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WAXING AND WANING.

Hope and the sun are like as one-Both largest when they rise; They shrink alike from morn till noon,

As life grows old and wise, With what unbounded hope the boy Begins his world-career! How wondrous large and bright with joy

Do rising suns appear! But as the sun grows less and less,

And paler at they climb The vacant sky, so we confess The cold deceits of time.

Our boyhood hopes will shrink and fade

As boyhood drifts away, And one by one to rest are laid The failures of the day.

And yet the sun at noon that turns Its downward course will grow and grow; Till in the west it rol's and buras. As large as half a day ago.

So, as we hear that other sphere, The early hope revives, That all we thought was ours here May be, in other lives.

-Harper's Weekly.

LEFT BEHIND.

It was 10 o'clock of a July morning, and the largest fraction of humanity had been some hours earning its daily bread. The idlers had just risen from the breakfast table. To this latter class belonged the young man who leaned lazily on the piazza railing, and looked absently out on Lake Winnipake. Beside him in a huge chair, sat a little woman rocking to and fro, with an untiring movement, and with deft flogers plying in and out rays were merciful among bright silk and crewels. She was breeze on the lake. idle, too, in her woman's laborious way, but there was a lack of repose in her indolence that made it restful to turn again to her brother, who stood in statuesque inaction, looking into the still water philosophical course of action was to below.

"What are you going to do, to-day ?" the little woman asked.

"Nothing." "There's a great deal going on, and very nice sort of people, too. Do you given to boating at high noon. see that pretty girl down there at the She tried to think how she should landing ?

The one with red ?"

"Yes, don't you think she's pretty ?" "I hadn't thought of it." "Well, she is-remarkably. Wouldn't had in it an element of heroism, but the

you like to meet her ? I could easily present situation was one of unmitigated absurdity, and Josephene Vail always felt the heroic rather than the comic to manage it."

"I'm not particular. Is she worth while ?"

"Ben, you exasperate me. Do you take an interest in anything ?" "I don't do anything else m Wall

street. I'm off duty now. I believe in resting in a philosophical sort of a way."

"No you don't. Leave 'em alone and jon roused the compassion of Josephine. and she began to talk to him with a des-"Tom, turn this boat instantly, or I'll perate cheerfulness and acceptance of the situation.

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you're going straight toward it."

"All right, just as you say."

grass or a bit of moss.

"We might land there," he said,

"To be sure we might," said his sister,

Tom turned his boat toward the great

the water. It was fitly called the Desert

Isle, for its few square feet of surface

supported not so much as a blade of

the top easy enough." "Of course I can," said Josephine;

water. Perched high on this pedestal,

her figure stood out against the sky in

bold relief. A book and parasol were

her only accessories, for by some happy inspiration she had clung to these. The

sun was high in the heavens, but its hot rays were mercifully tempered by a soft

risive laugh came from below.

sit still.

blandly.

first scheme

monkey."

"Tom, there's the Desert Island just ahead. Don't run into it. Be careful; what a cold-blooded little villain you're going straight toward it." when he comes back. How are you going to account for me? Consider me

your man Friday." Beneath their light talk ran an undercurrent of more or less bitter meditation on the part of each. Miss Vail shuddered glad of anything to divert him from the to think what a good story this would make to circulate among her friends, while Adams foresaw how it would add rock, which lifted its broad back out of to the conviviality of the club. He began with the fervent wish that he was out of the scrape. He ended, I am glad to conless, by ceasing to envy Robinson Crusoe "Hop out," said Tom: "I've got to see his desert isle, and considering his own to the boat. I guess you can climb up to far preferable. There was a breeziness about this girl that made him forget the mounting thermometer. She had a way "as if I needed your help, you little of going to the point, and, moreover she nonkey." In a moment she stood at the top of Adams told his sister he appreciated in a woman.

the rock, and in another moment a de-In short, by dint of making the best of it, Miss Vail and Adams were both "Good-by; I hope you will enjoy yourself. I'll see you later." Plato says: "A boy is the most vicious of wild beasts." Plato and Miss able to express honest suprise when a boat appeared in the distance, and in taking out his watch, Adams found it to Vail were of one opinion on that point. be 3 o'clock.

