No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Oscrespondence solicited from all peris of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The introduction of the photo-lithographic presses is likely to revolutionize the Chinese book trade. Two firms at Shanghai, one English and one native, now issue the celestial classics at a price that causes each individual pig-tail to stand on end with delight.

The United States steamer Iroquois is en route to the Easter island, 2,000 miles from the coast of Peru, to examine and photograph for the Smithsonian institute the remains of an unknown race. It is said that one of the islands is covered rith remarkable ruins, and that the present residents are unlike any other people.

Out of 7,000 persons examined by the civil service commission during the past year, of whom about two-thirds were successful in standing the test of capacity required, eighty-six per cent. were educated in the common schools; the other fourteen per cent. had the advantage of either complete or partial college train-

"Here lies the body of John McLean Hayward, a man who never voted. Of such is the kingdom of heaven." This is the epitaph which a citizen of Wayland, Mass., left behind him, and which, it is asserted, his executors intended to inscribe over his grave. Probably the last sentence of the epitaph is not based on exact knowledge.

In the collections recently taken to Denmark from the east coast of Greenland by Capt. Holm are several objects that have excited the astonishment of European geographers. They are maps made by the natives. The maps are engraved with their rude cutting implements on boards that drifted ashore, They were found among the natives who lives along the shores of a deep flord, near the most northern point attained by Holm. Only ten or twelve of these 400 people have ever visited the Danish settlements in South Greenland, owing to a stretch of glacier and ice fields which have so nearly isolated them from the world that their existence was not known until recently. They had never seen a white man until Holm and Dr. Knutzen came among them. Some of these curious maps, Capt. Holm says, represent quite accurately the contour of the coast, with all its many big and little indentations, along which they live. Other maps give the outlines of islands lying near the coast, and the explorers say they may reproduce the shape of the islands with a good degree of fidelity.

changes have been made in the rulings concerning unmailable matter. The rule has been, for a long time, that candy and cake could not be sent by mail unless enclosed in a tin or wooden box. These articles are very troublesome in the mail. If candy can go by, any kind of candy can go, and candies are sent that melt and run, and defile and glue together all the other mail matter in the same pouch with it. Cake is worse still, and, strange as it may seem, gives the department more trouble than any other kind of mail matter. It is always wedding cake, and very rich. It not only breaks up, gets scattered through the pouch and leaves great grease spots on all the other mail matter, but attracts the rats, so that they eat through the pouches and through the other mail-matter to get to it. Experience has proved, now, that even enclosing cake and candy in tin or wood does not remedy these evils; and consequently a late ruling declares cake, candy and all sorts of confectionery unmailable. This, observes the Chicago Journal, will break the hearts of a great many brides and bridesmaîds, but it is indispensably necessary.

A Washington letter says that a man named Arnot, who is now employed in the agricultural department cleaning spittoons and brushing desks, was once a millionaire mail contractor and lived at the capital in the highest style. He is one of the most picturesque and striking figures to be found in Washington. His favorite amusement is to pose himself in a conspicuous place, usually against some pillar in the hotel lobby, and watch the people as they come in and out, evidently extremely gratified at the attention which his appearance attracts. He wears a drooping white mustache, which is a curled at the ends, and has an aristoeratic nose upon which a pair of goldmounted glasses are perched. His black silk hat is of antediluvian style, and around it is wound a string of crape seven inches wide, which gives him some resemblance to Judge Waxem, from away back, about to leave Washington on a congressional funeral trip. His shirt front is elaborately ruffled and starched. He wears an enormous watch fob with an old fushioned seal of the size of a half dollar, and he steadies his statuesque pose with the assistance of a gold-headed cane and a paleozois umbrella.

Forest Republican.

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THE STORM EAGLE.

When quiet broods throughout the blue, Nor breathes the wood, nor lisps the wave, He hides away from mortal view, Asleep, adream, in some lone cave.

But when great storms their fury ven And roar and wreak their pow'r, He scars into the firmament, The genius of the hour.

The hero thus. When Peace presides, Obscurogunknown, he lives his days; Then trumpets, war. Behold, harides Of battles king, and crowned with bays! -Charles G. Blanden in the Current-

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"This is about it," said John Scott, the engineer, as the train slowly crested a long, gradual grade. "You're atop of the Rocky mountains now, ma'am."

