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Laviny was light-minded.

upon them.

the letter over.

less a life?

was left alone.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1885.

SILENT MUSIC.

Molodious silence reigns from hill to hill,

For there may be sweet music without sound.

The wistful autumn, gold-and-russet gowned.

Both all our souls with rhythmic feeling fill On winter days, when all is bleak and chill, And each bare limb is with a snow ridge

crowned-In that white prospect melodies abound-

Strains we hear not, but which our senses thrill:

On still, spring days, when the buds bedeck the trees,

And bright green leaves shine through a blossom storm,

And in the listless, dreamy, summer days, Nature is rich with silent harmonies.

Beauty is music in whatever shape,

It smiles on us in nature's mystic ways. -R. K. Munkittrick, in Good Cheer.

A LITTLE FAMILY AFFAIR

When Eden was electrified by the appearance upon walls and fences of a placard announcing that the "Cecilia Club" would give a concert at Haverford (six miles away), and Saul Kit-tredge was the "basso profondo."

West Eden was far, very far, from the madding crowd, and the entertainments that came within its range were wont to be of the burnt cork variety. They savored of the ungodly, and of very humble social sphere. And Saul was Descon Kittredge's only son, and had been expected to follow in his father's footsteps-to be a deacon of the church, president of the Eden bank, postmaster of West Eden (the postmastership had descended to the deacon from his father and grandfather undisturbed by political changes, and the deacon regarded it as a respectable heirloom) and for a wife he was to take to himself Mary Willett, the minister's daughter.

minister's daughter. All these plans were waiting for the baby Saul when he opened his aston-ished blinking black eyes upon the troublesome world. Alas! Almost from the day of their opening the black eyes took quite different views of life. Before their owner was five he had set little Mary Willett down hard in a mud pie, and run off to play with the disreputable children on "the Flats."

"He's alwers been walkin' the down-ward path," said Deacon Peters (of the other church) as he stopped for a friendly chat at the undertaker's door on the day when the placards appeared. "To think of his thrashin' the schoolmaster who was disciplin' Tildy Slocomb, one of them Flats children, and then runnin' away with a circus when he wa'n't but sixteen! And then he left college against his father's will and the first thing they knew he was playactin' in a theatre ! And he's courtin' Tildy Slocomb, and means to marry her. They say he prom-ised his mother he'd give up the play-actin', but I don't know but this is jest as bad. His father has cast him off and

-

She called feebly, and the descon's POSTOFFICE PECULATORS. And it was not the gossip alone. He had lately found under the cushion of voice answered, but still she had to lean her chair, in a search for Zooa's instantish-a paper-covered book with the astonish-ing title: "The Stolen Bride, or The was so terrible to think that somebody was so terrible to think the letter! her chair, in a search for Zion's Messenger.

had seen her tampering with the letter! Her fingers trembled so that the bolt But Laviny was the wife of his bosom ; he hurried home to consult with her resisted her efforts. about this new trouble that had fallen

"Good land, Laviny, what is the mat-ter?" her husband called, impatiently. He found her perched upon the high When at length the door was opened stool behind the rows of pigeon-holes in the postoffice scrutinizing through her glasses the superscription of a letter. "Nehemiah, Tildy Slocomb has got a lelter, and it's a man's writing, but I don't think it's Saul's. The postmark beats me." "Understand in the star i

"I hear that she has gone to Eden to work in a milliner's abop since her father died," said the deacon. "We must send good spirits. "At that window, was good spirits. "At that window, was it? Why, the blinds are shut. You've "Now, it's queer I didn't know she'd been dreaming, Laviny." gone. Folks won't take the trouble to "The blind was open, a

gone. Folks won't take the trouble to tell a poor lame old woman what's goin' on, said Mrs. Kitridge, plaintively. "And they won't send postal cards; there ain't half so many goin' between here and Eden as there used to be." The deacon looked up quickly from the bowed position in which he had sat down. He had observed that; he had and carried it off! No, I haven't put it down. He had observed that; he had also overheard whispers which led him in my pocket, nor mislaid it anywhere;

to think that his wife's curiosity about it's gone!" the mails was causing dissatisfaction in The dear The deacon hastened to the wood-shed

the town. Was disgrace in another shape coming upon him in his old age-upon "And I turned that button the very him who had led so upright, so blamefirst thing after Huldy went out! How could he have got in?" said Mrs. Kit-But no; he only imagined that because tredge.

