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THINGS THAT NEVER DIR.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth; The impulse to a worldless prayer, The dreams of love and truth; The longing after something lost, The spirit's yearning ery, The striving after better hopes-These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need; The kindly word in grief's dark hour, That proves a friend indeed-The plea for mercy, softly breathed, When justice threatened high, The sorrow of a contrite heart-These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand, The pressure of a kiss, And all the trifles sweet and frail That make up life's bliss; If with a firm, unchanging faith, And holy trust and high,

Those hands have clasped and lips have met, These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word That wounded as it fell. The chilling wants of sympathy We feel but never tell-The hard repulse that chills the heart Whose hopes were bounding high, In an unfading record kept-These things shall never die.

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Let nothing pass, for every hand Must find some work to do; Lose not a chance to waken love-Be firm and just and true. So shall a light that cannot fade Beem on thee from on high, And angels' voices say to thee, These things shall never die.

I was a widow.

-All the Year Round.

MY LITTLE BOY.

A young widow, I suppose-for no

Oriental hotel, where there were balls

and soirces, lawn tennis and archery

"But he is my cousin," said I. "He

a dependent."

A TTU JAL

"Elsie." "Well, Prissy?"

house !!

ingly.

once.

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one can't neglect a dying woman's re-

"It was very thoughtless of her, at all events." grumbled my faithful old chape-

ron. "A young thing like you!" I laughed. "I dare say she heard I

I laughed. "I dare say she heard I was a widow," said I, "and probably

imagined me a middle-aged horror with

has a claim on mr." "Nonsense," said Priscilla, "that doesn't alter the case in the least."

my unknown cousin, culling out choice editions of the poets, hanging rare en-gravings on the walls, and matching car-

pets and curtains. Miss Bent, poor old soul, said it was all nonsense, --that no

young man of any spirit could conde-

scend to "sit down" (that was her ex-

pression) "in a house where he was to be

In the meantime I was watching the papers-and when I saw in the shipping one would regard three-and-twenty as a columns the arrival of the "Bonnie very venerable age. And a pretty widow, people said. Whether they were right hat and veil, ordered the carriage, and or wrong, I cannot take upon myself to say. Of course I knew, whenever I welcome my new guest.

looked in the glass, that I was not an -absolute fright—and so, when my cousin, Mrs. General Foxley, invited me to spend a summer with her at the "If I must, I must," said Prissy. But she was not at all enthusiastic about

I was just pinning the crape bow under my chin, when Alice, the parlormaid, came courtesying in.

breakfasts going on all the while, I "A young gentleman in the parlor to see you ma'arn," she said in a smiling flurry. "From the San Domingo steamer, wasn't at all sorry that Mile. Chatelage had sent home my lovely new half-mourning dress, all trimmed with pearl And-

and lavender, sparkling jet and pris-matic clair de lunes, and that Aunt La-"I'll go down at once, Alice," I cried, tearing off my hat and veil and flinging vinia, our family "etiquette-book" had the heavy cape streamer on one side.

Prissy, I've always wanted to adopt mother chaperon, "se we've got two THE EXECUTIVE MANSION. "It's dreadful," growled poor Prisay, "Do you think so?" said I. Now it

seems to m that it is very good fun !" Well, of curse anyone can conjecture

"I think you must be crazy," groaned Miss Bon. "A little boy, indeed! A dashing, flirting, drinking West India fellow, six feet high, I'll go bail, and broad to correspond! I shall leave the Well, of carbon witended. Mr. Lesley for themselves had a some, --moreover he syoung and had some, --moreover he find a snug little propers of his own. He liked the United States. a. inci-dentally remarked that if he had any ou "No, you won't, Prissy, said I, coax-gly. "You'll just make the best of it, ject he would prefer to remain here per-

manently. "But," he added, mournfully, "it is as I am going to do. I dare say he is very nice, -- and poor Fanny never would have left him in my charge if he wasn't all that is delightful. And perhaps he'll sad to be so entirely without ties, that no one cares whether you stay in one place or another." want to go to college, or study law or

"I care," piped up Frank, who sat as usual by his side, holding his hand. something, so he won't be very much in "And so does cousin Elsie." the house, after all-and you know, Prissy,

"Yes," said I, laughing, though not without some confusion. "Frankie is right. "We both care."

