THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

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THE BEST, GIFT OF ALL.

One-and-twenty, one-and-twenty, Youth and beauty, lovers plenty; Health and riches, ease and leisure, Work to give a zest to pleasure; What can a maid so lucky lack! What can I wish that fate holds back?

Youth will fade and beauty wanes; Lovers, flouted, break their chains, Health may fail and wealth may fly you, Pleasures cease to satisfy you; Almost everything that brings Happiness is born with wings.

11.18

This I wish you; this is bast-Love that can endure the test, Love surviving youth and beauty, Love that blends with homely duty; Love that's gentle, love that's true, Love that's constant wish I you.

Still unsatisfied she lives, Who for gold mere silver gives, One more joy I wish you yet, To give as much love as you get. Grant you, Heaven, this to do, To love him best who best loves you. -New York Sun.

MRS. MORRIS' MORTGAGE.

BY EDWIN H. TRAFTON.

Whatever brightness there was in that little househo'd was strictly home-made. Home-made things may lack style and polish and a great many other qualities, but they are solid and satisfying. The widowed mother was brave and patient; fourteen-year old George was manly and helpful; Bess, a wee tot, insisted that sh' 'mamma's sunbeam and George Joy," and between them the love these three had for each other was their principal fortune. To be sure, they had their cottage, nestled like a brown little wren of a house among the cherry trees, but so far from the more pretentious street of the village as to be quite secluded in its modest retirement-a home-nest where there was more peace than plenty.

One thing this tiny residence had in common with many stately mansions that unwinkingly stand forth as if begging for public admiration-there was a mortgage on it. It was so very small a house that it really seemed as though it would not take much of a mortgage to crush in its low, rambling roif, like a too heavy load of snow, and, like the snow, is a mortgage on the poor man's home, a cold, pitiless dead weight. Next after her two children Mrs.

Morris loved this wren-like house best of anything, and for three long years she had worked at that mortgage, saving up and paying it off "by littles," until



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about it. That blamed mortgage is al- like a thunder cloud, and not without | A FACETIOUS GOLD-HUNTER They could only wait and "watch and

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More kisses that said as plainly as words could, "It was because I love you and can't bear to see you so unhappy, but if it hurts you I won't do it any more."

Then he pitched into his breakfast with as savage carnestness as though he thought he was a half-starved cannibal and his food was the luckless but wellcooked Harding. 11.

"I'll bet it's an 'April fool!"" said George, at the sound of an unusually loud ring at the front door. It was in reality a boy with a large official envel-ope, addressed to Mrs. Morris, who sim-ply said he was told there was no answer to wait for.

Nervously Mrs. Morristore it open, as some people have a way of doing with their telegrams.

"It is the mortgage !" she cried, as she undid the formidable document. It was not her familiarity with law papers that enabled her to so promptly identify it; every fold and crease and blot of this mortgage she knew by long and sad acquaintance.

"Are you sure 'lisn't an April fool, mammie?" asked George, suspiciously. Neither she nor his mother had, from past experience any reason to expect any favors from Harding or the rich property owner he represented. Here was the mortgage in her hands-there could be no doubt of that-a small piece of paper. after all, to have been such a dead weight on the tiny home and the three that were in it. Careful examination failed to discover any scrap of a letter or word of explanation accompanying it.

"It is too good to be true," sighed the widow, still dazed by the event, "but people are sometimes better than we give them credit for. I've already more than paid the original amount of money which your poor father was obliged to raise, when the interest is counted in, and they may have been moved to do a third in country Tyrone, while ours came from an adjoining county. The Fairs were known in all the country around as kindly, generous act, although," she added, "I would as soon look for sunshine in a coal hole. If any one has been really good it is not Mr. Harding, I am sure of that much; it must have been the man to whom the money really be-longed and for whom he works."

"If it ain't some kind of a mean 'April fool' I'll eat my hat," said George, with greater force than elegance, who would not believe the evidence of his own eyes, when that evidence was in Harding's favor.

Presently that person himself made his appearance. He had the air of one who had earned a warm welcome and ex-pected to receive it. Between gratitude at last when of the original \$500 there and doubt the widow smiled, and her manner was so much more friendly than pay, Lawyer Harding had given her no-tice from the holder of the mortgage that he could no longer extend the time, and that unless the balance was

most paid off and you won't have to see mutterings that faintly suggested the the mean sneak many times more." disagreeable commotion inside. When ''I don't like to hear you speak that he was at last out of the house, viciously the mean sneak many times more. "I don't like to hear you speak that way. It doesn't help me and it hurts of harmless malediction as he of harmless malediction in his

went, George caught his mother in his arms, and hugged and kissed her till both were fairly out of breath.

