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WORTHINESS.

Whatever lacks Purpose is evil; a pool without pebbles breeds algae; Not any one step hath Chance fashioned on the infinite stairway of Time; Nor ever came Good without Labor, in Toil, or in Science or Art; It must be wrought out through the muscles—born out of the soul and the heart. Why plow in the stubble with plowshares?—Why winnow the chaff from the grain? Ah, since all of His gifts must be tilled for, since Truth is not born without pain! He giveth not to the unworthy, the weak, or the foolish in deeds; Who giveth but chaff at the seed-time shall reap but a harvest of weeds. As the pyramid builded of vapor is blown by His whirlwinds to naught, So the song without Truth is forgotten: His poem to Man is Man's Thought. Whatever is strong with a purpose, in humbleness woven, soul-pure, Is known to the Master of Singers? He toucheth it, saying, "Endure!" —Charles J. O'Malley, in the Current.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

A STORY OF CRIME IN PARIS.

Monsieur Chery was a poor dentist of the Rue de Chazelles, Paris. He was a widower with a large family, and resided in the Rue de Legendre. He had been struggling for a livelihood for years, for, although an expert dentist and a fine-looking man of good address, fate seemed to have denied him success. As it was, he was barely able to make a subsistence for himself and family, and, to tell the truth, added a little to his doubtful professional income by acting nightly as a marker in a billiard hall in the Rue des Capucins. On the afternoon of November 7, 1883, Chery was standing not far from the billiard hall, when he saw a veiled lady quit a large millinery establishment near by and approach a carriage in waiting for her. The day was windy and raw and the early part had been wet. As the lady stepped into her carriage her veil blew on one side and she caught it and drew it to her. At the moment Chery saw something flash. The lady had entered the carriage and it was driven off. Chery watched the vehicle depart, and as he was turning away his eye was attracted by a glitter in the gutter, in which there was mud and water. Looking more carefully he was satisfied that the brilliancy came from nothing less than a diamond. As he drew near the edge of the sidewalk he distinctly saw that a splendid piece of jewelry lay in the mud. For a moment he hesitated. Paris is not a city where a person other than a chiffonier can pick anything from a gutter without being observed and probably surrounded. Chery knew this well, and had recourse, therefore, to a ruse. Taking his purse from his pocket, he appeared to be searching for something inside, and then accidentally, as it were, dropped it into the gutter. In picking it up he gathered up the supposed jewel with it, and then placed both in his handkerchief. Having wiped the pocketbook, carefully concealing the jewel, he put both into his pocket and went toward the billiard hall. On examining his find he was satisfied that it was most valuable. A large brilliant surrounded by sixteen smaller stones, all set in a magnificent piece of filigree, was what was disclosed to him. Carefully putting it away, he attended to his duties that night. Next morning he visited the Rue de Vaugirard, where an old jeweler whom he knew had his business. This man, named Greuze, bought gold and silver, and supplied a good many of the smaller dentists with what they required. He was a shrewd dealer and a skillful lapidary. When Chery showed him the jewelry he examined it slowly and with-out enthusiasm, and at last, having scrutinized it through several powerful lenses, he laid it on the counter with a smile and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what do you think about it, monsieur?" asked Chery. "Paste," was the almost contemptuous reply. "There you are wrong," said Chery; "no false gems ever shone like these stones, and beside, the setting shows that the thing is valuable. Greuze took the jewel once more and examined it. At length he said: "I may be mistaken, monsieur, and if you will leave it to me a few days I will take means to settle beyond a doubt the question of the genuineness of these stones." "Many thanks" was the answer; "but I return it to the owner this evening." "The Marchioness de Ponthieu, Greuze said, with a half sneer. "I don't understand you," Chery said. "You don't," Greuze replied; "read that." And he drew a morning newspaper from his side pocket, folded so as to show a small space, and handed it to Chery, at the same time placing his finger on an advertisement. Chery took the newspaper and read as follows: ONE THOUSAND FRANCS REWARD.—Lost yesterday afternoon, in or near the millinery establishment of Mme. Joffroy Boulevard des Capucins, a brooch set with one large central brilliant and sixteen smaller ones. The finder will receive the reward named above in returning the brooch to the Marchioness de Ponthieu, Boulevard Hausmann.

