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The Forest Republican.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with rates for various advertisement types: One Square, one inch, one insertion; One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

WELLS THAT NEVER FREEZE.

Nature's wells are deep below, Deep below the line of frost and snow; They are clear and sparkling, cool and sweet, Clear and sparkling underneath our feet.

Nature's wells are never dry, When the August sun is blazing high They are deep and cool, they are cool and deep, And in rocky crevices moisture keep.

My life's wells lie far below, Far below the line of frost and snow; Safely hid within my home they lie, Deep and still and sweet beneath Love's sky.

For home's wells are never dry, Outside of the conflict waxen high, And a bitter drought is on the strife, Or a frost ties fast the hopes of life;

PARTING.

Weep not that we must part; Partings are short, eternity is long; Life is but one brief stage, And they that say love ends with life are wrong.

What though so far away? Thy thoughts are still with me, and with those mine, And absence has no power To lessen what by nature is divine.

Then grieve no more, my love; Grieving but shows thy trust in me is small. Faith is by calmness proved, For know this truth—thou canst not love at all.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

The kindness of a kinsman of the late Howard Schuyler has furnished us with the following interesting story of the perils of engineering life on the plains only fifteen years ago:

In a recent letter from — he informs me your request that I should write out in detail the story of Howard's miraculous escape from the Indians, as I had narrated it to you. It is a matter of interest to you, it will certainly be a pleasure to me to do so.

In the month of June, 1869, when the grass and flowers on the plains of Kansas and Colorado were nearly knee-high, the result of unusually abundant rains which left clear pools of water in all the little arroyos, a corps of Kansas Pacific engineers, under the leadership of Howard Schuyler, were engaged in making certain preliminary surveys in the vicinity of the terminal town of Phil Sheridan, near the border line of the two States. They had been out on a trip of several months in the direction of Denver, and had returned to the end of the track to begin the definite location, which we afterward carried through to Denver. At this time I had been with the party some two or three months, taking my novitiate in engineering, and was occupying the position of rodman. Prior to commencing the location, we were running some rapid trial lines north of Sheridan, and by the June 19 were some fifteen or twenty miles out in a rolling country, where the heads of the Smoky Hill and Republican Forks of the Kansas river interlock. On the evening before our camp had been brought up to the end of our work, and we started out bright and early on this memorable Saturday morning, so that by 10 o'clock we were several miles away from camp. In all our work we had been accompanied by an escort of fifteen infantry soldiers, under the charge of a lieutenant, acting in the capacity of a camp-guard, who, while they were very useful in guarding our base of supplies, were of no protection to us in the field. Our party numbered thirteen all told, two of whom remained in camp as cook and teamster. The working party was therefore reduced to eleven, including Howard, whose custom it was to ride several miles ahead, looking out the line and indicating it by building sod mounds two or three feet high with a shovel. We followed from one mound to the next, measuring the angles and distances and leveling the ground. Our progress was as rapid almost as a man would walk at a moderate pace, and we were exceedingly vulnerable to attack, as we were all separate, strung out over a distance of a mile or more, while Howard was always out of sight, and several miles ahead, but having been out several months without seeing any Indian signs we had no suspicion of danger and did not dream there was an Indian in the country. We afterward knew that they had been watching us some days and were simply waiting for the most favorable opportunity to make the attack, having evidently planned to kill Howard first, and then come back along the line picking off the rest of the party one by one. In pursuance of this plan they lay in

wait until they had cornered him in a trap when they fired a shot, stripping his horse in the hip; and looking around he saw a long line of the red painted devils on three sides of him, while on the fourth, in the direction of his party, was half a mile or more of broken ground, cut up by deep, narrow ravines. It took but a moment to decide his line of action. Putting spurs to his horse he turned to the only loophole of escape, and, to the surprise of the Indians, went leaping over the ravines, one after the other, at the risk of his life, but with the assurance that they could not follow him, as none of their ponies were equal to the work, and to keep up the pursuit they were obliged to make a long detour.