"I carned and saved it all myself, mammie," he finally was able to explain, "doing odd jobs and things—all but the last \$10, and that I got for my stamp collection yesterday. Iknew you hadn't the money to make this last payment, and I meant to surprise you all the time. I knew that was an 'April fool' when that mortgage came, but if there is a bigger April fool in this town than that blamed old Harding, I don't want to see him."

"You blessed boy!" was all "mam-mie" could say between laughing and crying, while it would have been hard to find three happier people on the face of the earth that day than the brave, patient mother, her manly, helpful son, and sweet Baby Bess, who got her full share of the sunshine of joy. And it will not make you the least bit sorry, I am sure, to know that the reason Undiag merce, or sing to many Ma

Harding was so anxious to marry Mrs. Morris was that he knew of some prop-erty that was soon coming to her, of which she had never a hint. But when this new and unexpected blessing did come to them they did not desert the brown little wren-like home-nest under the cherry trees-only it made possible George's dream of college days and a broader future.-New York Graphic.

A United States Senator's Romance,

"Senator James G. Fair, of Nevada, was born within five miles of where I was," said a gentleman connected with the Chicago police department to a reporter. "There have been many anecdotes published about him, and especially about his divorced wife, but I think I can tell how she became his wife, by a mere accident, as it were. Jim's family fighters, and right good ones they were. Beside being fellows that knew how to handle a black thorn, they were very good carpenters. Jim's father and mother did not, live very happily together, so the old man packed up his traps and came to America. He made money and went back to see how his family was getting along. At the time of his return Jim was about twenty years of age. He was the father's pet, and when the old chap was ready to come back to America he took him with him. At this time Jim was engaged to a young girl named Pearce. I can't say anything about the parting that took place between them, but it must have peen a tender one on the part of the future Senator, as subsequent events

"At any rate, after he and the old man

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

pray." This hope was that the parties who had posted up the notice would not return while it held good. The sun that rose on the day after the Twain-Gillis notice expired saw the Aus-

trians in possession of the ground, with a notice of their own conspiciously and defautly posted. The new owners cleaned out the pocket, obtaining from it, in a few days, a little over \$7,500.

Had Mark Twain's backbone held out a little longer the sacks of dirt would have been washed and the grand discovery made. He would not have then gone to Angels' camp and would probably never have heard or written the story of the "Jumping Frog," the story that gave him his first "boost" in the literary world, as the "Heathen Chinee" gave Bret Harte his first lift up the ladder. Had Mark found the gold that was captured by the Austrians, he would have settled down as a pocket miner. He would never have given up the chase, and till this day, gray as a badger, he would have been pounding quartz, with Jim Gillis for his "pard" in a cabin somewhere in the Sierra Nevada mountains,-Alta California.

The Dead Letter Museum.

Connected with the Dead Letter office at Washington, says a letter to the New York Telegram, is a museum of curiosities received through the mail, and they embrace articles of all grades, from a gold encased miniature to a hand saw, a honey bee or a horned frog. This old miniature represents a gentleman and lady of middle age, is painted in ivory set in gold in the style of a century ago. It has been for forty years in the office, and despite its value men and women miner. The business has charms for him that he cannot break away from—he is bound to it in chains of gold. Show him a particle of quartz gold on the side of a mountain, and if it came to where it was found through the process or accidents enterprising person had sent to a friend. Above this, and with the upper lid partly opened, so as to bring the contents provokingly near the observer, is a box of choice raisins. Layer after layer; all perfect and undisturbed. On the other side of the museum, and evidently intended as a companion piece to the rais-ins, is a nice fruit cake. Then, in still another cabinet, is a ghastly human skull. In this cabinet, too, can be seen a box of gold from California-gold in the rough, and silver and cacti from Arizona. Then above these Texas is represented by the serpents she has sent, all received alive, Some of them were sent in perforated tin cans, and intended for a foreign museum. But snakes were not "nominated in the bond"-and swere against postal regulations-and so they rest here.

