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The question of taxing bachelors is again up in France. There are said to be nearly 500,000 in Paris alone, against 350,000 married men.

More than twenty co-operative schemes have been started by workmen's unions during the past few weeks in various parts of the county.

What is called a "seat" in the New York Stock Exchange was recently sold for \$20,000, but the man who bought it will have to stand up all day and shout for stocks at the top of his voice in order to make a profit on his investment.

The Harvard College annex for women seems to flourish. The last report shows that there were seventy-three students in attendance, against fifty-five during the previous year. Twenty-two of these were enrolled in the undergraduate classes and the remainder were special students.

Coffee, of a total value of about \$47,000,000, is brought into the United States annually, and two-thirds of the total comes to Brooklyn. In the great storehouses which stretch along Furman street, Brooklyn, and surround the Atlantic Basin, all this vast quantity of coffee is stored on its first arrival.

The quilt stories of the present season start out very modestly with the announcement that a quilt containing 3,162 pieces of calico was made by Mrs. Mattie Wooten, of Viola, Tenn. No two pieces in the quilt are alike, each one having been taken from different pieces of calico. It required several years to gather material for this quilt.

A man living in Armstrong, Mo., has just died from swallowing a bean. In order to allay any apprehension which this announcement may cause it should be added that the bean was raw. It sprouted, produced inflammation, and six of the best physicians in the neighborhood could not tell what was the matter until they made their post-mortem exploration.

Over 5,000 Indian children are now attending schools supported by the General Government, religious societies and the State of New York. At Hampton Institute, Virginia, a number of married couples are in attendance, and six cottages have been erected for their use. About fifty Indian girls have been admitted to the public schools of Philadelphia and they mingle with the white children in attendance. Nine out of twelve prizes offered for proficiency were taken by Indian girls, the first being given to one of the Omahas.

According to a recent calculation the amount of paper annually made in the world, from all kinds of materials, is 1,800,000,000 pounds, of which half is used for printing purposes; a sixth for writing purposes, and the remainder for miscellaneous purposes. For government purposes, 200,000,000 pounds are used; for instruction, 180,000,000 pounds; for commerce, 240,000,000 pounds; for industrial manufacture, 180,000,000 pounds; for private correspondence, 1,000,000 pounds, and for printing, 9,000,000. These 1,800,000,000 pounds are produced in 3,960 manufacturing plants, employing 90,000 men and 181,000 women.

Ohio proposes to have a State centennial all to itself in 1888. In 1788 the first settlement was made on its territory at the confluence of the Muskingum and Ohio Rivers. One of the leaders in the movement thus summarizes the object and character of the exposition: "In the new State fair grounds we propose to gather a centennial exposition of Ohio's progress in its first century, as exemplified by its pioneer life, and we will also exhibit the progress and the improvement shown in all industrial and educational pursuits. Our exhibition will be, therefore, historical, progressive, educational and illustrative of the first 100 years of growth in the West as exemplified in its oldest state, and we invite all to come and see the result of a century."

The London Lancet says that "cholera has again shown signs of activity, and its progress is further in the direction of eastern Europe. Several deaths from this disease are stated to have occurred in a village in the vicinity of Tirnova, in Bulgaria, the infection being alleged to have resulted from the importation of some clothing belonging to a man who had died of cholera in Hungary, where there have already been 966 cases and 499 deaths. The disease still lingers in certain parts of Hungary and Galicia, and if we have a recurrence of the epidemic in 1887, it is by no means improbable that it may take its start from some of the localities more recently infected in the Austro-Hungarian empire. The east of Europe is probably much less prepared to withstand its progress than was the west."

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew Which trembles in the leaf or flower Is but exhaled to fall as snow. In Summer's thunder shower. Perchance to shine within the bow That fronts the sun at fall of day; Perchance to sparkle in the flow Of fountains far away.

Nothing lost—the tiniest seed By wild birds borne or breezes blown, Finds something suited to its need, Wherein 'tis sown and grown— The language of some household song, The perfume of some cherished flower, Though gone from outward sense, belong To Memory's after hour.

