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THE MARCH OF THE CHILDREN

List to the sound of the drumming!
Gayly the children are coming!
Sweet as the smile of a fairy;
Fresh as the blossoms they carry;
Pride of the parents who love them;
Pure as the azure above them;
Free as the winds that caress them;
Bright as the sunbeams that bless them.

List to the voice-echoes ringing!
Sweeter than birds they are singing!
Thoughts that to virtue invite them
Wed unto airs that delight them;
Truths that their future will cherish,
Soul-planted, never to perish!
Only to senses completer
Heaven's choicest music were sweeter.

Virtue unconscious, and pretty,
Walks through the streets of the city,
See the gay banners flying!
Mottos and titles undying!
Truths, dearly hallowed and olden,
Braided in strands that are golden;
Words for the spirit's inspiring;
Sentences sweetly desiring.

When, in a voice of carressing,
Christ gave the children His blessing,
'Twas not for one generation,
But for each epoch and nation.
So through the present it lingers,
Shed from His beautiful fingers;
So unto those it is given—
Types of the angels in heaven.

—Will Carlton, in Bazar.

IN THE TUNNEL.

The railroad station known as Glen Cove is one of the dreariest this side of that final abode said to be extremely sultry, where all presidents, directors, and other railroad officials, more especially ticket agents, fetch up and finish their labors. Were it not so hard on Magby Junction, I should say Glen Cove was the Magby Junction of America. Indigestion is kept there, like field ammunition in the quartermaster's department, to serve out at a moment's notice to hungry and insane passengers, and it is safe, for the trains carry away the sufferers to die in other localities.

One hot, sunny day in midsummer I found myself anticipating the punishments due for sins and shortcomings in this world by waiting for an eastern-bound train long overdue, as if the trains, like passengers, disliked approaching the depot at which I suffered.

A surly telegrapher, also ticket agent, who shot insults and tickets through a hole at people, told me after an hour's cross-examination that was very cross, that my train had brought up in a cornfield, and I could not possibly get away by rail before midnight.

Now, what to do with myself from the noon of this information to the noon of a night was a question that sorely perplexed me. I had no books, no papers, no anything to relieve the dull monotony of that awful time.

I wandered listlessly about the dirty frame and platform. Both were hot enough to roast potatoes in the shade. I gazed on—nay, I studied all the colored bills, giving picturesque views of various towns, and telling in assorted type the advantages each had over the other—the only bit of amusement I had, and it was very mild. I found in guessing at the missing letters of a bill which read "Rough line to Chicago," some scamp had cut out the initial "th" when the bill had originally read "Through line to Chicago."

While upon the platform gazing at an accommodation train just in, that was awaiting its conductor leisurely getting orders from the telegrapher, I was attracted by a noisy crowd of men and boys, gathered about a young fellow whose face indicated the idiotic condition that originated their entertainment.

He was a tall, broad shouldered, well formed youth, and well dressed for one in his condition. But he had his clothes half buttoned, in the loose, reckless manner of one of his class, while his face, without its intellectual outlook, was regular in feature, and one could see, had there been a brain back of it, would have been eminently handsome. As anxiety and care had ceased writing its record of age upon his face, it was difficult to tell his age. He had the form of a man and the face of a child.

"It's the opinion of this crowd, Len," said the blacksmith to the idiot, "that you can beat that locomotive in a race from here to the tunnel, and we have bet \$10,000 on it."

The poor fellow's dead face lit up with an expression of delight, so pitiable that it would have disarmed any other crowd than the one engaged in chaffing him. He gazed wistfully at the huge locomotive that stood hissing in the hot sun as if wrathful at the delay, and then he turned to the cruel crowd as if the suggestion was slowly working its way through his poor crippled brain.

"Go in, Len," cried one of the crowd, "we've got our money on you, and you're bound to win."

"We'll give you fifty yards the start. You keep on the track," cried the blacksmith, "and the thing can't pass you."

I could scarcely believe these scoundrels were in earnest, when the surly engineer gave the last bang to his noisy bell, exploded a short snort from the locomotive in the way of warning, and to my astonishment I saw the idiot throwing off his coat, start down the track ahead of the train. Fortunately the engineer caught sight of the poor fellow, and checking the speed of the locomotive, began ringing him off the track. This was responded to by the idiot bawling out with great glee: "Come on with your old ten-kettle," and the brutal crowd cheered, and roared with laughter.

