

BLM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, - - - \$1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the constry. No solice will be taken of ahonymous communications.

A Florida house is shipping 2,500 bird 1 skins a month to Newark, New Jersey, to be used in hat decorations. The birds killed for the purpose are the jay, lark, snipe, crane, hawk and black and other species. It is claimed that these birds are destructive to crops, and that they "won't be missed."

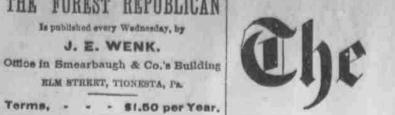
Jack rabbits are said to be swarming through Nevada, Utah and Idaho, and doing much damage to crops. The epidemic is due, according to the popular opinion, to the efforts made by the authorifies to exterminate the coyotes. There is now a bounty fixed by law for their scalps in Nevada, but the legislature will be asked to repeal the act.

An English statistical writer says that while population in Europe and the United States has risen thirty-four per cent since 1850, working power has increased 105 per cent, and as a conse quence of this, five men can now accomplish as much as six in 1870, or eight in 1850. The world's steam power is now five and a half times what it was in 1850.

The Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, upon the question of animals in the United States affected with pleuro-pneumonia, says the number of cattle inspected during the last year embraced over 6,000 herds. In only 445 of these herds were infected animals found. and the number of diseased, but not the exposed, in these were 1,700 animals, This statement was made in reply to a contemporary which made the infected number 60,000 herds examined, healthy and otherwise. The disease seems virtually extirpated west of the Alleghe pics.

The subject of cremation has been re cently discussed in the French Chamber of Deputies, and it has been decided that the mode of disposing of the dead will be left optional to the friends of the departed unless special arrangements bave been made during the lifetime of the latter. In response to Bishop Freppel as to the immunity that criminals would enjoy if the bodies were subjected to incineration, M. Blatin, Deputy. remarked that the examinations in case of suspected poisoning could be more usefully carried out before incineration. Even after incineration there are poisons which could be found in the ashes.

John Ruskin confesses that he would rather please the girls than do any other one thing. "My primary thought," he avows, "is how to serve them and make them happy; and if they could use me



# TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30. 1886.

time, and I hope you will trust him, he, Mrs. Lane; I know, these college ANIMALS WHO LOVE FUN. his top drawer, and turn out the meis a day, and-" "Read the telegram younself, Florence," mentos of the past. Do you know that

said Sue, through her tears. The heroine stepped to the window

Forest Republican.

and stood in the recess for five minutes, her back to the other three "Well?" she said, presently. "Well?" re-cchoed the trio, hanging

on her words. "He has been entrapped," said Florence, looking tall and stern "I blame her entirely. She made him do it. I always said she was the most manouvering, deceitful- Oh, my poor Jack!" cried the heroine, in a burst of bitter weeping.

"I hear the carriage coming up the wenue, Florence," said Sue, in a low oice, as she tapped at the door at seven o'clock. "Why, Florence, you are per-fectly lovely, all in white like a bride, What a and with your diamonds on. lovely color in your cheeks, too! Oh dear, what made him do it?"

"What made her do it?" said Miss Maxwell, with set lips. "Wait one minute. Does my train set in the back? will be dirty and dusty, the lit-She tle---

"Never mind; we will go down to meet them."

Sue trembled, and Bertie's fifteen-yearold eyes were red with crying; but they descended together. "Your train rustles just as Lady Macbeth's does in the sleep-walking scene," whispered the youngest girl, and Florence took a momentary comfort in this momentous resemblance.

The doctor and his wife were in the hall; the carriage stopped; the door flew open.

"Well, mammy, here she is," cried Jack-a big, good-natured college boy with an honest pair of ugly gray eyes-and out stepped a wizened little old lady with a jolly kind face, for all the world the prophecy of Sue's at sixty-five.

"Why, it's Emily! it's Aunt Emmie! When did you come? Where did you come from? How are you here?"

"From England, on the Scythia," cried Jack, answering everybody at once. "I told Sneed to wire you, but I daresay he forgot Aunt Emmie's name, I had only time to shout out to him I wanted the carriage at the station. Why? what are you all so dazed and solemn about . Anything wrong? And you, Florence-What, my darling, crying-when I've brought you a beautiful diamond ring, with 'Fidelis mortem' as big as life inside?"-Isa C. Cabel in, Harper's Bazar.

