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MY CREDITOR.

Oh, Love! Most sovereign power! By every tender token, By every fend word spoken By every hope and sigh. The glancing of an eye, The tell tale blush, The beetle flush. Smiles, rhaprody, or tears, Unspoken doubts or fears, Unwritten songs to sunshine wed, Celestial dreams by fancy fed,

From early morn to midnight hour, Each day, each day, Must I betray, And ever prove, Oh, Love! ah me!

How much am I in debt to thee! Oh, Love! I here protest By every bond and fetter I'm an insolvent debtor, With but thy revenue To cancel debts long due, Early and late I liquidate

With Love what'er I owe To either friend or foe: With pitying heart and willing hand Responding unto each demand With Love's accruing interest. Life ebbs, and yet Pm in thy debt;

And, dying, prove, Oh, Love: ah me! I cannot get release from thee. -Josephine Pollard.

#### THE WOOD CHOPPER.

"You are really too bad, Horace!" and a touch of the whip to Whitefoot's sides emphasized Godfrey Howell's impatient exclamation.

His companion started from his reveries, and with a good-natured laugh

asked, "Why?"
"Why? Have we not been riding side by side for nearly three hours, and have you not been mute as a fish all the time? I've suggested opera, the weather, the state of the nation, and various other original topics in vain; even a slightly disparaging remark upon the fair Clemmie's beauty only called forth a lazy 'Do you think so?'."

"Why should I be Miss Ryan's de-

fender ?

"You admired her last winter." "Oh, yes, as lately as this spring; but an accident revealed to me so hollow and heartless a nature beneath her fair face, that I felt my admiration die instantly. Oh! Godfrey, are there any real and true women left ?"

"Sweet, innocent creatures! composed of all the domestic virtues bound in shilling calico! Pray, were you dreaming of such one in your long reverie?" No; I was thinking-

"So I imagined. Come, out with it; I am quite curious to hear what formed

the subject of your thoughts.

"I must go back a little to make you quite understand why they were so engrossing. You may have Leard that my uncle, who adopted me when I lost my parents, was an eccentric, indeed-some said-almost a crazy, man. And he certainly had very peculiar notions. Among these was a fixed aversion to authors, actors, painters, sculptors, and-I am quoting his words-tother gentlemen vagabonds.' You may, then, imagine his fury when I declared my intention of becoming an artist. Every threat in the English language, every sort of abuse was poured out upon my devoted head my art will not beggar me, he will forhome again.

"Well, where is the difficulty? You have painted pictures worthy of a place in the academy, and, if I mistake not,

sold them too. "They were all either portraits or historical subjects. For this, my greatest effort, I want something new, something original. Historical subjects are so hackneyed, and I don't want to be represented in the catalogue by Portrait of a lady. I was thinking over, for the hundredth time, all the subjects that have yet suggested themselves, when you spoke to

"Look!" cried Godfrey, reining his horse and pointing forward with the

whip; "there is a subject!" Through the broken gateway, which led from the road to a cottage, Horace saw his picture. The background was the stone-wall of the house, and the surroundings were a pile of wood, a gate, and the soft, green grass. Kneeling upon the largest log, with both chubby hands, to raise the heavy ax, was a child, whose white, polished limbs and lovely face were fair enough to rouse any soul to admiration. The dark blue dress of wool-Ien fabric was scant enough to leave the dimpled shoulders and arms bare, and the plump, white foot had neither shoe look here, who's spinning this yarn?nor stocking to hide its splendid beauty. | Cincinnati Enquirer,

Dark chestnut curls, escaping from a scarlet hood, shaded a bright face, whose large dark eyes were raised as the little DANGERS ENCOUNTERED BY MINERS one stood motionless, looking at the carriage and the two "city gentlemen." Lottie! Lottie! you little romp,

where are you?"
The child started as the voice came floating out at the open window above

"I'm down here, chopping wood." A sweet, bright face came out among the roses which surrounded the window, and then, with a merry laugh, the sister

"Oh! Lottie, you naughty girl!" and disappeared to reappear, a moment later, at the door.