The crowd, keeping along with the grain, cheered lustily, and the lunatic

"spurred" as they say in a boat race—that is, shot ahead and exhibited considerable power as a racer by the speed with which he got over the ground. The engineer, infuriated at the delay, put on speed and rattled after. But he was upon a down grade, and fearful of overtaking the unfortunate, he almost immediately put on the brakes and checked up again.

By this time heads were thrust out of windows and the platforms crowded by passengers whose excitement became noisy and intense as they discovered that it was a human being instead of a cow that impeded their progress. As for the idiot, he paused only long enough to indulge in a jeering laugh and a gesture that was more irritating than decent.

The crowd of brutal loafers that exhibited more industry in accompanying the race on this occasion than they had probably manifested in making an honest living for a year previous, went tearing along each side of the locomotive, laughing, shouting, cheering on the idiot, while hurling all sorts of exasperating epithets at the engineer, who by this time, was nearly blind with rage.

At this moment the conductor made his appearance, and crawling out upon the tender, began throwing lumps of coal at the boy, as the engineer, putting on steam, drew near the poor fellow.

Fortunately the conductor's aims were not well taken, for had the young man been knocked down the locomotive would have undoubtedly run over him.

From this the rough autocrat of the train desisted, for the idiot's backers, with an American sense of fair play that animates even the roughest of our brutes, began pelting the conductor with stones, each pebble sent with the accuracy of a rifle shot. He retreated hurriedly to the engine house, where he rubbed his person in a comical way with one hand while with the other he assuaged his wrath by a furious ringing of the bell. The engineer seconded his efforts by letting off short shrieks and keeping the locomotive frightfully close upon the heels of the wretched youth.

Having begun life with a strange disposition to take upon myself the ills of others, and finding such practice extremely unpleasant and useless, I have gradually trained myself into the other extreme, and generally bear the misfortunes of my friends with a philosophical indifference that is very comical. On this occasion, however, I forgot my cynicism and found myself running under that broiling sun, shaking my fist, with my heart in my mouth, at the conductor, and demanding in the most authoritative manner that he stop the train.

From the depot to the tunnel was about a mile; to accomplish this distance the train and idiot occupied some twenty minutes. The passengers, crowded at windows and on the platforms, took as lively an interest in the affair as the entire population of Glen Cove that accompanied the train and backed the idiot. It was a godsend to the passengers, and they expressed their satisfaction by the liveliest betting and cheers, first for the locomotive and then for its strange competitor.

It was neck and neck between life and the locomotive. A false step, a stumble, and the huge mass of roaring, throbbing iron would have gone crushing over the frail body of the man, who so strangely improved its progress. And such result was imminent; for the poor fellow, exhausted by excitement and over exertion, staggered at times, and at times reeled as if about to fall, in a way to make me shudder.

That such would probably have been the result became painfully apparent, when an abrupt and somewhat unexpected termination was put to the cruel sport. The man stationed at the mouth of the tunnel and employed to keep its murky depths clear of obstructions, suddenly seized the youth, at the risk of his own life, and threw him with some violence to one side. Such was the effort that both rolled over, and the huge locomotive, giving a shrill scream of triumph, dived into the tunnel, followed by the long train, that disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed it.

I sat down at the mouth of the subterranean excavation quite exhausted as the crowd dispersed, and from the mouth of the dark entrance was pleased to find a cool damp air that came out in puffs, as if a dragon were coiled up within and panted out its cold, clammy breath. I asked the old watchman a series of idle questions, of a statistical sort, such as a man under the circumstances always indulges in. He granted out the exact length of the tunnel, the time required to construct it, the accidents that occurred within his remembrance, and altogether, in response to my leading questions, exhibited a good deal of information on tunnels. For a man to know one thing well is a power. It is better, however, to believe you know some one thing and impart the information to your friends. It is a bore at best and just as well when it takes the shape of a tunnel.

Having exhausted the hole in the ground—and really come to think of it, there was nothing in it—I spoke of the late race.

"Crazy jackass!" quoth the sententious guardian of the excavation; he'll get killed yet, and sooner the better for all concerned."

"Why, do they often put him up to that?"

"No, not frequent. They do it on that train sometimes, for they hate the conductor. Once, long ago, it wasn't needed. He used to run ahead of every train, clear through the tunnel, a warning to the people off. They switched that out by him. Now the ornary cusses puts him up to it."

