Her we know to morrow will come again. This is good-night.

When we part with a clasping hand at night From the friend we love, we feel regret, And the bright, warm heart takes with it the light.

And joy of our own hearthstone; and yet, This regret is not a hopeless pain, For we know that the friend will come again. This is good-night.

When we leave the shore that has known our birth. When we turn our longing sight to fill

Our hearts with mem'ries of sorrow and mirth. The throbs of expectation are still. d night drawson, while we strain our eyes

a long, last look of our paradise. . This is good-bye. en a soul is called from the busy crowd,

To tread the paths of an untried way In garments of light instead of the shroud, And we look our last on the form of clay, We know we have said our last adieu, And the broken vows we cannot renew. This is good-bye.

When we stand at the gate at eve with him Who has filled our life with joy or pain, When we watch the waning light grow dim, And know we shall never watch it again, To say the words and hear the reply, id we know the farewell is spoken for aye. This is good-night and good-bye.

### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"I can never pass that spot without thinking of an event that happened two the distracted mother in shawls, for she ears ago," said the captain of the Flyy-Night, a lake passenger-boat trading stween Detroit and Fort Huron, as he pinted to a small house two miles away the American shore of lake Huron. was a trim white cottage with green Alice-work, a well-kept little lawn, and front of it a tall flag-pole set into the cof of a pagoda-like summer-house. below it, at the lake, was a dock, and on huge sign-post one could read, "Warer's Landing.

"It belonged," continued the captain, "to old Captain Warner who sailed the oscobel. He died and left the property to his nephew, in the State of New York, who rought his wife and little boy with him o live there. He was a gentlemanly oung man, well educated, and on the ight side of thirty. His wife was as picture, and as light-hearted as a school-Not one of your namby-pamby into the drizzling rain. To all my aponable young women, but a fresh, peals to her to go below, she kept cryashionable young women, but a fresh,

healthy girl, with a woman's heart and a ourage. "But the gem of the family was their saved!" Willie, who was nearly seven years most sensible little fellow in the State, Sailors have always a soft spot in their it was only on my threatening to abandon hearts for children, and the way that the search that the wretched woman conoungster carried on during the trip sented to go below, from Detroit, when we brought the family up here, was a constant pleasure and surprise. He was the king of the boat. The steward's cabin, the pilotouse, the porter's pantry, the ladies' arlor—he appropriated to himself a free ss everywhere, and used it liberally. ie found a snug corner for himself in he hearts of all on board. Why, I rember one day, after the family had

in the house there about three sure the boy was not in the boat, and I aths, a deck-hand, a surly fellow who r had a civil word for any one, lugout of his pocket a colored pictureand leaving it at the landing, with Willie, with Joe Price's love' writon it.

It was a lonesome spot for such peoto settle in, and I often wondered they could reconcile themselves to until I learned that Captain Warner d made it a condition of his will that they must live at the landing two years. "One day, when they had been there

about six months, we took up the river The mate and two of the deck-hands put from Detroit to them a small pleasure-skiff with 'The Willie' painted in gilt letters on the stern.

"I never saw a child so pleased. He took to that boat like a duck to water. We used to see him on nearly every trip sure I should be obliged to tell the as we passed, sculling himself about in the slip like a born sailor. I don't believe in allowing children to be too venturesome on the water, and so I told his father; but he laughed, and he said he thought Willie was sensible enough to ore of himself.

and had gone to sleep. In the meantime the boat had drifted into the lake and it "One day, we were signaled to stop at Warner's landing. William Warner was going to New York. His wife and were on the dock, wishing him as tearful a good-bye as if he were on a two home, and not a hair of his head hurt. years' voyage to Greenland.

"He, too, was in low spirits. He came and sat by me in the pilot-house, and looked as glum as if there'd been a death in his family. At last he said, very solemn and carne t, 'Do you believe in presentiments of evil, Captain Kenyon?

"'No!' I said, quite sharply, for I don't like to see a man give way to such "He went down on deck then, half-offended, and left the boat at Detroit with-

out even bidding me good bye. were late leaving on our return trip that night, and I was surprised to see, just refore we started, Warner come on board. e had a small parcel in his hand.

