THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

Is published every Wednesday, by

J. E. WENK.

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building

ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, - - - $1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

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

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 17. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1884. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	$1 00
One Square, one inch, one month	3 00
One Square, one inch, three months	6 00
One Square, one inch, one year	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Column, one year	30 00
Half Column, one year	50 00
One Column, one year	100 00

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.

A TRIO.

WISDOM.

Roses fade and loving passes;
Knowledge only hides away;
Downcast eyes of witching lasses
Steal thy peace of mind away.

LOVE.

Minds forget and books grow musty;
Love alone takes care away;
Hearts are young when brains are rusty,
Love I will while love I may.

DEATH.

Foolish world with foolish guesses,
Books are idle, love is clay;
Yet to still the doubt that presses,
Guess on, guess on, till my day.

THE CLERK'S TALE.

It was a suffocating evening early in August, and I left my work at the Foreign office to plod home to dinner through the dusty parks in the worst spirits. The wrongs of a junior clerk whose long promised holiday had just been snatched away from him on the eve of fulfillment were boiling in me. I felt that they cried out for justice in a free country. Everything was prepared for this month's leave, which was to have begun next day. My father had taken a house on one of the most attractive slopes above Grasmere, and the family residence in Lancaster Gate already bore that denuded and forlorn appearance which precedes a general domestic flight. We had breakfasted gayly, picnic fashion, with old and inadequate implements, we had prophesied, with unabated cheerfulness, dining with still fewer of the appliances of civilization, the family plate being not lost but gone before to Grasmere. The house was in as uncomfortable a state as much packing and putting away could make it, for my people intended to spend between two and three months at Emerald Bank. Here was I, with my wings outspread for flight, caught back and doomed to remain in solitude, with dismantled rooms and furniture lurking under dust sheets for company, and all because an unstable senior clerk suddenly declared that his health demanded instant change of air, instead of waiting to take his holiday later on, as he had intended. The tale of woe is not complete, for Olga Fielding, to whom I had been but three weeks betrothed, was coming with us to Grasmere, and we had promised ourselves a month of unalloyed bliss among the Westmoreland hills before she was obliged to go back to her filial duties in Copenhagen. There, as her mother was dead, she had to preside over all matters, social and domestic, in her father's extensive establishment.

Great heavens! what an ill-arranged planet is this, and what a disorganized constitution was that miserable T.'s to choose such a moment to be out of repair! In the first week of September Olga would have to follow her father, who had returned to Copenhagen, and we should meet no more till after Christmas. Was it not enough to make a worm blaspheme? and the bang I gave the hall door on entering covered a vigorous expression of feeling.

Well, the news was broken to a dismayed and sympathetic circle. Olga, who had hitherto professed to consider me as likely to prove a very small addition to the natural features of the lake scenery, was quite overcome; there was some small balm in that. My mother was very unhappy. Even Barbara, the youngest of the family, and strong in the scorn of seventeen for matters of sentiment, forebore to jibe, and gave utterance to violent exclamations of regret, coupled with equally violent abuse of vague persons unknown.

My father, after the first natural shock of disgust, endeavored to console me with unpalatable philosophy and the cool light of reason, remedies which always seem an insult offered to affliction, when applied to one's own case. "It's hard on you, Harry, my boy, no doubt, and I'm sorry for it," he said, in that sobering tone which strikes a chill through the greatest moments of excitement, and makes all previous emotion appear annoyingly ridiculous; "but now you have entered on the serious duties of life, you can't learn too soon that work and not play is the object of a man's life. I'm not at all sure that—" "Ah! how horrible," broke in the soft voice of my betrothed, with the pretty, careful intonation and long-drawn ripple of the r which she had inherited from her Danish mother. "Dear Mr. Richardson, do not let us be reasonable to-night. No, that poor boy is very badly treated, and it is all fr-r-rightful!" And my lady, unclasping her eloquent hands, approached the iron-gray parent for whom our affection had always been largely tempered with respect, and flinging one arm tightly round his neck, laid her pretty head with its crown of bronze ripples confidingly on his robust black-cloth shoulder.

My father no doubt experienced a slight shock; he was unaccustomed to such audacious treatment from the young. But he liked it, he certainly liked it; and planting a firm parental salute on the breezy coils he left us to pour out our mutual woe at leisure.

