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TRUE WORTH.

By the pleasant fire they sat one night, Husband and wife alone, And they talked of the changes they had

And of how the years had flown; Of the sons, now scattered far and near, And the daughters woodd and wed: "We're only two in the house once more Oh, Mary, my wife!" be said.

"When we were alone, forty years ago, So young, and happy, and poor, There wasn't a prettier girl than you, Nor a better one, I am sure.

I promised you then I'd make you rich, If you'd only share my life; I'm worth a million pounds to-day! A million of money, dear wife!

"How much am I worth?" she, smiling

nsked. He looked in her tender face; He looked in her eyes, then closed his own, And thought for a little space.

"You are worth the life I've spent with you, You are worth its richest joys; You are worth more gold than can be told-You are worth my girls and boys.

"You are worth the years that are yet to

You are worth the world to me; Oh, Mary there is not gold enough To say what you are worth to me!" "Well, dear, I was worth the world to you More than forty years ago; A million is but a bagatelle To the whole wide world, you know,

"So, then, we have never been poor at all; Now isn't it nice to know

That you were a million billionaire More than forty years ago ! We were happy then, we we are happy now, So tell me the difference, Frank?" "It isn't much," he said with a smile;

"I've gathered a million from the pile, And locked it up in a bank."

IN SEASON.

Oh, pallid meads! Oh, snow-clads hills! Oh, wind-swept dales! Oh, frozen rilla! Oh, Nature-sad and sere and drear-Cheer up! cheer up! Sweet spring is here!

To beauty, life and love and glee Her magic touch shall waken theo. Oh, Nature-cold and chill and still-Awake! Awake! Thy sweets distil!

Ah! who Spring's glories doth not span!

The editor: That mad-eyed man, Who at the poet swears and glare And kicks him down The sanctum stairs! -Jas. A. Waldron, in the Current,

LOVE AND POLITICS.

"Do you know," said Sylvia, with a restless movement of her pretty peacock-

fan, "I am really unhappy this morning." Webster Arbuthnot leaned over with a look of such obvious devotion that a third party, if there had been any such a disagreeable person present, could not possibly have doubted his hopeless infatuation.

"Tell me all about it," he said, posseseing himself of the hand nearest him. "What is it that troubles my darling?" Sylvia's sunny head drooped on his

"Papa is going to run for Congress," she said, disconsolately; but was quite unmindful of the start her lover gave, "We always have such a disagreeable time when pa is runving for an office. Oh, Webster" (sighing), "after we are married, I hope you will never take to

Webster got up quickly. "I am sorry you don't like it, Sylvia," he began, in a nervous way. But a sudlen burst of music from a brass band broke off his speech abruptly.

"It is a parade," Sylvia cried excitedly, springing to the window as the band at the head of a body of delegates, turned the corner,

Webster followed her reluctantly. He had grown suddenly pale.
"Sylvia," he said hurriedly, "I-"

"It is the opposition," she interrupted. "See! There is the banner. "We want reform and we have secured it by the nomination for Congress-" Sylvia gasped.

"---of Webster Arbuthnot?"

"Darling!" he cried, flinging his arm around her, "Let me explain. I was just going to tell you, --- when" "Then you are are going to run for Congress, too! And against papa?"

"Oh, no doubt," she answered caustieally, freeing herself from his embrace.

"Those honors usually are thrust upon one, it seems." "Sylvia, you are unkind." "And no doubt you expect to defeat and said, in low, tender tones:

papa. Oh, the arrogance of some men is astounding.

Don't be augry, darling. I am sorry that your father and I happen to be the opposing candidates. But every man has a right to his opinion, and it cannot make any difference to us, what are our respective politics."
"No? It makes just this difference,

Mr. Arbuthnot-"Mr. Arbuthnot! Sylvia!"

"I should be sorry to marry a politician any how-they are always a low set; but I will not marry one of the opposition."

'Oh, my darling, don't say that!" "I mean it. You knew that I did not like politics. If you would rather engage in them than please me, you may no so. I have nothing more to say."

spect me as a man.

"I mean exactly what I say," she re-plied, shrugging her shoulders. "I have no desire to hamper you in any way. us consider our engagement at an end.

