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"VANITY OF VANITIES."

"Vanity of Vanities;" the world is full of sin, The pot of evil boiling all the time; The big man and the little man in breathless haste to win

His eagle or his dollar or his dime; And yet though o'er this desert waste the

winds of evil blow, There's many a cheerful glimmer shining out

above the snow. A thousand traps and pitfalls lie about us

every day, Temptations and delusions by the score: The nabob in his selfishness rolls by us on the

Way, The poor man often bangs his cottage

door; And yet there's compensation. Every clumsy

mortal whines. Who grasps a hornet by its sting or hedgehog

by its spines. Amid the selfish thousands there are hundreds

true and kind. With many noble features that redeem; The roughest ore has value if it be but well

refined. And men are mostly better than they seem;

II looking out for brambles you are sure to find their darts; Perhaps you'll be as lucky if you closely look

for hearts. For after all is uttered, we but find that

which we seek, The searcher after weaknesses will find; Go, listen, and you'll wonder at the kind words

mortals speak, No beauties have a message for the blind; The world is but a mirror, and within our

neighbor's face We see our soul reflected in its ugliness or grace.

"Vanity of Vanities," the world is full of

But also full of sunshine and of flowers; The man who works for happiness its smile will surely win,

The man who seeks shall find his sunny hours:

So thrust the little barriers of its selfishness aside.

And find the hidden blessings lying under all its pride;

The sun is always somewhere, and the good old world in wide. -I. Edgar Jones, in the Current.

## OLIVE'S ADVENTURE.

"But I don't believe any one would take the trouble to molest us!" said Mr. Jaynesford, genially, as he threw a fresh log, moss-fringed and odorous of the had lain all the autumn time, upon the Pshaw, Jim, you're a deal too soft-blazing fire. "In the first place, we've hearted, and that's what I've always got nothing to steal-and in the second | said !" place, if we were all murdered, I can't see any particular good it would do any- lenly retorted the other man. So I calculate we may sleep quietly in our beds."

ford, with an anxious look (she was a Pooh, Jim, I didn't 'spose you was such them lay on the robe for hours talking cares, this angular, hard working, yellow-faced farmer's wife): "I really think you ought to get an extra bolt on the back door, and I never did think a hook a little gal of my own to home, no bigand staple was a safe thing for the little hall door. If there is a gang of burglars and murderers going through the

And Olive Morrison, the little lame breathless horror and dismay. school-mistress, who happened that week to be "boarding" at Farmer Jaynesford's, moved her seat instinctively closer into the angle of the chimney corner, and lifted a pair of large, gray, startled eyes toward the good-humored face of her host.

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Mr. Jaynesford, "I keep a loaded rifle and old Towser has a throat like a trumpet, and I guess if they come here they'll clear out again pretty quick. Anyway I'm

"There is such a thing as foolhardiness, Jotham!" said his wife, sententiously, as she stirred the batter for the morning's griddle-cakes in a squat stone jar with high-shouldered handles on either side.

Olive Morison went to her room that night, in fear and trembling, after having set up by the family fire as long as she could possibly find any excuse for so sitting up and lingering. She was a rosy-complexioned little thing, with a tender, tuneful voice-a girl who would have been very beautiful, were it not for the paralysis of one limb, which made it necessary for her to walk with a crutch, and somewhat dwarfed her natural height. Everybody liked Olive.

The parsimonious opened their hands to her simple needs-the churlish grew almost courteous-the hard-hearted instinctively softened, and those who be-lieved in the hopeless depravity of human nature, made an exception in favor of Olive Morison. Even the riotous, tham. But he did not further object, rebellious young horde of the district school were more malleable, by far, under her gentle rule than they had been under that of the male teacher, who had just resigned his position in de-

As she stood before the glass unbraiding the brown, shining strands of her long and luxuriant hair, Mrs. Jaynesford looked into the room.

'It's a sharp, frosty night, Miss Olive," she said; "hadn't you better have an extry comfortable on your bed?"

"I don't think I need it, Mrs. Jaynesford," said the girl, "But do-do you really think there is any danger of our being robbed and murdered?'