"Miss Susie Laurie, by all that is beautiful?" cried Godfrey, and, tossing the reins to Horace, he sprang out of the vehicle, and in another moment was be-

side the young lady. "Tie up the horse, Horry, and come here," he said, a moment later. "Miss Laurie is kind enough to promise us a

"I don't know what you think of Lottie," said their hostess, as she led the young men into the pretty parlor; "for the child is perfectly crazy. Aunt Harriet felt uncaqual to the constant gayety of a watering-place, this summer, and she required some change of air. So we took this cottage to rusticate for a few months. It is Lottie's first season of perfect freedom, and the child is absolutely crazy upon all country matters. Seeing some of the farmer's children in the neighborhood barefoot, she steals away and doffs her shoes and stockings whenever she can escape observation. Ah! here she comes!'

Such a quiet-looking child, in dainty shoes and stockings, with a pure white dress and demure face, stole in, that Horace entered a laughing protest against the transformation; and the cause of the stop before the gate was explained.

There was something-who can tell what?-that made Susie Laurie not unwilling to see Horace Lee's handsome face again, and she consented to allow Lottie to be painted. Aunt Harriet, who presided over the promised country tea, was quite willing to agree to the arrangement, and an appointment for a sitting the next day was made.

It took a long time to get the sketches to suit the young artist. Sometimes it was too early, sometimes it was too late. Often Lottie had escaped and was off in the fields or woods; yet these mishaps never tried the temper of the artist, or prevented his punctual appearance at the appointed time. Long walks or drives were made to look for the little wood chopper, and as Horace felt the sister's hand on his arm, or heard her sweet voice in his ear, he would forget his uncle, his picture, everything but the lovely face upon which he gazed, and the happiness it was to be near Susie

Oh! the old, old story! Who can tell all the whys and wherefores? They met -they loved!

The picture was finished at last, and placed in the Academy to draw forth many praises and win the prize. Yet even the renewal of his uncle's favor and the warm commendations of his friends did not give Horace the thrill of delight which he felt when Lottie put her arms around his neck and said.

"Susie says you're going to be my brother, and I'm awful glad!"-Annie Arnold in the Artist.

# Anything but Dirt in the Navy.

Did you notice that man walk over to to try and move me; but I felt that a the curb and spit in the street? I'll bet higher power had placed the longing in he's been on shipboard. There a man's my soul for my happiness, and I was got to use either the spit-kids or spit resolute. Then entreaties harder to resist over the side of the vessel into the than the threats, were tried; but my own | water. They'll stand anything but dir: convictions of the true aim of my life in the navy, you know. How is this for were not to be shaken. I had my little a daily routine: When the bo's'n pipes inheritance from my mother, and, up all hands in the morning they turn by care, I could make that out, put up their hammocks, stow em cover the expenses of my education, away in the nettings, then sweep the So the threat to disinherit me was power- | decks. Mess-cloths are spread, and after less like all the rest, and I sailed for breakfast the decks are swept down Italy, firmly determined to return an again. At 11:30 A. M. sweepers are artist. There had been a strong love be-tween my uncle and myself. I honored dinner, after which she is swept fore and his good qualities, and was willing, for aft once more. It's done twice more, betheir sake, to humor his whims; and I | fore supper and after supper, making six was the only child of his only sister, whom he level devotedly. So when I returned he sent for me, and in his own queer way made a bargain with me. If stoned. A holy-stone is a big stone, flat I will paint him one good picture, get and smooth on one side. The center of it admitted to the academy, draw the a long rope is made fast to it, and a prize, and sell it for enough to prove that squad of men lay hold of opposite ends and pull it backward and forward over give me all my obstinacy and take me the decks, which have been first wet down and sprinkled with sand. In places that they can't reach, cor-

ners, you know, they make men get down on their knees with little handstones, called prayer-books, and scrub 'em out. After this they bend the hose to the pumps and wash the sand away. Men follow with squillgees, arrangements shaped like a hoe, with a strip of They use rubber tacked to the edge. em' to rub the heaviest part of the water off the decks. Next comes another detail with swabs. They are like big hemp horses tails, and are swung right and left. When the fibers get well saturated the swab is rung and used over again. Light, flat sheet-iron charcoal stoves, the under side three feet square, are then suspended by long rods to within about a foot and a half of the deck, and swung backward and forward until the place undemeath is pretty dry, when they shift them to other hammock-hooks and repent this process. This is done three times a week, and dry holy-stoning On such days the sweepers are used five times. The decks are always like the driven snow, and wouldn't soil a cambric handkerchief at any time. Now you can understand why a sailor learns to use the spit-kids-well, cuspidors-

IN THE COLLIERIES.

Some Marvelous Escapes from Instantaneous Death—Saved only by a Display of Great Nerve.

