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# Forest Republican. One Column, one year ......100 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in

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THE LORDS OF LABOR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march, You can hear their steam-steeds neigh, As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch, Or plunge mid the dancing spray, Their bale fires blaze in the mighty forge, Their life-pulse throts in the mill,

Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge, And their thunders shake the hill, Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,

The heroes who wield no saber; But mightier conquests reapeth the blade That is borne by the Lords of Labor. Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,

Through the mists of commerce shine, And souls flash out, like stars of God, From the midnight of the mine, No palace is theirs, no castle great, No princely pillar'd hall; But they well may laugh at the roofs of state

'Neath the heaven which is over all. Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade, The heroes who wield no saber; But mightier conquests respeth the blade Which is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife That marshal the sons of the soil, And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of

Are gems in the crown of toil. And better their well-worn wreaths, I trow, Than laurels with life-blood wet; And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow Than a clasp of a coronet.

Then hurrah for each hero, although his dced Be unblown by the trump of tabor, For holier, happier far is the meed

That crowneth the Lords of Labor, -James Macfarlane.

## A GOOD INVESTMENT.

The yellow haze of midsummer hung its radiant pennons over the velvet stopes of the Fairhaven farm; the river, murmuring softly over its pebbly bottom, mashed up like a sheet of silver, and the purple fields of clover nodding ready for the scythe, filled the warm air with sweet, slumberous scents,

'Fine weather for the hayin'," said Eliakim Fsirhaven. To his material could nature God's sunshine and the grand gillter of earth and sky were but the in "Th struments to fill his pockets with sordid gain—mere accessions to "a good crop." Alas! is not this world full of Eliakim Fairhavens in one shape or another?

Miss Comfort Fairhaven sat beside him knitting and watching the cumbersome frolies of a pair of twin lambs, deserted by their heartless mother, whom she was

"bringing up by hand."
"Yes," she said, with a mechanical glance in the direction of the beamy "Who's that a-coming up the path, I wonder?"

"One of the new hands, I calculate." said Eliakim, screwing up his eyes. "I didn't 'gree to give 'em their supper and board into the bargain, a night afore the job begins-and I'm blessed if there ain't a little gal along with him!"

"Tain't no hayin' hand," said Miss Comfort, rising and going down the steps to meet a slender child of nine years old, who was leading a pale, bowed-down man, who walked with difficulty, leaning on a crutch.

"Heart alive, child," said Miss Comfort, whose kindly nature involuntarily sympathized with all who were suffering or in distress; "what ails you, and what

do you want here?"
"Please, ma'am," began the child, eagerly, "if you could give us a night's lodging-poor papa is so sick and tired,

"No, I can't?" abruptly broke in Elia-kim Fairhaven. "This ain't no almshouse, nor yet a charity place. If ye can pay your way, well and good; if ye can't, the sooner you go about your business the better!"

"We have no money," timidly began the child, while the man, as if stunned and bewildered by the heartless fluency of the old farmer's speech, leaned up against the fence, pressing his hand on

his forehead, "but-"Then clear out and be done with it!" said Eliakim, resuming his seat with dogged composure.

Miss Comfort looked appealingly at her brother.

"If I could just get 'em a bowl of

milk, Eliakim, and-"Stuff and nonsense," sonorously ejaculated the farmer; "I ain't a goin to give in to this sort of thing. Once begin, and you'll never leave off, you softheaded womanfolk!" Slowly and wearily the two poor

travelers turned and plodded their way adown the broad, dusty road, the languid footsteps of the invalid searce keeping up with the tripping pace of the

"Oh, papa, papa," sobbed the little girl, turning her blue, wistful eye to the white, worn face, 'how cruel people

He placed his hand upon her curly uncovered head.

"Never mind, Essie," he said, with a mournful, tender pathos in his voice; "it will soon end. It cannot be for long, as far as I am concerned, poor child. But for you-." He stopped, his voice husky with emotion.

They had walked what seemed to little Esther Bell a weary way, when there was a rustle among the wild rose bushes that overhung the stone wall at their side, and a voice called hurriedly

to them to "stop." "It's me," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, reckless of her grammar. "Eliakim-that's my brother-he's gone over to the class meetin' at Squire Dundas,' and I cut down through lots to overtake you, I tell you I can't somehow get your father's face out o' my mind.