Captain, he said, 'I want you to be te to leave this at the landing on your the least. And every parcel comes n.arked, 'With Willie's love.' "- Youth's

"I can't," I said, for I saw it was un excuse to get me to call and see his folks were all safe. 'We're late and at Port Hiron we'ven lot of ves to take on, which will make us

But he persisted, sud when I saw III., king of Navarre.

Che Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 19.

how down-hearted he looked, I told him

day. It had been very hot all the morn-

ing, but as the afternoon advanced, a

stiff west wind, accompanied by a drizzling rain, began to blow.

"It was so late when we approached the landing that I had quite determined

not to call; in fact, we stood out in the

lake a mile further than our usual course.

I was taking a dog-snooze in my berth,

" There's a women, sir, on Warner's

landing signaling us, and I think some-

"I was on deck in a minute. 'Give me the glass,' said I, and I soon made

out that it was Mrs. Warner, making frantic gestures to catch our attention.

She was bare-headed, and stood in the

rain at the end of the landing. Then she ran into the house and began to

wave a white table-cloth from one of the

upper windows.
"'Very likely she wants to know if

Warner had been busy over some house-

hold duty and did not notice that it rained. When she did, she went at once

to call Willie in. But she could not find either the boat or the boy. Both had vanished as though the lake had swal-

lowed them up.
"She had not dared to go inland to

the village to seek help, for fear of miss-

ing our boat as it passed, but she had for

hours been running up and down the shore calling in vain to her darling.

Some of the lady-passengers wrapped

would not delay a moment, and we put

I followed the course of the wind as

well as I could, for I knew well enough

that the little fellow had been blown out

into the lake, where there was a but a

small chance that we should find him,

for it was unlikely so frail a boat could

away in the distance there was a dark

spot that came occasionally in sight on

the top of the waves. 'Tom,' said I to

my mate, 'can you make out what that

on the starboard quarter? Is it a log

"'It's a log adrift, sir.'
"'It's not! I'm sure it's not! It's a

boat!' shricked a voice close by me, and

I saw, to my surprise, Mrs. Warner, who

sight denied to us. It was a boat. But

"Two minutes later the mate cried:

'Yes, sir, it is a boat, but it's empty so

far as I can see. There's nobody sitting

was tossing about, like a cork on the waves, with one scull dangling in the

row-locks, but not a soul could be seen

"'Tom,' said I, nervously, for I felt

actually trembled with apprehension lest

the sad news would kill his mother,

'will you go down and tell that poor

"'Not for all the gold in California!"

"We passed the word to have Mrs.

Warner taken into a cabin, as we neared

the skiff. I felt so angry with that poor

painted toy of a pleasure-boat, that I had

hatf a mind to run it down. But of course

I wasn't quite foolish enough for that,

off in the yawl, for our wash would have

capsized the skiff had we gone any

nearer. With a listless eye I watched

them approach the boat, for I felt a

leaden weight at my heart, because I was

young mother of her loss. I saw Tom

get hold of the painter, and then spring into the skiff. Then,—
"Safe! safe! The boy is here!"

of play, had lain down under the seat,

had begun to rain. The drizzling rain

did not wake him, and he lay in as sound

a slumber as if he was in his bed at

The women were all crying, and the

young mother, clasping the boy to her

heart, went straight down on her knees

and thanked God before them all for

sparing his life. I don't think words

ever came from a minister's lips that

went straighter up to the throne of

grace than that young woman's prayer.

William Warner is one of the few men

I claim as personal friends, and as for

his bright little wife, if she were my own child, I couldn't have a deeper re-

pard for her. And the presents they send me! There is no use in my try-

1422 by Eleanor of Carlisle, wife of John

ing to choke off their gratitude.

"The family are living East now.

men, too, for that matter.

But what a fuss there was aboard.

And the

"It appears that the little fellow, tired

woman what we have seen?'

"It was true. There the little skiff

"For an hour we beat about without

live long in such a heavy sea.

out into the take.

a boat?

in it.'

when the mate awoke me.

thing's wrong there.'

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1884.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

#### FASHION NOTES.

to give the parcel to the clerk and I Holly is becoming popular for bonnet would see what I would do when we artrimming. rived opposite the Landing. We left Port Huron in the middle of the following Wide collars are most fashionable for

boys' wear. A new imitation of valenciennes lace has appeared.

Fashionable paper fans have not more than five sticks.

