

# The Forest Republican.

VOL. XIX. NO. 7.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1886.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....\$ 06  
One Square, one inch, one month..... 3 00  
One Square, one inch, three months..... 8 00  
Two Squares, one year..... 10 00  
Quarter Column, one year..... 15 00  
Half Column, one year..... 20 00  
One Column, one year..... 25 00  
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each session.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

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

Job work—cash on delivery.

Washington is building the largest sewer in the world. It is to be twenty feet in height for a distance of nearly a mile, and is to cost over \$700,000. Its smallest part will be larger than the great sewer of Paris.

The hard times spare no industry in Paris. A reduction in charges is announced by an establishment which supplies ladies and gentlemen to dinner parties to keep the table in a roar or make a soiree go off brilliantly.

The public lands of the United States which are still undisposed of and open to settlement lie in nineteen States and eight Territories, principally in California, Minnesota, Nevada, Oregon, Alaska, Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and Washington Territories.

The training master of a big eastern menagerie says: "Next season I shall not only train a flock of geese, but a large number of sheep also, and if I succeed with these I shall try some other kinds of animals, for I believe with patience and kindness any kind of gentle animal and bird, and even snakes, may be taught to perform tricks."

The poetical name of Galveston is th Oleander City, but, according to the Galveston News, the trees which gave the city that title have been destroyed by the extraordinary frosts of last winter. Says the News: "It is not exaggerating the case whatever in asserting that there will not be a solitary oleander in bloom this summer, and perhaps for many summers to come."

A writer in the American Missionary undertakes to prove that the Indians, instead of tending toward dying out, are as numerous in this country as they were in the days of Christopher Columbus. Between 1809 and 1884 the Cherokees doubled in number. Among the Sioux of Dakota there are more births than deaths, and so among many other tribes, according to his showing. The inference of this writer is that the Indians are an important race, as regards missionary effort, and that they are quite as well worth looking after as the Africans of the Congo region, with the advantage of being more easily reached.

From a memorandum prepared by one of the Civil Service Commissioners it appears that, exclusive of the army and navy appointments, 4,043 appointments are subject to confirmation by the Senate. Of these there are:

Under the Department of State.....	803
Treasury.....	363
Interior.....	394
Postoffice Department.....	2,552
Department of Justice.....	291

The whole number of civil employes under the government is about 110,000, of which 52,632 are postmasters. The total number of places subject to civil service examination is about 15,000, of which 6,000 are under departments of city, 6,000 in postal service and 3,000 in the customs service.

Passive resistance in Ireland has some humor. At Ballysimon, near Limerick, forty-four head of cattle were advertised to be sold for non-payment of rent. Preceded by two donkeys, decorated with gay ribbons, the cattle were driven into Limerick, followed by a great crowd of jolly, boisterous people. The auctioneer, fearing the unmerciful geying of the multitude, refused to perform his office. The Sheriff was appealed to, and he also declined. Had a seller been found it is morally certain there would have been no buyers. After a vain attempt to get an auctioneer the sale was abandoned, and the cattle, preceded by their couriers and followed by the rollicking rabble, were driven back to the defaulting tenants.

An immense land bequest was recently made by a San Franciscan. The late James Irvine left to his only son, among other property, 180,000 acres of land in one body in Los Angeles County. This large domain Mr. Irvine bought jointly with another man in 1837, paying at the rate of thirty-seven and one-half cents per acre. In 1875 Mr. Irvine bought out his partner for \$350,000. He has since been offered \$1,000,000 cash for the property. There is a valley of 20,000 acres in the tract worth \$100 an acre, or \$2,000,000 for the valley. Some small farms have been carved from this portion and sold at this figure. On the tract is a coal mine which is yielding an unfailing supply of coal of good quality for locomotive purposes, and is under lease to representatives of the Southern Pacific Company. There are between 30,000 and 40,000 sheep and several thousand cattle upon this land. The actual cash value of the whole tract is, at a fair estimate, about \$4,000,000.

