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Upon an indictment for selling or offering for sale of oleomargarine unmarked, the Supreme Court of Oregon latery held that it was not necessary to prove any overt act of offering it for sale in an unidentified condition, but that the mere possession of it and placing it in a store with other articles held for sale was sufficient to warrant a jury in finding that the same was offered for sale.

The following table, which the Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express has prepared with great care from many sources, shows the number of times the veto power has been used by the twenty-two men who have filled the Presidential chair:

Washington	2	Taylor
Adams	0	Fillmore
Jefferson	-0	Pierce 1
Madison		Buchanan
Monroe	1	Lincoln
Adams	11	Johnson
Van Buren	44	Grant 2 Hotes
Harrison	ő	Hayes 1 Garfield 1
Tyler	- 97.	Arthur
Polk	8	Cleveland (so far). 11

The English organization known as "Uncle Toby's Dicky-bird Society" boasts of members in France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Gibraltar, Constantinople, Hong hind it, a writhing, serpentine length-Kong, South America, many parts of like the trailing body of a huge dragon Canada and the Unit d States. Within less than a decade since its initiation the organization has just reached in its ranks the grand total of 100,000 members. Each member has signed this pledge: "I line of cars steamed into the little station hereby promise to be kind to all living at Amerilla and stopped short with many things; to protect them to the utmost of my power; to feed the birds in wintertime, and never take or destroy their nests.

A writer for the Boston Herald says that the construction of the American railways has practically quadrupled the efficiency of the army on the Mexican frontier, and the ability to put the troops well shaped face, bright eyes and lithe into the frontier States-where trouble generally begins—gives the Federal Gov-ernment a sense of security which was never felt before. The Mexican soldier, the two elderly squaws who were her companions. A bright blanket was thrown over her slender shoulders, and never felt before. The Mexican soldier, though largely recruited from the crim-inal class by that system of compulsory service based on army enlistment being porcupine quills; a string of beads was made the alternative of vegetating in prison, is a good fighter. He has recently done some effective work in the Yaqui war in Sonora, and, as a trailer of savage Indians, may be relied on to fight hard and march far, and all this on very light rations.

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# VOL. XIX. NO. 24.

## COMPENSATION,

The sun when setting in the west, Its daily course has run;

The rising moon has only then Its journey vast begun. And thus, when one bowed down with

years. Sinks gladly to his rest, Another soul apprars on earth-

A heaven sent bequest. -Mrs. Mumma, in Good Housekeeping.

## GAY FEATHER.

It was nightfall of a November day. The dull red disk of the setting sun was The dull red disk of the setting sun was slowly sinking behind the peak of a dis-tant "divide." It dropped from the sharp point, and instantly a flood of mel-low light poured along the sky, bringing out in bold relief the long, jagged out-line of the range, tinting the white-capped peaks with soft rose color, and, by visid contrast, making still blacker by vivid contrast, making still blacker the wide expanse of the plains with their herbage burnt by recent fires. To the left was a small creck whose winding course was marked by a tringe of scrubby willows, and whose waters howing down from the rocky heart of the mountain, were chilled by the eternal snows,

Suddenly, far to the eastward, there appeared amid the purple and brown shadows, a strange, lurid glow, and bewith a single gleaming eye. It swept along, the light grew larger, there was a prolonged whistle whose shrill echoes were repeated from the distant rocky recesses, and then the express with its long a sport and sizzle.

As usual, a crowd had assembled to greet its arrival. A score of miners "from up the gulch," several officers from the garrison, two or three Mexicans

with clanking spurs and gay-striped blankets, together with sundry women and children-al laughing and chatting. To the left of the station, a party of Inform. the was dressed more gayly than around her neck, and in her long black hair were braided vari-hued feathers. Her face wore neither the heavy stolidity nor the half-repressed terocity of her race -its expression was gentle, almost mel-ancholy. There was a pathetic droop to the sensitive lips, and a mild, pleading look in her s. ft, dark eyes.

aright, and his after-life had been wild a shawl around her, see opened the door RUNNING A BANANA FARM.

