THE FOREST REPUBLICAN Is published overy Wednasday, by

J. Z. WENK.

Ottige in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building HLM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, - - - \$1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period then three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"VANITY OF VANITIES."

"Vanity of Vanities;" the world is full of ain The pot of evil bolling 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 mow.

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 bange his cottage door:

mortal whine

Who grasps a hornet by its sting or hedgehog by Ita 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 ford's,"

It 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 gruco.

"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 anide.

And find the hidden blessings lying under all its pride;

The suit is always somewhere, and the good old world in wide.

-I. Edgar Annes, in the Ourrent.

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 got nothing to steal-and in the second | said !" got nothing to steal—and in the second place, if we were all murdered, I can't see any particular good it would do any-pody. So I calculate we may sleep quictly in our beds." said!" "I don't like the job, anyhow," sul-lenly retorted the other man. "It's soon over," was the indifferent reply, "and where's the odds? Ain't it

P

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 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 he's had his throat cut from ear to ear "The men-the men I heard talking

VOL. XVIII. NO. 7.

he's had his throat out from ear to ear in his sleep!" "Oh, Mrs. Jaynesford!" shuddered Olive, the brush falling from her nervous door-they are robbers and murderers!"

fingers! "I can't stay alone to-night-will robbers and murderers! I guess not, Miss you send Bessie in to sleep with me?" But in spite of little Bessie Jaynes-Olive.' "Let them answer for themselves," cried Olive, hysterically. "What bloody deed is it from which one of them re-

ford's peaceful breathing at her side, Olive could not go to sleep until mid-night, 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 And yet there's compensation. Every clumsy her bedside, and pistols presented close

to her cychrows. "Pshaw !" said Olive to herself next

morning, as she viewed her pale face and swollen eyes. "I am a goose-and I'll be one no longer. What could any one be one no longer. What could any one gain by hurting a poor lame girl like me." I don't believe there are any burglars around—and if there should be, I don't believe they will come to Farmer Jaynes-ford's." I the intile gal comes back, "he said, in the gruff, husky voice that had so terri-fied 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 gal.

But the watk was long and lonely, and when Olive reached the fallen tree, just becaut the rocky spring, where the beyond the rocky spring, where the school children always stopped to drink, she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, to rest a little, ere pursuing the remainder of her weary way. As she did so, the sound of human

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." voices reached her ear-the gruff, low voices of two men talking by the spring have been terrified." beyond. Olive's heart stood still, as she suspended her breath, in order to while Mrs. Jaynesford sat by, half disap-pointed that there had been no mortal listen! Who could they be? What were they doing there at that hour? Should she scream and fly, or should she trust to her dark dress and the obscurity peril after all. danger that molested the quiet Western of the twilight to screen her from disvale, and that was the last the Jaynescovery! She chose the latter alternative, ford family ever heard of robbers, burand shrank further into the deep shadow glars, and murderers.

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-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. guard the engineers of the Northern Pa-Yellowstone. This party of citizens

"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-tinel "which was General Custer's tent." ond man.

"What would you do? Go round to fellow! I haven't heard that voice in 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 Pshaw, Jim, you're a deal too soft-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

eply, "and whe

silver, and Jotham keeps all his money right down-stairs, an' draw a pitcher of MAPLE SUGAR MAKERS. 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 THE SUGAE CAMP YEARS AGO AND

AT PRESENT. Old And New Processes Described-Hackwoods Fun in Former Times

then a thaw, the sugar maker may expect -Curious Things About Sap. the best possible run of sap. Trees do not A New York commission merchant want to be close together to secure a good said to a Times reporter: "The art of flow, and hence the anomaly in sugarmaking maple sugar has greatly im- making that a few trees may be more proved everywhere within the past few years. In the early days tapping a maple tree was simply the cutting in it 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 sugar-

at the bottom, which was secoped out into a miniature trough. As the notch filled with sap it was ladled out. By 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 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, Herat. and holding three or four gallons. In The city is situated at four miles' disthe sap dead flies, bees, leaves, and