"This is the article, evidently," Chery said, "and with a knowledge of this advertisement and reward I cannot understand how you can suppose for a moment that the jewels are spurious." "If they had been genuine," was the reply, "don't you suppose the reward would have been larger?" Greuze asked,

"A thousand francs is a good deal of money," Chery replied. "To you it may be," was the answer; "but let me tell you that if these jewels are genuine they are worth at least thirty thousand francs." "Thirty thousand francs!" exclaimed Chery. "Every sou of it," said Greuze. "Let me see it again." Chery handed him the brooch and he once more scrutinized it closely. "They may be genuine," he said; "look here." He opened a casket and exhibited what appeared to be a magnificent necklace of diamonds. "Will you believe," he said, "when I tell you that every stone here is spurious—it is all paste? It is true, nevertheless. Now, you are a poor man, and the marchioness is rich. Suppose these stones are real. You take them to her and she hands you in return a paltry 1,000 francs. Nay, you don't know that she may not have a detective in her ante-room to arrest you as a thief. Now, I will talk business with you—shall I? Then here is my proposal: These stones are genuine—no doubt of it. If you will leave the brooch with me for four and twenty hours I will take out these stones and put paste in their places and give you ten thousand francs for them. Then you can take the brooch to Madame de Ponthieu and get your 1,000 francs." "But she will discover the cheat, will she not?"

"If she does," was the answer, "lay the blame on me. I will take the risk." Chery was poor and his children were miserably clad and winter was coming on, and he yielded to the tempter. The next evening, when Greuze handed him the brooch with paste substituted for the real gems, he was astounded. For the life of him he could not tell the difference. He returned the brooch to the marchioness and received the reward. But he invented a story as to how he came by it. "I am a humble dentist," he said, "and my small place is on the Rue de Chazelles. On the evening of the day before yesterday, when I was just about to quit my place, a rough-looking man entered, and, removing a kerchief which was around his throat and chin, he asked me to examine his front teeth. I found that two of them were broken off and the jaw was swollen. I removed the stumps and applied a soothing lotion to him. He said that some ruffians had attempted to rob a lady on the corner of the Boulevard des Capucins and the Rue de Seze, and that, in driving them off with some other passenger, he received a blow across the mouth. He was on his way to the Boulevard Malesherbes to the Rue Joffroy, when the pain grew so severe that he sought a dentist. After he was gone I was preparing to depart, when I saw something lying in the seat which the stranger had occupied. I raised it and found it was a handkerchief tied in several knots. On opening them I found the brooch inside. I immediately started for home, and didn't see your advertisement until this morning." The Marchioness de Ponthieu was very grateful to Chery, and next day drove to his office in the Rue de Chazelle with a friend and had Chery examine her teeth. She made an appointment with him the next day, by which time he had changed the furniture of the apartment and rented and fitted up an adjoining room. The marchioness expressed her satisfaction and her intention of patronizing him and recommending him to her friends. The result was that every day the carriage of some wealthy lady stopped at the door, and his circumstances improved rapidly. He ceased to be a billiard marker and occupied himself with his profession. By and by he let it be known that he used an anesthetic of a new and improved kind, and so performed difficult extractions without pain. This was a cause of increased income. Greuze soon learned of his prosperity and questioned him as to the character of his patients. Soon after this Chery added another room to his offices, and spent much time there with Greuze practicing with a camera, until they became expert at taking instantaneous photographs. Among his patients was a Madam Emerian, a wealthy woman, who wore splendid diamonds. Chery was removing her teeth one or two at a time, and she suffered much. At length he prevailed upon her to take the anesthetic. As soon as she became insensible he removed a splendid bracelet of large and superb diamonds, and passed it in to Greuze in the adjoining room, who in a minute had taken three or four instantaneous photographs of it. Meanwhile Chery operated on his patient, and had the anesthetic ready to renew its application if necessary. Greuze handed back the bracelet, and Chery clasped it on the lady's wrist. Then Greuze departed.

