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HOW TO LIVE.

So should we live that every hour May fall as falls the natural flower, A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed May hold within itself a seed Of future good and future need,

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ Is to develop, not destroy, Far better than a barren joy

-Lord Houghton.

IN SEARCH OF ROGER HALE.

In the month of June, 1884, the law office of Milliken, Frost & Co., situated on a noisy thoroughfare of the city of New York, presented its usual aspect. Three heads bent over three desks, while three pens scratched diligently at the respective tasks.

Mr. Hiram Milliken emerged from the private rooms of the firm, paused in the middle space of the office, twirling the gold seals which depended over his white waistcost, and looked at the owners of

the heads ruminatingly.

The pens paused, and three pair of eyes regarded the great man in respectful Interrogation, for Mr. Milliken, a lawyer of fine reputation, large connection, and ample fortune, was a very great personage, indeed, in the estimation of his clerks. Some communication of importbefore, was visible through the open door engaged in earnest conversation with Mr. Frost and Mr. Whitney.

"As sure as you are alive something is up with old Fudge," whispered Harry Fayall to his comrades of the desk.

Old Fudge was the nickname bestowed by the facetious youth on his senior, who, unconscious of the impertinence, continued to scan the group before him. "Would either of you like to search for a missing man?" inquired Mr. Milli-

"Yes, sir," replied John Leggat,

promptly. "Expenses paid?" echoed Richard Marshall, a prudent and dry young man, whose sandy hair hung straight and limp about his face, and whose thin lips closed like the valves of certain sea-shells.

Expenses paid, and one thousand dollars for your trouble, if you find him," continued Mr. Miliken. "I will find him," said John Leggat,

wiping his pen and restoring it to the rack. "Who is he? Why is he wanted!" possessed the true legal passion for cavaliers. One by one little boats, tracing results to causes. Here was an wreathed with swaying lanterns, became mountains. John Leggat must go. Here- tacle.

Mr. Hale left much to be desired. "I will find him," reiterated John Leggat, "I shall sail on the next steamer, if they put me in the coal bunk. I wonder what Katy will think of it," he added, as he sought the abode of his flance, on

the very wings of hope.

The search for Roger Hale meant such a start in life as the marriage of these young people, otherwise definitely de-Katy White lived with her brother on the fifth floor of an apartment building, where the increasing heat and the improbability of a country holiday had aroused the imagination of the children. Tommy had made a train of cars of chairs in one corner, while Molly, seated majestically on a table, announced she was on board the steamboat, bound for Newport, and Bob imagined himself to be on the Long Branch shore, with the aid of a wooden shovel and a toy pail full of shells.

"I mean to live in the country when I am married," announced Katy, who was as sensible as she was pretty, dimpled

"I hate the country," retorted her sister-in-law, a pale blonde, with a fashion

magazine open on her knee. John Leggat entered, was welcomed shrilly by the children, and imparted the news that he was to seek Roger Hale. Katy wept and trembled, and became sufficiently calm to listen to his

Make your wedding dress, darling, he whispered joyfully.

Next day he sailed for Europe.

When John Leggat reached Nice, travsling from Paris without stopping, he learned that Roger Hale had been in that brilliant city, but had gone on toward Italy, sketching the shore. The information gleaned was somewhat vague when analyzed. Everybody knew Roger Hale, but no one was precise as to dates respecting his movements. The term used was that he was generally around

somewhere and a very good fellow. John departed along the shore, in turn, undeterred by fierce heat and the sinister rumor that cholera had appeared at Toulon and Marseilles. He scarched every town, hamlet and inlet of a picturesque coast until checked by the fron-

been established on that sultry July day.

sought the Turin exhibition, He took the next train for Turin, but failed to and orange groves cast athwart her drafind the missing heir in the Mediaval castle or the Kermess fair. The hotel secretary was absolutely sure the object of inquiry had returned to Venice. Launching letters and telegrams, like a shower of arrows, in all directions, John turned his face toward the Adriatic. A fresh perplexity awaited him. Venice dismay, but oh! he must learn if ancient ope's feet lies a dead child, crowned gether. What had become of him? Piqued, he sought banker, consul, hotels, and lodgings in vain. A lady at the ward event, going and coming in the table d'hote stated that a party of artists cool halls, enriched with Pompeilan urn, had gone to Titian's country ten days before, and Roger Hale was of the num-The lady changed countenance slightly when she learned that the American had sped after the artists.