Having once got clear of the broken ground, Howard, looking back, found himself well ahead, and was congratulating himself on so easy an escape, when he saw directly before him, springing out of the grass, a formidable array of Indians, intercepting his flight; those pursuing in the rear closed up, and almost before he could realize the situation he found himself again entrapped, this time by a line of Indians that entirely encircled him, numbering about 100, as nearly as he could judge. They rapidly narrowed the limits of the circle, and began taunting him with all manner of insults, and telling him of the tortures that awaited him and of the slow roasting that they proposed to give him. For several minutes he sat on his horse, trying to reconcile himself to the certainty that death was before him, but when the first struggle was over all trembling ceased, and with as true an aim as ever huntsman leveled at a deer, he drew up his rifle, and fired at the nearest man, killing him instantly. Earlier in the fight he had realized that he was more lightly armed than usual, having that morning left his belt, with a brace of pistols and a box of cartridges, in camp to be cleaned, taking only his Winchester carbine, carrying twelve shots. He now determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and, counting every shot, to be sure that he saved one for himself as a dernier resort in case of capture, since death by his own hand was preferable to torture. Twice more he shot in quick succession without fatal effect, when he suddenly put spurs to his horse and dashed through the line. At this moment there was a general scramble and rush for him, some trying for him with their spears, others seizing his legs and trying to unhorse him. He succeeded in the twinkling of an eye in throwing them all off, and even killed a second man riding at his side, putting his gun against his (the Indian's) body and blazing away, the blood spurting over Howard's buckskin leggings, saddle and horse. The instant he freed himself from them and got clear alone on open ground ahead of them, where they were not in danger of killing each other in shooting at him, they fired a volley of bullets and arrows at him. None of them hit him, and up to this moment he was entirely unharmed. Had his horse been equally fortunate this would doubtless have ended the fight, as the horse was a fine, high-spirited animal, superior to any of the Indian ponies. But the first shot received at the beginning of hostilities had cut a small artery, and from this the blood was pumping out a steady stream, that, together with his violent exertions, was fast sapping his strength. The Indians, seeing this, were encouraged to continue in pursuit, and their leader, mounted on an American stage horse (stolen the day before at a stage station a few miles back, which they had burned, murdering all the inmates) succeeded so well in keeping pace with him that Howard could almost feel the breath from the nostrils of his pursuer's horse. Thus they rode, nose to tail, for a mile or two, the Indian occupying the time in shooting at Howard. Three pistols, six-shooters, he emptied, and bullets flew around poor Howard, on every side. Four more entered the poor horse, already so badly wounded, a bullet pierced Howard's clothes at his side, another cut the strap of his field glass, which was lost, another cut off his spur, bruising the heel slightly but not drawing blood; a fourth pierced the wooden breech of his rifle, as he carried it in his hand—almost striking it from his grasp; others struck the saddle, and in short they seemed to strike everywhere but where they were aimed. All this time Howard was endeavoring to reach over his shoulder and get a shot at the Indian, but at every such movement the savage slipped under the belly of his horse, and was out of sight, except a hand on the mane, and heel on the back. Finally, ammunition exhausted, the Indian resorted to his spear, and with the wooden handle gave Howard one or two severe raps on the head, trying to knock him out of his saddle—without avail, but at last Howard's horse, that had been tottering shakily, from loss of blood, fell on its knees, and the Indian rushed up to end the contest. At that instant the horse struggled to his feet again, and Howard saw that his opportunity had come, his foe was at his side, and he quickly thrust his rifle against the Indian's body and fired, blowing a hole through that seemed as large as one's arm. The Indian shrieked, leaped out of his saddle, and fell to the ground on his face, dead.

Looking about, Howard saw the remainder of the band following at a prudent distance, for by this time they began to look upon him as a god, invulnerable to all their weapons. When, at last, the poor horse fell prostrate, and apparently dead, they all backed up to make a final disposition of their troublesome enemy. But Howard, undaunted, lay quietly down behind the body of his horse, and when they came within short range, took deliberate aim and fired, killing another man. This unlooked-for disaster completely demoralized them, and they fled in all directions. Within