Some parasols are studded at intervals with artificial daisies.

Navy blue satteens with large red polka dots are popular. Gay colored chenille balls are sewed on

at intervals on lace vests.

Bonnets are even more microscopic than those of last winter.

Ladies are wearing more masculine looking cravats than ever. Bonnets are small and hats are large,

with high crowns as a rule. Straw hats of the sailor shape are worn by many young ladies. Ladies are having shirred pokes made

to match their summer dresses. her dear William got to Detroit safely,' I grumbled; 'but I suppose we'd better Every lady who can afford it, has nowadays, at least one lace dress.

The rush bonnet has appeared; it is "As the boat made the dock, the clerk sprang ashore, and in a few minutes we simply trimmed with a rose or two. had the whole story, Willie had been playing with the skiff in the slip, as he Among cool dresses are China crape frocks trimmed with valenciennes lace. had done scores of times before. Mrs. Some of the figured lawns sold this

easons have borders a third of a yard India silk dresses are made with the gathered round waist and the skirt in

A black straw hat looks pretty when trimmed with red crape, jetted red tips and wings.

one piece.

Hats are seen occasionally that have a brim of fluted lace substituted for the one of straw. An attractive dress is a gray cashmere

with draperies of gray silk dotted with cardinal chenille. Puffed vests or watteau fronts, as they

are also called, are seen on many of the imported dresses. Seals are more and more generally used

ence to other colors. Black pearl ornaments are used instead of jet by ladtes in second mourning. They seeing an object on the water, when are pretty, but expensive.

on letters, and gray wax is used in prefer-

Pique collars are still worn, and for neglige costumes colored and striped linen is used for collars and cuffs. On some of the new bonnets is revived

the prim little bow under the chin and held in place by a fancy little pin of gold. Silver braid is much used on Parisian-

made dresses and wraps, and when used judiciously is a very ornamental and effective trimming. Pretty bonnets are made of alternate ing: "It is a boat! It is a boat! He is rows of silver braid and straw of dark

shades, such as garnet, myrtle green, smoke color and black A costume of brown cashmere, with a vest of chamois skin, is perhaps a rather surprising combination, but is neverthe-

less quite pretty and effective. Spiders and owls have had their day for heads of bonnet pins, and oxidized silver grasshoppers, locusts, dragonflies

and little birds are seen in their place. A pretty black tulle bonnet is studded with gold beads and has a high trimming of golden chrysanthemums and a gold

aigrette, the strings being of beaded lace. The newest thing in the way of a sofa pillow is a huge egg of pale blue satin cut in five gores, and on one side a handpainted decoration appears in the foun of a scene of "Sindbad the Sailor."

The wide neckties of white mull so much worn a few seasons ago are again offered by those who import French lingerie. These are a quarter of a yard said the mate decidedly; and yet he's as brave a fellow as ever sailed the lakes. in width, and are hemstitched across the

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.

One of the dressiest toilets of surah, trimmed with lace, has a deep lace drapery of bordered lace around the bottom full lace yoke, strapped with ribbon

matching the surah. Black stockings are still commended with dresses of all colors and for all occasions. Those of silk or of brilliant lisle-thread with a slight clocking at the going to take the body back for burial sides are chosen in preference to those

elaborately decorated. Some of the most delicately beautifu of the bonnets of white lace, mull or crape are shirred in clusters on their white frames and made graceful with scarfs of lace and white clover blooms, lilies of the valley or snowball.

The latest costume of high ceremony brought out from Paris consists of a pale blue Chantilly lace dress, worn over a pale blue surah stip. The blue net, on which the white (imitation) Chantilly flowers are applique, is fine silk tulle.

# The Early Bird.

Mrs. Symperson is quite a young woman, and is the mother of a precocious little girl. There was company at the ouse a few evenings ago. When bed time arrived Mrs. Symperson said: "Come now, Mamie, it's time for you

to go to bed." "I don't want to go to bed." "But you must. Don't you know all the little chickens have gone to bed?"

are so severely simple that they are almost ugly. Even the time honored metal button is discarded, the fastenings being hooks and eyes hidden from sight.

# JESTERS OF THE PRESS.

HUMOROUS STORIES CULLED FROM EXCHANGES.

