

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22. 1885.

We isughed to see the whirling snow And hear the raging tempest blow: We recked not of the icy blast, Nor how the storm came wild and fast-

THEN AND NOW,

Our hearts had sunny woather: Nor snow, nor hail, nor wild winds moan, Could chill the glow around them thrown, For then we were together. Oh, sweetest word-together!

I tread, in golden summer hours, A pathway through a land of flowers, Beneath the blue of peaceful skies, With weary feet and tear-dimmed eyes;

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I care no longer whether The days be bright or dark, nor how The lonely time goes by, for now We walk no more together,

Ah, never more together. -Anna C. Bowser, in the Current.

"MISS FORBES'" FORGERY.

Old Captain Jonathan Forbes was tearing through the village in a state of pitiable excitement toward his neat, comfortable little cottage. A cottage vinc-clad, flower surrounded, tree-shaded, and tended and cherished as few homes are in country or city.

The captain had been a hard worker The captain had been a hard worker ontil within the last five years; then at the age of sixty he had "given up the sea," bought the cottage, deposited all his earnings in a city bank, said to be as sound as sound could be, and with his dear old wife and his invalid sister had acttled down to what promised to be a very comfortable old age. In younger years the captain had been rather a spendthrift, inclined to profanity, following the deplorable habit of sailors in general and swearing roundly when things did not work to his satisfaction. But his extreme kindheartedness, also a distinguished trait of the average sailor, had won the love of a good, plous woman; and under her influence, the captain had grown provident and saving ; he also had given up the use of profane

form of expletive he must upon occasion, so it had become a habit with him ander strong pressure to blurt out the name or names of the first places occurring to him at such times; and the more wide apart and incongruous the mating of ports or places, the better it answered his purpose.

And now as he went rushing pell mell through the fragrant country roads, he

do! I'm a beggar man and worse than a beggar man! Now, if I'd only a list-ened to Miss Forbes' advice, and not a gone and chucked all my savin's in one

of it! and there her brother, a merchant Mrs. Forbes was as bright and joyous as of fifty years' standin', would ha' given a young girl, her round, dumplinglike as that rascally bank,

the Lord will provide, somehow."

"I'll have to sell the cottage," continued the captain, despondingly. But don't you go to worryin', Cynthy; Miss Forbes and I, we'll look out that you get cared for, we won't either on us forget how you struggled and brought me up. wicked little imp as I was, too. How in the world did you ever have such patience, Cynthy?

"It was perhaps the hundredth time he had asked the same question and only to receive the same comforting re-

ply: "Oh, I knew there was good in you somewhere, brother, and it would only take time and patience and plenty of prayer to bring it out, and sure enough. Two more days must elapse before

Mrs. Forbes would return from the city, and it was both pitiable and laughable to note the conflicting emotions with which her worthy but troubled spouse anticipated her appearance.

"Of course she'll know all about the failure and our losses," he said to his sister, repeatedly. "So, thank his sister, repeatedly. "So, thank fortune, we shan't have to tell her about it, but I should think she'd hurry home on that very account now, shouldn't you?

"Well, I suppose she thinks she might

said the captain the afternoon of the day his wife was expected home. By this time the poor man's anxiety and forebodings were truly painful to witness.

"Now, Jonathan, that's downright naughty of you," said Miss Cynthy, "as if Maria would desert in trouble of all times."

At last the stage coach stopped at the cottage door, but somehow, the captain could not go out, as expected to greet his wife, longed for as she had been.

He stood peeping through the blinds anguage. But give vent to his feelings in some orm of expletive he must upon occa-on, so it had become a habit with him emotion.

"Oh, Cinthy, she doesn't know a thing about it. I know she doesn't. She's a smilin' and a noddin' to the driver, an' her face is as peaceful as the coral isles, and poor Miss Forbes don't know, I know she don't."

But he could hold off no longer, his wife ejaculated with distressing vehemence: was at the door, and the next moment "Jerusalem and Troy! What shall we had entered the room, given him a lovwas at the door, and the next moment

place, I shouldn't a been caught in such miserable tight place as this!" nounced supper, and although the cap-tain sat with the most lugubrious face "Egypt and Cape Cod! Just to think imaginable, yet throughout the meal, us within one per cent. as much interest face and figure shaking with laughter at But there! I the queer stories she had to tell, and the long to get home and tell Cynthy all amusing reminiscences of her journey. After tea, when they were sitting true as gold when once they were fasshe do! Wish to mercy Miss Forbes cosily together, the husband, wife, and tened. William Rawlings was the hapsister, Captain Forbes felt that at last his

must do the best we can. You mustn't who did suffer from the bursting of the worry on my account, brother, you know bank, while the captain often declares with characteristic vehemence, that when they take business matters into their hands. Heavons and earth! if they ain't."-Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever.

