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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion..... \$ 1 00 One Square, one inch, one month..... \$ 2 00 One Square, one inch, three months..... \$ 4 00 One Square, one inch, one year..... \$ 10 00 Two Squares, one year..... \$ 18 00 Quarter Column, one year..... \$ 10 00 Half Column, one year..... \$ 6 00 One Column, one year..... \$ 3 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Birmingham, Alabama, is not content with becoming an important iron and coal center. It has started a new enterprise—the establishment of a new silk farm near the city.

Almost before the ovens in the crematories in this country have become thoroughly heated a new process of incineration is invented in Italy. Under the Italian method the intense heat necessary for consuming the body is procured by electricity, thus doing away with many disagreeable features surrounding cremation as it is at present carried on at Fresh Pond, Long Island; Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and other places.

With all the safeguards thrown around our mails, and they are many and ingenious, yet the last annual report of the Inspection Bureau of the Postoffice Department shows that during the past year 487 postoffices were robbed and 260 burned, 76 postal cars were burned or wrecked, 27 mail stages robbed, 7 mail passengers on their wagons robbed, 79 pouches lost, and 127 stolen, cut, or injured by falling under trains.

The statement having been published that the Government losses annually from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 by stamps being washed and used a second time, a New York Tribune reporter asked Postmaster Pearson what foundation there was for such a statement. "None whatever," replied Mr. Pearson. "Some years ago the Third Assistant Postmaster-General made a similar statement in his report and ever since then, whenever an inventor wishes to float a scheme for canceling stamps the assertion is made anew. The Government, I don't believe, loses \$200 in this manner. We find few attempts at such a fraud in our office and the sum to be made by it is so small that it would hardly pay one to go into it extensively."

The latest invention of car brakes promises a fortune for the inventor. It just made its appearance in the market. It is intended for freight cars. The officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad offered \$70,000 for the exclusive right, but the inventor, a laborer by the name of Timmins, refuses to sell. The contrivance is so arranged that it will stop a car of fifty or sixty cars, running at a speed of thirty miles an hour, can be stopped by the use of the brake within a distance of very few feet after the pressure is then fully applied to all the cars. It can be worked by any of the brakemen on top of the cars, or can be used from the engine, or the caboose at the rear of the train. It is so simply constructed that it can be put on with one hand, and contains such a power of compressed air that it can lock the wheels of a locomotive in three seconds at a speed of forty miles. That, at least, is what is now claimed.

A great project is in contemplation by Chicago capitalists. It is the erection of an auditorium and hotel combined, at a cost of nearly \$2,000,000. The structure will be thoroughly fireproof and nine stories high. It will have a frontage of three hundred and sixty-two feet on Congress street, facing south and overlooking the lake, running one hundred and eighty-seven feet along Michigan boulevard, looking out on Lake park and Lake Michigan, and one hundred and sixty-one feet on Wabash avenue, with a tower two hundred and sixty-five feet from the ground. The auditorium will have a seating capacity for five thousand people when used for operatic purposes, and when occupied by a convention will accommodate comfortably nine thousand persons. The hotel will contain one thousand rooms, and will be fitted up with great magnificence. Ground will be broken early next summer.

The New York Sun relates that while Thomas C. Acton was Sub-Treasurer he had for a visitor a young Connecticut miss, and he instructed Cashier Floyd to show her and her mamma through the vaults and let them see how compactly Uncle Sam stored \$140,000,000. Mr. Floyd is one of those jolly old gentlemen who believe in pleasing the young folks. He took from one of the vaults a package containing \$6,000,000 in \$10,000 bank notes, and handing it to the young miss, said, "I guess we can spare that for you." She looked pleased, folded the package of new bills in the middle, opened her hand satchel, and was about to drop the big fortune into it when Mr. Floyd, noticing that she was in earnest, told her that the Government was a little short that day, and she should have to postpone the gift to some other time. The young miss lives in Storrsville, Conn., and only recently she thought her papa might let her come to New York and get the present awaiting her at the Sub-Treasurer.

THE HARVEST.