So with our words: or harsh or kind, Uttered, they are not all forgot; They have their influence on the mind, Pass on—but perish not. So with our deeds; for good or ill They have their power scarce understood; Then let us use our better will To make them rife with good. —Nellie M Ward.

BITTER AND SWEET.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

It was in the autumn that the news of the loss of the ship Albatross reached the small town of Haven. She had foundered on her way to Calcutta, and Aleck Fanshawe was on board as supercargo.

"It isn't as though Squire Fanshawe hadn't other sons," commiserated a neighbor, when the blinds were pulled down and craped tied on the knocker at the big stone mansion, and prayers were offered in church for the bereaved family and friends. Everybody in town, so to speak, turned out to see how the family took it, and to be able to criticize the funeral sermon. The Fanshaws had been a gay, worldly crowd, and this was their first sorrow, and those who had seen them in prosperity and joy wanted to behold the effect of the reverse; but they proved to be a family who did not wear the heart on the sleeve; they conducted themselves bravely behind their weeds, and restrained their tears till they might flow in private. The only excitement of the occasion, however, was worthy of the expectations of their friends. The family filed into church, black as grief and craped could make them. There were John and his mother, Sue and Hildegarde; but who was this other on the old Squire's arm, bowed with emotion, more sable than them all, in widow's veil and cap? Who? Why, it was only Louise Turner, whom they had always known. Why was she in widow's weeds and on the Squire's arm? What had happened to her? There was lively gossip, you may be sure, that day, on the way home from church.

"I remember he was kind of attentive to Louise Turner one spell," reflected Mrs. Ames. "That's so," echoed Mrs. Blake. "Don't you remember he took her to a concert over to Danvers? He has always known her, and like as not there was something between them."

"So he has always known every other girl in town," said Mrs. Blunt, the skeptic; "and he has been just as attentive to half a dozen others, as far as I can see."

"Yes," acknowledged Mrs. Ames, reluctantly, "he was attentive to all of them on and off; but then a man may be attentive to a dozen, you know, while he only cares for one. It's odd; a woman couldn't do it; it would bore her horribly—that is, unless she's a flirt."

"Well, of course it's true," sighed Mrs. Blunt, "or else she wouldn't be in widow's weeds and in the Squire's pew; but she's the last girl I thought Aleck would care for. I can't reconcile myself to it."

The interest and surprise of this event seemed to subtract something from the solemnity of the occasion. It was not so wonderful that Aleck Fanshawe should die as that he should have been engaged to Louise Turner and no one ever had guessed it. It perplexed and disturbed Mrs. Blunt, she could hardly tell why. Perhaps she was disappointed that Aleck should have cared for such a shallow girl as Louise; and then a surprise has an irritating effect upon some natures. She upbraided herself for having so little sympathy for Louise in such a tremendous sorrow. Louise was pretty, everybody said Louise was pretty, and young men are easily pleased. Doubtless it had occurred at the last moment before his departure, and Louise had waited for his return to declare it. Aleck had been the best match in town, and, love aside, this was a great blow for Louise, with whom everybody was bound to sympathize. But Mrs. Blunt was dissatisfied with the quality as well as quantity of her own sympathy.

"It seems," said a neighbor who happened in to talk it over—"it seems that Louise heard the rumor, and rushed up to Squire Fanshawe's to know the truth, and when it was verified she went straight into hysterics, and confessed that they had been privately engaged. Of course the Squire adopted her into the family at once. They bought her mourning, the very best, and I dare say they'll give her Aleck's property—you know he had a fortune from his own mother, the Squire's first wife."

"Have you heard that John refused to believe it at first?" asked Mrs. Blunt. "Yes; he was a little stiff at first; he never liked Louise; you know."

"It seems to me I shouldn't want to take it on trust as they've done. I should want to see letters in his own hand, or something confirmatory, not just her word for it."

"It seems to me it would be a tremendous cruelty to turn a deaf ear to her at such a time, and refuse to believe her story."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Blunt. "Better

be cheated to the last, than lose the blessed hope of truth,' as some poet says."

It was a few days after these astonishing events that Miss Betty Le Breton returned from a vacation at the mountains, without having heard of the disaster that had overtaken the Fanshaws. "When I am married," she said, in the enthusiasm of a first acquaintance with the mountains, "I shall take my wedding tour through the hills in a buggy; it's just enchantment. Any letter for me, Aunt Ellen? Any news?"