The deacon bowed his head upon his trouble had disturbed his nerves; nobody could suspect Laviny of anything really hands and groaned.

"It couldn't be of any great conse-quence, Nehemiah, a letter of Tildy Slo-comb's," faitered his wife. "You don't think it's goin' to make great trouble!" dishonorable, and surely they could bear with her harmless curiosity and goasip. "Laviny, Saul has joined a concert troupe. They are going to sing in Haverford to-morrow night; the bills are "The letter was in our keeping; we posted all over town with 'Saul Kit-tredge, basso profondo,' on them." must account for it. If nothing was ever said about it, it would be our duty Mrs. Kittredge got down painfully from the high stool-a little withered old lady, but with hair that was still to tell just how it was lost," said the deacon.

"I s'pose you're right." said his wife (as she had said a thousand times since flaxen and childish blue eyes, "Oh, their wedding day); "but it's hard; it will look so much as if I meant to open Nehemiah, our Saul!" she said, with a gasp, stretching her little trembling hands out toward him. "But maybe it ain't so bad. Don't look so, Nehemiah." it! Nehemiah, you don't suppose they'll turn us out?"

Deacon Kittredge groaned. "I don't see why we should have had such a son, The deacon walked the floor with great strides. "We shall have lost peo-Laviny," he said, shaking his gray head heavily. "But there! it's the Lord's ple's trust; if I am not turned out, I shall give up the office." He kept back judgment on us, and we must bear it." the reproaches that rose to his lips, but he walked into the sitting-room and closed the door behind him. He opened And the deacon went to his closet, and on his rigid old knees sought to discover the meaning of the Lord's judgment. After supper he wended his way to the weekly prayer meeting. Huldah, the "help," went too, and Mrs. Kittredge

anxious blue eyes overflowing at the

As soon as both were gone, and the mention of her son's name. doors fastened behind them, she went "The minister says that "The minister says that the musical company that Saul belongs to is nothing into the postoffice, and took the letter addressed to Tildy Stycomb again from like a minstrel troop; he says it's respect its pigeon-hole-Tildy Slicomb who had able. He seemed to think we needn't come of "shiftless" stock, who wore pink feel so had about it."

bonnets, and went to dances, and flirted I can't think of anything but how Saul will feel if we're turned out of the

He had gone into stock speculation THE EXPERIENCES OF A VETERAN INSPECTOR.

Thrilling and Sensational Cases-A Truthful Thief whose Sentence was not Carried Out.

Forest Republican.

Inspector Adsit, of the postoffice department, whose investigation of the mail robberies in this village resulted in the arrest of young Pierce, is one of the most experienced men on the force, where he has been employed many years. There are sixty mail inspectors in all, whose duty it is to "check up" the accounts of postmasters where negligence or crookedness is suspected, and to fer-ret out embezzlement and thieving. The aspecting of postmasters' accounts is comparatively easy, and young men are assigned to it, as the main qualification accessary is an accurate knowledge of bookkeeping. The old hands are em-ployed as detectives, and all the quali-ties necessary to the spying out of the

most intricate cases are required. Inspector Adsit's many years' experi-ence, if recorded in the plainest, most unimaginative way, would make a volume much more thrilling and sensational than the fanciful detective stories published, while at the same time it would give touches of human nature in its most for human nature the more I know about varied passes. Mr. Adsit, though naturally uncommunicative, is an old news-paper man, and he told one or two of his experiences while enjoying a cigar and waiting for the 11:20 train to his next base of operations in Northern New its 'failings."

Huron or just over the line at Sarnia, and I finally traced it to the former place. There was a boy sixteen years old who worked through the night at the office, and I had reason to believe that he took the money. I sent four decoy letters from separate stations, mailed so that they would be sure to pass through his hands on a certain night. In a memorandum book I took a record of the date and number of the bank bills I put in each one, and made the hand-writing in no two letters alike. I de-cided then to watch the postoffice all night to see that no one else went there. The time selected was a bright, moonlight night in September, and, as luck would have it, there had been series of burglaries there just before, including the blowing up of a couple of safes, so that the police were wide awake. I be-gan on my beat up and down the alley, gan on my beat up and down the anony and soon saw that a country policeman was watching me. It was not very long before he walked up to me and in a very knowing as well as pompous way said: 'Well, where are the rest of your gang? You might as well own up now.' I as-You might as well own up now.' I assurred him that I was not a burglar, but was on to watch the postoflice.