Webster drew back and looked at her. Her tall figure was drawn up to ts full height, her eyes flashed, and he knew by the haughty curl of her proud lips that she was both carnest and angry. "As you will," he replied, taking his hat with a dignified bow. "Good-

She turned when he had left her, half hurt that he had taken her at her word and gone away. Then, woman-like, she burst into tears.

"He can just go," she said, sobbingly. He can go and reform the cor-cor-rupt party to which my father belongs; but oh, I do hope he will be besten.

Several weeks before the election, ex-Controller Scott, who had been so occupied as to rarely eat at home, was dining at home with his daughter. "So you and Arbuthnot cannot make

it up any more?" As he spoke he looked over the top of a newspaper, which was well known as an organ of the popular party.
"I am not a friend to the opposition,"

she said, proudly.

Mr. Scott laughed. "What a girl you are, Sylvia. You're so brought him votes. He had in the an out-and-out partisan. But you needn't district a majority of five hundred, have been so hard on young Arbuthnot.

He's a nice young fellow—too nice to run as a candidate of such a party as the Webster knew posi opposition; but, bless you, he hasn't the ghost of a show. We are going to sweep face. the polls this time."

"Then you feel sure of your election,

'I'd bet my last dollar on it. But I'd rather the papers would do the square thing. This attack on Arbuthnot's record in the custom-house is downright mean.' "You are to speak in Billingham Square

to-night, aren't you?" Sylvia said, changing the subject deftly. "Thomas is going to drive me there."

"You must not think of such a thing." "Oh, yes. I will go in the barouche, and I won't even stick my head out once. Now, papa, don't bother; Cousin Fred is going with me, and you known I never heard you make a stump speech."

hour appointed for the mass-meeting, she was driven to the grand stand. Billingham Square was packed with people. By the light of the blazing torches, carried her mouth with kisses, by the clubs who had turned out, Sylvia The second year o saw such a scene as she had never witnessed before. Her carriage could not get very near the platform, and, as the wind was blowing the wrong way, Mr. Scott's speech was all lost to her.

"I can't hear a word, Fred," she said,

turning to her cousin." Across the sea of upturned faces, showing every gradation of virtue and intelligence, marking every station in life,

her cousin drew her back.

"You mustn't show your face, Sylvia," he said, emphatically. "There is a per- series of short canals into these flats, dow.

"But I can't hear," she retorted, in "I might as well go home. vexation. ber," said her cousin. drive through a crowd like this without but the soil has been sufficiently killing some one; so there's nothing to do saturated to require no further but wait till it breaks up."

"If I only had some chocolates. Don't be disagreeable, Fred. Won't you run over to Marron's and get me a box?" Fred hesitated.

through the crowd very easily. Do, there's a dear boy." Fred got out, and did as she bade him.

Sylvia sat in the carriage, looking curishied a little at some passing torches, canals, so that they should flow in low and Sylvia leaned forward thoughtlessbeautiful face, with its misty glory of yellow hair. The crowd saw her.

and in a moment several ugly faces were peering in the carriage door, making vul-

gar comments and shouting their approv-With a low, frightened cry, Sylvia shrank back into the carriage.

"I say, beauty, gimme a kiss, won't you?" cried a low fellow, with his hand on the door, and his foot on the step. me. I was the compromise candidate.

Heaven knows I did not seek the honor, but I was in such a position that it is Mr. Scott's carriage!"

A strong hand carried help!

A strong hand came to her deliver ance. The ruffian was dragged away by the collar; there was a fierce scuffle outside of the carriage, and, cowering in one corner, Sylvia heard the cry of "Police!" Then there was a roaring in her ears, and she came very near faint-Suddenly come one touched her, Sylvia, are you safe?"

"Webster!" she sobbed. "Oh, thank Take me home-take me home! He had gathered her in his arms, and she was too much frightened to resist.

"Drive on," he cried to the coachman, But this was impossible now, for the way was fairly blocked.

In the crowd a fight was in progress, for the rowdies who had accosted Sylvia resented the interference of some one who had come to her rescue, and a passage-at-arms followed. Two fellows in particular closed in a scuffle, and, before the police arrived, they had drawn the people did not understand. Ignor-

unexpectedly. But, in the surge of a fast destroying the country. - Nineteenth scuille, the course of the ball was changed | Century.