three minutes not an Indian was in sight. He turned his attention to his horse, loosened the girth to take off the saddle, and was surprised when the animal drew a deep breath and struggled to his feet. He then led him slowly to where the rest of the party had made a stand about their wagon, and as he approached from one direction I came limping up from the other, with a bullet in my right leg. The Indians had paid their general attentions to the rest of us during the time Howard was having his fight, but fortunately not in force, and we succeeded in getting together at the wagon without the loss of a man, I being the only one wounded in the whole engagement. As soon as Howard joined us we started on the retreat for camp, the Indians harassing us the whole way. They would form in single file or all abreast, and charge as though they were going to ride right over us, but on getting within short range would wheel and retire, after discharging a volley of shots that would tear up the earth all around us. This was most terrifying to me, a boy fresh from school, who had never experienced any sort of warfare, and had never seen a gun fired by one man at another—but Howard, who had gone through four years of the war of the rebellion, and had seen three years or more of border warfare with Indians, was quite exhilarated by the excitement. He gave them a challenge by walking alone several hundred yards away on one side. They charged, but retreated when he knelt and fired.

Arriving at the camp after an hour's ride and running fight, we found the escort thoroughly alarmed, and just starting out to pick up our dead bodies, for they had seen so many Indians about that they made sure we were all killed. It was a scene of mutual rejoicing and congratulation, as we had feared they had met an untimely fate. A hasty council of war was held as to what was to be done. We were unanimous in the opinion that it was folly to continue work without a larger escort and a personal body-guard, beside it was necessary that my wound should be dressed. Consequently it was decided to turn our faces in the direction of Sheridan, which we did, arriving there late in the afternoon, the Indians following us all the way seeking an opportunity to attack us again. With them it had become a question of revenge, as they had lost heavily, while we had escaped entirely.

The horse that carried Howard so nobly through this fight ultimately recovered. Three of the five bullets were extracted. I afterward took him home to Burlington, where he was carefully fed and pampered for some years till he died.

I recovered from my wound very quickly, and within six weeks rejoined the party, receiving promotion to the first place in the corps—that of transitman—which I occupied until the road was completed.

Our miraculous escape was long the subject of wonder on the frontier, where it was regarded as the most marvelous record, as we fought against such fearful odds. I hope the narrative as I have written it will be intelligible. I fear I have not made it as clear as I could verbally. It always excites me to think or tell of it.—New York Evening Post.

On Stilts.

The chief external characteristic of the French Basques is the extraordinary skill with which they walk on stilts. This hereditary accomplishment has been formed upon them, so to speak, by the nature of the country they inhabit—a waste of shifting sands, intersected by runlets of water that produce admirable pasturage, but in places occasion very dangerous morasses. The Basques, used from infancy to make their way through drift and quagmire, seem sometimes to be actually unaware that they are perched up aloft, like so many storks or herons, as they tend their sheep or carry home their oat-sheaves. And the women are, perhaps, still stiffer on their stilts than are the men, who invariably cast off their wooden props when cudgel play, or a bargain claims attention, who are, also, a little uneasy in the presence of strangers. It is in marshy districts, where straggling lambs and half-wild calves have to be sought for, or in deep, loose sand, that the stilts find their main employment and best exhibit the dexterity of the wearers, who, with the help of an iron-shod pole, can knit the woollen stockings and night-caps which both sexes are clever in making, practice the flute and the binion, and, in Lands than when a troop of strolling mountebanks, with its two or three dunces in spangled muslin, and mounted on stilts, ventures into Basque land. To see the saltimbanches in gay apparel painfully trying to do, for money, what the spectators have done with practiced ease since childhood, evokes Homeric bursts of laughter, usually followed by a shower of sous. It sometimes happens, in rural life, that the stilts act as safeguards. For the fondrières, as the French call them—"funda" is the Spanish word employed by the small, dark people of the land—are quicksands as perilous to pass as any between Avanches and St. Michael's Mount, and the sinking over-deep of the ashken prop is a warning that has saved many a herdsman's life, when an incautions foot would have been held forever in the grip of the tenacious mire below. The list of annual victims by such accidents is almost wholly made up of traveling tinkers, chapmen, knife-grinders, and especially glaziers, or plumbers in quest of a job.—All The Year Round.

The mines of the Black Hills, in Dakota, have mined and milled, 1,512,037 tons of good ore, yielding \$10,424,116, an average of only \$5.78 per ton, making a profit and paying in dividends \$5,142.

A TALK WITH AN AURIST.

THE QUEER THINGS THAT OFTEN GET INTO PEOPLE'S EARS.

