#### Terms, - - - \$1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous

# The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVI. NO. 50.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

#### ENDEAVOR.

The soul grows strong in noble strife-This is the law, forever; Be it the motto of thy life-Endeavor! Oh, endeavor!

Strive for the mastery of self, From all low aims to sever, From passion, pride, and love of pelf-Endeavor, and endeavor!

Let thy mind entertain the good: Corrupt guests harbor never; Feed on high thought-'tis angel's food-Endeavor, still endeavor!

Spurn all the blandishments of sin, But follow virtue ever; Her smile 'tis blessedness to win-Endeavor, aye, endeavor!

#### FRIENDS.

-Frank E. Hale.

Scene-A Conservatory Adjoining a Ball-Reom.

She .- A bit of heliotrope. Pretty, is it not?

He.—Yes, very pretty.
She.—Are you fond of heliotrope?
He.—Of that heliotrope, yes.
She.—I would put it in your buttonhole, but I'm afraid. He .- Afraid? Why?

She .- Miss Winthorpe might object. She is watching us. He.-Why should Miss Winthorpe ob-

She.—I don't know if you don't. He.—I don't think Miss Winthrope has any special interest in me.

She \_\_ I do. He,—Are you jealous of her?

She.—No. Why should I be jealous? know.

He .- I wish you were, She .- Why? He. -Oh, I don't know. A fellow

likes to be of sufficient interest to a woman to make her jealous. She.—Yes, I suppose he does. Are you trying to make Miss Winthorpe jeal-

He.—Why do you bring in Miss Win-thorpe so often? Will you put the heliotrope in my button-hole? She.-You might think too much of

He.-I couldn't. Perhaps Mr. Winthorpe might object. She,—Why should Mr. Winthorpe object ?

He.—If you don't know, I don't. She.—I don't think Mr. Winthorpe takes any special interest in me. He.-1 do.

She.-There! It looks decidedly esthetic on its back-ground of black. He .- May I think as much of it as I She. - Oh, yes; a flower means nothing.

If it did, how would I read the bouquet a gentleman sent me to-day? He.-What is it you call this cluster before; let us talk frankly now.

you wear in your—corsage, is it? I am un in milliner's terms She.-You will be some day.

He. - What do you mean ? She,-When you marry. Your checkbook will be your dictionary. He. -- If money could buy such a thing

of beauty as this-She. That will do, Don't carry my

joke so far. He .- Is it very expensive ? She .- What ?

He .- A wife. She .- I don't think so, But I've never been a wife. He .- You might be some day.

She.—I shall. But I have not seen my

husband yet. He .- Are you sure ? She,—I see plenty of gentlemen I like. I have no heart, I am afraid.

He .- I'm afraid you have not. She. - What do you know about it? He .- A good deal. I have been look-

ing for it. She. - Are you as foolish as all the rest? I don't like men who talk nonsense.

He.-It is not nonsense. Men sometimes mean what they say, She. - Very rarely,

He.-We have not known one another long enough to mistrust one another. She. To trust one another, you mean.

He.-No; I do not mean that-I mean what I say. Do you remember our first meeting? She. No. Our acquaintance never

seems to me to have had any beginning. I simply knew you.

He. - And trusted me? She .- And trusted you? My! I don't know. It was not-

He .- What? She.-Never mind. What a lovely dress Miss Winthorpe wears. He .- Will you not finish your sentence?

She. -It was nothing-a thought that should not have been uttered anyway. He .- Stay. You are not engaged for this dance?

She.—If I stay I shall not be. He .- I do not wish to detain you, but-

She,-I don't care about dancing any

He .- It is curious that I too have almost for ten the first time we met. She .- I don't quite know if that is

complimentary. He .- It never occurred to me that we were to be more than mere acquaintances, and now-for a year-

She.-We have been friends. He.—Have we been truly friends? She.-I think so. I always liked you. You did not speak to me as other men spoke. You did not pay me a single compliment for the first six months-except

He. -I have forgotten. What was it? She,—That is your flattery—a flattery no woman ever passes unnoticed. He .- Flattery. Wherein is it flat-

She. Don't you know? He .- I only know that if it was a com- take the consequences. pliment, it was meant.

flattery. What was the compliment? in this style.

He. -And so you are.