The thistle sows her airy host To every breeze that blows; On every coast the traveler sees The seed the thistle sows. Your bars are all an idle boast; In vain are hedge and wall; The thistle sows her airy host To pass beyond them all. The cup of grain without a care Is cast to field and plain; But who is there to reap the yield On board the flying train? The sport of mocking earth and air, Her scattered wealth appears; For she who sows without a care Can never bind the ears! —Dora Read Goodall, in Independent.

TIDD'S PROPOSAL.

BY BLAKELY HALL.

"This," said Mr. P. Livingston Tidd yesterday morning as he rose from a restless bed and perched, by way of change, upon the rugged top of his trunk, "this is the eventful day. I'll do it to-day or go down to the river and fall off a pier. The fact is, you know," he continued, sliding down from the trunk and addressing his mirror reflectively, "I'm beginning to look like a Boverly freak, with all this worry and layin' awake nights, and it might as well be settled. To-day I do it."

It was said boldly, but there was a sheepish look on the haggard face of P. Livingston Tidd as he recalled the many previous occasions on which he had begun the day with a similar resolution and failed utterly to carry it out. He turned from the mirror, fell upon his knees on the floor, and rescued the photograph of a placid-looking young woman from the dust. He looked at it tragically for a moment, and then turned his eyes upward and said morosely: "Oh! woman, woman, whether—no whether—art thou leadin' me?"

After this outburst he restored the photograph to its infantile case and prepared himself for breakfast. Mr. Tidd lived in a boarding house where there were four or five other clerks and salesmen, a retired grocer, two "lady stenographers"—as they styled themselves—a family of children, and a miscellaneous assortment of glum and heartick relatives of the landlady. The relatives devoted most of their time to accumulating loads of gloom of various degrees of intensity during the day and spending the evening in abusing the landlady on whose bounty they lived.

"Which, when I looks um over," the landlady said confidentially one night to Mr. Tidd at dinner, with a wave of her hand toward the down-cast dependants, "it ain't to be wondered at that I gits an occasional jog onto me—"

"Jag," interrupted Mr. Tidd, who was a stickler for correctness in speech. "I mean jag," said the landlady, blushing deeply at her ignorance of society nomenclature. "Oh, dear, they've all got the doldrums, blue devils, and dumps, an' it ain't surprisin' that I turns at times to gin."

"It ain't, indeed," said Mr. Tidd, politely. And as the landlady had made a confident of him, what more natural than that he should confide in her? Then, as she promptly revealed everything to the disconsolate relatives and they told the others, it was pretty well understood in Mrs. McPherson's boarding house that P. Livingston Tidd, of the lace department of the great dry goods house of Billington, Gash & Co. was in love, and slowly nerving himself up to propose.

A single glance at the unhappy salesman as he stalked to the breakfast table yesterday morning convinced them all that he had not declared himself the night before, and the landlady compassionately added another piece of sugar to his coffee, and skillfully directed the plate of hot wheat cake toward him. This balked the five hungry and alert salesmen on the other side of the table, and a wave of startled resentment swept over them. The youngest even went so far as to remark in a hoarse whisper to his neighbor that "Tidd's heart might be in a bad way, but when wheat cakes was floshtin' around his stumnick seemed to git there with both feet, so to speak."

But there is no gainsaying the truth that all the world loves a lover, and before breakfast was over the meagre appetite of the unhappy Tidd had endeared him to the most rabid wheat-cake eaters of them all. There was a set look about the mouth and a glassy expression of the eye when the salesman strode out that did not pass unnoticed.

"Which if a certain party don't up and do it to-day," Mrs. McPherson remarked thoughtfully, as she leaned her elbow on the table and tapped her teeth elegantly with a spoon, "I'm very much mistaken; but," with a cutting glance around, "if the word of certain stuffy persons what suffers uncommon hard from low sperits is reliable, I'm mistaken very often."

Meanwhile Mr. P. Livingston Tidd was on his way to "the store," of which he always spoke with such reverential respect. The business of the lace department was in the hands of five young men, at the head of whom Mr. Tidd easily held his position by virtue of experience, untiring industry, and a salary of \$18 a week. The man who was nominally in charge of the department had recently shown such skill in selecting dress goods for importation that his services were being utilized in that direction, while Mr. Tidd did all the work with his accustomed energy. After this had been going on for some months it chanced to come to the ears of the firm, and Mr. Billington and Mr. Gash fell to discussing it just before luncheon yesterday.