She looked about her and took in the "Now!" was all Josephine said, but situation. She was monarch of about there were conflicting emotions in the twenty-five feet of rough gray rocks, the monosyllable. "Hullo-o!" shouted a shrill voice sides of which descended abruptly to the

across the water.

"Hullo-o!" called Adams back. Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally made its appearance. "You're a great one, Jo," he muttered. "I'd like to know where you wouldn't find a beau. Did he drop down out of

Josephine seated herself, raised her the clouds?" parasol and opened her book. She faced "Hush, sir; you have been a very

the probability that at least two hours of naughty boy.' As they rowed home Adams devoted noonday solitude were before her. The himself to cultivating the acquaintance of the young scapegrace. The latter proved very approachable, and Adams found no difficulty in persuading him to make the best of it. But what a situation to be discovered in! She remem-bered with satisfaction that a large go fishing the next day. party had gone on a picnic to-day, and the dowagers left behind were not

When they were home at last, Jose-phine took her brother into her room and turned the key.

laugh it off if anybody should see her, but under the most cheerful aspect she "Tom, you've treated me very badly to-day. What would you give if I would seemed to herself a little ridiculous specnot tell father? You wouldn' like to be sent back to the military school, you tacle. To be ridiculous in a good cause know."

"Say, sis, I'll tell you what," and the little wretch gave a wink of immense satisfaction; "if you won't tell on me, I be her forte. Once tears of real vexation

won't tell on you. Honor bright." "Mrs. Adams," said Mr. Ben Adams to started as her head began to throb in his wife at their wedding reception a year sympathy with the hot pulsation of the after. "Don't you think we might af-An hour had dragged its length when Josephene suddenly lifted her head and knew a secret kept better. I nearly "Well, I suppose you are tired, poor fellow! I know how you feel. I am tired myself most of the time." "Tired! I look like it," laughed the young man. "I'll tell you how it is; I image in a phinosophical sort of a way. "Issend painfully. A man's veice sing-ing and the splash of oars, and, yes, in au instant, a boat swung slowly around the bend. One man sat in it hazily young man. "I'll tell you how it is; I

AMONG THE JERSEY COWS. Total abstinence, even for boys, was a thing unknown in England early in

Butter Which Sells at Fifty Cents a Pound – Twenty Cows Worth More Than \$2,000 Each.

"Gath," in the Cincinnuti Enquirer, gives the following account of his visit to the stock farm of Joseph C. Sibley, near Franklin, Penn.

Overlooking the tower on the oppound. On the top of the hill is the circular pattern, and contains the entire herd on two floors. From the cupola of ing stair connecting the two floors. In the center of each floor is a large open in stalls, their heads all appearing above their stalls.

second circle is devoted to the cows with calves or about to calve. The cows in calf are generally kept dry where this is possible, so that the calf can get the full nourishment; but it is exceedingly difflcult in some cases to dry the Jersey cow, as the tenacity with which she makes milk is the great secret of her value. She is the most wonderful butter-making animal known to man. Other kinds of cattle run to beef, but the Jersey so assimilates her food that the globules which might make beef flow in her milk, and hence the extraordinary production of some of these cows, and their high prices in a country where the chemist has been at work with butter, and has given us various forms of wagon grease and coaltar instead of the Alderney produce.

The importation of Jersey cattle into the United States began about seven years before the war. It has gone on with such enthusiasm that we now have not hurt by them. Be at least as polite to father, mother, child, as to others; for they are more imabout 21,000 Jerseys, either imported or born here, every one of which is registerportant to you than any other. ed in the Jersey herd-book, that is now assuming the proportions of a library. The Jersey cattle-by which general those who are rude to you. For rememname is meant cattle of Jersey, Sark and ber that you show courtesy to others, not because they are gentlemen, but because Alderney-improve in this country over

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Job work-cash on delivery.

THE HOME OF THE SOUL. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE STAR SPANGLED

BANNER. [The correspondent sending the following been to the New York Observer, remarks: I have never seen it in print, but obtained it through a manuscript copy of a friend of the author, Mr. Francis S. Key, and feel sure I can youch for its authenticity."]

Oh, where can the soul find relief from its woes.

A refuge of safety, a home of repose? The pearls and emeralds worn by Cali- Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid vale

gula's wife were worth \$1,600,000, but she was not usually attended by private Give a refuge no sorrow or sin can assail? No, no, there's no home!