Emily Vaughn looked to the left and to the right, and was conscious of a feeling of disappointment. She had pictured the top of the Rocky mountains as something quite different from this. Here were no frowning heights or sudden gulfs, only a wide rolling plateau, some distant peaks which did not look very high, and far ahead a glimpse of lower levels run-ning down into plains. It seemed hardly worth while to have come so far for so

"Really!" she said. "But where are the mourtains? They don't look nearly so high as they did yesterday!"

"Naturally, ma'am," responded the engineer; "things don't appear so high when you're as high as they are. We're

atop, you know,"
"But there's no look-off, no wonderful distance, as from the top of Mount Washington. I confess I am disap-

"If's kind of queer," said John Scott, with a dry chuckle, "how folks from the East keep alluding to that 'ere little hill as if it were the standard of measurement. We don't think so much of it this way. Why, ma'am, you're about two thousand feet higher at this minute than if you was at the top of that little shuck of a Mount Washington that they all think so much of."

Miss Vaughn smiled, but she experienced a shock nevertheless. The New England mind does not easily accustom itself to hearing its sacred mountain thus lightly spoken against.

"Have you ever seen Mount Washington?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, yes!" replied John Scott, cheerfully. "I was raised over to Fryeburg, and grew up alongside of it. I thought it was a pretty big concern when I was a boy, but now—" He closed the sent nce with a hor expressive

Miss Vaughn changed the subject. She was not offended she had grown to like this rough, good-natured engineer in the course of the three days' journey, during which, favored as a relative of view of the country.

the line since, winter or summer, except "I ain't so sure of that. There's down to Sa three months when I was laid up with a plenty of ladies come over the road that was." broken leg."

"This must look very differently in winter," said Miss Vaughn, noting the treeless distances, and the snow still glittering on the higher peaks to the left. as if there was depths to it. And "You may believe it does! That first the farther you went down, the sweeter year, when the snow-sheds wasn't built, was terrib'e. I was running that train that stuck in the snow seven days-perha 24 you'll remember about it; it was in was careful not to break. all the papers. I sha'n't ever forget that, "I don't know what them children not if I live to be as old at my grandfalher, and he didn't die till he was ninety odd."

"Tell me about it," said Miss Vaughn, persuasively, seating herself on the high side bench of the cab, with that air of

"There ain't much to tell," said John Scott, with something of the feeling which prompts the young vocalist to mulain of hoarseness. "I ain't any hand at telling things, either." Then, won by Miss Vaughn's appealing eyes, he

"We ran all fair and on time till we was about two hundred miles beyond Omaha. Then the snow began. It didn't seem much at fir-t. The women-fork in the train rather liked it. They all crowded to the windows to see, and the children hurrahed. Anything seemed a pleasant change after the sage-brush, I suppose. But as it went on coming, and the drifts grew deep, and the cars had to run slow. the older ones began to look serious, and I can tell you that we who had the charge

of the train felt so. "We was just be ween two of the feeling stations, and we put on all the steam we could, hoping to push throgato where provisions could be got at in case we had to stop. But it wan't no use. The snow kept coming. I never see it come so. The flakes looked as big as saucers, and it drifts piled so quick that, when we finally stuck, in about ten min-utes no one could see out of the winnows. The train would have been clear ouried over if the brakemen and the porters hadn't gone the whole length over the roofs every half-hour, and swept it off with brooms and shovels. We had a fot of shovels aboard, by good luck, or else nothing could have sived us from being banked up outright But it was terrible hard work, I can tell you. There wa'n't was going to be the job it was to dig us

by the time it come to that, and the children stopped hurrshing.

"Oh, the poor little things! What did they do? Were there many on board? Was there plenty for them to eat?"

"That was the worst of it. There wasn't plenty for any one to eat. had stuck just midway of the feeding stations, and there wasn't a great deal of anything on board beside what the passengers had in their lunch baskets. One lady she had a can of condensed she milk, and they mixed that up for the babies-there was ten of 'em-and so they got on pretty well. But there was about five other children, not babies, but quite little, and I don't know what they would have done if it hadn't been for the young lady."

"The young lady!" said Miss Vaughn, looking up with some surprise, for with the words a curious tremble had come into the engineer's voice, and a dark flush into his bronzed face. "What young lady was that?"

It was a moment or two before John Scott answered the question.