# Curious Features of Mexican Life.

There is no end of curious things and onditions in Mexico. The people plow with the pronged stick, such as was used in Egypt and Palestine thousands of years ago. The cattle are yoked by a horizontal stick, tied with thongs to the horns; it is said that there is not a modern ox yoke in that country. The large majority of the male inhabitants wear sandals, which once put on are very rarely if ever taken says a correspondent of the Indianapolis Journal, hundreds of laborers in the fields, naked, except for an apology for a pair of pantaloons. The hat-the highcrowned, broad brimmed sombrero-is the main article of dress. To this add a shawl, and the average Mexican considers himself got up in style. The balance of his dress, or the lack of it, is of little moment. A native will pay twenty-five dollars for a hat that will weigh five pounds, as much for a scrape or shawl, and one dollar will furnish his pantaloons. If he has any money left he will buy a revolver, and take the chances of getting his dinner. Of thousands of Mexican women of the middle and lower classes that we saw on our trip, not one of them wore a bounet; but the universal black shawl covered head and shoulders. The burro is the grand means of trans-The Mexican porter will carry a load of 300 pounds or more; and the burro must carry whatever can be heaped or tied upon him. All the wood that is burned in the towns and cities, the most of which are roots dug out of the ground and cut into lengths of about eighteen inches, is carried to market on the backs of the burros, as is also hay, milk—anything and everything. The burre is the ex-press wagon and dramof Mexico. Oc-casionally, and only occasionally, one will see a cart or rough wagon, none of which, however, have a particle of iron in their construction. The wheels are cut out of solid wood, and the framework is held together by wooden pins or ropes. When a considerable journey is to be taken they carry an extra axle, because as they never grease them they wear out in short order. It is said that one can hear the squeaking of the ungreased wheels of a cart train five miles. the strangest anomalies to be found in Mexico is that they use little or no iron in their domestic economies, yet every town of three or four thousand people and upward that we saw had a street car line with T rails running first and second class cars, their first-class cars and their roads equal, if not superior, to

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

THE SENSE OF HUMOR COMMON TO THE ANTMAL CREATION.

A Dog that Imitated a Toad-A Parrot that Punished a Cat for Stealing.

According to W. H. Beard, the artist, nearly all the brute creation have some mode of enjoying and many of them a way of perpetrating, a joke. He once owned a pointer which was well broken for bird-hunting, and, boy-like, young Beard trained it to chase the nimble rabbits, but he never was able to induce it to tackle a woodchuck, or, as it is called

South and West, a ground-hog, but once, and then Wallace, the pointer, was badly worsted. This pointer grew so keen that it could readily discover if a woodchuck was the occupant of a hole, and then it wagged its tail and put on a sort of shamed look, as much as to say: "Oh, no; excuse me." It had a way of showing its teeth, not as if in anger, but as if smiling. On one occasion the dog had run ahead in a wheatfield after harvest, beating here and there and vibrating its tail as if on the scent for rabbits. Soon the dog left the earth, jumping high in the air—so high that his form for a moment was clearly cut against the blue distance. Of course, this performance was received with peals of laughter from the boys. The dog looked foolish for a moment, then shriveled up his nose and grinned as was his wont, wagging his tail unde-cidedly all the time; in short, claims Beard, trying to lie out of it by every device at his command, since he was not able to speak. Again he began his run, snuffing zealously in the stubble, and presently bounced up again, as before, and then turning, smiled to show that the performance was for our amusement. This trick he played several times, and, at last, the boys went to investigate, and at the scene of the first leap found a large toad, whose hopping motions he had caricatured. Another dog was a mongrel cur of low

degree, but it was his great happiness to chase pigs, not as the ordinary dog does, grabbing them by the ear until piggy squealed for mercy. Oh, no, Sport got more fun out of a pig than that. When the proper distance was established, and the two animals just in position, he would thrust his head under the pig, the adroitly catch him by the opposite flank, and suddenly come to a stand-still, with a brace. This with the pig's momentum would, of course, bring him entirely over, and he would, to his great aston-ishment, land on his back instead of on his feet at the next leap. Then Sport would let go, cock his head to one side, and, wagging his tail, look up with a noses."- Washington Hatchet. comical joke, as much as to say: "How

