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WINTER ON EARTH, BUT JUNE IN

Slow through the light and silent air, Up elimes the smoke on its spiral stair-The visible flight of some mortal's prayer; The trees are in ploom with the flowers of frost.

But never a feathery lenf is lost; The spring, descending, is caught and bound Kre its silver foot can touch the ground: So still is the air that lies, this morn, Over the snow-cold fields forlorn, "Tis as though Italy's heaven smiled In the face of some bleak Norwegian wild; And the heart in me sings—I know not why-Tis Winter on earth, but June if the sky!

June in the sky! Ah, now I can see The souls of roses about to be, In gardens of heaven beckoning me, Rosss red-lipped, and roses pale, Fanned by the tremulous ether gale; Some of them climbing a window-ledge, Some of them peering from way-side hedge, As youder, adrift on the aery stream, Love drives his plumed and filleted team; The Angel of Summer aloft I see, And the souls of roses about to be! And the heart in me sings-the heart knows

Tis Winter on earth, but June in the sky!
-Edith M. Thomas.

MEADOW FARM.

Mary Miller came home from the fac-tory, upon that April evening, with a light, quick step.

The sky was all a jonquil glow; the frogs were croaking in the swamp; the maples were crimsoned with their earliest banners of blossom; and, as she tripped along, Mary found a tuft of violets, half hidden under a drift of dead leaves—pale

The first violets always bring good luck with them," she whispered to herself, as she pinned them into the bosom

of her blue flannel gown.
"Home" was scarcely the ideal realization of that poetic word to our factorygirl. She and her mother lived in the upper half of a shabby, unpainted wooden house, with the blacksmith's scolding wife and seven riotous children down stairs, and one-half of a trampled-down back yard by way of garden, where nothing ever grew but burdocks, nettles and Mrs. Muggs' long-legged fowls.

But Mrs. Miller, who had been a school-teacher once, and still retained

somewhat of the refinement of her early education, had the tea ready, with a shaded lamp and a bunch of maple blossoms on the table, ready for Mary to come home.

"Good news, mother!" the girl cried, lightly. "The Meadow farm is to let! Mother, we must take it." Mrs. Miller looked dubiously at the

bright, eager face, with its blue-gray eyes and fringes of yellow hair. "Can we afford it, daughter?" she said,

slowly. "A whole house and a farm of "It isn't such a very large house, moth-

or!" pleaded Mary, as she laid the bunch of violets in her mother's lap-"not so many more rooms than we have here. And we could keep two cows, and I could sell milk and butter, and spring chickens and eggs; and I amalmost sure that Will Davidge would work the farm on shares. And only think, mother, how delightful it would be to have a home all to ourselves, where we couldn't hear Mrs. Muggs boxing Bobby's ears, or Helen shricking with the toothache! And a little garden, mother, where we could have peonies and hollyhocks, and att those lovely, old-fashioned flowers that your soul delights in!"

"Mrs. Miller's pale face softened. "It would be a great temptation, Mol-

ly," she said.
"It is a month now since old Mrs. Dabney died, said Mary. "And they say that her daughter in the city and her son out in California despise the old farm, with its one-story house and its old red barn. So it is to let. And so cheap, too! Only a hundred and fifty dollars a saved enough, you know, to buy the two cows and some real Plymouth Rock fowls to begin with, and, oh, it will be such a happiness! Say yes mother-do say

When Mary Miller pleaded like this, the gentle widow never knew how to refuse; and the upshot of it was that they leased the old Dabney house, and became co-sovereigns of the realm of Meadow

It was their first night there. head the young May moon shone through a veil of purple mist. A solitary owl hooted in the chestnut-wood back of the house, for Meadow farm was situated on a lonely mountain-side where no one ever came except on special business.

The Plymouth Rock chickens were safely shut up where foxes could not reach them nor minks steal in to bleed their young lives away; the cows-two fine young Alderneys - were chewtheir eud back of the old red barn, and Mary Miller had flung a handful of cedar-sticks on the hearth, where their scented blaze illumi-nated the old kitchen with a leaping brightness beautiful to see.