Venice, Hale was sure to turn up. The chief authority recalled, all in sketch-ing a flight of steps, that Hale had sought Ritti gallery. John journeyed to Florence, discovered a canvas on which a woman's face was outlined, and learned that Roger Hale had left for Leghorn macaroni, rizza, salad and fruit. How weeks before. At Leg-the artist was said anid ance was about to be made, for the to have gone to Sardinia with an Italian. abundance for the good of man nourish-stranger, who had been received an hour A merchant promised to telegraph to a ment of the Roman athlete? The city certain person at Rome for more accurate pouting at municipal authority, had information. John waited, fumed with stretched forth her hand and plucked impatience, fast verging to exasperation. the fruit. When Roger Hale gained the

Roger Hale was a myth-a will-o'-the-Leghorn swarmed with life; groups of girls gathered about the fountains; the air was redolent of hot oil frizzling on the domestic altar of supper in narrow and found the charnel house. The doom streets. A funeral procession passed along a quay, the candles of the penitents flaring; a black prison-van, guarded by royal carbineers, wearing cocked hats, crept behind the four-in hand of a warm current of the youth was stilled. Greek banker. The sun set behind the The population surged, like a restless tranquil Mediterranean in a fiery disk, dyeing the waves crimson and gold. John strolled about the gardens of the shore, and sought one of the piers. On the right the serrated peaks of the Carrara mountains sloped to the brink of the Spezian gulf. All about him the people laughed and talked in a babel of row, Spanish face, enveloped in opalessatisfaction. Courage and energy of cent draperies like the sea at sunset, purpose were perceptible in the youth drank coffee at the next table. A piwith the keen, gray eye, handsome fea- quant beauty, clad in maize colored tures and curling, black hair. John satin, claimed the homage of a bevy of opening. One of three. Prudent Rich- detached from shore and flitted over Marshall bethought him of the the water to cluster about a yacht, heiress he was wooing at a suburban re- gemmed with lights in an arch of sort, and hesitated between the bird in green fire. A Venetian fete was the hand and one on the wing. Harry transpiring, with song and revelry. Favall was reluctant to give up a fort. Suddenly a word, an exclamation, a cry night of camping in the Adirondack wrought swift change to the fairy spec-The beauty held a telegram in ceived his instructions in the private her rigid hand, the princess had started room. The missing man was an artist to her feet-the very waiters paused to -Roger Hale by name. His brother look and listen, The cholera had reached had recently died in his native town in stricken Spezia. The eyes of adjacent Central New York, leaving considerable towns turned to the boundary of mounproperty to be divided between two sis- tain in dread of the awful moment when ters and the absent Roger. No settle- the pestilence should wing its noiseless ment could be made of sales until the and fatal way onward to strike them as artist gave his consent. He had been well. Panic ensued. The lights went last seen at Nice, but as a correspondent out, and the multitude surged inland to join the fugitives of Spezia at Risa in a tumult of frenzied haste. The princess

> left behind. At this auspicious moment John learned that Roger Hale was certainly at

journeyed, enthroned on her own lug-

gage in the baggage van, rather than be

"Let him stay there, then," he cried, wrathfully.

Roger Hale had an idea. When he had an idea he invariably put it into execution. Was he not his own master? His visit to Sardinia had been brief, and gaining Rome by Civita-Vecchia, he was meditating a return when the idea dawned upon him. A few hours of leisure decided him to write to his relatives in America. He bought some postage stamps at a tobacconist's, which the woman wrapped up in a bit of newspaper. Outside, in the shadow of a temple wall, the artist removed the paper, and consigned the stamps to his vest nocket.

"They will think I've died of cholera long ago," he mused, in dutiful allusion to his auxious sisters. His quick eye noted a paragraph on the bit of paper, in which the queen expressed sorrow for the misfortunes of Naples, the smiling Parthenope, seated on her incomparable

"I have it!" exclaimed Roger Hale. "The Siren Parthenope was there cast ashore, and Neapolis was the city of Campania, built on the Sinus Carter. He took the next train southward. A votary at the shrine of beauty, absorbed in his art, the clusive ideal of perfection now flitted before him on rainbow wings toward the Vesuvian gulf. He had done nothing. Parthenope should redeem his years of idleness and live on canvas, a vision of loveliness, combining the golden tones of Tatian, with the redundant coloring of Rubens and the charm of Hans Makart or Cabanal. He forgot was called color mad by his fellow artists.