is that for a joke on a pig?" The stories of parrots are innumerable, but one especially that Mr. Beard relates possesses the charm of novelty as well as illustrating beyond doubt that these mimics possess a keen sense of humor. A gentleman owned a parrot that was apparently possessed of no talents. One day he was given a piece of meat which the cat wanted, and that worthy climbed up the cage and stole it. Polly offered no resistance, but appeared to be greatly frightened, and flew to the top of the cage and fluttered about until the cat succeeded in letting its tail fall be-tween the bars of the cage. Polly soon saw this, and, forgetting fear, pounced down to the bottom of the cage and catching the tail in its crooked beak, gave it such a pinch that pussy jumped headlong to the floor, squalling as though death was over it with a club. Polly at once set up a ha-ha-ha, as much like a human being as possible. Another dory is of a jolly fat butcher who owned a very bright parrot. One day, being of an apoplectic turn, he fell over flead. Poll saw it, but said nothing. She watched curiously everything that was done. She saw the silence of the marketportation, except the Mexican himself. men as they raised the body and placed it on a bench, covering it with a cloth and speaking only in subdued whis-pers. Polly noted the heart broken grief of the widow, and at last, gazing out of her cage, cried out in an authoritative tone: "Put up the shutters!" Of course, at such a time and in such a place, and coming from such a source, this remark was too much. So Polly was removed at the suggestion of some one. Still her humor did not leave her, for she peremptorily demanded : "What is all this about? If love of mischief can be regarded as with some vohemence, objected, and a proof of humor, then surely these birds asked that the order should be read to have humor in a remarkable degree, or is him. This was done, and he still reitspossible that it is evidence of their fused, and declared that the manacles possessing another human trait-miserli-ness, Mr. Beard relates a story of a crow named Jim who had the freedom of a town, and through his numerous pranks and freaks came to be regarded a considerable of a nuisance. One fine Sab-bash day an old lady stood before her glass arranging her hair and adjusting a brand-new cap. She was putting in her last hair-pm when the waggish bird, on mischief bent, flew in. "Oh, Jim, you beauty " cried the old lady, "is that you?" Jim took in the situation, and, making one dash, seized in his beak the new cap and flying out of the window, bore the thing of beauty to its nest in a shattered old oak, and no mortal ever saw it again. The old lady did not attend church that morning.

# RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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THE THRUSH.

The thrush sings high on the topmost bough, Low, louder, low again; and now He has changed his tree, you know not kow, For you saw no flitting wing.

All the notes of the forest-throng. Flote, reed and string, are in his song, Never a fear knows he, nor wrong, Nor a doubt of anything.

Small room for care in that soft breast; All weather that comes is to him the best, While he sees his mate close on her nest, And the woods are full of Spring.

He has lost his last year's love, I know-He, too-but 'tis little he keeps of woe; For a bird forgets in a year, and so No wonder the thrush can sing.

-Atlantic Monthly.

# HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Most women are clothes observers. Before marriage a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes; after marriage, with her tongue.-Life

The number of men who are disappointed in love doesn't compare with the number who are disappointed in marriage.—Burlington Free Press.

Even water will burn in a hot enough fire, And the cold often blows from the south. And the size of the lie of the champion liar Doesn't hinge on the size of his mouth. --- Hatchet.

A correspondent wants to know why a ball is called a "hop." Watch the gen-tlemen as they evade the ladies' trains and you will tumble .- Burlington Free Press.

Women and the weather are the twoprincipal topics discussed by men, says a philosopher. And it may be added that both are mighty uncertain things.—Boston Courier.

An exchange suggests that young ladies give up the banjb and take to flute playing. This couldn't be done. It is impossible to talk while playing the flute.- New Haven News.

A SURE SIGN.

When goats decline to eat old rubber boots, And crop the growing grasses in the lane. The time for trimming nobby bathing suits Is drawing near again.

# -Boston Courter

"It is healthier to lie on the right rather than the left side," says an astute health journal. Of course nobody wants to be on the "left" side, but a lawyer for instance often finds it healthy to lie on either side .- Boston Bulletin

"Isn't that an Inter-state cigar you are smoking?" he asked. "An Inter-state cigar? What's that?" queried the stranger. "Why, one that you can smoke in Maine and make the people in Texas hold their

It seems from a careful count that there are only 2,000,000 pianos in the whole United States. No count has been made of flutes, accordeons, trombones and other instruments of torture. At a rough guess we put the number at 8,000,-000,000. - Philadelphia Call.