The speaker was a hardy, toil-worn coal-miner, who had come to see me on some parish business. And many is the I looked. For weeks, whenever I went thrilling tale which, by considerable pressure-for be it known that most of these men think lightly and speak but little of sir, I've read of drowning people seeing their dangers—the country parson may at a glance all the past scenes and doings

feet of water.'

This man was a shaftsman. The "shaft," as you know—or perhaps you don't know that pony stopped and my life was saved, —is the circular perpendicular "well" by I can't say; but if it wasn't Providence, which access is gained to the horizontal I don't know what else it can be." beds of coal lying at various depths before the surface. The depth of the shaft me by one of the managers of a pit. in various mines ranges from tens to hundreds of fathoms. The duty of the man and a young assistant. We sat down shaftmen is to keep this in repair. Often their work must be done sitting with one | wall of the coal. The man was sitting leg through a loop attached to the steel- on my right hand, the assistant on my wire rope by which they are drawn up left. After we had sat a few seconds, and down, or standing on a simple scaf- the assistant, with no apparent reason, fold hung to the side of the shaft; and a got up and went and sat at the other end man needs a stout heart and steady nerve of the row, next to the man. He had no to work placidly, suspended over a chasm sooner sat down, than, without any a hundred fathoms deep. The ordinary warning, a huge mass of stone crashed mode, however, of journeying up and down from the roof on the very spot down the shaft is in the "cage," an iron where the assistant had been sitting I structure open to two sides, steadied in Part of it grazed my arm, but did no inits course by two grooves, which fit in two wooden "guides" extending the said to the assistant. 'It was a near whole depth, and fixed to the sides of shave, he replied, somewhat nervously. the shaft. I must also explain that the "sump" is the very bottom of the shaft. we spoke lightly; but I believe not one of The shaft is sunk a few fathoms lower us could have said all he thought." than the lowest seam of coal that is being | Chambers' Journal. worked. In the lowest part of the shaft, cuphoniously termed the "sump," the water which oozes from the sides of the shaft finds its way, is constantly being pumped out, to prevent the flooding of

How could a man be let down into the sump and escape alive, seemed a mystery to me. "How on earth did you get out?" I asked. "I suppose they drew the cage up at once?"

was lost, and he couldn't get her up." "Then how did you escape?" I asked,

breathlessly. "Why," he answered, with a grim smile, "I had to get out the way they catch sparrows at Gateshead."

about how to get the cage up again."

"Didn't you lose your head?" "I can tell you it was. The cage came

water like a clap of thunder." "What did you think?" I asked. "I

wonder you kept your senses." The water came in on me, and I knew

things happen. Once, another man and and as long as a stick of cordwood, and not the big pulleys, you know, sir; but be an article in the bill-of-fare of the the little wheel with the small rope, a natives, yet we are assured that it is a few feet above the shaft, which we use popular food among the poorer inhabi-for shaft work. This other man and I tants. The palm-tree serves the natives had been at work, sitting in the loops hanging on the rope; and when the enginedrew us up again, she 'ran away,' least I went over; and the other man what other uses they put the tree, beside hung on the other side balancing. . My cating the trunk. hands were cut with the wheel; but I held on till they got us down. But it crockery establishment. The bulk of was a roughish ride, was that. Well, this stock will be seen to be water cool-

had, and how he could go away so cheer-fully to meet day by day the perils of his ing maze of things, animate and inani-

to a higher power is oftener felt than ex-pressed to the outer world. Pardon a lit-that are so familiar to our eyes we pass tle preliminary detail. Square tubs, on with a glance, but the cages of canaries, four wheels, running on tram lines along finches, flamingoes, parrots, paroquets, the workings of the pit, are used for drawing the coals to the shaft. On some occasions, as when going to a distant part of the workings, one or two tubs will be drawn by a pony, each tub carrying per-haps four men. When the scams are low, ere will be a space of only a few inches between the edge of the tub and the "balks" of timber placed crosswise to support the roof of the coal seam; thus the nen must keep their heads down to the level of the edge of the tub. "On one occasion," said my informant,

three of us were crouched down in a tub. The pony was going at a walk up a slight I can't tell you how it happened, but I must have raised my head unconsciously above the level of the tub, felt my forehead touch a crossbeam bill. - Will Wayward. in the roof, and before I had time to reflect, I knew that I was in deadly peril. The forward movement of the tub of houses in Japan. They are put tojammed my head between the beam and gether by a method of mort ising.