"There," said Mr. Lesley, I will stay." We were engaged within the month. And as soon as 1 laid off my half mourning we were married, so that Frankie never yet has been compelled to separate from his friend.

eye-glasses and a double chin. Leave And Miss Bent lives with us still, these things, Prissy--we shall not go to and we are very happy! There is the end of my love story. Ought not all the sea-shore now until cousin Basil is end of my love story. Ought not all love stories to end so? Miss Bent says safely installed with his gun case, his hookahs and chibouks, his books and papers, in my blue rooms! Come with that all real romances end sadly,-but me and we'll have up the house keeper, and turn them into a bachelor suite at my experience, you see, has been alto-gether different. And perhaps I am a better judge than she is. — Shirley Browne. I was very happy for the next three days, studying the imaginary tastes of

The Hammer.

The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention, and the plow-share of peaceful agriculture, the press of the free, and the shackle of the slave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome to a thousand battle-fields, but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled up high hopes and no ble aspirations in the bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames, but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helm and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns and kingdoms. The forging of thunderbolts was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labors of the forge. In ancient warfare the hammer was a

powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helm by a blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mohammed, but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and decided that it was quite proper to wear my diamonds if I pleased. For I voice entreated me, but my mind was named Martel—"the hammer." simple warrior who saved Christendom "Elsie, Elsie, wait," Priscilla's shrill from the sway of the Mussulman was was a decided brunette, and dark wo-full of poor cousin Fanny and her or-simple, how appropriate, how grand-How phan child-and hurrying down stairs. I "the hammer." The hammer is the found myself face to face with a tall, savior and bulwark of Christendom. savior and bulwark of Christendom. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clink points out the abode of industryit is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, or carriage rolls, a wheel spins, or engine moves, a press speaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves, without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes, but in skilful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.

A LOOK AT THE WRITE HOUSE IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES. a big reception. The furniture in this

Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22. 1885.

The Great Vestibule and Its Ornamentation - The East Boom and Its Costly Chandellers.

The Washington correspondent of the out in red, is like unto it, and in front of both is a long promenade hall, furnished like a parlor, and containing full length portraits of all the Presidents you enter and it is one of the finest portraits of the lot. The end of this hall Potomac, and over the river on the hill have been swallowed year after year The lawn back of the White House is White House dinners. Jackson spent rolling and it contains many forest trees, upon them more than his salary, and not The lawn back of the White House is a beautiful fountain, and near the house, in summer, gardens and flowers.

a President, save, perhaps, Andrew John-son, came out of the White House with The wide walks or drives lead in a anything more than he went in. Arwinding way from the street to the big thur's dinners have cost him a fortune, porte cochere, and this is so arranged and each state dinner cost him from ten dollars a plate upward. When it is re-membered that each of these dinners that several carriages can stop under its cover and their passengers get out with out danger from the weather,

The White House covers about onethird of an acre, and it has cost up to the present time about \$2,000,000. It is \$500, and I am told that Mr. Arthur's ordinary meals, to which he always has modeled after a castle in Dublin, and the architect, who was a South Carolina man named Hoban, got \$500 for drawing the plans. When it was first built, away table, and this is of a quality which back in the nineties, it cost \$300,000, but the British burnt out its insides, and during the congressional season, and its cost has since added to that sum about \$1,700,000. In it all of the Presievery person of prominence in Washing-ton sat down at the President's table, dents since Washington have lived, and each has added to its beauties and its The usual dining hour is 8 P. M., and guests sit as late as 11 or later. While expenses. I think it was John Quincy Adams who bought the first billiard table which was used in it. But in John Adams' time it was only half furnished, and Abigail Adams used to dry her clothes in the big east room. Year by year, however, the furnishing has gone on, until now it is a sort of a museum of art and beauty. colored wax candles in beautiful gold

Let us enter it. A servant, with a face like a statesman and a form which would have made him a member of the giant guards had he lived years ago in Prussia, opens wide the doors for us. They slide back easily on their hinges of is perhaps the finest sight in our social polished brass, and we step in upon the world. tiled floor of a great vestibule, the back wall of which is a mosaic of beautiful

The upper floor of the White Hoese is devoted

have about forty guests at the table you

will see that a state dinner costs at least

several strangers, cost about five dollars

a plate. There is always winc on the

adds materially to the table expenses.