The next day but one Madam Emerian again submitted herself to the dentist, and again wore the splendid bracelet. No sooner was she under the influence of the anesthetic than Chery unclasped the bracelet and handed it to Greuze, who appeared from the adjoining room. Greuze compared it with another bracelet, which he then handed with a triumphant look to Chery, who clasped it on the ladies' wrist. This scheme was performed, perhaps, on various customers a score of times without detection, and Chery and Greuze were growing wealthy on the spoils. At length a circumstance occurred which led to the detection and punishment of this pair of scoundrels. One afternoon a Madam Maubert, whom they had selected as a victim, came to Chery's accompanied by a magnificent mastiff. Chery suggested its being left in charge of the coachman, as it might be troublesome, but Mme. Maubert assured him that he would be perfectly

still where she directed him until she gave him permission to move. The gas was administered, Greuze came from his room holding the spurious gem which was substituted for the lady's brooch, and Chery was in the act of removing the jewelry from the lady's neck, when the mastiff sprang upon him and seized him by the arm. The next moment Chery fell, and the dog changed his grip to the throat. The man struggled and Greuze tried in vain to drag the savage beast away. Chery's cries for help were heard on the street, and two officers were soon on the spot. Her brooch was firm in the grasp of Chery, who was lacerated and bleeding. The moment the lady recognized her jewelry, the officers' suspicions were aroused, and they would not allow Greuze to depart. A search was subsequently made and a brooch—the very counterpart, in every respect, of Mme. Maubert's, but with spurious gems—was found in Greuze's possession. The plates disclosed to the eye of a sharp detective the fact that many beautiful pieces of jewelry had been photographed, and no doubt remained of the business which Chery and his accomplice had carried on. Greuze's place in the Rue de Vaugirard was searched and valuable gems were found. Chery made a confession, and many precious stones were recovered and restored to their owners. There is no doubt that the scheme was of Greuze's conceiving, and that Chery was too weak-minded to resist temptation. Greuze was sentenced to twenty years and Chery to fifteen, at hard labor.—Philadelphia News.

Horses versus Houses.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's palace (on Fifth avenue) is now understood to be for sale, but as yet no price has been announced, asserts a New York correspondent of the Utica Herald. If any reader, however, should make an offer of half a million it might be accepted, and even then it would be selling below cost. Why, the land cost \$385,000. When Cornelius selected this corner it was occupied by two elegant dwellings for which he paid the above sum, and then had them demolished in order to make room for the palace which was three years in construction. By the time he got fairly in occupation he became a heavy Wall street speculator, and no doubt hoped to make enough to pay for the palace. Instead of that, however, he only sunk a large part of his patrimony, and is now so deeply involved as to require the assistance of his father. The latter no doubt regrets having built a palace since this example probably led Cornelius into his extravagance. These Vanderbilt houses cost not less than \$2,000,000, and will be a long time before such an outlay will be equalled. What a difference in taste is displayed by another millionaire who stands alone in the ranks of wealth, at least in love of horses. This is no temporary fancy. Had this been the case it would have passed away. Thirty years have been sufficient to prove it to be a ruling passion. Bonner does not crave a palace like Vanderbilt, being satisfied to excel him in horse flesh. In this point, indeed, he has always astonished the public. When he paid \$10,000 for Lantern every one was astonished. That was twenty-five years ago, however, and since then he has invested a half million in the same manner. The interest on this investment is \$500 a week, and the cost of keeping the animals is an equal sum. Had Bonner been like Astor, he would have put his money into land, and (taking interest into consideration) he would in that case be richer by a million and a half. Had he been like Lenox, he would have invested in rare books and literary curiosities. Had he resembled Commodore Vanderbilt, he would have gone into stocks and become a power in Wall street. None of these things, however, moved him. He kept aloof from other attractions. He owns no stocks and no rare books, and only real estate sufficient for his own use. The horse is his passion, and he has shown the mastery of the latter to a degree unparalleled in the history of the turf. How strange that a man who began life in this city as a journeyman printer should thus, as Shakespeare says, "with the world with noble horsemanship."

War Statistics.

From official records of the war department, based on losses given, and the total number of men furnished by the States and Territories during the war, it appears that: Out of every sixty-five men, one man was killed in action. Out of every fifty-six men, one man died of wounds received in action. Out of every thirteen men, one man died of disease. Out of every nine men, one man died while in service. Out of every fifteen men, one man was captured or reported missing. Out of every ten men, one man was wounded in action. Out of every seven men captured, one died while in captivity.

A Peculiar Custom.

