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A HUMBLE HERO.

bands and smulty faces. They reated them-selves on high stools at the lunch counter and, calling for pie and coffee, begau a char-

and, calling for pie and coffee, begau a char-acteristic conversation relative to their ce-cupation in life. Their doll humor is im-possible for me to perfectly describe. At last-the old engineer, rubbing the end of his nose with the back of his hand, while his fingers grasped the half of a plump pumpkin pie, and holding in his other band a steaning cup of coffee, which he occasionally blew upon to cool it, with a peculiar Western drawl and deep tone of voice, related the following in-cident, which at that moment impressed me

as being one of the grandest recitals I had ever listened to. I give his words as nearly

them sufficiently for versification. I had never heard of the occurrence before, in which the hero was a brakeman by the

DAVE DRIGOS.

Dave Driggs he was a railroad man,

A common kind o' chap;

He didn't go a cent on style,

He wouldn't give a rapp

An' hifalutin' ar's,

Fur them as put on dudy clo's

Than Him upon the statrs.

He were a yaller flannel shirt

That cost him fifty cents.

He tho't he didn't know.

O' common sense ia him,

A little cream inside his pau

I've seen him tipsy ez a top,

I've seen him goin' wild,

Got drifted in with snow,

A hundred feet below;

In every sort o' style,

Uncoupled in a pile.

An' up on end an' all about,

The engineer an' fireman both

Hed left the track to stay,

The dead conductor lay.

To rave a lottle child!

Upon the B. & O.

That made him look immense

With that ar' diomon' pin o' his

Thar wurn't much in railroadin

He wuz the brakeman o' a train

But after all he had some streaks

That was't too thin to skim,

I've seen him jump an' resk his life

One dark December night the track

That threw the engine down a bank

The busted freight cars got 'emselves

An' underneath the smashed caboose

But Dave, he heard the crash in time,

An' tho't 'emselves some higher up

name of

# VOL. XVII. NO. 2.

# TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1884.

The Forest Republican.

# HILDA'S STORY.

The quaintest class of people in the West are the railroad men. Not the millionaire monopolists of Wall street, who manipulate stock hoards and mortgages, but the hard-worked, poorly-paid and big hearted men who drive our Western locomotives, feed the roaring fires and risk their necks, limbs and lives in clambering up and down, between and over the cars. A short time since I I have a friend who lives in Dakota, and raises in that remarkable territory some of the finest wheat that is raised in the world. Part of the winter of 1882 he spent in the East, and often came to my rooms, where we enjoyed many a plenslives in clambering up and down, between and over the cars. A short time since I found myself at a little railroad restaurant at Union, Ind. I was on my way to fill a lecture appointment in Southern Ohlo. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning, and I had to wait about three hours for the east-bound train. While comfortably toasting my feet upon the great stove, in which a flerce, soft-coal fire was burning, an engineer and his fireman entered the room, with black hands and smulty faces. They seated themant hour together. During these interviews I learned many interesting facts connected with the everyday experiences of settlers in the West. One incident in his frontier life amused

me very much, and I will repeat it, as nearly as possible in his own words, for the benefit of the *Companion* readers. "My next neighbors," he said, "are a young Norwegian and his wife. The

man, whose name is Pete Neilson, is about thirty years old; tall, broad-shouldered and good-natured. His wife, Hilda, is several years younger, a bright, smiling woman, and full of life.

"Sometimes, after work for the day was done, I used to walk over to Neilson's and sit on the bench outside the house, and chat with him for half an hour. The house itself is a small affair, of the class known in that part of the country as 'shanties.' It is tight-boarded and banked up about the sides, and is probably warm and cosy even in our bitterest winters. Pete had set out a few trees in front of the shanty-elms and cottonwood -and had built a little arbor over the door, under which the bench was placed. There were a few flowers in boxes near by, and an old yellow cat was almost always stretched out at full length in the doorway. It is a pleasant, home-like lit-

tle place. "A few rods from the house was a 'straw-barn,' with a heavy log frame, that Pete had built. It was completely buried in a mountain of straw. One evening, after I had become quiet at home with my neighbors, I ventured to

say: "Well, Pete, I suppose you became acquainted with your wife in Norway? Perhaps you have known each other since you were children?'

