

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XVII. NO. 46.

CONROTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1896.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	5
One Square, one inch, one month.....	15
One Square, one inch, three months.....	35
One Square, one inch, one year.....	125
Two Squares, one year.....	250
Quarter Column, one year.....	100
Half Column, one year.....	175
One Column, one year.....	350

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

MISSISSIPPI.
A delocosa shore,
Out of cypress trees,
Overgrown,
By toward the Mexican
On for some lost mate,
And desolate.
Ray as the sands are gray;
The trees in their cloaks of
rising and drifting away
its weary long legs across
over the gray wood's brink;
Body and soul, to think
y levels of cypress wood,
oldiers' grave; and so, God's
trees' roots are still running
of battle in their mosses still—
and wearily drifting away
a some long-since battle day.
again Miller, in the Current.

THE LUCKY SHOT.

It day, sir," said the cheery
"Traveler's Rest," as he as-
take off my heavy riding
et, indeed," I replied. "I've
here of it during my thirty
to-day."
ost conducted me to a room
ery fire burning in the grate,
g been served with a good hot
began to feel more comfortable.
y chair up to the fire, encased
in a pair of easy slippers and
a pipe preparatory to a quiet
when I was disturbed by the en-
my host.
I you join the company in the
in, sir? We have a social club
ere twice a week, and perhaps
y amuse you during the evening."
I pleasure," I replied. "So, tak-
my pipe." I followed my
d into the large room, which was
filled with a numerous company.
moment of my entrance they were
g with evident satisfaction to a
id by one of their number. My
rictly introduced me, and I took a
close to the story-teller, and pre-
to enjoy my smoke.
ow, Mr. White, you must begin
story again, in honor of the gentle-
So Mr. White recommenced.
ou must know, gentlemen," he be-
"that the scene of my tale lies in
Florida, just about the time of the gold
over there."

We went on this way for months, then
our claim began to give out.
"Just about this time a company was
going to Melbourne to take some gold to
the bank there. We therefore agreed to
send some of ours to be deposited in the
bank and get notes in exchange. When
we got to the place of starting I was
surprised to see, among the mounted
troopers forming the escort, my shock-
headed voyager. I mentioned my dis-
trust of him to my chum; and in
consequence we only sent half of the
intended quantity. The fellow evidently
knew I distrusted him, for when I went
up with our parcel he gave a malicious
look that boded me no good. The
escort numbered about ten or fifteen well-
armed troopers, with a four-horse wagon,
and they left early in the morning for
their destination. We gave them three
ringing cheers at the boundaries of the
camp, and wished them a safe return. I
had a singular foreboding that I had seen
the last of my gold, but I mentioned my
fears to none but my chum.
"The day following I went to Mat
Durn's drinking hut—a place frequented
by the lucky finders and loafers—to hear
the day's news. The saloon was full of
diggers; others were playing poker, the
stakes being nuggets of dust; the major-
ity were standing at the bar drinking
and smoking. I called for a drink,
filled a short cutty, and took a seat
among the card-players.
"Well, Tom, how's your luck?" said
a broad shouldered Yorkshireman who
had come over with me.
"Very poor at present," I replied.
"Have a hand then, man; winning
dust at poker is better than digging."
"I joined the game and played a while.
At last one of the players threw up his
hand and said he was cleaned out; so,
thinking it might be my turn soon, I
stopped. I finished my glass and pre-
pared to leave the room. Just as I got
to the door a burly digger came rushing
in, almost upsetting me, and uttered the
most frightful oaths. The entire saloon
was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers
and knives were drawn, and a dozen
voices shouted out, 'What's the matter!'
"Matter enough!" cried the invading
digger, with another volley of expletives.
"The escort's been attacked, and the gold
is gone!"
"Words fail to describe the scene
that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair,
danced and raved like madmen. When
the tumult was somewhat subsided, I
managed to make out that the wagon
had been attacked in the dead of night,
by a party of armed rangers. A fight
had taken place, not a trooper had been
killed, and the gold had been taken.
The attack had evidently been pre-
arranged, for half the troopers had
been drugged, and were consequently
unable to fight. Three of them were
reported missing, Wapping Bill among
the number. I went off to our tent and
told Sandy. 'You're right about the
villain, but we'll be even with him yet.'
"We went back to the saloon, where
we found nearly all the diggers assem-
bled, listening to an account of the affair
from one of the troopers. It appeared
that shortly after leaving the camp the
wagon broke, necessitating a halt.
Night came on and the
by the broken
one of the troop-
keep out the
troopers who
armed by
d bush-
make up
ere up
ere up
ere up