One of the greatest curiosities of the dead letter office is not embraced in its museum collection, but is shown in the person of its oldest and most popular colored, or parti-colored messenger. some could be seen, she exclaimed, "Oh! Aunt they could return and pursue their inves-tigations in comfort. Yielding to Mark's dream she holds as prophetic of what she was to become.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion	1	00
One Square, one inch, one month	.8	00
One Square, one inch, three months,	6	08
	50	
Two Squares, one year	18	00
Quarter Column, one year		
Haif Column, one year	85	60
One Column, one year	80	
Legal advertisoments ten cents per line en sertion.	103	i İl
Marringe and death notices gmtis.		
A PD & APP. AND A PD		

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be pain in advance.

Job work-eash on delivery.

A SPRING POEM.

The old man sits in the garden chair, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring, His hat is off, so his head is baro, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring, He readeth Tupper, it makes him weep, And anon he falls in a calm, deep sleep, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.

The early wasp hath a vicious look, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring. As he cometh out of his winter's nock, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring. He seeth the old man's shiny pate. And his wild eye gleams with a deadly hate, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.

Loudly the old man snores in the sun, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring, Quickly the little wasp hies to the fun, Spring. Spring, beautiful Spring. He sits him down with a fiendish glee, And goes for that head with a one, two, three.

Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring.

Yelis of "murder" are heard around, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring, The old man rose with a terrible bound, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring. He sprang three feet and came down hard, And hence this song by a Springtide bard, Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring. -Hal Berte, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Some people pass through various vi-cissitudes in life without losing a hair. Probably because they were bald-headed. - Waterloo Observer.

A baseball player says he would never vote again for a certain member of the legislature, because when a certain clause in a bill was up, he had under-stood the member had made a motion to strike out. - Merchant- Traveler.

If the world is indeed worse than it was some centuries ago, we suspect it may be accounted for by the fact that in those times a man didn't have to wear suspenders without buttons to match, or use matches for buttons.-Brown Bread.

Says a writer on table etiquette: "If you are of a party to dinner or lunchwait by your chair until all seat them, selves." If this rule is rigidly observed, the dinner or lunch is apt to get cold before the company is successfully scated.

First policeman-"Arranged your plans for next summer?" Second policeman-"Oh, yes; I shall spend the entire season among the breakers." "The en-tire season! You don't say so?" "Yes; among the law-breakers."—Philadelphia Call.

We are glad to learn from a valued contemporary that "pickled walnuts are now introduced at dinner." If there is anything we dislike it is to sit opposite a pickled walnut at dinner and not be on speaking terms with it .- Philadelphia Press.

No one is ever killed by lightning when asleep in bed, according to

MARE TWAINS'S EXPERIENCE AS A FOCKET MINER.

The position of the pocket-miner among the other inhabitants of a mining region very much resembles that of the bee-hunter among the people of the frontier settlements in agricultural regions. The business he follows also has several points of resemblance to that of the bee-hunter. The trail followed by one leads him to the tree stored with sweets, and that of the other ends in a pocket of sweetest gold. The man who becomes an expert bee-hunter is likely to remain a bee-hunter all his days, and the same may be said of the pocket miner.

Mark Twain's narrow escape from becoming a pocket-miner has never been told. It is worth recording, as it gave him the story of the "Jumping Frog," and sent him off along the line of the literary lode and set him to scratching

therein for pockets of fun. In 1865 Mark wearied of Bohemian life in San Francisco and went up into the mining regions of Calaveras county to rusticate with some old friends-Steve, Jim and Billy Gillis. Jim Gillis was, and still is, one of the meat expert pocket miners in California. Although educated with a view eventually to fight the battle of life as a physician, and though still finding solace in his leisure moments in the works of Greek and Latin authors reposing on a shelf in his cabin, Jim Gillis is booked for life as a pocket interference of man, he will as anerringly trace it to its source as the bee hunter will follow the bee to its hoard of sweets.