There's no home on earth, the soul has no. home.

Can it leave the low earth, and coar to the to the custom so that in Cheshire tying a sky.

And seek for a home in the mansious on high In the bright realms of bliss a home shall be given,

And the soul find a rest in its Home of the Heaven.

Yes, yes, there's a home!

There's a home in high heaven, the soul has a the first telephone of which there is any home.

> Oh, holy and happy its home shall be there, Free forever from sorrow, from sin and from care.

> And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise To welcome the soul to its home of the skies. Home, home, home of the soul!

The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Under a cloud-An umbrella. The man who "found his level" was a

carpenter, of course, -Boston Bulletin. The best hand to hold in the game of life is that of your best girl .- Waterloo Observer.

One good thing may be said of the pawnbroker-he sticks to his pledges.-omercille Journal.

A Vermont man has been married six times, and he's the citizen they always get to go first in a bear hunt. -Boston Post.

It doesn't speak much of the size of a man's mind when it takes him only a minute to make it up .- New York Graphic An English paper says that American are good listeners. Our invention of the telephone proves it .- New York Journal. It seems strange that a man should hurt himself when he drops on a sidewalk. Down is so soft, you know .--Siftings.

Every affliction has its blessing. The man with a wooden leg never knows what it is to have rheumatism in that ankle .--Chicago Sun.

A linen shirt was first worn in England about the year 1250. There was a man in our office yesterday who had on that identical shirt.—Rockland Courier.

A fashion item declares that the long train is going out of fashion. Let 'em go. This is the kind of departing train that no one will care if they do miss .--

VISIT TO A MODEL PENNSYLVANIA STOCK FARM.

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1884.

Franklin is surrounded with the derricks of oil wells, looking like skeleton church spires, to the number of scores and hundreds, and most of these are still pumping a small quantity of oil per posite side of French creek is the Prospect Hill stock farm of Joseph C. Sibley, perhaps the most complete in all its ap pointments now in this country. Connected with it in different tracts are about six hundred acres of land, and it has a race-course used by the county agricultural society. Near the gate going in is the creamery, which manufactures two barrels of cream into butter in about forty-five minutes, and this butter is sent all over the country at fifty cents a barn, which is of an octagonal or almost the barn, which gives the ventilation, descends a pole, around which is a windspace, and the circle of cattle faces this the stalls, and the troughs at their knees. Behind this row of cattle is an open corridor, also circular, around which the second greater circle of cattle stand at

On the upper floor a portion of this

\$1.60 PER ANNUM. SELECT SIFTINGS.

this century.

detectives.

account.

archery

ances.

set down.

was first manufactured.

as a solemn pledge or promise.

Savon, the French word for soap, is ascribed to Savona, the place at which it

Among the Goths, Iberians and Moors

It was formerly customary in England

for the sick to wear a kerchief on the

head, and a certain virtue was attached

kerchief on the head and drinking a pos-

The Musurgia, printed in 1650, tells

of a speaking-trumpet invented by one

Kacher, who read a litany from a convent

on the top of a mountain standing at the

foot of it two Italian miles off. This is

The earliest statute against the em-

ployment of playing cards bears date in the reign of Henry VIII., and is entitled,

"An act for the maintenance of artillery

In fact, it is simply intended to encourage

an English almanac published in 1747,

and South America, Peruviana. The

provinces of Mexicana were New Spain,

Florida, New Albany, New England, New Franca, or Canada. The islands were

The captain of a coal steamer, which

loaded at Cardiff, Wales, missed his dog,

and sailed in grief without him. When,

thirty-one days later, his cargo was dis-

charged at Constantinople, the spaniel

was found in a little cavity among the

coal, where he had survived his long

fast. Though too weak to stand, he

was restored in a few days by careful

feeding upon small quantities of bread and milk, repeated at short intervals.

WISE WORDS.

character before we can love it much.

We must have a weak spot or two in a

The beggar is the only man in the uni-

verse who is not obliged to study appear-

That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilieth the task which destiny has

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it

Treat everybody with politeness, even

treats little things as little things, and is

Newfoundland and California.