"News? Oh dear—yes—too much. I didn't write you because I didn't want to sadden your vacation. And you and Aleck were always such friends."

"Aleck!" "Yes. The Albatross has been lost at sea, and the Fanshaws are just heart-broken, and Louise is there with them; it seems she was engaged to Aleck privately; and her widow's weeds are very becoming. It's a dreadful, dreadful thing for her; but they say the Squire has about the same as adopted her, and that she'll have the lion's share of Aleck's money. She went in on the Squire's own arm when the funeral sermon was preached; it was very touching. Why don't you say something, Betty? I always thought you and Aleck were good friends; and Louise—"

"What is there to say?" Betty asked, directly. There was an odd lustre in her eyes, but she was not crying; she looked petrified.

"You might at least say you were sorry."

"Sorry? Oh yes"—absently—"I suppose so."

"Why, Betty, haven't you any feeling?" "I don't know. Perhaps not. What good would it do?"

"Aleck was such a good friend to you! Do you remember when he used to come and help you with your German? I used to think he was a little in love with you, Betty; but it seems I was mistaken; and for the matter of that, it doesn't signify, now that he is dead. Indeed, it's better for you as it is; you are spared the sorrow. Why, Betty, are you sick? Is anything the matter?"

Betty had risen with a great cry, and was stretching out unavailing arms into space. "He is dead—Aleck—and he loved her, and she has a right to her sorrow; and I—"

It was three months before Betty Le Breton was able to sit up. The neighbors said she had come home from the mountains with malaria, and it was doubtful if she would ever get it out of her system. Miss Le Breton, her aunt, wisely said nothing; but when she saw Louise in her funeral garments driving by in Squire Fanshawe's carriage, she wondered if Betty were not far more miserable. Betty herself wondered why she did not die in that bitter season of despair. There seemed to be nothing to detain her here; life had come to a standstill. It was not that Aleck had died; she could have borne that, perhaps, and sorrowed bravely, and yet have lived on. That would have been grief enough, to be sure, for one heart to bear; but she would still have possessed the tender assurance of his love, to compensate her. She would not have lost him utterly; she could have lived on, with the certainty of meeting him unchanged at last, just as she had existed through her tedious work-a-days, sure of his companionship at their close—the one brightness in all her sombre days, the hours that were never absent from her thoughts, the hope that had carried her through all difficulties uncomplainingly. Now there was nothing for her to live for or to die for. It seemed to her that the bloom was stripped from the world. She could not reconcile herself to her changed condition, nor adjust herself to the belief that Aleck had cared nothing for her through all the years that had been to her like heaven on earth—that he had merely been passing the time. She felt as if the solid earth had failed beneath her feet, and her life stretched out before her in dreary and barren perspective. If she could only be allowed to preserve the illusion that he loved her, wherever he might be, that would have sufficed for happiness, would have gilded all the empty years she must spend on earth without the sun of his presence. But people do not die in that way; they have nothing to live for. Betty's aunt trusted to time to mitigate the blow; she remembered that she had herself once had a lover who deserted her; that she had cried her eyes out, and had given away all her jewelry, and believed she was done with everything; but ten years later he passed her window daily, a bald, gouty man from whom the glamour had fled. But she had forgotten that he had robbed her of the power of loving any one else, and that other lovers had sighed in vain. When Betty first went out, and began to resume her ordinary life as if nothing had happened, the Squire's family had gone abroad, and had taken Louise Turner with them to lighten the shadow of their grief; and a stone in the Squire's lot in the cemetery recorded the fact that Aleck Fanshawe had lived and died. It would have been a melancholy comfort to Betty to hang wreaths upon that great white stone that confronted her like a ghost among the shrubbery, to plant flowers about it. But how could she lavish such loving trifles in memory of the man who had deprived her of the poor privilege of weeping for him? She sometimes felt as if she would like to leave Haven forever; every road and stile and bit of wood reminded her of Aleck. It was here he met her on her daily walk from school; it was in the wood they gathered the autumn leaves, and came home laden with spoils; on this river the moonlight had found them; on this wild bank Aleck had sat and sketched the scene for her; beneath this tree he had read to her from the poets. The very air of the places they had frequented together seemed filled with the tender words he had spoken. Could it be that he had