intending to reach a tree, which grew
about twenty yards from the fire of the
bushrangers. Suddenly a hand was laid
on my shoulder. I hastily turned and
saw a tall ranger close by my side. He
grasped me by the collar, and presented
a revolver to my forehead.
"One sound and I'll blow your brains
out," he hissed.
"Resistance was useless, so I submit-
ted. He disarmed me, flung me on the
ground and fastened my hands behind
me with a cord he pulled from his pocket.
He then went a few yards away to
warn the rangers, I suppose. I heard a
ringing cheer, shots, oaths, and the
usual noise of a hand-to-hand encounter.
Giving a short and sudden wrench I got
loose and rushed forward to see the re-
sult of the fight. Just as I advanced I
heard two shots fired almost simultane-
ously, and a bullet just shaved my head.
I clapped my hand on my left ear.
Heaven! the lobe was shot away. An-
other inch and I should have been killed.
"Rather a narrow shave, that," said
one of the troopers, coming forward. "I
just saw the fellow drawing a bead on
you when I dropped him."
"I went forward and found the victory
had been ours. Three of the rangers
had been shot down, one of them Wap-
ping Bill. Two were wounded, and lay
on the ground, whilst one had escaped.
Judge Lynch soon settled the two pris-
oners.
"We recovered all our gold and made
preparations for our return. We gave
the dead a hasty burial, easing them of
course, of all valuables, etc. I found a
pocketbook on the body of my would-be
slayer, and from it gleaned a full account
of the gang. From information therein
contained Sandy and I some weeks later
made a little expedition of our own to a
place in the bush, where we found quite
a collection of nuggets and dust—the
result of many months of a bushranger's
life. As it was impossible to restore the
treasure to its lawful owners we were
obliged to keep it. We returned to the
camp, and, in consideration of our suc-
cessful efforts, we received a share of the
gold. Some months later I left the
diggings, and returned home, married
Mary, and settled down here. I ought
to add that I gave the trooper who
so bravely saved my life
an old silver ring to wear for my sake.
I have never seen him since; but if ever
I do, he shall be welcomed as a king.
Such, gentlemen, is the story of the
"Lucky Shot."

The hearty thanks of the company
were devoted to Mr. White for his story,
and the company drank the trooper's
health.
"You never saw him after?" I asked
Mr. White.
"Never, sir."
"Could you recognize him if you were
to see him?" I asked.
"An't say; he may have altered con-
siderably; but I should recognize the
ring immediately."
"Then is that it?" said I, putting out
my right hand, on the little finger of
which was the identical ring.
"It is; and you are Jack Fox!"
"I am; and I am exceedingly glad to
meet an old friend once more."
"Loud were the exclamations of joy at
this disclosure. I accepted Mr. White's
invitation to stay with him for a short
time, and I must admit that I spent some
very happy hours in "The Traveler's
Rest."

A Famous Inventor's Rise.

In a letter from Fargo, Dakota, to the
St. Paul Pioneer Press we find the follow-
ing: On the train from Bismarck to this
city I met J. P. Rossiter, who had
charge of all the Northern Pacific rolling-
stock between Fargo and Livingston.
"Talking of electrical inventions and
improvements," Mr. Rossiter said he
would still be living a hand-to-mouth
existence. Bill Jones, the avenger, as
he was facetiously called, who, in a
drunken frolic, also attempted Guit-
eau's life, pursues his vocation as a
farmer just across the Maryland border,
and finds great comfort in the
thought that his name will be linked
with that of the assassin of Garfield
by the historian of future ages. The
eleven jurymen who survive Mr. Pettibone
are all leading contented and peace-
ful lives, and the same may be said of
the prison attendants. Perry Carson, the
tall, good-looking negro who drove the
prison van from the jail to the court-
house, became a figure of such import-
ance during the trial that his admiring
colored friends of the district sent him
as a delegate to the Republican conven-
tion at Chicago. He is now the proprie-
tor of a flourishing liquor-saloon near
the Pennsylvania avenue railway station,
and has a substantial sum in his credit in
one of the local savings banks. He
never probably earned \$50 a month be-
fore the shooting.
Mrs. Garfield, as you know, is worth
half a million of dollars. President
Arthur has lived to finish his term as
chief magistrate. So you see there's
nothing in Guitreau's curse. The people
who fell under his displeasure seem to
have prospered, while, so far as I am
able to judge, it has injured no one."
"What disposition of Guitreau's body
made?"
"General Crocker, who had been talking
great glibness, began pulling his
nervously, and when he replied
with evident embarrassment. "I
answer that question," he replied.
"not! Is there any mystery
with it?"
"There are but two other people in
the world who know the place of Guit-
reau's skeleton is said to be on
display at the medical museum!"
"People choose to believe so, that
is its correctness, does it?"
"But why should you object to
men?"
"At Washington, higher and
than I, desired that the secret