"Pete was smoking his long pipe. He did not reply, but laughed quietly. I glanced at his wife and saw that she was smiling, and had a roguish light in her eye as she looked at her husband.

"This excited my curiosity, and I said to her, 'How is it, Mrs. Neilson? Have you known Pete since he was a little boy?' Oh no.'

" Then you came over on the steamer together from Norway?' " 'Oh no,' and she laughed outright.

" Did you meet him on his way out West? "No, no, no.'

"'You must have found him here, waiting for you, then,' I continued laughing. 'No, he not here when I come,' she

said, as she walked over to where Pete was sitting and sat down on the ground at his feet. 'Shall I tell, Peter' she asked, looking archly into his face.

"Pete kept on smoking, but nodded

"But he say no, and he go off again. | MULE LIFE IN THE MINES. So then he build more bigger house, and buy hens, and plow some more. And he come again.

"" And this time he walk right up and stand close in front of me, and look at me so I want to run away. But I sits still.

"And he look down at me, and say, "Who live on this land ?" " 'And I can hardly speak, but I say,

very low, "I live on this land." "Then he laugh and say, "Who

else? " 'I laugh too and say, "You too."

"Then he say, "Yes, we all two live on this land, but who own this land?" " "Then my farder, he say, very load,

'My daughter own it." "But I know it be very hard to get to own it, because Pete really live on

land before I really live on it. So I ""Praps you own this land, and

p'raps I own this land."

""Then he laugh again, and take my hands and say, "We all two live on land, but only one own land. But if you marry me then all two shall own land."

"I jumps up quick, and throw my apron over my head, and run away. "'I run clear to my mutter house, and I cry all the way, and laugh all the way.

But then I say: ""Maybe Pete think I don't like 'cause I run away. Maybe he never come some more. Maybe my farder drive him off. Why did I run away!" So then I cry some more, but then I haugh too, 'cause I feel sure he shall come again.

"And the next day he come. And he say to my farder to tell me to marry So that's all,' she said, simply, in him. conclusion.

"Pete nodded and smiled. 'Yes,' he said, 'we all two own land now.' "-Youth's Companion.

"Stonewall" Jackson's Climb After Persimmons.

A Pittsburg (Penn.) Chronicle writer says: While in Lexington, Va., last June, at the unveiling of Valentine's Recumbent statue of General R. E. Lee, material for sketches of the career of Stonewall Jackson was sought after among his co-laborers prior to and during the war. An old associate professor of Jackson's, who served on his staff in the earlier part of the war, and whose intimacy was almost as strong as that of brotherhood, related to me the following anecdote of Jackson. And the story was corroborated by Lieutenant George G. Junkin, now living at Christiansburg, Va., and at that time an aid to Jackson and one of the actors in the amusing little drama :

In December, 1861, while on the march back from Dam No. 5 on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal to Winchester, and while riding at some distance in advance of his staff in company with the afore-mentioned old friend, Jackson espied in a field alongside the road a persimmon tree heavily laden with, at that season

Turning

of the year, its delicious fruit.

#### ANIMALS AS SAGACIOUS AND SEN-SITIVE AS THEY ARE USEFUL.

Their Usefulness as an Underground Motive Power-A High Tribute Paid to their General futelligence. A Pottsville (Penn.) letter to the Philadelphia Press says that the recent order

of the Girard estate trustees prohibiting the use of locomotives in the mines on the immense coal tracts bought years ago by the sagacious and benevolent old French sailor's son restores the mine mule once more as an underground motive power, a position he formerly occupied with undisputed honor. It is probable that in Schuylkill county three thousand mules are used at the mines, and as a coal operator paid over \$1,000 for five of these deep-voiced Kentuckians a few days ago, an idea of the immense outlay in that direction in the anthracite coal regions may be formed.