"Because it's just possible that the house may be damp," she said, "after being uninhabited so long. There, being uninhabited so long. There, mother, isn't that cheerful i And isn't it nice that our old rag-carpet should chance to fit this floor so exactly ?" with a satisfied downward giance. "And do you see those tiger-lilies? I found them down by the garden-wall-oh, such a red wilderness of them! Old Mrs. Dabney set them out herself, they say. It seems only yesterday," she added, thoughtfully, "that I came past here and saw old Mrs. Dabney sitting in the big chair by the fire, just where "

had opened, and a very little old woman, silver-haired and shriveled like a muramy, came in, and, walking across the floor, seated herself in Mrs. Dabaey's very corner. An old woman dressed in the spuffcolored gown which Mrs. Dabney had

always worn, and wearing a snuff-silk cap, while a bag depended from her arm. "It's cold, lades," she said, looking around with a deprecating air. "Cold for the season of the year. And they don't keep fires at Tewkstown!"

"Mother," said Mary, recovering her-self with a hysterical gasp of relief. "It isn't old Mrs. Dabney's ghost at all. It's old Miss Abby, come back from the Tewkstown poor-house."

"You don't mean—" began the mild

"That Mrs. Daniel Dabney and Mrs. Everard Elberson let their old aunt go to the poor-house?" said Mary Miller. 'Yes, it is quite true. Mrs. Daniel leads society in San Francisco, I am told, and Mrs. Elberson is a grand lady in Bridge-

talks uncertain grammar? Poor Miss Abby! She has wandered back to her old home. She was eighty last birthday, and things are all misty and vague to "But what shall we do?" said Mrs.

Miller, in accents of perplexity. "A crazy woman here—it don't seem just right, Molly, does it?" "I'll take her back, after she has rested a little, and had a cup of tea,"

said Mary, cheerily.

"But perhaps she won't go."
"Oh, yes, she will," said Mary. "Poor
Miss Abby! She is as gentle as a child."
Her words proved to be correct. Miss
Abby Dabney suffered herself to be led unremonstratingly back to Tewkstown poor-house, where the matron read her a shrill-voiced lecture, and declared she should not be allowed another grain of snuff if she couldn't behave better. Old

Miss Abby smiled deprecatingly.

"They are peculiar people here," she said. "I think, my dear," to Mary Miller, "they forget sometimes I am a lady. But it, takes all sorts, don't you see, to make a world."

The next night, however, just as Mary and her mother were sitting down to tea, Miss Abby once more appeared, in the midst of a gentle shower of rain.

"I hope I don't inconvenience anybody," she said, meekly. "But that woman at Tewkstown has cut off my al-

lowance of snuff, and, after all, there's no place like home."

And once more Mary Miller patiently walked back with the poor old crone to the poor-house. The matron was infuriated this time, "It ain't in human natur' to stand

jug."
"The jug?" repeated Mary, in surprise.
"It's a room, down cellar, where we "I can't stand this runningaway business, and I won't!"

The jug, perhaps, proved efficacious, for old Miss Abby Dabney did not appear again for a week. At the expiration of that period, however, she crept noiselessly in, just at dusk, and seated herself like a silent shadow in the chimey cor-

"It is so good to be at home again," said she, rubbing her wrinkled hands. "I somehow seem to get lost of late. Elnathan is gone, and Betsey is gone, and I'm left here all alone. cup of tea, please-sugar and no milk. They never remember how I like my tea at Tewkstown. This is good; and but-ter on my bread, too! We don't get butter at Tewkstown."