I only know what I've heard, there doom. bein' a gang o' lawless fellers in the country," Mrs. Jaynesford added, with a sort of gloomy satisfaction in the pros-pect. "And I don't know why they shouldn't come here as well as any place; Jim Ellison and Jake Bleeker! I'm out

silver, and Jotham keeps all his money right down-stairs, an' draw a pitcher of MAPLE SUGAR MAKERS. he is, bein' settled by a dose of poison, and I'd like to know what good Joth-am's loaded rifle's goin' to do us, arter cry: he's had his throat cut from ear to car

in his sleep!"
"Oh, Mrs. Jaynesford!" shuddered
Olive, the brush falling from her nervous
fingers! "I can't stay alone to-night—will

you send Bessie in to sleep with me?" But in spite of little Bessie Jaynes- Olive." ford's peaceful breathing at her side, Olive could not go to sleep until midnight, and when at last a few snatches of capricious slumber visited her eyelids. it was embittered by frightful dreams of black crape-masked burglars standing at her bedside, and pistols presented close to her evebrows.

morning, as she viewed her pale face and swollen eyes. "I sm a goose-and I'll be one no longer. What could any one gain by hurting a poor lame girl like me." don't believe there are any burglars around-and if there should be, I don't believe they will come to Farmer Jaynesford's.

But the walk was long and lonely, and when Olive reached the fallen tree, just beyond the rocky spring, where school children always stopped to drink, she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, to rest a little, ere pursuing the re-

mainder of her weary way.

As she did so, the sound of human voices reached her ear—the gruff, low voices of two men talking by the spring beyond. Olive's heart stood still, as she suspended her breath, in order to Who could they be? What listen! were they doing there at that hour? Should she scream and fly, or should she trust to her dark dress and the obscurity of the twilight to screen her from discovery? She chose the latter alternative, and shrank further into the deep shadow of the withered beech copse.

"A brown house," said one man, "with a big chimbley in the middle and a new stun wall round it-I tell yer you can't miss it."

A new chill of terror crept through Olive's veins as she recognized the de- Jaynesford. scription of the Jaynesfords' farmhouse. "And how the plague are we to get in without rousin' the house?" retorted the

second man, rather harsher and more grating than the first. "He told me. Thar ain't no fastenin but a hasp on the shed door-it's easy lifted with a bit of crooked wire. We can slip in when they're asleep, an'

whew, the thing's done in a minute!" "I don't believe in no such way of goin' to work as that," growled the sec-

ond man. "What would you do? Go round to

ger than Jaynesford's little Bessie,

The Jaynesfords heard her tale with

"I knowed it!" cried Mrs. Jaynesford, with prophetic unction. "I told you how it would be all along, Jotham, but ye wouldn't listen to me! I'm a woman, and women ain't worth payin' no 'tention to!"

"But I don't see what it is they're arter!" honest Jotham cried, scratching the bristly black curls of his round pate. 'Anyhow, I'll send over for Deacon Donley's two sons and Joseph Packer, and we'll give them a good old-fashioned welcome, let them come how and when they may, You say there are only two of 'em, Miss Olive?"

"I only heard two of them talking," said Olive, "but there may have been a dozen for what I know."

"I guess we can manage 'em," said hopeful Jotham, taking down the gun from its two hooks over the stone chimney piece and beginning leisurely to inspect it. "Forewarned is forearmed, they say, and I've allays found there was a good deal o' solid truth in them old proverbs my gran'ther used to

quote Evidently there was no sleep for the Jaynesford family that night. All

"We must kindle up the fire and put out the lights, as usual, at 9 o'clock," said Jotham.

"Father," pleaded little Bessie, "can

"Nonsense, child, nonsense," said Joand Bessie made a bed for the two pets roomy old kitchen, greatly to their mutual content.

Mrs. Jaynesford sat knitting gloomily; if she had been told that the world was to come to an end within the next twenty-four hours, she would still have taken up her knitting-and Olive and Bessie nestled close to her side, while Jotham paced thoughtfully up and down the sloor, waiting for the arrival of the auxiliaries for whom he had already dispatched a messenger. The clock had just struck 8, when a brisk knock came to the door-every one started as if the simple sound had been a trumpet of

"Don't open the door, Jotham!" and unmistakable stench of burning gasped Mrs. Jaynesford, but Jotham rancid grease. "Since I began showing drew back the bolt nevertheless.

"It's some neighbor," said be. shouldn't come here as well as any place; Jim Ellison and Jake Bleeker! I'm out the wicks, "my business has 'tain't likely they know we hain't no right down glad to see ye! Bessie, run doubled."—Philadelphia Times.

in the county bank. Towser's all very cider, and bring up some o mother's well, but I've heard o' better dogs than fresh doughnuts!"