There were times, though, when he sick with horrer. Any turned to flee, was sent on duty to the fort or to various trading stations that she could not help dealy from out the shadow of a tall cotfeeling lonely and homeless. Upon a tonwood tree near by, there sprang a certain day, during one of these instances, lithe figure-it was Gay Feather. as she sut in her cabin, striving to interest herself in a book, she heard the voice of Mrs, Grosse, who lived next to the arm.

Big Medicine Men an' let them chatter their gibberish over him! You shan't get nothin' here, so go 'long! Leave, I Down

say, or I'll set the dog on ye?" Amy Armand opened the door and looked out. A few rods away, crouching amid the knotted buffalo-grass, was the Indian girl she had noticed on the night

about to move swiftly away. But the young wife laid her white, restraining hand on the dusky shoulder. Me no care for agent nor agents's squaw; and all the rest bad, too. But you-you

"Don't be afraid of me," she said, gently. "Tell me what you want, and, perhaps, I can help you.

doorstep. She gave a shrill, unpleasant laugh. "To think o' you a talkin' to her!" she muttered, with a significance that was quite lost on Amy. And with that she went in, banging the door after her.

"Is the baby sick ?" continued Amy. Gay Feather seemed to hesitate before answering. Yet somehow, Amy's sympathetic face and voice exerted a magic influence.

ity. "Oh, maybe not! He has a fever, I

e. You want medicine for him?" Gay Feather's face brigtened. "Yes," she said. "But agent's aquaw say No! She drove poor Indian away! Me be-lieve Great Father at Washington not know what devil agent's wife is!" and there was an angry flash from the dark eyes

Amy Armand was the eldest of a large family. She was used to children and children's diseases. He practiced eyes saw at once what the baby needed, and, after asking a few questions, she ran into the cabin, and going to her medicinechest, drew from it the required drugs. As the train stopped, she leaved for-ward on her poly, an eager, expectant look overspreading her face. Among departed.

and irregular. But he had determined are cautiously peered out, to reform now, for he loved this fair It was asshe had feared. The Indians maiden with no fleeting passion, but a strong abiding affection. Already the air rang with the shricks of the dying.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6 1886.

"Come, paleface lady, come with me -quick !" she panted, seizing Amy by

"Me not tell now-no time talk!

They mounted the animal, and guided

anxiety. She sprang to her feet as Amy approached her, and, uttering a brief ex-clamation in her native tongue, was

"Me know Indians kill um at station. give medicine for little papoose. He get well-laugh, crow, kick he's little foots. erhaps, I can help you." Me not want you killed, so me come-Mrs. Grosse regarded the two from her Hist! what is that!"

Suddenly, like a dark wind-cloud, a band of warriors dashed by them, in mad pursuit of a fugitive soldier. The savages were too intent on overtaking their victim to perceive the horse and its riders, all of which were in the shadows of the willows. Instinctively, Gay Feather leaned forward to screen Amy from random shots, and as she did so stray bullet pierced her own side.

Without a groan, she slipped from the "Yes, papoose very sick-him die!" saddle and sank upon the grass. The she said, at last, with a pathetic brev- pony, as if conscious that some accident had taken place, stood still. Amy alighted and knelt beside the Indian giri

"Gay Feather, my poor friend! Are you much hurt?" she whispered. Gay Feather looked up and smiled.

"Me hurt bad-think. But never mind, pretty paleface! You take pony and go on. Follow creek. Keep in shadow-be careful-let no Indians get you. Hurry!

"No! no! I can't leave you so! Do

you hear, good girl?" But the faithful Indian woman made no response; she had sunk into a state of unconsciousness.

