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THANKSGIVING HYMN.

This hymn, a characteristic specimen of the style of patriotic poetry composed at the time, was sung on the Thanksgiving Day appointed by Congress in 1783 in acknowledgment of the mercies of Providence in bringing the Revolutionary war to a happy close. It was not published until several years afterward and the author's name is not known:

The Lord above in tender Love,
Hath saved us from our foes.
Through Washington the thing is done,
The War is at a close.

America has won the day,
Through Washington, our chief;
Come, let's rejoice with heart and voice,
And bid adieu to grief.

Now we have peace, and may increase
In number, wealth and arts;
If every one, like Washington,
Would strive to do their parts.

MAKING OTHERS THANKFUL

"You need not try to hide those papers, Bessie; I know what they are," said Walter Eyre, with a sad little smile as he watched the motions of his wife.

Mrs. Eyre had just taken the bills from the postman at the door, and as she stood before the bureau mirror fastening her hat, she had tried to slip the ugly yellow envelopes out of her sick husband's sight.

"Yes," sighed Mr. Eyre again, "I know very well what they are—but how they are to be paid, or when, I don't know, I am sure," and he clasped his white hands over his eyes with a moan. His wife was at his side in a moment.

"Don't be disheartened, dear," she said, cheerily. "You are getting well so fast now, and after a little while I know we shall get out of these difficulties. Why," she added playfully, "I am going to collect a bill of my own this morning, to the value of twenty dollars. You ought not to have looked about so curiously, and then you would not have known of these unwelcome visitors."

"Until you had found some way of bowing them out, eh?" said Walter, smoothing the fair head bent over his chair. "And I know very well your expected twenty dollars is all spent. You are a brave woman, Bessie, but I can not see how we shall stem the tide much longer. I have a notion of writing to sister Sybil. I dislike to do it, but there seems just now no other way."

"Wait until after Thanksgiving, Walter," said his wife.

"Thanksgiving! It is near at hand, is it not? I fancy we shall not feel particularly grateful, what with debts and duns to think of," said Walter, bitterly.

"I am thankful, dear, that you are so far recovered, and, above all, that you were spared to me." And here Bessie's voice faltered, and she hid her face on her husband's shoulder, and both were silent as they remembered the empty crib in the next room, and the little grave whither the baby boy had been laid to rest only a few months ago.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Eyre, rousing herself, "we will be thankful we have each other and dear Ethel. And when I am tempted to despond, I say to myself over and over that I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread, and then I am thankful for the memory of pious parents and ancestors. And now I must go and see Mrs. Wilton about my work."

"That seems like begging bread to me, or very near it."

"Mrs. Wilton don't think so, I can tell you," said Bessie, brightly. "I get very good prices for my work, and you are not to underrate me, I can tell you, sir."

Walter looked at the bright, brave face, the trim, energetic but graceful figure before him, and sighed again, but Bessie pretended not to hear. She stirred the fire into a blaze, arranged the books and papers on a little stand within her husband's reach, shook up the lounge cushions and made the rather bare room look as cosy as possible; and with a kiss to little Ethel and an injunction to "take good care of papa," Bessie went out into the wintry air.

She was a brave woman, as her husband had said; in spite of her cheerful face there was a heavy weight on her heart this November morning. By some of those sudden turns of business so often occurring in our cities, Walter Eyre had been thrown out of employment. Then came the illness and death of the baby, quickly followed by the tedious fever which had brought the husband and father almost to the verge of the grave, and though now convalescent he was still weak and helpless. Under the occasional drain their slender means had become painfully less, necessities were sadly needed, and debts were calling for payment.