"I don't know what she was called," he said, slowly. "I never knew. She was the only one on the train, so we just called her the young lady. She was traveling alone, but her folks had asked the conductor to look after her. She was going out to some relative of hersher brother, I guess, who was sick down to Sagramento. That was how she come to be there."

"Were the children under her care?" "No, ma'am; she was all alone, as I told you; but she took them under her care from the very first. They had their fathers and mothers along-three of them had, at least, and the other two had their mother and a nurse girl-but somehow no one but the young lady seemed to be ab'e to do any same with them. The poor little things was half starved, you see, and there wasn't anything to amuse 'em in the dark car, and one of them, who was sickly, fretted all day and 'most all night, and the mother didn't seem to have no faculty or no backbone to her; but whenever the young lady came round, that sick young one and all the rest would stop crying, and seem just as chipper as if it was summer time out-doors and the whole train full of candy. "I don't see how she did it," he went

on, meditatively, throwing a shovelful of coal in at the furnace door. "Some women is made that way, I suppose. As soon as we see how things were going and soon as we see how things were going and how bad they was likely to be, that girl kind of set herself to keep along. She had a mighty gentle way with her, too. You'd never have guessed that she was so plucky. Plucky! By George, I never saw anything like her pluck."

"Was she pretty!" asked Miss Vaughn,

urged by a truly feminine curiosity. 'Well, I don't know if you'd 'a called her so or not. We didn't think much how she looked after the first. She was a slender-built girl, and her face looked sort of kind and bright both to me. Her voice was as soft-well, as soft as a voice in the course of the three days' journey, during which, favored as a reactive of one of the directors of the road, she had eyes when she spoke. I don't believe the several times been privileged to ride, as now, in the engineer's can for a believe that the load that girls like the load the load that girls like the load that girls like the load the load that girls like the load the load that girls like the load the load that girls like the load that girls like the load the loa now, in the engineer's cab for a better told that girl a lie if it had been to save his life. Her hair was brown. She was

since that I suppose folks would say was better looking than she was. But I nover see any face quite like hers. It was still, like a lake, and you seemed to

it got. She never made any rustling when she watked. She wasn't that kind." Another pause, which Miss Vaughn

would 'a done without her," went on the engineer, as if talking to himself. Then, with sudden energy: "I don't know what any of us wou'd 'a done without her. The only trouble was that side bench of the cab, with that air of attention which is so enticing to the story-teller; amusements are few and far between in the long monotony of the overland journey to California; beside which, Miss Vaughn dearly loved a cold and the snow prought on a hemorstory. rhage. That was the second day after we was blockaded. There wasn't no dector on board, and her husband he was mighty scared. He come through to the front car to find the conductor. looking as pale's a ghost. 'My wife's a dving,' said he. 'Ain't there no medscal man on the train?' And when we said no, he just gave a grean. 'Then should die,' he said. 'Great heavens! why did I bring her on this fatal jour-

" 'Perhaps the young lady'll have some remedies,' suggested one of the porters; for we'd all got into the way already of turning to the young lady whenever things

were wrong. "Well, I went for her, and you never see any one so level-headed as she seemed She knew just what to do; and she had the right medicine in her bag; and in less than an hour that poor lady was quite comfortable, and her husband the most relieved man that ever was, Then the young lady come along to where I was standing-there wa n't nothing for me to do, but I was waiting, for I didn't know but there might be -and said she: 'Mr. Scott, I am growing anxious about the fuel. Do you think there is plenty to last? Suppose we were to be kept here a

"Now, just think of it! not one of us dumb fools had thought of that. You see, we was expecting to be relieved from hour to hour, for we had telegraphed both ways, and the snow had stopped by that time, and none of us had any notion it no more laughing among the passengers out. Only the young lady had the sense regular army & 201,000.

to remember that it might take longer

than we was calculating on.

"Says I, "if we are kept here a week there won't be a shove ful of coals left for any of the fires, let alone the engine." "Then don't you think,' says she, in her soft voice, 'that it would be a wise plan to get all the passengers together in one car, and keep a good fire up there, and let the other stoves go out? It's no matter if we are a little crowded,' says

"Well, of course it was the only thing to do, as we see at once when it was put into our heads. We took the car the sick lady was in, so's she'd not have to be disturbed, and we made up beds for the children, and somehow all the passengers managed to pack in, train hands and all. It was a tight squeeze, but that didn't matter so much, because the weather was so awfully cold.