Amy sat beside her and drearily waited. As long as she lives she will never forget that night! The distant yells died away; the lorid gleams from the burning station aded out of the sky : all was silent, save the moan of the night-wind and the murmur of the waters, sharply broken now and then by the yelp of a prowling coyote. After hours of agonizing sus-pense, a faint light began to tinge the eastern sky. Fleecy clouds of rose and gold floated towards the zenith; the dingy brown of the plains took on a soft amethyst, deepened here and there by purple shadows; the white cones of faraway peaks seemed bathed in floating, misty glory Thank God! The morn-ing had come! With the rising of the sun was seen in the distance a party of korsemen, and it was with feelings of intense relief that Amy recognized the familiar dark-blu; uniforms of army officers; and that relief was changed into great joy when she beheld, riding at the head of the band, her own husband, Lieurenant Armand Mounting the pony and waving her shawl to attract atten-

# \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

HOW THE FRUIT IS RAISED ON COSTA RICA PLANTATIONS.

Preparing the Land for the Seed-No Plow or Harrow Needed-Harvesting the Crop.

Fifteen years ago the State of Costa Rica was covered, save some shallow belts along the coast, by dense primeval forests. Very little was known of the interior except what was told now and then by some hardy adventurer. The natives on the eastern coast cultivated little else than plantains and cocos, and exported dyewoods. The government saw the necessity of opening up the in-terior, and connecting by rail the eastern and western sides of the State. A contract was made with Mr. Minor C. Keith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to build a railroad from Port Limon, on the east, to San Jose, the capital of the State. It was a giant undertaking. The immense for-est had to be cut down, and great difficulty was experienced in procuring laborers who could withstand the trying

climate of the lowlands. Fifteen years ago the road was commenced and seventy miles are now in operation. The trains run from Port Limon to Cartago, over a splendid road-bed, crossing thirty iron bridges, all made in the Unittd States. Fifty miles yet remain to complete the line to San Jose, and there will then be an outlet for the products of the highlands to the eastern coast. It is estimated that 300,000 sacks of coffee are annually inised on the western side, and that traffic will be diverted to the Atlantic from the Pacific Ocean. \*

The cultivation of bananas began about six years ago on the lowlands, and now all the land along the line of railroad, one mile wide, is taken up by banana farms, a majority of which are owned by citizens of the United States. Each farm is one mile square, the land having been purchased for \$10 a manzana-about one acue and a half of our land measurement. There are now about 150 square miles under profitable cultivation.

It is only necessary, to cultivate the banana in Costa Rica, to cut down the forest, and then the land is ready to receive the seed. The plow and the har-row are unknown. The trees are allowed to lie where they fall. What is called the banana sucker, a bulb resembling an onion, is planted about eighteen inches deep and from fifteen to sighteen feet apart in among the fallen trees.

At the expiration of nine months the banana plant has reached a height of fifteen feet, and bears one bunch of fruit. Ffteen or twenty of these plants or trees in various stages of development are seen at once sprouting from the same "sucher," bearing fruit successively the year round for from seven to ten years from

the first planting. Along the river banks, where the soil is renewed, they bear twenty years from the first plant-

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion		1	0
One Square, one inch, one month		8	
One Square, one inch, three months		8	8
One Square, one inch, one year		10	n
Two Squares, one year		18-	0
Quarter Column, one year		10	0
Haif Column, one year		60	0
One Column, one year			
Legal advertisements ten centa per line	65	oli	
ertion,			
Marriage and death notices pratia			

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-teris. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work-cash on delivery.

THEY NEVER COME BACK AGAIN.

Oh, the days, the days in the dear old past, With their kisses, their blisses and pain! My heart droops sad 'neath the overcast,

For they never come back again.

Oh, my cup was beimmed with pleasure's delight,

And my sky was sunny and clear, But the morrow's blank as I look to-night Through the glim'ring veil of a tear,

Come back, come back, dear days agons, With your kisses, your blisses and pain; For my heart droops sad as I wait o'erlong For the days that ne'er come again.