As soon as her husband needed less of her constant care, Bessie Eyre had bravely tried to assume the place of bread winner. She and her husband had both wealthy relatives, but the poor and struggling easily fall out of notice; and the Eyres had a full measure of pride and called on none for assistance. Bessie considered herself fortunate to obtain sewing and fancy-work from several ladies, and, as she said, her work received good prices. But there was so much needed, though she trimmed her little household strictly to the needful, and so many bills caused by that long illness, that, strive bravely as she would, a weary look had crept into her soft brown eyes, and lines of care were gathering round the sweet mouth, that yet had always hopeful words for the invalid.

"I must pay one of those bills," said Bessie, as she passed along the busy street. "I think Mr. Morris will write white, but I am not so sure of White & Co. Twelve dollars out of my money to go to the grocers; they have waited so long on us. I shall have to see what I can get on my watch."

She pressed her hand upon it as she thought of the wedding day when Walter gave it to her. The postoffice had to be passed ere the pawnbroker's shop was reached. Almost mechanically she stepped in and inquired for letters. One was handed her. Bessie almost shrank from the sight of the blue business-like envelope. Oh, surely it was not another dun!

"But I will open it. Walter must not be troubled again to-day," she said, as her trembling fingers slowly tore aside the envelope.

Was she mistaken? Surely it was a check for three hundred dollars. Three hundred dollars! How it would lighten their burdens, how it had already lightened the poor little wife's heart! Bessie wondered how she transacted her business with Mrs. Wilton; how she could listen and answer intelligibly as to box plaiting and tailor-finish, or decide between the merits of plush and satin pipings, when she was so eager to rush home and tell Walter of the good news. And once or twice she was obliged to look again at the check to convince herself it was not fairy gold. But before she had reached their door she was calm enough to enter quietly as usual. She went up to Walter's chair, kissed him, and put the envelope in his hands. He opened it, looked at the check, then at his wife and said:

"You are right, Bessie. 'Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.' I feel as if I do not deserve it. From sister Sybil," he added, pointing to the postmark which Bessie in her excitement had not noticed.

Such a warm, cosy room as it was! The autumn sunshine coming in through the east and south windows, dancing over the soft, gray carpet, as if to test its brightness with the glowing flame in the great, old-fashioned stove. Perhaps the chairs and table stood a trifle primly in their places, but not a speck or spot was to be found on their polished surfaces; a pleasant, sunny room was Mrs. Sybil Eyre's sitting-room. But that small old lady who lay on the sofa in the warmest corner of the room had little of sunshine about her. A fretful expression shone in her sharp, dark eyes, and the lines about her pale, thin lips were not pleasant. The other elderly lady present seemed more in keeping with the surroundings. Peace was written all over the fair, placid face, in the kindly eyes, the firm, sweet mouth, the faded hands, now knitting with the unhurried grace which belongs only to the aged. Mrs. Eunice Foster seemed an impersonation of the calm autumn day without.

"It is three weeks to Thanksgiving," she said, as she counted the stitches on her seam needle.

"Mrs. Foster made this brief remark in a half apologetic tone, as if she expected to be contradicted or called to account in some way for her statement; for Mrs. Eyre was in the habit of differing from other people at first, whether she was of their opinion or not; but at present she was too much occupied with her own grievances to dissent, as she almost always did.

"Well, I must say I don't feel specially thankful," said Mrs. Eyre, drawing the afghan over her knees. "I've just had one trouble after another all this year. There was that cheating tenant on the upper place; and then he laid flat on my back in the very hottest of the summer; and what with the drought and poor season the crops are a failure. Now here I am with a sprained ankle and nobody knows when I shall walk again, if ever I can, and all my business going to rack for need of some one to see to things." And the lady drew a long sigh of self-pity as she wiped her eyes on a very fine linen cambric handkerchief.

Mrs. Foster glanced around the bright room, so full of comforts, even luxuries, and then out upon the trim, well kept grounds, and beyond to the wide fields where the stacked corn was standing in long rows. She thought of the stores of untouched provisions in the great neat house, and how easy it was for the thin hands near her to trace a few words on paper which would turn that paper into money value; she thought how a little spared from Mrs. Eyre's abundance would bring pleasure and thankfulness into less favored homes; she thought how her friend had it in her power to uplift some bowed with toil, to add comfort to some sick chamber and sparse larder, and thinking thus, Mrs. Foster sighed too.