Roger Hale was a short and stout man, with flowing beard, nose turning up at the tip, and a pair of hazel eyes, seeing everything their owner wished to discern, and further shaded by a felt hat, which had lost all shape in hard usage, now serving as a pillow and fier and the land quarantine which had again protecting the owner's head from He took his chances as sun and min. Escaping from the land quarantine they came, and life was as glorious to him John Leggat hastened to Genos, where as to Ernest Renau. Hence the charm

At Milan he was told the artist had warmth, a goddess bathed in a luminous braver than I am I take off my hat to SHOOTING WHITE WHALES. atmosphere, with shadow of ilex, palm, him." peries, and the peaks of Vesuvius and said musingly: Monte St. Angelo in the background. "The pictur gained, he lost trace of Roger Hale alto- art had traced on marble and fresco of with flowers, the summer of 1884." temple and bath the image he sought. He gained the museum, oblivious to outward event, going and coming in the candelabra, bronze, the light gleaming on crystal and gem, Roman empresses gazing down cynically on Ereid and Venus. The artist found a stick of triumphantly, 'let me introduce you to chocolate in his pocket, and ate it while Mr. Roger Hale."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. "I am almost sure that was one of the names," she mused, "or was was it He would have worked on had the custodians dropped about him, for the The artists cheered John. Roger was to join them later, and if the lawyer remained in their midst or hung about in slege and famine. Naples, spent with fierce summer heat, stung by sudden storms, charged with hail, enervated by tropical showers arousing sickly emana-Florence to copy a head of Titian's in tions from the soul, must keep the festa of the Riedegrotta, with jingle of tamto live without the red tomato sauce? How to banish the fig, ripening in luscious The artist, ever within reach, perpetu-ally eluded him. How easy it had seemed to find him! John began to fear the idler paused, staggered, fell, while his comrades fled.

Roger Hale emerged on thoroughfares of fear was written on all faces. Death met him on every side, wrapped in scanty warm current of the youth was stilled. tide, dazed, frantic, or fleeing before the

streets. A procession hemmed him against a wall: girls, old men, children swept past with a startled rush of feet and rags. A boy fell forward on his knees, the old water vender at the corner threw up her arms, as if stricken hotel. the scene. crowd for him.

"See! The foreigner comes this way. He is the wizard, the poisoner, who brought the pest to Naples. He scatair, in the salt, on our food. He helps the accursed doctors with his spells."

passed the altar improvised before a ong-concealed strike at San Gennaro, the door of the adjacent pork him by the collar.

"I will teach you, wretch, to tamper with my wares so that nobody will buy them," shouted the butcher. The artist believed his hour had come, and the inturiated man was about to kill him for some imaginary wrong. To expostulate would be to add fuel to the flames. More than once a complete limpness of demeanor had saved him from serious disaster. Suddenly the butcher snatched up the sausage cake on the bench, brushed by the stranger's sleeve, thrust the delicacy into his hand, and hissed: "Eat it

or I will strangle you!" "Willingly," said Roger Hale. "Your sausage is excellent." The butcher growled; the crowd watched to see the foreigner drop dead; a girl laughed; an old woman croaked, "He can eat it, but another would die."

The mirth changed to groans and cries. A chorus of female voices expressed a desire to have the skin of Roger Hale. Two guards attempted to force their way to his rescue. The artist flung the sausage into the butcher's face, and with an agile bound cleared the space behind the altar, gained the corner and vaulted into a carriage. He was saved. The occupants of the vehicle made way for him, too much astonished for words "Lord! That butcher nearly did for

me. "You speak English?" demanded the new-comer. "Have you met Reger Hale at Naples?"

Rapid explanation ensued. John Leggat has just arrived. The artist learned of his brother's death with contrition. He confessed that he did not always read his sister's letters quite through and seldom responded. The two men actually their surroundings for the

The king accompanied by his brother. carriage breasting a human wave of clamorous subjects as fur as eye could Rossore had undertaken the same heroic

Roger Hale doffed his hat. "That's the real article, you know," quoth the artist; "I don't care much as learned that Roger Hale was in Milan. of the Siren Perthenope, a study of light, about kings, but when I meet a man the graves of the dead every year.

In the railway carriage, Roger Hale . "The picture must be Parthenope

The vision intoxicated him as he passed desolate, a Niobe weeping for her slain by the ancient Via Latina through the children, a Sibyl outliving the griefs of a Campagna Felice, and thence onward to Stricken world. In the background Cassamicciola topples to ruin in the the goal. Modern competition did not shadow of Epomeo, while at Parthen-

In the month of October Katy White glanced up through her falling tears to behold John Leggat standing in the doorway. He had his arm linked through that of a short man, as if fearing to lose him.