He.—The truth goes always. She,—Have you heard anything more about your New York appointment?

He .- You have always been so sen-

She .- I think you taught me that. I heard from my sister to-day. She thinks ship, as you have had. You are my you were perfectly right about the comother self; and now you have spoken, let

wrote a week ago to tell Harry—we always speak of you as Harry—I forget what the message was now. Of course, she knows of our friendship.

He—I am glad to have a land thy God my God."

She—Boaz did not propose to Ruth in a conservatory, but, Harry, darling, I don't mind if you do indulge in a little sentiment now.—Peter Robertson, in Argonaut.

He.-I am glad to have her good opinion. She .- Oh, she thinks I ought to-

But tell me, are you going to New York? He.—Yes. I suppose it is best for me. She,—I suppose—it—is. He.—There will be a field for me there, and I will have an opportunity to make

both money and fame. She. - Yes; you are right. This is but a sorry place for a man as clever as you

He.-I shall not be so happy there, I

friends. He.—Is this so sorry a place for you? She.—A woman is different. Sl

must patiently await her fate. A man may go and meet it. He.—And so you wish me happiness.
She.—Indeed—indeed, I do. You have been more to me than all the rest.

He.-And you to me. She.—I have been nothing but a help-less woman, left fatheriess, who has found one man among the barren lot who did not sicken her with adulation or bore her with love; who was as tender as a woman, and as manly as a man; who did his services with such evident pleasure that thanks were out of place. You thought all this was nothing. You thought the word of sympathy was of no value—the little office of friendship that everybody was ready to do, that every-

body did. He .- If I have helped you, it is all the world to me to know it. She. -We have talked frankly enough

He .- If there is anything we may not

has been wasted. She .- I know of nothing.

never felt the slightest hesitation in trusting you. You are going away. To say shall miss you is to say nothing. I dare not speak so to anybody else-not to any man living. You will not misunderstand

He,--No; you may be sure of that. I do not believe I need to tell you the feeling with which I shall part from you. As I hold your hand and look into your face, I feel that we are alike. Neither you nor I need terms of endearment to show how much we think of each

She .- You need not squeeze my hand quite so hard.

He .- I think you are cruel. But am I not right?

She.—You are—perfectly right, He.—And when I am gone— She .- You are not gone yet. He .- Shall we be as dear friends as

He.-And when the man comes who is

to take my place --perhaps to be dearer? She,--You will be here.

He.-You speak as if you were never to have a real sweetheart.

She.-I want no sweetheart who can not be my friend. He .- And he who would be both-

She .- Must be both. He .- I have never spoken of love. ometimes a little sentiment has stolen in, but you have not encouraged it. -I don't like sentiment. It's al-

ways hollow and foolish. He,-But have you not sometimes thought I loved you?

She .-- Yes. Sometimes that you have not encouraged it. He.-I was afraid it might throw a doubt upon the purity of my friendship. She.—I know that. I shouldn't won-

der if you sometimes thought I loved He.-I have, sometimes. She.-How could I love a man who never sought to be anything but a friend? Why should I fetter the man who was so kind and good to me, and tie his love to my miseries, when he had

worthier wife? He.—And why should I ask the woman who trusted in my friendship and gave me hers, to accept my love as a reward for mine? If I had made love to you I would have come to the level of all the

so many qualities that might draw him a

She.-Now you are talking nonsense. Do you believe that I would ever have given you my confidence if there had been nothing but friendship? He.-Take care; you are committing

vourself. She.—And I am very much mistaken if friendship ever could be so warm as yours that had no deeper motive power.

iment, it was meant.

She.—Leap year or not, why should 1 James never resumed his exern She.—And that is the most effective not speak? Harry, you are going away; after that overwhelming compliment.

you are going to leave me here without a | IN THE JAWS OF A SHARK, | Jay Gould Outwitted by a Journalist. That I was perfectly lovely with my hair friend, without any one that I can rely You have taught me to trust upon. you, "You have weaned me from all She. -The compliment does not go a other confidents and made me one-half of you. You have said we are not the kind who break our hearts. We are not. If there is any other woman whose love will make you happier than He.-Yes. I told you I should hear mine, tell me, and I will join your hands, to-day. You are the only one who knows anything about it—yet.