Mark Twain found the Bohemian style of mining practiced by the "Gillis boys" much more attractive than those more regular kinds which call for a large outlay of muscle. He and Jim Gillis took to the hills in search of golden pockets and spent some days in working up the undisturbed trail of an undiscovered deposit. They were on the golden "bee line" and stuck to it faithfully, though it was necessary to carry each sample of dirt to a small stream, in the bed up a canyon in order to pan it out. Each step made sure by golden grains, they at last came upon the pocket which had thrown these grains off. It was a cold, dreary, drizzling day when the "home deposit" was found. The sample carried to the stream and washed out yielded but a few cents. Although the right vein had been discovthough the right vein had been discov-ered, they had as yet found but the Originally a very dark brown, she has "tail-end" of the pocket. Returning to the vain, they dug a sample from a new spots until now she is known in Washgot over to America the went at carpen- the vein, they dug a sample from a new place, and were about to carry it down ington as the "calico woman." She to the ravine and test it when the rain states ten years before a spot had made began to pour down heavily. With its appearance on hands or face she chattering teeth Mark declared he would dreamed she saw one of her relatives remain no longer. He said there was no come in her room, and, after she resense in freezing to death, as, in a day moved her bonnet, so that her features or two, when it was bright and warm, entreaties, backed as they were by his blue nose, humped back, and generally miserable and dejected appearance, Jim emptied the sacks of dirt upon the ground, first having hastily written and posted up a notice of their claim to a Franklin when he was Continental postcertain number of feet on the vein, which notice would hold good for thirty days. Angels' camp being at no great distance from the spot, while their cabin was some miles away. Mark and Jim struck out for the place. The only hotel in the little mining camp was kept by one Coon Drayton, an old Mississippi river pilot, and at his house the pocket miners found shelter. Mark Twain hav-ing formerly followed the business of pilot on the Mississippi river, he and Coon were soon great friends, and swapped scores of yarns. It continued to rain for three days, and until the weather cleared up Mark and Jim remained at Coon's hotel. The story of the "jumping frog" was one of the yarns told Mark by Coon during the three days' session, and it struck him as being so comical that he determined to write it up. When he returned to the Gillis cabin, Mark set to work upon the frog story. He also wrote some sketches of life in the mountains and mines for some of the San Francisco Mark did not think much of the frog story, even after it had received the finishing touches. He gave the preference This catastrophe, to one sufficiently to some other sketches and sent them to collected to enjoy it, would doubtless be the papers for which he was writing. Steve Gillis, however, declared that the frog story was the best thing Mark had written, and advised him to save it for a book of sketches he was talking of publishing. A literary turn having been given to the thoughts of the inmates of the Gillis cabin, a month passed without

The Forgotten Claim—An Incident Which Probably Turned the Hu-morist from Mining to Literature.

that she would lose all she had paid and be turned out of doors into the bargain. At the same time the lawyer had intimated, on giving this disagree-able intelligence, that if Mrs. Morris would consent to marry him he would relieve her of all further trouble, not only in regard to this but all future financial embarrassments.

The mortgage itself was trouble enough for one poor woman to bear; but she would rather have had all the mortgages in the world to fight than endure the thought of life with a man with the mean traits of this lawyer. She gave troubles." him to understand this fact as clearly as a good use of plain, matter-of-fact Eng-lish could do it. His words were smooth enough-too smooth, in fact-as he went away, but there was the sort of smile that boded no good to the object I thought I had said plainly enough beof his thoughts. It was as evident to her as though he had said so in so many words, that the time mentioned would be the last day of grace.

April 1st came-but not the paltry bal-ance needed to clear off the mortgage. And no sum of money is paltry when one must have it to avert disaster-and cannot get it. Mrs. Morris could see no earthly way out of her trouble that morning. hard to have worked so long, to have struggled for weeks and months and years, as she had done, only to lose all at That signature I shall be pleased to affix last. No, not all! For she had George on the payment of the balance due and Bess left. Thinking of them made it still harder to bear, for it was for their dear sakes she had toiled and economized and saved. There was a suspicious suggestion of what her eyes had been doing when George came cheerily in to his breakfast.

"What, my little mammio's eyes are half drowned !" he exclaimed, in his hearty, boyish way, with part fun and more tenderness in his tone, as he hugged her like a young bear, and dabbed kisses isn't \$37.50 there." into each damp eye.

for a cause for the rather unusual display | mortgage was not paid off, after all, and of discomfort. "No? I'm glad of that, slipping out of the room had returned because I don't think I've done anything a minute later with a small box full of downright awful lately, and it can't be silver and copper, which he slapped Bess She's all right, I know-no measles, or whooping cough, or anything-for I the table in front of HardIng. Which or whooping cough, or anything-for 1 just saw her sleeping like a-a-" here here he paused for a satisfactory smile, dab- the lawyer, it would be quite impossible bing more warm kisses from rosy lips to tell. into red eyes the while-"like a happy little kitten."