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

comes a heavy snowstorm during sap

weather, with a freeze following it, and

tauce from hills on the north, and twigs were always to be seen floating, twelve miles from those which run south and in the removal of these more or less of it. The space between the hills is one sap was wasted. In the days of the elder and the wooden trough, the sap was carried to the old time boiling beautiful extent of little fortified villages. gardens, vineyards and corn-fields, and this rich scene is brightened by many kettles, which were usually the ones used small streams of shining water, which in the periodical soap-makings. These cut the plain in all directions. A dam were hung over fires built on the ground is thrown across the Heri Rud, and its and thus the sap while boiling was ex-posed again to all kinds of foreign subwaters, being turned into many canals, and are so conducted over the vale of Herat that every part of it is watered. stances. The manner of hanging these kettles was peculiar, and I know of Varieties of the most delicious fruits are grown in the valley, and they are sold cheaper than at Mashad. The many old farmers who make sugar simply for their own household use who stick to the old crane and kettle still. necessaries of life are plentiful and In hanging a kettle a tall, slim tree would be selected and cut cheap, and the bread and water of would be selected and cut four or five five feet from the Herat are a proverb for their excellence. Of the inhabitants of the place ground. It was then trimmed of its Vambrery gives the following descrip-tion: "The eye is bewildered by the branches and a hole bored through its butt end large enough to admit a strong diversity of races-Afghans, Indians, Tartars, Turcomans, Persians and Jews. wooden pin. This pin was then driven into the top of the stump, and the trunk The Afghan parades about either in his of the tree could be swung around at will. The kettle was hung on this crane national costume, consisting of a long shirt, drawers and dirty linen clothes, over the fire, and, when it was necessary, or in in his military undress; and here was swung aside to make it convenient his favorite garment is the red English coat, from which even in his sleep he for further operations. The sap was carried in from the trees in pails, borne will not part. He throws it on over his shirt while he sets on his head the pic-turesque Indo-Afghan turban. Others by yokes across the shoulders not only of rustic swains but maidens as well, for sugar making in the old days was a gala again-and these are the beau mondetime and always looked forward to with are wont to assume a half-Persian cosjoy 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 Weapons are borne by all. tume. 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 tume. fun. Then, more than under the present mode one must carry about quite an arsystem, it was frequently necessary, when the sap was running free, to boil all night. The grove, lighted up by many senal, 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 Hefires 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 rati, the Hazara, the Timuri of the vicinity are overlooked when the Afghan is charm of his presence, and every moment

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| One Square, one Inch, one Insertion | ł |
|-----------------------------------------------|---|
| One Square, one inch, one month 3 0 | |
| One Square, one incli, three months | ł |
| One Square, one luch, one year | ł |
| Two Squares, one year 38 6 | 0 |
| Quarter Column, one year 30 0 | ł |
| Haif Column, one year | ę |
| One Column, one your 100 0 | |
| Legal advertisements ten conis par line sach. | l |
| sertion. | |
| Marriage and death notices gratia. | |

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

Job work-eash on dalivury.

LOVE SONG OF THE TOM-TIT.

[The most successful, and certainly the erettiest, song in the new comic opera, "The Milondo," 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, titwillow!"

And I said to him, "Dicky bird, why do you wib.

Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow?' Is it weakness of intellect, birly F I cried, "Or a rather tough worm in your little inaidam

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

"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow?"

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

gave. Then he threw himself into the billowy wave, And an echo 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 why,

Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die.

"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bad habits-Worn-out garments. A railroad strike-A collision.-Ez. 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. a 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 physi-cians partially get their living by pill-age?—The Judge.

According to the doctrine of the sur-vival of the fittest, the last man will undoubtedly be a tailor .- Life.

Often a cold shoulder pleases the recip-lent, especially if it happens to be a cold shoulder of lamb.— Waterloo Observer.

The empress of Austria has a private circus. Many American ladies have them to on lodge nights .- Courier-Journal

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

Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3. 1885.

"Eh!" cried Jotham. "Jim and Jake

coiled, but which the other said would

'soon be over?' What was the plot to

The taller and stouter of the two

gain secret-admittance through the ahed

strangers shock with peal after peal of

"T'll tell ye what 'twas, miss, before the little gal comes back," he said, in

-I drive a ment cart, miss-and he told

me to come on the sly and get 'em away,

for she was dretful fond ov 'em. So

"Is that all?" sighed Olive, with a

And she broke into hysteric laughter,

So faded away the only appearance of

But Mrs. Jaynesford had bought a

big box-lock, and affixed it to the shed

door, and takes great delight in ceremo-niously locking it every night of her life. "You can't be too careful!" says Mrs.

Custer's Confederate Friend.

cific while they surveyed the route to the

joined the command a few days out from

Forth Rice. General Custer wrote me that he was lying on the buffalo robe in

The general called out: "Halloo, old

two had been classmates and warm

The Seventh cavalry were sent to

Jaynesford.

face of inexpressible relief. "Oh, I

door? What-"

noiseless laughter.

cares, this angular, hard-working, yel- ler!" and staple was a safe thing for the little hall door. If there is a gang of burg-lars and murderers going through the country-

And Olive Morrison, the little lame school-mistress, who happened that week to be "boarding" at Farmer Jaynes-ford'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. Jaynes-ford, "I keep a loaded rife 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 not afeared of em."