"Do you know anything about this Gidd, Fidd, Bidd—what the deuce is his name?—chap, Billington?" asked Gash. "Very little, except that he's a most efficient young man," said the dignified

Billington, "and has been faithful to our interests for many years—came to us as a lad, if I remember rightly."

"Well, suppose we move him up a peg, eh?"

Billington, who is frequently referred to in the trade papers as the "Dry Goods King," sent for Mr. Tidd at once, and took his place before the cheerful grate fire by the side of Gash, who is a member of a dozen clubs, has a villa at Seabright, and comes to town in his own yacht every day.

When Mr. P. Livingston Tidd, having hastily changed his office coat and brushed his hair, found himself in the famous inner office and face to face with two of the greatest lights in the dry goods world, his breath came hard, his lips grew dry, and he felt a very great desire to steal away.

"We have sent for you, Mr. Tidd," said the dignified Billington, as a kindly light shone from his shrewd gray eye, "to say that we have decided, in view of your long and devoted service to us, to give you complete charge of the lace department."

"At a salary, my boy," said Gash, clapping his hand on the shoulder of the honest clerk, whose lip was quivering like a child's, "of two thousand a year, which I don't mind telling you, is much more than either Billington or I earned when we were your age."

They stood there looking at the salesman with all the kindness in the world, but he could not speak. He had hoped to be promoted five years hence, perhaps, but to have it come so suddenly and now, and to find the two great big bears of the house such kindly and cordial men, was a little too much for him. He blindly put out his hand and the two millionaires shook it warmly, and then Mr. Tidd went back to his laces mistily.

The partners stood side by side for a long while without speaking, and then Gash said to Billington: "It's a great many years, David, since you and I were abashed in the presence of the head of the firm, eh? Somehow I feel as though we'd done a good deed this morning, though I can't tell exactly how. Shall we go to lunch now?"

After the arm of the fortunate salesman had been duly shaken by his fellows, Mr. Tidd felt sufficiently composed to write and send the following note to his bosom friend in the well known glove house of Bing, Flamme & Jonsing, further up Broadway:

DR. BILLY: B & G. just called yer truly into the office and put me in charge of laces—\$2,000 per. Grt surprise. Now P.L. do it sure. Meet me at lunch at 1 o'clk. P.L.T. P.S.—B & G. acted like trumps.

Mr. Tidd was already in the restaurant when Billy Van Klieck strode in with the wealth of cuff and haughty mien of the masher of repute. He was a notable man. A casual and ignorant observer might have put him down at first glance for a narrow-chested young person, endowed with a striking amplitude of hands and feet and a thwarted-looking moustache.

In seeking the advice of such a man as this Mr. P. Livingston Tidd felt that he could not go astray. After they had finished their luncheon, and Mr. Van Klieck was reveling in the turgid delicacies of plain pudding with hard sauce, Mr. Tidd—who could not eat a mouthful—said:

"And now, Billy, having finished business, let's turn to a softer subject. I feel that the hour can no longer be delayed. My bed feels 'ef it was filled with tin kettles; I can't lie still a minute; and as for eating—it's a burlesque."

"Is that new 43-dollar-broad-ribbed-diagonal-cutaway suit of yours home from the tailor's?" asked the pride of Bing, Flamme & Jonsing, looking shrewdly over his pudding spoon.

"Come las' night. But somehow I don't care for clothes now, Billy."

"Go to a brick!" said Mr. Van Klieck with immense contempt. "How you gointer win a girl without clothes! You want to put on that suit an—yes, overgaiters."

"What!" cried Tidd. "Oh, I say, that's coming it too strong."

"Overgaiters," repeated Van Klieck, firmly. "A plug hat—I've got a clipper that you can have, size six and three-eighths—and a red rose. What a woman can't stand up against to save her soul," said the speaker impressively, drawing on his profound experience in matters of the heart, "is style. Be toney and you're a winner."