"And what are you sighing for, Eunice?" said Mrs. Eyre sharply. "If I am not thankful I'll own it; and you need not sit there looking like a funeral."

"Was I looking glum?" said Mrs. Foster, with a little laugh, for she understood Mrs. Eyre's moods too well to be offended at her plainness of speech. "I'm sorry you have so much trouble, but things will mend after a while."

"It is to be hoped they will. But my foot and ankle don't seem to improve at all, and I am almost sure I'm going to have a spell of rheumatism, my back and shoulders are so stiff. I hardly closed my eyes last night."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Foster, sympathetically. "Now did you ever try turpentine liniment? Just the yolk of an egg well beaten, two wineglassfuls of turpentine, and a wineglassful of strong cider vinegar; when they are well mixed, three wineglassfuls of water, stirred in a little at a time. It's a splendid liniment. Father thinks there's nothing like it. It's too bad about your ankle, but as I was telling father, it's a mercy you didn't break your leg."

"Humph!" was Mrs. Eyre's sole and ungracious rejoinder.

"Yes, we all have our troubles," continued Mrs. Foster, wiping her glasses and looking thoughtfully into the fire. "Some of us have one kind and some another; but the Lord generally deals out to us the kind he sees fit for us. For a good many years he saw best to give me

poor health, but then a woman never had a kinder husband to care for me and the children too. I worried about them, but they got along about as well as if I had been around. Now the Lord has given you a few troubles—"

"A few!" groaned Mrs. Eyre.

"Well, he's given you a sprained ankle, but you have a rep-covered sofa to lie upon. You want to be around and looking after things, to be sure; but think how much better off you are than poor Mrs. Vaughan, lying where she knows she'll never get up, and all her little children needing a mother so sadly. The Lord sent the drought on your land, but all your crops are not spoiled like Mr. Wheeler's by the hail; and then his house burned to the ground. Your back may ache, but the Lord has given you very soft pillows to rest on; some folks haven't even straw."

"Oh, yes, Eunice," said Mrs. Eyre, moving uneasily. "You always see the best side of everything. It is very easy for you to talk, but you don't know half the care I have. You know my husband's affairs had all to be straightened up by me"—this with an air of triumph—and I have to look after everything; no one seems to manage properly. This is a world of trouble."

"Oh, yes; but you know we desire a better country, that is a heavenly. If we only reach that other world, these troubles will soon be very small; but I'll tell you a good thing to do if you don't feel thankful yourself—but I know you will after you think quietly a while—see if you cannot make somebody else thankful. Now I must be going, or father may think I'm going to stay all night. But will you try the liniment? I'll make some and send it over the first thing in the morning."

"If you please," was Mrs. Eyre's reply in a softened voice. And Mrs. Foster, having endeavored to give medicine to soul and body, bade her friend good-night.

"I wonder if I spoke too plain," she said, as an hour or two later she talked over her visit with "father."

"Not a bit, not a bit," said Mr. Foster, heartily. "Folks can take your plain talk better than most people's soft talk; and Mrs. Eyre ought to hear plain talking once in a while. She's plain enough herself."

Whether Mrs. Foster was too plain or not, Mrs. Eyre could not forget her words; and when the old lady was finally helped to her room and to bed, she could not sleep, but began to think over her friend's suggestion that she "make somebody else thankful." And Mrs. Eyre was a Christian, albeit she confessed herself an unthankful one. She was a Bible-reader, too.

"I have not sufficiently considered the poor, and therefore perhaps the Lord has withheld his strength from me. 'Make some one else thankful!'—where shall I begin?"