**COMPENSATION.**

In that new world toward which our feet are set,  
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget  
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?  
Has Heaven a spell divine enough for this?  
For who the pleasure of the springshall tell,  
When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,  
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song?  
O sweet the dropping eve, the blush of morn,  
The starlit sky, the rustling fields of corn,  
The soft airs blowing from the freshening seas,  
The sun-flecked shadow of the stately trees,  
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,  
The warm, delicious, happy summer rain,  
When the grass brightens and the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song!  
O beauty manifold, from morn till night,  
Dawn's flush, noon's blaze and sunset's tender light!  
O fair, familiar features, changes sweet  
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleet  
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space,  
From snow to roses,—and how dear her face,  
When the grass brightens, when the days grow long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song!  
O happy earth! O home so well beloved!  
What recompense have we, from thee removed!  
One hope we have that overtops the whole,—  
The hope of finding every vanished soul,  
We love and long for daily, and for this  
Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss,  
Even at thy loveliest, when the days are long,  
And little birds break out in rippling song.  
—Celia Thaxter in the Century.

## THE FALSE GODS.

Louis Noir, in his "Memoirs of a Zouave in Algiers," tells of a General II, who wished to give an evening party in the magnificent grounds of his villa near Algiers. Wishing to have it conducted in great style, he spared no expense and did everything possible to surpass in originality the governor, who had recently given an entertainment, the splendor of which was still the subject of conversation in Algiers. All preparations had been carefully made, and the General believed nothing had been neglected, when it occurred to him suddenly that his garden contained no statues, and that never would do.

The General knew that in a certain regiment of good-for-nothing fellows was a sculptor. He was then working in his leisure hours on a bust intended for a monument to a fallen captain. The fellow was not without talent, and the General, who had no idea of the time required to model a group, doubted not that the artist could people his grounds with all the gods and goddesses of Olympus in eight days. So he sent for him.

"My young man," said he, "they say you are very skilful. Hear my wish. Next Saturday night I give an entertainment. I wish my gardens to be adorned with statues. I need Bacchus, Apollo and Venus in plaster. How much money do you require for the plaster?"

"A hundred francs," replied the soldier with perfect coolness. The General found that rather dear, but gave him the money.

"Well, Saturday evening, 8 o'clock!"

That night it was lively in the taverns of Algiers. The artist set the General's francs flying, as he circulated from one drinking place to another; and so it went day after day.

The day before the entertainment the General sent for his artist. "I hear fine things," he exclaimed, and angrily twisted his moustache. "You are bumming instead of working. You are creating scandals, getting into disorder."

"General," interrupted the soldier, "I can work only when I am tipsy. It's so with all great artists. If I have been drinking I must make noise, and then only comes the inspiration to work."

"Truly," answered the General, "I have heard that before; however, you understand our compact, and if to-morrow all is not ready you shall be arrested."

The festive night approached. Everything was prepared, but the statues were not there. Finally the master of ceremonies appeared and announced:

"He is below."

"At last! And the gods?"

"Are also there. He had them brought upon litters."

"Good, are the statues handsome?"

"I have not seen them. They are covered with cloths. I wished to assist him but he drove me away, and said he would set them up himself, and if any one hindered him he would break them all to pieces."

"He is right," said the General, delighted to know that he possessed the gods at last. "That is not your business. One must let artists alone."

The General cast one more glance at his toilet, then descended into the garden. There he found the artist in open quarrel with the master of ceremonies. Standing before the placard, upon which was written, "Do not touch the statue!" the artist found the letters much too small and swore over it.

"Make the letters larger," ordered the general, and proceeded with the artist to look at the gods. The fellow led him into the thickest, shadiest avenue.

"Where the deuce have you placed your statue?" laughed the General. "This is much too far from the light."

"It should be thus," the artist informed him. "Plaster looks badly in a strong light. It requires foliage and heavy shade. You shall see a splendid Jupiter."

The artist coughed violently and led the General to a leafy nook in which Jupiter stood. The General gave an expression of surprise. He saw a fine statue with a wonderfully beautiful beard.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed; "that's a success!"

"Is it not, General?"

"The governor will be wild with envy! He has not such a masterpiece in his grounds; and, moreover, your Jupiter resembles a little the corporal of the sappers in the Zouaves."