"Georgie, do eat your breakfast. It's drowned out."

"Oh, I know!" he continued, pursuing the subject with no intention of being that's all !" put off. "That old Harding is coming again, I'll bet anything."

Yes, dear, he is coming;" but the tittle woman had not the heart to tell all but to count the money, which was cor-that dreaded coming implied. but to count the money, which was cor-rect to a cent, and affix his signature.

settled by the first day of the month he the mortgage ahead of me because I would foreclose. This simply meant thought you would like to get it into your own hands at last," "Indeed, I am very glad if all my trouble with it is finally at an end."

own good sense would urge you to agree kindly to my proposition, that at last you would cons at to make me the happiest of men, that I did not hesitate to let you see with what perfect confidence I was ready to carry out my part of the contract to relieve you of all financial

"Mr. Harding!" was all she could say in her indignant surprise.

"Perhaps I have been too hasty-"

"I am sorry you have put me to the disagreeable necessity of repeating what fore; I would rather give up this little home of ours and take my children I know not where than to accept any home you could provide."

Rising as she spoke, with a very becoming color in her cheeks, she indicated that the interview was at an end.

"Then, madam," he replied, also rising, "it is my painful duty to inform you that the alternative of your own selection Everything looked dark. It was must be enforced. If you will please to have worked so long, to have notice this mortgage still lacks my signature as agent with power of attorney. on the payment of the balance duethirty-seven dollars and fifty cents." "But, I thought-"stammered the widow.

> "You thought I was fool enough to release you from the obligations of this document before I knew you were ready to marry me? Hardly. Have yon the \$37.50 handy? No? I thought not. Then, madam, I shall foreclose without any further delay, and-"

"Count that, will you, and see if there

It was George who had heard enough "Tisn't me?" he continued, searching of the conversation to find out that the was the more surprised, the mother or

"What's all this mean?" demanded Harding with a scowl.

"Never you mind what all this means as had to have one's eyes kissed out as Just count that money and sign your name, and then if you ever bother my mother again just look out for yourself.

"Oh, George !" was all Mrs. Morris could say.

There was nothing for Harding to do "Pshaw, mammie! Don't worry so which he did with a face that looked

tering, and made money very fast. Jim thought of his sweetheart, and longed for her. He sent a sum of money to a friend to pay for her outfit and passage to the United States, fully thinking that she would soon come to join his fortunes in the new world. A few months after this young Fair received a reply from his friend to whom he had sent the letter. The nature of the missive must have stirred his heart to the depths. It was to the effect that Miss Pearce had married another young man, and consequently could not be expected to sail on the next ship to her expectant lover.

"But the same letter which conveyed this news also said that there was no occasion for sadness. It reminded young Fair that there was a younger sister in the family whose beauty and graces were as charming as those of the elder one. His friend concluded his letter with the proposition that he should offer the rising fortunes and the money of Fair to one who could accept them. To cut it short, Jim sent back word that he could do so, and it was not long after that when the younger Miss Pearce sailed for America to wed the future bonanza king and Senator. Her subsequent history has been told in print many a time, but I think that this story of Senator Fair's early life will be new to the general public."

Miles of Gold.

Australia boasts of having in its bosom the richest Dorado of modern discovery. A young engineer named Davis, after the most thrilling adventures among cannibal aboriginies of the northern dis trict of the southern continent, at last came upon a region of the finest gold Forthwith he returned to England ore. for the purpose of studying mining operations, and soon again faced for his Dorado. To his utter astonishment he found on his return a whole colony of miners delving away in the treasured earth of which he thought he alone was aware. Himself and a companion, however, started bravely to work, and after some time struck a vein of coarse gold, specimens of which have been analyzed in London with most promising results. Mr. Davis' find was soon thrown into the shade by that of a young man named Rankie, who had the luck to meet with the quartz bursting through the surface, and extending for two miles. Near this district is the famous Morgan reef, which contains gold in immense quantities, wanting only one-tenth of being virgin gold. Verily this story of facts beats Jules Verne's fiction hollow, and threatens a revival of that fever in the heat of the astonished at seeing the ground glitwhich so many heads and hearts have been irremediably lost.