"That was the way I come to see so much of the young lady, I hadn't anything to keep me about the engine, so I kind of detailed myself off to wait on her. She was busy all day long doing things for the rest. It's queer how people's characters come out at such times. We got to know all about each other. People stopped sir-ing and ma'am-ing and being polite, and just showed for what they were worth. The selfish ones, and the shirks, and the cowards, and the mean cusses who wanted to blame some one beside the Almighty for sending the weather-there wa'n't no use for any of them to try to hide themselves any more than it was for the other kind. The women, as a rule, bore up better than the men. It comes natural, I suppose, for a woman to be kind of silent and pale and patient when she's suffering. But the young lady wasn't that sort either. She was as bright as a button all along. You'd have supposed from her face that she was having just the best kind of a time!

"I can see her now, standing before the stove roasting jack-rabbits for the others' supper. Some of the gentlemen had revolvers, and when the snow got crusted over, so's they could walk on it, they used to shoot 'em. And we were glad enough of every one shot, provisions were so scanty. The last two days them rabbits and snow-water melted in a pail over the stove was all we had to eat or drink." "I suppose there was nothing for you

to do but wait," said Miss Vaugha. "No, ma'am; there wasn't nothing at al' for me to do but help the young lady now and then. She let me help her more than the rest, I used to think. She'd come to me and say, Mr. Scott, this rabbit is for you and the conductor.' She never forgot anybodyexcept herself. Once she asked me to hold the sick little girl while she took a sleep. It was mighty pretty always to see her with them children. They never seemed to have enough of her. All of them wanted she should put them to bed, and sing to them, and tell them stories. Sometimes she'd have all five swarming over her at once. I used to watch them. "Well, how did it end?" asked Miss Vaughn, as the engineer's voice, which had gradually grown lower and more

v. came "Eh? what? Oh!"-rousing himself. 'It ended when three locomotives and a she asked.

"Pretty near ever since it opened. I "I thin we may say that she was out from Chicago, and I haven't been off the line since, winter or support from the since, winter or support from the since, winter or support from the since of the since relief train from Cheyenne broke through

"And what became of your young

lady?" "She left at Sacramento. Her brother or some one was down to meet her. I saw him a moment. He didn't look like

"And you never saw her again? You never heard her name?"

"No, ma'am; I never did," The engineer's voice sounded gruff and husky as he said this. He shoveled in

coals with needless energy.
"Are you a married man!" asked Miss Vaughn. The question sounded abrupt even to herself, but seemed relevant to something in her mind.

John Scott looked her squarely in the face as he replied. His countenance was rather grim and set, and for a moment she feared that she had offended him. Then, as he met her deprecating gaze, he reassured her with a swift smile.

"No, ma'am, I ain't; and I never shall be as I know of," he added. rate wouldn't satisfy me now, I guess. He pulled the cord which hung ready to his hand, and a long screeching whistle rang out over the plain, and sent the prairie dogs scuttling into their burrows, "This is a feeding station we're coming to," he explained. "Twenty minutes here for supper, ma'am; and it ain't a bad supper either. I reckon you'd like to have me help you down, wouldn't you?"- Harper's Bazar.

The Elephant.

Here is an Elephant. See how Big he s. That long, limber thing in front is not his Tail, because it is at the wrong End of the Elephant. If it were at the other End it would be his Tail. It is not a Rubber Hose, such as Firemen use in pouring water on the Man who yells fire." It is the Elephant's Trunk, always carries a trunk when he travels. But he never gets it checked on the Cars. He keeps it under his Eyes, where he can Watch it. His Trunk was never Stolen, nor burst open by the wicked Baggage Man. He keeps his clean shirts and hairbrush in his Trunk. Once a Baggage Man tried to break open the Elephant's Trunk, and the Man's Widow now takes in Sewing. The Elephant is a native of Oshkosh. He was caught with a Rope Oshkosh. while packing his Trunk for a Railroad Trip. - Chicago Tribune.

The total effective force of the British

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Exact measurements of the oscillations of chimneys have been made. One near

Marseilles, France-115 feet high and four feet in external diameter at the top -reached a maximum oscillation twenty inches during a high wind.

It is found that the fish traps of the large salmon fisheries in the Columbia river, Oregon, are injuring the channel of the river beyond any doub. At Willow Bar there has formed below the trap, a new bar one-third of a mile wide and three miles long, which up to the present defies removal.