"But you would not have me give up completely. Flying wide of its intended SOMETHING ABOUT SIGNS. my honest convictions just because you victim, it sped over the heads of the oppose them, Sylvia, You could not record and struck Sylvia's father, who crowd and struck Sylvia's father, who was still speaking. He fell forward, blood gushing from a wound in his side. "Mr. Scott is assassinated," was the cry that echoed through the streets. Sylvia heard it, and sank insensible into

Webster's arms. That was an awful night. Fred, delayed in a scuffle with a thief who tried to pick his pocket, came home, wild with anxiety, having failed on his re-turn to find either Sylvia or the carriage. Mr. Scott was in a dangerous condition. but not dead. It was a singular sight, in the weeks that followed to see the opposition candidate spending all his leisure time at the bedside of his antagon-

"You'll beat me now, Arbuthnot," Mr. Scott said, with the resignation of extreme weakness. "Ten days before election make or mar a candidate, and I haven't the ghost of a show, lying here like a helpless baby." "I don't teel so sure, sir," said Web-

ster, quietly. "You were very popular as controller, and a great many of the opposition are going to vote for you." Maybe so. But, if I am beaten, I'll have the consolation of knowing it was

by a good man." But Arbuthnot was right. A great many of the opposition did vote for Mr. Scott. The wound he had received, moreover, awoke general sympathy, and

When the returns were all in, and Webster knew positively that he was de-feated, he came to Sylvia with a smiling

"I am beaten," he said bravely. "But I shall count my loss as little if you will only renominate me as your husband.' She looked at him with shining eyes

pulsiveness. "You are elected-by an overwhelming majority," she said, softly.

He took her in his arms and politics

and held out her hand with a sweet im-

were nowhere. "But I think that I ought to ask you to forgive me," she said at length. "You have believed beautifully, dear; and I am proud of you-if-you do belong to the opposition. I think every man has a right to his convictions, provided they are generous, and—and—if a man has a Sylvia had her way about this. At the of course he can't be blamed for—"

Here she was spared the necessity for further humiliation for Webster stopped

The second year of their marriage, Arbuthnot was again nominated for Congress, and ran so much better than the candidate of the popular party that he polled a higher majority than any candidate who ever ran in that district.

Irrigation in Egypt.

The ancient wealth of Egypt has ever been in its crop of corn. As surely as tions. Philadelphia signs are early touching every phase of depravity, Sylvia saw her father haranguing the populace with all the earnestness of enthusiasm.

the seasons come round, so surely has spoken of as being remarkably well painted. A sign-painter named Matthew Pratter earnest time the valley of the Nile has earned distinction for himself in his the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to come round. "Oh, I wish I could hear what he been divided by earthen embankments calling. He painted the sign for the says," she cried, leaning forward. But into a succession of great flats, measur- Federal convention in 1788, put up first ing occasionally as much as 100,000 acres. The rising flood is diverted by a streets. Pratt was a schoolmate of Benfect mob around you, and you promised where the water stands two or three feet that you wouldn't look out of the win- deep until it has soaked the soil and deposited its rich alluvial mud. By this time the Nile has subsided. The drying mud is rudely plowed and sown, and "I think it would be a great deal bet-four on five months after the crop is er," said her cousin. "But you can't reaped. No rain has fallen on it, watering. A rich erop is produced, but by this system only one crop in the year, and during the summer months, when, from its latitude and temperature, one might expect Egypt to be yielding sub-"I won't stir, and it won't take ten tropical fruits, the empty fields lie baked minutes. You're a man, and you can get and parched. Muhammed Ali Pasha, whose genius and energy created modern Egypt, soon recognize I that more might be obtained out of the soil than this one crop of wheat or beans. He set to work, ously at the surging crowd. The horses therefore, in Lower Egypt to deepen the as well as high Nile. His people were ly, so that the light fell full upon her not long in discovering the benefits this conferred on them. Pumps and water wheels soon lined the banks of the canals. Egypt became known as a cot-"Whew! ain't she a stunner?" cried ton-producing country, and during the some coarse fellow, with a leer in his eye | American civil war, twenty years ago, wealth poured into it. But this new system was a vastly more complicated one than that which it superseded. To suit the convenience of wealthy men The "Indian Queen" was a noted hotel numerous canals were cut, without system or arrangement. Complaints soon began that the crops were deteriorating, that the soil was being exhausted, no longer replenished by lying two months a year under muddy water. In many places a salt filorescence appeared on the surface fatal to vegetation. In high Nile there was abundance of water for all, but in low Nile, just when the cotton crop wanted it most, there was least to be had, and then the peasant's poor little amusement of his friends and patrons. patch had every chance of being withered, while the pasha's broad acres were flourishing. Worst of all, this great network of canals was yearly filled with Nile deposit which had yearly to be removed, and an unpaid army of 60,-000 peasants was employed for about half of every year effecting the necessary clearances. In the long, narrow valley of Upper Egypt, except in one portion, the old Pharaonic system of irrigation still prevails, and here the gyptian has fittle to learn. In the delta the new cultivation with perennial irrigation is practiced, and in this, the richest part of the country, Lord Dufferin soon saw the gravest reasons for anxlety. A system had been created which ance of the most ordinary rules of engi-The sharp report of a pistol was heard | necring, indolence, and corruption were