A mine locomotive will do the work of ten mules, but it will throw off much noxious and asphyxiating gas. The miners, therefore, are reasonably opposed to it. They are sometimes, also, the cause of mine fires, but a majority of operators seem willing to assume that risk for the increased amount of work at the diminished expense.

Kentucky used to be, and still is, the principal breeding ground for mules, though of late years Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and other Western States have bred just as good stock. The earlier breeds were the offspring of Spanish jacks and thorough-bred mares. The get was nimble-footed, strong, handy and willing, but light. The substitution of Norman mares for thorough-breds produced a grade of mules better adapted to heavy

work and just as spry and spirited. A mule is considered fit to enter the mine after he has reached three years of age. The latter is considered rather youthful, and preference is given to animals that, by reason of a larger experience with the world, are better qualified to contend with its trials and tribulations. The length of his stay after he enters the mines it is impossible to forecast. He may be removed, but he seldom dies, and is not often, comparatively speaking, killed.

From the day he enters he is compelled to exercise every faculty of which he is possessed to prolong his career. He finds numerous natural enemies all working assiduously to shorten his days, but, in spite of them all, he gets fat and round, his coat becomes sleek, glossy and mouse-colored, and twenty years of servitude may find him somewhat calmer and more inclined to meditation, but scarcely less keen, nimble or willing. The nature of his employment inside is to draw cars in the gangways. It is a rare case when he requires more than a few days to thoroughly understand what is required of him, and thenceforth he performs his duties with unwavering, uncomplaining zeal. As soon as he has been harnessed he will take his place at

\$150 aptece. Half a million dollars invested in mules entitles that often-do pised animal to consideration. Individually he fails to receive it. His name is an epithet. To be as "dumb as a mule" mplies an almost supernuman depth of gnorance, whereas the mule is not dumb, nor is he ignorant, but rather he is a sa

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

### gacious, calculating, sensitive, spirited, easonable and brainy animal.

#### Strange Case of Literary Theft.

In a New York letter to the Indianapolis Times we find the following curious story : Brain-stealing is carried on in various ways, and dead men are generally the most convenient prey. One of the saddest cases of this sort came to my notice a short time since, and as it has a flavor of romance about it it merits notice. Knowing for many years by reputation a certain writer of plays and newspaper stories, chance threw her in tete-a-tete with me, and her supreme ignorance of the very themes on which she had won her reputation as a writer, surprised and disappointed me. Mentioning the fact to an intimate friend of hers, I learned the following romantic truth: Twenty years ago she was a mature and handsome woman, residing with her parents in X----. They were a respectable Hebrew family and made their living keeping boarders. Among their guests was a young foreigner, full of ambition for literary fame. He consumed the midnight oil translating from his native tongue plays and other miscellaneous articles-"his dreams of youth"-and with the pride of a martyr consented to accept obscurity in a strange land for the time being, until he should fight the rude battle, knowing that genius always has to struggle for recognition, but it vanquishes at last, Alas! the young man fell ill and was ten-derly nursed by the lady in question. The hand of death was on the young exile, and his heart warm with gratitude toward the woman who showed him so much sympathy. "That I may not die unknown," said he, "and unread, take all my plays, manuscripts, etc., sell them and keep the proceeds as a weak token of my gratitude for your attention." -80 saying, he died. The fair Jewess did ac-cept all, did sell and did win in America a reputation as the author of all the dead man left, declaring them her own productions, and as such they have been received by the public, both on the stage and in the arena of journalism, with praise and censure. Yet any one of an average knowledge of life meeting this lady would question her ability and ask how came she to be so well known, when she has not a single quality to justify the reputation she bears. It is not even an honest accident to have won a reputation under such circumstances, but if is nevertheless a truthful statement.