To be sure, there was her poor neighbor, Mrs. Vaughan, wasting away from an incurable disease, and her poverty did not admit of procuring delicacies which might tempt the fitful appetite. Mrs. Eyre bethought her of the many jelly glasses and the canned fruits in her closets, and mentally set apart a portion for the invalid. There, too, was the Wheeler family, who had lost their home by fire, and who were now receiving the half-welcome shelter of a brother's overcrowded house. The tenant house on her upper place was empty; why not offer it rent free to honest John Wheeler for the winter?

"And Walter—my poor Walter!" And now tears not entirely for herself came into Mrs. Eyre's sleepless eyes. If any one ever crept into the tenderest corner of her heart it was her young brother Walter. She had married a cousin, and had not changed her maiden name. Walter, many years younger than herself, had been left to her care by their dying mother, and she had given the boy all a mother's care. He never knew how dear he was to his fault-finding sister, and when come to man's estate he could no longer endure the incessant contradiction and fault-finding of her home, and he sought another home and employment in a city. Then he added to his offense by taking to himself a wife without consulting his sister. For a while he and his wife tried to keep up the family intercourse by letters, but Mrs. Eyre grew colder and colder, and at last all communication ceased between them. But no one knew how the sister's heart yearned for her young brother.

She had heard that he was in straightened circumstances, that sickness had entered his home. Was it the eldest or youngest child that had died? Some one had said Walter himself had been ill—what he might have expected, going to live in a city—and his wife had been doing sewing for people. It was a good thing she knew how; but—she was an Eyre. They must be helped some way. And the next morning Mrs. Eyre found a way, as the reader already knows; and by the time Thanksgiving came it was surprising how many ways she found in which to make others thankful.

When Thanksgiving came bright and clear she was amazed to see her parlor door open, and in came Walter and Bessie and Ethel, and Walter's arms were about her and Bessie's kisses were on her cheek.

"We thought we must come to tell you how you had helped us, how thankful you have made us," said Bessie. "And oh, it was so kind of you, dear sister Sybil!"

Before they had fairly got their wrappings off, in came Mrs. Foster, her kind face beaming with joy.

"And oh, Sybil," she said, after warmly greeting Walter and his wife, "I wish you could see how comfortable the Wheelers are in the house you let them have, and Mrs. Vaughan says that last jelly helped her to sit up nearly all day."

"I'm sure I am thankful I could help them both," said Aunt Sybil, but her lips trembled.

Then Mrs. Foster laughed, such a clear, ringing laugh that little Ethel had to join in too.

"So you are going to have a Thanksgiving, after all? I told you, you remember, it would pay you to make some one else thankful."

"Yes, you did, Eunice, and I'm thankful to you, too."

"And," said Bessie, softly, "we will all thank God for this dear Thanksgiving Day."—Lucy Randolph.

How to Cure Obesity.

In the fourth congress of German physicians the first subject discussed was corpulence. Ebstein advanced the opinion that drugs were of little service in reducing the amount of fat, and that an entire change of the regimen—including both change of diet and of the manner of living—was necessary.

Any method which reduced the general nutrition, and thus removed fat, was a failure; the fat alone must be removed. The method must not require the individual to give up his business during treatment, else it would not be generally applicable. The method must be capable of being continued indefinitely without producing unpleasant results, for individuals predisposed to corpulence by heredity or constitution must keep up the diet for a long time.

One method is to cut off all fatty goods. But as carbohydrates may be changed into fat in the body, this is not reasonable. The object is rather to prevent the formation of fat in the body. To secure this it is necessary to regulate the proportion of albuminous, starchy, and fatty foods, so that perfect nutrition shall be secured, but no excess of fat produced. The necessary amount of fat for a healthy man is 142 grains per diem.

If this is reduced one-half a part of the amount necessary for nutrition will be taken from the body to compensate for the reduced allowance in the food, and thus the excess of fat may be removed. Under this system the individual does not suffer the distress which is felt by those who are cut off from all fatty food, and the results are more successful and agreeable than those of the fasting system. The amount of carbohydrates to be reduced so that no surplus above bodily needs shall be taken.

