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In Paris work has begun for the great World's Fair, to be held in 1889, and workmen's sheds have been erected all around the park on the side of the Champ de Mars. The great tower to be erected on the Exposition Grounds will be 984 fect high.

A botanical curiosity in a garden at Ealing, England, is a rose tree whose blossoms are entirely green, the flowers, in fact, being composed of similar leaves to the ordinary foliage. This is evi dently a reversion to the earlier stage of terrestrial plant-life in which flowers had not yet become specialized organs.

One of the most remarkable features of the trade of 1886 was the extraordinary failure of the Eastern mackerel catch. The total amount taken in 1886 was 81,-953 barrels, while the catch of 1885 footed up 339,943 barrels. There were also only 828,000 quintals of codfish Caken in, 1886, against 902,455 quintals in 1885.

The American exhibition which is to be held in London in May next promises to receive the practical support of many of the leading manufacturers throughout this country. Six or seven railroad mpanies will make exhibits of the tural products along their lines of and several States have arranged to collective displays.

In the matter of ingenuity the American people lead the world. More applications for patents are received and more patents granted at the Patent Office in Washington than in any two countries of Europe. Great Britain comes next on the list, France third, and Germany fourth. It was not until 1836 that the Patent Office was organized as a separate bureau with a Commissioner and suitable assistants for the proper discharge of its duties. It is rather a singular fact that during that year only one application for a patent was filed. The next year the number increased to 106. The increase has steadily grown, until in 1886 the applications filed numbered 21,797. The whole number of patents granted since 1886 is, in round numbers, 355,000.

Even the Holy Land is being deprived of all its picturesqueness. A big soap factory has been built where of old stood the town of Shechem; Bethlehem has been rebuilt and gas introduced, Naza-



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the women in the car devoting themselves to her and her mother.

Sink not! sink not beneath the scorn That is upon you cast! Remember you to cares were born,-These will not always last.

Up with the sun, and work away The night will come about, And if you train yourself to day You'll put your foes to route.

SINK NOT.

Oh, keep a faithful, willing heart!

And bravely burdens bear; In life this is the greatest art,

To lessen ev'ry care. Sink not! sink not beneath the load

Upon your shoulders cast: The cares you have upon life's road Shall not forever last.

-Howard C. Tripp, in Current.

"ALL BUT."

"Good-by, dear Mary. I hate to have you go. It's like going into another world, so far away. Tell John I never world, so far away. Tell John I never shall be satisfied till he settles East. I never have quite forgiven him for moving to California."

'Oh, mother! when he's doing so well. I didn't want to go, but he did not get on here; a small salary, and no prospect of a better, and the children coming !"

"Well, well, it was natural, and can't feel it as I do, being younger; you want to see the children some!" but "I guess I do!"

"And by that you may guess how I want to see you." And the old lady wiped her eyes. She

was a stout woman, in a plaid flannel dustcloak and poke bonnet. The cloak was odd and conspicuous, but Mrs. Wat-rous did not care for that, she wanted something soft to cover her dress, something that she could shake out of temporary creases, and keep on the hat-rack for daily use; that cloak covered her morning dress when she went out for daily supplies, and hid the worn sleeves and frayed waist of her old black silk when she took a shopping tour, or a drive with some kindly friend; for Mr. Watrous did not keep a horse. It was a useful garment, and her husband always called it "Charity," because he said it covered a multitude of sins in his wife's dress

Mary Watrous, the only child of this respectable couple, had married eight years ago the teller in the bank where her father had been cashier for many years. At first John Dutton had been content with his position; but after his three boys were born he began to reflect on the future, and having a good offer from a cousin of his in San Francisco, a successful merchant there, he put his small patrimony of five thousand dollars into Sam Dutton's business, and now Dutton & Co. were making money steadily. This was the first time Mary had been home to see her parents after a

At last Mary came out from her long swoon, and was able to tell the shocked passengers what she had seen, just as they reached the first stopping place. with the blow which it had received. There would be no eastward train for three hours, the conductor said, and in that time, she thought, her self-possession would return. The conductor took Molly out, and into the station, and Mary was helped by a kindly passenger, who spoke with authority to the woman in charge. He was a director on the road, and, consequently, Mary was well cared for-seated in the one rockingchair, a cup of hot tea brought her, and Molly beguiled by the woman's little child, who always accompanied her mother to her place of work. Left to herself Mary began to recall the fearful sight, to shudder, to remember her mother's words: "I must see the last of them!" Poor mother! she had inthere and let her get off. Now, she could not return to her father till he knew all, and had to bear the shock alone. She had three hours to wait here, alone, impatient, distracted; and she could not reach her father before 6, his dinner hour. Then she thought of him, of the sud-

den horror that had smitten him, and, woman like, her thought went on into the future. Would he care to stay in L----? would he not come to her? But her house was small, her children growing; how could she make him comfortable? She would telegraph to John ; her trunks coming before her would startle him. Then she reflected that he would not know the trunks had come unless she were there too. But he knew she was to leave L---- to day. She raised herself feebly from the rocking-chair, and asked the woman in charge where she should find the telegraph office.

"Well, I can tell you, but it won't be of no use. The' was a tornado swep' over the county yesterday afternoon-at least over the south part of it-and the wires betwixt here and Sent Lewis is all down." Mary sank back in her chair; she could do nothing for John; he must put up with his anxiety. An hour went by, local trains came and went, the usual sort of travelers came and went also.