#### Hunting Fish With Dogs.

Captain Mayne Reid, in St. Nicholas, gives the following interesting description of a peculiar Fuegian manner of fish-

#### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion
One Square, one Inch, one month 1 00
One Square, one inch, three months
One Square, one inch, one year 10 00
Two Sonstell, One yeat 15 00
Conseter Colomb, ODS YORT ******************************
Half Column, one your 59 00
One Celumn, fone year 100 00
Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-riy. Temporary advertisements must be paid in dvance.

Job work-eash on delivery.

THE WISE BELLS.

In a sunny Sabbath morning, Forth two messengers were sped,

- That the bells be set a-ringing; One to say, in chime and singing,
- A fair maiden is to wed;
- One to say, with knell and moaning, A fair maiden lieth dead.
- By mischance the stupid servants Went not whither they were bade;
- But each where was sent the other. One said: "Ring the bells right glad

For a bridal." Said the other: "For the dead ring slow and sad."

So it changed that at the bridal, All turnel pale to hear the bell;

While the gladsome wadding chiming 'Mid the dirge discordant fell;

But the angels hearing, whispered, "In the chimes and in the knells.

Wisdom, more than man could teach ye,

Did you speak to-day, Oh, bells!" -Millie C. Pomeroy, in the Continent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I'm locked in slumber," murmurs the prison bird in his sleep.

The most appropriate pastry for a free tunch counter-Sponge cake.

The grocer who sells twelve ounces for a pound depends on his winning weigh. -Picayune.

Iowa is said to be out of debt. She ought to change her name then .- Philalelphia Call.

If you want to put money in a sound . investment buy telegraph stock.-Philaleiphia Chronicle.

Artificial cork has been invented, and we shall soon hear of adulterated lifepreservers.-Lowell Courier.

Batter is the name of a tenor singer in 1 New York church choir. He is occa-tionally put out by the first bass.-States

"Hello" is a mighty small word, but the patent on the machine through which it is said, is worth \$25,000,000. - Topeka Lance.

There are 16,823 Quakers in Indiana. So many broad-brimmed hats must be quite a protection to the soil in dry weather .- Burlington Free Press.

The greatest oleomargarine fraud yet perpetrated is the labeling the buckets with a ferocious billy goat to indicate genuine butter.-Atlanta Constitution.

"Are you trying to button your shoes?" asked the wife of a fat man who was grunting as he struggled to fasten the recreant buttons. "No!" he sarcastically growled; "can't you see I'm combing my bair?

When the judge says, "I sentence you for life," the grammarian and the prisoner look upon it quite differently. The one thinks it a very brief sentence, the other thinks it couldn't well be longer .-Boston Times.

The curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. the head of a "trip of cars." He will ing: By this, the four canoes have ar-start at the right time and stop at the rived at the entrance to the inlet, and are asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it," was the quick reply. When the farmer with a cry awoke At five in the morn, and heard the stroke

He jumped with all his might, An' in a snowbank, on his head, Ker chug! he chanced to light!

He hung to his old inntern tight, He got upon his feet: Thar in the dark he stood alone. The wreck waz jist complete. The snow it beat agin his face, A bitin' blizzard blew, The wind jist howled an' screamed an' roared, An' chilled him thro' an' thro'.

It froze the clo's upon his back Ez stiff as any shad, I tell you 'twas the proper time Fur all the sand he had! Yis, Dave he had a level head,

Ef he wasn't much on dress, He bounded back along the track To save the night express.

He heard the rumble of the train Just ez it hove in sight Around the corner, a sudden gust O' wind blew out his light, An' that he stood, the wreck behind, The comin' train before, A hurryin' on to sudden death A hundred lives or more.

There big an' bright before his eyes He saw the headlight gleam; He heard the rattlin' o' the wheels, The sissin' o' the steam. An' leapin' from the railroad track, Ez past the engine flew, to the cab with all his might Dave Driggs his lantern threw.