That night I found it impossible to sleep. The atmosphere was so close and oppressive there seemed to be no air to breathe, and a dull feeling of undefined apprehension haunted me persistently through long hours of wakefulness and miserable brief dozes, refusing to be charmed away by the voice of reason. Haggard, unrefreshed, and still conscious of the same vague foreboding clawing at my heart, I left that bed of suffering at an unwonted hour in the morning and descended to the library, now a desert of bare boards, dotted about with precipitous islands under dusty cloths. Here a pipe, that unfailing comforter of dejected manhood, restored some balance to my disordered mind, but I still felt very depressed, and was preparing to go forth and seek an early swim, when the door opened, and to my amazement Olga glided into the room, pale and drooping, with dark lines under her brown eyes. After mutual exclamations and greetings I demanded the reason of her wan and dejected appearance. She did not answer at first, but turned her face away and tormented the braid on her traveling dress in silence. "Well, if you will know, dear friends," she said at last with a charming gesture of resignation, "I think your old foreign office has bewitched me. No, it is not that unhappy T., who has the evil eye, for I have a feeling as if some danger was hanging over you, and I could not sleep all night for it. Oh, Harry!" continued the impetuous damsel, suddenly throwing aside the dignity with which she was wont to treat me, now that the worst was out, "come away with us to-day. Never mind a thousand governments and clerkships! I will not go without you. Something dreadful will happen; you feel it too. You look fit for the hangman yourself." It took me a long while to restore Olga to calmness. I laughed at her prognostications and was careful to betray no similar feelings on my own part. She was more or less convinced at last of the utter ruin it would be to my future prospects to desert my post, and we were reasonably resigned if not cheered by breakfast time.

Well, I saw them all off from Euston station, and trailed away, a hapless victim, to my dreary task in the exalted gloom of Whitehall. That day seemed interminable, yet there was nothing to look forward to at the end of it, and still with the previous night's weight on my spirits, I started on my way back to the howling wilderness in Lancaster Gate.

Near Hyde Park corner, where very few carriages remained to make hay of the dust, I was startled from melancholy reflection by a great bang on the back. Turning sharply round, I confronted that athletic giant, Jack Oliver, who had been at the same college as myself, and whom I had not met since we took our respective degrees at Oxford three years before. At Oriel I had been wont to write Jack down as an ass, because his invariably boisterous spirits and perpetual athletics were at times a perfect nuisance, but in my present forlorn condition his jolly face and infectious laugh were a real God-send.

We dined at the club together, and afterward went to the theatre, then smoked a pipe or two in company at Oliver's lodgings, so that it was toward 1 o'clock when I left him to return to Lancaster Gate. Walking along under the park railings, the trees made occasional ghostly rustlings overhead; the air was very still and heavy, in expectation of a traveling thunder storm. The tall shut-up houses facing the park looked as forbidding as so many mausoleums in the moonlight, and only the footsteps of a stray wayfarer here and there, or the welcome rattle of an occasional hansom, broke the strange stillness.

All the uncomfortable feeling of the past twenty-four hours, temporarily thrust back by Oliver's cheerful company, returned with overwhelming force. Indignant at being so befooled by what I declared to myself must be a dispeptic imagination (though my acquaintance with dyspepsia was happily of the slightest), I argued fiercely with my own folly; but all in vain, that indescribable dead weight of apprehension still crushed my spirits. The senseless sense of unseen danger grew stronger at every yard. I was ready to roar for very disquietude of spirit. "Confound it all," I almost shouted, "this is beyond a joke! What an abject piece of imbecility for a man who has always flattered himself on having too much reason to fall a prey to any superstitious delusions whatever! I must be ill; if things go on like this to-morrow I shall give in and go to old Burrows (the family Æsculapius) to be put together again."

Meanwhile every step forward appeared to grow more and more difficult. A sudden sound of footsteps close behind most unaccountably paralyzed my powers of locomotion, and filled me with a horrible dread. This was monstrous; with a kind of groan of disgust and misery over my own decrepitude, I resolutely turned around and waited till the steps reached me.

Merciful heaven! What was this that came up, brushed past me, and went on? My brain reeled, a cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, for frantic as it may sound, it was myself that I saw go by. My exact image and counterpart came toward me, looked me full in the face with cold, indifferent eyes, differing from mine only in their expression at the moment, and passed on, brushing me with the sleeve of a light overcoat exactly like the one I wore. I noticed with despairing recognition on the creature's left hand, which was raised, holding the unbuttoned flap of his coat in front of him (a favorite trick of mine), the very ring Olga had given me a week ago, and which was also on my finger at that moment.