THE CURSE OF GUITEAU.

PROFANE BY THE ASSASSIN
UPON THE SCAFFOLD.

How the People Who Were Prom-
inent at the Trial Prosper Under the
Legacy.

For some weeks past, says a Washing-
ton letter in the Chicago News, a paragraph
has been floating about the country set-
ting forth the fact that Guitreau's curse
which he pronounced upon the scaffold
has fallen with baneful effect upon a
number of those who were connected
with his trial and execution. Last even-
ing the News' correspondent directed the
attention of General Crocker, the warden
of the jail, to the article, and asked him
how much truth there was in the state-
ment. "It is utterly without founda-
tion, and is as flimsy and unsubstantial
a figment of the imagination as could
well be devised," replied the general.
"There were probably fifty persons
more or less directly connected with
Guitreau's imprisonment. Nineteen of
these were the guards and prison attend-
ants, including Judge Cox, were officers of
the court, government counsel, and oth-
ers. Three of these gentlemen have died
since the hanging of Guitreau, but when
it is remembered that most of these peo-
ple were men of middle age or even
older, it is a matter of surprise that so
few should in the course of nature have
passed away. Policeman Fowler has
been mentioned as one upon whom the
curse has fallen with particular violence.
Fowler was killed a few months ago by
a prisoner whom he was attempting to
arrest. As a matter of fact, he had no
more to do with the trial than any of
a dozen newspaper men who were present
from day to day. He was sometimes de-
tailed for duty at the court room, but
beyond that he had no connection what-
ever with the proceedings. Dr. Noble
Young, the jail physician, who died re-
cently, is another victim. Dr. Young
died calmly in his bed at the advanced
age of eighty-two years, and the only
wonder is that he lived so long, as he
had been a constant sufferer from kid-
ney troubles for the past decade. The
last of these alleged unfortunates is juror
Pettibone, but as you may remember,
Pettibone was sick during the course of
the trial, and a postponement occurred
several times on his account. His death,
which followed a few months later, can
hardly be coupled with any curse Guitreau
might have uttered."
"Does it not appear to you, general,"
interrupted the correspondent, "that, so
far from the people who surrounded
Guitreau being cursed, the very opposite
proves to be the case?"
"That is the very suggestion I was
going to make. Colonel Corkhill, the
United States district attorney who had
charge of the case, has fallen heir within
the past eighteen months to a fortune
variously estimated at from \$70,000 to
\$100,000, and is to-day more prosperous
and wealthy than ever before. His
assistants, Messrs. Davidge and Porter,
are well and happy and enjoy a large
practice in this city and New York.
Bergeant Mason, who attempted to kill
Guitreau by firing into his cell and in fact
narrowly missing the assassin, is living
in peace and retirement on his farm in
Virginia, purchased with the \$7,000 con-
tribution which was raised by voluntary
subscription during his confinement in
the Albany penitentiary. Prior to this
Mason had drawn a salary of \$17 a
month as an under-sergeant in the regu-
lar army, while his wife had helped sup-
port the family by taking in washing and
performing other menial services. They
are rich to-day beyond their wildest
expectations. But for Guitreau they
would still be living a hand-to-mouth
existence. Bill Jones, the avenger, as
he was facetiously called, who, in a
drunken frolic, also attempted Guit-
reau's life, pursues his vocation as a
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is its correctness, does it?"
"But why should you object to
men?"
"At Washington, higher and
than I, desired that the secret

of his grave should die with those of us
who performed the interment. I do not
think the exact place of his burial will
ever be known to another living soul."
There was the same mystery about
John Wilkes Booth's last resting place.
Years afterward it was discovered that
he had been buried in the basement of
the United States arsenal, where the re-
mains had been deposited in quicklime
and almost entirely destroyed. Within
recent years the few bones that re-
mained were disinterred at his brother
Edwin's request, and now rest in the
family vault of the Booths at the ceme-
tery in Baltimore.