"There is such a thing as foolhardiness. Jotham!" said his wife, senten-tiously, as she stirred the batter for the morning's griddle-cakes in a squat stone said Olive, "but there ma jar with high-shouldered handles on dozen for what I know." either side.

aitting up and tingering. She was a soft-eyed, 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 dwarfed her natural height. Every- for a vigil. body liked Olive.

to her simple needs-the churlish grew said Jotham. almost courtcous-the hard-hearted inlieved in the hopeless depravity of hu- shed?" man nature, made an exception in favor 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 ?"

160

"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 murderud?"

"I only know what I've heard, there bein' a gang o' lawless fellers in the sort of gloomy satisfaction in the pros-"And I don't know why they shouldn't come here as well as any place; Jim Ellison and Jake Blecker! I'm out the wicks, "my business has 'min't likely they know we hain't no right down glad to see ye! Bessie, run doubled."-.-Philadelphia Times.

"Yes-but, father," said Mrs. Jaynes- all the same a hundred years from now? valley time and time again. Both of 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 modern Martha, cumbered with many a soft-stomached Miss Nancy of a fel- over the campaign in Virginia. In the

and-"

10.1 The Jaynesfords heard her tale with

breathless horror and dismay.

"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 mei 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

"I guess we can manage 'cm," said Olive Merison went to her room that hopeful Jotham, taking down the gun night, in fear and trembling, after hav-ing set up by the family fire as long as ney piece and beginning leisurely to inshe could possibly find any excuse for so spect it. "Forewarned is forearmed.

"We must kindle up the fire and put The parsimonious opened their hands out the lights, as usual, at 9 o'clock,"

"Father," pleaded little Bessie, "can stinctively softened, and those who he- I bring my two pet lambs in out of the

"Nonsense, child, nonsense," said Joof Olive Morison. Even the riotous, tham. But be did not further object, rebellious young horde of the district and Bessie made a bed for the two pets in the shaving basket in the corner of the roomy old kitchen, greatly to their mutual content.

Mrs. Jayneaford sat knitting gloomily; if she had been told that the world was of ten, but I will expose it for you." to come to an end within the next twenty-four hours, she would still have taken un her knitting-and Olive and Bessie nestled close to her side, while Jotham paced thoughtfully up and own the iloor, 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 doom.

drew back the bolt nevertheless.

varying fortunes of war sometimes low-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 "I ain't no wuss than anybody else!" one had got possession of the a little gal of my own to home, no big-knew of several occasions when they had ger than Jaynesford's little Bessie, captured each other's headquarters wagon, with their private luggage. If one drove the other back in retreat, before 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 rift " These union and These notes and presents were gift. 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 Saddles, 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 ful, were it not for the paralysis of one Evidently there was no sleep for the said a white-aproned butterman, point-limb, which made it necessary for her Jaynesford family that night. All ing to two china sauce-boats that to walk with a crutch, and somewhat 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 none of the vessel. " Now,' Baid the dealer, pointing to two firkins, "one 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 tion." The reporter tried and failed, In flavor, smell and appearance they were identical.

The butterman continued: "That oleomargariue will deceive nine buyers out He 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 oleomargarine was poured in one sauceboat and the butter into the other. The wicks were lighted. Both burned readily, and the burning butter sent up a faint and pleasant smoke. From the momargarine, however, came the nasty "Don't open the door, Jotham!" and unmistakable stench of burning country, "Mrs. Jaynesford added, with a gasped Mrs. Jaynesford, but Jotham rancid grease. "Since I began showing the difference between butter and oleo-"It's some neighbor," said he. "Wy, margarine," said the dealer, as he snuffed

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 secthing 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 trouble in the kettle by breaking 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. There was always some one of long exa 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 extinguished. 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 sizes.

"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 folthe end of these the sugar has been deoff the process of 'sugaring off' is cota- steamers it trav pleted, and the sugar is simply placed States.

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

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 Tidblts.

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 of the dinner were some enormous snails, 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 and wine till sometimes a single shell perience in sugar making, generally a woman, who was the tester of a camp. She went from kettle to kettle, carrying 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 cast. He is al lows 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 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. after straining, and heaten eggs and milk added to it. The heat is gradually he reaches the place where another postincreased, 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 fer places reached by off the process of 'sugaring off' is com- steamers it tray. In the United

"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 .- Ohicago Ledger.

"What is the 'dollar of our daddies' I" 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." Did 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 part, 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 it 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 Times.

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

There are 136,000 fi hermen in France, and about four lishermon out of every 1,000 are drowned every year.

Over 3,000 children recently died in the Fiji Islands of whooping cough. The mulady has become epidemic.