Last winter there were nine state dinners

the dinner goes on the Marine band

plays charming music in the vestibule,

and the strains float in, not so loud as to

interrupt conversation, but gently and

pleasantly. The china set in use is of

Limoge ware representing the different

flowers and fauna of America. It cost

\$15,000 and contains five hundred pieces.

The light of this dining-room is from

and silver candlesticks, and there are

many mirrored sconces set into its walls.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one inch, one invertion	00
One Square, one inch, one month-	60
One Square, one inch, three months	14
One Square, one inch, one year	00
Two Squares, one year	00
Quarter Column, ons year	100
Half Column, one year.	80
One Column, one year. 100	20
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each sertion.	In
Marriage and death notices gratis,	

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-erly. Temporary advertisements must be pain in idvance.

Job work-cash on delivery.

THE LAND OF THE AFTERMOON

An old man sits in his garden chair, Watching the sunlit western sky, What sees he in the blue depth there, Where only the Isles of Memory lief There are princely towers and castles high, 4 There are gardens fairer than human less, There are happy children thronging by, Radiant women and stately men, Singing with voices of sweet attune The songs of the Land of the Afternoon,

The old man watches a form of cloud, That floats where the azure islands are, And he sees a homestead gray and loved, And a hand that beckons him afar. Oh, cheek of roses and hair of gold! Oh, eyes of heaven's divinest blue! . Long have ye lain in the graveyard mold-But love is infinite, love is true;

He will find her-yes, it must be soon They will meet in the Land of the After noon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud Is driving athwart its troubled face, The golden mist is a trailing shroud; It is cold and bleak in the garden place. The old man smiles and droops his head, The thin hair blows from his wrinkled brow.

Jeffer The sunset radiance has appeared One every wasted feature now; He hales like a breath in June-

"nd the Land of the Afternoon.

HUN OF THE DAY.

On her beam entry the sun. A sound sleeper-the sun. Umbrelias and good an don't al-ways belong to those an don't alse them most.

A young woman is not necessarily ice girl just because she has a show brow. -Drake's Magazine.

If "bread is the staff of life" then pound cake must be the gold-headed cane of existence.-New York Journal.

"Arizona now exports tannin." Thus is another avenue of usefulness closed to the Massachusetts schoolmarm .- Boston Transcript.

A woman never uses her husband's Note than once. Not if he knows it. meerschaum pipe to drive a nail with

Extract from a letter from Angelina: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry; I have no use for it, and I return it with many thanks."

We are in danger of having too much culture in this country. An æsthetic buff-colored pug recently got mad in Boston because his mistress dressed him in a light green blanket.

Its guests often appear in regimentals It is now stated that Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, wears and a state dinner at the White House swallow-tail coat. We can now understand why he was able to travel among the cannibals for years without being No n roasted and caten. A LAX. The happy nightingale Doth blithely trill away, And charms some mortal's ear With his sweet little lay.

of Mrs. Hayes with its beautiful frame, and next to it the blue room where the President's lady receives her company and where the President stands while he shakes the hands of the multitude at

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

room is elegant in the extreme, all of

blue and gold, and forms the drawing-room of the President's wife in the evening. The red room, furnished through

and Leader gives the following interesting ascription of the White House: The Presiden's house is a long white rectangular building't two stories, with many large windows in not looking out at Pennsylvania avenue and the sautiful park opposite it, and with a pertendere, like the entrance to a Greek temple, julike the entrance to a Greek temple, jue ting out over its front door and support-ed by a number of Greek pillars as white as the house itself. A long green-house as the house itself. A long green-house like conservatory is attached as a wing to its western end, and the building stands several hundred yards back from the street, and it is surrounded by twenty acres of lawn and trees. In the front of it the ground slopes by an easy grade down to Pennsylvania avenue, and an iron fence with gold-headed points sep-arates it from the wide sidewalk. At the back, the house looks out on the Potomac, and over the river on the hill may be seen Arlington, the home of Washington and General Robert E. Lee. son was almost a bankrupt from his

Not that it had occurred to me that I should over marry again. My old commodore had been very good and kind to me, but he was feeble and ailing, and required a great deal of care and my general impression of matrimony was that it involved trouble and solicitude, and a constant burden of responsibility.