"My darling Katy," exclaimed John,

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

"Lenses of rock crystal taken from the ruins of Nineveh," said a member at the meeting of the microscopists in Cleveland the other day, "suggests that mi-croscopes may have been used in those days." No one knows, indeed, who did invent the magnifying glass.

As tissue exhaustion resulting from toil, privation or anxiety promotes the development of cancer, an English medical authority thinks the marked increase in the death-rate from that disease during the last century may be readily explained by a glance at the history of our laborious age.

The bridge to be constructed over the Hawkesbury river, New South Wales, will be a remarkable work. This doubletrack railway bridge will be 3,000 feet long, and the piers, according to the plans, will require to be sunk about 170 feet in all below tide. The estimated cost is not less than \$2,000,000.

In a report of experiments to the Glasgow Philosophical society it appears that a live rabbit survived an hour's exposure to a temperature of 100 degrees below zero. It was not frozen, its body heat being reduced only to forty-three degrees. Live frogs became solid in half an hour at thirty degrees below zero, and in two instances recovered.

Some silicious pebbles which are quite thunderbolt falling in their midst, as the citizens of Pompeii once fled from the Loing valley, France, have been dethe lava torrent. After revelry came repentance.

numerous in the quarternary gravels of the Loing valley, France, have been detended by Meunier. These stones—about an inch and a half in diameter— Roger Hale decided to return to Rome are remarkable for being hollow, and enby the next train. He went out into the closing liquid water, together frequently

The production of slag wool and the by an invisible missile. Beyond a crowd of industrial applications of the article apgamblers fell into an ecstacy because the pear to be largely on the increase. By lucky numbers had turned up for the action of strong jets of steam the Naples in the lottery. A band of slag is transformed into a fibrous, whit-youths begged alms of the artist, who ish silicate cotton, which, being minerwaved them off and returned to his al, is incombustible, like asbestos; it is How wretched and somber was advantageously and extensively used in Rain fell heavily, and the England in the construction of new wind, cold as November, agitated the houses with Mansard roofs, the space sea, hurling back noxious vapors at the between the interior lath or paneling town. Neapolitan malice circumvented and the exterior covering of zinc, slate Hale. The boys prepared the or tin, being filled with this slag wool, the effect being to protect from the rigor of frost in winter and from intense heat in summer. It is also said to prevent freezing and bursting of taps, ters a powder from his pocket on the spouts and water pipes if these are covered by the wool in winter.

A new sugar is now obtained from the The idle listened, the turbulent seeds of the Laurus persea, a tree grow-paused and scowled. As the artist ing in the tropics. This sugar has on previous occasions been noticed by chemists, but was supposed by them to be manuite. It is extracted by boiling albutcher, the latter sprang out and seized | cohol, from which it crystalizes on cooling. Its point of fusion is 184.5 to 184 degrees, while that of manuite is twenty degrees lower: it is very soluble in hot. less so in cold water, and even in concentrated solution it has no action in the polarimeter; on adding borax, however, to a four per cent. solution, it gives a rotation to the right of 0.55 degrees. It does not reduce copper solutions, and is not fermentable. Boiling nitric said converts it into oxalic scid, without the production of mucie acid. There are also some other chemical characteristics peculiar to this new sugar.

Decline of Thuggism.

The natives of India are clearly progressing, and the knowledge of science s taking the place of brute force. For pany years the authorities have been engaged in stamping out Thuggism, and although there can be little doubt that the terrible sect still ply their vocation when an oppunitualty offers, the power of the organization has long been broken. It is not, however, altogether defunct, and it seems that the remnants of the band have called in science to their aid. A short time since a zemindar of the Patiala state, coming to Lahore in the train, made the acquaintance of two travelers, who ingratiated themselves in his favor, and all three put up in the sultan's seria at Lahore, and prevailed on the zemindar to accept some sweetmeats from them. On the zemindar eating the sweetments he became insensible, and on recovering consciousness found his friends had gone, taking with them all his cash from his waist-belt. At any rate, it is satisfactory that the Thugs have taken to rendering their victims temporarily insensible instead of strangling them outright. The drug used in the sweetmeats most be one unknown in the English pharmacopæia, for we are was approaching the royal palace, the unaware of any capable of producing instant and complete insensibility without apparently bad after effects. The secret, Years before, the soldier Victor | when discovered, may prove a valuable Emanuel, in his shooting-coat, from San one, for it would seem that such sweetmests as these would prove a pleasant substitute for chloroform.-London Standard.