The Mind Cure.

Boston's latest craze, mind cure, has appeared in New York, says a writer in the Brooklyn *Eagle*. No less than three of the disciples of the new system have moved to New York, and two of them have set up gorgeous establishments up town. They all use the prefix "doctor before their names, and their establishments are run in every way like those of prosperous physicians of the old school. One of them, on Madison avenue, is reaping a harvest. He charges \$3 a visit, has a handsome brougham, a liveried man in the hall, and all the other accessories of a fashionable doctor of medicine. These men are rapidly building up a beom in the line of quackery. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the novelist, who has written one good novel, "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and one weak play, "Esmeralda," and gained considerable fame thereby, is the most prominent convert the mind cure people ever had. They have been using Mrs. Burnett's name ever since she was cured or converted by them as a sort of trade mark, and, as the general opinion among women seems to be that whatever cures Mrs. Burnett must be efficacious, the mind cure people find the use of the novelist's name very profitable. I called on the Madison avenue men just to see what the much talked of mind cure was. In the first place the man was as arrant and transparent a fraud as I have ever met. He was a long-bearded, hollow-eyed and affected creature who could not talk gramatically, or express two ideas consecutively in anything like an intelligible manner. He not only does not know how he cures people-if he does cure them-but he also has not formulated any theory by which he can account for his assurance in accepting money from people for aleged services rendered. He sat Napoleon in a chair, while he talked to me in the most pompous and stagey manner, and spoke somewhat as follows: "in the-a-first place it is a matter of somewhat extreme difficultness to account for my treatments. Firstly, disease doesn't exist. If a man has a boil it is because he thinks he ought to have it, and not because he really has it. I devote my intensest mental activity to bear on that man's mind and that cures his mind of the delusion, which is that he really has got a boil. After his mind has been cured this here boil of his cures itself." If this is a fair specimen of the mind cure disciples of Boston, I am rather surprised at the extent of the craze there. The mind cure business is the silliest humbug of all the forms of quackery that flourish in New York.

One Woman Tries Nine Husbands.

Cynthia Boardman was a girl of loving disposition and her affections were \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

flaunt their great wealth in the faces of

"Economy is wealth." They are not

How Clay Won a Picture.

school as a boy at college near Ashland,

Gallatin, John Quincy Adams and myself

were there making the treaty, and Mr.

Gallatin and myself took chances in a

picture raffle. My prize turned out to be

knowvery much, but I could see at a

glance that his picture was far better

than mine, and that I should be laughed

at if we took the pictures home and com-

parisons were made. I saw that I must

get hold of Gallatin's pictures, and I

said to him: 'Mr. Gallatin, these two

pictures were made to match each other,

and the man who has one ought to have

both. Now I will tell you what I will

do. 1 will put my picture against yours

and we will play a game of cards for them. The man who wins shall take

"'Mr. Gallatin thought a moment.

Henry Clay's hearty laugh now and see

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, went to

They are

A QUEER RELIGIOUS SECT. dren of the people who work for the so-ciety. Thus they live day after day MILLIONAIRES WHO HAVE NEVER HANDLED A CENT OF MONEY.

The Pennsylvania "Economites"-A Society of About Thirty Members with Wealth of \$100,000,000.

One of the most remarkable and eccentric of all the religious sects to the last survivor passes away no one outwhich the fruitful social soil of this side of a small circle knows. ountry has given birth is that of the a living monument to the old adage that Economites, who are located in this State, says a Pittsburg (Penn.) letter. The miserly or uncharitable. No tramp ever Economite society is possessed of great passes Economy hungry. The poor of wealth; some assert it reaches \$100,000, the vicinty only speak to bless the plain 000. At the present day there are not more than thirty Economites. They are all aged, and in all probability ten years ness. will find them gathered to their fathers. In the last two years there have been twelve deaths. The houses at Economy are of the plainest, built gable end to Modern wall paper is now the residence of Henry Clay, and he dethe street. on nearly every house, but all else is scribed the other night a visit which a