It struck the stariled engineer, It fell upon the floor, It rolled along into the light Before the fire-box door.

He read the letters "B. & O." Upon the shattered glass, He stopped the train before he struck The pile he couldn't pass!

An' Dave, he went to work next day Jist ez he alwuz had; He didn't go a loafin' round, Nor git the big-head bad. The city papers put him in An' laid the praise on thick -But, sho! for all the fuss they made Dave didn't care a stick.

He still is brakein' on the road, He wars that yaller shirt, A leetle wuss for use, perhaps, An' ruther dark with dirt. He traded off that diamon' pin, Ez sure as you were born, An' got a cluster diamon' ring? Humph? diamon' in a hora.

-Eugene J. Hall, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Hugh J. Jewitt is a director in twenty railroad companies, Samuel Sloan in twen-Jay Gould in twenty-four, ty-three. George B. Roberts in twenty-six, Augustus Schell in twenty-eight, Sidney Dillon in thirty-six and Frederick L. Ames in fifty-two.

good-humoredly.

" His wife laid her hand on his knee and for a moment was thoughtful and suddenly changing the topic under disquiet. Perhaps she was getting together her somewhat scanty collection of English words.

" Well,' she said at last again, looking into Pete's face and smiling, 'I come to here with my farder and my mutter and my sisters. My farder take quarter section, and then he say:

"" Hilda, you take quarter section, too. You more old than twenty-one."

"Rather a frank confession, I thought ; but she evidently had no sensitiveness about her age, and went on :

""So I takes this quarter. But I not come and really live here. Only I put up leetle house, and sometime come here with my farder for one day, or for two

day. " 'So by-an'-bye Pete ne come here, too. And no more good land left; and he know how nobody live here, so he build house here, too, and live here all times and plow-and dig well.

"' So my farder he come here and he say to Pete, "Go away, you bad man! You no see first house what built before you come?"

" And Pete say he no care for house. "You must live on quarter when you want get it. Nobody live in those house. I live here all time. Quarter section mine," he say.

"So they shake heads and talk loud and shake fists. But Pete he stay.

"He never see me. He think my farder want this land himself. So then my farder and I come and stay in first house all time.

" Then Pete he come to there, and he say, "Go away! go away! Do not live on my land. It is not you's land." He say many such things. """No," my farder say to him one

day, "it is not my land."

Then Pete look surprise and say, "If not you's land, then go away."

" 'But my farder snake head, and say very loud,"Not my land, but my daugh ter land."

\*\* Then Pete he look at me, sit in dark corner, and he more 'stonish. But he go away that time, and plow some more, and build straw barn and buy cow. And some time I hope he go away and leave land for me, and some time'-----here she looked up again and smiled at Pete. 'Some time I hope he come back to see us some more, and not go away. And I sit at window and watch Pete build house and barn, and plow, and I say: ". "Pete have good house and barn,

but he all so lonesome without some wife. "'My farder say always Pete is bad an. But I know he not bad man.

man.

"Then he comes again, and he say, "If you go away, I give you hundred dollar for not have any more trouble.

""But my farder say, "No; this land my daughter land. But if you go away I give you fifty dollar for not to have some more trouble."