For one long minute I stood stupefied with horror; the next I darted forward after that terribly familiar form, which crossed the street and went on toward our door. I felt sure that I must be mad, or in the clutches of some hidden nightmare. Oh! for some power to shake it off and awake. But no! the area railings had a firm and chilly reality when I touched them. My footsteps and those of others sounded all too solidly on the deserted pavement. I even caught myself deliriously smiling at a peculiar trick of walking in the thing in front, with which Barbara had often taunted me. It was an extraordinary opportunity of seeing oneself as others see one, but what mortal could have availed himself of it under such circumstances?

I staggered on behind him, unable to diminish the twenty yards or so that separated us. Would he stop at 204? The suspense was almost intolerable. He disappeared through the door, though the only surviving family latch-key was in my pocket. When I reached the door it was shut, and bore no signs of any unusual treatment. I could not go in. I could not follow into the house and run the risk of meeting him on the dark stairs. A horror unspeakable had taken possession of my senses. I turned and fled, and spent uncounted hours in walking about the silent streets and squares, unconscious of the lapse of time.

The early sunshine aroused and cheered my scattered wits. Gradually the sounds of common life awakening brought back my reasoning faculties. The discordant cry of that bird of dawn, the early sweep, was as music in my ears and seemed to make the dreadful night fade into remoteness and unreality.

I made my way back to Lancaster Gate, footsore and exhausted. The milkman was driving merrily up and down; when I reached our doorsteps, it seemed a year since I had last ascended them. I rushed up to my room; it was, of course, empty, the bed untouched. But on the pillow and turned-down sheet, exactly where my head and shoulders would have been in the natural course of things, lay the ruins of a large bust, the Hermes, which had been wont to stand on a bracket over the head of the bed. This bracket my mother had frequently entreated me to replace by a firmer support; it had given away at last under the ponderous weight of the bust, which, striking against the iron rail of the bed, had broken into the two or three murderous portions that reposed on the pillow and sheet, the bracket only having chosen to glance off on the floor. Had I been there Hermes must certainly have crushed my skull.

Thrilled with fresh emotion, but too exhausted then to meditate long over the event, I went slowly down to the dining-room and fell asleep on the sofa. The old charwoman, who appeared later with my breakfast, told me she had been startled by hearing a loud crash in the night soon after the clock had struck, but having been only half awake at the time, she concluded that it was the thunder of my boots being thrown out to await the morning's cleaning. She was now, however, much excited about it, and disposed to revel in a tragedy. I told her that I found the statue fallen on my bed, and that, as it took three men to move it in a general way, I had been obliged to content myself with the sofa. The brief and matter-of-fact tone of my explanations quite failed to quell her exclamations of wonder and amazement, and she was not to be debarred from the pleasure of gloating over all the details of the tragedy which had been averted.

Since that night all has gone well with us. My blessed chief at the foreign office found means to let me go in a day or two, and our time at Grasmere was all we had expected it to be. After Christmas, to our great joy, Mr. Fielding gave up his house at Copenhagen and came to London. Olga and I were married the following summer, and we have never again been disturbed by presentments, apparitions or any other subjects worthy to exercise the industry of society for physical research.—*Longman's Magazine.*

Antiquity of the Lightning Rod.

Attention has recently been called to the use of iron as a metal for lightning-rods, says an English paper. In this country, where the subject has been left in the hands of the manufacturers, lightning-rods are made of pure copper, and consequently are far too expensive for general use. In France, America and other countries iron rods are in vogue, and found to answer the purpose very well, beside being inexpensive. In Canada a church was recently protected by a round iron rod three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and welded at each joint. The upper end of the rod was drawn to a point, and a damp ground connection provided for the lower end. The rod was secured to the church by galvanized iron staples. The total cost was under three pounds. While upon this subject we may mention that Franklin was propably anticipated in his discovery of lightning conduction. According to M. de Rochas, the ancient Etruscans understood the art of guiding the lightning. Servius relates that in ancient times the priests ignited their sacrifices by lightning, and on one occasion Tullus Hostilius was struck dead because he neglected the precautions laid down by Numa.

Menageries.