A Cheerful Driver—She Expected to Be -Me Experimented-Reard a Run-dred Miles-Woman Who Wept.

ciently to take a ride in a hired hack from Monroe to Miller's stable. The hack driver was very polite and attentive, and when he helped the invalid out on their return to the hotel, the latter said :

"I am very much obliged. I think I shall require your services again pretty in bed and eat nothing for a day or two.

"You bet you will. I drive the hearse." -Texas Siftings.

"Is he your father, brother, or cousin?"

rushed from her neck and cuddled up among her bangs, "but I expect to be be-

fore we get back. She was allowed to go. - Hatchet,

a certain manliness about him which indicated that he needed a little encouragement to let himself out. She saw this and she resolved on a policy of encourage-

funny papers," she asked, "about the the traffic as it passed the bottom of the willingness of young ladies to be kissed ?"

"I—I really can't say," he replied, "They may be true," Then, gathering courage, he added: "I hope they are true," and he drew closer to her.

"It seems to me," she said, "that there is only one way in which a young man can discover whether they are true or

"And what way is that ?" he asked. opportunity."

### Heard a Hundred Miles.

Several old fellows were exchanging varns in the postoffice lobby the other day-yarns suited to this season of the year, fish, snake and sea serpent stories The revised sheets were once more copied forward and took a hand in the game. the printer's. Punch once declared that All of the old fellows had vouched for the a compositor threw himself off Waterloo truth of the stories they had told, but, Bridge in a fit of madness induced by still, there was a kind of feeling that some high-latitude lying was being done in the audience, and when this last gen- effective, however, and was good for tleman came forward, the crowd yearned | both compositor and copyist. to hear him swear the yarn would be he dictated a story, but this happened strictly true.

am going to give you a true story," 'I am willing to swear to it. (Cries of "Swear," "Swear.") "If there is a justice of the peace here, let him swear me "

One came forward and administered the oath. This began to inspire confidence.

"Gentlemen, I heard two men talk a hundred miles, the other day," (cries of may be compared to seconds of time, "Oh!" "Telephone!") and it was not by means of any telephone, either." (Surprise and cries of "Liar," "Perjurer,"

Then, how was it?" asked one of the men.

"Why, I was riding on the Chicago & Alton Denver express with them.

The coroner cut him down, and he was buried in the potter's field. - Through

#### The Woman who Wept. On the wharf side of the Michigan

Central freight depot the other day was a box which anybody would instantly suspect to contain a coffin. A woman about fifty years of age sat on this box of the bodice, lace elbow sleeves, and a and wept. She hadn't shed above seven tears when a man who was hunting up some freight passed her and was at-

> "Ah! I see!" he remarked as he scanned the box, "husband dead and wife among friends."

> She didn't look up or give other evidence that she knew of his presence, and he walked closer and remarked:

> "So the old gentleman's gone, ch? Too bad, but that is the end of all." She answered by a well constructed

"Taking the body back to the old family burying ground, I suppose!" he went on. "Well, it probably doesn't make any difference where a man sleeps his last sleep, but when I die I want to be taken back to old Massachusetts to lie until the summons come.

If she cared two cents whether his body went to Massachusetts or Halifax she did

"Probably sick for several weeks and expenses must have been pretty heavy. I'm a stranger to you but if—ahem—that is, if you won't take it amiss, here's a \$5 bill to help along so far."

She covered her face with one hand

and held out the other.

"And, I hope," said the man as he

"That poor old wife taking her husband's body home for burial. "You get out! That's a casket to be

shipped to Dexter, and that woman has been weeping around here for two hours because she lost an old parasol off the wharf ?"-Free Press.

### HEALTH HINTS.

To cure weak eyes bathe your eyes da ly in salt water; not salt enough to

cause a smarting sensation. The worst cold may be promptly cured if, within twenty-four hours after it has been taken, the patient will keep warm

It is said that by the following simple method almost instant relief from earache is afforded: Put five drops of chloroform on a little cotton or wool in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor through the stem in the aching ear.