Why, they know of no other way to fish up at Lake Villa, near the Wisconsin line. I'll tell you how it's done. The natives up there buy a bottle of whisky and drink the contents. Then they put the cork back in the bottle, fasten about five feet of line around the neck, and bait the hook with a minnow. When they reach deep water they throw the bottle away from the boat and wait for results. Of course the bottle is as buoyant as a cork, and the action of the waves has the effect of keeping the bait in a constant state of agitation. By and by Brer Pickerel comes along and snaps at the oscillating minnow. The hook catches him before he knows it, and then the bottle begins to scoot under water or scud along on the surface. The natives in the boat may be playing seven-up or whisky poker, but the minute the bottle begins to skip they drop everything and begin to pull out for the flask as though a sea serpent was after them. When the bottle is captured and the big squirming pickerel removed from the line, the hook is rebaited and the tackle thrown overboard again.—Chicago Herald.

Now mind what I say," said Billy Van Klieck, clutching the lover's arm with one hand and the bell with the other, and speaking in a peremptory voice. "Be sure and do the elegant; pull down your cuffs and put on an easy smile, an' toss off a few jokes. Then take a little flyer into poetry, and if she shows a strong list 'wardward jam her up into the wind an' keep her there. After this take her hand in yours and tell her the hull racket."

With a reassuring squeeze of the arm the faithful friend gave the bell a mighty jerk, scudded down the steps, and took up a commanding position on a fire plug across the street.

There was the bustle of retreating footsteps in the passage and the door was thrown open by one of the six sisters of the beloved of P. Livingston Tidd's soul. She smiled a cheerful welcome, and asked him if he was well, and said that Minnie would be down in a minute. The mouth of Tidd opened and his head shook, but he could not utter a word. He stood as though floated to the spot until a Voice which floated gently through the darkness from across the street said:

"Go in, you chump!"

He started, took off the shining hat, dropped it as he crossed the threshold, stumbled against it, and sent it spinning down the passage.

"Merciful heavens!" said the Voice, plaintively, "go light on that hat, will you?"

Then the door closed and Mr. Tidd wandered into the parlor and wished that he were dead. Shortly after that the girl with the placid face, and she had, too, a plump figure, a pretty hand, and a kind heart, came timidly in, and the six sisters arranged themselves on the stairs while the fat mother of the family sat on the top step and cried with the keenest enjoyment. There was an awful hush. Mr. Tidd stepped on his feet, and found his hands of measureless size. He had renounced the hat forever, but he still carried the cane as though it weighed a thousand pounds, and might rise if not watched and smite him at any moment. Minnie asked him in a trembling little voice, as she sat on the edge of her chair, with her eyes very wide open and her little hands interlocked, if the weather was warmer or colder, and he answered something that sounded like "Quite so," but it might have been anything else. What the deuce was the matter with that cane? It began to wobble, and the unhappy Tidd became miserably conscious that it would get away from him in spite of his efforts. He clutched it at wildly, but it eluded him and fell to the floor. With a gasp he leaned down to pick it up, and as he did so he glanced at the little maiden who sat so near him. Her eyes shone with such gentle sympathy and love that the poor fellow sank on his knees, put his arms around her waist, and hid his face in her neck, while she timorously stroked his hair. And so the deed was done.—New York Sun.

Chinese Ancestral Tablets.

The believer in Confucianism has many curious ideas. In almost any Chinese residence will be found an ancestral tablet, and sometimes these or their imitations are offered for sale in the shops of the city. The tablet is known as the Shin Chu, or home of the spirit; and, as a rule, is made of wood, about a foot in height and three inches wide—generally some fragrant wood is employed, and owing to the rich ornamentation in the way of carving, the tablet is made up of three pieces—a solid pedestal and two upright sections. The back often contains a niche, in which are placed pieces of paper bearing the names of ancestors. Before this prayers are offered daily, incense burned, etc.; the prayers not being as one might suppose for the dead, but being appeals made to them, the belief being that every man has three souls, which at death have different duties—one goes to heaven, another remains in the grave with the body, while the third takes up its abode in the ancestral tablet, and to this the prayers are offered, and the believer has the satisfaction of knowing that his ancestors become gods, no matter what their station on earth.—San Francisco Call.

Fishing with Bottles.

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Largest Dog in America.