with the cashier of a bank across the street, and turned over nearly all the large money orders he received for the bank to cash, until it held \$2,000 dollars worth of them against against the postoffice. He failed in his speculations and could not meet the orders. I offered to help him make up the deficiency, and advised him to go to friends to borrow and prevent exposure. He confided his case man and 101 one becoming discouraged because he refused to advance the money, did not have the face to go elsewhere. The man had lost a leg in the war, was a prominent member the leading of church and was greatly respected in the community, so that when I exposed him at last the public would not believe he could have done wrong. I was denounced for ruining his reputation, and it was not until the bondsmen were called on to make up the deficiency that people began to find out that I had made no mistake. The exposure led to the prompt discharge of the cashier. I have become accustomsd to such abuse, however, and do not mind much about it. One would think that this experience would harden me, but it doesn't. I hate to expose a man more than you can realize, and I have more sympathy

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Birds and Their Feathers.

The best time for seeing perfect feathering is in the winter, or onward to the spring; then, after a very short honey-moon, the birds settle down to domestic drudgery with exemplary ardor, with the result that at the end of a few weeks their tail-feathers are rough and irregular, their pinions worn and ragged from constant contact with the nest in sitting ; and by the time their new suit comes at midsummer they are more than ready for it. The spring, of course, is the climax of a bird's life. With scrupulous care he arranges hourly his feathers, all their markings are seen to perfection, and many peculiarities of decoration are then and then alone displayed. The fieshy combs and protuberances become scarlet and enlarged, and any one who has not seen a pheasant or cock grouse at this season of love would be astonished at the alteration from his normal state. The cock pigeon swells that part of his body most adorned with iridescent feathers to make the grandest show he can; and every humble finch and small bird brushes up his modest finery. It is said that not a single bright-colored feather on any bird's body is left idle or undis-played. If birds have bright-colored tails they raise them to their highest and fullest and abase their heads; if bright heads, then they shake out their plumes, their eye distends, and their wattles swell; and if, as in some cases, they have large tippets of feathers falling on both sides of the head, they contrive the bewildered hen shall see all the glories of 'Come, both sides at one glance, and so drag all that's too thin,' he said ; 'I saw the post-

RATES OF ADVERTIBING.

	One Equare, one inch, one insertion
	One Square, one inch, one month # 00
	One Square, one Inch, three months 6 Co.
	One Square, one Inch, one year
	Two Squares, one year
	Quarter Column, one year Bd #0
I	Haif Column, one year For on
1	Ope Column, one year
	Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in ortion.
1	Marriage and death notices gratin

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be peld is advance.

Job work-each on delivery.

SONG FROM "THE MIKADO." As some day it may happen that a victim

must be found I've got a little list-I've got a little list

Of social offenders who might well be under ground.

And who never would be missed-who nover would be missed !

There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs-

All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs-

All children who are up in dates and floor you with 'em, flat-All

persons who, in shaking bands, shako hands with you like that-And all third persons who on spoiling tele-

a-tetes insist;

They'd none of 'em be missed-they'd none of 'em be missed!

Chorus-He's got 'em on the list-he's got 'em on the list;

And they'll none of 'em be missed---they'll none of 'em be missed.

There's the midnight serenader and the others of his race

And the piano organist-I've got him on the list!

And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face-

They never would be missed-they never would be missed!

Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone.

All centuries but this and every country but his own:

And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy, "who doesn't think she waltzes, but

And would rather like to try;"

And that singular anomaly, the lady novelint-

I don't think she'd be missed-I'm sure she'd not be missed!

Chorus-He's got her on the fist-he's got her on the list:

And I don't think she'll be missed-I'm sure she'll not be missed!

And that nisi prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife.

The judicial humorist-I've got him on the

list? All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life-

They'd none of 'em be missed-they'd none of 'om be missed!

And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,

Such as-what d'ye call him-Thing.'em-Bob, and likewise Never-Mind.

'St-'st-'st-and What's-his name, and also You-know-who-

The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to you.

But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,

For they'd none of 'em be missed-they'd none of 'em be missed!

Chorus-You may put 'em on the list-you may put 'em on the list:

And they'll none of them be missedthey'll none of 'em be missed!