You're sick, nin't you, mister?" "I shall soon be quite wel!," he answered calmly, and Comfort Fair-

the hidden meaning which the little girl your kindness papa never could have never once suspected. Yes, he would lived to reach his home. And you shall soon be well, but it would be in that live with me always now, and be my

in spite of berself.

"We are going to my grandpapa," said little Essie. "Grandpapa was vexed with my mamma for marrying papa and going to England, but papa thinks he'll take care of me now. But I won't stay with him unless papa stays too."

And she resolutely tightened her grasp upon the thin, fever-burning hand. I s'pose you want to get to Lonsdale? said Miss Comfort.

The man nodded.

"Eleven good miles yet," said Miss Comfort, "but I'll tell ye what: I'll make Joab get out the wagon, and with a good buffalo robe over the seats you'll ride easy enough. They'll be back afore Eliakim gets through shoutin' and prayin'; and while you're a waitin' I'll bring down a smack o' bread and meat and a bottle of my currant wine. 'Taint good to travel on an empty stomach,"

And five minutes later Miss Comfort was carrying her hospitable intentions into effect, greatly to the delight and ap-

preciation of the hungry child,
"Now, see here," said Miss Comfort,
drawing the child aside, when Jacob drove up with the comfortable farm wagon and stout old horse, "I don't guess you've got more money than you can use?

"We have only enough for our railroad tickets," said Essie, her countenance falling, "but-

"I thought so," said Miss Comfort; "and here's a five dollar bill I've laid aside out of my butter money that Elliakim don't know nothin' about."

looked up in Miss Comfort's honest, hardfeatured face. "Will you let me kiss you, just once?"

she whispered, standing on tip-toe to bring her blooming check close to the spinster's wrinkled lips. Kissing, as Miss Comfort might herself

have remarked, had she leisure for a remark, was not much in her way, but she could not resist the sweet, wistful en-

"There," she said, with a strange moisture in her eyes, "run along; Joab's "On!" cried little Esther, as she sat

on the buffalo-draped seat, "I wish I hives. was rich and grown up?" "Why, what 'ud you do?" demanded

honest Joab. "I'd buy a diamond necklace and a pink dress for that good lady."

Joab chuckled. "I don't know as they'd become her," he said, with grim jocularity. "So gee up, old Doll!"

"I know I'm pretty old to be lookin' arter a situation," said Miss Comfort Fairhaven, "but I can't starve, nor I "W won't beg, so what's there left? We had a good farm once, but my brother couldn't rest till he speckilated it all away, and now he's gone and I'm all alone. So, if you know of a good place as housekeeper, or matron in an asylum, or general overseer, I don't much care

The intelligence office keeper, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, broke in on the torrent of Miss Fairhaven's explanatory eloquence.

"What wages did you ask?" "I ain't particular about that so long

as it's a good home.' "Here's a place that might perhaps suit you-housekeeper wanted at Mr. Duponceau's, No. - Fifth avenue. You might try it, although I hardly think a person like you would suit,"

"I ain't young, I know," said Miss Comfort, with a sigh, "but there's a deal of tough work left in me yet. Give me the address-I shau't give up and starve

without tryin' for it.' Yet, in spite of all her philosophy, Miss Comfort's heart, like that of the queen of Sheba of old, grew faint within her as she sat in the luxurious reception room of the Fifth avenue mansion, rounded by silken chairs, gilded tables, flashing mirrors and pictures, whose radiant skies might have been painted in liquidized gold, so rare and costly were

"I'm a'most sorry I come?" thought Miss Comfort. "I don't fairly believe I can give satisfaction here."

While the thought was passing through her mind, the door swung open, and a tall young lady in a blue silk morning robe entered-a young lady with golden brown hair looped after the fashionable style over her brow, and deep blue eyes. Miss Comfort rose and dropped a stiff

little courtesy.
"I've called to see—" she began, but to her amazement the rest of her speech was abruptly checked by the young lady's arms being thrown round her

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she cried out, ecstatically: "I thought I never should see you again. I went to the old farm, but you had gone away, nobody knew whither!"

And she hugged Miss Comfort more enthusiastically than ever, with bright tears sparkling on her eyelashes. "Why," demanded the bewildered

spinster, "who are you?" "I'm Essie! Don't you remember little Essie Bell that you gave the five-dollar bill to in the twilight by the wild

rose bushes, when-"Oh-o-o-h! exclaimed Miss Com-

And here she stopped, nearly strangled by Essie's renewed embraces, while she listened to the story of how grandpapa had adopted her; and how she was surrounded by all that luxury could devise or art invent.