The distance of Jupiter from the sun is 480,000,000 miles. It is next in brightness to Venus, and may be seen in the daytime in clear weather from a mountain top. It is about 300 times the weight of earth, and has 1200 times the bulk of the earth. It reflects nearly one-half the light that falls upon it.

One of the blast furnaces of the Kemble Iron & Coal company at Riddlesburg, Penn., was banked up in November, 1884.
After being out of blast nearly sixteen months, it was recently opened for the first time, and the fire found still burn-The coke glowed brightly, and on admission of the blast soon became hot enough to melt cinder. The furnace was started with as little difficulty as if it had only been standing a week.

The English armor-clad ship Nile, of 12,000 tons, now in course of construction, is to have engines of 12,000 horse power, and it is expected that with this power a speed of sixteen knots will be attained. This is by far the greatest power yet possessed by any English ship afloat. The engines of the Italian ar-mor-clad Re Umberto, however, have the enormous collective power of 19,500 aorses, and are greatly in excess of anything attempted up to the present time.

Professor Winchell's comparative trials of the granites of New England and Minnesota have shown some surprising differences in strength. Two inch unpolished cubes were taken, and crushed between wooden cushions, the average strength of Minnesota granite was found to be 91,272 pounds, or 23,218 pounds per square inch; crushed between steel plates, the average strength was 108,800 pounds, or 26,200 pounds to the square inch of surface. A like number of speci-mens of New England granite gave an average strength of 59,785 pounds, or 14,759 pounds to the square inch.

The interaction of mind and body, in disease, is well set forth by Dr. Haecker, of Leipsic, who states that tickling, which he styles a variable, intermittent excitement of the nerves of the skin, produces irritation of the sympathetic nerves, with the result of an expansion of the pupil and a contraction of the blood vessels, and that the consequent diminution of pressure on the brain, per-meated with blood vessels, is so consid-erable as not to be without danger; that powerful expiration operates against such a diminution of pressure, and therefore laughter, which is simply intermittent cided remedy for the effects of tickling.

A Rope of Refuge.

"When I was captured before Petersburg," said Captain Richard O'Neill, "I was first taken to Libby Prison. The She was living, when I last heard of her, prison was crowded, and the day after I down to Santa Barbara. Two years ago was placed in it I was told that we were all to be searched for valuables. I had \$500 in my pocket, and was thinking with little pleasure that this would soon go to swell the Confederate purse, when I noticed a man in a corner with his back to the crowd busy at some mysterious work. I stole up to him, and glancing over his shoulder saw that he was rolling up greenbacks into small cylinders. 'Hullo!' I said, 'what are you doing?' ain't doing nothing,' he replied, gruffly, looking at me suspiciously. But I saw he had a rope in his hand which was larger at one end than at the other. 'Don't tell any one for the world,' he said, for he saw I knew what he was about. 'I'm in in the same boat, 'I said. 'Well, go and get a rope, he said, and I'll hide them for you.

"I pressed my way through the crowd to the door. 'My good friend,' I said to the sentry, 'I have lost my suspenders, and I'll give you \$5 to get me a rope to tie round my waist.' 'Greenbacks!' said the sentry, and in a few minutes brought me one. I took it to my friend, and in two hours he had plaited my \$500 into the rope so skillfully that no one could see a ray of a bill. Soon after we were stripped and searched. When my clothes were returned the rope was not noticed. My good friend, I said to the soldier in charge. I have broken my suspenders, and I have nothing but that old rope to tie around my waist; will you not pick it up for me? 'Take your old rope, you Yank,' said the Confederate. 'I've no doubt you have a right to it: only you ought to wear it higher up than your waist, as many a better man has done. He tossed me the rope, and I tied it round my waist. My friend, who was a sailor, got his rope back safely, and the next day escaped. My own rope afterward saved my life and that of a Bostonian named Curtis,"-New York Star.

The Jocular Judge and the Lawyer.

While Judge Walton was at work in his chamber at Portland one day a rich and very dignified lawyer, who may be called Lightweight, came in. The judge

"Brother Lightweight, why don't you get married? "Because I can't afford it, How much

do you suppose it costs me to live now?" The judge said he couldn't guess. "Well, it costs me \$6,000 a year just

for my own living." An expression of surprise come on the judge's face. "Lightweight," said he, "I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it."