BELICS OF AN ANCIENT FORM OF ADVERTISING. uriosities of Sign Hoards-Emblem

atic Signs of Old Inns-Origin of the Wooden Figures. The "rooster," so prominent, was an old Dutch emblem, formerly much used s a weather-cock in New Amsterdam. signs and emblems in all countries are a surrous study and one who has traveled much can always recall curiosities in this corner in antiquarian research. Many line, found more especially in old country towns and out-of-the-way places. Advertising is now so general and run to such an extent that few of the old-fashioned signs remain in the large cities except the tobacconists' figures, the three balls of "my uncle," the barbers' poles | needful part of the equipment of soldiers and occasionally a pestle and mortar at a sent to fight "Mr. Washington and his druggist's and a gilt hammer or some implement of trade. The lager beer signs, my original "moutons" from our signs-King Gambrinus and others-are modern conceits. I am inclined to think this divinity is a sort of modification of Bacchus, a nineteenth century creation for presiding over malt and hops instead of the juice of the grape, and more warmly clothed than his youthful origi-

In the small towns at the South many of the inns and taverns have the old signs of the colonial times, such as "The White Swan," "The Golden Lamb" and other emblems on battered boards in artist, being hospitably entertained as he traveled through the country with his materials of trade. Many impecunious portrait painters decorated signboards with heads of Washington, Franklin and distinguished heroes. Much ingenuity was spent on emblematic signs, figure-heads and weather-cocks, almost equal to that now expended in painting puffs of trade and medicinal cure-alls, It is a wonder shopkeepers and trades-men have not adopted armorial bearings, 'Labor est Nobilis." Each might have on his escutcheon some emblem or device signifying his trade or occupation. England was famous for her signs, some of which, the Boar's Head, the Star and Garter, have historical fame. In Nuremburg and old continental cities it is very interesting to decipher the weather beaten signs and emblems still hanging in the narrow, crowded streets and alleys and in our own country their history is well worth tracing. In the historical museum of the old South church, in Boston, is preserved a colonial sign of a flowing Punch Bowl, once much admired as a work of art. New England

discouraged all such worldly emblems, and an old traveler complains, after a journey in a stage coach, that "the passengers were a thirsty set, who got out at every sign-board," thus showing that there were a considerable number in spite of Puritan scruples and denunciaon the corner of Fourth and Chestaut lucrative calling of sign decorator. Sev-Philadelphia. One, a game cock on a

pictures. He sometimes put poetical couplets at the bottom of his signs, the days of turnpike roads, toll bridges and lumbering stage coaches, and later the long wagon trains of western travelers; to these a "Rising Sun" painted in lavish colors, a "Hen and Chickens" or the head of the "Father of his Country" were joyfully greeted as notices of rethe stage route from Philadelphia to Baltimore some persons now remember the 'Heart in Hand," expressing a welcome; 'The Three Tuns," promising great joviality; also a tavern with a full length portrait of "Mad" Anthony Wayne on a swinging sign in an iron frame. Only a few years ago this was still hanging, battered and weatherbeaten, among cars and locomotives. The old "Wheatfield Inn" has been denuded its field of waving grain overrun by hungry rats and is now a modern hotel. on this route, said to accommodate "two hundred guesta and have bells in every