York. "About two years ago," he said, "I had a job given me in Michigan which had troubled the department a good deal. They had been losing money from registered letters which must have been taken out by postoffice clerks at Port

forbid him the house, but he's terribly broke down by it. Well, he's been a prosperous man, Deacon Kittredge has, and you can't expect to fly in the face of Proverdunce every way.'

"Saul wa'n't never what you could call godly given," said Job Fisher, the undertaker, a fat and jovial man, who was at work upon a willow baby carriage, cradles and baby carriages being cheerfulty mingled with the legitimate products of his craft all over his shop. But he always seemed to me like a skittish colt; there wa'n't nothin' really wicked about him."

"I'm afraid Saul never had any realizin' sense of solum things," said the deacon. "But there is Deacon Kittredge readin' one of the bills; it is certainly a time to offer Christian sympathy.

"It aint playactin'," said the undertaker to himself as the deacon departed, "if basso profundo does sound like swearing', and somehow puts you in mind of the be made; and if nobody cise don't, Marian Fili go over to hear Saul sing.

When Deacon Kittredge saw the deacon of the other church coming toward him he hurried away "I can't talk about it-no, I can't never talk about it to anybody but the Lord and Laviny,' he murmured to himself.

The postoffice was an excresence upon the side of the large low farmhouse which Deacon Kittredge's grandfather had built; an ornamental excrescence, for West Eden was not, after all, so far from the madding crowd but that hints of the new styles of architecture reached it, and the postoffice was an aspiring work box bedaubed with fiendish reds and yellows, of which the solid, respectable old house looked thoroughly ashamed. The family sitting-room had been the postoffice, and the new postoffice opened out of it; otherwise she should have died of homesickness after in this letter; the envelope was too thick, it was built, Mrs. Kittredge declared.

Mrs. Kittredge had become lame by reason of chronic rheumatism, and was unable to get about much, and if it had not been for the posto lice she couldn't, as she often declared, have "kept up so with what was goin' on."

descon in the dead of night with shrewd a word. guesses as to their contents; and, nevertheless, she had hailed with delight the advent of postal cards.

Of late the deacon had been pondering deeply the reasons why such a judg-ment should have come upon him in the person of his only son, and the suspicion the pane was a face. and struck him like a sudden blow that Laviny was "light-minded."

50

She certainly had not seemed so in her youth; she had been reckoned a most discreet and proper wife for an incipient deacon. Her love of goasip had been latent until she had passed middle age, but he could see that it now increased nonstantly.

with the stage-driver. 'If it ain't from Saul. I want to postoffice. know it; and if it is, seems as if I Mrs. Kittredge suddenly broke down ought to know it. And I never saw a completely. "If I'd never touched that thinkin' about it; or if I knew just how it was about Arvilly Wright's beau jiltin'

book Miss Skinner| brought me, I feel so see their fail. wicked readin' it; and it don't pay, for Slocomb."

She held the letter up between her eyes and the lamp that stood in a bracket on the wall.

"I don't see why Nehemiah was bent on havin' everything so high up here-letter boxes and stools and lamps and all. I'll take the letter out into the sitiin'room. But come to think of it, I should feel kind of awkward hidin' it away, if anybody should happen to come in, and it's warmer and not so lonesome in the kichen.

So in the kitchen Mrs. Kittredge went, with the precious letter hidden under her little worsted cape, although there was nobody to see but Saul's old gray cat, a lineal descendant of the one that had brought up her family in old Mr. Hollis's coffin.

The kitchen was a large one with win-dows on two sides. Mrs. Kittredge care-

One could not discover anything, sias! or the outside of the paper was not writ-

ten upon. Was it Saul's writing? The capital letters did not look like his. If she could see only one word of the inside! She turned the letter over. The envelope had not stuck together all the way She knew whom everybody's letters across; she slid her finger in, not to his wife. "And if it ain't-I'm blessed were from; she sometimes waked the open it-only enough to see, perchance, if it ain't !- the deacon and Mis' Kit-

> The paper tore-there was a rent an Harper's Bazar. inch long!

