blessed at last if you will give me your

sweet self in return. He was standing before her now, and speaking with rapid, eager utterance, while Margery could only stammer out: "Mr. Chester-I-I-you surprise me.

I thought my niece Kate-"Kate is a very charming girl, and I hope will some day meet with a husband worthy of her. But my answer, Mar-

What could Margery say! Looking up into the handsome face and loving eyes bent over her, she said words that to both of them were as binding as the marriage vows which a few months later, to the chagrin of Mrs. Derwent and Kate, and the astonishment of all Maundbury, they uttered at the parish church, on a lovely spring morning.

Maurice Chester was supremely happy in his choice, while his wife was "only Aunt Margery" no longer.

Longer Life.

The London Time says: Englishmen, as a rule, live two years, Englishwomen three and a half years, longer than their parents did. They consume more luxuries than heretofore. Serious crime with an increased population is less than it The number of depositors in savings banks has increased in the space of thirty years from 429,000 to 4,140,000; and for one member of a co-operative society twenty years ago there are now

In the trial of a will case in Baltimore a witness testified that a protuberance as large as a walnut appeared upon the forehead of the testatrix, upon her being de-prived of liquer, and disappeared again when she was supplied with her custom-

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute, and uses about 8,000 cubic feet of air per hour.

A pair of knitted sock 2,000 years old has been discovered in an Egyptian tomb. They are loosely knit of fine sheep's wool, and the foot is finished in two parts to allow the sandal strap to pass between them.

The Burmans believe that when a man is critically sick the best thing to do is to give the patient a mixture of every-thing in the medicine chest. The result of this theory is that protracted illnesses are not common in Burmah.

Recent experiments in German schools have shown that the difficulty of reading black letters on a white ground compared to that of reading white on a black ground is as 421 to 496, and, therefore, the slate and the blackboard will probably fall into disuse in the empire.

"Old Q," the Duke of Queensbury, during the later years of his life, kept a servant mounted on a pony at the curbstone. At a signal from "Old Q," when any one passed that he wished to see and talk with, or wished to know more of, the menial cantered off in pursuit.

At the trial in Chicago of one disorderly person for stabbing another in an opium-den, the complainant was a Chinaman, the defendant an Irish woman, the prosecuting attorney an American, the defendant's counsel an African, and the policeman who made the arrest a German.

Near the mouth of the Little Cheyenne River, in Dakota, is a rock with curious indentations. It is twelve feet long by seven or eight wide, and rises above the surface of the ground about eighteen inches. Its edges are angular, its surface flat, and it shows little effect of ice action. It appears to be magnesian limestone, and its whiteness makes it a conspicuous object. On the surface are several deep and perfect footprints, as though made by the left moccasined foot of a woman or boy. It is known to the Indians as a religious rock, and they wor-

An Oriental writer has recently given an interesting description of an ancient burial in the Chinese empire. It was the custom of the wealthy man to procure his coffin when he reached the age of forty. He would then have it painted three times a year, with a composition resembling silicate paint or enamel, which formed an exceedingly hard coating.
The process of making this paint is one of the lost arts of China. If the owner lived long enough, the frequent painting—each coat being of considerable thickness -caused it to assume the appearance of a sarcophagus, with a foot or more of this hard, stone-like shell. After death the veins and cavities of the person's stomach were filled with quicksiver, for the purpose of preserving the body. A piece of jade would then be placed in each nostril and in one hand, while a piece of bar-silver would be placed in the other hand. The body thus prepared was placed on a layer of quicksilver within the coffin: the latter was scaled, and the whole deposited in its final resting-place.

A Chapter on Flies.

You can sometimes catch a baseball on

The most irritating fly is the Spanish fly The Latin name for a certain kind of fly is tempus fucit. Flies are always on hand early in the

morning. You have all seen a kite fly Some flies are always in jail.

Longfellow speaks of a fly as a bird, when he says: "Fly proud bird of free-

You can draw a fly with a drop of molasses better than with a crayon. We have often seen flies handcuffed. Flies make a point where business is

concerned. At the boarding-house table did you ever see the first new butter-fly of the

Some people employ the blind to keep flies from the room.

The spider is the only creature which invites the fly to his parlor, A conjugal quarrel is a promoter of hair-flies

Stage flies are painted, time flies wholly unadorned by art. A fly is conservative in his reading, he

always sticks to his own paper.
Butchers and grocers exhibit flies on their windows. You can't drown a fly in the milk of

human kindness. When you "darn a fly" you do not need a needle and worsted. Although flies don't stay long in one place, they always carry a trunk.

There are musical flies. People often

speak of that base fly.