She.—I am afraid you always put too you. If I have read you wrongly, it has much confidence in my opinion. The not been your fault. Our friendship idea of your consulting me on such a calls for us to speak the truth—woman or man.

He-You have read me aright, as I have you. No woman that had not all my love could have had all my friendpromise in our law business, and says she would very much like to meet my adviser.

He.—Does she know of all our confidences?

She Oli year Exercthing. She She Row did not propose to Buth in

#### The Gay Head Indians.

The Gay Head Indians inhabit the recently incorporated town of Gay Head on the westerly end of the County of Dukes, Mass., which embraces the whole of the island of Martha's Vineyard. This Indian town has an area of about 2,400 acres, which is divided into three peninsulas, Nashaquitsa, Squiqnocket and Gay Head. This town is nearly severed from the rest of the island by Menemsha pond. At the present time there are about 200 Indians at Gay Head, and un-She.—Oh, yes, you will. There where there is life, and gayety, and society, you will find another—I mean other tribes in the Commonwealth, they have the commonwealth they have the commonwealth. for a few years past been gradually increasing in numbers. There are about fifty families, and the people here have been marked through a series of years for seeking more profitable sources of income than their isolated situation naturally afforded, and some of them have achieved some distinction as efficient masters of vessels. The morals, education and marked indications of civilized advancement among them are so striking that they attract attention among those who chance to visit their seques-

tered island home. If there is a spot in all New England where a recluse might wish to find perpetual repose, free from the troubles and anxieties of life, Gay Head is the place, and yet the Gay Headers are quite jealous of the influences and approaches of foreigners, having had a good deal of trouble with those who have married some of their daughters and settled among them. Formerly any member of this tribe at Gay Head could take up, fence in and improve as much of the land as he pleased, and when inclosed it became his own. It tell one another frankly, our friendship has been wasted.

might very naturally be inferred that such a state of things would engender many disputes and quarrels, but such was not the case. Such a state of things was a kind of "imperium in imperio," not conducted by any code of laws except bone and muscle of those taking up the land. The Gay Head Indians are a mixture of the red, white and black races, and there is, too, some Southern blood among them, and also Portuguese and Dutch; for listen, here are some of the names among them, to wit: John Randolph, Madison, Corsa, Silvia and Tanderhoop. Through the intermarrying and the coming in of foreigners it has almost pushed out the perely Indian names. They are, on the whole, a moral, frugal, industrious and temperate people, and are quite equal in these respects to white people, with similar surroundings, - Boston Post.

# An Overwhelming Compliment,

A young gentleman anxious to learn to sing, went up into the garret one Sunday night about bed-time, and resolutely commenced his exercises with his Psalm book. He had been singing but a short time, when his father, a fidgety old gentleman, stole out of his bed-room, with his night cap on, and on reaching the foot of the stairs, mildly inquired:

"James ?" No answer. James was very busy with is exercises.

"James ?" "Sir ?" "Have you heard a very peculiar noise,

lames ?" "No, sir; nothing." "Oh - ah - I thought - but never

mind," The old gentleman walked back to his

oom, muttering indistinctly.

Presently James resumed his exercises, and was getting on famously, as he thought, when his parent, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, again came forth, ex-

claiming: "James!"

"Are you sure that Bose is chained

"Yes, sir; I attended to it myself." "Very well, very well; no matter." Once more he returned to his room.

Wondering what his father meant by inquiring after the house dog, Bose, James was silent for a minute, but soon returned to his exercises more vigorously than ever. Again, however, he was interrupted by the voice of his parent, shouting-

"James!"

"I am sure Bose is loose," "It can't be possible, sir." "He is, I tell you."

"What makes you think so, sir?" "Why, for this last half hour I have He.—This is leap year, and you must ke the consequences.

She.—Leap year or not relievely the cat.—It is that dog was worrying the cat.

Massachusetts has 80,000 more women James never resumed his exercise

THE THEILLING ADVENTURE OF A SPANISH DIVER.