When you've told your little story And have settled to the glory

"Sue! Sue!" came the voice from the library. "Daughter!" said hermamma, a pale, shrinking lady in a white wrap per and pretty embroidered breakfast cap. "Now don't get in a passion, dear-est doctor; let Susie see the telegram, Oh, my dear, I fear something terrible has happened. I had a sort of presentiment; you know I was telling you, doctor-"
"Fiddlesticks with your presentaments!" roared the doctor, a red-faced old gentleman with a lot of blue-black hair that stood up from his forehead like por-cupine bristles. "Something terrible in-

deed, something disgraceful, something one in the other," said the heroine, in a dishonorable, something that brings my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." The would have seemed authoritative, but not in a splendid creature as tall and stately as Tennyson's Maud, with red-brown guage was figurative. "I always said John was a sentimental, tennis-playing shaped like Cupid's bow. "No matter idiot. Never let me hear of tennis court I would not give a cent for the whole of the present generation. That wretched college, with the professors and their family life—family life indeed! I "Engaged to do what, Florence?" knew John was a good-for-naught, asked Jack's sister, with her irreverent spoiled by his mother out of all conscience; but to have disgraced himself, his family, all of us!-not that I consider him in the least to blame. He was always

WHAT TO BELIEVE. He has no joy who has no trust! The greatest faith brings greatest pleasure, And I believe because I must And would believe in perfect measure.

Therefore I sond To you, my friend, This key to open mines of treasure: Whatever else your hands restrain,

VOL. XIX. NO. 10.

Let faith be free and trust remain. Believe in summer's sun and shade, Although to-day the snow be falling:

Expect glad voices in the glade, Though now the winds alone are calling.

Have eyes to see How fair things be; Let Hope, not Fear, prove most enthrall-

ing; And skies that shine will oftenest be

Stretched lovingly o'er thine and thee,

Have loyal faith in all thy kin, Balleve the best of one another; One Father's heart takes all men in, Be not suspicious of thy brother.

If one deceive Why disbelieve

The rest, and so all kindness smother! Who the most looks for love will find Most certainly that hearts are kind.

Regard the age with hopeful thought, Not it, but thou thyself are debtor;

Behold what wonders have been wrought; Believe the world is getting better.

Oh, be thou brave To help, and save, And free men's hands from every fetter, Yet know that cheery hopefulness

Is the great factor in success. Above all things, in God believe, And in His love that lasts forever; No changeful friend thy heart to grieve

Is He who will forsake thee never. In shine or shower

His blessings dower The souls that trust with strong endeavor

Believe, believe, for faith is best-Believe, and find unbroken rest. -Marianne Farningham.

A TRIAL OF FAITH.

"What I consider the essential element of happiness in any love affair is the supreme faith and perfect trust of the voice that in a moderately pretty girl hair, dark violet eyes, and a mouth what appearances are against him, no again, matter if time or distance or malicious tongues separate, the woman should trust. Since I have become engaged-"

giggle. But what could you expect of a little undersized creature, with a turned-up nose, and a pair of green eyes as inquisitive as an interrogation point? the most punctilious, the most strictly "When I think that you and Jack are honorable, Quixotic creature. It was really to be married, it does seem too ridic- the woman, of course. She is twenty for a plank bridge over a stream or set | ulous; he just gone into the Senior at Yale, me up for a post to tie a swing to, or and you just out of school last June. And anything of the sort not requiring me then such a lot of sweethearts as he has had! There were Emily Hazen, and Marie De Brese, and last year Professor a promotion." And John seems to think Peter's daughter-the youngest one, with he is quite too kind and condescending the big black eyes, that giggled. And for anything. Perhaps he is, taking the to hear you, the veriest spithre in school, when you get jealous, talking about love and trust and faith! Now, my lady, don't get vexed; it's all 'badinage and

the other day I stepped in while you and he were discussing constancy on the veranda, and I found twenty different locks of hair in one corner of the bureau -every color of the rainbow except gray -and all mixed up, so that they looked like Joseph's coat or a rag carpet." "Don't mind Sue, Florie dear," said little Bertie, comfortingly, "I saw them, and there wasn't a strand of red-auburn,

I mean-in the lot." "I do not mind either of you," said Miss Maxwell, with dignity. "I love and-I trust,"

"Sue! where is Sue?" called Mrs. Lane one morning about three weeks after this conversation. "Come into the library: your papa wishes to see you.'

"I wonder what mamma wants?" said Sue, putting down her licen doilies, on which she was working a Rosina Emmett tea party. "When they go into the library, and shut the door, and call me, something has happened to Jack. Bythe way, you haven't had a letter for a week, have you, Florence?" "Not for two weeks," said Florence,

bravely, though the telltale color dyed her cheek for an instant with a crimson wave. "I don't believe you care one bit about poetry, Bertie. I've been reading this lovely 'Absence' for half an hour, and you keep on drawing as if it were 'Havens' Philosophy.'