She uttered an exclamation of dismay, and looked around her as if there were somebody to see. There was; the blind had been opened, and pressed against

With a cry of terror she sprang to her feat, dropping the letter on the floor. At the same instant there came a loud knock at the back door, on the other side. It was the deacon's double knock; and with a feeling of relief Mrs. Kittredge entry.

postmark that I couldn't make out letter and could have things as they before. If there was any postal cards to were, I would be willing to swallow even put my mind on, maybe I could stop, such a bitter pill as Tildy Slocomb," she sobbed. Then she crept off to bed, and forgot in a few hours' troubled sleep the her, but I can't be took up with that dismal morrow when all the world would

wicked readin' it; and it don't pay, for there ain't a word of truth in it. I should like to know who has written to Tildy there when she came down in the cheerless morning, and they looked in each other's faces in dumb misery, each with the same thought-by this time everybody in West Eden might have heard

the story and seen the torn letter. Huldah came bustling in. "Such do-in's!" she exclaimed; "trampin's in the house all night, and tracks all around the house, and nobody come in! And I dreamed of makin' currant jelly that wouldn't jell, and that never failed yet to be a sign of trouble. And why folks should want to stick a letter under the woodshed door, when we've got a whole postoffice to the front one, is more'n I know ("

Mrs. Kittredge's trembling hand snatched the letter which Huldsh produced. It might be-no, it was not Tildy Slocomb's letter. It was addressed, in pencil, to Mrs. Kittredge:

The kitchen was a large one with win-dows on two sides. Mrs. Kittredge care-fully pulled down the curtains of the two windows whose outside blinds were not closed; they were not used to coming down, and mude very hard work of it, which seemed to give her a guilty feel-ing. The postmark was so blurred that scarcely a letter was distinguishable. She held the letter up before the tamp. Her conscience gave twinges, but one could never discover any secrets in that way—only a stray word here and there One could not discover anything, sins! and father to come over to Haverford and hear me sing. Mr. Willett and Mary are coming.

"Your affectionate son, "SAUL KITTREDGE."

"Hurry up, Maria! There's another geful goin' over to Haver-to hear Saul sing basso procarriageful ford fondo," called the jovial undertaker to tredge settin' up as pert as lizards !"-

"I am just as much opposed to tip-pling as anybody," said Fenderson; "but, nevertheless, liquor rightly used is a blessing to humanity. When I was ill last winter I actually believe it saved my life." Fogg-"Very likely; but how does that prove that liquor is a blessing to humanity?"- Baston Transcript.

Duncan McGregor, the man who first hurried, as fast as her tremining limbs lived in the cottage where Grant died, would carry her, into the little back and gave the name to the monntain, still lives in the neighborhood.

the feathers of the far side round to the master himself to night, and he told me to watch the office myself. Come now, g' long with me,' and he started for the station house. If there is anybody in the world I don't give a secret to it's a policeman, for they are sure to tell everything they know. So I tried to evade his attempt to discover why I was there. Art. I argued, threatened, showed him my

commission and did everything else, and after working for nearly two hours freed myself by consenting to having a man put on to watch me. And he actually hired a man to watch me on the corner all night! In the morning I went into the postoffice and, finding the suspected clerk, asked him to show his registered letters. I looked written.

"''Paul,' said I, 'now give me the money.' He got mad and said he had none. I then made him take off his cont and vest, which I searched without success, but found a roll of bills in his I picked out several, and trousers. showing him my memorandum book, himself. 'You've got me,' and that is all he said. I opened my letters and found that he had taken the money from three. and had put back the bills in the fourth, He did not know that I wrote it, and I asked him why he did not take the \$25 in that letter. 'Read it,' he said, pushing it over to me.

"It read as if from a poor boy about the clerk's age, who was returning \$25 he had borrowed from a neighbor to help him to a town over the line. It was written to his mother and told in a pitiful way how hard he had worked to save it and how he was saving money for her. The letter had touched him, and he left the money. I could not tell him that the letter was a fancy of mine to test his conscience. And he is the only one I over arrested whose sentence was not carried out. He had so many manly qualities that the judge held the sentence over him on his good behavior, and the money he didn't steal helped to free him.