Swept off on the obbing tide afar, My barque that was light and gay; And I waited long at the harbor bar

For its sails to return this way.

Ab, nevermore'll come back to me The kisses and blases of yore;

For I see 'youd the posts of eternity The rain and the shadows pour.

he sweet, sweet past, with its fond delight,

Is lost in the darkness drear, And the morrow's blank as I gaze to-night Through the glim'ring veil of a tear.

The world's as bright as of yester-e'en, And hearts are light and gay, ut my soul's a drear as I gaze on the scene,

And dream of a long-gone day-

The pressure of lips and clasp of hands, Like phantoms adrift in the rain,

ike spirits afar in the shadow lands-But the days they ne'er come again.

-H. S. Keller, in New York Clipper.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is nothing that makes a man so yarm as talking conlinually about the ont.

An enthusiastic meeting-two girls who haven't seen each other for an hour. -Burlington Free Frees.

Fourhunters!(who have just fired simultaneously at a rabbit and failed to hit it)-""Well, I wonder who missed that time."-Fliegende Blaetter.

Keely, the motor man, used to be head waiter in a hotel. That is where he got the wonderful patience with which he waits for his motor to mote. -- New Haven

The claims of the Anarchists that their aim was to elevate their fellow-men is all right. What we object to is the stuff they wanted to elevate them with .--Lowell Citizen.

"What is wanted in this country," said the bride, as she examined the wedding presents, "is not civil service reform, but silver service reform. This set is plated."-Boston Courier.

Tidbits tells the story of a conductor on a slow railroad who told one passenger that he had been on the road for nine. cars, "Then," said the passenger, 'this must be your second trip."

"A barrel wouldn't be sufficient to carry you over Niagary," said the con-ductor to a man who was trying to spraw! himself over four seats in a crowded pasenger car. "You would need a hogshead."- Texas Siftings. If you have an enemy do not buy his boy a drum. Your enemy would probably kick through the sheepskin within twenty-four hours Buy his next door neighbor's boy a drum. It will work just as well and he can't get at it .-Somercille Journal.

where of Mirs, Grosse, who lived next to her, raised in shrill anger. "You go 'long, you impudent bag-gage? We don't want none o' your kind here! What if your young one is sick an' like to die—it'll be good riddance to bad rubbish! Go home to some of your the speed ulong in the darkness.

Down among the willows by the creek was found the shaggy pony, tied, as Gay Feather had evidently left him.

"Him little, but stiong," she said. He carry us both." of her arrival—Gay Feather. She had a little papeose with her—not strapped on her back as was the custom—but carried sky was all ablaze with the burning statenderly in her arms. Its small face was tion. Before them the dark expanse of

wasted and pain-drawn. Poor Gay the plains stretched away till it met the Feather's own face was haggard with silver-tipped gray of the horizon.

New York, and one of the queerest is the first to alight from the cars was a tall the purchase and sale of current coins. A printed list of quotations, sent out the tim, dainty figure of a pretty young daily by a reputable drm, gives the mar-ket value of all sorts of specie. A Vie-scemed like some delicate blossom toria soverign is quoted at \$4.86, but an dropped down in a tangle of weeds. old sovereign may be had for \$4.75. United States halves, quarters and dimes | mingled with a little envy. are from 1 to 1 per cent. under par, and Mexican dollars are divided into firsts heather !" and seconds, and are rated at 75 and 72 cents. There is a shave of 19 cents upon Central American and South American her gownd isn't silk even!" said Mrs. dollars. A New York club man to whom Grosse, the wife of the "agent," who, one of the circulars was sent, and who proposed to save money by buying some Amerilia. depreciated currency in which to pay his debts, was rebuked by his associates. "I would save \$20 on every \$100," he protested. "You will save the whole 109 by not paying," was the prompt re- able laugh and a knowing look at the Injoinder.