North America was called Mexicana in

and the debarring of unlawful games.

set was a remedy for everything.

the licking of the thumb was regarded

simply want my liberty. It doesn't pay - this dancing attention on half a dozen girls whom you never see again."

"Oh, well, don't, then." Ben Adams at twenty-one had per-

formed his social duties with great zest. Four years later he was still heart whole, and beginning to take a purely fraternal interest in blushing debutantes. He danced less and went to the opera alone, or with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of twenty-nine. With entire resignation young Adams acted as usher at many fashionable weddings, and without a sigh saw Catharine, Kate and Kitty led down the aisle by other men. And so he approached his thirties and within a year of them leaned idly over the piazza railing at Lake Winnipake, and declared to his sister that "Robinson Crusoe was the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance. Give me a desert isle for a summer sojourn. What would refresh a man like going back to savagery!"

"I don't think it would be enough of a change to benefit some I know," laughed his sister. "Well, Ben, all I can say is, you are very different from what you use to be."

In the meanwhile the boat below pushed off, and eyes, chiefly more trouble to look another way. The young lady in the stern was Miss Josephine Vail, and the boy at the oars was her a young lady of views supported by more or less logic and by what some thought an extremely pretty face. Her enemies -but she had none-would have said that while she despised conventionalities no one was more annoyed when obliged to disregard them, and while she resented the protecting limitations of her sex, she was quite willing to accept the attentions based on the theory of their existence. Her father said one day; Nothing would take the kinks out of Josephine like settling down with a good husband," The young lady took it in high dudgeon, and went away meekly to wonder it it were true. On this particular July morning Josephine accepted her brother Tom's services as oarsman, not because she was not perfectly able to row herself, but because it would keep Tom out of mischief.

"Don't rock the boat, Tom. It doesn't frighten me, but I can't read."

There was a pause "Row near the bank, in the shade, Tom.

Another long pause.

"Say, sis," said Tom at length, "now we're off, Fil tell you where we're going.

'Where you're going ! Why, you're going to take me out for a row.

'Not much. I'm going two miles about to see some fellows who are camping out.'

"And going to take me ? I think you no hero, as you see." are mistaken, sir. Give me those oars."

"It's that base creature who watched us off this morning. It's a type I detest. And to think he should see me here! It's really more than I can endure." The girl looked with envy on the tortoise

air about her.

which slipped easily from the base of the rock into the water as he heard the disturbing sound of pars.

"I hope he'll have the good taste to suppose I came here of my own free will. He wouldn't think of interfering with me, I hope. What! I believe he's coming straight toward me!"

Josephene turned the leaves of her book with an interest that grew every moment more intense. But at length decency required some recognition of the nearing boat. The young man was rowing now as if he had renewed interest in life. He was soon at the base of the rock.

"I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised his hat; "can I be of any service to you?"

"You are very kind, sir. You find me in a very absurd condition."

"You have evidently been shipwrecked. Are you the sole survivor?"

"No, not shipwrecked, but' put ashore and abandoned by my cruel tyrant of a brother. To tell you the truth, sir, I am as followed it with his the victim of a practical joke. My little it would have been brother has left me here while he goes farther up the lake to visit some friends who are camping there."

"I beg you will make use of my boat, twelve-year-old brother. Josephine was then, to return. I will come up to you in one moment.

Leaping out of his boat before Miss Vail could say a word he drew it up on a low shelf of the rock and quickly reached her side.

"Let me help you," the young man said, with such a firm assurance of good breeding that she made no resistance or attempt at independence, but accepted the proffered aid in a quiet, matter-ofcourse way

"Your boat! your boat, sir!" she suddenly cried. It was too late. The rising breeze drove the water with such force against the rock so as to dislodge the boat, and before Adams could grasp it, it was gayly tilting about, a half dozen yards away.

The two looked at each other a moment and then laughed, though both were conscious of its being questionable taste.

Adams sobered and said : "Can you ever forgive me, Miss-

"Miss Vail; I am Miss Vail."

"And I am Mr. Adams. Can you be magnanimous enough to forgive me?" "That is the question I should ask

1011 "Ah, you evade mine. At any rate I shall never forgive myself. A worse bit of bungling I never saw. The truth is, Miss Vail, I have had very little experience in rescuing fair ladies. You are the first whose life I have tried to save. I am

The genuine annoyance of her compan-

nevertheless. Here are Rutland and his Mary. Let's tell them the story. They know we're going to Lake Winnipake for our honeymoon.