And now, I was free, and I intended to remain so! I felt like a caged bird that had managed to give its golden wires the slip-a butterfly in the blue June air! I meant to go to the Oriental hotel and have a royal time, waltzing, dreaming-even coquetting a little in a harmless sort of way, if it seemed good to me-but as to marrying again-no, not I! Even Priscilla Bent, my companion, who was the most logical of creatures, declared that I would be the greatest fool alive to do that!

But we never know just what is going to happen to us. The very night before we were to start for the Orient. I came into the room where Priscilla was packing the lace things, which were too nice and delicate to be intrusted to Fifine, the maid.

"Prissy," said I, "look here! a telegram from San Domingo! My cousin, Fanny Black, is dead !"

"Dear me, how sad !" said Prissy, putting on the regulation look of affliction, although she had never in her life seen Mrs. Captain Basil Black, of H. M. 114th Fusilisers, stationed in the West Indies. "But I suppose that won't interfere with our trip to the seaside, will 't?"

"But that isn't all," said I. "She has left a son. And with her dying breath his friend. she charged it on her attendants that I should take him to this country and make a home for him.

'How old is he?" said Pricilla Bent, looking agast. And ____ " "Let me see," said I, counting upon

my fingers. his name, for I : ...ember cousin Fanny writing about him to mamma when was a mite of a thing-must be one and twenty at least by this time "

"Blass me !" ejaculated Priscilla, "and you are only just turning twenty-three fant cry of dismay and desolation, and I, yourself !'

"Prissy," cried I, with mischievous up at once: "You're as good as a book of glee, dates !"

"But it won't be proper," said Priscilla

"Not proper!" cchoed I. Why won't

aren't you here to matronize us? thoroughly in earnest, consented.

NZO ink myself it will be rasher fine to p a suite of bachelor apartments-

anufacking room; dressing-room-Elsie," cried Miss Bent, in despair, elieve you would make fun of anyg! Don't you see how outlandish A plan would be? Write at once to san Domingo people, and tell them out of the question.

E Fut's too late now, Prissy," said I. ey are on the way here, don't you fused to be parted from his friend, slept I shouldn't wonder if the steamer in a crib close to his bedaide. RIBE in port now, And you know, per an'

slender young man, very pale and fair, with dark blue eyes, a soft, silky mustache, and plain mourning dress.

Involuntarily I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him. "You are welcome, Cousin Basil," said

I, "welcome a thousand times." He drew back, colored a little, "I beg

your pardon, Mrs. Charteris," he said, 'but there is some mistake here. This is your cousin !" and a pale child of four or five years old, whose long golden curls hung over his black suit, crept out from the shadow of the curtains, slowly and shyly.

"I am Frank," he said. "And Mr. Lesley is my dear, dear friend. He lived on the next place, in San Domingo. He has come to the United States with me!" "But," I cried, looking helplessly

around me, "where is Basil?"

"Basil died two years ago, when the yellow fever decimated our place," said Mr. Lesley, quietly. "I was his most intimate friend. Little Frank is all that is now left of the Black family, and I promised his mother to see him in safety to your house."

I looked with a pang of pity at the dear little golden-haired fellow, of whose very existence I had hitherto been ignorant.

"Sweet little Frankie," said I, "you shall be my little boy henceforward," and I clasped the baby form to my breast.

"And Mr. Lesley, too?" said the little lad, solemnly reaching out his hand to his friend. "Cousin Elsie likes Mr. Lesley, or she wouldn't have kissed him.

I could feel myself color to the very roots of my hair, but Mr. Lesley's features never stirred.

"She thought 1 was you. Frankie, n't you see?" said he. "She didu't "Basil Black-that's don't you see?" said he. expect to see such a mite of a chap as you. Good-bye, now, I am going to the hotel, and I shall see you very often, if Mrs. Charteris is-"

But at this Frankie burst into an inrecovering my presence of mind, spoke

'Frankie, don't cry," said I, "Mr. Lesley will not leave you-just at present, at least. You were my dead cousin's trusted friend, Mr. Lesley," I added "e proper! Isn't that dear old com-that you will be my guest, also." Colore's house big enough for all of us? And Mr. Lesley seeing that holding out my hand. "May I not hope

And Mr. Lesley seeing that I was

"If I shall not be a bore!" he said. when little Frankle jumped and danced around him, for very joy.