At least one ton of gold is buried in

A NOVEL AND EXCITING SPORT IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

Going Out on a Schooner and Waiting, Rifle in Hand, for a Shot at the Monsters.

Every other man about Chaleurs, says a letter from that place to a New York paper, is a fisherman, and those who are not Ashermen are in the fish-curing business, or in some way connected with the great industry.

The other morning, before New York-ers were awake, I found myself gliding down the bay toward the Gulf of St. Lawrence in as trim and neat a fore-andafter as it was ever my good fortune to meet. Every thing had been planned beforehand, and, after a thirty-mile run, the schooner rounded to off a rocky point, and a boat appearing, we took her, and were soon landed in the cabin of a famous guide and fisherman of those

"What time shall we start, Sandy?" asked my friend. "In about an hour," replied the fisher-

man; "then the tide's in chock." "I've brought no tackle," I suggested. "Ye don't want tackle for the white porpus," said Sandy, with a laugh, "There's the tackle for them," he continued, taking up an old-fashioned rifle and blowing down the barrel.

By the time a broiled sea trout dinner had been disposed of the tide was full, and, following the fisherman, we went down to the little cove before his house, where a heavy boat was jerking at its moorings, as if anxious to be off. The

old man had given each of us a rifle. "They ain't pretty guns, that's a fact," said Sandy, as he trimmed aft the sail and the boat bore away, "but they're shooters, and don't you forget

"There you go," whispered the old man, as a strong, loud puff came over the water, and a faint cloud of spray drifted from the crest of a wave. "Steady!" and the old man let the sheet run and seized his rifle. The next mo-ment a round blue white hide popped up just off the beam. There was a crash as if a cannon had exploded, and the huge form of a beluga rose bodily four feet at least in the air, and fell back with a sounding crash.

"I winged him!" shouted the old man. The animal was whirling about in an erratic manner, beating the water with terrific blows with its powerful tail.

"Look out for him! "He's comin'!"
And with a blind rush the round, bullet

head struck the boat a sounding blow that lifted her prow above water. "Gimme the sheet!" shouted the fisher-

man, who was pushing on the oar that answered for a rudder. The passenger got the rope, and amid the spray from the dying whale the boat shot out of danger, and the old man rose and sent another bullet into the white target. 'They're hard to kill if you don't fetch 'em first shot," he said. "Now you pull up and I'll give him the lance."

The whale was still making the water foam when the prow of the boat ran alongside. A quick blow-the water was discolored by the blood of the beautiful creature. A few more blows, and it was dead. A barrel was lashed to it and the boat fell away for another.

"There's your chance," said the fisherman, as a puff came a hundred yards away. "Yes, that's too lar, but you can tell now just where be'll come up a second time. Pint your ride over there,' continued the fisherman, pointing to a spot 200 feet in advance of the place where the animal had appeared. sportsman followed instructions, and a moment later, almost in front of the rifle, rose the white head. I fired, and by one of those remarkable chances that come sometimes to green hands the bullet struck the white whale in the heart. A single leap into the air and it was dead. The old porpoise shooter dropped the oar and insisted on shaking hands. "Wall, you've been at this business before. There ain't no use a denyin' of it; you never could have hit that critter ef you hadn't." So greatness is thrust upon some people, and as I did not shoot again I came away with a proud record as an old beluga shooter.

The others took two more whales before the day ended, and for off-hand shooting it must be said that the exhibition was a fine one. It was interesting to note how accurately the fisherman gauged the power of the animal to remain under water. He hit it every time, and his own statement that he rarely missed could well be taken. The whates were finally taken back in tow and

hauled upon the nearest beach. The white whale, better known as the beluga, is very common in the gulf of St. Lawrence and several hundred miles up the river. The adults are about fifteen feet long, of a pearly blue-white color, the young being spotted or mar-The beluga is quite valuable in trade, the oil being adapted to certain kinds of machinery, and the skin is made into a curious kind of velvet leather. The meat is eaten by some, and it is said that a company is forming to export it as beef, and in reality, there is no reason why it should not be done. The belugais a milk-giving animal, and the meat is good and nutritions, and not at all fishy.

Embarrassing Generosity.