The guests arrived. Half an hour later the festivities began. From time to time the company strolled about through the embowered walks, and returning, complimented the General upon his fine statuary. Especially Jupiter seemed to make a great impression, with the bolts in his hand and his magnificent beard.

The Governor, who was present, heard the praise and wished to see the Jupiter. The General hastened to accompany him to view the masterpiece. The guests followed them in troops. They were charmed. All being acquainted with the sapper corporal, they wondered at the resemblance of the statue.

Suddenly the governor started.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the General.

"Oh, nothing," said the governor, "it only seemed as if the head moved. It was a mistake."

"No," exclaimed an officer. "It really is moving. There it goes again."

It was true. Suddenly Jupiter drew up his face; he appeared to make a great effort to control himself, but unsuccessfully, and then he began to sneeze with all his might.

The company was surprised. The General was astounded.

Now the god began also to speak.

"General," said he, "it was decided that I should not move; neither was I to speak; but I could not possibly prevent myself from sneezing."

It was really and truly the corporal, who had been plastered over and converted into a statue.

The General became furious. He tore down a large branch of a tree and rushed precipitately after Jupiter, who descended from his pedestal and fled through the bushes, followed by shouts of laughter from the whole company.

In the meantime the alarm reached the ears of the other gods, who, getting thoroughly frightened, took to their heels and fled in dismay.

Just as the General had given up his chase of Jupiter through the thicket, the master of ceremonies and the servants rushed out screaming: "General, General, the gods are running away!"

"Let them go to the deuce," was the answer. "They are false gods!" But to himself he said:

"Now, I wonder no longer that he didn't want to have any one touch them."

The incident had so enlivened the guests that the guilty parties were forgiven. It was such a festive as was never before celebrated in Algiers, and that was enough for the General. So he pardoned his artist and also the false gods.

—From the German, in Graphic.

## A Man of Determination.

Ward H. Lamson, Mr. Lincoln's Illinois partner, who was appointed by him United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, was a man of gigantic size and herculean strength. Among the many anecdotes related about him was that on his contest with Secretary Stanton for the jail at Washington. Marshal Lamson had in custody there a number of colored prisoners, legally committed, and he refused to liberate them. One afternoon he went to dine with old Mr. Blair out at Silver Springs, and when he returned his deputy informed him that the military Governor had taken possession of the jail, and put there a sergeant and about a dozen men. Lamson consulted Mr. Carlisle, his regular counsel, and ascertaining that this intrusion was utterly without warrant of law, announced his intention of retaking the place, which he proceeded to do at once. Alone, and with his own hands, he disarmed the entire party, took the keys from the sergeant, locked up him and his men, stacked their arms, and then reported to Mr. Lincoln the state of affairs. He was sustained, as he always was, by the President, and in due time a ponderous opinion from Father Bates put an end to the military siege of the jail, which Lamson meanwhile had put into a posture of defence, and determined to hold at all cost. About the same time Mr. Stanton had made up his mind to seize a house that Lamson had bought and was fitting up for the reception of his family. "I, you do that," said Lamson, at the conclusion of the interview in which the Secretary had been very offensive. "I'll kill you." Stanton went immediately to the President and informed him that the Marshal had threatened to murder him.

"Well, Stanton," said Lincoln, "if he really said it, I'd advise you to prepare for your end, for he's a man of his word. But I'll see him, and try if I can't get him to spare your life on my account. He's a great friend of mine, you know." But Mr. Stanton did not take the house.

—Ben Perley Poore.

## Doubling Trouble.

As an evidence that troubles never come singly the following is offered: Donald McKenzie, an employe in a quarry at Limestone, Ont., was injured by a large stone, which, loosened by a thaw, fell from an elevation and struck him on the back of the head, cutting it badly. He fell forward with great force upon some sharp stone, by which an ugly gash was cut in his forehead. When this prostrated the large stone rolled on his left leg, breaking it below the knee. The poor fellow also had one of the fingers of his left hand badly crushed, besides being badly injured about the chest.

## GREAT TREASURE VAULTS.

### RECEPTACLES FOR UNCLE SAM'S MONEY IN WASHINGTON.

How Money is Handled in the Treasury Building—Printing and Counting Paper Money.