"Now I shall love cousin Elsie all my life said he. "And so will Mr. Lesley!" Mr. Lesley occupied the suite of apart ments which I had so unconsciously fitted up for the poor young cousin who was sleeping the while in the West India cemetery. Little Frankie, who had re-

"Well, Prissy," I said merrily to my pinion.

An Eccentric Chancellor.

Chancellor George M. Bibb, of Kentucky, twice a Senator from that State, and secretary of the treasury in Mr. Tyler's administration, was known in Washington as "the last of the smallclothes," Until his death he wore a broad-brimmed hat, fine linen, long waistcoat, knee-breeches, black silk hose, and Icw shoes with silver buckles. The chancellor's personal appearance

and manners proclaimed him a gentleman of the old school-dignified, high-toned, and courteous to everybody. Even the boys, knowing that he took snuff, would often stop him in the streets with-

"Please, sir, give us a pinch of snuff! The chancellor, with an air that would have become Louis XIV. himself, would at once offer his shuff-box to the little fellow.

One day, the chancellor met in Washington a friend from Kentucky, and inquired particularly about the gentleman's family-his son and his son's children.

"His youngest," said the friend, " is named for you and for one of the Bibical characters: Nehemiah."

"That's right," replied the chancellor. "The law and the prophets should always go together."

The chancellor's fondness for angling amounted to a passion. Whether the fish "hit" or not, he would sit for hours on the bank of a stream, with rod and line, waiting for a nibble. A story, illustrative of his reputation as the most patient of anglers, used to be told in Washington circles:

A gentleman, seeing that the chancellor had been sitting on the wharf for severa! hours, watching his float, strolled down to him, and asked, "What luck?"

'None," replied the chancellor. thought I had a bite two or three hours ago, but apparently there is not a fish nowhere.

"What is your bait?"

"A live, plump, young frog, hooked through the fleshy part of the leg." "Look there, chancellor!" said the

friend, bursting into a laugh and pointing to a log partly out of water.

The chancellor looked and saw his bait sunning itself on a log."- Fouth's Com-

stones and colored glass, looking much like one of the walls in one of Frederick the Great's palaces at Potsdam, Prussia. There is a room in this palace of Frederick's walled with such a mosaic of It cost an immense sum and jewels. was built by Frederick to blind the eves of the other monarchs of Europe to the than a home.

real state of his purse. He was hard up and his fellow kings supposed that he was so. He bluffed them in this way and so kept his credit good, as they thought no one would undertake such an expense with anything less than billions to draw upon.

These stones in the wall of the White House vestibule are many of them set in the rough, in beautiful shapes, and they look something, so said a visitor, like the broken wine bottles of the White House beautifully cemented together. Tiffany made this wall and the government paid well for it.

This vestibule alone covers the space which would be covered by a good sized eight-room house, and thirty men could march abreast going from one end of it to the other. It has doors at each end and in the middle and end of the glass wall. In it the Marine band plays at great receptions, and here gentlemen throw off their overcoats and leave them in the hands of their footmen while they see the President within.

At the left is the entrance to the hall leading to the upper story, where the President spends most of his time, and just off of this is the east room. It is probably the largest parlor in the United States. It is eighty feet long and forty feet wide, and was originally intended for a banqueting hall, but is now used for receptions. The walls are of em-bossed paper of white and gilt, and the ceiling is beautifully finished in oils. It is a very high ceiling, three times as high as ordinary, and has great girders or beams richly decorated running across Massive chandeliers with thousands it. of glass pendants hang from it. These chandeliers cost \$5,000 each, and each contains 6,000 pieces of the finest of Bo-hemian glass. When they are lighted the eight massive mirrors, each as large as two billiard tables, reflect their brilliant rays, and the whole brings out the richness of the fine furniture of old gold satin and the beauty of the moss-like car-

Between these mirrors hang some fine oil-paintings which are set like the mirrors into the walls. There is one of Gilbert Stuart's Washington's, life size, and as big as one of the mirrors, which cost two thousand dollars. It is the picture that Dolly Madison had cut from the frame when the British invaded the capital, and carried it off with her. A little further along is a fine portrait of Martha Washington, which cost \$3,000. It is the same size as that of George, and to me it looks fully at well. The east room is always open to visitors. It is of no use to the President outside of recep of these around him. -- Beecher. tions.