to the relator of the episode Jackson, cussion, and with unwonted warmth of manner asked : "Colonel, are you fond of persimmons?" "Well, general, I can't say I am particularly partial to them. I occasionally eat a few when they are handy," replied the colonel. "Well, colonel," rejoined Jackson, with increasing warmth, "I am passionately fond of them, and feel a great desire for some of those remarkably fine ones on that tree over there." By this time the staff were approaching and the colonel suggested to the general, who was in the act of dismounting, that he send some of the young men for a supply of the fruit, but Jackson persisted in going himself, saying he felt they would be enjoyed the more did he pluck them with his own hands, and hastily dismounting he crossed the fence, refusing the kindly offer of help from young Junkin, who had procured a rail from the fence to put against the tree to assist in climbing. Striding over to the tree, he removed his sword-belt and, with his long-legged cavalry boots on, clambered aboriously up its limbless trunk, while the staff stood off quietly snickering at seeing their usually saturnine commander hugging and climbing the tree like a schoolboy. But he soon grasped the lower limbs and was ensconsed in a position where he ate to satiety. When the attempt was made to return to terra firma, however, his legs, hampered by the riding boots and spurs, became entangled, and young Junkin had to come to the rescue with his rail to aid the general in his descent. By this time the snickering of the quiet and demure old colonel and his young comrades had grown to the proportions of a loud guffaw, and the general himself joined heartily in the laughter as he comprehended the ludicrous predicament in which he had placed himself.

#### Animated Frozen Fish.

The American Angler vouches for the following fish story; A fish dealer in Salineville, Ohio, received a box of frozen fish from Cleveland, during one of the recent blizzards. They were so hard and brittle that they had to be handled with great care to keep them from breaking to pieces. He sold one to an old lady who took it home and put it in a bucket of cold water to thaw out gradually. During the night she heard something splashing around in the kitchen. Supposing it was the cat trying to get the fish, she jumped out of bed, seized the broom and rushed to the scene. She found the fish flopping in the pan. As near as could be learned this fish had lain out in the cold two nights before being packed, and had been out of the water for more than two weeks.

The number of French-speaking in-habitants in British North America is 1,298,929.

right place. and by a mistake command him to stop short, it is probable he will be unheeded, or that the mule, having stopped, will go to the rear and with his shoulder push the ears to their proper place.

He learns the ropes very readily, and no well-regulated horse would ever dream of attempting things a mule does without a thought of its impossibility. To a mine mule nothing is impossible. perform in the mines.

stabled in a cavern off the gangway. This is boarded up around to hang up the harness, and, probably, also to keep other care. From year to year they live in darkness and gloom. Sunlight and fresh air are unnecessary to their thrift. Their vision is sharpened by the perpetual night, so that they acquire the gift of the owl to penetrate far into the inky blackness of the deep, damp pit. They may become color blind, but are always able to discern an object or find their way in the deepest shaft they have (barring accidents) ten, fifteen, twenty underground.

mules' death is being jammed between cars. While standing on the gangway railroad at the head of one trip of cars another dashing suddenly round a curve may catch him and crush out the vital spark, but if there is a means of escape he will take it. It is only when there is not room enough by the side of the track for him to jump into that he loses his life in this way. Twenty horses would he killed that way before one mule is. Really there is only one other way in which I remember to have ever heard of a mule meeting his death, and that is when the mine is suddenly drowned

This is not always sure either. Not long ago seven mules were unable to cscape with the men, when the accumulated water in an old working broke through into the one in which they were. The water filled the gangway to within a few inches of the roof. Hours afterward, when the pumps had reduced it suffi-ciently, the stable-boss swam in to the mules and found them propped up on their hind legs with their heads up, and their noses elevated above the flood. Fastening the halter of one to the tail of another, and taking the lead mule by the spoonful twice a day, head, he swam them to the foot of the dope, up which they walked with only a

shake and a whinnying for feed.

If the driver be a new one, forming in line across it at equal distances from one another, as if to bar the way against anything that may attempt to pass outward. Just such is their design; the fish being what they purpose

enfilading. Soon the fish-hunters, having completed their "cordon" and dropped the dogs overboard, come on up the cove, the women plying the paddles, the men with javelins upraised, ready for dart-Experienced drivers say mules may be ing. The little foxy dogs swim abreast taught auything, and the incredulous of and between the canoes, driving the would experience a shock on witnessing fish before them-as sheep-dogs drive some of the feats they are compelled to sheep-one or another diving under at intervals, to intercept such 123

At night the mules of a colliery are attempt to escape outward. For in the translucent water they can see the fish far ahead, and, trained to the work, they keep guard against a alive the memories of the stalls of youth break from these through the inclosing and verdant pastures. They are liberally line. Soon the fish are forced up to the fed, and require and receive but little inner end of the cove, where it is shoalest: and then the work of slaughter commences. The dusky fishermen, standing in the canoes and bending over, now to this side, now that, plunge down their spears and fizgigs, rarely failing to bring up a fish of one sort or another; the struggling victim shaken off, into the bottom of the canoe, there gets its deathblow from the boys.