The popularity of menageries has always been great, yet, although there are now menageries at the East-end, they were formerly the luxury of princes. In Russia, for instance, 150 years ago, the grand menageries at St. Petersburg were kept solely for the court. Many of the animals were caught alive to be used at the hunting festivities of the imperial court. The Empress Anna Ivanovna was passionately fond of hunting; she kept 319 hounds, and was a capital shot. On one occasion (August 26, 1740), she killed one wolf, four wild boars, nine stags, sixteen turkeys, 374 rabbits, sixty-eight ducks, and several large herons—a magnificent bag even for an empress. The numerous elephants in her menagerie were expensive pets, for they were fed on sugar, butter, wheaten flour, wine, and salt. One of them required a large daily portion of brandy, and the keepers were sent to Siberia if a single gill was abstracted from the elephant's portion.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"No loafers allowed here except police," is the legend conspicuously posted in the Council Bluffs (Iowa) police station.

A piece of steel is a good deal like a man: you can't get it red hot it loses its temper.

FASHION NOTES.

Scarlet bonnets are fashionable.

Wide sash ribbon is in demand.

Foulards were never more popular.

Steel-beaded lace fronts are very showy.

Blue and red combinations are seen everywhere.

Some long silk gloves are puffed from the wrist up.

Plaid ginghams come with embroidered flounces.

Two kinds of straw mixed in the same hat is very ugly.

Dressing sacques are very elaborately trimmed with lace.

Small blush roses are embroidered all over a pale blue chambery.

Yokes are immensely fashionable both for young ladies and little girls.

White poke bonnets and parasols are painted to match the dress panels.

Old-fashioned plaited shirt fronts are once again becoming the wrinkle.

Long Chantilly lace scarfs are fashioned into mantles, to be worn with black dresses.

Fedora front redingotes and garments for little girls are as popular as for grown-up women.

Lace ruffles should trim light summer silks, foulards, all India silken stuffs, and surahs.

High buttoned boots in French or Dongola kid are the correct day wear for little women.

Little girls carry parasols ornamented with one or more Kate Greenaway figures on the gores.

Pongees come with very elaborately embroidered fronts or panels in dark and bright colors.

Ladies' high walking shoes have the uppers in red and the vamps in black alligator skin.

All white goods are being sold at greatly reduced prices, and offer bargains to housekeepers.

Ribbon beds on lawns are usually circular and formed of concentric circles of foliage plants.

Tucks are alternated with lace or embroidered flounces, and continued up to the waist or skirt.

Wreaths of grasses dotted over with all sorts of gay insects are worn on country hats by Parisians.

White Chinese silk dresses, embroidered in gray and blue, are pretty, but unassuming for evening wear.

Real duchesse or point lace is made over transparent frames is the popular wedding or reception bonnet.

Manilla is the latest color in vogue. It is a shade lighter than ecru, and is tastefully mixed with all other colors.

Straw sailor hats with large, round crowns drawn in ribbon bands the size of the head, are fashionable for little boys.

Many of the new white dresses for misses are made with the new shirred waist, known as the "Josephine Waist."

The jacket or casaque opening over the waistcoat or gathered or plaited plastron is a decided feature in early summer suits.

A large blue rough-and-ready straw hat has poppy-red crape bunched around the crown, with a number of wings in front of the same color.

Flat scarfs, like those worn by gentlemen, are patronized this season by ladies who wear them with tailor-made suits, which are open at the throat.

The largest number of wash goods dresses made up in one particular style are those in the form of what are incorrectly called Mother Hubbards.

Wide leather collars and cuffs with the edges studded with steel are intended to be worn on the coats of small boys, who have belts and pouches to match.

Some jerseys cost a hundred dollars, but they are masses of beads and embroidery with lace stripes, and are not any prettier after all than some that cost only a few dollars.

The momentous question of the feminine American mind at present is not whether to vote or not to vote on the coming presidential election, but how to keep the bustle in place.

The fancy of wearing a velvet basque with a white or light goods skirt is not so comfortable for the heated term as that of the muslin or lace spencer with a colored or black silk or wool skirt.

Very wide sashes are again in vogue. They pass around the waist and are tied in a big bow in the back. They are specially pretty with full tucked skirts and full waists with or without yokes.

Big gilt darning-needles and big gilt-headed pins are the latest fancies in bonnet and hat decoration. Two are thrust diagonally through one side of the crown and at right angles, forming a sort of cross.

The Circassian jacket, quite short at the waist, square cut in front, opening over a Russian waistcoat and belt, and worn with a full trimmed or untrimmed skirt, comes to us among other Parisian novelties.

Pelerines are made of the same material as the dress. They are cut high, though not exaggerated, on the shoulders. Many have long panels down the front, shirred at the ends and finished off with ribbons and tassels.