"And I have longed to see you again," haven's more experienced eye detected added Essie, "for if it had not been for broth if more butter-be used.

country where the inhabitants never say darling old friend."
"I am sick."
"Where are you going?" asked kind Miss Comfort, her voice growing hasky for a situation as housekeeper, and if you won't give it to me, why I must go

> And Essie was obliged to consent. "But mind," said she, nodding the golden masses of her crepe hair. "I shall give you what wages I please! Grandpa always entrusts those things to

> my management,"
> So Miss Comfort Fairhaven stayed nominally as housekeeper-really the frusted and revered head of the establishment, and her declining years were surrounded by a peace and luxury she never had dared to dream of in her loftiest aspirations.

> Miss Comfort Fairhaven had invested the five-dollar bill advantageously. She had cast her bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to her.

#### Cheating the Bees,

A Wayne county farmer has succeeded in earning a place in history along with the Connecticut man who invented wooden nutmegs. He lives between Detroit and Dearborn, on Michigan avenue, in a vine-covered cottage back a little way from the road. On the front fence appears the sign "White clover honey." Back of the house is an airy apiary with all the modern inventions for the care of bees, and nearly fifty hives sound with the cheerful humming of the busy honey makers.

A representative of the Free Frees, quite by accident, called at the house and found no one at home, and while sitting by an old well curb refreshing The child's eyes were trimming as she himself with cool water from an old oaken bucket, his attention was called to the action of the bees. The cottage is surrounded with roses in full bloom, but

#### "Gather honey all the day From every opening flower,"

but instead were swarming around a large tray which stood near by, and were flying back and forth to their hives. In this tray was half an inch of a sticky mass that looked like syrup. Little sticks were strewn over this substance, and on these the bees were alighting, and, after taking some, flew back to the

"What do you want o' them bees?" The intruder started up and found a barefooted lad standing before him. "What are the bees taking?" we

asked. "What do you want to know for? Dad said we wasn't to tell any one anything about it."

"I'll give you a quarter if you will," said the reporter, now thoroughly inter-"Well, I dunno what it is. Dad gets

it from town in a bar'l. Here's what he gits it in," pointing to a large cask. On the end of the barrel was the stencil mark: "200 lbs, grape sugar from Michigan Grape Sugar Manufactory.

"Is that glucose the bees are getting?" "It's something that dad gets out of that bar'l, that's all I know about it." The inquiring visitor tasted it. There

was an unmistakable gum drop flavor "We had hard work to get the bees used to it. Dad put in a lot of syrup at

first, but the bees take it straight now.' "How long does it take to fill a hive?" "Not near so long as it does when they have to gather the honey from flowers. We've taken out a lot this year

already. The boy brought out of the house a box of glucose honey which looked as clear and inviting as though the sweets had been distilled from the purest

flowers. "Do you eat it?" the boy was asked. "Sometimes. It ain't so good as the other kind, but it's just as good to sell. Say, don't you never give me away to dad, or he'll skin me."-Detroit Free

# Pilaff, the National Dish of Turkey.

There are many recipes for preparing "Pilaff"-rice-the national dish of Turkey, some of which if followed would furnish but a poor representation of the excellence of the dish when properly prepared. The following formula is the one used at the celebrated Sedgewick Literary institute, Great Barrington, Mass., and conducted under the principaiship of Mr. E. J. Van Lennep. Mr. Van Lennep is a native of Turkey, his parents having for many years resided there as American missionaries:

Pilaff requires the best of rice, with full and perfect kernels, otherwise it should be sifted and picked over. For a pint of rice take about three pints of nice broth. Wash the rice carefully; drain, and pour at once into the boiling broth; watch while cooking and avoid stirring. When you find the kernels cooked through but not much swelled or expanded, take the kettle off the fire and pour its contents into a colander to drain for a few minutes. Meantime, have ready a teacupful of welted butter, heated to the boiling point. Return the strained rice to the hot empty kettle, and pour the scalded butter over it, distributing it carefully over the streaming mass, but don't stir! This process seems to arrest its further cooking, beside improving its flavor. Nice "beef drippings" used with butter-half and half. fort, "You don't mean to say you're Lastly, a folded napkin must be laid upon the surface of the rice, to absorb the steam, the kettle closely covered and set back in a warm place and the pilaff is ready.