The Fountain inn, where Washington always stayed on his way north from Virginia, was built round a court, in which was a fountain, and had shady galleries on each floor. This inn was constructed after the pattern of those in England in the time of Shakespeare, where he used

At a Baltimore inn, the Seven Stars, the first American lodge of Odd Fellows was instituted and grew into importance. These Seven Stars were gorgeously gilt upon a bright blue firmsment. At the Three Loggerheads, a dingy old inn near | The time may yet come when it shall be the docks, was received the first warrant ever granted a United States lodge from Great Britain. This was a ourious sign swung on an iron pole. On each side was extract the greatest amount of nutripainted two very ugly faces, with the words, "We three loggerheads be."

To our country belongs the honor of used by tobacconists. These were very numerous-more so than even at the present day. A story is told of a foreigner, landing in New York, inquiring if they were statues of distinguished Americans. Ben Jonson in his "Bartholomew Fair, speaks of the "Black Boy," where to Dacco was sold; also of the "Indian out. That's why he doesn't play base Queen." Old figureheads of ships were ball.—Merchant-Transfer.

often used and added to, and were very funny. Sir Walter Raleigh, the introducer of the weed, is a favorite tobacconist sign in England; "Jim Crow," "Uncle Tom" and "Captain Jinks," all

of American parentage. The "Indian King" was popular after 1710, owing to a visit of four Indian chiefs, who were received with much ceremony by Queen Anne, and were much sought after by sight-seers.

Altogether old signs deserve a passing mention and would be an interesting would require considerable ingenuity to trace their origin and applicability. pair of "snow-shoes" mystified the in-habitants of Chelsea in the Revolutionary war. They were set up over an inn when snow-shoes were supposed to be a American specialty, the wooden "manikins," and before closing the interesting subject I must mention the "holly-tree inns." These were established in England in the interest of temperance and it is only fair to give them a passing mention, as mostly the signs mentioned have been to the advertising of Bacchus. These inns were admirable in their arrangements, bright, cosy and attractive. They adopted the old-fashioned sign and were economical and comfortable, so that the sight of the bright berries and shinwashed-out colors. Not very long ing leaves of the holly was very attracago a sign-painter was an important tive. These "holly-tree inns" are still person and regarded as no mean scattered over England.—Philadelphia

The Key of Death. In the collection of curiosities preserven the arsenal of Venice, there is a key of which the following singular tradition is related: "About the year 1,600 one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source rocks and covering walls and fences with of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was, of course, rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty; when turned it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had to his house, amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not devise the cause of this strange illness; and in jamin West, but found his art of paint. a few days he died. Tebaldo again deing portraits insufficient to support an | manded the hand of the maiden from her increasing family and took to the more parents, and received a second refusal. They, too, perished miserably in a few eral of his signs were quite famous in days. The alarm which these deathswhich appeared almost miraculous -occabeer house in Spruce street, and a fox sioned excited the utmost vigilance of the chase on Arch street, were quite artistic | magistrates; and when, on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, Many of the old Pennsylvania towns terror was universal; every one feared were noticeable for their sign-boards in for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her it had become odious freshment for weary men and beasts. On (as though she had a presumption of his guilt), and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement being observed. On her return to her room, the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased, the surgeons who hastened to her assistance-taught by the past—wasted no time in con-jecture, but, cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The State inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His ouse was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet, -Public Opinion.

Food Wasted.

Dr. Smyth, of New Haven, in concluding his series of sermons on social ism, made this remark: "America wastes enough yearly to feed the thousands who are now said to be out of employment. considered practical somewhere in the course of the education which a State gives to the people to teach girls how to ment from the common materials of food. and a careful statistician justly remarks that 'whoever can teach the masses of originating the wooden figures so much the people how to get five cents' worth a day more comfort or force out of the food which one consumes will add to their productive power what would be equal to one thousand million dollars a year in value 110

The man on roller skates always strikes

One Square, one inch, one year............................... 18 50

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one invertion...... 1 06 One Square, one luch, one month..... 8 00

Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quat-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work-cash on delivery.

LITTLE THINGS.

A little thing, a sunny smile, A loving word at morn. And all day long the sun shines bright, The cares of life were made more light, And sweetest hopes were born.