PERILS OF A COAL MINE, the edge of the tub. I gave myself a wrench, trying to get free: but I couldn't. All this of course passed in a fraction of a second, and I gave myself up as dead. Now comes the most wonderful part. At the very time my head touched the roof, in the very crisis of my agony of mind, when the whole situation flashed on me, the pony stopped. No one had "Escapes! Yes, sir; I've had one or touched it or spoken to it. I had uttered two near shaves; and I don't suppose no cry. The pony stopped. I drew two near shaves; and I don't suppose no cry, The pony stopped. I drew there's a man on the colliery but what could say the same."

The speaker was a hardy toll were fainting in the tub. My life was saved. I never told my companions until we came out, when they remarked how pale down the pit, I was almost unnerved by this terrible recollection. And I tell you, extract from his fellow men in black of their lives-I never thought much of it-but I tell you, every scene and deed "Yes, sir; I've had one or two. Once of my life seemed to come before me in a was let down into the sump in eight flash of light. I saw everything. I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the feeling of that day. How it was

A similar miraculous escape was told "I was down making a survey, with a down from the roof on the very spot jury. 'A near shave for you," we both said to the assistant. 'It was a near We went on with our work. Perhaps

#### The Rio Market.

Worlds within themselves are the markets or mercados of Rio. Great are they in extent, rich in variety, teeming in interest and loud in smell. The visitor will have no difficulty in finding these interesting places if he follows the dictates of his own organ of smell, for the odor of the markets is greater, stronger "Never," said the shaftman. "The and richer than all the other odors of engineman by mistake or accident, ran the city, and can be detected a square her right down into the sump, and there or so away. The market I would essay she stuck, while the other cage was right to tell you about, and the one that up at the pulleys. The engine power often attracted me at times when I felt able to wade through the unpleasantness of the place, is situated on the bay shore, and has its docks for the fish and vegetable boats. You may have seen the French market in New Orleans. If you have, and are gifted with an imagination that can "The best way I could. I managed to picture a similar place a little larger in get out of the cage. There was only size, many times more curious and st room to squeeze up between the crowded, twenty times more dirty, you cage and the side of the sump, and I may have a faint idea of what this marclimbed up by the timbers to the top of ket may be like. In its area, which is the water. I was near done when I got about equal to that of an ordinary city out, and then I had to travel round about square, are comprised a greater assortment and get out by a stapple. It was two hours before I got home. The engine-month. In sheds and stalls and stands man was nearly off his head. They were are offered for sale a most miscellaneous all sure I was killed, and were seeking lot of merchandise, perishable and otherwise. Everything you could find in the "Wasn't it awful going down?" I said. North is here, beside the infinite variety of things the existence of which the people of the North never had the faintdown with a run, and clashed into the est idea. Next to a stall where is displayed a chaotic stock of notions and "general store" goods, in many of which we recognize the handiwork of the "Well," he said, "I knew what was Yankee, we find a vegetable stand, going to happen, when I felt her going. where is offered for sale everything that grows and possesses any value as foodthere was eight feet above me; and I the fruits of the tropics, pumpkins, secthought: 'Well, it's a queer thing if I've | tions of the edible palm-trees, mandioca come here to be drowned.' I had my and other vegetable looking things that thick leather jacket on; and I swallowed the Hoosier could not call by name. a lot of water; but I scrambled out some- This edible palm beats everything how. But it was a near thing, I can tell in the food line I know of. see pieces of round, green, pithy "Oh," he continued, "there are queer | wood two or three inches in diameter I were drawn up over the pulley. That's can hardly be convinced that this should tree, they make clothing and thread, and drew us right over the pulley. At tools, household utensils, and I forget to Next to the vegetable stall we'll find a

ers, bottles, etc., of the Dutch porous I wondered how many lives this man ware, which is so well adapted for use mate, the poultry booths will hold most The following may show that gratitude of the visitor's attention. The boxes cockatoos, and others of the plumed tribe, valued either for their musical ability, loquacity or plumage, retain our in-You may say that the latternamed are queer poultry. It does seem funny to see roosters and hens, that look so natural we could almost believe in the poultry department of Indiana county fair, and the rarest birds of the tropics side and side, but so we find it here. Amid the scores of birds, the species of which I am ignorant, I found a sedate and solemn toucan, with its preponderance of bill. We saw this same bird every time we visited the place, and we became very familiar, so familiar, in fact, that the major felt free to call him "Doc tor"-a name suggested by the size of the

Not a mail is used in the construction

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Luminous paint has been applied to harness with desirable results. At night the position of the horse is clearly indicated, and it does not appear that the animal is alarmed in the sligetest by his bright equipment.