N. B .- The test of a good pilaff is a thorough cooking without any tendency of the kernels to adhere to each other. Water may be substituted for

A QUEER RACE IN SUMATRA. A PEOPLE WITH NO IDEA OF A FU-

They Eat Snakes and Bugs, Go Naked and Have No Idea of Ownership of Property.

In the central part of the Island of Sumarra dwell a curious tribe of people known as Kubus, who, of all the people on the face of the earth, stand forth preeminently as having no idea of a future state. "When we are dead, we are dead," they sententiously expressed it to Mr. Henry O. Forbes, the naturalist, who spent five years exploring Sumatra, and who was the only white man who ever got a glimpse of one of them.

They construct only temporary dwellings of a few simple branches erected over a low platform to keep them off of the ground. They are so timorous and shy that it is a rare circumstance for any one to see them. No white man ever saw one of them before Mr. Forbes, except as one sees the hind-quarters of a startled deer. In the little trade carried on between them and the Malays, the transactions are performed without the one party seeing the other. The Malay trader, ascending to one of their places of rendezvous, beats a gong in a and, depositing it on the ground at this place, hastily retire into close hiding, beating a gong as a signal that all is

ready. The trader then slowly advances, lays down on the ground the cloth, ground. If not satisfactory, they set on reduce it to what they consider the trade dilly dallies along until it is completed or abandoned. They are so arms within hearing of the breeding afraid of seeing any one not of their own places, and a stranger would probably race that if suddenly met or come up be mobbed if he disobeyed it. with in the forest they will drop every thing and flee away. They cultivate nothing for themselves, but live on snakes, lizards and grubs, which they eat ravenously and raw. They cat fruits, an occasional deer, pig or tapir, and what they trade from the Malays. They know nothing, absolutely nothing; they manufacture absolutely nothing. Their knives and the universal spear with which they are armed they purchase from the Malays from whom they trade. Neither men nor women wear clothes, except sometimes the small T. bandage of dark cloth; some even go in a state of birds in confinement, and are often fol- never return. lowed by a half-fed dog. They never work, and when in their travels they

treme. Sometimes they leave their dead unburied in the spot where they died, giving the place ever after a wide berth. Sometimes, however, the body is buried face downward, with a strip of bark beof three brothers, one of whom betook himself to the woods to live.

Monogamy is the rule among them, but a few have two or more wives. nuntial ceremony is a very simple affair. The man having fixed his choice on a girl and got the consent of the parents, he brings to the father such presents as he has-a knife, spear, clothes or money, beeswax, or any rare fruits or animals of the forests that he may have. If the presents are large enough to satisfy the greed of the father, all the Kubus within calling distance are summoned to-Seating themselves below a getner. tree, the father of the maiden informs them that he has given his daughter Soand so to So-and so in marriage. of the company then strikes the tree with a club proclaiming them to be man and wife. Then follows a feast of fruits and animals. The Malays very seldom will marry a Kubu woman. They consider them an inferior race, and use as a term of reproach when angered, "You They will not interfere with a Kubu dead body. The Kubus possess no personal property except what they carry around with them. They cat animals in a semi-putrid condition, with tittle or no cooking. In traversing the forest if one of them finds a bee-tree he makes one or two hacks in the bark and repeats a sort of spell. This is the only property, if it could be called such, that

hey possess. They are not exactly people of the owest order of intelligence. They use their spears with dexterity or throw stones with wonderful accuracy. They post themselves behind some tree in front of which is another wherein birds are lodged, and thence discharge the stone over the one that hides them so as to drop on the bird in the other.

These extraordinary people differ so much in their habits and ways in life from the other inhabitants of the island that scientists have been much puzzled as to whether they are the last survivors of their race or only a straggling remnant, kin to those about them, who at some past time were driven from below the family roof tree to save their lives in the forest fastnesses, and who, when persecution had ceased, clong to these woods, which had been their friends in their hours of need.

Mr. Forbes, who examined some Kubu skulls, with a view to determine whether they possess Negrito or Maylayan affinities, says that the character of the hair, the form of the nose, the various characters of the skull and the mute.

proportion of the limb bones show that ! they cannot have any near affinity to the Negrito race found in various parts of the Indo-Malayan archipelago, but that they are decidedly Malays, and, therefore, Mongoloid.