While Mr. Bradenburgh was coming down Chestnut street with his monster dog Koloss the crowd that collected about him was so dense as to need police interference, and he was ordered off the street for causing a blockade. Koloss is a truly magnificent specimen of the dog family, immense head, great limbs and huge body of a tawny yellow color, streaked with dark gray. When reclining at full length on the floor Koloss bears a strong resemblance to a sea lion, yet he is exceedingly gentle, and is the pet of the ladies and children. A dog fancier on Eighth street, who has had considerable experience in raising bloodhounds, says this is the largest animal he ever saw, and pronounces Koloss the largest dog in America. Koloss is nine feet long and five feet high. He is an Ulmer dog, a species of Danish hound, and comes of a noble ancestry. Although giant in size, he has not yet attained full growth, since he is only a pup.—Philadelphia Press.

Palindromes.

A palindrome is a word, verse or sentence that is the same when read backward or forward, as madam, level, Anna, etc. Apropos to the subject, a Detroit Free Press writer furnishes this good example:

I see a good deal in the papers lately about palindromes. Why don't they get one of some length, say like this: "Sung & raw was I saw war & guns."

THE RAM LILA FESTIVAL.

HINDOO CEREMONIES SEEN FROM AN ELEPHANT'S BACK.

Picturesque Sights on a Road in India—A Fight With a Bamboo Giant.

A writer in the London Pall Mall Gazette thus describes the great religious festival of the Hindoos, known as Ram Lila: We were at Fyzabad in Oudh, only six miles from one of the greatest strongholds of Hindooism, the sacred and ancient city of Ajudhia, whose antiquity dates from mythological times, some thousands of years before our Christian era, and whose sanctity as the birthplace of the monkey-god Hunumon, and also that of the hero Rama, one of the sacred line of sun-begotten kings, is not surpassed by any other of the cities on the earth.

We had been invited by the Maharajah Man Singh to go and witness the combat between Rama and the demon giant Ravana, and when half way to Ajudhia found one of the Maharajah's elephants waiting for us, a splendid fellow, with his face and ears and trunk painted elaborately in brilliant colors. He was covered with a cloth of crimson and green and purple velvet reaching to within a few inches of the ground, and heavy with gold embroidery, and on his back was a silver howdah. Having mounted, we proceeded in state, with a native servant perched up behind us, holding over our honored heads a huge red umbrella, and were shortly met by a number of aristocratic gentlemen on elephants nearly as gorgeous as our own, who followed us to the fete.

The road was thronged with dense crowds of men, women, and children in bright, clean holiday clothes, with a liberal sprinkling of fakirs among them, always distinguishable by their absence of clothes and extreme dirtiness. Ascetics never have held that cleanliness was next to godliness. One holy man we passed had painted his whole body white—his coat of paint being his only garment—and who was apparently hanging from a tree. Another was standing on his head, with large fires blazing close round him, which seemed superfluous with such a blazing sun overhead. Bells were jingling, cymbals clashing, tom-toms thumping, all softened and harmonized by the all-prevailing hum of the many-throated crowd. The scene was one to be remembered—the great swaying dark masses of people, their white turbans standing as thick as ears of corn in a wheat field; the elephants rising above the level of the crowd and majestically cleaving it sunder as they strode silently onward; the countless domes of mosques and temples standing out sharp and clear in the white sunlight against the deep blue sky; the flat roofs and the tops of the walls and balconies covered with swarming crowds of women, brilliant as a kaleidoscope.

And now we were close to the scene of action, and so tightly wedged were the people that the elephants could no longer force a passage. Towering twenty feet or more above all surrounding objects we saw the huge, uncouth figure of the giant Ravana, made of bamboo framework covered with paper and calico, being drawn to and fro, with arms outspread, on a little wheeled platform, while two boys representing Rama and his brother attacked him from an elephant with bows and arrows, and crowds of boys with monkey masks and tails, representing Hunumon's monkey army, made onslaughts with fierce shouts and blows. Our elephant was not very stanch, and when the shouts of battle rose shrill and savage he would turn short round, spreading consternation and nearly demolishing a sweetmeat stall that was unwisely near his heels. The interest of the crowd in the combat was intense and breathless, and when at last the giant was overthrown all struggled wildly to get a blow at him, while a mighty roar of triumph filled the air, mingled with the firing of guns and the deep trumpeting of the elephants, who were thoroughly infected with the excitement of the moment. In a miraculously short time the giant was torn to shreds and his mangled remains scattered far and wide with vengeful energy. Hunumon and their beloved Rama had won the victory.