Beauties of Madagascar.

Lieutenant Shufeldt, of the United
States navy, who recently crossed
Madagascar from east to west, accom-
plishing what few white men and no
American had done before, said in a re-
cent lecture about the island and his ex-
plorations there:
"Madagascar is the third largest island
on the globe. Its area covers 230,000
square miles; being 1,000 miles long,
and averaging in breadth 230 to 400
miles. It is four times the size of Great
Britain. The interior gives the observer
a potent sense of silent and majestic
vastness. It exhibits some of the grandest
specimens of nature's handiwork,
consisting of mountain peaks, plains and
forest cataraets and waterfalls. Around
the area coast stretches a dense belt of
tropical forest, the home of malaria and
deadly fever; the abiding place of savage
and barbarous people, and of richly
plumed birds. The chief river, the
Sizibouge, is the size of the Ohio, and
shows some of the most magnificent
scenery in the world, thunderous water-
falls and cataraets bordered by primeval
forests."
The speaker said he thought this river
would prove navigable and might be
made the highway for the products of
the interior, ebony, sugar, rice, and
other articles of commerce, in quantities
sufficient to make it "the El Dorado of
the Eastern seas." The climate he de-
scribed as variable. In the interior it is
equable and temperate, frequently re-
minding one of a New England autumn,
but about the sea coast it is always warm
and unwholesome. He estimated the
population at 5,700,000, embracing many
races of men varying in color, physique
and civilization. The principal tribe,
the Hovas, are men of Malay origin,
with fair complexion, bright and spark-
ling eyes, aquiline noses, numbering
about 800,000, and far in advance of the
rest of the inhabitants in intelligence
and the arts of civilization. The women
are often handsome. Some of these ad-
vantages can be attributed to climate,
the region inhabited by them averaging
4,550 feet above the sea level, and af-
fording a bracing atmosphere. Next in
importance and intelligence he placed
the Betsileo tribe, the men possessing
little and active frames, but the women,
unlike the Hova women, are seldom or
never handsome. The Barra people, in
the southern part of the island, are dis-
tinguished by their lack of ennobling
qualities. The morality of the Barra,
said Lieutenant Shufeldt, might thus be
summed up: "Give me my gun and my
spear, my rum and my wives, and my
oxen; let me steal, plunder and destroy
everybody; let nobody molest me, and I
care not who is my king."

Humor of the Day.

An early riser—Yeast.
A wet day—Wash-day.
The dark cages—Dungeon cells.
A man need not necessarily be pos-
sessed of musical ability to strike a liar.
—Bloomington Eye.
None of our dentists have yet evinced
enough enterprise to advertise "Might
teeth a specialty."—Norristown Herald.
A little New Hartford three-year-old
boy, in admiring his baby brother, ex-
claimed, "He's got a boiled head, like
papa."
The fact that the poet is born, not
made, relieves our educational system
from a serious responsibility.—Boston
Courier.
They are experimenting at Staten
Island with some new cannon. These
cannon have the latest style of breeches,
with four pockets, and are very killing.
—Lowell Courier.
Miss Angelica: I suppose you have
been going out a great deal lately, Mr.
McFannish? "No; I have only been to
one dinner in two weeks." "Dear me!
You must be hungry."
"I am surprised, John," said an old
lady when she found the butler helping
himself to some of the finest old port.
"So am I, ma'am. I thought you had
gone out," was the reply.
The true use of a porous plaster, ac-
cording to a Milwaukee druggist, is "to
retain the back in its proper place and
let the pain crawl out through the
holes."—Newman Independent.
"Have you any 'home ties'?" asked
a lady of a young man whose appear-
ance indicated dissipation. "Oh, yes
(hic) home ties, lots of 'em, g-g-got a
mother-in-law!"—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.
As we look through the lists of "the dead
of the year,"
We notice without surprise,
The names of a great many business men,
Who refused to advertise.
—Merchant-Traveler.
An exchange has an article on "The
rise of the roller rink." This ought to
confirm the theory of the young man
new to the rollers that the floor flew up
and hit him in the back of the neck.
—Blizzard.
An Australian naturalist is reported to
have discovered that sponges are en-
dowed with a nervous system. All the
"sponges" known to us socially certainly
display a great deal of "nerve" in their
own peculiar way.—Lowell Citizen.
Reciprocity—Landlord: "Have you
any family?" Intending lodger: "No."
L.: "That's right, for I don't let my
rooms to lodgers with families." I. L.:
"Have you a family?" L.: "Yes; four
children." I. L.: "Sorry to hear it, for
I never take apartments with landlords
who have families."—St. Peterburger
Zeitung.
An eminent sportsman was boasting his skill,
And was "going it," too, pretty hot.
He swore on his honor, that once on a time
He hit seventeen hares with one shot.
But a friend standing by rose up in his wrath
And exclaimed, "That there statement's
too big."
We can't swallow it, unless you admit
You were shooting that day at your wig."
—Judge.