lady of seventy-eight years, but looks no of the talk he asked us what we thought more that sixty. In her younger days of his pictures. There was a number, she was very accomplished, and to this some paintings and some engravings, day she furnishes all the church music. hanging upon the walls in different parts She was a beautiful singer and her voice of the room. We finally decided upon is yet musical and sweet. In her house one, the picture of a woman holding a she has a little mahogany workstand and bowl of steaming mush in her hand as sideboard that belonged to J. G. Blaine's father. She also has two pianos that are over fifty years old. They have four pedals instead of two, like the modern makes. One pedal will give the tone of an organ. They are fine toned and in

stocked with modern and ancient flowers. A high stone wall, covered here and there with ivy, fences it in. In the center, rising out of a lovely lake, is a high summer house, decorated with mar-ble vases holding beautiful plants. In knew very little about art, and I did not this the band plays once every week. To the left is a large round mound, built of rough stones, over which climb a variety of vines. A back door leads into around room, beautifully frescoed. Set around in this are four immense stones, on each

GEORGE RAFP, Founder of the Harmony Society Born 1757, died 1847. Harmony, Pa., 1805; Harmony, Ind., 1815. Economy, 1825.

When Mr. Rapp settled here he bought both pictures, and you may name the some property from Mr. Blaine, father of game. James G. The old Blaine homestead is still standing, and was used not long consented, and said "seven up," and," since for a school room. In the center continued Senator Beck, "I can hear of one orchard of twenty-five acres is a his smile of intense merriment as he concluded. As soon as Gallatin said "seven up" I knew I had him. He knew large mound, where, after the French and Indians had a battle, the braves were buried together with many valuables. Mr. Rapp never allowed this to but little about cards, and I was one of be disturbed, and now Mr. Henrici sees the best seven-up players in Kentucky. The result was as I had anticipated, and letter. The mound is held sacred, and I got the picture."- Cleveland Leader. still holds its secret. Many beautiful

flowers at present are planted on it. Near by, in the orchard, is the Economite A minister of the graphel in Western

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one year 10 00 Two Squares, one year 15 00 Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in

Job work-cash on delivery.

THE STORM. peacefully, quietly, religiously, prepar-ing themselves to meet the God whom Ye hills and dales and rocks of ages,

Ye mighty lakes and oouncress seas, they faithfully believe in. They do not And tempest dread, which grandiny rages O'er hearts oppressed with fler'ee accrees; the deserving and struggling poor; neither do they count their gold like misers. What will become of it all when

Proclaim from whence, ye powers stupendous, Proclaim from whence your terrors roar, Lashing the world with thews tremendous Dashing mad seas from shore to shore.

My soul is wrapt in stygtan wonder O'er lurid bursts and tongues of fire, As demons rend the vault asunder With rumblings vast and thund'rings ride

Now madly sweeps the wiid tornado, With lightning on his streaming hair; Now sovereign swells the fell cruzado Along the wing'd cimmerian air.

frebus black outpours his legions, Convolving on the lightning's beat, Then plunging into godless regions, To gambol in the rolling heat.

The North and West in awe augmenting A huge Colossus rears his form. And, to the furies mad consenting, He lifts the floodgates of the storm.

My life takes wing and upward charges The demons red to battle's wage; Valor the bounds of earth enlarges, . And high transcends the fury's rage

from center wild to whiriing border The furies reek and rush in pain; While teems the spheres in crazed disoruce, Till hells are quenched in torrent rain.

Without the cross theirs no apprizement In sun or sky, on land or sea; Like man, all things need God's chastisement* To Him all worlds must bend the knee. -Hugh Farrar MoDermatt.

HUMOR OF THE .DAY.

Home rulers-women.

Onc-legged orators are always successul on the stump .- Siftings.

A wooden wedding-Marrying a blockead. - Gorham Mountainee

A forger should always write a runaing hand .- Boston Transcript.

An egg that gives birth to a rooster cannot properly be called a hen's egg. The man who delights to get up with the lark

Is nover seen out upon one after dark. —Beston Courier. A camel sometimes lives to the age of 100 years. No wonder he has a hump on his back .- Boston Budget.

A Kansas man has been fined \$10 for smiling in church. Kansas is a prohibition State this year. - Graphic.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of boots and ao mud puddle.—Chicago Ledger.