The Cape Verde islands are fourteen in number, and contain a population of eighty thousand. The manners and customs of the people have remained unchanged for years, which is natural enough, in view of the fact that the ruling principle of their lives is to live without work. A peculiar custom is noted by a recent visitor at the islands. His hostess was smoking a cigarette, when suddenly she drew it from her lips and offered it to him. Though somewhat startled, he accepted it with the best grace he could command, and upon subsequent inquiry found that it was considered among the islanders one of the greatest compliments a lady could pay to a gentleman.

OUR MERRY MISCELLANY.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Waiter's Blunder—Singular Tenacity of Life—Wouldn't Remove the Grip—Jake's Parrot, Etc. They did not often give dinner parties, says a contemporary, and never gave a large one; but at the little reunions to which they did invite their friends they liked everything the best. So, on the afternoon of one of their choice little feasts, the host summoned the boy-in-buttons and said: "Now, John, you must be very careful how you hand round the wine." "Yes, sir." "These bottles with the black seals are the best, and these with the red seal the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand around with the hock after soup. You understand—hock and inferior sherry after soup?" "Yes, sir, perfectly," said the boy-in-buttons. And the evening came, and the guests came, and everything was progressing admirably till the boy went round the table asking of every guest: "Hock or inferior sherry?" Everybody took hock.

Singular Tenacity of Life.

"How little it takes sometimes to kill a man, and then, again, what wonderful tenacity to life some men have," said the red-headed man who was reading the paper. "That's so," said the others. "Just listen," said the red-headed man; "here's a brakeman on the Nickel Plate road. The paper says: 'He fell in front of the car, which passed diagonally across his body, and lived.'" "Begosh, I knew a painter who fell off a church steeple and got well again," said the cross-eyed man. "I knowed a man shot a bullet through his heart and lived ten years," said the man who looked like a farmer. "There was a man in Salem, where I came from, that had four ton of rock fall on him, and he's alive yet," said the one armed man. "Y-a-a-s," said the red-headed man, "lemme see. Where was it? Oh—fell in front of the car, which passed diagonally across his body, and lived but a few moments."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Wouldn't Remove the Grip.

"Will you be kind enough to take that grip-sack off that seat?" said a countryman, who got on a train at Luling, Texas. "No, sir; I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer, who was sitting on the other side of the seat. "Do you say that you are going to let that grip-sack stay right there?" "Yes, sir; I do." "In case you do not remove that grip-sack I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor." "You can call in the conductor, the engineer and the brakemen if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station and send a special to old Jay Gould himself about it." "The conductor will put you off the train." "I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that grip-sack from that place where it is." The indignant passenger went through the train, and soon returned with the conductor. "So you refuse to remove that grip-sack?" do you, asked the conductor. "I do." Great sensation. "Why do you persist in refusing to remove that grip-sack?" "Because it is not mine." "Why didn't you say so at once?" "Because nobody asked me."—Siftings.

"Jake's" Parrot.

A Bush street barber has recently added to the interior decorations of his tonsorial symposium a large owl, whose Solomonic visage assists in wooing sunnolent delights, while the nimble blade is reaping its harvest. The other day a callow youth whose eyebrows are much more prolific in their growth than the hair upon his lip, and whose intellect is in an inverse ratio to his knowledge of cheap slang, entered the shop and spied the apothecary of wisdom upon the perch near the chief chair of torture. Deeming it a rare opportunity to be "funny" at the expense of the proprietor, who had recently lost his wife and was subject to fits of melancholy, the "fresh" young man proceeded to distribute his stock of "chaff" for the delectation of the occupants of the neighboring chairs. "Hello, Jake, where did y' ketch the bird?" Silence enveloped the shop like a funeral pall, and the barber went on shaving. Nothing daunted, Mr. Fresh moved a little closer to the perch, and after a careful survey thus delivered himself: "Why, the mark that stuffed that chromo couldn't stuff a sausage for me. Git onto them eyes; the're a couple of glass heads poked in there. Pipe the position of him. Who ever seen an owl in that posh?" He paused for a reply, but the painful stillness was only broken by the scraping of the steel, and "Jake" quietly went on shaving.