The great chilled-iron and steel vaults of the treasury in Washington are objects of much interest to visitors, but only certain ones can be entered by outsiders, and these only on a permit from the Treasurer. The five principal vaults are connected with the Treasurer's office, for the contents of which he is responsible. They are known as the cash vault, the reserve vault, the silver vault, the redemption vault and the National Bank vault. The cash vault is used more than all the others combined in the daily transaction of business, and presents more interesting features. It is constructed on the most approved modern principles, and is, strictly speaking, an iron-bound apartment lined with gold and silver. The walls, floor and ceiling are of chilled-iron, built in sections. These walls are over a foot thick, the space between the inner and outer plates of iron being filled with heavy iron balls, forming a compact mass, the removal of which would require much time, skill and labor. The operation of removal would also be attended with much noise and danger to the workmen. There is only one entrance to the vault—through an iron door, which is only reached by passing through the cashier's room, then through a high iron railing always kept locked, and afterward through the cash-room, with another iron railing. After the outer door of the vault is passed there are two inner doors of chilled-iron and secured by two combination locks on each door. In addition to this, the outer door has a "time" lock, which precludes all possibility of access until the hour set for opening has arrived.

Yet with all this the Government does not rely upon mechanical appliances entirely for the safety of its ready cash. There are sixty watchmen provided by law for the Treasury building, at a salary of \$730 per annum each. They are uniformed in blue suits and have powers of arrest in case of necessity. The force is divided into three reliefs, serving eight hours each, so that there are watchmen on duty every hour of the twenty-four, all fully armed and prepared for any emergency. These men are supposed to patrol the halls, and each salute his neighbor every half hour. At night the corridors are lighted, not brilliantly, but sufficiently to enable the watchmen to see each other, or to distinguish a strange presence. There has never been a raid upon the Treasury, except by the office-seekers and official rings, but the authorities were a little nervous at the time of the labor riots in Washington in 1877, when the notorious Cohen and his gang were parading the streets, armed, and vociferating against everything that represented money. The clerks in the different offices were armed with large revolvers and formed into squads, with the chief of each bureau as the commanding officer. This array of clerks was to act in concert with the force of watchmen, who were urged to extra vigilance and precaution. The arrangement was that, if the mob should attack the building at night, a certain signal would be struck on the fire-alarm bells, upon hearing which the squads of clerks were to assemble under arms in Lafayette Square and march to the assistance of the force on the inside. There were five hundred Government pistols distributed among the clerks, so it will be seen that the authorities were really alarmed. The uprising did not amount to much, however, and was soon suppressed by the local authorities. One or two battles with the police took all the courage and desperation out of the mob. The Treasury remained unmolested, and the valiant department clerks did not have an opportunity of distinguishing themselves on the glorious field of battle.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where all our national currency is manufactured, occupies a large brick building built especially for it, at a cost of some \$300,000. It has three stories and a high basement, and is in the Romanesque style of architecture. Here 250 plate presses are worked by hand, and over 300 men and women employed in the various processes of printing sheets of bank notes, bonds, and internal revenue stamps. The long spacious room, running the entire length of the third story, is a scene of intense activity during business hours. Six hundred sheets per day are printed on each press, and after each impression the delicate copper and steel plate must be removed from the press, carefully wiped dry, polished with whiting, inked and then returned to its place for another impression. The fiber paper must be handled expertly, and everything about the work done with precision and care. All is perfect system and exactness here. The greenbacks and other securities issued by the Government, from the time the paper is manufactured until the finished note is issued, are subjected to a system of registering and checking at every step, so minute and precise, that the chances of any error or dishonesty in the handling of this most valuable product is reduced to a minimum.