Arkansaw has an agricultural organi-zation known as the Wheel. Its members are constitutionally tired .- Chicago

A Northern paper praises the Indian hair restorer. He is a fraud. No Indian was ever known to restore any hair .--Texas Siftings.

ancient. Rug carpet is mostly used, and everything is spotlessly clean. Miss Rapp, the daughter of the founder, is still living in Economy. She with smiles, and every boy in the party founder, is still living in Economy. She with smiles, and every boy in the party is a beautiful, silvery-haired, blue-eyed was straightway his friend. In the course

is yet musical and sweet. In her house

good repair. The old fashioned garden is well

of which is inscribed :

about it. Poor Cynthy, whatever will wasn't out o' town; dread tellin' her awfully. Point Judith and Hurl's Gate, if time had come, so summoning all his I don't !"

But the captain had reached the cot- at calmness. tage, and swinging wide the gate, he hurried up the gravelly path, and soon placid, Christian sister sat knitting. Both feet were bound about and placed on a high footrest, as rheumatism in a Forbes a confirmed invalid, and often an intense sufferer.

brother mopping his warm and dis- thank a kind, merciful, Heavenly tressed looking face, she looked up with Father, it ain't hurt us any." anxious solicitude.

"Sing Sing and Bambay, Cynthy!" he arst out. "Tm a ruined man if ever burst out. there was one! What do you think? The L- bank has bursted and carried with it every cent we have in the world !'

"Why, brother, that's too hard. Can it be true?"

"True as the world ! It's town talk! it. There's the greatest crowd up at the could draw it without my order." postoffice; there can't anybody think of talking of anything else at all. Some laugh. others ruined besides me, all because the president of the bank was brought right up here and all thought him the very soul o' honor, confound him !"

"Now, don't, brother," said Miss Cynthy, soothingly. "Perhaps it won't be as bad as you think. May be there's something saved." "Well, Turkey and Boston!" roared

the captain, "if there is, we never shall see the first cent of it."

Then he continued in a different tone, a tone full of distress and regret :

"Oh, Cynthy, why don't they think of us poor tellows who've toiled night and day to scrape together a little something against old age? Why don't they think of the poor widows? There's poor Widow Ellis most distracted, and old lame Captain Simpson, he's round a roarin' like a furious nor'easter. Why don't they think of us all, I say, before they go to speculatin' and sinkin' the little funds we have to set such store by and become so dependent on. I say it's inhuman, it's out o' all reason, it's worse'n swearin', ten times, Billingsgate and Carthage, if it ain't !!

you," said Miss Cynthy, again using her Forbes at once wrote to her old acmost consoling tones. Maria's gone to the city, but her week's confessing the whole transaction and most up, and I know she'll say some- asking what she should do. thing comforting when she comes.'

"She'd do just right to storm like a hurricane," said the poor captain; "course she won't say the fust word to vex me. Miss Forbes never does, but if I'd | the engulfing ruin of the bank's collapse. a listened to her, we might a been comfortable enough.

14.6

"My dear, there's awful news."

"Now, the little black kitty ain't dead entered the cool sitting-room, where his or any of the chickens, I hope," said Mrs. Forbes.

"Mercy, no!" Then as gently as possible, the captain broke the disastrous severe form rendered Miss Cynthy tidings, how the bank had broke, and Pennsylvania, and again is she snapped they had lost all.

"Law, yes. I knew it had broke." At sight of her usually unperturbed said Mrs. Forbes, complacently. "But "Why, what do you mean?" gasped

the captain, fearing her senses had deserted her at the news; "all we had was there, wife."

"I'd drawed it all out three days afore up as a general reminder of the fate in the smash came. Brother William has store for the unfortunate man who should it all safely invested in his business."

'Why, but Maria, you could't draw I deposited that money, no one

"Well, now, do you think, Johnny Forbes, I've lived with you all these years without bein' able to write ex- quirer.

ctly like you? I never did approve of your money bein' in that bank, all and William didn't, so I just writ out an order an' endorsed it. I had your book along, had an idee once in the city I might want it, so I just got the money as slick as could be, an' its all safe an sound. I didn't tell William that the hand held for a few minutes in that."

But Captain Forbes was regarding his wife with distended eyes. Finally he roared in true sailor fashion.

"Honolulu and all the Gulf States!" Why, Miss Forbes, that's forgery."

"What's forgery?" asked his sleek, contented wife.

'Why, coppin' my hand writin'. Didn't you know that?"

"Sakes, no; I wouldn't a done wrong for all the money in the world! But how long since you and I have been two, Jack Forbes, I should like to know?"