not cared? Why, then, had he spent his last evening ashore with her? He had left early, to be sure, saying he must pack and be off by daybreak. Had he gone from her to Louise? The bough of scarlet berries he had given her that night had hung in her room ever since, where her eyes would see it on waking. The first time she was able to walk across the room after her illness she took it down and threw it upon the open fire; indeed, she took out all of his letters for the same purpose, but put them back again, not strong enough to abandon them all at once.

It was summer at Haven, but it was not summer in Betty Le Breton's heart. I think she remembered other June's, whose flowers were no sweeter, whose woods were no greener—June's that had borrowed something of their charm from her own happiness, that like the moon shone with borrowed light. She was trying to sing one of the old songs at her piano one twilight—songs she had sung with Aleck in their drives through the woodland aisles, where they had loved to linger; but the sobs choked her, and the tears crowded and jostled each other in her eyes; and suddenly, when the last vibration of the notes had ceased, a voice outside took up the strain and sang it through.

"It is Aleck," she cried, hurrying toward the piazza like one in a dream. Then she waked, turned back, and sat down. Supposing it was Aleck, he belonged to Louise. Of course it was a mistake. It was because she had been thinking about him; Aleck was dead, and she had no right to think of him. She never would think of him again—never; she would forget him, as he had forgotten her. Dead or alive, he could be nothing to her—nothing, nothing. He had broken her heart; could one love with a broken heart?

Somebody was coming into the room with a lighted lamp, preceded by excited voices. It was Miss Le Breton, followed by Mrs. Ames. "Isn't it marvellous!" she was saying. "Such a shock, too, for the Squire's family, just as they were getting used to the idea of death!"

"But is it true?" asked Miss Le Breton. "Fetty had shrunken into the dark corner of the long room (which one lamp only illuminated in patches) in order to hide the tears upon her eyelids. "True as preaching. I was just getting into the train for Haven this afternoon—I had been up to town for a trifle of shopping—and I heard a familiar voice saying, 'Allow me to carry your bundle, Mrs. Ames.' It made me shiver and my blood curdle. I looked over my shoulder, expecting to see a ghost—a railway station's a queer place for a ghost, though, isn't it? Well, there stood Aleck Fanshawe. I shan't be any more surprised at the Day of Judgment."

"What a change!" cried Miss Le Breton; "and they are all in their mourning, and the stone up in the cemetery, and the estate administered upon. I wonder where Betty is?" "Yes, seems as though they'd been to a mortal lot of expense for nothing."

"And what a happy day for Louise Turner!" sighed Miss Le Breton. "I suppose he has cabled to his father?" Mrs. Ames answered with a hearty laugh. "That's the oddest part of it. He asked about all the folks, coming down in the train; he didn't know they'd gone to Europe. And he asked first of all after you, Betty—upon my word! 'And you don't want to know about Louise?' said I. 'Louise who?' said he. 'Why, Louise Turner, of course.' 'What about her? Is she married, or dead?' 'Married!' I cried; 'why, Aleck Fanshawe, are you mad, or making believe? Didn't you expect that Louise Turner would confess her engagement to you, you silly old dog, after the news of your death?' 'Confess her engagement to me?' he repeated, and he looked like a thunder-bolt. I was frightened. 'You don't mean to say you weren't engaged to her?' I said. 'Now she's just like one of the family—wears widow's weeds for you, and went to church on the Squire's arm when your funeral sermon was preached! 'engaged to her!' he cried; 'I never thought of it. I am engaged to Betty Le Breton, and I never loved any one else.' I thought I'd run over and prepare your mind," pursued Mrs. Ames, "for fear of the shock. Where's Betty?"

Squire Fanshawe's family returned in season for Betty's wedding, and she took her wedding tour through the White Mountains, after all. But Louise Turner never appeared in Haven again. —Harper's Bazar.

How Horses Rest.