The sheets, before being wet, are delivered to the plate printers, counted and charged to them, and again counted in the presence of a lady assistant, who certifies to the count. Attached to the presses by which the wetting is done are registers which automatically count the sheets a third time as they pass through. Next comes the examining division, where, after the fourth count, the sheets are dried and counted the fifth time. Ladies assist in examining the sheets, and those which are pronounced perfect go into the hydraulic press, from which

powerful machinery they emerge in a smooth state ready for printing. Any sheets spoiled in printing—too light or too dark or otherwise imperfect—are thrown out by the examiner, but cannot be destroyed until after passing through a regular prescribed course. The lettering and numbering divisions, and the engraving division on the other floors, are interesting also. Visitors are permitted to inspect all the divisions of the bureau, and a guide is provided to conduct all who apply on a "tour" of the rooms. Of the 500 or 600 persons employed in the bureau a large majority are ladies, and some of the most difficult and responsible work is performed by lady experts. The bureau turns out an average of \$300,000 in notes printed daily.

The redemption division of the Treasury is one of the most interesting and busiest. Here worn and mutilated bank notes, retired from circulation, are examined and counted, previous to being canceled. Every year currency to the value of \$200,000,000 is counted, canceled and destroyed. The counting is done by female clerks, many of whom acquire great skill and seldom make a mistake. Some of these "countesses" have been at work ten years or more, and have handled many millions of dollars. They sit at long tables on which the notes are piled, and package after package is opened, the notes closely scrutinized and counted, and then turned over to the officials in charge of the canceling machine, which is run by a turbine wheel. A great deal of delicate work is done in verifying currency that has been partially destroyed by fire or other causes. Hundreds of thousands of dollars rendered worthless by various accidents are received every year, and the most expert clerks are required in examining it to redeem as much as can be identified. Some time ago a mass of binders, the remains of \$1,700 in notes, was received from Missouri for redemption. The money had been placed in a stove over night for safe keeping and forgotten until after the fire was lighted next morning. The charred fragments were placed in the hands of one of the expert ladies in this bureau, and after ten days' delicate labor and scrutinizing, she succeeded in identifying eighty per cent of the notes. The owner was so overjoyed that he presented her with a \$100 bill. Instances of a similar nature frequently occur. In the room where new treasury notes are counted visitors are not admitted, but the work can be seen through glass doors.

—Globe-Democrat.

## Seized by a Crocodile.

"The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," said Stanley, the explorer, "are the crocodile, hippopotamus and the buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus, and one by a buffalo. There are large numbers of hippopotami along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have, because they are so silent and so swift.

"You see a man bathing in the river," said Mr. Stanley, with one of his vivid graphic touches; "he is standing near the shore, laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, he struck him a blow with its tail that knocks him over, and he is instantly seized and carried off.

"Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing in sight, nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of the trees yonder, is a huge crocodile, it has spotted the swimmer and is watching its opportunity; the swimmer approaches; he is within striking distance; stealthily, silently, unperceived the creature makes for its prey; the man knows nothing until he is seized by the leg and dragged under, and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all."

—Ottling.

## Vanderbilt's Vessel.

The story of the offer of the splendid steamer Vanderbilt to the Government during the war has often been told, but not with the circumstances supplied by Mr. Croffut in his history of the family. The ship was a gift, but a loan, till the war should be over; nevertheless, when the war was over, instead of being returned to her owner she was mustered into the navy, and Congress voted Mr. Vanderbilt a resolution of thanks and a medal for a present which had never been made. The Congressional committee authorized to present him, with the resolutions and the \$25 medal had rather a stormy time of it. He rehearsed the particulars of the theft and asked them if that was the way a great and noble nation ought to conduct itself. Some of them declared that they had misunderstood, and wanted to return the vessel. "No! deuce take your impudence!" shouted the Commodore. "keep her. I don't care about a little thing like that!"

## Crippled Crime.

The difficulty of preventing the escape of criminals has at all times grieved the friends of justice, but the most radical solution of the problem has probably been devised in Gazi, a seaport town claimed both by the Emir of Belang and the Sultan of Zanzibar. According to a correspondent of the Colonial Zephyrus, the municipal authorities, who enjoy a local autonomy, have for years saved the expense of burglar-proof jails by hamstringing their malefactors and teaching them to earn a living by some sedentary occupation. Besides being a useful avian in public, the consequent lameness prevents a relapse, or at least the flight of a suspected backslider.

—Dr. Owsen.