Mary burst into tears. "Mother," said she, "Miss Abby shall not go back to Tewkstown—she shall stay here! Mother, how should I feel if you were wandering friendless and alone through the world F

"But, my dear-" "She shall sleep in her own old room, year! Mother, we must take it! I'll leave out of the kitchen," persisted Mary, the factory and turn dairy-maid. I've "She'll be no more care than a canarybird. Oh, mother, do consent! She will think then that she is still in her own home. Oh, if you know how dreary it is at that poor-house, with the grass all tramped out, and piles of clam-shells lying around the door, and not so much as a dandelion or a daisy to be seen," And Mrs. Miller yielded to Mary's tear-

ful solicitations. "Do as you please, my child," said

The Tewkstown authorities were but too glad to be rid of the poor old incubus; and Miss Abby Dabney settled down into her old home, as contentedly and un-questioningly as if she had never left it. She ate and drank but little; she talked still less, and seemed to regard Mrs. Miller and Mary as guests, who had come to visit the old farm.

"The Widow Miller and her darter must be rich folks, to undertake to support old Miss Abby," sneered one neigh-

"She was well enough provided for at the poor-house," said another. "I never yet saw a farm succeed that was worked by women-folks," jeered a

third:

"There'll be the biggest kind of a smash-up presently," observed number four. "And an auction sale of everything; and I'll be on hand-for I don't deny that them little Alderney cows is the cunningest creeturs 1 ever set eyes on, and good milkers into the bargain." But time wore on, and there was no flutter of any red flag over the porch. On the contrary, matters throve, and Mary Miller declared, joyously, that "farming was a great deal more profitable business than working in the factory,

and she only wished that she had found it out before." Mrs. Miller uttered a little shrick and Detli one gray, autumnal evening, can live in a segraped her daughter's arm at this me- Mary and her mother came back from a street all winter,

ment. Mary stopped short, with an ashy pallor overspreading her cheek.

For as she spoke, the door opposite site to Miss Abby, by the red glow of the fire.

The old woman rose up, in an odd, un-

certain way.

"Ladies," she said, fumbling in her old snuff-box, "this is my nephew, Cyrus Dubrey—he as ran away from home twentynine years ago come Michaelmas Day, and we all supposed was dead. Cyrus, these are the ladies who are so good as to visit me here. I don't quite recollect their names; but then, my memory ain't as good as it used to be; and, after all, it don't matter much. Nothing matters much nowadays!

And Miss Abby sat down and fell into a "daze" again, as if all necessity for conversational effort were over.

Cyrus Dubrey stood up-a bronzed, bearded giant, with dark eyes and su-

perb stature.

"Ladies, I beg your pardon!" he said.

"But I s posed when I came here I was coming home! I knew nothing of all these changes. I never could have dreamed that my cousins would let this port, with a reception day and servants old creature go to—the town poor-house. I don't know who you are, ladies," with half crazy old aunt, who takes snuff and a husky rattle in his throat, "but I thank you, from the very bottom of my heart, for giving her a shelter in her old age.

And if money will pay you for it—"

"It will not!" said Mary, sharply, as if

the words conveyed a slur.
"No, I s'posed not," said Cyrns, with a sigh. 'But I've plenty of money now.
The dear old aunty shall live like a
queen all the rest of her days, for she was good to me when all the rest set me down for a black sheep. I've made my fortune out in Panama, and Pve come home to redeem myself!"

"I have heard of Cyrus Dubrey," said

Mrs. Miller, gently.

"And I'll venture, ma'am, you heard no good of me," said the young giant, with a short laugh. "I'll not deny that I was a wild boy enough, but there wasn't any actual evil in me, let folks say what they would. And now I've come back a rich man, and there's no body to bid me welcome home, except old Aunt Abby, out of the poor-house." He could not long have made this statement, however.

All the town was up to bid the rich overnment contractor welcome to rewkstown within twenty-four hours. Human nature is haman nature every-But Cyrus Dubrey cared little for the friendly overtures of the old neighbors.