While among the odd people a thief was brought before the magistrate who when arrested had a bag containing the paraphernalia of his trade. It contained a bunch of keys of various sizes, a little sack with rice grains for alluring fowls, a package of arsenic for older animals, a tube of soporific powder, the recipe for which was: "Take of the gadung, a species of plant whose uncooked roots produce intoxication, a few scrapings of theskin where the stem joins the tuber: of white dates the seeds of seven fruits, and of arsenic a certain quantity. When dried, pounded and sifted through a cloth, to be thrown on the rice or into the eigarette of the victim or to be blown toward him, as occasion offers." The thief said he had tried the recipe on three victims and stolen many cloths and ru-pees and gold dust. - Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hunting for Eider Down.

A letter from Reykjavik, Iceland, to the New York Sun, writes of the eider down harvest as follows: The men who get the down leave home early in the particular way to give notice of morning, and visit the places to which his arrival. On hearing the signal the Kubus bring out what forest produce they may have collected, in clefts of the rock, sometimes near the sea, and slippery from the spray, and sometimes very high up, where a false step would be death to the unfortunate man falling down on the jagged rocks

below. knives and other articles of barter he has brought to the amount which he of the duck by the bird itself, and is thinks an equivalent exchange, beats a used to line the nests for the comfort of gong and in like manner retires. The Kubus examine the barter offered. If satisfactory they remove the goods, beat the nest, putting it in a bag that he cartheir gong and go away, and the trader ries along for the purpose, and then goes picks up the produce he finds left on the on and repeats the performance at some other nest. Everything must be done very one side a portion of their produce to quietly, for a loud noise frightens the birds, and if frightened away once, they will not value of the barter offered, and thus the build there again. There is a law enforced that forbids the discharge of fire-

Two crops of down are gathered. The first crop is the best, for the duck uses an abundance of her choicest down in making the lining of her first nest. short time after the first is gathered the hunters go over the same ground again and rob the nests of the second lining, which consists of all the down the poor bird could rob herself of for her young. This proceeding seems to call out the last energies of the birds, for they then make a new nest, and the drake lines it with his breast feathers. In this nest the young are hatched. The hunters seldom disturb it, for the probabilities nature. Sometimes they keep a few are that the pair would go away and

After the down has been gathered, it is taken into a large room in the farmer's come to a small stream rather than house, and each nest, for the lining re- it is not improbable that he went into his cross it they'll end their journey. They | tains the shape of a nest, is placed on top ever brush or comb their hair, but wear of a primitive arrangement that looks it in a disheveled state, hence it is often like a harp laid flat, with strings of matted and twisted. | leather laid across it. The nest is then Their funerals are crude in the ex- rubbed over the strings, and the lichen, moss, sticks, chips, and other parts of the framework of the nest that are mixed with the down full through to the floor, while she down remains in the operator' hands. The down is then packed and low and above the body. They have one brought to market, and from here shipped tradition, that they are the descendants to all parts of the world. The color of the down is a surprise to many, for instead of its being white, as some people imagine, it is a blue slate color, glossy, and very pretty. An immense amount of it can be crushed into a handful, but it will resume its natural form when re-

leased. The down taken from dead birds is not as good as that from the nests. is not so light or so much like floss silk to the touch. Iceland furnishes about 7,000 pounds of the down every year that is of a superior quality.

# Mexico's National Drink.

What the Napa valley is to San Francisco, the Western reservoir to Ohio, or the Orange county dairy region to New York city, are Los Llanos de Apam to the city of Mexico-the principal difference being that maguey is milked in lieu of cows and pulque is the product. Some idea of the magnitude of this kind of agriculture may be derived from the fact that two special pulque trains run daily into the capital city with the same regularity that milk trains come into our metropolitan cities, yielding the railroad a revenue of \$1,000 a day freightage. The legend runs that somewhere about the year 990 a Toltec Indian, whose name was Papantzin, was first to discover that the juice of the agave Americana might be distilled into a beverage fit for the gods. Desiring to bring the new blessing into royal favor, he commis-sioned his only daughter, Xoahiti (signi-fying "the Flower of Anahua"), as cup bearer to the king. This ancient Hebe, we are told, was young and beautiful, and the monarch not only drank and praised the pulque, but married the maiden. And to this day the beverage of old "Pap"—as no doubt his dutiful descendants called him for short—is the universal drink of the lower classes of Mexico, and no doubt it is one of the most healthful beverages in the world. When just right it is milk white, thick and ropy, much resembling buttermilk in color, taste and consistency. The Indians are passionately fond of it-the one solace and comfort in their lives of toll and pennry as nature has placed exhaustless fountains of it by the waysides and in the deserts. Traveling Americans turn up their noses at the first taste of it, but generally end by becoming as dill gent pulque drinkers as was old Papant-2in himself. - San Francisco Chroniele.