Attacked by a Huge Shark While at Work on a Wreck-A Narrow Es-

cape. Alfetto, the Spanish diver who has been at work on the wreck of the Atlanta, near Morehead, thus speaks of an adventure had by him a few days ago: At the time I was at the bottom of the sea. I was just about to signal to be drawn up for a moment's rest, when I noticed a shadowy body moving at some distance above and toward me. In a moment every fish had disappeared, the very crustaceans lay still upon the sand and the cuttle fish scurried away as fast as they could. I was not thinking of danger, and my first thought was that it was the shadow of a passing boat. But suddenly a feeling of horror seized me. I felt impelled to fice from something I knew not what. A vague horror seemed grasping after me, such as a child fancies when leaving a darkened room. By this time the shadow had come nearer and taken shape. It scarcely needed a glance to show me that it was a man-eater, and of the largest size. Had I signaled to be drawn up then, it would have been certain death. All I could do was to remain still until it left. It lay off twenty or twenty-five feet, just outside the rigging of the ship, its body motionless, its fins

barely stirring the water about its gills. It was a monster as it was, but to add to the horror the pressure of the water upon my head made it appear as if pouring flames from its eyes and mouth, and every movement of its fins and tail seemed accompanied by a display of fireworks. I was sure the fish was thirty feet long, and so near that I could see its double row of white teeth. Involun tarily I shrunk closer to the side of the vessel. But my first movement betrayed my presence. I saw the shining eyes fixed upon me; its tail quivered as it darted at me like a streak of light. I shrank closer to the side of the vessel. I saw it turn on one side, its mouth open, and heard the teeth snap as it darted at me. It had missed me, but only for a moment. The sweep of its mighty tail had thrown me forward. I saw it turn, balance itself, and its tail quivered as it darted at me again. There was no escape. It turned on its back as it swooped down on me like a hawk on a sparrow. The jaws opened, and the long, shining teeth grated as they closed on my metal

It had me. I could feel its teeth grinding on my copper breast-plate as it tried to bite me in two, for fortunately it had caught me just across the middle, where I was best protected. Having seized me it went tearing through the water. I could feel it bound forward at each stroke of its tail. Had it not been for my copper helmet my head would have been torn off by the rush through the water. I was perfectly conscious, but somehow I felt no terror at all. There was only a feeling of numbness, 1 wondered how long it would be before those teeth would crunch through, and whether they would strike first into my back or my breast. Then I thought of Maggie and the baby, and wondered who would take care of them, and if she would ever know what had become of me. All these thoughts passed through my brain in an instant, but in that time the connecting air-tube had been snapped, and my head seemed to burst with pressure, while the monster's teeth kept crunching and grinding away upon my harness. Then I felt the cold water begin to pour in, and heard the bubble, bubble, bubble, as the air escaped into the creature's mouth. I began to hear great guns and to see fireworks and rainbows and sunshine and all kinds of pretty things, then I thought I was floating away on a rosy summer cloud, dreaming to the sounds of sweet music. Then all became blank. The shark might have eaten me at his leisure and I never would have been the wiser. Imagine my astonishment then, when I opened my eyes on board this boat and

saw you fellows around me. Yes, sir, thought I was dead and ate up, sure. Alfetto was found by his comrades a few minutes after the snapping of the line. He was picked up insensible, with several holes punched in the metalic part of his diving suit .- Panama Herald.

# HEALTH HINTS.

It is said yellow dock, root or leaves, steeped in vinegar, will cure the worst case of ringworm.

Linseed poultice: Take four ounces of powdered linseed and gradually sprinkle is into a helf pint of hot water,

When putting glycerine on chapped hands first wash them thoroughly soap and water, and when not quite dry rub in the glycerine. This process will be found much better than the old one.

To make a bread poultice take stale bread crumbs, pour over them boiling water and boil till soft, stirring well; take from the fire and gradually stir in a little glycerine or sweet oil, so as to render the poultice pliable when applied.