Aunt Abby was the only person for whom he seemed to care, and his greatest grief was that the old woman refused to leave the old Dubrey farm-house to live in the stately brick mansion which he built on Prospect hill. And then he asked permission to deck her little bed-room with the curiosities he had brought her from the isthmus, and this," she declared. "Til put her in the in tacking up draperies and arranging jug." unconsciously became friends!

Friends. She never knew that it was shut up the troublesome cases," said the anything else, until one day old Aunt Abby took a strange idea into her head. And Mary, holding a rich Oriental cord for Cyrus Dubrey to loop into knots for picture frames, heard her introduce Mrs. Miller to a neighbor as "my guest, Mrs. Miller, the mother of the young lady that nephew Cyrus is going to marry!"

Cyrus looked at Mary. Mary dropped the ball of cord and turned crimson. "Mary!" he said, piteously, "say that it shall be so. For I love you! And-and you were good to old Aunt Abby when all the world turned against her. I sometimes think, Mary, that you must be like one of heaven's angels!"

And this was how they became en-

gaged! They still live in the old farm-house, the happiest of married lovers, and Aunt Abby firmly believes that they are all her guests; for to her the world stands eter-nally still—the world that is so full of bloom and beauty to Cyrus and Mary !-Holen Forrest Graves,

Quinine from Gas Tar.

The last contribution of modern chemistry to science is the production of qui-nine from gas tar. Professor Fisher, of Munich, has succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder, which, as far as regards its action on the human system, cannot be distinguished from quinine except that it assimilates even more readily with the stomach. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is said to be remarkable, even rendering the use of ice unnecessary. The importance of such a discovery as this consists not so much in the actual fact achieved as in the stimulus given to scientific research by the opening up of a new channel of investigation. The romance of gas tar is evidently far from being exhausted. In addition to the sweetest scents, the most brilliant dyes, the most powerful disinfectants, and even prussic acid are some of the numerous and wonderful products of its decomposition.

A Telephone Trick.

To a barrister's clerk in Birmingham, England, belongs the credit of showing how fraudulent ingenuity adapts itself to new conditions, and the robbery of his master through the telephone, for which he is now "wanted," was a very clever piece of criminal work. He connected the telephone with a friend of his emplover, successfully imitated the voice of his master, and asked for the loan of some money, adding that the clerk would be sent to fetch it. Then, by forging a telegram to call the barrister into the country, he gained plenty of time to put long distances between the three parties concerned, and insured a postponement of the discovery of the fraud.

You can rent a scalskin sacque in Chicago for fifty dollars a season. This is cheaper than house rent, for a woman can live in a scalagin meque on the

HOW APACHES HUNT DEER.

RUMNING DOWN THE ANIMAL WITH PERIR TIRELESS LOPE.

The Penalty of Failing to Shoot The Quarry—A Successful Pursuit that Lasts Sixty Miles.

An ex-frontiersman tells a New York

Sun reporter how the Apache Indian hunts the deer. He says: "When an Apache hunter goes out for a hunt he dispenses with even the scant attire he assumes in his ordinary daily walk in life. He needs no dog, for his quick eye detects the trail of the deer as readily as the hound's does, no matter how keen its scent. On the trail, he follows it as silently as a shadow, for he knows he will soon come in sight of the game, either feeding or lying at rest among the bushes. When he sights the deer he steals to within safe gunshot. If the deer's head is turned away from the hunter, the latter, first taking aim, shuf-fles his foot on the ground. If the deer is lying down it springs to its feet at the sound, and wheels around facing the direction from which the sound came. If it is standing, it turns around quickly. The Apache hunter is around quickly. The Apache nunter is always desirous of killing a deer by shooting it as nearly in the center of the forehead as he can. So, when the deer turns toward him, he fires at that spot. His aim is rarely at fault, but sometimes the deer is quicker to discover the cause of its alarm than the hunter is to fire, and turns for safety in flight. An Apache's gup, also, not infrequently misses fire, and the deer flees on the wings of the wind. To permit a deer to escape after it is once discovered is something that no Apache hunter is expected to do, and it is against their code to fire the second time. The hunter, failing to kill his game at the first attempt, must run it down, and it is very rare that he fails in this chase. As the deer starts away in its flight, leaping from twenty to thirty feet at a time, the Indian drops his gun, and, with hideous yells, starts in pursuit. The deer at first leaves the hunter far behind, putting forth its greatest efforts to that end. But its trail is as plain to the Indian as a turnpike road is to a white man, and be follows. As is its nature, as soon as the deer is out of sight and sound of threatening danger, it stops and waits for developments. The sight of the pursuing hunter starts it on its way again. Every halt of this kind tells against the deer, for it is not of sufficient length to give it any beneficial rest, and at every new start it is stiffer and less active. The Indian never halts. halts. There are runners among the Apsches who can run for twenty-four hours without a stop, and can make their five miles every hour of the time. After the deer has run for two or three hours, drink, for it takes into its