Some correspondents have made inquiries about the water towers used by the New York Fire Department, and the letters show that there is much curiosity in distant places concerning those con trivances which enable the firemen to extinguish flames in lofty buildings in this city without danger. A water tower is a large iron tube, supported on a truck by a turn-table. The big end of the tube is fastened to the table by means of a earth. Her lithe form, grac-fully erect, hinge and cog wheels, which are moved stood out in fine relief against the fastby a crank. By turning the crank two fading light. men can elevate the tube from a horizontal to a vertical position. The tube she asked, ".sn't she pretty, Ellis! I would have the feeble garrison reinis in sections, and these sections are un- wonder if I could ever learn to ride like forced. screwed and packed on the truck except that! Do look at her!" when the tower is brought into play at "Don't stop here." a fire. When the tower is raised in front of a burning building the hose from two and, half frightened at its tone, the or three fire engines can be connected pretty bride looked up into his face. with the lower end of the tube and the water pumped by all the engines goes up through the tube and out of a big he said, pressing the small hand resting nozzel at the top. A wire cable enables the firemen to raise or depress the end of the nozzel, while the motion of the turntable works the nozzel in another direction. The tower is used to throw large she was indeed among a "rough set." streams of water directly into the upper stories of high buildings when flames in the lower stories prevent the firemen she had ever seen. Amerilla was not a thing was quiet. The soft moonlight of from entering, or when the front walls pleasant place for a refined woman. But are too unsafe to permit the firemen to reach the upper windows by means of ladders. The New York Fire Departladders. The New York Fire Depart- his selfish nature to be very considerate serene silence. Then came pistol shots ment has three water towers at present, of others. Though not bad at heart, his and wild commotion. Trembling in but only two of them are kept in active early training had been void of those in- every limb, Amy sprang from her bed service.

hand-ome man, wearing au officer's uniform; and closely following him came The women at the station stared at her with unaffected admiration, not un-

"Heigh! But she's a rare one!" extrade dollars are worth only 71 cents. claimed Jenny, the Scotch sergeant's "She's as dainty as a bit of

"Humph! A stuck-up baggage, I'll warrant; though, for the matter o' that. rich in her husband's spoils, gloried in the possession of the only satin dress at

"Weel, she's a bonny bride, anyhow, persisted Jenny, "an' I don't wonder that the Lieuteaant feels proud of her."

"And I wonder what Gay Feather 'll say," said Mrs. Grosse, with a disagreedian girl we have mentioned. The latter caught both glance and re-

mark. A faint, red glow overspread her dusky checks. She drew herself up proudly, uttered a brief word of command to her pony and dashed away through the crowd, the mud from her horse's heets plontifully bespattering Mrs. Grosse's gown.

"Drat these redskins!" muttered the agent's wife.

But Gay Feather heeded not this benign remark She kept steadily on her way toward where the rose-tinged sky bent down and touched the gloom of the

The young bride turned to look at her. "Isn't that one of your Indian belles?"

"Hush!" said Lieutenant Armand.

His voice sounded strangely harsh. It was white and stern, but relaxed a little behind. Well-trained soldier that he at her appealing glance.

"I didn't mean to be severe, Amy," on his arm. But I want to get into our I swear somehow I dread to leave you! cabin as ouickly as possible. There's a But chear up! When I come back, I rough set here, and I can't bear to have you stared at.

Young Mrs. Armand soon realized that True, she found novelties, but there was human nature, degraded beyond anything a bewildered air. Lieutenant Armand had not thought small window, and away in the distance much about that when he took his bride sounded the rippling waters of the creek. from her Eastern home. It was not in But suddenly demon acal yells broke the fluences which tend to mold character and hurriedly dressed herself. Flinging Hartford Timer.