Prevention of summer complaint in children, according to Dr. Little, can be attained by giving them plenty of water. He had been physician to a children's orphan asylum for twenty-two years, and every summer there had been enteric disease. In the summer of 1882 he ordered that the infants be fed only every three or four hours, and that water be given if the child cried in the inter-There was not a single case of en teric disease in the institution during that

#### A Novelist's Methods. In its sketch of Charles Reade the Pall

Mall Gazette thus describes his method of work: "At eight o'clock he used to rise. At nine he breakfasted. At ten he began his work, which generally lasted until two or thereabouts. His work was done in the drawing room, from the windows of which he could look on to "Do you believe these stories in the the smooth lawn, sometimes watching garden, or looking on at a game of tennis, or amused by the gambols of his tame hares. When the French windows were closed no noise from the street could reach him, though he was not as some authors, for he eyen tolerated the presence of a friend when at work. When he had fairly broken the ice of a story he worked with great rapidity, and sometimes for many hours without a rest. He loved great sheets of drab manuscript paper, great pens and the blackest of ink. As each sheet was done it was numbered and thrown on the floor, which, after a few hours, was carpeted with manuscript, The maid servant gathered up the sheets; they were put in order and sent to his favorite copyist, who re. turned them written out clean in a neat, round hand. Mr. Reade went over them again, slashing here or adding there. when one who had said little, stepped out, once more revised, and then sent to Charles Reade's manuscript, a little joke which he took much to heart. It proved very seldom. He took no lunch "Gentlemen," said the new man, "I dined late, often going to the theatre after dinner.

## Killed by Parsimony.

M. de Vandille was the most remark able man in Paris on account of his extreme wealth and avarice. He had been a magistrate at Boulogne. He literally adopted the old maxim that the "seeds of wealth, the half-pence and pence, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itselt.'

In 1735, M. de Vandille possessed upward of seven hundred thousand pounds, which he had got or multiplied upon the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two. Having overheated himself one summer's day in carrying home a load of fuel, a fever ensued, and he, for the first time in his life, sent for a surgeon to bleed him; but thinking his terms exorbitant, he proposed a bargain to a common bar-ber surgeon, who undertook a vein for three pence a time.

"But," said Vandille, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?" "Three times, said he. "And what quantity of blood do you propose to take? "About eight ounces each time," replied the operator. "That will be ninepence! Too much!" Too much!" exclaimed old Vandille. "I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole quantity at once that you propose to take at three times, and that will save me six pence." being insisted upon, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and also, by this unprecedented stretch of parsimony, his life. His vast treasures were left to the king, whom he appointed his sole heir.

## The Mormon Temple.

The great building at Salt Lake, which the Mormons have been twenty-eight years in constructing, is approaching completion. The main walls are done It is built of granite, which is hauled from the mountains, back of Salt Lake, on great wagons or trucks, with wheels twelve feet high. The walls are ten feet in thickness and eighty-five in height. It has cost up to this time \$4,500,000, which has been collected by the tithing tax. It will require six years more to finish the work. Probably no other church building in the United States has been constructed in a way to secure such durability as is possible to this. Some of hose who predict the early ruin of the Mormon hierarchy are wondering what

as single persons, obtained positions in society, courted each other and were mar-"That's an awful sad case down ried. In every case the wedding presents amounted to handsome amounts.

One Square, one inch, one merrion .... 

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices gratis.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work-cash on delivery.

#### AT THE GARDEN GATE. "Come and unbar the garden gate,

My hands are full of gathered flowers," Sang blithesome Kate, as the painted sky Was fading out 'mid evening hours;

A welcome song to my listening ear, From prattling, pretty, wiosome Kate; So I hurried o'er the well-worn path That wound along by the garden gate.

A cloud of fragrant apple blooms Was hung so closely overhead That even sly, eavesdropping birds Could not make out a word we said,

Nor take a note of what was done By bashful swain and blushing Kate, And both have kept the secret well-Those happenings at the garden gate. Bright roses bloomed on Katie's cheeks,

While fading sunlight bathed her hair; A merry twinkle filled her eyes; Her lips-well, kisses nestled there. I drew the bar and cleared the way, That she might pass, my bonnie Kate:

But toll was claimed; she paid; and I Returned it all at the garden gate. Long years have rolled away since then, And we have lived and loved together, Sometimes in sun, sometimes in shade,

Unmindful of the wind or weather. Each year, when comes the apple blooms, At eve I go with my darling Kate, And on each anniversary day Take toll anew at the garden gate. -Clark W. Bryan, in Harper's Weekly.