Children the Principal Sufferers—Terrible Sensations of One Whose Ear Had Been Long Stopped.

"You would be astonished," said a skilled aurist in one of the public eye and ear infirmaries, "at the large number of children who are brought to us in the course of a week to have something removed from their ears that they have foolishly stuck in them and have been unable to get out again. I have sometimes disposed of ten such cases in an afternoon, and have pulled almost everything out of the human ear that it is possible to get in there—shoe buttons, pieces of slate pencil, candies and wads of paper. Four times out of five the youngest is old enough to know better; but it is habit they fall into, the same as biting their nails or scratching their heads. One boy not twelve years old is almost a weekly visitor here. 'Well,' I said, as I saw him come in as usual yesterday afternoon, 'what have you got in there this time?' 'Nawthin' but a bean,' he drawled. Oh, yes, I took it out."

"But I recently met with the most remarkable case of the kind in twenty years' practice. A young woman of twenty-three came in so dead that I could hardly make her hear by shouting through a trumpet. After removing a great quantity of wax from her ears I found something metallic."

"What's this," I said, 'have you been putting something in your ear?' 'Oh, dear, no,' she said, 'I am not so foolish as that.' 'Imagine her surprise when I pulled out a smooth, round brass button, with quite a large shank to it. 'This seems to have been in there a great many years,' I said. To my surprise the young woman crouched in the corner in undisguised terror."

"Oh, doctor," she said, 'what is that awful noise?' 'It was nothing but a wagon rumbling by, but I instantly saw what the trouble was. Her hearing had become normal when I removed that button, and she was frightened and bewildered at the jumble of confusing sounds. The ticking of the clock, chirping of the canary, or dripping of water distressed her, and the rustle of her own silk dress made her start with fear. I sent one of the assistants home with her in a carriage, and he said that the clatter in the street so distracted her that he was compelled to hold her in her seat. About a week afterward she came in again—'

"And wanted that button put back, I suppose," interrupted the reporter. "Oh, no she was brimming over with happiness, though for a day or two she was afraid to leave the house. But she told me about that button. 'When I was about eight years old,' she said, 'I was sent to a village church in New England with my grandmother. The sermon was always long and tiresome, and I used to amuse myself by pulling at the brass button on my cloak. One of them came off one Sunday, and I occupied myself for a time with putting it in my ear and shaking it out again. Suddenly I felt it sink away in there and I could not get it out.' I was afraid to tell my grandmother at the time, and soon afterward forgot it. At ten years of age I began to grow deaf, and have been getting worse ever since, but I never once thought of that button until you removed it."

"Do grown people," asked the reporter, "ever come to you with things in their ears?" "Frequently, but in most cases it is through no fault of their own. I know one man, a butcher, who comes here regularly in the summer time to have flies removed from his ears. I have taken out six at one time for him. How ever they get there I don't know. He says they fly in; but they don't fly out, I'm sure of that. A man called me out of bed one night to get a Croton bug out of his ear. Now, a water bug will never back. He must either turn around or go straight ahead. This fellow had crawled into the man's ear, and not finding room enough to turn around, went ahead. He was pawing away with his feelers on the drum, causing the poor man fearful agony."

Ventriloquism.

Some time since the Detroit Free Press contained a short article on "Ventriloquist Humbug," in which the statement was made by an expert that ventriloquism is very largely a humbug; that the deception is largely accomplished by merely lowering the voice, and that no man is so skillful that he can get along without a screening mustache. A London (England) correspondent differs from this expert. He writes:

"Pure ventriloquism is not done by merely lowering the voice. And as for a man not being able to 'get on' without a mustache, that is absurd. 'I can 'get on' without a mustache, in fact, for obvious reasons, am obliged to. He must be a poor ventriloquist, indeed, that cannot 'get on' without a mustache. I have practiced the art—which it is—for the past six years, and I will defy anyone, experts included, to see any movement of my mouth, though they may be within an arm's length of me. 'Nine out of ten so-called ventriloquists are not ventriloquists at all, but what are termed colloquists. The act of colloquism consists of merely lowering the voice and twisting the mouth aside. A mustache would aid the colloquist, it would hide the distortion of the mouth, always more or less visible."

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In Montana the law prohibits a woman from marrying until she is eighteen years old, and a man cannot marry until he is twenty-one.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The ancient Egyptian name for the cat was "maow."