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Winter with its drifting snows and icy blizzards swept over the plains, burying the little station at Amerilla in temporary oblivion. But even the dreariest season comes to an end, and presently Amy Armand awoke to a consciousness that, after all, nature had garments of beauty with which to clothe this barren desolation. With the coming of the spring sunshine, the scrubby grass melted into a thick carpet, dotted here and there with the gorgeous blue, scar-let and yellow of Western blossoms. The pale green of the willows stood out against the darker color of the hills, and the creek, warm now and limpid, swept on amid flowery banks. But in the midst of this freshness and

beauty was a horror greater than that of storms and isolation-a horror that daily increased. Rumors came that the Indians on the neighboring reservation, rebellious after the long winter of de-privation, and conscious that they had been shamefully cheated by the dishonest agent, were now, like hungry wolves, getting ready to spring forth upon their oppressors. As yet they were sil ntbut it was that sullen, ominous silence which precedes a storm. But here and there council-fires lighted up the evening shadows, and now and then an Indian dashed by, and a glimpse at his face rerevealed it dabbled in ochre and vermilion.

But this did not seem to trouble the agent. Job Grosse was a fit companion for his coarse spouse. He was an ignorant. rough fellow, wholly unprincipled in his dealings with the Indians. To him they were as so many dogs, to be kicked and cursed. He laughed contemptuously when some of his more timid companions hinted of war-paint "pow-wows," and begged that he and

The fact was, the station at Amerilla had never been so poorly guarded as now. Lieutenant Armand, together with a dozen men, had gone ten miles westward to a trading-station. It was not without misgivings that he left Amy was, he sniffed danger from afar.

"Good-by, sweetheart," he said, at parting. "Take good care of yourself. will see if I can't get stationed at some larger post; it will be far safer and more plea ant for you."

A night or two after his departure. Amy was awakened from a sound sleen. little poetry. Instead, the plain prose of She sat up in bed gating about her with given daily two ounces of whisky until For a minute everya May evening streamed in at the one

tion, she dashed forward to meet nim. "Amy! you here? Thank God! We heard that an attack was to be made, and I have been riding hard over since midnight. But how come you here, and saved

"It was dear, kind Gay Feather, who saved me," said Amy.

"Gay Feather!" stammered her husband, his face turning red and then deathly pale.

In as few words as pos ible, Amy related the circumstances, at the same time leading him to the place where lay the Indian girl. She was till breathing, but it was with much difficulty. As they drew near, she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Me save your palefaced squaw, Lieutenant Armand," she said, in her low, musical voice. "She good squaw; you must be kind to her all your life." Here must be kind to her all your life !" she paused, and beekoned him to draw nearer. Reaching up two slender, brown arms, she drew his head down to her face, and whispered : "Don't cryrave never cry-only squaw do that Me forgive --

The sentence was never finished, for the dark eyes closed, and poor Gay Feather was gone -Mary F. Brush.

#### Well Pnnetured.

For the last twelve years Otto H. Bowman, who died at the Bridgeport Hospi tal Sunday has been kept alive by hypo-dermie inject on of morphia. For the nineteen month- as had been at the hospital it is estimated that his skin had been punctured 2,000 times in order to perform the operation, and five ounces of sulphate of morphia was the quan-In addition to this he was tity used. recently, when he was allowed a bottle of heer daily. Before entering the Bridgeport Hospital he was in Bellevue, where he was under the same treatment It is estimated that in the last twelve years his skin has been punctured 7,000 mes; and there was scarcely a spot o his whole body where the marks of the hypodermic needle could not be seen -

ing. When the bananas are ready to cut a farmer who cultivates a mile square of land will take about forty men, five of whom are regular cutters, and the others convey the bunches out to the cars in mulc and ox carts as fast as they are cut. In a day and a half the crop is harvested. Toe laborers are all Jamaica negroes and natives, who receive \$1.25 per day for their work.

After the bananas are loaded on the train, they are taken to Port Limon, placed on a vessel and brought to New York. From this city they are shipped to Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and as far south as Jacksonville, Fla.-New York Star.