# HUMOR OF THE DAT

A nod thing-A boy in chusch. A game name for a petulant wife-In-

A dissipated man is apt to be dizzy pated, also.

The duty of the hour is the tariff on cies watches. - Hawkeye. Gross earnings- The wages made by a

museum fat woman .- Philadelphia Call. What the sewing machine said when it skipped the stitch-Sew long!-The

An enthusiast speaks of the religion of the beautiful flowers. Buddhism, probably .- Boston Courier,

Baseball is taking the place of bull-fighting in Cuba. Thus does civilization advance, step by step. - Hartford "Hard lines," muttered the tramp, when he tried to cut a clothes-rope and

found it was made of wire. - New York Journal. A Burlington girl has a diary devoted entirely to noting down the visits of her beaux. She calls it her court docket.

—Free Press, A hotel in the shape of an elephant has been built at Coney Island. The baggage of the guests will be kept in the

trunk .- Burlington Free Press, How doth the frisky little bug Delight to crawl and bite, And make your limbs a picnic ground,

Each blessed summer night.

-Fall River Advance. An exchange says: "Great excitement prevails in Clackamus county, Ore., over the reported discovery of a veritable wild weman." We suppose the woman across the street has a better looking bonnet,-

Boston Post, Miss Rose Eytinge says: "Journalism and the theatrical profession are united by some very slender ties," One of which, most fragrant Rose, is adver-tise. There is nothing like it, we assure you.

-Lowisville Post. There is a young pianist in Boston who shuts his eyes while playing. There are lots of old warblers in every city who would gain many new admirers if they would shut their mouths while singing. -New York Journal.

The man who owes a tailor's bill He can't afford to pay Must be possessed of iron will Upon a sultry day;
For when he fears, despite of pride,
His tailor he might meet,
He skulks along the sunny side,
Of every crowded street. -New York Journal.

A Frenchman in New York makes dimples in the faces of all who can afford that luxury. As he has advertised for a steam drill it is safe to presume that he has a commercial traveler for a customer. - Boston Courier.

A current item says that "the plains of Texas cover an area of 152,000 acres, on which feed 3,800,000 head of cattle. The item does not state where the tails of the esttle are, but whoever heard of the tails feeding anywhere, - Texas Siftings.

RULES OF COURTSHIP. The manly youth who would a maiden woo Will profit if he keeps these rules in view; He not precipitate nor yet too slow; not ashamed at a rebuff or so If she is unresponsive, distant, cold,
The wooer should be delicately bold;
If she is thind, diffident and shy,
Dou't fret, she'll find more courage by-and-by,
Let not her arst refusal give distress: A woman's no is often meant for yes

— Somerville Journal A tramp stopped at a house on Main street the other day and asked for some thing to eat. "Which do you like best," asked the hired girl, "steak or chop? The tramp meditated a minute, and then replied: "Chop." "Stop right this way," said the hired girl. "Here's the ax and there's the wood-pile."—Burlington Free Press.

HE PERLS. The small boy stands Beside the pool, And with his lunds

He lingers not,
Nor time does waste,
The weather's hot, And with great basis

The prince of Orange kept sixty par-

-Boston Post. rots in his bedroom.

turned away, "that he may rest in peace | use they can make of this teraple. under the shadow of the village church. "Yes, but the old hen went to bed with them."-Siftings. She probably hoped so, too, but she A youthful appearing couple have been Companion. didn't say it. The man went his way to detected in a strange conspiracy to obthe other end of the freight house, and tain money. They visited different cities didn't say it. The man went his way to The new uniforms of the Russian army The orange tree at Versailles, known falling in with a freight handler whom as the Great Constable, is nearly five he knew he said : hundred years old. It was planted in

An invalid from Boston came to Austin for his health. He was confined to his bed at first, but soon recovered suffi-

She Expected to Be-

At Vassar they do not allow the young ladies to drive out with the male men unless there is a near relationship between them or unless there is an engagement on the boards. A Vassar daisy asked permission to take a drive with a young

"No, ma'am." "Are you engaged to him?"
"No, ma'am," and here the crimson

## He Experimented.

He was a bashful wooer, but there was

There was a brief pause. Then with a

far away look in her eyes, she answered: "By experimenting when he has the He experimented.