In the fasting system the diet is chiefly nitrogenous, which often causes indigestion. Ebstein gives nitrogenous food, with the reduced allowance of starch and fat in sufficient quantity to keep up the general nutrition and working strength, but not in such amounts as to overload and embarrass the organs which digest proteids. The necessity of muscular exercise of sufficient force to produce free perspiration is insisted upon. This system has met with approval in Germany on account of its success.

Henneberg, in discussing the subject, approached it from a different side, and, by a review of the methods adopted in fattening cattle, sought to reduce the rules necessary to be observed in avoiding the accumulation of fat in man. The general discussion elicited varying views upon the physiology of digestion, but all agreed that the use of medicine for reducing corpulence was to be avoided.—Science.

Saving a Life.

One day last winter, '83-84, when the mercury was down somewhere in the forties below, an open sleigh-stage was making its way along a mountain road between two Montana towns. The only passengers were a woman and her young child. They were scantily clad for the rigorous weather, and the woman removed one of her wraps to protect the child. The driver discerned that she was growing drowsy, and warned her of the deadly peril of falling asleep. It was of no use, nor did the vigorous shaking he gave her serve to keep her awake. Finally the driver seized her, threw her out into the road, and drove off with the child at a rapid pace. This last expedient was successful. Awakened by the shock of the fall, the woman saw the stage disappearing with her child. Her maternal instincts were aroused. She ran after the stage as fast she could; the driver slackened up a little, but did not stop till he saw that the poor mother was thoroughly warmed by the exercise. Her life was saved. An hour later the stage reached a station, where buffalo robes were obtained to protect her against the deadly cold for the remainder of the journey.—Youth's Companion.

Why He Wouldn't Buy.

Produce Dealer—"Ah! Glad to see you, Mr. Blank. Can't I serve you with a turkey for Thanksgiving?"

Mr. Blank (coldly)—"No; thank you."

"But you remember I furnished your turkey last year."

"Yes, I remember."

"It was satisfactory, I hope?"

"Yes; the superintendent says it is very satisfactory."

"The superintendent?"

"Yes—of the Fast Line Railroad company."

"I—I—don't understand. Oh! perhaps you made him a present of it."

"No; I believe I sold it to him for a car spring."—Call.

In Case of Fire.

They sat in the library above, and they gazed at the hundreds of books; and she gave in exchange for his sighings, The sweetest and shyest of looks.

"Here are volumes of very great value, and you," he remarked, "are well versed; now, supposing a fire should break out here, which book would you try to save first?"

"I would seize"—and she grew quite excited, "and then she grew terribly calm—"I would seize papa's pocketbook first, sir. That's the kind of a bookworm I am!"—Columbus Dispatch.

FOWLS OF GIGANTIC SIZE

THE SUCCESS OF CALIFORNIA OSTRICH FARMING.

Precious Eggs and Ravenous Appetites—How the Birds are Plucked—In an Ostrich Corral.

A Los Angeles (Cal.) correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: Among the most novel, and apparently profitable, of the newer pursuits in California is ostrich farming. Dr. Skutch, the manager of the principal farm in this county, some few years ago was proprietor of a large and profitable one in South Africa. During the Transvaal war his rancho was devastated by the Boers and Zulus, and thinking that Southern California might possess the necessary qualifications, he came to spy out the land. He found everything satisfactory, organized a stock company, went to the Cape, and less than three years ago brought back twenty-two birds, ten males and twenty-two hens. Since then he has raised forty birds, which, considering the many difficulties he had to contend with at first, is satisfactory progress. His rancho is about twenty-one miles south of Los Angeles, near the village of Norwalk, on a spur of the Southern Pacific railroad.