There is one good thing about the seventeen year locust. The female is

A SUMMER SONG IN SECTIONS.

JUST AS IT IS.

Now the wealthy merchant weareth On his head a common straw, While his junior clerk appeareth In a nobby mackinsw,

HIT HIM WITH A BRICK. Now the sun his furnace fireth, Causing human flesh to stew. And the summer fiend inquireth, "Is this hot enough for your" "SOME OF THE SAME OLD BRAND,"

Now the customer who winketh, As the druggist's eye meets his, Shows he something stronger drinketh Than the ordinary fizz. HE NEVER SLEEPS. Now the patent mower waketh

Sleepers from their peaceful rest,

E're the golden morning breaketh,

Or the robin leaves his nest. THE DECEITFUL HUSBAND. Now the festive husband sendeth To the beach his trusting wife; While she's absent he pretendeth His will be a lonely life. Tearfully with her he parteth; Gladly he would go, but can't-Out to see the elephant.

THE HOSE FIRND. Now the idiot who getteth Twenty feet of garden hose, Squirts from morn till night and wetteth Skilfully on each passer's clothes. -Boston Courier.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Soggy pie is mentioned as one of the canses of dyspepsia. One of the causes of soggy pie is young married women.— Courier Journal.

The Canadians think of changing the name of Lake Misstassini to Lake Smith. This is pleasant for travelers, but tough for the lake. -Puck.

We'll sit beside the entrancing maid, Our own bewitching Nellie;
With our right hand in the lemonade
And our left foot in the jelly.

—Lyan Union. Forepaugh says that elephants have a

natural fondness for whisky. This may

account for men going out to see the elephant. - Siftings. "Time works wonders," says a young man of twenty-seven when he returned home and found his cldest sister only

eighteen. - St. Paul Herald. An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, oh, nature .- Toronto

Soon to the seashore we shall hie,
Or picnic in the grove;
Sitting perchance in custard ple,
Beside the girl we love.
—Chicago Sun.

Daniel entered the lion's den without a tremor; but if the truth were known own house on wash day with fear and trembling .- Chicago Ledger.

Along about this season of the year, a man lays aside his religious training two or three times a day, in order to drive the chickens out of the garden in a proper manner. - Merchant-Traveler.

"We are goin' to have chicken for dinner at our house to-day," said a Fourth street urchin; "papa killed a rooster this morning—the one that had the dried beef on its head."—Breakfast Table.

A Chicago girl fell out of a third story window and killed a dog, which her brother had fired at four times with a Flobert rifle and failed to hit. Chicago girl comes down feet first from anywhere, she can hit almost anything.

Who is that man whom all respect? Whom all treat so polite! They pass him with uplifted hats,
And watch him out of sight.
He's a baseball pitcher who twirls the sphere,
(Not one of the "upper ten.")
And he has a record of striking out

#### -Boston Times. During Cholera Epidemies.

Twenty consecutive men.

The epidemics of 1830, 1845, and 1866 caused the people everywhere to adopt preventive measures which were thought to have great efficacy. Care in diet was considered most important, of course, and fruits were almost entirely discarded. Watermelons and cucumbers were looked upon as poisonous, and even ripe peaches and other harmless fruit were permitted to rot. So heavy were the losses by fruit growers and dealers in the East in 1830, that for a few years after the plague disappeared no one would raise melons and other objectionable vegetables and fruits for fear that they could not be disposed of. Boiled rice, mush and milk, and bread and milk became the principal articles of diet in many families, and meats and other heavy foods were partaken of very sparingly. Cumphor came into universal use as a disinfectant, and nearly every-Cumphor came into universal body wore some of it on the person. Flannels were worn all summer, and plasters of various kinds were used on the chest and back.

The man of talents possesses them like so many tools, does his job with them, and there an end; but the man of genius is possessed by it, and it makes him into book or a life, according to its whim. Talent takes the existing molds, and makes its castings, better or worse, of richer or baser metal, according to knack or opportunity; but genius is always shaping new ones, and runs the man in them, so that there is always that human feeling in its results which gives us a kindred thrill.

An engle kept in Vienna, Austria, died after a confinement of 114 years. Swans on the River Thames have been known to live 150 years and more.