When at last she became convinced "Well, now, I'd calm down if I were of her innocent wrong doings, Mrs. "It's too bad quaintance, the president of the bank,

But the conscience stricken man replied, that grave as the mistake might have been under other circumstances, he was yet only too glad that they were saved Mrs. Forbes always speaks regretfully of having done a wrong deed, although

Strange such trouble should come the unwittingly and for the best. But with been away for a week. But there, we tain help to their utmost ability those them are graduates of eastern solleges.

py man who first led Cynthia to the altar a blushing bride. A mule killed Mr. Rawlings. His relict then married time had come, so summore effort dr. Rawlings. His relict then married Henry Ladd. He was drowned. Making a visit to Pennsylvania she was snapped up by Mr. Henderson. He Returning to Ohio, her native died. place, she became Mrs. Johnson. He died. Mrs. Johnson then took Mr. Dixon. He died. Again the widow goes to up; this time by Mr. Maybury, and they move to Indiana. The ague killed him. The much-tried widow returns to Ohio, where Henry Ladd, a brother of her second husband, married her. He died. She now takes a rest for four years, and then becomes Mrs. Tipton. He died. She now went on her farm and proceeded to ornament her house with the portraits "No, 'twasn't," she answered placidly. of her lamented dead, and hung them next marry her. She next married Mr. Dver, a frail man, who was not as ropu lar as some of her other husbands; "but," she said, apologetically, "I was "Mrs. Forbes broke into a rippling gettin' too old to be perticular, an' I took him. George ain't overly stout, and I reckon his pictur'll soon go along with the rest of 'em."-Cincinnati En-

The Dead Sea of the West.

The famous Dead Sea of the West, Mono lake, situated in Mono County, California, is thus described by a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle: Its water is so strongly impregnated with alkalies it will crack open and the skin will be eaten off. No living thing exists in it, though it is said that often, after strong winds have blown across its surface, there is a layer of worms several feet. wide on its leeward shore. It cleanses cloth dipped in it almost instantly, and if they are not as speedily removed does worse. Its shores are barren, bleak and lonely in the extreme, bordered by a soil that will grow nothing but the scrubblest of sage-brush. In the prosperous times of Bodie a steamer plied on the lake, but it is now laid up in ordinary. The length of the lake is about thirty miles and its greatest width about eighteen miles. Seen from this magnificent point, surrounded by the fgreat walks of Bloody Canyon, it is one of the noblest views on earth, but at the same time it only proves to one who has been about its shores and toiled across the deserted and sandy interval to the welcome toot of the Sierra, with even no better way across than the Bloody Canyon, that truly "distance leads enchantment to the view."

A Texan, who has lived for years first time in a dozen years or more she's generous hands, both she and the cap. among the cowboys, says that many of

graveyard. Side by side the dead sleep Ohio, who was long engaged in home in peace. No gaudy stones, no flowers, simply covered with the bright grass. There are many men and maidens

hired to do the work. These, of course, live together, but the unmarried are not allowed to flirt with each other. If two are seen talking or walking together, or if they marry they are immediately sent If a man smokes in the town away. If a man smokes in the town timits he is discharged. Whisky and beer are strictly forbidden. If any citizen wishes to go out of town, or, in fact, wishes to do anything, he must first ask permission of Mr. Henrici or Miss Rapp. Groceries, dry goods, milk, bread and meat are furnished at stated intervals in any quantity desired-milk twice a day, meat once, bread three times, etc. The members of the society-with the exception of the managers-never handle any money as they have no need for it. Many would not know a piece of money if they should see it, never having handled a penny in their lives, and yet each is worth at least \$1,000,000. The washing for every family in the town is taken to the laundry, where hired help handles

At five A. M., they breakfast, at six the bell rings for them to go to work, at ten o'clock they have lunch, consisting of bread, butter, cheese, meat and cider; twelve to one is dinner hour, three o'clock lunch again, and 6:30 supper. At nine P. M. the bell rings and every one must go to bed. Nine watchmen nightly guard the town and enforce the rules of the society, which visitors must observe.

The church is built of brick, and supports a large bell and two town clocks. Straightbacked, uncushioned benches hold the congregation. At each side, directly opposite, are raised rostrums, one for the pulpit, the other for the choir. Mr. Henrici preaches about an hour overy Sunday morning and evening. Nearly thirty young people compose the choir, over which the venerable Miss Rapp presides at the organ.

The clothing worn is made perfectly full gallop, - Globe-Democrat. plain. The dresses consist of a gathered skirt, plain waist, full sleeves and a square kerchief across the breast. The best of silks and woolens used to be manstand silent and deserted now. The hired help does not take interest enough in the work to insure success.