its thirst prompts it to make for the nearest water. This the relentless hunter knows to be inevitable, and when the deer reaches this stage of the chase the Indian considers the victory won. There is no hope for the deer after it stops to parched * stomach all it can. Having ladened itself with this weight of water the deer is unable to take long leaps, and cannot extend its run between halts more than half the former distance. The Indian's tongue may hang swollen and white from his mouth, and his mouth be as dry as dust, and his stomach burning up with heat, but he never stops to drink. He scoops a handful of water from the stream as he dashes across it, and carries it to his mouth, where he holds it a moment and ejects it without taking a swallow. If he is obliged to swim, he lets the water run in his mouth, but

After running an hour or so, after

keeps it from his stomach.

the deer has quenched its thirst, the Indian knows it is time to find some evidence of the animal's weakening. These he is sure to find along the trail, in the shape of blood spots on some rock where the deer has tumbled on its knees, or a patch of hair clinging to some sharp projection, showing that the deer's strength has failed so that it cannot turn quickly out of the way of obstacles. Now the Indian increases his speed. He knows that the deer's race is run. In time he overtakes the deer, which is now loping feebly along. A yell startles it into a momentary burst of speed. Then, as if appreciating the fact that it were useless to prolong the race, it stops and turns with all the defiance its exhausted nature can assume, and awaits the approach of the hunter. Sometimes, however, the deer runs until it drops dead or dying in its tracks. If it turns upon the Indian, the latter keeps right on at full speed. He knows the deer can do him no harm, its inclination to the contrary notwithstanding. He seizes it boldly, throws it to the ground with ease, and cuts its throat. Without a moment's delay, whether the deer is dead or dying, the Indian cuts from ochiad the fore shoulder a large piece of meat. He sucks the warm blood from it and devours the morsel, keeping constantly on the move. If the carcass of the deer is not too heavy, he throws it across his shoulders and starts immediately for home. He does not rest a moment, for fear of becoming too stiff to make the return trip. If the deer is too heavy for him to carry, he cuts out the choicest parts, hides the remainder in a secure place, and brings in the former. case another member of the tribe is selected to take his back track on the arrival of the hunter in camp, and bring in the venison left behind.

"If a deer is young an Apache hunter will run it down within a distance of sixty miles, but they have been known to prolong a chase for 100 miles. The course taken is always devious and circuitous, and may end within a mile or so of the starting place."

-Peck's Sun

FASHION NOTES.

Circle cloaks of every description remain in high favor.

Buttoned and Mousquetaire Suede gloves are equally fashionable.

The evening cloak par excellence is of cashmere lined with plush, and having a crape hood trimmed with lace. Pretty Parisian capotes are made of

velvet applique on colored lace, with a bunch of velvet flowers on one side. The small muff of velvet, lace, plush, fur, and even cloth matching the capote in shade and material, is the latest fancy.

For street wear some of the Parisian milliners have brought out exquisite little Fanchon-like bonnets of gray Swedish

Neglige caps are pointed in front. One is made of gold lace and trimmed with pink velvet ribbon; another of silver lace has bows of pale blue ribbon.