## APACHE.

From the awful desolation of the Llano Estacado  
I have traced my red dominions with your blood upon the sand;  
You may see its current tingling through the tawny Colorado,  
Are you mad, that you imagine I shall stay my lifted hand!  
I defy you and I hate you! Do you threaten me with death!  
Me, whose fervid spirit surges with the centuries' hot breath?  
Turn and ask this flaming desert—it has lain forever so;  
It has scorched the helpless mesa with its seething overflow;  
Molten, pitiless, remorseless—ask it if I fear to die!  
I am one with this—immortal—and the bloodshot suns of years  
Burn within my soul, as ages they have burned this alkali;  
I shall be again in the desert—what have I to do with fears!  
You shall die, and I shall clasp you to my heart with hot embrace,  
Whispering words of awful vengeance in your pallid, speechless face.  
—C. H. Phelps, in Lippincott's.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A movable feast—dining in a palace car.—Philadelphia Call.

It is generous on the part of a driver to let a horse have its head.—New Orleans Picayune.

"It's about time to wind up this affair," as the brakeman said when he took hold of the brake.—Philadelphia Call.

A fly is said to have 16,000 eyes. That is the reason why a fly isn't put out when he happens to mislay his nose-glasses.—Philadelphia Call.

"Great men often rise from small beginnings," says a writer. They often rise small endings also—e. g., the point of a pin.—Burlington Free Press.

A minister not long ago preached from the text: "Be ye, therefore, steadfast." But the printer made him expound from "Be ye there for breakfast."—Sifting.

An editor who was pushed out of bed by an aggressive bedfellow was heard to mutter something about "owing to a press of matter," something or other was "unavoidably crowded out."—Burlington Free Press.

A man boasted that he had been bitten several times by both healthy and rabid dogs, and had never felt any symptoms of hydrophobia. It was afterward discovered that he was a slave to the sausage-habit.—Puck.

Joseph Cook recently said that every one should have an aim in life. We presume Mr. Cook does not allude to women. An aim in life wouldn't do them any good. They would never hit it, anyway, unless they improved very much in their throwing.—Puck.

"Where is my angel!" inquires a poet in Goodall's Sun. Ten to one she is reclining on a lounge, reading a sensational novel, while her mother is frying slajacks for supper in the kitchen. "Poets' angels" are usually this class of girls.—Chicago Telegram.

A man has reason to be patriotically proud of a bald head, for the great national and high-soaring bird of freedom has been in the same fix for a thousand years, and, for all we know, way back of the time that Noah struck the spring freshet.—Auburn Advertiser.

Getting things mixed: A country minister who, in addition to his clerical duties, followed the profession of a photographer, was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony. "Now, then, young man," he said to the bridegroom, who was nervous and excited, as all grooms ought to be, "just keep your eye on that crack in the wall, and try and look pleasant."—Harper's Bazar.

## AT THE SEASIDE.

Mash!  
Cash.  
Kiss;  
Bliss;  
Bolder;  
Colder.

## Hail Insurance in Dakota.

"The trouble I find in doing business here," said a man to a stranger on a Dakota train, "is that expenses are so heavy—paying out money all the time." "I don't find it that way," replied the other. "Now in my business I never pay out anything." "Well, that's pretty good. What is your business?" "I'm running a Territorial hail insurance company." "I should think it would take money to meet losses." "I don't find it necessary." "How do you arrange it?" "If a farmer reports a loss I ask him what else he could expect with his crop scattered all over the farm. Then I show him a clause in the policy that he hadn't seen before, in which he is instructed to take his crop in every night and put it under the bed, where it will be safe." "But you don't talk that way when you are insuring them?" "Oh, no; my agents tell them that if they see a cloud coming up they may go right down town and draw on the company for the full amount."—Estelline (Dak.) Bell.

## A Queen Who Paddles Her Own Canoe.

The Queen of Italy is soon to rejoice in the possession of an American canoe, a genuine Indian birch bark construction, which Baron Fava, the Italian minister, has secured for her. The canoe is twenty feet long, and the Baron has procured all the paddles and accompaniments for it, and is now having beadwork cushions and mats of fragrant grasses made for it. "He will send it to Rome, and in due time it will float in some lake of the palace gardens and ferry Queen Margherita over the waters."—Globe-Democrat.