The case was getting desperate, and the youth saw the necessity of immediate and decisive action; so advancing toward the bird, with outstretched hand he said, almost plaintively: "Say, Jake, honest, now; get onto the way they've fixed the head of his nibs." But the lesson in taxidermy was never concluded, for as the aggressive hand reached the ruffled poll of the big-eyed bird there was a blink, a sweep and a snap, and "Jake's" pet sat quietly munch-

NEAR THE DAWNING.

When life's troubles gather darkly Round the way we follow here; When no hope the sad heart lightens, No voice speaks a word of cheer; Then the thought the shadows scatter, Giving us a cheering ray— When the night appears the darkest, Morning is not far away.

He Saw the Falls.

At the Falls of Montmorency, below Quebec, there is a hotel by the roadside where you pay twenty-five cents to a woman who can't talk English and in consideration of this sum you are allowed to see the falls. A young fellow paid just as I left the house to walk across the fields to the steps in front of the falls. He came running after me. He had walked all the way from Quebec—about nine miles—and now his impatience was getting the better of him. "You paid first," he said, "but would you mind my going down the steps ahead of you?" "Not at all," I said. "I guess, though, the steps are wide enough for two to go down."

"I suppose so, but I want to get there before a crowd comes. I hate a crowd. I want to enjoy the falls alone." "It is too late in the season for a crowd. I don't suppose anyone has been here for a month."

As we came to the long stairway he hopped merrily down, two stairs at a time. Suddenly his feet went out from under him and he went down the stair, which is very steep, in a sitting posture, giving a shriek every time he hit a new step. There were several platforms, but he shot over them with incredible swiftness in spite of all his efforts to stop, and at one time I thought nothing would save him from going right down into the current. However, he flung his arms around one of the railing supports and hung on there seemingly panic stricken till I reached him. I found that after the first few steps the rest had been covered with spray that had frozen and made every step as slippery as glass. It required a good deal of caution and a persistent clinging to the rail to get down in any other way than the somewhat hurried plan my new acquaintance had so thoughtlessly adopted. "You are too impatient," I said soothingly. "You shouldn't have done that. Do you think twenty-five cents pays for such wear and tear of the steps as you put them to. This is not a tobogganing slide you know."

"For heaven's sake," he cried, "how am I to get up again?" "I guess we'll both get up the same way. Hang on where you are and look at the falls."

"Falls!" he said in disgust. "I've had about five hundred separate and distinct falls. Falls enough to last me until next season. When I visit Montmorency again it will be in summer."

And with that he crawled up on his hands and knees, and I saw him no more.—Detroit Free Press.

The Gondollers of Venice.

The Venetian gondollers are a hardy, active, cheery set of men, civil and obliging, limbed like Greek statues and graceful as greyhounds. John of Bologna might have molded his incomparable Mercury from one of these lithe-limbed, sinewy oarsmen. Their fine development of form is due to their occupation, their habit of rowing standing, developing and exercising every muscle in the frame from throat to heel. As a class they are the cleanliest set of men to be found among the lower orders of Europe. The watery ways on which their days are spent send up no cloud of dust or dash of mud to sully their neat and picturesque attire. Their hands and faces, bronzed to as dusky a tint as the sun and the wind can impart to the human epidermis, and their crisp, curly dark locks, are as free from soil and as well kept as are those of any high-bred gentleman. The costume of a gondoller of the better class would be a handsome one to adopt for a fancy dress ball, since it is very characteristic, and yet simple and sufficiently in accordance with a gentleman's every-day suit to be worn without awkwardness. It consists of a loose double-breasted jacket of dark blue cloth with trousers to match. The jacket is closed with two rows of large, highly-polished brass buttons, and is bound around the edges and around the cuffs and collar and pockets with cloth of a blue, two shades lighter than the hue of the garment itself. A glazed sailor's hat, around the crown of which is passed a ribbon of the lighter shades of blue, with long floating ends, forms the headgear. Sometimes a felt hat, with a melon-shaped crown, the brim curving over the brow and at the back of the head, is adopted, but the ribbon is never absent. A sash of cloth, matching the jacket and trousers, and with long ends finished with wide worsted fringe, is tied around the waist, the ends falling at the left side. Sometimes the jacket is piped with red, or with the same dark blue as the cloth whereof it is composed; but the style I have just described is the most usual, and is also the prettiest. It opens at the throat, showing a collar and white necktie, both scrupulously clean, as are also the white cuffs visible beneath the loose sleeves, the linen being coarse in quality, but of snowy whiteness.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

There are 50,000 skating rinks in this country. On an average there are six falls a day in each rink, this makes a total of 300,000 falls a day throughout the country, or 1,800,000 falls a week. In the face of this showing the fall of Adam dwindles into insignificance. But the true American is by no means dismayed by these statistics. On the contrary, he exclaims: Oh, my country, with all thy falls I love thee still.—Boston Courier.