The greatest known depth of the Atlantic ocean is five miles.

The ancient Britons used to inflict death by drowning in a quagmire.

Near Salt Lake has been discovered a limestone that produces a flash of light—blue light—with every stroke of the hammer. It is called hell-fire rock.

Ewing Isbell, of Warren county, Kentucky, was born on Washington's birthday, his wife was born on the Fourth of July, and their only child was born on Christmas.

In Guatemala one species of pine tree is grown with needles fifteen inches long, and another that furnishes fat pine for the candles of half the republic. Trees eight feet in diameter are not uncommon.

The battering-ram, with other military implements, is said to have been invented by Artimon, a Lacedaemonian, and employed by Pericles, about 441 B. C. Sir Christopher Wren used a battering-ram in demolishing the walls of old St. Paul's Cathedral, 1675.

Deer and moose antlers are just now very fashionable for decoration. Properly mounted they range in price at fashionable retail stores all the way from \$3 for a very small pair of deer horns, to \$40 for a magnificent set of moose antlers. Mounted head and all the latter will cost about \$75.

Among the records of the town of Worcester, Mass., is an account of a six-year-old boy who in 1779 had his ear bitten off by a horse. The manner in which the injury was received was carefully recorded by the selectmen, so that the loss of the ear should not be prejudiced to the boy when he grew to man's estate.

The introduction of the modern slang word "dandy," as applied, half in admiration and half in derision, to a fox, dates from 1816. John Bee ("Slang Dictionary" 1823) says that Lord Peterburgh was the founder of the sect, and gives the peculiarities as "French gait, hisings, wrinkled forehead, killing king's English, wearing immense plated pantaloons, coat cut away, small waistcoat, cravat and chitterlings immense, hat small, hair frizzled and protruding."

The old Britons wore, according to Meyrick, shoes made of raw cowhide, with the hair turned outward, and coming up to the ankles. They much resembled the brog, which is still used in remote parts of Ireland. In Roman times the chiefs and nobles of Britain adopted, in addition to the sandals, the costly side-laced shoes of their conquerors. The Anglo-Saxon shoes were open at the instep, and secured by a thong. Princes and high ecclesiastical dignitaries wore them of gold stuff, with lattice-pattern embroidery and pointed toes. This fashion of pointed shoes lasted from the time of Rufus to that of Henry VII.

Credulous Cashiers.

An enterprising individual, realizing that a confident air and plausible story are in most instances the only requisites necessary to insure a profitable return, has devised a scheme by which he has managed to secure a considerable sum of money from a number of well-regulated banking establishments scattered here and there throughout the country. Representing himself as an agent of the United States treasury department sent out for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of counterfeit money in circulation, this self-delegated protector and purifier of the national currency presents himself at a bank and with a document highly and graphically ornamented with sealing wax, which he conspicuously and ostentatiously exhibits as his warrant of authority, whispers into the ear of the awed bank cashier that it has come to the knowledge of the government that the banking house of which the aforesaid cashier is a brilliant ornament is engaged, perhaps unknowingly, in the circulation of counterfeit money, and that it has become necessary, in order to protect the government, that the funds now on hand in the bank vaults be examined. By this time the feelings of the bank cashier can be more easily imagined than described. Thunder-struck and almost paralyzed, the cashier in many instances has not only given this bare-faced swindler access to the vaults, but on more than one occasion, as is reported, permitted him to carry away a no inconsiderable sum of currency, on the pretext that a more critical examination was necessary in order to determine its genuineness. It is needless to add that in an instance of this kind the currency is never returned. The gentleman is still at large, and there is no telling where he may next turn up.—Cleveland Leader.

Something Around Her.

"There Frances, you've caught another cold, and I'll warrant you you caught it when you were out walking with Joe last night."

"Oh no, mother! I couldn't have caught it then, 'cause we didn't go fast enough to catch anything, in fact, we just set down on the stile and studied astronomy!" "And did you have anything around you, my dear?" "Oh, yes, indeed I did! Joe's always particular about that; he won't allow me to sit down anywhere in the evening air without putting something around me."—Yonkers Gazette.

Ella Wheeler asks: "Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland?" No, but we have heard "from" it late at night.—Hartford Post.