Saved by an Albatross.

The Sidney (Australia) Telegraph says: A singular story has been related to us by the master of the bark Gladstone, which arrived there from London. While the vessel was in latitude forty-two degrees south and longitude ninety degrees east, a seaman fell overboard from the starboard gangway. The bark was scudding along with a rough sea and moderate wind, but on the alarm of "man overboard " being given, she was rounded to and the starboard lifeboat was lowered, manned by the chief officer and four men. A search for the unfortunate man was made, but owing to the roughness of the sea he could not be discovered; but the boat steered to the spot where he was last seen. Here they found him floating but exhausted, clinging for dear life to the legs and wings of a huge albatross. The bird had swooped down on the man while the latter was struggling with the waves and attempted to peck him with its powerful beak. Twice the bird attacked its prey unsuccessfully, being beaten off by the desperate sailor battling with two enemies-the water and the al batross-both greedy and insatiable. For the third time the huge white form of the bird hovered over the seaman, preparatory to a final swoop. The bird, eager for its meal, fanned its victim with its wide spread wings.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him that the huge form so close to his face might become his involuntary rescuer. Quick as thought he reached up and eized the bird, which he proceeded to strangle with all his might. The huge reature struggled with wings and paddles to free itself. In the contest the sailor was beaten black and blue and cruelly lacerated, but he held his own, and slowly the bird quivered and died. The carcass floated lightly on the waves, its feathers forming a comfortable support for the exhausted man, who had so narrowly escaped a lingering death. But mother danger awaited him. He was not much of a swimmer, and the excitement of the entraordinary conflict began to tell upon him. He was faint and grew giddy. But with one arm around the albatross' body, under the wing, and one hand clutching the bird's feet, the sailor awaited his chance of rescue. Presently he heard his comrades shout from the boat, and in a few minutes more was safe on board the bark, though a good deal shaken and exhausted.

Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it withersoever that shall go and are of their na-ture divine and immortal.

their condition in their native islands and they make more cream and butter, and thrive wonderfully. They are distributed over the entire country. They are generally of a fawn color, with rather dark gray or blackish faces; the cows

are very gentle, and the bulls vicious. I was interested in two things in this

stable. In the first place the cream separator, which is run by a steam engine, revolves with enormous rapidity, and the cream flows out of one spigot and the skimmed milk out of another. Then I observed the apparatus for cleaning cows, which are carefully washed and brushed once or twice a day by means of brushes operated by the engine. The cow, calf or bull is brought forward and tied to a post, and from above these brushes are brought to her body, and carefully raise every hair. The cattle like it, but their tails have to be tied up in a bag, for not long ago one of the brushes tore out a tail. The temperature in the barn is kept at fifty degrees the year round, regulated by the thermometer, and the barn is lighted with the Brush light on every floor, and at midnight is as bright as day. A storage battery is kept near the engine for this purpose. The light used is the ordinary gas bracket and small lamp.

At Prospect Hill farm the barn is eighty eight feet in diameter. There are thirty-two cattle on the inner rows and forty-six on the rearrows. The engineer has fifteen-horse power. The food given the animals is boiled and mixed, partly oats and partly ensilage, or leaves of corn plucked when the ear is full of milk. The cattle like this food very much, and it improves their butter. The Jersey cow can be relied on to make one pound of butter a day; many of them make sixteen pounds a week, and some of their performances are almost fabulous.

By the machinery used at Prospect Hill it takes thirty-five minutes only to separate the cream from the milk of forty-five cows. The separator is a Swedish patent. In one hour from the commencement of the milking the cream is in the creamery and the skimmed milk is being fed to the calves.

Mr. Sibley says that the keep of his cattle in the winter is some where between twenty and thirty cents a day, but that for a portion of the year they do not cost above eight cents a day. There are about thirteen men employed on the herd farm, and the cost of running it is about \$17,000 a year.

milch cows, producing not less than one pound per diem of butter, while a good deal of the milk without being skimmed is given to the calves. There are twenty cows in the stable that \$2,000 apiece would not buy.

The czar of Russia owns personally 220,000 square miles of territory in Siberia, yielding the small annual rent of \$150,000, not much for 140,000,000 sores.

you are one.