When you see a kite fly, it is not cruel to stick a pin in it. - Luther G. Rices.

A Greeley Story.

Horace Greeley, although he "took the papers," was once sought to be victimized at the well-worn "dropped-pocketbook" game. The man who picked up the book, dethoric with bogus money, right at Mr. Breeley's feet, was compelled to go out of town immediately to his sick wife, and begged the loan of \$50 in advance of the sward which surely would be offered if Mr. Greeley would keep the book. Mr. Greeley consented, and only saved himself by taking the \$50 out of the book. The man remonstrated. "It will not do to touch that money," he said; "you had better give me \$50 out of your own "Bless my soul, my friend, exclaimed the innocent Homoc, "I never carried as much money as that with me in my life!" The man impatiently snatched the book out of Mr. Greeley's hands and hurriedly left to visit his sick wife. -

A RIVAL OF ROTHSCHILD.

AUETRALIAN WHO IS WORTH TWO HUNDRED MILLIONS.

How His Great Wealth Was Amassed -Living in a House that Cost \$4,000,000-His Benevolence.

About forty-six years ago, says a Melbourne correspondent, a farmer named Clarke left the shores of England for Tasmania, for the purpose of farming, taking with him considerable capital, and being, in addition, a remarkable judge of sheep and cattle. He appears to have failed in that island, and as the Tasmanians were forming a new settlement on the shores of the great Australian continent, near Port Philip, he determined to try his fortune there. Where the queen city of the south, Melbourne, with its 400,000 inhabitants, now stands was then a waste, inhabited by the sayages and the kangaroo. Clarke at this period received from a distant -relative a considerable sum of money, which he immediately invested in land in the vicinity of Melbourne, then called "Baregrass." Asthe colonial government of New South Wales granted special surveys of 80,000 acres at the uniform price of five shillings per acre, Clarke immediately invested his legacy in one of these immense blocks, and thus laid the foundation of his gi-gantic fortune. This was in 1840, and for several years he continued to farm and to take up sheep and cattle stations in the then uninhabited regions of Australia Felix, now the colony of Victoria. He always attended the government land sales, and bought largely in the Ballarat districts, where the richest gold mines in Australia are situated. The discovery of gold at Mount Alexander and Ballarat increased his growing wealth, as he exacted rigidly a tribute or royalty for permission to mine on his coveted lands, and he thus obtained immense sums.

Never were riches more worthily bestowed. He continued till the time of his death, 1864, to buy lands, sell merino wool and deal in cattle. His son succeeded to this vast inheritance, which comprised at his father's death, 2,500,000 merino sheep, 300,000 cattle, and nearly 3,000,000 acres of freehold lands, and a leasehold of crown lands equal in area to that of England. The probate duty paid to the various colonial governments was calculated on an estate valued at \$50,000,000, though that was not more than half its real value. His son, the present Lord Rupertswood, has by his care and attention quadrupled this vast fortune. When the Duke of Edinburgh and the sons of the Prince of Wales visited Australia, they were feasted right royally at Rupertswood, the family seat, and Queen Victoria created him Baron Rupertswood, of Rupertswood, in the colony of Victoris, and a peer of the United Kingdom. Without any exaggeration, the Australian is worth \$200,000,000, and the influx of population is adding daily to his wealth.

generosity is uni charitable institutions of Melbourne and the colonies owe him a great debt of gratitude for his liberality. Rupertswood, the seat of this bucolic Australian, is superb, and can compare with any residence in the old or new world, its estimated cost being \$4,000,000.

Authors Making Work for Paper Mills.

The author who writes a few volumes does more for the manufacture of paper, for the increase of printing, and toward the furnishing of work to many men than we have any idea of until the consequences of his authorship are reduced to definite facts. An illustration from one extreme comes from the most prolific author, the elder Dumas. He declared at one time: "During the past twenty years I have composed 400 volumes and thirty-five dramas. Of these 400 volumes, on the average, 4,000 copies were published, realizing a total of about \$2,350,-000. The thirty-five plays, each of which was performed 100 times, brought me in \$1,250,000." He then stated how much his volumes had brought in to the various classes of persons engaged in their publication and circulation, and his plays to persons connected with theatres, and concluded with this calculation: "The daily wages being fixed at about sixty-three cents, and there being 300 working days in the year, my books have for twenty years given wages to 692 persons. My plays have for ten years afforded a livelihood for 347 persons in Paris. The number in the provinces being fixed at thrice as many, the total is 1,041; added to these, seventy box-openers, applauders, etc., I have employed 1,-458 persons." It would be interesting also to know how many tons of paper have been used in publishing the works of this author. No doubt a paper mill of ordinary size would have to run many years to make it .- Paper World.