As the visitor reaches the entrance, two sign-boards meet his gaze. The first rule, "Each visitor will be charged fifty cents," was made necessary by the crowds that at first poured into the place. The other, "All dogs found on this ranch will be at once destroyed," was occasioned by the fact that even the best-bred dogs will suck eggs; and when rotten eggs sell for \$3 each, and good ones are worth from \$50 to \$100 each, the undesirability of dogs is apparent. The farm consists of 200 acres, of which eighty are sown to alfalfa, thirty are in corn, and the remainder occupied by the pens, corrals, employees' quarters, etc.

The first object of interest is a rather large corral containing a flock of sixteen-month old birds. They stand about six feet high, and are quite timid. These birds were plucked three months ago, and their plumage is abundant and glossy already. My guide told me that only seven months' time was necessary for the new plumage to mature in, and that these "chicks" produced feathers at their last plucking over two feet long, which beats the record in Africa. Next come the pens where the adult birds are kept. Each pair is allowed a space of about twenty by forty feet. The females are of a speckled brownish color, and have a homely domestic appearance. The males, on the contrary, are a brilliant, glossy black, with one row of superb white feathers fringing each wing and the tail. They are rakish, gallant-looking fellows, and can comfortably stretch their necks over the eight-foot fence which forms the rear of their pens. A barrier in front of the pen keeps visitors at a safe distance from them, as these older birds are always dangerous. The superintendent told me that he knew of several men being killed and three horses disemboweled by them. Their feet are armed each with two toes, one of which is very long, and has at its extremity an immense claw. Their mode of attack is always by kicking, and as they are known to be able to maintain for a long time a gait faster than that of any race horse, the muscular power of their legs can be imagined.

I asked how the picking of these big ones was managed.

"Well, we catch their necks in a forked stick, draw a leather stocking over their heads, and four or five of us grab them. But it's no fun, I can tell you, for one square kick would send a fellow to kingdom come too quick. You hear me?"

Strange to say, they make no attempt to jump over the fence, but when very much excited or enraged will brush away a strong board fence with their breasts of bones, like so much paper.

The only use they make of their alleged wings is to steer themselves around a corner or sharp curve; during which operation they look much like a sail boat when it "luffs."

Up to recently patent incubators were used, but so unsatisfactory were they that the birds are now permitted to increase and multiply in the orthodox manner. Each pair is expected to hatch three broods a year, the hens averaging fifteen eggs at a setting, but sometimes running up to as many as thirty. About six weeks is the period of incubation. I saw some "chicks" only a week or so old, which were as large as prize turkeys; the parents were most affectionate and solicitous in the care of the little ones, and regarded us, even far off as we were, with evident disapprobation.

The expense of keeping these huge creatures is comparatively small, each bird getting a daily ration of fifty pounds of cut alfalfa, a little corn, and unlimited pebbles. An artesian well supplies them with pure water, and they appear to have made themselves at home, and apparently have come to California to stay.

The outlay of capital must be considerable in the first place, as since the first lot was exported the cape government has imposed an export duty of \$300 per bird. Add to this the prime cost, which varies from \$100 up to the thousands, and the freight from the cape to New Orleans and thence to Los Angeles, and the average cost per pair at a low calculation must be put at from \$1,500 to \$2,000. In Africa the profit must be very large. Dr. Skutch cited one instance where a trio of birds yielded in one year a revenue of over \$30,000, in offspring and feathers.

A bottle of milk which a Baltimore chemist was testing the other day exploded with great force and nearly killed him. It was probably from a kicking cow.—Detroit Free Press.

There are 30,000 dogs in Berlin, the tax on which brings 350,000 marks into the treasury annually.

A DREAM OF HOME

The sun's rays slant the path along,
The air is balmy as in June,
The robin sings his evening song,
And through the sky the new, gray moon
Moves calmly on, untrammelled, free,
But something whispers unto me—
"Not yet."