As the visitor returned their host's cordial greeting, Olive uttered a loud The men-the men I heard talking

by the spring!" she gasped feebly. "Oh, Mr. Jaynesford, turn them from your door-they are robbers and murderers!" "Eh!" cried Jotham: "Jim and Jake robbers and murderers! I guess not, Miss

"Let them answer for themselves," cried Olive, hysterically. "What bloody deed is it from which one of them recoiled, but which the other said would 'soon be over?' What was the plot to gain secret admittance through the shed door? What---"

The taller and stouter of the two "Pshaw!" said Olive to herself next strangers shock with peal after peal of noiseless laughter.

"I'll tell ye what 'twas, miss, before the little gal comes back," he said, in the gruff, husky voice that had so terrified Olive Morison by the twilight spring. "I said then 'twas an ugly job, and won't say no less now. Jaynesford, he sold me them lambs o' his little gals, -I drive a meat cart, miss-and he told me to come on the sly and get 'em away, for she was dretful fond ov 'em. when we come to-night, and found they wasn't in the outshed, says I to Jake Bleeker, says I: "We've jes' got to go an' ask up an' down for 'em; so I knocked, an' here we be."

"Is that all?" sighed Olive, with a face of inexpressible relief. "Oh, I have been terrified."

And she broke into hysteric laughter, while Mrs. Jaynesford sat by, half disap-pointed that there had been no mortal peril after all.

So faded away the only appearance of danger that molested the quiet Western vale, and that was the last the Jaynesford family ever heard of robbers, burglars, and murderers.

But Mrs. Jaynesford had bought a big box-lock, and affixed it to the shed door, and takes great delight in ceremoniously locking it every night of her life. "You can't be too careful!" says Mrs.

Custer's Confederate Friend.

The Seventh cavalry were sent to guard the engineers of the Northern Parific while they surveyed the route to the Yeliowstone. This party of citizens joined the command a few days out from Forth Rice. General Custer wrote me that he was lying on the buffalo robe in his tent, resting after the march, when he heard a voice outside asking the sentinel "which was General Custer's tent." The general called out: "Halloo, old log, moss-fringed and odorous of the scented dead leaves, among which it the front door and rouse 'em all up! thirteen years, but I know it. Come in had lain all the autumn time, upon the blazing fire. "In the first place, we've hearted, and that's what I've always in, and such a reunion as we had! These fellow! I haven't heard that voice in two had been classmates and warm "I don't like the job, anyhow," sul- friends at West Point, and parted with sorrow when General Rosser went into "It's soon over," was the indifferent the Southern army. Afterward they had reply, "and where's the odds? Ain't it fought each other in the Shenandoah "Yes -- but, father," said Mrs. Jaynes - all the same a hundred years from now? valley time and time again. Both of modern Martha, cumbered with many a soft-stomached Miss Nancy of a fel- over the campaign in Virginia. In the captured each other's headquarters wagon, with their private luggage. If one drove the other back in retreat, be fore he went into camp he wrote a note addressing the other as "Dear friend," and saying, "You may have made me take a few steps this way to day, but I'll be even with you to morrow. Please accept my good wishes and this little gift." These notes and presents were left at the house of some Southern woman as they retreated out of the village. Once General Custer took all of his friend's luggage and found in it a new uniform coat of Confederate gray. He wrote a humorous letter that night thanking General Rosser for setting him up in so many new things, but audaciously asking him if he "would direct his tailor to make the coat tails of his next uniform a little shorter," as there was a difference in the height of the two men. General Custer captured his herd of cattle at one time, but he was so hotly pursued by General Rosser that he had dismounted cut a whip, and drove them himself until the" were secured. - Boots and Sad-

### dles, by Elizabeth B. Custer. A Butter Test.

"By that means I convince my customers that I don't sell oleomargarine, said a white-aproned butterman, point-ing to two china sauce-boats that hands silently made their arrangements stood in a conspicuous place on his counter in the Farmers' market. In each sauce-boat lay a little coil of common lampwick, one end of which hung out of the nose of the vessel. "Now," the dealer, pointing to two firkins, "one I bring my two pet lambs in out of the of those contains oleomargarine made in Connecticut and the other holds saltpacked butter from Ohio. See if you can detect the genuine from the imita-The reporter tried and failed. tion." in the shaving basket in the corner of the In flavor, smell and appearance they were identical.