"Queer sort of insanity."

"Isn't it?" and he was once a bright fellow—a real scholar."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, was once, but left his senses in this tunnel."

"Why, how was that?"

"Well, you see, he's the son of old Judge Conrad, of these parts—only child, at that—and was sent to college, and no end of trouble taken and money spent to finish and furnish up his intellects. When he came home to study law, what does he do but take after a little girl named Mary Grubbs, daughter of the cooper, and she was poor as a pig an' purty as a painted wagon. Well, I guess she was about the handsomest critter in this part of the vineyard. Len Conrad was struck, I tell you, after Polly, as we called her, and I don't wonder; for her hair was as soft and light as silk on early corn, and she had the handsomest teeth, and the biggest, wonder-fullest dark eyes, and an angelic skin. But neither she nor her old cooperin' dad had a cent, so the Conrads, being toploftical mahogany high parties, just shut down on her."

"The old, old story."

"I don't know of its so old. Perhaps you've heard it afore, and I can save my wind."

"I mean that the course of true love never does run smooth."

"Oh! that's it, is it?"

"No offense, old man. But proceed with your yarn and tell me how Len Conrad left his senses in the tunnel."

"That's what I was a comin' to when you put in your chin music. When Len found the family was forinast the courtin' he took to meetin' her unbeknownst. That was found out, and then it was decreed that Len should be sent to Yourope. The evenin' upon Len's departure he meets his girl, av course, and they meandered naterly a little too late, and an undertook to make a short cut to the cooper house through the tunnel. I saw the doves go in. She was a leavin' on his shoulder a weepin' and he looked as if he'd lost his mother-in-law."

"Mother-in-law!"

"That's a little joke o' mine, mister. I mean he looked like a cained funeral. I warned 'em not to try the tunnel, for it was close on to the time for the lightning express. But they didn't heed or hear me—jes' kept on in. After they had left I got that oneasy I took my lantern an' run arter 'em. Jes' as I come in sight the thing came roarin' past Glen Cove—it don't stop there—an' I heard the whistle as the death on wheels plunged into the tunnel. I jammed the wall, I tell you, I could see Len push his girl agin the same so the train might pass and no touch, an' like a flash I saw her tear away. Now, whether she was scared and didn't know what she was about, or wanted to kill herself can't be known, but she shot right in front of that train. I saw the headlight shine like a flash or lightning on a white, frightened face as I crowded back against the wall, and then with a roar like thunder, an' the whole thing seemed wiped out as if a sponge had sorter sponged us out. I heard the train's thunder sort of speak as it left the tunnel, as if soundin' the murder over the land, and I stood there in a sort of a daze listin' to that roar die out in the distance."

When I came round, which I did in a minute, I ran on, I stumbled over poor Len, lyin' as if dead, and then I ran up and down at least twice before I saw a heap that looked like a bundle of rags soaked in blood, and will you believe, the bundle moved. It was only a quiver, an' all was still. She didn't make a lovely corpse when we got it together. Some people sickened an' fainted when they saw it."

"And Len?"

"We carted him home. The doctors could not find any bones broken, cuts, or hurt inside or out, but he lay sorter stooped six weeks and then got up an' has been looney ever since."

"Poor fellow."

"Should think so. Queerest thing about the poor chap was that he took to runnin' ahead up trains, goin' through the tunnel a warnin' people off. He sorter got that hammered out of him."

"The old folks learned a lesson, eh?"

"Not much; can't teach sich old stoopids much. They do say the old judge has softenin' up the brain, but I don't believe he had any to soften."

Donn Pratt.

"When She Will She Will."

"I thought only a few men were up to the winter bathing mark," observed the reporter. The bath man laughed scornfully. "When a lady makes up her mind to bathe every day in the year," he said, "nothing can stand her off. I've seen men who would come here on cold mornings, undress and walk to the water's edge, but the minute it touched their toes, race back and get into their clothes again. Not so with women. When they are in bathing trim it means bathing and nothing short of a tidal wave will stop them. Here comes the daisy bath of the lot. I've seen that girl here when it was so cold that to even look at the water used to give me the shakes. Now, what do you think first induced that lady to bathe all the time? For the pure love of it? No, sir. She was getting too fat. She tried everything—dieting, exercise, and medicine, but nothing would take her down. At last she dropped on sea bathing, and it fetched her. She is nice and slim now, though plump enough, but when she came here first she was as fat as a butter ball. I wish all the fat ladies in the city would have her courage, and our winter business would be worth something."