This is the one great carnival of the Hindoos, and when, as sometimes happens, its date coincides with that of the great Mohammedan feast of the Mohurum, there is always great risk of a collision.

The Ram Lila has another interest, connected with natural history, as being the date on which, according to native scientific observation, bugs leave off biting. The natives say "they get weaker for a month before the Ram Lila, but after that their mouths are shut."

A Passage.

The world was made when a man was born; He must taste for himself the forbidden springs; He can never take warning from old-fashioned things; He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth, He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth Of the friend of his soul, he must laugh to scorn The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes That are clear as the wells of Paradise. And so he goes on till the world grows old, Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold, Till the smile leaves his mouth, and the ring leaves his laugh, And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quit; He grows quarrel with men, and with women polite, And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight; Then he eats for his palate, and drinks for his head, And loves for his pleasure—and 'tis time he was dead. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A moving speech.—"Pay your rent or give some other tenant a chance."—Merchant Traveler.

A K street girl says she is afraid of all kinds of snakes except the beau-constructor.—Washington Critic.

A female poet sends a few lines entitled "Words That Burn." She struck it about right that time. They did burn elegantly.—Statesman.

Some of the paragraphs have been facetiously referring to earthquakes as real estate movements. We should say they had more to do with ground rents.—Boston Courier.

TRIFLES.

A student said, when from his college going, "Professor, all I know to you is owing." With pregnant smile did the Professor say, "Such trifles, sir, you need not mention, pray." —Tid Bits.

"So you have broken off with Mr. Smith," said Maud. "Well, I never could make him out." "I found him a good deal of a conundrum myself," replied Clara, "so I gave him up."—New York Sun.

"We can't all be President of the United States, Bobby," said the minister. "I know it," Bobby replied, and his clear, honest eye shone with lofty ambition, "an' I don't want to be. I'm goin' to be a drum major."—New York Sun.

"There are two things," remarked Fogg, in a contemplative mood, "that I don't understand. One of these is, how the world got along before I came into it, and the other, how after I have left it, it is going to get along."—Boston Transcript.

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A Tiny Greek Island.

This primitive pastoral life of the Greek peasant may be studied in the archipelago in either of two ways—by visiting the tiny islets inhabited only by one or two families of shepherds, whose intercourse with the outer world for generations has been exceedingly limited, or by penetrating into the mountain villages of some of the larger islands.

In my wanderings I have visited several of these tiny islets, but of all these none to my mind offered such a complete picture of patriarchal life as did low, black islet some twenty miles off the coast of Asia Minor rejoicing in the name of Donkey's Island (Gatharosis). It is inhabited only by one family, at the head of which is a very aged patriarch indeed, called George, who rules over twenty-two subjects—that is to say, his wife, six sons, seven daughters, and the families of three married sons and one married daughter. Only one daughter is married, it must be noticed; the other six, by a custom existing in these remote corners of the world, are doomed to single blessedness, for here the patriarchal system is still in existence—the eldest daughter inherits all, while the sons and younger daughters have to look after themselves. Consequently, a husband was easily found for old George's eldest daughter from the neighboring island of Patmos, who was content to leave his home with a view to succeeding his father-in-law on Donkey's Island. The family here have everything in common; on feast days they all eat together. Day after day the women sit together at their work, sorting grain on low tables, or playing their distaffs, while the men tend the five hundred goats which form old George's flock or till the soil, which produces just enough grain and just enough of everything for the wants of the islanders.—Fortnightly Review.

Disappearance of Poplar.

Poplar, one of the desirable Southern woods, has already reached that point of limit in supply where large consumers are looking around for a substitute. Some of the St. Louis chair manufacturers are now giving the cottonwood a trial in the manufacture of chairs, and they are so well pleased that they will be likely in the future to use more of it than of the costly material whose place place it takes. It requires a very close examination to distinguish certain varieties of cottonwood from poplar. The difference in cost between the former wood and poplar is bound to bring it into market in general competition with the latter.—Globe-Democrat.