"The way to sleep," says a scientist "is to think of nothing." When an editor wants to slumber all he has to do is to try and remember how much money he has in the world .- Boston Post.

a return to the business of pocket-mining. While the days were passed by Mark and his friends in discussing the merits of the "Jumping Frog" and other literary matters, other prospectors were not

idle. A trio of Austrian miners who latest edible commodity, were in search of gold-bearing quartz Germany to the world happened upon the spot where Mark and the fatherland, how Jim had dug into their ledge. It was too high a flavor f but a few days after Twain and Gillis taste of foreigners, had retreated from the place in the pour- that the new vac ing rain. The Austrians were not a lit-

Where the dirt emptied from the sacks had been dissolved and washed away by the rain, lay some three ounces of bright quartz gold. The foreigners were not long in gathering this, but the speedy style of court plaster, which consists of discovery of the notice forbade their a mustache mixed with a loud noise .delving into the deposit whence it came. Pittsburg Chronicle.

There is still another curiosity con nected with the office that must not be overlooked in the museum collection, and that is the record kept by Benjamin master general. It embraces the years from 1767 to 1778, and in the whole eleven years there were only 375 valuable letters received. This volume is yellow with age, but the writing is still It is regarded as one legible. of the most valuable possessions of the department.

Centrifugal Force.

Artemus Ward did not claim to be a scientist, but rather an artist in wax. He once gave his thoughts, however, to one of the great problems of science with this result:

The earth moves round from west to east in a year, and turns on its axis in a

Supposing the earth to be suddenly arrested on its axis, we all-men, women, children, horses, cattle, and sheep, donkeys, editors, and members of Congress-with all our goods and chattels, would be thrown into the air at a speed of one hundred and seventy three miles a minute, every mother's son of us describing the arc of a parabola, which is probably the only description we should

ever be able to give of the affair. This catastrophe, to one sufficiently exceedingly amusing; but as there would probably be no time for laughing, we pray that it may not occur until after our demise, when, should it take place, our monument will probably accompany US.

Artificial Cheese.

Artificial cheese, made of one par oleomargarine and two parts skimmed milk, mixed to the consistency of cream. and subjected to the usual processes of manufacturing the general asticle, is the "ted by 7 01

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-New York

constituents, will a rank in both tastes Commercial Adverti

Court plaster on ladnes' faces in public places is becoming fashionable in the East. In the West the girls use the old sertion of an English electrician. Whenever you hear a clap of thunder always go to bed and fall asleep immediately. This is a sure precaution. - New York Graphic,

Scene on a horse car: Passenger-"Conductor, what are we being delayed for?" Conductor-'Misplaced switch, sir." Little boy in the rear-"Well, that is what I told mother this morning when she gave me such a whaling. Passengers in chorus all smiling and sat-Isfied.

"How are you, Smith?" asked a Fourth avenue man of a friend he had not seen for nearly a year. "How are all the girls? Are you as sweet upon Miss Jones as you used to be?" "Oh, no. I left that off several months ago." "Have a "No. I married her last quarrel?" August,"-Graphic.

There was a man in Norristown, And he was very tall; He went into the skating rink And got a heavy fall. And when he found himself laughed at, With all his might and main He quickly sprang upon his feet And fell right down again -Norristown Herald.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, "I am unable to get any sleep; have tossed ever since I came to bed ; I wish you would get up and prepare me a little laudanum." "It's hardly worth a little laudanum." while now," she replied, consulting her watch; "it's almost time to build the kitchen fire." Then he sank into a quiet, restful slumber. - Boston Journal,

A well-known gentleman in this city s the author of a novel which relates to the adventures of a party on a desert island. In the course of the story he describes the building of a steel yacht, and remarks that the plates were riveted together. A critic, picking him up, asked him how they accomplished the riveting, and was met by the reply that the goats which they found on the island butted them in.-Boston Post.

IN THE SPRING.

In the spring the gentle poet braves the ter-rors of the club; In the spring the fisherman goes forth to hunt the early grub.

In the spring pugnacious rams fight every

thing that comes along. And the fish-dispensing buckster fills the air with chunks of song.

In the spring the dandelion star begems the

In the spring the database of antedates the vernal scene; In the spring the lettuce salad antedates the lima bean.

In the spring a hungry cry goes upward from

the porcine pen. And the early cavils blossoms from the gul-let of the hen.

In the spring the Vassar maiden sits upon the sylvau moss; And the billygeat devours tomato cans with

hoopskirt sauce. In the spring the funny writer courts the icecream joke once more. And the great spring bounds chestnut sets y table in a roar.

-Hatch