Mexico is that nearly every man you meet makes you a present of a residence. He grasps your hand with ardent cordiality when he leaves you, and says: "My house is yours; it stands Numero tres- Calle," and so on, "and is at your service." The next man tells you that your house is at such and such a number, and he shall be angry if you do for more than five minutes, and both are only casually introduced, this excessive generosity is quite embarrassing.

THE TIDE

The west wind clears the morning, The sea shines silvery gray;

The night was long, but fresh and strong,

Awakes the breezy day; Like smoke that flies across the lift, The clouds are faint and thin; And near and far along the bar

The tide comes creeping in. The dreams of midnight showed me

A life of loneliness,

A stony shore that knew no more The bright wave's soft caress; The morning broke, the vision fled,

With dawn new hopes begin; The light is sweet and at my feet 'a he tide comes rolling in.

Over the bare, black boulders,

The ocean sweeps and swells; Oh, waters wide, ye come to hide Dull stones and empty shelis!

hear the floods lift up their voice With load, triumphant din; Sad dreams depart—rest, doubting heart,

The tide comes foaming in. -Sarah Doudney, in Good Words

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A sliver in the bush is worth two in

One who takes lots of interest in his

business—the pawnbroker. The watermelon is admitted without question into our best families, although it is always very seedy .- Philadelphic

The militia of the different States, while they may be good soldiers, are generally down as N. G.—Texas Sift

"Who don't you turn over a new leaf?" "I will, pa, in the spring. Can't do it this time of year, you know."—Boston Budget.

There was nothing the matter with B.'s feet till he was kicked out of a club. and then he was club-footed .- Merchant

What this country needs most is s practical scientist who can invent an at tachable steering apparatus for cyclones. -Boston Post.

Some one says "guns are only human after all. They will kick when the load becomes too heavy." They also often go off half-cocked.—Graphic.

If the gods ever interpose in behalf of suffering humanity, it seems a little re-markable that a baldheaded man should be overlooked in fly time.

He saw her once, and Cupid's shaft
Straight to his heart found passage;
But, ah! what pain was his when she
At breakfast ordered "sausage."

—Boston Gazette,

"Your father is entirely bald, isu't he?" said a man to a son of a million aire. "Yes," replied the youth sadly: "I'm the only heir he has left."—Oswepo Gazette.

To clean teeth use a mixture of emery and sweet oil. Follow it with plenty of kerosene. P. S. We mean the teeth of circular saws, of course; make no mistake, - Chicago Sun.

It is fun to stand on a street corner a fine afternoon and watch the men all rushing around trying to make money, and the women floating around trying to

spend it .- San Francisco Herald. Professor, looking at his watch-"At we have a few more minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." Student-What time is it, please?"-Boston Journal

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS: Now comes the toothsome oyster stew To cheer the youth and maid, And, better, there is coming, too, A boom to trade. Then he who'd rake the shekels in When trade begins to rise, When soon it will, must now begin

To advertise. "A man went into the country last Sunday for a walk. He carried his overcoat on his arm, but finding it burdensome, hung it on a fence. Taking a card from his pocket he wrote: 'Do not touch this coat; infected with smallpox. He came back two hours later and found he card, upon which was written, underneath the warning: 'Thanks for the coat-I've had the smallpox.' "-New Haves

Palladium. THE QUEEREST THING. "How queer it is," said Jim to Jack,
"That it should be man's wont
To think things said behind his back

Are meant as an affront?" Jack's answer was quick, sharp and blunt;
"It's more strange," he replied,
"That men should take as an affront
What's said as an aside."

Yet you'il concede," said Jim, at once, "Much stranger it appears, That one should ever get affronts

From debtors in arrears. You're right; but, after all, I don't Think that's so queer," said Jack, As this—that ever an affront Should take a man aback!"

How Bees Predict the Weather.

Herr Emmerig, of Lauingen, writes in

-Somerville Journal

Die Natur on German bees as storm warners. From numerous observations, the writer advances tentatively the theory that, on the approach of thunder storms, bees, otherwise gentle and harmless, become excited and exceedingly ir-A thing that surprises you greatly in ritable, and will at once attack any one, even their usual attendant, approaching their hives. A succession of instances are given in which the barometer and hygrometer foretold a storm, the bees remaining quiet, and no storm occurred; or the instruments gave no intimation of a storm, but the begs for hours before were treitable, and the storm came. He concludes, therefore, that the conduct not occupy it. As neither of them has of bees is a trustworthy indication enjoyed the honor of your acquaintance whether a storm is impending over a certain district or not, and that, whatever the appearances, if bees are still, one need not lest a storm.