The brook sings as it gently flows,
The frog croaks by the water's rim;
There in content the lily grows,
And there the fishes, darting, swim;
I hear and see the old brown mill,
But, ah, these sad words haunt me still:
"Not yet."

In clover meadows broad and fair,
The drowsy mood the cows await
The farm boy's call upon the air,
While, with his pail, behind the gate
Which opens down the grassy lane,
My brother breathes these words of pain:
"Not yet."

The steepled church, the schoolhouse near,
The wood where I have roamed at will,
The quaint old farmhouse, to me dear,
My youthful home—my manhood's still—
I see these as in days gone by,
But something whispers (as I sigh)—
"Not yet."

Oh, Hearts in whom there is no May!
You yearn to hear my footsteps where
The path so beaten winds its way
Under old trees so grand and fair;
Dear Hearts, who long for me to come,
I can but say I can go home
"Not yet."

For longer, still, your breasts must know
A sadness free from all disguise,
Ere I can leave these scenes and go
And look into bright, loving eyes,
And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss
The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss
"Not yet."

Forgotten, but as sweet and strong
As when one dreamful autumn day
I said "Good Bye," and passed along
Down the old walk and went away,
Not thinking there would come a day
When I should have—as now—to say—
"Not yet."

Alas, not yet. Far, far from this,
Still must I wait. All I can do
Is just to wait a long, long kiss
Bedewed with love, oh, Hearts! to you,
And murmur these sad words once more,
Unthought of in the days of yore:
"Not yet."
—George Newell Lovejoy.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The height of fashion—A dude's collar.—Life.

A dentist in a Western city is named Leggo. As a usual thing, however, he will not do so until it is out.

"Struck Down" is the name of a new novel. The hero was probably a dude who got hit on the upper lip.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Good gracious," said the hen when she discovered the porcelain egg in her nest, "I shall be a bricklayer next."—Boston Bulletin.

A Massachusetts boy has neither arms nor legs. His parents are beset by land-lords who offer to rent a house to them at low figures.—Courier-Journal.

In all the great affairs of State
The thoughtful ones will find
The sturdiest patriot is the man
Who has an axe to grind.
—Merchant-Traveler.

Barnum will exhibit next season one of the greatest curiosities ever shown to a wonder-loving public, namely, a barber who never invented a hair tonic.—Boston Courier.

A convict at Joliet climbed a lofty derrick and refused to come down. The fire hose was turned on him and he was washed down. He could stand anything but water.—Call.

An Englishman has demonstrated that a snail can creep 300 feet between sunrise and sunset. This is seven feet more than the boy who is sent on an errand on Saturday.—Call.

The czar sleeps with his pet dog, and we regard such a circumstance as a fit cause for action by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The poor brute is liable to be blown to pieces by dynamite any night.—Lowell Citizen.

"What is usually the nationality of a bootblack, my dear?" asked Mrs. Caution while her husband was studying the score of an Alleghany game. "Oh, it varies," replied Caution; "sometimes they are Polish and sometimes shinese."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Where are the gold and crimson leaves
Sought by the youth and maid,
As hand in hand through pathless woods
In converse sweet they strayed?
They're in the family Bible pressed,
And there they will remain,
The gentle maiden and the youth
Will ne'er see them again.
—Boston Courier.

What Was It?

A recent incident in Chicago should be referred to the society of Psychological Research. It belongs to the category of astounding experiences which science, even while distrusting and criticizing, has never satisfactorily explained. The wife of a well known citizen, soon after rising, asked her husband: "Do you know anybody named Esdale or Esdale?" "No; why do you ask?" "Because I dreamed that a man of that name was drowned." In the morning paper was the announcement of the disappearance of a young man named Esdale, whose remains, some ten days later, were found in the lake. Neither the husband or wife had ever heard the name before. The sceptical will call it a "mere coincidence." But was it? Was it something more? Can so many incidents of the kind within the experience of almost every person be mere coincidences?—Boston Journal.