In the stores of Paris glass is taking the place of wood for flooring. It costs more than wood, but it lasts longer, and

beside being easily kept clean allows enough light to be transmitted through its roughened surface for the employes to work by on the floor beneath. glass is cast in squares and set in strong iron frames. Lieutenant Diek, of the Russian army, has discovered a new luminous powder which has three colors-green, yellow

and violet, the last-named giving the most powerful light. Mixed with water in a glass vessel, an illuminating liquid is produced which may prove very useful in mining and military operations. The illuminating power lasts for eight hours, when fresh powder must be added. Dr. Carter Moffat recently delivered a lecture in Glasgow to a large audience, mainly composed of professional men and

musical critics, on voice training by chemical means. Dr. Moffat maintained that the presence of peroxide of hydrogen in the air and dew of Italy had some connection with the beauty of the Italian vocal tone. A series of illustrations by persons taken from the audience, who inhaled a chemical compound made to represent Italian air, are said to have been very satisfactory—a full, clear rich, mel-low tone being produced by one appli-

M. Girard, director of the Paris Municipal laboratory, says that the chemi-cal knowledge applied to the concoction of spurious foods and drinks is of a very high order, and would suffice to make the fortunes of the adulterators a dozen times over, if applied in an honest capacity. The matter which seems to have aroused him of late is a peculiarly ingenious thing in gooseberry jelly. It appears that the article is made entirely of seaweed. The coloring matter is fuchsine, and the flavor is given by a compound of acetic ether, tartaric acid, aldehyde, and cenanthic. Inspectors often recognize it from the fact that it is "a little more elegant than the genuine article."

#### WISE WORDS.

There is no use in sweeping a chamber if all the dust comes out of the broom.

Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose. Nothing so exasperates some natures

as to be first thwarted, and then severely let alone. There is no contagion so mysterious and awfully rapid in its transmission as

that of a panic. Imitate time. It destroys slowly. undermines, wears, loosens, separates.

does not uproot. Oh! the malign power of one evil deed! Who can tell when and where its deadly

influence will cease? An innate dignity and reserve is a true

woman's sure protection unless men are equal to brute violence. No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another

to the multitude without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the truer. In those who wish to be happy the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity

sorrow, real poverty. Virtue is so powerful that of herself she will, in spite of all the necromancy possessed by the first inventor, Zoroaster, come off conqueror in every severe trial, and shine refulgent in the world, as the sun shines in the heavens.

to hope and joy is real riches; to fear and

The Church Sleeper. The sleeper. He will be there. Peradventure he leaneth his chin on a cane, so that when the moment of deep and prefound slumber cometh upon him his chin slippeth off, and with the bang of his head upon the pew in front of him he is awakened. Or, the slumberer may sit bolt upright and nod in time to his sleep and regular breathing. Only when you cast your eyes upon him, the watchful wife at his bosom stabs him with her elbow, and he glareth on the congregation as one who would say: "He that sayeth that I sleep, the same is a liar and be so that he leaneth his head back until the lid thereof falleth down between his him firmly, "No." "What! is there no shoulders and he playeth fantastic tunes with his nose, insomuch that the boys in the gallery make merry over the same, then it is hazardous to awaken this slumberer right suddenly, because he dreameth of divers things, and sayeth to the tithing man who shaketh him up: "Hey? ha! ha! yes, all right? I'm up." thus the congregation is scandalized. But if he foldeth his handkerchief over the back of the pew in front, and boweth his head devotedly on the same, even in that moment when the text is pronounced, then will that sleeper trouble no one, but will slumber sweetly on until the time of the benediction; and will awake refreshed and smiling, and he will extol the sermon and magnify the preacher. He is the old timer from Sleepy Hollow, -Burdette.