NEAR THE DAWNING.

When life's troubles gather darkly Round the way we follow here; When no hope the sad heart lightens, No voice speaks a word of cheer; Then the thought the shadows scatter, Giving us a cheering ray— When the night appears the darkest, Morning is not far away.

When adversity surrounds us, And our sunshine friends pass by, And the dreams so fondly cherished With our scattered treasures lie; Then amid such gloomy seasons This sweet thought can yet be drawn: When the darkest hour is present It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit fluttering lingers On the confines of this life, Parting from all joyful memories, And from every scene of strife, Though the scene is sad and gloomy, And the body shrinks in fear, These dark hours will soon be vanished, And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot affect us always, Brighter days will soon be here, Sorrow may oppress us often, Yet a happier time is near; All along our earthly journey This reflection lights our way; Nature's darkest hour is always Just before the break of day.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The lay of the song birds—Eggs. "A piece of lemon bound upon a corn will cure it." A sort of a lemon-aid, as it were.—Graphic.

Domestic pursuits—Chasing the man of the house with a broomstick.—Burlington Free Press.

There is only one thing sadder than death, and that is a seat in a theatre behind a four-story hat.—Boston Post.

It is impossible for leopards to escape when once in confinement, for they are always "spotted."—Merchant-Traveler.

"Yes," said the dueling, as he gathered himself up, "the hardest thing about roller skating is the floor."—Life.

The skating rinks should make a deal of money. The patrons come down handsomely every night.—Boston Transcript.

There are certain social grades in every rank of life. Even the poor fisherman is obliged to draw the line somewhere.—Boston Courier.

"All is not gold that glitters," observed the philosopher, just after he had absent-mindedly picked up a red-hot horse-shoe.—Londet Citizen.

"Man is born to rule the world," says a philosopher. Woman is born to rule man. No philosopher says this, but it is a fact nevertheless.—Graphic.

It is much harder work for a man to care for his children an hour and a half while his wife is at church than to run a fox all day.—Waterloo Observer.

A Southern woman has in use a rolling-pin bought when she was married sixty-one years ago. Her husband has evidently behaved himself.—Call.

"A talking machine has just been invented in Vienna," says an exchanger. The dickens you say! Why, we married one ten years ago!—Newman Independent.

Clear down to vegetation's roots The solar warms now reaches, And girls are trimming bathing suits For mashing at the beaches.—Boston Courier.

An exchange says: "How shall we prevent mice from gnawing the bark off fruit trees?" Kill the mice, of course. A dead mouse never gnaws bark.—Graphic.

It is scientifically estimated that if all the "champion" roller skaters in America should stand up in a row, there wouldn't be people enough left to count them.—Savannah News.

Now the faithful funny writer Among the dust of ages pokes, For the summer's work preparing—Resurrecting base-ball jokes.—St. Paul Herald.

When the man told his landlady she fed him wooden biscuits, she didn't get mad, oh, no, she smiled and told him board was so cheap that—but the story is too sad to conclude.—Merchant-Traveler.

A New York circus is advertising for the second year a sacred white elephant. An animal that can keep the company of circus men for a year and remain sacred must certainly be a curiosity worth crawling under the tent to see.—Statesman.

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.

The other day a Newark physician, who suspected that some one was peeping through the keyhole of his office door, investigated with a syringe full of pepper sauce. He found his wife, half an hour afterward, with a bandage over her left optic. She told him that she had been cutting wood and a chip had hit her in the eye.—Courier-Journal.

A BOARDING HOUSE ANGEL. Tall and slender And dressed in blue, A fair creature I never knew. Her golden tresses A misty shawl, And, like an aureole, Crowned her head. That sweet soft light in Her azure eyes She must have brought from Her native skies. She's an angel surely, But it makes me sigh To see her sitting Such chunks of pie.—Boston Courier.