San Francisco Alta.

All the government officials of Japan were privately instructed some time ago to wear European costume during office hours; but as some are still using Japanese dress, the authorities are said to have resolved on making the measure compulsory.

SOMETHING ABOUT SWEETS.

PROGRESS OF THEIR MANUFACTURE IN THIS COUNTRY.

Delicacies that Delight the Palates of Youth—Vegetable Colors Taking the Place of Poisonous Ones.

The last thing a child inquires about is how the sugar-plum it snaps up with some avidity is made. Yet the manufacture of these delicacies—I had almost said necessities—of the nursery is a thing worth witnessing. Formerly all the higher class came from France and Germany, where for ages they have been famous for their delicacies. But since the introduction of steam into their fabrication these articles are now made on the largest scale in this country, and are vastly cheapened since the days when we used to spend our last penny in taffy. The rude style of old is also gone. The eye must now be satisfied as well as the palate, even in the cheapest items. Think of the one-cent sweets done up in a ruby-colored gelatine packet. There was color, it is true, in some of the more showy sweets of old, but it was metallic color, containing the most virulent poison. An analysis of this painted confectionery, published in a medical journal some years ago, exposed the villainous manner in which this vividly colored sweetmeat was made attractive to the children by poisonous paint. The brighter the hue the more deadly the sweet. The brilliant green, for instance, with which the toy confectionery was adorned, contained arsenic of copper. One can quite understand the bad name sweets acquired when thus made up. There was vermilion in the reds, of course, and gamboge and chromate of lead in the yellows. No doubt many young children were absolutely killed by plentifully partaking of these artistically poisoned confections. The analysis of that medical paper has delivered us from this cause of infantile trouble. Nothing but harmless vegetable colors are now used, which, if not so brilliant as metallic ones, are quite safe.

A large New York establishment, which ordinarily employs some ninety persons, about the commencement of December requires the services of almost double that number, the majority of whom are engaged in making bonbons by the million until the turn of the new year. The entire underground portion of the premises is devoted to the manufacture of sweetmeats. On descending the stone staircase one finds one's self in a stifling atmosphere, too heavily laden with the aroma of vanilla and other essences. Around are scores of workmen, their faces lighted up by the red glare of numerous furnaces, busily engaged in plunging particular fruits into large caldrons filled with boiling syrups. More in the shade are other stalwart-looking men, their countenances made pallid by the intensely heated atmosphere, piling up almonds, etc., on huge copper vessels, and so constant is the sound of metal that the visitor might imagine himself in an armor smithy instead of a sweetmeat factory, among workmen making bonbons for women and children to crunch. On all sides are piles of sugar barrels, gallons of liquors, syrups and essences—kirsch, wine, aniseed, maraschino, curacao, pineapple, apricot, strawberry, cherry, vanilla, chocolate, coffee and tea—with sacks of almonds and baskets of chestnuts, pistachio nuts and filberts being emptied into machines which bruise their husks, flay them and blanch them all ready to receive their saccharine coating.

Most bonbons are made by hand; only those which are flat on the bottom are cast in molds. In the hand made bonbons the sugar paste is rolled into shape by the aid of an instrument formed of a stout piece of wire, one end of which is twisted and the other fixed into a wooden handle. With this the paste is taken out of the caldron and worked into the desired form by a rapid stroke of the hand. For bonbons of a particular form, such as those in imitation of fruits, etc., models are carved in wood. A certain number of these, say from fifty to sixty, are fixed on a narrow strip of wood, and the confectioner takes molds of them in starch, contained in a series of large, shallow drawers. As soon as the molds become dry they are filled with liquid sugar, already colored and flavored, and when the drawer is put on one side for twenty-four hours, when the bonbons are ready for sale. The delicate sweets, containing some essences, such as pineapple, etc., are always cast in starch molds. It puzzles older heads than those of children to know how this drop of delicious liquid gets into the center of the sweet. Like many other puzzling matters, it is very easily explained. The flavoring essence is mixed with the liquid sugar, and when poured into the mold the latter crystallizes immediately over the former. These essences, so nice to the taste, are the most remarkable examples of the power of chemistry to transform very repugnant materials into delicacies. Fuel oil is the base of the pear essence, and pineapple essence is obtained by diluting ether with alcohol. The chemist in his laboratory, with great cunning, manufactures scores of these essences, which are supposed to be the veritable product of delicate fruits. Some of the pretty forms that are made to take the fancy of the little ones are simply punched out of flat films of sugar rolled; some are cast, some are pressed into shape when soft between engraved rollers. The drops and sweets that are quite clear are boiled so long that the water has evaporated out of them. Such sweets must be immediately bottled up, or preserved from the air, otherwise they absorb water and become semi-liquid. Barley sugar is an example in point. If it is not hermetically sealed down in this, it deliquesces, and loses all its crispness. It is as well to know that this is the purest of all sweets—being absolutely clarified sugar, and there-

fore the most wholesome for children.