Artificial Stones.

The ruby and sapphire have been
closely imitated by Frey and Feil, two
French chemists, and the chief interest
in this process is the fact that the arti-
ficial stones possess essentially the chemi-
cal composition of the real ones. To
produce this, equal weights of alumina
and red lead are heated to a red heat in
an earthenware crucible. A vitreous
substance is formed, which consists of
silicate of lead and crystals of white
corundum. To convert this corundum
into the artificial ruby it is necessary to
fuse it with about two per cent. of bichro-
mate of potassium, while, to obtain the
sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt and a
very small quantity of bichromate of
potassium must be employed. The
stones so produced possess at least very
nearly the hardness of the real stones, as
they scratch both quartz and topaz. The
French "paste," which imitates the dia-
mond so closely, is a peculiar kind of
glass, the manufacture of which was
brought to a great degree of perfection
some fifty years ago by Donat-Wieland,
of Paris. The finest quality of paste de-
mands extreme care in the choice of
materials and in melting, etc. The basis
of it, in the hands of the expert manu-
facturer just named, was powdered rock
crystal or quartz. The proportions he
took were six ounces of rock crystal,
nine ounces two drams of red lead, three
ounces three drams of pure carbonate of
potash; three drams of boracic acid and
six grains of white arsenic. The product
thus manufactured was extremely beauti-
ful, but rather expensive, compared with
the prices now charged for artificial
jewels. It has never been surpassed in
brilliance, but of late years the greater
purity of the potash and lead oxide used,
and the improvements in the furnaces
and methods of heating them, have all
tended to reduce the price of the "dia-
monds" thus manufactured.—Chambers's
Journal.

A Bean Feast.

The following story of a bean feast, or
of feet and beans, appropriately enough
comes from Boston and the columns of
the Journal:
A Florida youth who bought a pair of
shoes without trying them on found on
reaching home that they were just an
eighth of an inch too small all around.
He thought, however, that he would en-
large them sufficiently by the "bean"
process, so he filled each shoe to the top
with large white beans—the variety that
swell nearly double their size—gave them
all the water they would hold, and
left them over night to the mercy of the
beans. In the morning he found that
they had increased in size from No. 5 to
apparently No. 8, and that the uppers
had raised up on one side, exposing a
huge crevasse and allowing the beans to
escape for several feet around. The next
time he will pare down his feet.

RULES FOR A HAPPY LIFE.