Oil of wintergreen, mixed with an equal quantity of olive oil, when applied externally to inflamed joints affected by acute rheumatism, is maintained to be, on high therapeutic authority, a means of instant relief from pain. At any rate, its introduction to the sick chamber is unobjectionable, if only for the agreeable odor it imparts to the atmosphere,

If you have great talents industry will improve them; if moderate abilities industry will supply their deficiency, Nothing is denied to well directed labor. Nothing is ever to be attained without it.

by a reporter but once, and the exceptional incident occurred at the time Gould was in Denver after having just purchased the Kansas Pacific railroad. The financial world was agog for information as to Gould's intentions and plans, and the Denver newspaper offices were overwhelmed with telegrams from Eastern dailies asking for special dis-patches regarding the railroad magnate and his movements. Mr. Fred Skiff, who is now manager of the Denver Tribune, was at that time city editor of the paper, and he detailed three of his best reporters to get at Gould and in-terview him by hook or by crook, About 9 o'clock at night these reporters showed up with the information that Gould could not be seen; that his sentinels were posted all along the hall leading to his rooms in the Grand Central hotel, and it was impossible to run the gauntlet of these wary creatures. Perhaps with a view to showing his subordinates what genuine enterprise could accomplish, Skiff announced that he would secure access to Gould's apartment, and would literally beard the lion in his den. Accordingly, he hustled around, borrowed a Pullman car conductor's coat and cap, and stalked bold-ty into the Grand Central. "Look shere," said he to the first sentinel he met, "what does Mr. Gould propose to do about that car? I must know right away, for if he isn't going to use it to morrow, I've got to take it back to Chicago. The sentry knew nothing about the car, of course, and advised Skiff to see Gould about it himself. So Skiff successfully ran the gauntlet of the half-dozen lackeys, growling all the time about the bother of being compelled to attend to other people's business. Judge Usher, one of Gould's attorneys, was in consultation with Gould when the bogus sleeping-car conductor was shown in. He immediately recognized Skiff, having known him back in Kansas. "When did you get out of the newspaper business?" inquired the astonished lawyer. ain't out of it," replied Skiff,
"but I had to put on this disguise in
order to get in here to interview Mr.
Gould." "Young man," said Mr. Gould, sternly, "if you're a reporter you can take yourself right out of the room, for I am not to be interviewed." Skiff argued the point, and, not being invited to be seated, coolly sat down on the floor. "Unless you put me out," said he, "I shall stay here till you tell me what your plans are." The audacity rather pleased Gould. He looked at Usher, and, seeing that party chuckling heartily, he broke out into a hearty laugh. "Well, what do you want to know it he asked, finally, in the tone of a man who is weary with objecting. Skiff knew he had triumphed. He produced his notebook, drew up to the table at which Gould sat, and set industriously at work The result was a reliable forecast of the immense railroad enterprise in which Gould subsequently embarked, and of which the public would not have been forewarned but for the audacity and wit of the dauntless Skiff,-Chicago Daily

# Powerful in Prayer.

"One of the most remarkable and original prayers I ever heard,"said a gentleman to a Herald reporter, "was just after the war closed, and I was taking a run down through Georgia in hope of finding a desirable cotton plantation. One bright summer night found me at the cabin of an old negro who had once been a slave, but who located on the old plantation after the war, and was his own master. He gladly welcomed me to his humble abode, and to such bed and board as he could provide.

Supper over, and a most excellent one, too, the old man regaled me with stories of plantation life, until his son, a good chunk of a boy, came home from a neighbor's. Before retiring, the old man asked me to read a chapter in the Bible. when he would pray. He said he couldn't read, but was powerful in exhortin' and prayer. After reading a chapter from Job and part of a Psalm, we knelt down, and the sable brother let his soul flow out to God. He prayed for the President of the United States, all his cabinet, the army, the navy, the governors of all the States, for me, his guest, for his neighbors, for absent children, for himself and family. He asked forgiveness for many sins and thanked the Lord for many blessings.

"Well, I began to get tired. I had rested my knees the best I could, but wanted to get up badly, and, at the same time, did not want to give offense to my kind host. The boy recined next to me, with his head in the chair, sound asleep. Touching him gently, I whispered: 'About how soon will your father get through?' 'Has he got to the place whar Moses crossed de Red sea?' Being assured that said point had not yet been reached, the boy yawned and continued: Well, when he gets to whar Moses crossed the Red sea, he's jist half done, and he relapsed into unconsciousness."-Dayton Herald.

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or shrug; how many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives by a mysterious and seasonable whisper.

Correspondents' Club is the name of an rganization in Paris, composed of English and American newspaper men, who meet once a week at an informal dinner,

There's one waist that the most amorous poet doesn't care to hug. That is the waste basket. - The Judge.