On the other hand, peppermint drops are the most open to sophistication. They should be made of crushed white sugar, mixed into a paste with gum. But the temptation to adulterate is too great for the dishonest dealer to resist; consequently, in order to supply the market one-half plaster paris is mixed with inferior sugar. One can quite understand the sickness that overtakes children sometimes after sucking these confections. The wonder is that such a mass of plaster does not interfere more signally with their digestion. Jujubes, those flexible lozenges which stick so in the teeth, contain a large portion of gum. They are poured into tins to cool, standing for several hours, sliced into sheets, and then cut by scissors into the well-known diamond shapes.

The veritable sugar-plum, or a mandrop, is made in a very interesting manner. A number of almonds, after being coated with a little gum to catch the white sugar, are thrown into a deep pan surrounded with steam. This pan revolves sideways at an angle of forty-five degrees. As it revolves, the almonds, of course, tumble over one another, and while they are doing so the workman pours over them from time to time liquid white sugar allowing a sufficient time to elapse between each supply for the sugar to harden upon the comfit. In this way it grows by the imposition of layer upon layer until it is the proper size. By this simple motion the sugar is deposited in the smoothest and most regular manner. Girls are largely employed in the sugar-plum trade. They are quick and stick well to their work, but they have a sweet tooth and help themselves to the lozenges pretty liberally. As it is impossible to stop petty pilfering they are given liberty to eat as much as they like.

The manufacture of the surprise nuts is done with the utmost speed by those little workwomen. The nut is first opened by means of a rose cutter; the kernel is then cleared out with a pen-knife, the hollow is filled with seed-sweets, and the hole by which they have been introduced, is sealed with chocolate. It is great fun, of course, when you have cracked a nut to find your mouth full of these small sugar seeds, whether you expect the surprise or not. In one part of the establishment I came upon the little artists coloring the small articles cast in sugar. It was all vegetable color, of course, and quite harmless. There is no great artistic talent required in the coloring operations they have to perform and it is too cheaply paid to be very carefully done, but, however, poor they may be as works of art, they are not unwholesome, which was far from being the case a few years ago, before the board of health interfered in New York for the good of our little ones.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Northern Limit of Corn Growth.

On the northeast shores of Asia corn cannot be cultivated at fifty degrees north latitude, although in the interior it matures as far north as sixty-two degrees. On the eastern shores of America the northern limit of its growth is fifty degrees, and on the western shores it reaches about fifty-seven degrees, while in the intermediate country it is known to grow as far as sixty-five degrees. The fact that it thrives farther north in the interior of continents than on the shores is thought by M. Buysman to be due not alone to the cooling influences of ice accumulations on the coasts, but to depend largely on the greater amount of sunlight received in the dry regions far from the oceans. In Norway corn grows in latitude seventy degrees, the climate being not only warmed by proximity to the Gulf stream, but the skies being very clear as well. Even in the most northern regions, where the shade temperature is very low, vegetation may grow in sheltered spots exposed to the sun, and luxuriant scurvy grass has been found on Walden Island, beyond eighty degrees north latitude.—London News.

Employment and Education.

"A good education, says Dr. McCosh, 'qualifies a man to do a dozen different things, where an ignorant man could do only one. Education also enables a man to rise in any sphere of labor in which he is employed.' The truth of this is especially valuable in these days of change in vocations. Science is specializing every employment; mechanism is taking the place of manual labor, and in this approaching readjustment of vocations, will prove the only individual safeguard. What industrial future is there for the man who can use his hands only when a machine is invented that takes the place of a thousand pair of hands? Obviously, the practical need of intellectual qualification is far greater in this age, and will continue to increase with the progress of humanity. It is the tendency of every trade to become an art, and of every artisan to become an artist in his specialty. And in this lies the true secret of the great need of industrial education."