Gloves thirty-one inches long in mous-quetaire shape, without a single button, are made of reddish tan Suede cather, to be worn with any evening dress, either white, black or colored.

A new style muff is composed of rows of falling chenille, either in black, brown or any dark color, with loops of gold or silver braid sewn on at distances beneath the falling fringe, but showing between.

One of the new brocades has ground of pale buff satin, covered with an irregular lace-like pattern of lavender pink, with bouquets of flowers in petunia and light blue tints and foliage of faded green.

Diamonds are now mounted to repre-sent various flowers, which can be worn either as bouquets on the bodice and in the hair, or can be detached as single blooms when required. A necklase of pansies in diamonds is very handsome.

Plastrons of beaded lace, especially of what is called white jet, with sleeves of the same, are worn with white dresses of satin or brocaded velvet. A full frill of three or four rows of lase is around the neck, and a bow of velvet or a small bunch of flowers fastens this on the side.

The smallest screw earrings are now almost the only kind admissible with street dresses. These may be made of rubies, pearls, turquoises, cat's-eyes, or flint dia-monds set in natural gold of the brightest yellow, or held by claws of platina that are strong though too small to be

Young ladies now wear one, two or Young ladies now wear one, two of three strings of pearls, fastened in front-by a dainty little colored velvet bow; also a band of velvet or cream-colored lace, with a pompon as fastening, worn toward the left ear. Some velvet bands are edged on each side with a string of small pearls, and others have tiny pearls dotted over them.

A Gigantic -Statue.

Of the scenery of the Borromean Islands, or the blended softness and grandeur of the charming banks, the in-tense blue of the lake waters, and distant engirdling of snowy peaks, one can hardly say too much. But other points of interest there are, most attractive to the traveler; among them, in the vicinity of Arona Station, upon an elevation overlooking the entire district, is a colossal statue stretching skyward sixty-six feet, and resting upon a pedestal forty feet in height. It was creeted in 1697, in honor of the celebrated Cardinal, Count Carlo Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, in which city he died, 1587. The head, hands and feet of this statue are of bronze; the robe is of wrought copper. The various parts are held together by iron clamps, and in the interior by stout masonry." are at hand, by which the lower part of the robe may be reached, whence the interior can be entered. If one has pluck and spirit, and is a climber of skill, he can, by means of well-arranged iron bars, ascend to the head of this wonderful statue, in which three persons can be ac-commodated. A window introduced at the back of this gigantic memorial relieves slightly the intense closeness of the air; but the suffocating heat and the crowded companionship of bats render the ascent any thing but a pleasant pastime. There is no little artistic merit in this enormous structure, and it will long stand in commemoration of the kingly soul imperiling personal safety in thoughttulness for others, when the plague was devastating his diocese. Cardinal Borromeo died at his post, a martyr in this terrible warfare of death. He was canonized in 1610, and his shrine has been the resort of pilgrims from far and near.

—Baldwin's Monthly.

Peculiarities of Language.

The German calls a thimble a "fingerhat," which it certainly is, and a grass hopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they were shoes before gloves. Poultry is feather-cattle;" while the names for the well-known substances, "oxygen" and "hydrogen," are in their language "sour stuff" and "water stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," and cannot speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach, in his politeness, he makes to it, is to threaten to "give a blow with his foot" the same thing probably to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy of our "kick." Neither has he any word for "baby," nor for "home," nor "comfort." The term "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French. The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "hu-

A company with \$2,500,000 capital is preparing to drain 1,000,000 acres of and in Cameron, Calcasien and Vermilion in the southwest corner of Louislana, and to make a gulf front of 100 miles of agricultural lands between Lake The use of alligator leather has become so general that it causes the shughter, every year, of 0,000,000 mix for the work have arrived from England, capable of plowing fifty scree a day.