#### Job work-cash on delivery. NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quartry. Temporary advertisements must be paid in

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established rates.

The majority of evening dresses are

made with trains. The fifty ladies employed in the San Francisco mint receive each \$2.75 a

Mrs. Strong was the first cotton raiser in California, and last year she produced 190 bales.

The newest chatelaine watches have the monogram of the owner in sapphires on the back.

Mrs. Mary Krone, the present principal of the Denver school of mines, is the only lady assayer in the United States. Many "at home" dresses are made of

pale-colored satin in princesse style, and have thick coquiles of lace down the A daughter of Minister Sargent, who

graduated at an American medical colege, is making a specialty of the eye, at

Dolly Sexton, who was left with the Shakers at Mount Lebanon, N. Y., when she was five years old, has lived with them 102 years.

The best authority in England on insects injurious to crops is Miss E. A. Ormerod, the consulting entomologist of the Royal Agricultural society. One of the prettiest designs in new per-

cales is that of a rose with its petals nearly all blown off the stem, showing the calyx and stamens in fine relief, with only one or two petals attached, while all the others are scattered on the tinted ground of the fabric as if blown about by Mrs. Louisa H. Albert, of Cedar Rapids,

Ia., has entered into partnership with her husband in the practice of law. The sign reads: "Albert & Albert, attorneys-Gray cloth dresses of tailor make, with

gray feather borders and velvet trimmings, are fashionably worn in shades that look too light for a comfortable dress in winter. Medallions of jet embroidery in dia-

mond or oval shape are set on black satin slippers worn with full dress. Pearl beads are on the white slippers worn by brides and bridesmaids. Queen Victoria's income, including the

returns from her private property, amounts to \$3,000,000 a year. The em-peror of Germany and the king of Italy have each a larger income. White English crape is the newest trimming for evening dresses of white ottoman silk or Terry velvet. It is gauged, puffed and plaited, but is never

laid in folds, as they are too suggestive of mourning trimmings. The Marquise de Hautefeulle is a very brave woman. She created a s' sation in Brussels the other day by erf cring the lions' cage with the lion-tamer. The lady bore herself with the utmost intrepidity and played with the wild beasts as if they were tame cats. She was greeted with tremendous applause while the band played the national hymn, "La Braban-

Catherine Kile, who recently died in Richmond township, Penn., at the advanced age of ninety-two years, had twelve children, eighty-two grandchildren, 128 great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren. Three of her children were born at one time, and these triplets are still living at the age of seventy-two years. They bear the good old Scriptural names of Abraham, Isaac

and Jacob. A beautiful house dress for a blonde has a skirt and drapery of electric blue satin with a jacket of blue velvet. The skirt has a demi-train, and is covered with bias velvet folds on one side and partly across the front. The satin drapery is a classic apron that covers the side not trimmed, and is taken up above the folds on the other side, and loses itself in the full flowing back breadths of the train. The basque is curved in front to show a satin vest. The elbow sleeves have satin cuffs. Full rows of lace are down the front from the neck to the

# An Engraver's Block.

As the lines in a good wood-engraving have to be very thin, it becomes very necessary that the wood should be of a firm and strong fiber that will not break, or split, or "crumble" easily. And, indeed, the wood used for engraving is one of the hardest known. It is boxwood, and is obtained almost exclusively from Turkey and Asia Minor. The grain of box-wood is exceedingly close and smooth, and engravers' "blocks" consist of slices each about an inch thick and usually from two to four inches square, cut across the grain of the tree. The box-tree does not grow to any considerable size, and when a large block is desired it has to be made by screwing and glueing a number of small blocks very tightly and securely. It is said that it would take more than one hundred years for a box-tree to grow large enough to furnish a block in one piece of a size sufficient to include the whole of the engraving, "A Midwinter Night," which forms the frontispiece of St. Nicholis. That picture is in reality engraved upon nine blocks of box-wood. closely joined together. - St. Nicholas.

# A Retrospect.

"And my first pair of boots," went on Simpson, "how proud and delighted I was! Why, do you know," and he looked about impassively, "that the first night I insisted on wearing those boots "Yah!" sniffed the old woman from

cross the room, "and it's many a pair of boots that you have worn to bed since." -Philadelphia Call

There are eight native-born Kentucklans in the United States Senate.