Only nine sovereigns of England have lived longer than Queen Victoria, who is now sixty-five, and only three—Henry III., Edward III. and George III.—have reigned longer than she. Victoria's reign has extended over forty-seven years. Three European monarchs are older than she is—the emperor of Germany, who is eighty-seven; the king of the Netherlands, who is sixty-seven, and the king of Denmark, who is sixty-six.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

THE PATHETIC STORY OF A PRIVATE'S BURIAL.

Surrounded by Comrades, Far Away From Home, He Dies and is Laid Away Forever.

Some of the boys will remember the day we buried Billy Taylor, private, C company, Forty-seventh Illinois infantry. I remember, because it was the first time I ever marched in a military funeral, and I was only a boy; I hadn't seen my nineteenth year then, and I wasn't much taller than the musket I carried. Billy wasn't killed in battle. He had passed through a dozen fights; every time the Forty-seventh went in he was close by the colors, and shot or bullet never touched him, but the gods of war demanded more lives than the rifle and cannon could pile upon his reeking altars, and so death, wearying may be of the red carnage of the field, often came to our tents to select a victim for the sacrifice. So Billy was excused from duty one day, and sat about in the tent, and tried to shake off the sickness that came creeping over him, and had time to write part of a letter, and then he planned what he would do to-morrow. And the next day he was excused again, and stayed in his bunk, but it was hard, and he could feel the knots in the board under the blanket, and it made him restless, and he thought if he didn't feel better to-morrow—but he knew he would—he would go to the regimental hospital. And the next day he was better; so much better that he was pronounced well, and his name was stricken from the sick-list. It was also stricken from the company roll and he was marked off duty forever. Six men were detailed for pall bearers, a corporal and eight men for escort, and following marched the men and officers of the company, in the inverse order of their rank.

Somehow, the sunshine seemed dim and misty as the muffled drums spoke mournfully, and our slow steps seemed to be marked off by heart-breaking sobs in a distant home away up in the far away Northland. The wailing fifes breathed the pathetic strains of "The Land o' the Leal" until the air seemed filled with tears:

There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is ever fair
In the land o' leal.

We could hear the sweet voices of women, tremulous, grief-stricken, in the mourning fifes. Women? Since he kissed mother, sister and sweetheart good-by in the Prairie State he had not heard a woman's voice syllable his name. His last dying looks were bent upon bronzed, bearded faces; and the kind hands that dressed him for the funeral march were hard, calloused with toil and war and scented only with the cartridges they had last handled. The voice of a woman would have sounded to him like the blessing of God. To die, so far away from home; to die and know that at that moment, ignorant of his passing, the dearest of earth were joyous, singing, laughing, may be; to die and know that the days would creep on into weeks, and the weeks drag on into months before they whose names were quivering on his loving, praying lips, would know it; to die and know they would be still writing letters to him when his eyes would be closed and the heart that longed and loved would be stilled forever. It is a sad, sad thing to bury a soldier.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's a comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

And they—what would be the measure of their sorrow in the stricken home. His dying kiss, his last goodby, the loving look in the closing eyes, the peace that death would print upon his face—they would never see it, they would never hear it, they would never know it. What wonder our soldiers' hearts were heavy as the burden on the bier, and our tears were faster than our measured steps! And the mournful drums, in their sad monotone, pattering like tears upon a coffin lid, sobbed on like the murmurous rushing of a troubled stream, hushing the shrill grief of the complaining fifes, softening their cries into the plaintive moaning of a sorrow that has wept its violence away, and mourns with the whispers of the plaintive night wind:

"Halt!" and how softly the corporal voiced his orders. "Rest on—arms!" The chaplain is reading something from the only book man read at that time:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever believeth in Me shall never die."

With broken voice he prays above the dead, and our hearts echo his prayer, as they leave him to lie in the rude coffin with his war comrade.

"Attention! Shoulder—arms! Load at will—fire!"

How the ringing volleys over the grave, making a thousand discordant echoes in the woods about us break in abruptly and harshly upon the ear.

"By platoon, right wheel—march! Column, forward, guide left, quick—march!"

Cheerily the fifes sang out the dancing measures of "Gerry Owen," merrily rattle the close-strung, spirited and inspiring drums, with pieces at a "right shoulder" gaily back to the camp we marched.

What! we have followed the dead soldier and stood in tears by his lonely grave—we have been away from camp nearly two hours—and the world hasn't slipped a cog; it hasn't missed a single heartbeat; it hasn't stood still a second. The second relief had just gone on when we went out, and there goes the third marching out now.