Lilian Whiting.

The Laughing Plant.

It is called the laughing plant, because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble small black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverize them, and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman, for he will dance, sing and laugh most boisterously, and eat the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep, and when he awakes he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.—Shanghai Celestial Empire.

WORKING DAYS.

A-woooing you came with your dulcet voice,
Your manner so knightly and debonaire;
Who would not proudly have been your choice.

When you wore her garland so rich and rare
It was well enough in the courting time
When your tongue spoke only in tuneful praise.

With love-words set to a silver rhyme;
It is other now in the working days.

Could ever she dream, that gentle girl,
When you pledged her the tenderest care
For life.

That you brow would knit, and your lip would curl,
When she, poor child, was your wedded wife?

Would the pretty maid have been swift to yield,
Caught in the toils of your winning ways,
Had a rift in the future's veil revealed.

The gloom that should shadow the working days!
'Tis easy to carry the hardest load
When two who share it in mind are one;

'Tis pleasant to clamber the roughest road
With a friend who is cheery from sun to sun,

But crushes the burden with aching weight
If only the weaker that burden raises,
And bleak the path in the frost of fate.

When jars the music of working days.
Oh, holiday suitor, so brave and trim,
So gay of mien and so soft of speech,

Pray what is your ring but a fatter grim
To the wife who is learning what tyrants teach?

Would it cost you much her home to bless
With the love you promised, the love that stays—
A strength and a sweetness through all the stress

And all the strain of life's working days!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Suspended animation—Two healthy cats dangling from a clothes-line.

The woman question: "Now, isn't this a pretty time of night for you to get home?"

"There isn't much family likeness in our family," said Johnny Dimpsey, "and what there is is mostly for pie."—Burlington Free Press.

The brewer is certain that life is a sham, and holds less of pleasure than pain.

When he puts on his glasses to look for the clam
That the chowder's supposed to contain.

Bartholdi modeled his statue after his mother. He made her the size she used to seem to him in his boyhood days when he was caught going in swimming without permission.—Graphic.

"Now, then, John," said the restaurant keeper to his boy, "bring out those sandwiches we put up last winter. Here's a big order come in to supply the Sunday-school picnic."—Boston Courier.

It is said that much suffering is caused an animal by defective shoeing. This will be readily understood by noticing a woman shoe a hen. The poor bird does not know which way to go.—Boston Post.

You might as well undertake to vanquish a rainbow or try to stampeede hunger with a dime with a hole in it, as expect to prevail on a man to own up to his wife that he has been in the wrong. Chicago Ledger.

An exchange says: "If your spoons are stained from eggs, rub them with a little common salt." If the spoons referred to are those that come and gush round our sister Kit several times a week, salt won't hurt them at any time, whether they've been eating eggs or not.—St. Paul Herald.

Now the hammock swingseth,
Swingeth in the breeze,
Like a flimsy cob-web,
'Tis the trees.

Ha! the thing collapses,
Collapses with a snap,
And the one within it
Takes a drap.

—Merchant-Traveler.

"Have you an extra umbrella I could borrow?" asked a man in a friend's office.

"I have an umbrella," replied the friend, pointing to a weather beaten, rock-rubbed piece of rusty calico in the corner, "but I don't think you will find it anything extra." He spoke the truth, but the umbrella never came back all the same.—Merchant-Traveler.

"Yes," said Mrs. Catchem, "those are my daughters over there on the sofa; they have half a million between them." It was not until after they were married to those daughters, that the two young men men who overheard the above remark found out that Mrs. Catchem referred to the rich old codger who sat on the sofa between the girls. Mrs. Catchem couldn't tell a fib, but she knew how to speak the truth advantageously.—Boston Transcript.

Two Astonishing Robberies.

One of the most singular, most amusing, and at the same time, for the victims, most annoying robberies, occurred in our city Saturday. Two elderly ladies on Michigan street were looking at the circus procession pass by. So intent were they in gazing upon the dazzling pageant that not only their eyes but their mouths were wide open, and while in this awe-struck condition they were each startled by the slap of a rough hand over their mouths. Of course they were mad, and looked around with great indignation to see who could be guilty of such a rude act, and it was not until they attempted to speak, in order to properly express their wrath, that they discovered their false teeth was gone. The thieves had looked into their wide-open mouths, and saw that the plates containing the teeth were of gold, and they wanted them.—South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.