"What shall I do with all the days and hours That must be counted ere I see thy face?" "I'd make caramels some of the time," said Sue, flippantly, "and swing in a hammeek three hours a day at least."

English view of the case. But over here any man who didn't do all he could te make the girls happy, as a matter of persiflage,' as the woman of society would course, would be speedily and deservedly say. I'm merely watching the miracle of boycotted.

whence many thousands of able-bodied | one; we ar men were sent forth are now used only men were sent forth are now used only for breeding grouse and game. A ques-thing. I h never tell you anything tion of great practical importance is again as long as I live. I thought you whether this degradation of the soil is sympathized-" wanton oppression of the poor, or whether It is necessitated by soil sterility. Proporly managed naturally good soils may be kept always fertile, as England, Holland and other densely-populated countries have shown. But where land has become too sterile to pay for cultivation, letting it lie idle may be the only means of reclaiming it. Nature's processes are slow, but she charges nothing except time, and this with valueless land is not worth reckoning. While lying idle its occupancy by game can scarcely be regarded as a desceration.

A matter which is attracting much attention in England is the rapid diminution of the number of brewers. Sixteen years ago the brewers of the United Kingdom numbered 32,000. Between 1870 and 1880 they grew fewer at the rate of a thousand a year, and at the last-mentioned date only mustered some 22,000. In 1881 they had become reduced to 15,000. Since then the decline has been less rapid, but still they are yearly losing ground to a surprising extent. They number at the present time only 13,000, or 19,000 less than sixteen years ago. Were there a corresponding decrease in the consumption of beer it would be a cause of great rejolcing to temperance advocates; but such is not the case, though the temperance movement has had a perceptible effect upon the business, and it is expected to still further curtail it. The great cause is the levying of a duty upon beer instead of. upon malt, which has had the effect of concentrating the business in fewer hands.

love,' "I am eighteen years of age, Susie beside, I'm g to have you making

"Oh, Florence, don't cry," cried the scoffer, melted and distressed in turn, "Do let's sit down on this log, and tell us all about it. Bertie is dying to hear, and has been pinching me black and blue ever since we started. Don't mind me; you know Bertie and I are nothing but miserable school-girls in scrabby clothes, and know nothing but chemistry, and moral and mental philosophy, and French and German and the sciences, and English literature and Art; don't be bashful before us. "Oh, bush, Sue,' cried Bertie; "we

are tired of you and your consense. I want to have a real sensible, sentimental time. Let's sit right here. 1 wish I had my sketch-book. How deep the wood is, and how soft the shadows, and that bank of ferns, and the great boulder coverod with lichens! See the water-fall yonder, and that half-charred log. Ah, this is the very forest of Ardea. Come, dear, tell us all about it."

'Well," said the heroine, "it happened at this very spot, yesterday afternoon, just before he left on the 7 p. M. train. Indeed I just can't tell you the very words, girls, because it's kind of sacred; but he vowed he had never cared one straw for Emily Hazen or Marie DeBrese, and as for that Peters girl, he positively scorned her. I locked very uninterested and dignified, and said I really didn't know why he should make me his confidante, though I was Sue's friend and staying in his house, and all that, and he plumped right down there where you are sitting, Bertie, and kissed my hand, and told me- No, I just won't; but he talked perfectly beautifully about t.ust and faith, and how I must believe in him, even though he were far, far away at Yale, and I here in Pennsylvania. And he said we must remember we were together in heart 'though the hills lie be-

years older than he."

"No. papa," from Susie; "she's just ninetcen.

"I know what I am talking about. All college belles are twenty years older than the men they elope with; and he was so trusting and confiding! The unhappy, hot headed creature! to think he has deceived this splendid, beautiful, wealthy girl under my roof ! Why, I almost felt like not sanctioning the engagement, because, taking place here, it looked as if I manœuvered for it. I a manœuverer. Great Cæsar!"

"Hush, papa!" said Sue, clasping his It is said that in Scotland glens Lane, and your best is -ah, twenty-thence many thousands of able-bodied one; we are the children; and, the room. "Give me the message."

YALE COLLEGE, September 25, 188-, "John Lane and lady will arrive at 7 P. M. Meet with carriage at station, Prepare sup-per and rooms. E. SNEED."

"Oh, mamma! it is true, then, he is married; and if at Yale, to that Peters. What shall we do? Poor Florence! she is devoted to him, it will kill her. Oh, Jack! Jack! and to that scrubby girl! Don't let them come here, mamma.