### A Nose-Pulling Affair.

Mr. Adams's private secretary was his son, John Adams, who soon made himself very obnoxious to the friends of General Jackson. One evening Mr. Russell Jarvis, who then edited the Washington Telegraph, a newspaper which a twocated Jackson's election, attended a "drawing-room" at the White House, escorting his wife and a party of visiting relatives from Boston. Mr. Jarvis introduced those who were with him to Mrs. Adams, who received them courtcously, and they then passed on into the East iteom. Soon afterwards they found themselves standing opposite to Mr. John Adams, who was conversing with the Rev. Mr. Stetson. "Who is that lady?" asked Mr. Stetson, "That," replied Mr. John Adams, in a tone so loud that the party heard it, "is the wife of one Russell Jarvis, and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house they would not be here." The Bostonians at once paid their respects to Mrs. Adams and withdrew, Mr. Jarvis having first ascertained from Mr. Stetson that it was Mr. John Adams who had insulted them. A few days afterward Mr. Jarvis sent a note to Mr. John Adams demanding an explanation, by a friend of his, Mr. McLean, Mr. Adams told Mr. Mc Lean that he had no spology to make to and the First Minister of the Crown; Mr. Jarvis, and that he wished no correspondence with him.

A week latter Mr. John Adams went to the Capitol to deliver messages from the President to each House of Congress. Having delivered that addressed to the Speaker of the House of Representatives he was going through the rotunda toward the Senate Chamber when he was overtaken by Mr. Jarvis, who pulled his nose and slapped his face. A scaffle ensued, but they were quickly parted by Mr. Dorsey, a Representative from Maryland. President Adams notified Congress in a special message of the occurrence and

the House appointed a select committee of investigation. Witnesses were examined and elaborate reports were drawn up, but neither the majority nor the minority recommended that any punishment be inflicted upon Mr. Jarvis. - Ben. Perloy Poure.

It costs \$14,000 a year to light the White House,

AN ENGAGEMENT BROKEN. The maiden took her chewing gum And placed it on a chair. For she had heard her lover come With swift feet up the stair.

Upon the chewing gum he sat— The joyous hours flew past— But when he rose to take his hat He found himself stuck fast.

"Oh! worse disaster never was," She cried as out she ran: ne'er can marry yon because You are a fast young man. -Boston Courier.

#### A Comical Duel.

The Boulanger fight in Paris recently. is not, after all, more counical than the duel between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Winchelsea in 1829. In the course of a debate on Catholic emancipation Lord Winchelsen described the Dake, then Prime Mivister, as having ome forward in a novel character as the defender of morality and religion. A challenge followed, which the buke, of all men, might have ab-tained from giving, and the Duke, as he afterward told the story, determined not to kill his antagonist, lest he should be detained in prison pending his trial, but to hit him in the legs. Lord Winchelsea's seconds alaced him so near a ditch that the Duke with difficulty restrained himself from alling out: "If you put him there he'll calling out : fall in." The Dake failed to hit Lord Winchelsen's legs, and missed him altother, Thereupon Lord Winchelsea fired into the air and read a written apolgy. The Duke went down to Windsor, and the following remarks were inter-changed between the King of England The Duke-"I have to inform your Ma esty that I fought a duel this morning." The king-"I am devilish glad to hear it, Arthur." Such was the dignified and appropriate language of the "first gentlemen in Europe."- Chicago Herald.

### A Club on Wheels,

The newest club I've heard of is on wheels-the "Parlor Car Club," running etween Irvington and New York. Initiation foo, \$200; club house, the parlor car Duchess; great mogul, house committee, committee on admission, etc. Mr. Jay Gould. It's not such a had idea, though, for men like Gould, Cyrus Field, Tiffany and other paupers ,who have to come to town every day to hive this car, and exclude the herd. Each member may introduce one friend for one trip. The suddest part of the organ-ization is that one ratiroad accident might wipe out the entire membership, club house and all .- New York Star.