The butterman continued : "That oleomargarine will deceive nine buyers out of ten, but I will expose it for you." dropped a lump of the oleomargarine as large as an egg into a tin cup, and in another cup he placed a similar-sized piece of the salt-packed. The cups were held over a blazing little charcoal furnace until their contents were melted. Then the eleomargarine was poured in one sauceboat and the butter into the other. The wicks were lighted. Both burned readily, and the nurning butter sent up a faint and pleasant smoke. From the oleomargarine, however, came the nasty the difference between butter and oleo-"Wy. margarine," said the dealer, as he snuffed

THE SUGAR CAMP YEARS AGO AND AT PRESENT.

Old And New Processes Described-Hackwoods Fun in Former Times
—Curious Things About Sap.

A New York commission merchant use. It is not many years ago since any meteorological conditions. Care and one walking through a sugar bush in the cleanliness in manufacture may make up, sap-running season could see the sap however, for deficiencies in other requidripping through these elder tubes into sites.

rude troughs made by hollowing out with an axe a piece of log split in half, and holding three or four gallons. In the sap dead flies, bees, leaves, and twigs were always to be seen floating, and in the removal of these more or less sap was wasted. In the days of the elder and the wooden trough, the sap was carried to the old time boiling kettles, which were usually the ones used in the periodical soap-makings. These were hung over fires built on the ground and thus the sap while boiling was ex-posed again to all kinds of foreign substances. The manner of hanging these kettles was peculiar, and I know of many old farmers who make sugar simply for their own household use who stick to the old crane and kettle still. In hanging a kettle a tall, slim tree would be selected and cut four or five five feet from the ground. It was then trimmed of its branches and a hole bored through its butt end large enough to admit a strong wooden pin. This pin was then driven into the top of the stump, and the trunk of the tree could be swung around at will. The kettle was hung on this crane over the fire, and, when it was necessary, was swung aside to make it convenient for further operations. The sap was carried in from the trees in pails, borne by yokes across the shoulders not only of rustic swains but maidens as well, for sugar making in the old days was a gala time and always looked forward to with joy by young and old, although it meant

weeks of the hardest drudgery. "The sugar camp was the place for love making and all kinds of backwoods fun. Then, more than under the present system, it was frequently necessary, when the sap was running free, to boil all night. The grove, lighted up by many fires and peopled with many flitting forms of merry girls and lusty farm lads, presented a picturesque scene. On such occasion the country fiddler added the charm of his presence, and every moment that could be snatched from attention to tree and kettle was spent in hilarious devotion to dances whose graceful figures have long since been forgotten. It was very important to keep a close watch on the boiling kettles, for the sap was liable to boil over. Sometimes, even by the most violent and persistent stirring of the seething sweetness, the watcher was not able to stay this inclination, and in such emergencies a piece of fat pork was always kept handy to throw into the rising sap. This would instantly allay the rapidly forming bubbles by some action

which I never quite understood. "It would not do to leave the sap long without stirring, for there was danger of scorching and certainty of its getting too thick. The work of stirring a large kettle could only be done by a strong person, and he required frequent relief. She went from kettle to kettle, carrying a gourd dipper half full of sap or water, Dipping a spoonful of the boiling syrup from a kettle she threw it in the gourd and judged by its action whether it had reached the graining stage, or that approach to it when the fires should be lowered, if not extinquished. When all was ready the syrup was turned off and the sugar run into well-greased pans, cups, bowls and dishes of all shapes and

"But a sugar camp nowadays, while it is a cheerful and hospitable place to visit. is vastly different from what it was in our grandfathers' days. There is no more boxing of trees, the elder stick has disappeared, and the wooden trough is never found in a well-regulated sugar bush. A small metal spile driven into a small auger hole now conducts the sap into tightly covered tin buckets. There are no insects or dirt to be taken from the sap when it is carried to the evaporating pans, and none is wasted. The evaporating pan, which has taken the place of the old kettle, is a broad, shallow pan, built in an arched furnace, and sheltered by a close building. The sap flows in at one end of the pan and folpleted, and the sugar is simply placed States. in moids and is ready for market.