The United States raises double the number of sheep annually that it did twenty years ago.

THE VOYAGER.

High o'er dark Earth, red in the sunset glow, Hangs a bright bubble, strangely poised in air— And now its silken bulk with motion slow Through the broad west the solemn night-winds bear.

The dusk draws on. I strain my eyes to meet On purple skies that fragile ship afloat; Brief guest! that gliding steers, ghostlike and fleet, Past the great mountain's upheaved rim remote.

Who, silent, far, sails the high seas above! What lure seeks earth-born man in either vast!

Unpiloted, through baseless night to rove With life upon the empty spaces cast! Ah! vagrant sailor of the upper air, I, too, my little all have set adrift! We know our guest; but how our bark shall fare Who knows? or on what skies our morning lift?

—Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale, in Good Cheer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Two for scent—The nostrils. A trim person—The milliner. The best hand to hold in the game of life is that of your best girl.—Waterloo Observer.

A new book is entitled "What Can a Woman Do? An answer to the question can be found by asking most any bald-headed man."—Marathon Independent.

A Queen City girl eating sous, Caught a glimpse of a beautiful mouse, When the note that she reached, As she stood up and screamed, Would have drawn a \$10,000 house.

The old proverb says that "Care will kill a cat." If that is correct, a large consignment of care can find employment for some time in our back yard.—Derwick.

Young Man to Druggist—"Can you give me anything to remove superfluous hair?" Druggist, (thoughtfully scratching his bald head)—"Hem! why don't you get married?"—Somerville Journal.

"Is your wife acquainted with the dead languages?" asked the professor of a New-Man man. "Maybe she is," was the reply, "but the language she uses is entirely too warm to have been dead very long."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"What do you learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins?" was asked in a Texas Sunday-school. "That we must watch every hour for the bridegroom," a blushing Galveston girl replied.—Galveston News.

"Cooked potatoes," says the American Farmer, "are eaten greedily by hogs." Right you are. We have seen a hog at a hotel take the last one out of the dish before any human being at the table had a bite.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Elephant trainers say that animal exhibits great terror at the sight of a mouse. This isn't the only respect in which the animal resembles a woman. It can't go any distance without taking a trunk with it.—Philadelphia Chronicle.

"You see this passage is marked 'f,'" said the teacher. "'f' means forte, and it means to sing it louder." "Forty means louder, does it?" asked the pupil. "Yes." "Then when its marked forty it should be sung like sixty."—Derwick.

"I belong to one of the first families of the city," said a boasting youth. "Yes," was the reply of his tailor. "Your family, I have been informed, is always the first in asking credit when a new storekeeper starts in your neighborhood."—Chicago Sun.

Some French scientist announces that a bee can pull thirty times as much as a horse in proportion to its size. A bee, no doubt, can pull a good deal when it feels like pulling, but it is probably more at home and less embarrassed when pushing.—Philadelphia Call.

The ladies who live on Capitol Hill, Washington, have chosen Monday for reception day. It is not stated, but they probably do their washing one day later in the week. Some society ladies must resort to strange expedients to keep up appearances.—Norristown Herald.

Aspiring Artist—I must say it is very inconsiderate of your father. (Sarcastically) I suppose if I were a pork-packer like himself he would not object to our marriage. Dutiful Daughter—Very likely not. He says he prefers good pork to bad pictures.—New York Life.

A young Alexandria miss Was asked by her beau for a kiss, Demurely contented, She sweetly assented, And their lips looked exactly like this: —Washington Hatchet.

But her pa interrupted the bliss, And said: "Who's this young fellow, miss?" And without more ado The young fellow flew, And his eyes looked exactly like this: —Evansville Argus.

"Way down in despair's black abyss, Sunk the heart of the youth, when a hiss From the parent so grim, Sent the dog after him, And the place the brute bit was like this: —Carl Pretzel.

Work and Rest.

M. Bouchardat, professor of hygiene at the Paris faculty of medicine, protests against the oft-repeated adage that old age is the age of rest, and says that the regular general exercise of the organs of nutrition and locomotion is necessary in all ages. The fact that mental activity is conducive to longevity is illustrated by the long list of members of the French academy of science of men who are over eighty years of age.—Dr. Foster's Health Monthly.