Young man, don't forget that all the people are watching you, and most of them are more ready to charge your account with something bad than something good.

Never pronounce a man to be a willful niggard until you have seen the contents of his purse. Distribution, you must remember, should be in accordance with the receipts.

The hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the fir instance, we cook the dish to our own petite: in the latter, nature cooks it for

It is not a question as to whether any man may or may not have objects of beauty; it is not required that any man should make himself a hermit in the desert. A man has a right to wealth and all that it produces, but no man has a right to hold them selfishly and shut others out from their enjoyment.

Beautiful Harbor.

One grand picture gallery Sydney possesses and sufficiently enjoys-its harbor. Let none who values his place in any Australian heart murmer that he never heard of Sydney harbor, or hint that it has any equal in the world. When I first sailed on it a gentleman gravely assured me that, with all its sinuosities, this harbor, had a water-front of 2,300 miles. Deduct about two thousand and you will be nearer the fact. Deduct a proportionate amount of enthusiasm and you still have the sober truth that this harbor, with its green promontories and islets, its bays and nooks and beaches, studded with shining villas, is of a beauty that never wearies the eye. As, during many months of the year, fair weather may be counted on, there are many picnics on the wooded shores and so much room that none need jostle each other. On Sundays there are many excursionists, but little bathing, the sharks being a sufficient police force to keep all bathing inside the palings and hoses provided at various spots, with scrupulous separation of sexes. - M. D. Conway.

One of the most interesting and valuable features of the Johns Hopkins University library is the newspaper bureau. A trained editor and a staff of assistants read all the representative dailies and mark superior articles upon economic, political, social, educational, legal and historical subjects. These are afterward clipped, arranged in newspaper budgets, and kept in large envelopes or oblong boxes, which are marked with labels. The lists of subjects includes everything of value that finds its way into the columns of the press. Bulletin boards are covered daily with the best clippings from the latest papers, arranged under the leading heads of current topics.

"There is a species of lizard that can throw off its tail at pleasure." In this it resembles the writers of serials for the story papers, albeit the latter throw off much the longer tails .- Norristown Herald.

When a young man lays siege to a young lady, and insists upon her con-senting to become his wife, she cannot but confess that he is "a man after her own heart," however heartless she may appear. - Chicago Sun.

An iceberg 110 miles long was seen by the steamer Norseman on her way from Liverpool to New York, and perhaps the Arctic regions and the north pole, in order to avoid giving us any further trouble, are coming down here .- Chicago Times.

"My dear," said Mr. Muckleham to his wife, "those hams I bought the other day are so badly spoiled they cannot be enten." "What a pity," his wife re-plied. "Guess we'd better send them out to the charity hospital."-Arkansaw Traveler.

As somewhat of an inducement to ama, teurs we take this method of announcing that everyone sending us a poem on "Spring" this year will receive a pound of dynamite done up in a beautiful sheet of colored tissue paper. Now is the time to get up clubs. - Chicago News.

A loving father at Clayton, N. Y., in his anxiety to marry off his daughters (fifteen in number) as quick as possible, has killed his dog, taken the locks off his doors, and hung rope ladders over his dooryard by the dozen, and still his provision bill is as large as ever .- Bismarck Tribune.

The pleasurable part : An Austin man, who has just got out a book of poems, met Gilhooly, and the following proceedings were had : "Did you read my new book?" "Oh, yes, I read it." "How did you like it?" "My dear sir, I assure you that I laid it aside with a great deal of pleasure."-Texas Siflings.

" If you don't marry me," he exclaimed, "I'll take myself out of this hated world and Fil haunt you as long as you live!" Said she: "It will be more respectable than your present haunts. Please stand a little further off. I never could bear the mell of alcohol so soon after tea.--Boston Transcript.

"All this hard wood you export," the English tourist asked the Indiana lumberman, "all this maple and beech, you know, where dues it go ?" And the man told him that most of it went direct to Seqtland, where it was worked up into bo hand churns and paper folders from the liters of Burns' cottage and the from offeir Walter Scott." And the tourist said "Haw," and wrote something in his note-book .--- Hawkeye.

Over 500,000 rose trees are annually mported into this country from England, France and Holland.

At Prospect Hill there are forty-five