What are the drums for? Fall in for dress parade.—*Burdette.*

LAST JULY.

She's barely twenty, and her eyes
Are very soft and very blue;
Her lips seem made for sweet replies—
Perhaps they're made for kisses, too;
Her little teeth are white as pearl,
Her nose aspires to the sky.
She really is a charming girl,
And I adored her—last July.

We danced and swam and bowled and walked;
She let me squeeze her finger-tips;
Entranced I listened when she talked,
And trash seemed wisdom from her lips.
I sent her roses till my purse
Was drained, I found, completely dry;
I longed to sing her charms in verse—
But all of this was last July.

Of course at last we had to part;
I saw a tear-drop on her cheek;
I left her with an aching heart,
And dreamt about her for a week.
But out of sight is out of mind,
And somehow, as the time went by,
Much fainter I began to find
The memory of last July.

July has come again at last;
With summer gowns the rocks are gay;
It seemed an echo of the past
To meet her on the beach to-day.
She's even fairer than of yore,
And yet, I could not tell you why,
I find the girl an awful bore—
So long it is since last July.

—*Sophie St. G. Lawrence, in Century.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A sandwich—An African belle.—*Life.*

A checkmate—The rich husband.—*Boston Post.*

An Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by the emphatic gesture of a mule.

Smoking does not agree with some people, but it always seems to soot the chimney.—*Boston Bulletin.*

"This is a warm wave," said the man whose irate wife flaunted a hot fire-shovel in his face.—*New York Journal.*

"Heigh-oh!" said Mrs. Spriggins, "I see that poor old Mr. Wilkins has died intestate. I allus said high livin would ruin his innards."—*Life.*

Love, some one says, destroys the appetite. That man evidently never was in the vicinity of an ice cream saloon with his best girl.—*Boston Budget.*

Wives are very presumptuous creatures. They are always asking for a lock of their lovers' hair before marriage and taking it without asking afterwards.

A New York paper says "heels are lower this season." Heals are high as ever here; the doctors charge three dollars a visit.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A youth may be firmly convinced that love is blind, but it will be just as well for him to avoid ice-cream saloons when he is out walking with his girl.—*New York Journal.*

Mr. Morse, of Hartford, has taught school for sixty-one years. Mr. Morse thinks that birch trees make the best shade for a schoolhouse front.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Girls, never allow even a lover to have his arm around you. The papers daily show that thousands of our brightest young men are going to waist.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Wiggins, the Canadian prophet, proclaims that he has seen a second moon. It is not stated whether he stepped upon a banana peel or ran into a yard gate on a dark night.—*Baltimore American.*

"We pardon sin; we do not pardon baseness," says Ouida. Yes, we forgive the umpire, but when the second base makes a square muff and lets in two men we tear down the grand stand.—*Rockland Courier.*

"Dear George," said the young wife, tenderly, as she stroked her husband's Irving bang; "shall I sing 'Some Day?'" "Yes, dear," replied the heartless wretch; "some day when I'm away from home."—*Somerville Journal.*

The father of five marriageable daughters was in town a few days ago trying to buy some four-leaf clover seed to plant in his back yard. He said he had read that when a young girl finds a four-leaf clover it is a sign that she will be married within a year.—*Norristown Herald.*

Now the small boy, loudly wailing,
Misses both his pants and coat;
While he's in the river trailing
They were eaten by a goat.
Now the fool, who goes a-sailing,
Just to rock the cranky boat,
Will gain sense while friends are bailing
Out the water from his throat.

—*New York Journal.*

"What is the most momentous question that has agitated the women of our country since the first blast of freedom swept over this land?" screams Lillie Devereaux Blake. If you want our candid opinion, Lil, we should say it was whether they shall wear a Jersey or a Mother Hubbard.—*Bradford Mail.*

The overshadowing and overwhelming issue now before the American people is the comparative worth of the numerous baking powders in the market. Viewed coldly from a professional, and therefore disinterested, standpoint, the odds are decidedly in favor of the baking powder which does the most newspaper advertising.—*Chicago News.*

A Sudden Change of Opinion.

A young member of a village debating society who talked more than half an hour on the affirmative side of the question, "Is the world growing better?" was as mad as the mischief when he got ready to go home and found that some person had carried away his new silk umbrella and left a seventy-five cent cotton affair, with two broken ribs, in its place. He says if that question ever comes up again he wants an opportunity to make a few remarks on the negative side.—*Middletown Transcript.*