"There are many curious things about sap. It will not run freely unless there are mingled conditions of heat, cold and light, Sap runs best with a still, dry, dense atmosphere and when there north or west wind. A frozen soil, trees.

thawing through the day and hardening again at night, and plenty of snow in the woods makes the best weather for sap. The more oxygen there is in the air the better sap will run. If there comes a heavy snowstorm during sap weather, with a freeze following it, and then a thaw, the sugar maker may expect the best possible run of sap. Trees do not said to a Times reporter: "The art of making maple sugar has greatly improved everywhere within the past few years. In the early days tapping a runs at night will make more sugar than want to be close together to secure a good years. In the early days tapping a runs at night will make more sugar than maple tree was simply the cutting in it the same quantity running by day and with an axe, a foot and a half above the also when it is caught near a snowstorm ground, a sloping notch three inches deep or a freeze. It is held by many sugarat the bottom, which was scooped out makers that sap is better when trees into a miniature trough. As the notch grow in dry soil, are tapped on the south filled with sap it was ladled out. By side, and when the tap is made high. this means of procuring the sap much of Difference in quality of sugar, therefore, it was wasted, and then the augur hole is due in a great measure to soil and lo-and the hollow piece of elder came into cation of trees, and to climatic and

> Herat. The city is situated at four miles' distance from hills on the north, and twelve miles from those which run south of it. The space between the hills is one beautiful extent of little fortified villages, gardens, vineyards and corn-fields, and this rich scene is brightened by many small streams of shining water, which cut the plain in all directions. A dam is thrown across the Heri Rud, and its waters, being turned into many canals, and are so conducted over the vale of Herat that every part of it is watered. Varieties of the most delicious fruits are grown in the valley, and they are sold cheaper than at Mashad. necessaries of life are plentiful and cheap, and the bread and water of Herat are a proverb for their excel-lence. Of the inhabitants of the place Vambrery gives the following description: "The eye is bewildered by the diversity of races-Afghaus, Indians, Tartars, Turcomans, Persians and Jews. The Afghan parades about either in his national costume, consisting of a long shirt, drawers and dirty linen clothes, or in in his military undress; and here his favorite garment is the red English coat, from which even in his sleep he will not part. He throws it on over his shirt while he sets on his head the picturesque Indo-Afghan turban. Others | age?-The Judge. again-and these are the beau mondeare wont to assume a half-Persian cos-Weapons are borne by all. Rarely does any one, whether civil or military, enter the bazar without his sword and shield. To be quite a la mode one must carry about quite an arsenal, consisting of two pistols, a sword, pointed handyar, gun and shield. With the wild, martial-looking Afghan, we can only compare the Turcoman-like Jamshidi. The wretchedly-dressed Herati, the Hazara, the Timuri of the vicinity are overlooked when the Afghan is present. He encounters around him nothing but abject humility, but never was a ruler or conqueror so detested as is the Afghan by the Heratis."-London Times.

# Lower California Tidbits.

In a letter from Mulege, Lower California, to the New York Sun, Fannie B. Ward says: The other day Betsy and I were entertained at an exceedingly swell banquet at the house of a wealthy pearl merchant. Among the numerous courses trouble in the kettle by breaking the of the dinner were some enormous snalls, which had been fattened for Lenten food, as is the custom also in some parts of southern Europe. The snails are kept in large reservoirs, the floors of which are strewn with herbs and flowers. Doubtless the fashion was borrowed from the luxurious Romans, who, if we may believe Varro, fed them on bran There was always some one of long ex- and wine till sometimes a single shell perience in sugar making, generally a would contain ten quarts! But that woman, who was the tester of a camp. course remained untasted, despite our utmost efforts to do as the Romans do. At a later stage of the banquet two servants appeared staggering under the weight of a huge mangrove branch. laden with parasitic oysters. This was placed in the center of the festive board. Each little bivalve, moored by threads of its own spinning, clung so tenaciously that a hammer was needed to displace it. This circumstance aroused our interest in the oyster family, and determined us to cultivate their acquaintance. The parasitical or tree oyster is as common here as in the Indian seas, and looks so exactly like a dried leaf as to deceive even the fisher birds that seek it. It is found attached to the roots and branches of the mangrove tree, which grows in sheltered bays at the edge of the sea. These odorous groves look like marine forests, their lofty branches dipping the waves during high tide.