Everything is raised in abundance. comes a drunkard here, and a quarrel spoken.

Mr. Henrici has built a schoolhouse, and pays a teacher to instruct the chil-

A minister of the gospel in Western missionary work, writes the New York Evangelist of the way in which he used to get about his field of labor:

"It has been my lot to occupy a home missionary field nearly all my ministerial life for about forty years. When I first came to Western Ohio we had no railroads, but a plenty of woods, swales and mud. My mode of traveling to my appointments was uniformly on horseback. On my field in Western and Northwestern Ohio, I have ridden on horseback more than 50,000 miles. For several years I occupied a field which required me to travel in going and returning, as follows: One twenty-four miles, another forty miles, another fifty-two miles, another seventy miles. And for the first eighteen years of my ministerial life I, failed but two Sabbaths to meet my regular appointments. My salary never exceed over \$500 per year, and probably did not average more than \$430 per year. I have cause for thankfulness in believing that the Lord made me useful in building up His kingdom.

A Place Where Women Rule.

Among the dependencies of Holland there is a remarkable little State which, in its constitution and original costume of its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights. In the Island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, is the kingdom of Bantnam, which, although tributary to Holland, is an independent State. The sovereign, is, indeed, a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The king is entirely dependent upon his State council. The highest authorities. military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. The Amazons ride in the masculine style wearing sharp steel points instead of They carry a pointed lance, spurs. which they spring very gracefully, and

also a musket, which is discharged at

Gold Found Everywhere.

It has long been well understood that gold is the most universally distributed ufactured at Economy, but the factories of metals, being found in all parts of the world, but most readers will probably members are too old to work, and the be surprised at a statement recently made by Professor A. E. Foote, of Philadel-phia, to the effect that there is more gold

in the clay under the city of Philadeland the large wine cellars of the thrifty phis than would equal the entire valucommunity contain over 50,000 gallons ation of the city. In 1812 men made of the best article. Some of the choicest sixty cents a day washing the sands near wines are fully fifty years old. Last year Chester, on the Delaware river, where 500 barrels of eider were made. It is | William Penn first landed, and quite redrank instead of water. No one ever be- cently several dollars' worth of gold in grains were taken from a well 150 feet has never occurred or a cross word deep within twenty miles of Philadel-

A health journal says you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well, also, to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

Tell us not in mournful numbers Sorrow came by eating apples, 'Tis the man who eats cucumbers Who with keenest anguish grapples. —Boston Courier.

"In certain parts of Minnesota one can travel 100 miles and find no one but Swedes," remarks an exchange. The same thing, we believe, has been noticed in Sweden .- New Yerk Graphic. Miss Corson makes a business of in-

structing people how to roast a chicken. This is the easiest part of it. How to get the chicken to roast is generally the question that agitates the public mind most.-Siftings.

Coddlepate used to rave over Miss Gurligurl's hyacynthine curls. Since he has discovered that they are fastened on with hairpins he has chosen a new floral emblem, and now calls them lie-locks .--Boston Transcript.

Inquisitive offspring (to fond father) "Papa, what is the meaning of 'Trala-la, la,' in the song I am learning?" Fond father (perplexed for a moment, but recovering)—"It means, my child, the same as 'fol-de-rol-lol' in the song you have already learned." Offspring silent, but not edified .- New York Independent.

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUST. The seventeen-year locust comes Up smiling in the West, And as he hugs himself he hung And alaps his holiow che Then merrily He shouts with glee Lucil co for the cate I will go for the cats, I will fatten on ryc And will warble by roles In this wheat by and by." —New York Journal,

Lightning Rods for Human Beings.

Mr. P. B. Delany, of this city, inventor of the wonderful synchronous telegraph system, has recently patented a lightning rod for the human body. H consists of a large copper wire that passes down the back, with branches extending along the arms to the hands, and along the legs to the exterior of the shoes and to metal soles thereon. The wearer if provided with this rod may, if standing on the ground, handle electrie light wires with impunity; and if out in a thunder-storm, would stand a good chance of not being hurt if his rod were struck by lightning. Mr. Delaney ought to carry a branch of his rod up the back of the neck, and have it connect with a point on thehelmet of the policemen, and so give them protection, It has heretofore been proposed to have lightning rod umbrellas, that is to say, an umbrella provided with a flexible wire that extends from the tip or fer. rule over the outside of the umbrelis. the wire reaching to and allowed to trail on the ground.-Scientific American.

phin - Scientific American.