-Lowiston Journals

Job work-eash on dalivery.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one invertion 1 00

lisif Column, one year...... 80 00

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid to advance.

One Square, one inch, one month..... \$ One Square, one inch, three months 6 06

One Square, one inch, one year,....

Play me a march low-toned and slow, a march

THE DEAD MARCH.

for a silent tread, Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the silent dead. Lonely—between the bones below and the souls that are overhead.

Here for awhile they smiled and sang, alive in the interspace:
Here with the grass beneath the feet and the stars above the face,
Now are their feet beneath the grass, and whither has flown their grace?

Who shall assure us whence they come, or fell us the way they go? Verily life with them was joy, and now they have left us, woe! Once they were not, and now they are not; and this is the we know.

Orderly range the seasons due, and orderly roll the stars. How shall we deem the soldier brave who frets of his wounds and scars! Are we as senseless brutes that we should dash at the well-seen bars!

No, we are here with feet unfixed, but ever as if with lead
Drawn from the orbs which shine above to
the orb on which we tread. Down to the dust from which we came and with which we shall mingle, dead.

No, we are here to wait, and work, and strain our banished eyes. Weary and sick of soil and toil, and hungry. and fain for skies

Far from the reach of wingless men and not to be scaled with cries.

No, we are here to bend our necks to the yoke of tyrant Time;
Welcoming all the gifts he gives un—glories
of youth and prime;
Patiently watching them all depart as our beads grow white as rime.

Why do we mourn the days that go, for the same sun shines on each day?

Ever a spring her primress hath, and ever a
May her May;

Sweet as the rose that died last year is the
rose that is born to-day.

Do we not, too, return, we men, as ever the round earth whirls? Never a head is dimmed with gray, but an-other is sunned with curls. She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and girls.

Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles that never but one face wore! Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an unseen shore! Ah, for the face, the flower of flowers, that

blossoms on earth no more.

-Magazine of Art.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A note-orious affair-A concert. A school for liars-A school of fish. A shocking affair-The electric battery. What interjection is of the feminine gender? Alas!

A carpenter may have many virtues, still he can't get along without vises .-Pacific Jester.

"I'll look into this thing," the man remarked when handed a kaleidoscope.-Palmer Journal.

When a business house is in a "shaky" condition, is it proper to speak of it as a firm?—Pacific Jester.

There is one thing that cannot be "slow and sure," and that is a watch .-Burlington Free Press.

"This is the widow of my discontent," groaned an old miser who married an extravagant relict .- Merchant- Traveler.

Among the "society offenders who might well be under ground" we may mention the telegraph wires .- Detroit Free Press.

It is asserted that Henry Irving takes snuff. This is prima facie evidence that he is a good enough actor at a pinch .--Texas Siftings. An exchange asks: What can the Hin-

doo? Well, almost anything is better than idoling away his time, - Germantown Independent. Cadmus was the first postman. He

brought letters to Greece, -Boston Transcript. So! We thought the first male was left in the Garden of Eden. - Boston Bulletin. A young physician of New York refused to go duck hunting with a party of friends the other day. He said the ducks

were too infernally personal in their remarks when addressing him. -Life. THE TWO COULDN'T GO TOGETHER.

The winter will be over in a very little while, And the maiden isn't sad to see it go, For she couldn't wear a bustle of the dromedary style Beneath a seal-skin dolman, dontcherknow,

- Boston Courier You may talk about woman being fickle

and changeable till you grow tired of your own voice, but in one particular she s always the same. She never gets too old to take an interest in a love story .-Chicago Ledger.

"Mother," said a little girl to her parent, who takes a great interest in charitable institutions, "I wish I were an orphan." "Why so, my dear?" "Because should see more of you, for you are all the time going to the orphan asylum." Bouton Journal

"Der First Man Kilt."

General Casement told me of a Germa. who was slightly wounded in the first ngagement of the war in which his command participated. The man got a scratch on his scalp. He jumped about six feet in the air and gra shed his a alp with both

hands, exclaiming:
"Sherusalem! "Der first man kilt in
Gompany D."—New York Tedans.

Butting His Horse into Submission,

There is a colored preacher who lives near Jusper, Ga., who rules his horse by butting him. If the horse is fractious or stubborn he takes the kinks out by de liberately reizing it by the cars and butfalls to its knees. This it generally does at the second or third butt, when the old parson steps behind and drives ahead again .- Conyers (Ga.) Solid South.