# A Japanese Postman.

As in America, so in Japan, the postman wears his uniform. It consists of a suit of blue cloth, a wide butter-bowl hat and straw shoes. The mail bag swings under his arm, or is pushed along in a little two-wheeled cart. He is allows devious furrows or passages in the ways running or trotting along. You bottom of the pan. By the time it reaches know that in Japan men do nearly all the end of these the sugar has been de- the work that we make horses do here, posited and the sap flows out at the lower so you see the Japanese postman carry, end of the pan as maple syrup. When hasten along from station to station, this cools it is placed in the pan again. traveling on a quick run mile after mile. after straining, and beaten eggs and up-hill, down dale, never stopping until milk added to it. The heat is gradually be reaches the place where another postup-hill, down dale, never stopping until increased, and the eggs and milk thicken man is waiting to receive the mail and and collect the impurities, and all rise to run on with it in his turn. So the mail the surface, when they are readily re- carried in the greater part of the Japanmoved in a body. When this syrup runs ese Empire. To a f volaces reached by off the process of sugaring off is com-steamers it tray. In the United

dense atmosphere, and when there is a is experie Ty on native barks and

LOVE SONG OF THE TOM-TIT.

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(The most successful, and certainly the ettiest, song in the new comic opera, "The Mikado," is the love song of the tom-tit. It has already become popular, and its refrain has become a catch phrase. The song runs:] On a tree by a river a little tom-tit

Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillowf" And I said to him, "Dicky bird, why do you

Singing Willow, titwillow, titwillow? is it weakness of intellect, birdyf' I cried, "Or a rather tough worm in your little in-

With a shake of his poor little head, he replied:

"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillowf"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that

bough, Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!" And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow, Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!

He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he Then he threw himself into the billowy wave, And an ocho arose from the suicide's grave-

"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!" Now I feel as sure as I'm sure that my name Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow, That 'twas blighted affection that made him

exclaim "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!" And if you remain callous and obdurate, I Shall perish as he did, and you will know

Though I probably shall not exclaim as I

"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bad habits-Worn-out garments. A railroad strike-A collision. -Er. A roller-skater is known by his bumps. Sallie Ratus is the girl that takes the biscuit .- The Hatchet

The wife's pathway in life is generally buy way.—Boston Post.

When a stovepipe is out at the elbow the soot begins to play out. In Denmark the rooms in the hotel are all bald-headed-that is, they have no

locks. -Siftings. Would it be just to say that all physicians partially get their living by pill-

According to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the last man will undoubtedly be a tailor .- Life. Often a cold shoulder pleases the recip-

ient, especially if it happens to be a cold shoulder of lamb .- Waterloo Observer. The empress of Austria has a private Many American ladies have circus. them to on lodge nights .- Courier-Jour-

A poetess sings, "I Have Found What Silence Is." Her friends, it is understood, are not so fortunate. - Boston Transcript.

"More light" is the watchword of progress, but more of the opposite quality in a load of coal is what the people are beginning to demand .- Chicago Ledger. "What is the 'dollar of our daddies'?"

asked a college paper. It is what the average undergraduate pays his wagers and anti-temperance subscriptions with. -Burlington Free Press. "What One Gir! Did" is the title of a new story. She doubtless did the

same as all other girls do-jump up on a table and frightened a poor little mouse to death .- New York Journal. A philosopher writes, "Man is the merriest species of the creation." the philosopher ever see a man when it was first broken to him that he was the

father of twins? We trow not .- New

York Graphic. "How Love is Made in Persia," is the title of a recent article. It is probably made there of the same compound parts as here, that is, millionaire's daughter one part, impecunious nobleman one desire for title forty-nine parts, desire for wealth forty-nine parts. Mix .-Boston Post.

"Sis says she can't come down tonight; she has a severe headache. That's what she says; but Cholly don't give tt away, she's lyin' like a house afire. She hurt her bunion so tryin' to wear number two shoes on a number four foot, that she can't walk," was the way a Fourth street eight-year-old excused his sister when her beau called .- Brooklyn

A sporting paper contains an article entitled "How to prevent accidents in the game of baseball," This difficulty may be overcome by the substitution of garden digging for baseball. A young man who is digging garden never gets injured by running the bases or by the bat flying out of another player's hand; though when he gets through with the game he may be induced to think he has exchanged backs with a man one hundred and ninety-seven years old .- Norristown Herald.

"The spring has sprung again, sir,
And I have brung sir,"
Said he, "some little verselets that the whole
world would like to read.

I know you'd prize them, You'd better revise them— In an idle hour I dashed them off at almost lightning speed,"

A journalistic Encounter fistic Then ensued, and, crash! the poet whirled downstairs and through the door.
The bright young writer
Was not a fighter.
But he'd often dashed off poets at almost
lightning speed before.
—Somerville Journal.

There are 136,000 ft hermen in France, and about four fishermen out of every

1,000 are drowned every year. Over 3,000 children recently died in the Fiji Islands of whooping cough. The

malady has become epidemic.