Just off it at the back is the green

reached by a stairway and an elevator. in a swallow-tail coat .- Through Mail. The latter, however, is private. The cabinet chamber, the private receptionrooms of the President, and the rooms in which visitors are received by his three or four secretaries, are all here, and the whole looks more like a business office

Imitation in Birds.

I remember distinctly hearing a thrusher often repeating in its madcap song some notes new to my ear, which could not be ascribed to any Michigan bird of my acquaintance. After patiently waiting for some time in the glaring

sun of a bright June day, I heard the notes so plainly that I was thoroughly convinced they were an imitation of the song of a Southern bird-the "chuckwill's widow," so called, a species allied to our whippoorwill, and named-as in our familiar Northern representative of the family-from the words so plainly This thrush learned, then, the uttered. notes of the chuck-will's widow at least 500, and probably quite a thousand miles from Michigan, and yet reproduced them so distinctly that one could easily distinguish them, and from mere descriptions in books at once tell them the name of the bird imitated.

Here, mounting the top of the tallest tree near its nest, it pours forth ecstatic melody, executing the most difficult strains with the same case that it delivers the simplest notes. All noises are attempted; the schoolboy's whistle, the bark of a dog, or the bleating of a lamb are equally well executed and issue from its throat in a continuous, hermonious strain, frequently of an hour's duration. What wonderful mimicry; what a contrast to the best attempts of ventriloquists and imitators, traveling through the country to reproduce before audiences a few mumbled sounds or attempted imitations of the sounds and notes uttered by birds and mammals .- Dr. Morris Gibb.

The Love of Praise.

It is an instinct as much as conscience is. It is an organic faculty as much as the reasoning faculty is. It is just as much a part of our structural existence as the heart is, or the lungs are to the body. It is a counterpart and balance of that which we call pride. But the word pride is offensive and usually conveys the idea of an improper feeling. the conscious value of one's self. It is It is the sense of individual rights, one's persenality, the inherent right to be what we are, self-estimation. To be sure you have a right to your own judgment and personality, but these men have a right to judge you, and what they think you do well they praise you for, and you have that in you which makes praise very sweet. So there are those two qualities, one preserving the individuality of a man in all his rights; the other making him sensitive to the reflected influences

No brass band can play as many airs room, containing Huntingdon's portrait as a drum-major can put on.

Also, the barn-yard hen Doth nest an egg each day, And charms some mortal's taste With her sweet little "lay." Jef. Joslyn, in St. Louis Magazine.

"Where is that new man that came with us in January?" said one M. T. to another. "He left last week," was the reply. "Well, if he left last week, it reply. was because he couldn't get his hands on it," put in their slightly absent-minded employer, looking up from his books. Such is life, etc. - Merchant-Traveler.

MOSTLY LIES. Said Jones ; "I hardly over ride, For crowded cars I can't abide, And carriages I do despise-I am so fond of exercise."

"I bring my lunch," said Smith, elate, "For noisy restaurants 1 hate ; Beside, l'd spoil my appetite For dinner when I'm home at night."

Said Brown : "I'm tough ; I never wear An overcoat. I do deciare I do not feel the cold like those Half-frozen chaps weighed down with clother

"I never touch eigars." Green spoks. "They're made of stuff unfit to smoke For healthfulness or coulfort ripe Give me my fragrant brier pips,

And so we all apologize We go without to save expense -Henry Gleason, in the Ironmonger.

Snuff Eating.

City druggists have very many glimpses" in the inner life of their customers. want five cents worth of snuff," said a little woman, as she bent over the counter of a drug store this morning and whispered the order in the clerk's ear with a mysterious mien. Glancing furtively around to assure herself that there were no witnesses to the transaction, she added: "It's for another lady. never use the stuff." Picking up a neatly wrapped little bundle in white paper, she placed it to her nose to assure herself that it was the genuine article, then flung down a nickle and hurriedly left the store, "Here, Johnny," said the clerk, turning to a boy who was standing behind the prescription case in conversation with a reporter, "put up some more snuff. All those packages we made last night are gone already. Hurry ! Here's another customer across the street. Yes, our chief patrons are women. We have no male callers for snuff at all. The men chew tobacco instead. Of course no woman buys the snuff for herself. The purchase is made for a neighbor or a friend. I have heard women complain of the stuff, which they said they were buying for another woman. The habit, understand, is very fascinating, and when once begun is more bluding than either chewing tobacco or smoking. In its strength to enslave the will it approaches the power of narcotics."