I'll telegraph." "No; he shall come here." cried Jack's mother. "It's terrible, but the poor dear trusts and loves me. See, the telegram is to me, and you can't expect me, doctor"-turning with some violence on the almost insane father-"even you can't expect me to side against my only boy I have on earth."

"Come here?" said the doctor, almost calmed by the excess of passion in his bond-slave. "Of course he's coming here; he's got no other place to go. He hasn't married fifty thousand a year, has he ? But the question is, Who will break it to that splendid creature ? I can't tell her; I can't tell her: by Jove I can't. You go, Sue, and break it to her. Give her a hint. You women are clever enough at inveigling"-with a glare at wife and daughter that made the very cap strings palpitate. "Tell her he's dead, and then that he is married; that will case her down a bit."

"Oh, don't say such a thing of my poor darling " cried his mamma, instantly summoning up the image of the recreast John pale and beautiful in much cleaner. death

"What's all this commetion about?" cried a fresh young voice. "Something about Jack, isn't it? Why what alls you all? He-is-not-dead--is he?" "Yes," said the doctor, nodding vio-

lently, the appropriateness of his sugges-tion almost stunning him; "dead and buried. Oh no, my dear," as he saw the light die out of the proud, pretty face. "That's my way of breaking it to you. He's-he's-tell her, Sue, he's married. He is coming here, of all places, with his tween.'" "He got that out of my scrap-book," said Sue, conscientiously. "But it came in very well. Jack is a very tidy boy; and I really believe he is in love this the second structure of the s

# A Home Idyl.

- T. He was kneeling on the floor, Where he ne'er had knelt before, While he uttered Bible words in some con

fusion. He seemed to feel quite badly, For he spoke quite low and sadly As to a sultry clime he made allusion.

II. No, alast he was not praying, For whitever he was saying He said, in truth, without mature reflection: Yes, perhaps he was to blams, But you'd have done the same,

If a hammer and your thumb had made con-nection. -New Haven News.

# Novel Way to Kill Crows.

In conversation with a prominent planter of the Fourth District, we learn of a new and novel way to kill crows. The gentleman's plan is to eatch one of the birds, tie it to your body and walk through the field with your gun cocked and finger on the trigger. The cries of the bird will cause others of its tribe to flock around you, and they can then be easily shot. This method of exterminating these pests is not patented, and those who are so disposed are at liberty to try it. - Dawson (Ga.) Journal.

narration most successfully displayed,

How you turn a billions yellow When you hear some other fellow With his wretched "That reminds me" lay you snugly in the shade

Pitteburg Chroniele. A man in the coal region put a little dynamite in the cooking stove to remove clinkers. It removed them, It also removed three chairs, one table, one family cat, a twenty-four-hour clock, four dollars' worth of dishes, and the stove. The fact that the man was likewise removed, in something of a hurry, will be apt to prevent his mode of removing clinkers becoming popular. -Norristown Herald.

## Jefferson Davis in Irons.

An eye-witness, engaged in 1885 at Fortress Monroe in the ordnance department, now a resident and attached to the police department of Baltimore, says that when Mr. Davis landed from the gun-boat on the Government wharf, the guard that received him kept back the lookers on to a considerable distance while they conducted the prisoner to the interior of the fortification and to the casemato assigned for his incarceration. Soon after he was lodged there the officer of the day called and advised him that orders had been received from Washington to place him in irons, and asked him to submit by lying prostrate on the cot then within the casement, Mr. Davis, should only be placed on him by force. The blacksmith was then present with the leg-irons, and a soldier, being so ordered, placed his musket across the breast of the prisoner, pressed him to and then down on the cot. While held in that position the smith riveted the irons on the ankles, and the prisoner, thus se-

cured, was locked in the casement. A day or so following, orders came from Washington to remove the manacles, and soon afterward to open the door, and finally to allow Mr. Davis to exercise him self by limited walks within the grounds. The order to iron was issued, it is said. by Secretary Stanton, and the preparations to do so were all made prior to the arrival of the gun-boat. President Johnson issued the ameliorating orders that followed.

#### Jack and Jim.

They grew in beauty side by side, They filled one home with give; Jack was a hase ball pitcher; Jim-A cricketer was he

All perfect stood these noble youths In beautiful Aprile. Their pie-crust mouths were ever wreathed With one scraphic smile.

But ero the summer time had waned, And overcoats had come. Jack's nose had lost its only bridge, ack's note had been drum. Jim's sar its only drum. —New York Journal.