### Something to Fill Up.

"I suppose you often want something to fill up your paper with?" said a man, coming into a country newspaper office with a four-column communication on a patent, duplex, double back-action barrow of his own invention. "Oh, no, said the man of the quill, "the paper is full enough. It is the editor who wants something to fill up with. This will make four columns and two sticks forty-two dollars, please,"- Middle Cours

## All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work-cash on delivery.

A lawyer once, unlike most of his class A modest man, fell dead in love. A lass He worshiped quite, but still his secret kept Till up the scale his cautious courage crept, And, well assured no one his purpose knew, He started out with this sole aim in view-To wit, to woo,

THE WOOING OT.

RATES OF ADVERTISING,

One Square, one inch, one insertion ....... \$1 00

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis.

His way led through a wood, the shadows

His waning courage shadowy grew as well, Until he asked himself, disheartened quite, Why am I here at this time of the night? An answer from a tree-top loud and clear, In legal language couched, fell on his car-"To wit! to woo!"

He fled in fear, although he knew no one saw For fear, like many a lawyer, knows no law: The bird of wisdom perching overhead Slow flapped his wings, winked warily and

Why should this be! Such haste I never

He sure an unwise purpose had in view-To wit! to woo!"

ENVOY.

Take well to heart this text drawn from the wood:

Your modest wooer never comes to good. Though all the world your secret clearly knows.

And through unheard-of shades your pathway goes,

Let not your courage fail whate'er you do; Your wit keep always clearest when you woo. -William Howard Carpenter, in the Century.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A slipshod affair-The banana-skin. A threshing-machine-The schoolteacher A burr in the bush is worth two in the

hair. Judge. "There's a screw loose somewhere," as

the seissors said when they fell asunder. -The Judge.

"The bravest is the tenderest," is particularly true of celery that has stood against frost,—Picayune. "Wisely improve the present, is good advice," said the newly-married man, as

Philadelphia Call. "I wont go in a sleeping car,"
A lady said all out of breath;
"It's awful close, and if I do
My berth will be my death."

—Merchant-Traveler.

he sold a duplicate wedding gift."-

An irresistible desire came over a Dacota man to kick his daughter's beau, and forgetting that he had but one leg, he attempted it. He sat down so hard that his head had to be pulled out of his

neck by his hair .- Bismarck Tribune. Spring bottom pants are now in fash-They enable the suspecting young man to spring out of danger the moment a lady of uncertain age leaps in his direction. This sun will take half the

horrors out of leap-year. - Perk's Sun. It is sweet to sit, on a gray day,
And see the snow-flakes fall
Lake blossoms upon a May-day
Along the verdant mall,
And see the well-packed toy sphere Take the pedestrian on the ear,

—Puck,

"Twenty-seven hundred bills presented at Washington," exclaimed a fond little Pittsburg wife. "What a lot of bills! And here is my John making a terrible fuss over one little milliner's bill with nothing in it but three little bonnets and two small hats!"-Telegraph.

"May I ask you for the loan of a dollar?" inquired an impecunious acquaintance of Blobson. "You may, sir," was "You may, sir," was thing from that one I lent you last Tuesday, I wish you'd let me know by telephone."—Burlington Free Press.

"Ah!" exclaimed Fogg, as he entered the store of the man who never advertises, "do you know that I always like to come in here?" "Do you?" asked the delighted shopkeeper. "Yes," said Fogg, "it's such a relief to get out of the crowd, you know."-Hartford Post,

The smartness of some girls is only equaled by the stupidity of some men. When Yeast's girl made the remark a number of times at a public reception, the other evening, that she felt like going through a hole in the floor, Yeast little dreamed that the restaurant was just beneath them. -Statesman.

Last week one of those smart Alexanders called at this office and stated briefly a villain and a horse thief." Or, if he but gramatically that he wanted to take opening for a man of vim and brains? Yes, sir," said we. "Where?" said he. "Why, there, sir, the door."-Chicago

A BOARDING-HOUSE BEAUTY, Here is the waitress Mary, Serene, and blithe and gay; In manner light and airy She bears the breakfast-tray. She always calls me early,

When I would early rise, Her hair is brown and ourly, And blue her dreamy eyes. She never keeps me waiting, When I would harry up;

But in a style clating Refills my coffee cup. She brings me rolls and butter-The former never cold— And I can only mutter: "She's worth her weight in gold."

My brush upon her ringlets She vows the never tries: The steals and chops and thinglets She broils and never fries.

Herself she ne'er amuses With alcoholic drams— My rasor ne or she uses When she would open clams,

Not long with us she'll tarry,
Next month does got to stop,
Because the a going to marry
Sir Romeo, the cop,

Pack's Annual.