A Question of Antecedents,

"You know, ma, that in Philadelphia people always ask who one's grandfather was, and as I am going there soon you must tell me. Was my grandfather a judge, or a governor, or a president, or anything!"
"Well, no, my dear. He became very

rich, though, and you may say he had something to do with banks." "But what was his profession or trade?"

"Oh, never mind about that." "But these Philadelphia people will "Well, the only trade he ever learned

was shoemaking."
"Shoemaking! Oh, well, he got rich, so that is all right." "Yes; he made shoes a great many years. He learned the trade and worked

at in a penitentiar, but you need not mention that."—Philadelphia Call. Great cry and little wool-A new born

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

"All honor to him who shall win the prize." The world she has cried for a thousand

But to him who tries and who falls and dies I've great bonor and glory and tears.

Give glory and bonor and pitiful tears To all who fail in their deeds sublime, Their ghosts are many in the van of yours, They are born with Time in advance of

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name, But grea'er many and many a time Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame And lets God finish the thought sub'ime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn. And good is the man who refrains from But the man who fails and yet fights on,

Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine. -Joaquin Miller.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"T'll make an oat of that," is what the farmer said when planting his seed .-

The dictionary is not as big as the postoffice, but it contains more letters to the square inch .- New York Journal.

"Your little boy appears to be particularly lively, madam." "Oh, yea," responded the lady, sweetly, "he thinks he is in church."—The Judge.

A mole on the nose indicates that a man will be a great traveler—probably to get out of the way of people who make personal remarks.—Local Citizen. A young man who dropped in unex-pectedly upon his girl, the other evening,

found her in tears. Poor thing, she had been peeling onions.—Philadelphia Chron-Little George was questioned the other day about his big sister's beau. "How old is he?" "I don't know." "Well, is he young?" "I think so, for he hasn't any hair on his head."—Boston Courier.

JUST LIKE A MAN. A man is very like a gun,
That fact p case try to fix;
For if he finds he's charged too much,
Why, that's the time he kicks.

- Yonkers Statesman. "Do you play by the ear ? I see you don't require notes," said a Fort Wayne gentleman to a musician of the city orchestra. "No, sir," was the reply, "I play by the night and require bank notes."—The Hoosier.

Be gentle in the family. Oh, always be gentle. Above all make the boys be gentle. If we had a family of boys we should compel them to be gentle, if we had to wear out every barrel stave in the shed .- Rockland Courier.

It is said an Arizona judge resigned from the bench to become a hotel waiter. The judicial ermine may satisfy a man's vanity, but it does not always fill the void created by the want of three square meals a day .- New Orleans Picagune.

There was a man in town who thought him wondrous wise. He swore by all the fabled gods he'd never advertise. His goods were advertised ere long, and thereby hangs a tale-the ad. was set in nonpariel and headed "Sheriff Sale."

"Zampilaerostationist" is the name which some one says is the correct one to apply to a roller skater. This will make the exercise more dangerous than ever, for if one falls on that name it will break every bone in his body .- Oil City Der-

A grave-digger walking in the streets the other day chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed and then follow-ed on behind them. "And why this?" said they. "I know my place in the pro-cession," returned he.

It is evident, from the following description by an exchange of the girl of the period, that she is desperate and bound to carry her point during leap year: "She carries a short, stout walking stick." This of course means a husband or a place on the police force.—Peck's

A lady was reproaching Mr. William Warren, the Boston actor, at a recent reception for going into society so little. You ought to let me lionize you a little," she said. "I never heard of but one man," replied the veteran actor, "who was not spoiled by being li-nized."
"And who was he?" "Daniel."

A "Woman's Exchange" has been opened in Washington, and already the secretary has received letters from several married men in various parts of the country, making inquiries concerning the probable expense of exchanging their "old women" for others. A misunderstanding probab'y exists somewhere.—
Narristown Herald.

A contemporary asks: "How shall wemen carry their purses to frustrate the Why carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than to snatch a woman's purse after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother. - Free Press.

A Georgia man after nearly jarking his leg off trying to get his foot out of a 'frog" on a railway track before an approaching train should reach him, finally had to unlace his shoe, pull his foot out and leave his shoe to be run over. Just as he got his foot out safely the train went on another track, and he used his shoe to kick himse f with for not seeing that he was on a side track all the time. → Hawkeye.

The printing office of George Jacob, in Orleans, I'rance, is believed to be the oldest existing in that country, and one of the oldest in the world. It was established in 1480, and became the property of Isanc A. Jacob in 1687, since which it has continued in the same family to the present time.