Wouldst thou be a happy liver,
Happy and studious to enhance
The glory of the great Life-Giver,
Launch not thy boat to drift at chance
Where strong floods roll and wild waves
dance
On life's broad-rushing river.
Live as a man and count it treason
To man to live divorced from reason;
Prove your ground and know your game,
And ply your task with stout endeavor,
Nor court praise, nor fearing blame,
Know your own worth and know not less
Your neighbor's weight and worthiness;
And where he works well let him do
The work that might be spoiled by you.
Make a good friend wherever you can;
Not wise is he who hath no eyes
To know how fools may help the wise;
With loving deeds bind man to man,
But never shrink with blinking eyes
From what they only learn who try;
And though you stand alone, in sight
Of God be bold to hold the right.
March bravely on and if you stumble
Never groan and never grumble;
Rise again with never forgetting;
Wounds were never saved by fretting;
Watch your chance and know your hour
And let the moment feel your power;
Shape your path and keep your rules
With deaf ear turned to meddling fools.
'Tis dull to wait and hard to stand,
But God's time comes with high command,
That claims the service of your hand.
Let the wise farmer teach you knowledge,
Oft sought for at school and old college;
Split the rock and turn the sod,
With busy hands cast bones; seed,
Stoutly uproot each harmful weed
And let the seasons wait on God!
—John Stewart Blackie, in Leisure Hour.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An early riser—Yeast.
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The dark cages—Dungeon cells.
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sessed of musical ability to strike a liar.
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holes."—Newman Independent.
"Have you any 'home ties'?" asked
a lady of a young man whose appear-
ance indicated dissipation. "Oh, yes
(hic) home ties, lots of 'em, g-g-got a
mother-in-law!"—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.
As we look through the lists of "the dead
of the year,"
We notice without surprise,
The names of a great many business men,
Who refused to advertise.
—Merchant-Traveler.
An exchange has an article on "The
rise of the roller rink." This ought to
confirm the theory of the young man
new to the rollers that the floor flew up
and hit him in the back of the neck.
—Blizzard.
An Australian naturalist is reported to
have discovered that sponges are en-
dowed with a nervous system. All the
"sponges" known to us socially certainly
display a great deal of "nerve" in their
own peculiar way.—Lowell Citizen.
Reciprocity—Landlord: "Have you
any family?" Intending lodger: "No."
L.: "That's right, for I don't let my
rooms to lodgers with families." I. L.:
"Have you a family?" L.: "Yes; four
children." I. L.: "Sorry to hear it, for
I never take apartments with landlords
who have families."—St. Peterburger
Zeitung.
An eminent sportsman was boasting his skill,
And was "going it," too, pretty hot.
He swore on his honor, that once on a time
He hit seventeen hares with one shot.
But a friend standing by rose up in his wrath
And exclaimed, "That there statement's
too big."
We can't swallow it, unless you admit
You were shooting that day at your wig."
—Judge.

Artificial Stones.

The ruby and sapphire have been
closely imitated by Frey and Feil, two
French chemists, and the chief interest
in this process is the fact that the arti-
ficial stones possess essentially the chemi-
cal composition of the real ones. To
produce this, equal weights of alumina
and red lead are heated to a red heat in
an earthenware crucible. A vitreous
substance is formed, which consists of
silicate of lead and crystals of white
corundum. To convert this corundum
into the artificial ruby it is necessary to
fuse it with about two per cent. of bichro-
mate of potassium, while, to obtain the
sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt and a
very small quantity of bichromate of
potassium must be employed. The
stones so produced possess at least very
nearly the hardness of the real stones, as
they scratch both quartz and topaz. The
French "paste," which imitates the dia-
mond so closely, is a peculiar kind of
glass, the manufacture of which was
brought to a great degree of perfection
some fifty years ago by Donat-Wieland,
of Paris. The finest quality of paste de-
mands extreme care in the choice of
materials and in melting, etc. The basis
of it, in the hands of the expert manu-
facturer just named, was powdered rock
crystal or quartz. The proportions he
took were six ounces of rock crystal,
nine ounces two drams of red lead, three
ounces three drams of pure carbonate of
potash; three drams of boracic acid and
six grains of white arsenic. The product
thus manufactured was extremely beauti-
ful, but rather expensive, compared with
the prices now charged for artificial
jewels. It has never been surpassed in
brilliance, but of late years the greater
purity of the potash and lead oxide used,
and the improvements in the furnaces
and methods of heating them, have all
tended to reduce the price of the "dia-
monds" thus manufactured.—Chambers's
Journal.

A Bean Feast.

The following story of a bean feast, or
of feet and beans, appropriately enough
comes from Boston and the columns of
the Journal:
A Florida youth who bought a pair of
shoes without trying them on found on
reaching home that they were just an
eighth of an inch too small all around.
He thought, however, that he would en-
large them sufficiently by the "bean"
process, so he filled each shoe to the top
with large white beans—the variety that
swell nearly double their size—gave them
all the water they would hold, and
left them over night to the mercy of the
beans. In the morning he found that
they had increased in size from No. 5 to
apparently No. 8, and that the uppers
had raised up on one side, exposing a
huge crevasse and allowing the beans to
escape for several feet around. The next
time he will pare down his feet.