A little thing, a hasty word, A cruel frown at morn, And aching hearts went on their way, And toiled throughout a dreary day Disheartened, sad, and lorn.

Ab, bitter words and frown! With thee No want nor pain compares. Oh, pleasant words and sunny smiles, Your hidden power our grief beguiles, And drives away our cares.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

-Charles Lovejoy Hill.

One swallow doesn't make one spring, but a wasp generally does, provided it

is sat upon .- Graphic. "Sheep shearing is done by machinery in Australia." In Wall street it is done in the old-fashioned way—by hand.— Lowell Citizen.

Professor (reading)—"Enter Mephisto!" (Turning to Mr. C., who has just come in). "Good morning," (General collapse). — Columbia Speciator.

It costs forty-two cents to stop a train. In spite of this expense we believe it is often cheaper to stop the train than it is to throw a passenger off. - Graphic.

Grover Cleveland is not hard of hearing, but when anybody asks him who his first assistant postmaster-general is, he says "Hay!"—Merchant-Traceler. In the spring the tuneful tom-cat thrills creation to the quick;
In the spring the back-room lodger hurls the fruitless bob-tailed brick.

— Washington Hatchet.

Young hopeful (to his sister)-I say, -Nell, pass me the butter. Nell (in a tone of reproach)-If what, Johnnie? nie (goaded to desperation by the delay) -If you can reach it .- Life.

THE LEVEL-HEADED MERCHANT. The merchant now devises A plan brisk trade to win;
He straightway advertises
And rakes the shekels in.

—Boston Courier.

A New Jersey man broke up housekeeping and went to a hotel to board in order that his wife might enjoy roller skating to her heart's content. is divided on the question whether he loves her or wants her to break her neck.

HARD TO EXPLAIN. Some things in this work Are hard to explain: The lighter the dude The beavier the cane, The bigger the hat The smaller the brain; Does any one know Why these things are sof -Boston Courier.

A girl with three arms is one of the attractions of a Louisiana show. This young lady ought to be sought for by every marriageable young man in the neighborhood. She could put two arms around a mau's neck while she turned pancakes with the other. - San Francisco

When first I went to the skating rink, Said I to myself, said I, Of the cup of pleasure I will drink, Said I to myself, said I, Sain I to Hysen, said I,
I'll fasten the rollers on my feet
And some fancy skating do so neat—
My style with envy the crowd will greet,
Said I to myself, said I,

When I tried to straighten out my logs, Said I to myself, said i,
Old fellow, you're shaky on your pegs,
Said I to myself, said I,
I was cruelly spilled all o'er the floor,
And saw two million stars or more, And in several spots feel mighty sore Said I to myself, said I. —Norristown Herald.

The Crofters of Scotland.

The cable dispatches during the past few months frequently referred to troubles with the Scotch Crofters. An article in the Chicago Saturday Evening Herald tells who and what the Crofters are. We

Much of the land in the Highlands of Scotland is owned by landlords who never go near their property, and all the disadvantages of absentee landlordism are felt as much in the island of Skye as in Cork or Tipperary. The landlord entrusts his land to an agent, known as the tacksman, and the tacksman in turn lets out the land to farmers, who sub-let patches, or crofts, to the crofter, who, according to recent testimony, is of all men most miserable, These wretches live at the mercy of their farmer landlords, or the more cruel tacksmen. In thousands of instances they live in black, filthy hovels, unfit for human habitation. If they improve the croft at their own expense, the rent is raised. If they complain they are told to "move off," as the land is wanted for sheep and deer. It is reported that the island of Skye alone, between 1840 and 1883, the landfords served no less than 6,960 notices of eviction on their tenants, Goaded on by untold sufferings, the crofters have at length adopted the policy of "no

Mustaches in Curl Papers. "That is one of the latest ideas in the

barber business," remarked the proprietor of a large barber shop down, as he pointed to several gentlemen with their mustaches done up in curl papers. The trouble has always been to give the mustache a nice curl, but the time in which to do it was so short that it was impossible. At last the idea of using papers was tried and found to be just the thing. You see, when a custo-mer gets into a chair the first thing done is to roll the ends of his mustache up in papers, in which condition they are left until the shaving and cambing has been completed, when they are taken out of the papers, and found to have a fine curl."—New York Sun,