"The most of the criminals we find are under thirty years of age, and although there are a greatmany women in the de partment, I never knew of but two who were dishonest. You see they are not tempted to spend money as boys and men are. Extravagance has been the cause of the ruin of almost every one I have arrested. I believe it was the same thing that led young Pierce to steal, although this instance is by no means a marked one. He went with the boys who had rich parents and could not afford to keep up with them in style, "I met with a sad case at Ypsilanti,

in his accounts, and I had to fight him for nearly two days to prevent his com-mitting suicide. It was a singular case. cra taken in."

near side, making such a huge mass that the face is nearly hidden, and the projecting beak alone shows where the head must be. All this done for the hen's benefit, and it is only done when she is near; it all turns on her existence, and ceases if she be absent .- Magazine of

A Korrohboree in Australia. After dinner, which was at 6 P. M., we

went to see a korrohboree, where the black fellows were encamped at a short distance from the house. There were two tribes of these, and about two hundred of them in all. They were painted with white and black streaks across the them over and picked out the four I had face and chest, and got up in correct style with skins and spears and boomer-

angs, and by the light of the fires which were kindled in a circle around they looked sufficiently hideous.

The tribes danced alternately, and the watchwords of their songs appeared to be half English, half native. A great deal of the action of the dance consisted made him read and compare the marks in striking the ground at the same moon the bills and then on the book for ment, so as to cause an echoing thud with their feet. One of the repeated actions was to cause the muscles of the leg and thigh to quiver simultaneously from toe to stomach in a most extraordinary manner. At the end of each figure they brought themselves up with a strange, deep-toned sound, half hur-rah, half grunt, "Wir-r-r-wuh!"

They would then wheel right across the inclosed space in line, chattering as fast as they could, upon the women who were sitting upon the ground, and also singing a sort of chorus of a few notes; the line would then wheel back, break up in twos and threes, brandishing their short sticks and clubs over their heads, each man vociferating quickly to his mate, then all of a sudden these incoherent sounds would all conlesce together into a chorus, and the band, again united, would cause the ground once more to wibrate to the reiterated cadence of them stamp.-Princes Educand and George & F.

> Nine Ways to Commit Suicide, Wear narrow, thin shoes.

Wear a ' snug" corset.

Sit up in hot, unventilated rooms till midnight.

4. Sleep on feathers in a small, close room.

5. Eat rich food rapidly and at irregular times.

6. Use coffee, tea, spirits, and tobacco. 7. Stuff yourself with cake, confee tionery, and sweetmeats, and swallow r few patent medicines to get rid of them. 8. Marry a fashionable wife and live

Mich., a few years ago," continued Mr. Adsit. "The postmaster, who was one of the leading men of the city in social and religious life, was found \$2,800 short

Candor in an advertisement : "Board-

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Established on a sound basis-A brass band.

The tooth of time-One extracted on credit.

"The battle is not always to the strong," said the judge, as he awarded the butter premium at a county fair .--St. Paul Herald.

The latest craze in fancy note paper is a distressingly bright red that known as El Mahdi. It is unruled, some as El Mahdi was. - Boston Post.

A learned doctor says: "Keep your infants warm." Yes, warm them up even if you have to wear out ten pairs of old slippers .- Providence Star.

"Circus Soap" is advertised. We suspect its manufacture is controlled by a ring, and the article is used principally for washing "tumblers."-Norristone Herald.

HE'S ALWAYS ON HAND. When aid to anyons you land And you are cheated, lo! How quickly comes along a friend To say, "I told you so!" —Reston Courier.

Nautical Husband (jokingly)-Oh, I'm the manastay of the family. Wife-Yes, and the jibboon, and the-and the-Small boy (from experience)-And the spanker, too, mamma. -- Worcester Ga-

"Whenever I see you, Herr Muller, I cannot help thinking of the thirty marks I lent you a year ago!" "Strange how people differ! I forget them regularly every time I most you!"-D'liegende Blaetter.

An Augusta, Ga., man is training monkeys to play baseball. The beauty of a monkey baseball player is that if he muffs a ball with his first pair of hands he can catch it with his second. -Bur-

lington Free Press. Mrs. Freah-Won't you please favor us with a song, Miss Porterhouse? Miss Porterhouse-Really, Mrs. Fresh, I am in very poor voice to-night, and I fear I cannot give satisfaction. "Oh, never mind that! Everybody is so dull tonight, and I have noticed that singing will always start conversation. No one will listen to you at all."-Philadelphia Call.

Now doth the maiden forthwith go Now doth the mailen forthwith go Through autumn fields to roam, To gather particolored leaves And bear them to her home. Hour after hear she picks them up, Until she weary grows. And in her back there comes a creak, And wind-nipped is her now. Then she the leaves doth press between The norms the leaves doth press between The norms of some book

The pages of some book, And at them from this time nemerorin, Doth never take a look. —Boston Gazette.