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

Can I forget that winter night In eighteen eighty-four, When Nellie, charming little sprite, Came tapping at the door? "Good-evening, miss," I blushing said For in my heart I knew-And, knowing, hung my pretty head-That Nellie came to woo!

She clasped my big, red hand, and fell Adown upon her kness, And cried: "You know I love you wall, So be my husband, please! And then she swore she'd ever b A tender wife and true-Ah, what delight it was to me

That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose And mend my shirts, she said, And grease my comely Roman nose Each night on going to bed: She'd build the fires and fetch the coal, And split the kindling, too-Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed har soul When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check To her advances rash, She twined her arms about my neck And toyed with my mustache; And then she pleaded for a kiss, While I - what could I do But coyly yield to that bliss When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear A gorgeous diamond ring, And I shall wed my lover fair Some time in gentle spring. I face my doom without a sigh-And so, for sooth, would you, If you but loved as fond as I. And Nellie came to woo.

—Chicago Necs.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

O'er true tails-Hair. A deer child-A fawn. Coats of arms-Sleeves. Flooral decorations-Rugs. A stuck-up man-The taffy maker.

The "poets' scorner" in a newspaper is usually the editor.—Rochester Express. Niagara falls. Well, you wouldn't expect it to run up hill, would you! Rochester Post.

A joint resolution—The determination of the landlady to have a leg of mutton for dinner.—Lowell Courier.

The Washington Hatchet announces that prose and verse will be paid for at the regular rates, and that "the rate for verse is death."

Barnum's white elephant cost him \$200,000. Many more costly white elephants have been owned in this country. _Lowell Courier. A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is

a man who will teach dopkeys not to talk .- Boston Post. "Dig him out! Dig him out!" said the wife of the man who got buried by a caving well; "he's got at least six

dollars in his pocket." The London World tells of a new con-trivance to make ladies taller. The ladies have contrivances enough for making men short.—New York World.

Professor Swing says that "postry arises from the fact that a man likes to see two things at once." And yet all inebriates are not poets. - Graphic.

An exchange advises bread and milk poultices as a cure for scratches. Young husbands will do well to note this down in their diaries, for future reference .-Burlington Free Press.

Making a young man a clerk in a dry

goods store, it is said, knocks all thoughts of matrimony out of his head. He not only learns what it costs to dress a woman, but he realizes how they can talk. The christening of an infant archduchess of Austria occurred lately. came by cable. The name of the royal

infant will be sent over by steamer as

soon as the royal secretaries get it copied. In a railway carriage; Guibollard asks, very politely, "Madame, does smoking trouble you!" "Oh, yes, monsieur; not ordinarily, but to-day—" "Ah! madame," replies Guibollard, in a very sympathetic tone, 'how much you are about to suffer!"

"Yes," said one tramp to another, "Two got tired of packing around from one hotel to another and I've taken a flat. Fine air, good view of the river, plenty of room and privilege of the bath, but come down and see for yourself," and he led the way to a water-logged coal barge. -Saturday Night.

Are poets fickle and inconsistent? Are they sordid, selfish, ungrateful, and like the cold and heartless, dull and prosaic world which surrounds them? Why did Ella Wheeler write: "I do not love him in the old fond way?" or if she must write it, why did she wait till the ice

cream season was over?-Chicago Sun, The least destructible portion of the human body is the hair. In Egypt it has been known to survive 4,000 years. And the Egyptian were not as careful of their hair, either, as are the women of the present day. They never took it off at ight and hung it over the back of a chair to prevent it from getting worn out, -Norristown Herald

"I know," said a little Chicago girl to her elder sister's young man, at the supper table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks.33 The youth promptly handed over a fivedollar note as an initiation fee, and thinks in due time he will be a full fledged ornithological humaniturian.-Chicago Telegram,

The Mississippi carries annually to the sea 812,500,000,000 pounds of mud. All the habitable land of the globe is being continually ground and washed away.