"Horses can get some rest standing," said an old trainer recently, "provided the position be reasonably easy, but no full rest except recumbent. It is known of some horses that they never lie down in the stall, though if kept in pasture they take their rest habitually in a recumbent position. It is well to consider whether the habit has not been forced upon the horse by some circumstance connected with the stall he was made to occupy, in that it had a muddy earth floor, or one made of dilapidated plank, uncomfortable and offensive to the horse that had been accustomed to select his own bed in the pasture. If the horse can have the privilege of selecting his own position for resting on his feet, he can sleep standing; but while his muscles may be to a certain degree relaxed and get rest in that position, what can be said of the bearings at the joints? Without relief through the recumbent position, the joint surfaces are forced continually to bear a weight varying from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds. This must act unfavorably, especially upon the complicated structures within the hoofs, which a nature intended should have periods of rest each day." —New York Mail and Express.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

MRS. BOWSER'S ACCOUNT OF SOME FAMILY DISCUSSIONS.

Mr. B. Suddenly Develops a Fondness for Titles—Where is Zanibar?—What Was Longfellow?

Mr. Bowser is a great man to "break out in spots." The other evening, after he had lighted a cigar and got his feet braced on the mantel he suddenly observed: "Mrs. Bowser, has it never occurred to you to call me Judge?"

"Never!" I promptly replied, for he had complained of the biscuit at supper. "Nor Colonel?" "No!"

"While I could probably have gone to the Supreme bench, or been commissioned Colonel," he softly continued, "I did not care for the honor. I am not one, Mrs. Bowser, to clutch at titles in order to lift myself up, but I didn't know but it might please you to be known as Mrs. Judge Bowser."

"I don't want the title." "Very well, Mrs. Bowser. If you have no care for social distinction I'm sure I haven't. If your ambition is to plank yourself in the house with that wail-eyed baby and pay no attention to the demands of society I might as well join another lodge."

I felt a bit conscience-stricken over the way I had acted, and after awhile I went out and told the cook to call him Judge when she came in with the last scuttle of coal. When she came she managed to bump him to give her an excuse for saying: "Excuse me, Constable—excuse me!"

There was a solemn silence for five minutes after she left the room. Then Mr. Bowser observed: "Perhaps, on the whole, Mrs. Bowser, it would be as well not to attempt to call me by any title. Hired help is so stupid, you know?"

On a late occasion, as our fireside was a scene of peace and happiness, Mr. Bowser softly remarked: "Mrs. Bowser, whenever it comes handy you'd better throw out hints to your lady friends that you were educated abroad."

"Why?" "Well, it will increase their respect for you." "But I was educated in the little red school house at Perryville, you know, and have never been out of the State."

"Don't talk so loud, as Jane may be listening! I told a friend only the other day that I was educated abroad, and had been through all the art galleries of Europe."

"What place did you say you studied at?" "Zanibar." "Why, my dear, that's in Africa!" "It is! Now that shows what you know! Zanibar is in Germany. Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to crow over you on the subject of education, but when you display such lamentable ignorance of geography I have to feel glad that my school days were not wasted."

"I say it's in Africa!" "Mrs. Bowser!" "And I'll prove it by the atlas!" "If you do I'll give you \$50 in cash!" I got out the atlas, and there, over on the east coast of the Dark Continent was Zanibar, as every school-child knows. "I'll take that fifty," I quietly remarked.

"No, you won't! Some fool of a map-maker has gone and got drunk and mixed things up, and I'm not going to pay for it. When I know that Zanibar is in Germany I know it just as well as the axis of anybody else."

"Did this friend of yours ask you what old master you preferred?" "Yes, ma'am, and I was posted there, too. You may think I go sloshing around with both eyes shut and my tongue hanging out, Mrs. Bowser, but that's where you are dead lame. I told him I preferred you."

"What now! You don't s'pose I said Sam Patch or Buffalo Bill, do you?" "But Longfellow was not a painter at all, he was a poet."

He drew in his breath until his face was red as a beet, and he jumped up and down and flourished his arms like a wind-mill, and finally got voice to roar out: "I'll bet you nine hundred thousand million quadrillion dollars to that old bald comb in your hair! Mrs. Bowser, such a assumption and assurance on your part is unbearable!" "Jane may hear you."