For nearly an hour the curious aquatic ever worked in. And thus they live chase is carried on; not in silence, but amid a chorus of deafening noises-the years-aye, one mule is known to have shouts of the savages and the barking spent the greater part of thirty-five years and yelping of their dogs mingling with nderground. The most frequent cause of mine the shricking of the sea birds overhead. And thrice is the cove "drawn" by the

canoes, which are taken back to its mouth, the line reformed, and the process repeated till a good supply of the fish best worth catching has been secured.

#### A Cure for Drunkenness.

There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, which thousands are said to have been enabled to recover themselves. The recipe came into notoriety by the efforts of the commander of a steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most carnest efforts to reciaim himself proved unavailing. At last he sought the advice of an eminent

physician, which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterward pub-lished, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform. is as follows: Sulphate of iron, twenty. grains; magnesia, forty grains; peppermint, forty-four drachms; spirits of nutmeg, tour drachus. Dose, one table-

The late Lord Hertford was one of the few persons privileged to make jokes in A colliery employing 200 men will find the queen's presence, and he often caused use for thirty mules. They will average her to indulge in a hearty laugh.

Of the bell as it 'gan to ring, He jumped from bed with agility. And exclaimed with huge hilarity, "Oh, this is an early spring in -New York Journal.

The critics are poking fun at a magazine article for saying "man is our brother." Of course he is. You wouldn't call him your sister, would you? If the article said : "Man is our sister," the critics would have reason for kicking .--Peck's Sun.

A Detroit river fisherman says that the pike of the straits is a very destructive lish. One that was recently speared had swallowed another pike and that pike had swallowed a perch. The trouble with the whole business is about swallowing the story .- Picayune.

A LEAP-YEAR VICTIM. "Now, Charley, my darling, I pray thee Just give me a moment of bliss; I'm going, look kindly upon me, And give me a dear, parting kiss."

"Don't do it, you'll rumple my collar, You'll muss up my hair and mustache-Fil tell my manima—yes, Fil holier: You horrid girl, don't be so rash.<sup>b</sup> —Oil City Derrick.

A Queer Character.

Mangin, the celebrated black-lead pencil maker of Paris, is dead. He drove very day in an open carriage, attended by a servant, to his stands either by the Place Vendome or on the Place de la Bourse. His servant handed him a case, from which he took large portraits of himself and medals with descriptions of his pencils, which he hung on either side of him. He then replaced his round hat with a magnificent burnished helmet, mounted with brilliant plumes. For his overcoat he donned a costly velvet tunic with gold fringes. He then drew up a pair of polished steel gauntlets upon his hands, covered his breast with a brilliant cuirass, ' and placed a richly-mounted sword at his side. His servant then put on a velvet robe and helmet, and struck up a tune on an organ mounted in gold. To the crhwds gathered around he then exclaimed: "I am Mangin, the great harlatan of France! Years ago I hired modest shop in the Rue Rivoli, but ould not sell pencils enough to pay my rent. Now, attracted by my sweeping crest, my waving plumes, my din and glitter, I sell millions of pencils." This was true. His pencils were the very best.

The Dutch papers mention the dissovery of a "certain cure" for gout. A peasant who was contined to his bed by a sharp attack was stung by a bee, and almost immediately he felt better and next day he was well. A short time after another patient thought he would try the same remedy, and, having inluced a bee to sting him on the part affected, he also was was cured,