WHAT IS IT TO THREE?

"'Twas a winter day, and white with new snow; I saw a little maid past the window go, With a bright, bright hood, and a face fair to see— But what was it to me!"

For I was a boy that looked through the glass, And nodded to see the little maid pass, With the scarlet hood and fringes of fur— And what was it to her?"

'Tis winter; the white snow is new again; I stand with a woman and look through the pane; Mayhap like the sweet hooded maid is she— But what is it to thee? —James Vila Blaine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A bad sign—Endorsing a worthless note. The poet who sings of the light and fleecy snow never shoveled off a sidewalk. —Philadelphia Call. There is a man in Burlington so bow-legged that when the children are playing cars they use him for a tunnel. —Burlington Free Press.

An Indiana girl has been born without a mouth. She will very soon begin to realize that she has forgotten something. —Burlington Free Press. We notice in a newspaper some verses headed: "The Seven Ages of Woman." After a woman is thirty she abolishes the other six. —Somerville Journal.

His mamma warned him. But the boy knew better. And now a pain he carries 'Neath his wing. —Merchant Traveler. An astronomer claims to have discovered stars lately which the most powerful telescopes are unable to reveal. We advise him to sprinkle ashes on his sidewalk. —Life.

"Ah, my beloved, may I hope to clasp you to-morrow by my bosom and depict to you again our future happiness in the glowing colors of phantasy?" "No, love, not to-morrow—to-morrow is washing-day." —F. Lejeune Blaetter.

THE CONTENTED MAN. Who would the most contented mortal see, He need not ride the country spurred and booted; For sure the chimney sweep is he, Since he so constantly is sooted. —Boston Courier.

The man who is in the habit of using profane language should be brave and strong and able at all times to defend himself and his opinions, for if ever at any time he should be obliged to eat his own words, he would doubtless find the dose extremely unpalatable. —Boston Courier.

"And that is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snuggs, as she examined a piece of curious-looking mineral. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband. "And how do they get the silver out?" "They smelt it." "Well, that's queer," she added, after applying her nose to the ore; "I smelt it, too, but didn't get any silver." —Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

How Idols Are Made. A recent book on Siam contains a description of the way in which sacred images are made for the Buddhists. In making the larger idols, those varying from about one to eight feet in height and usually in a sitting posture, they first make a model of the figure in wax. Into this model they stick small nails a few inches apart and projecting slightly. Then the image is covered with a coating of fine sand mixed with clay sufficiently wet to be easily molded. The projecting nails serve to prevent the coating from falling off before it becomes hard. After it has been dried in the sun the idol is put into a furnace and burned, when the wax collects, and, running out, is collected for use another time. Melted brass is then poured over the image and evenly spread until the whole surface is covered with a thin coat of the metal. A smoothing and polishing process finishes the work, and the resplendent image is ready for the adoration of the multitude. The small silver idols are made in a different way. The maker has a hard-wood model called a type. He takes common coin silver, beats it out into a thin sheet, and covers the model, pressing it close in every part until it assumes the exact shape desired. It is largest at the lower end, which is left open that the model may be drawn out. Melted pitch is poured into the hollow shell of silver-leaf, and then the idol is polished, usually with fine sand.

A Race of Dwarfs. The explorer, Ludwig Wolff, has recently returned from the Congo and is interviewed by your correspondent. He reports having met in the Sankowron region many tribes of dwarfs generally measuring less than four feet, beardless, with short and woolly hair. They live by hunting, are wonderfully agile, good tempered, and many thousands are dispersed over the wild region. They are known under the name of L'atous. They mix very little with the full grown population. This, says Wolff, confirms the ancient conjectures of Herodotus and Aristotle as to the existence of a race of pigmies in Africa. These African Lilliputians received me very hospitably, said Mr. Wolff. —New York Herald.

Ruin of a Once Profitable Business. She (to young poet): "How much do you get for your poems, Charley?" Charley (with pride): "From two to five dollars." She: "Well, isn't that very little, Charley? I see that Sir Walter Scott got ten thousand dollars for one of his." Charley: "Yes, but you see writing poetry isn't the business it used to be. There's too much competition." —New York Sun.