Molly began to cry; she was tired and Mr. Watrous roared, Mary burst hungry. Mary crept over to the restau- into tears, and mother placidly rerant, now open to feed the passengers marked: of a northern accomodation train who "A mi dined there. She got some bread and milk for the child, and tried to eat something herself, but food choked her: she could only swallow another cup of tea; she took Molly on her lap and the child fell asleep then; the baby head

from her grasp, and, with a wild shriek. SOME ODD OCCUPATIONS. Yes; there was that deplored mother, QUEER WAYS OF MAKING & LIVstout, hearty, uninjured in life or limb just rising from the dessert that lingered on the dinner table, to see who came in She insisted on getting off there, though at the front door in that eager. familiar she trembled all over, and her head swam fashion; and there sat her placid father. Α. with the remainder of a big pear on his plate, his eyes as wide as eyes could open, his mouth agape, struck dumb by her entrance; for he had just said: Mail and Express, has not attained the unique distinction recently boasted by Paris of maintaining a beggar factory for

"I hope Mary has got to C----by this time, and taken her section in the sleeper. I telegraphed them to reserve a whole section; she will be so much more comfortable with Molly along."

And here she was! weary, weeping,

earthly thing in use by man is kept on sale. But, after all, New York is big enough to supply many ingenious per-sons with very curious o cupations. The scheme of our "clean towel company," pallid, almost hysterical. "Why, Mary Dutton!" exclaimed her mother, after Mary had sobbed out her newly started for supplying business olices with clean towels and soap, we

"Why, I never in the world thought you was looking out, or I'd have telegraphed to the train. You see that other engine was very near, and I'd got my eyes sort of dull with crying, and for a deed seen the last of her daughter and minute I stood still to get my balance, pretty Molly. And oh! why had she fainted? But for that she might have persuaded the conductor to stop right the engine begin to come, and I started across; it was foolish, but there was time enough, only my cloak had got unbuttoned at the top, and slipped back so it was caught in a splinter on the end of a tie, and that sort of hindered me. I stumbled, a woman screamed, for she thought I was going to fall; but I didn't.

I caught myself up, the cloak tore off my back and fell down; for in the pull the other button went, and I got over the other rail only just in time, and then I did fall, but not to hurt me, for a man had run forward to get me off the track, and I fell right against him. There's the cloak, pretty well run over." Mary turned. The torn and dusty rem-

ing their fellow-citizens. They are not nants of "charity" hung on a chair; for prejudiced in favor of New Yorkers, Mrs. Watrous had brought them out to but are easily persuaded to hang men elsewhere throughout the Union. It is

illustrate her story to her husband. Mary seized the ragged mass with eager fury and thrust it into the open fire, forcing it under the flame with the tongs.

"Oh, Mary!" "Mother, I can't help it. The thing ought to be destroyed out of sight. I never could look at it again. Think! It made me believe you were run over; gave me all this agony of a whole day, this new journey, and brought me back, expecting to find you killed by the train."

"Well, dear, I was; all but."

Mr. Watrous roared, Mary burst

"A miss is as good as a mile, isn't it?" Nobody answered, --- Rose Terry Cooke, in Independent.

The Gold Lost in the Sea by Wrecks.

gantly and improperly. Just east of the Bowery, in a tenement house, resides a The memory of the loss of £200,000 of man whose business it is to rent himself and his Punch and Judy show to chilresting on her bosom comforted that sore silver and gold will survive the drownheart, yet she cried bitterly over it, rec-ollecting how often she had sat in her the Lutine, for instance. She was of dren's parties in the brownstone wards. A person on the Bowery keeps six or was reputed to have had six hundred board. This was afterward contradicted stricken families. +If,' wreck of the unfortunate Lutine should hope for the recovery of the bullion. In the reign of James II, some English adventurers fitted out a vessel to search She clasped the child so closely at that for and weigh up the cargo of a rich coast of South America. They suclands. this event in 1687. There was a very costly wreck in 1767. She was a Dutch East Indiaman, and of the Texel, taking down all hands but six and £300,000. The price of four such Armadas as that of 1588 went down in the last century alone in the shape of gold, silver and plate. She was the annual register ship, as the term then was, and had in her 500,000 piastres and 10,000 ounces of gold on account of the King, and twice that sum on the merchants' account, making her a very rich ship. She foundered, and no man escaped to tell how and when. In the same year the Dutch lost the dollars. Antonietta, an Indiaman, and with her sank £700,000 sterling, beside jewels of great value. The Royal Charter is the most notable modern instance of the wreck of a "treasure" ship that I can ust now call to mind. She left Australia with £350,000 in her. Of this sum, ing. says Charles Dickens in his chapter on this dreadful shipwreck in the " nco.n mercial Traveler," £300,000 worth were recovered, at the time of the novelist's visit to the spot where she had driven ashore. "The great bulk of the remainder," writes Lickens, "was surely and steadily coming up. Some loss of sovereigns there would be, of course; indeed, at first sovereigns had drifted in with the sand, and been scattered far and wide over the beach like sea shells but most other golden treasure would be found. So tremendous had the force of the sea been when it broke the ship that it had beaten one great ingot of gold into a strong and heavy piece of her solid iron work in which also several loose sovereigns, that the ingot had swept in before it, had been found as firmly em bedded as though the iron had been forced there." This is a curiosity of disaster, but mightily suggestive of the sea's miserly trick of concealing her

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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|--|----|----|
| One Square, one inch, one month | | 00 |
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| Quarter Column, one year I | 10 | 00 |
| Haif Column, one year | | 00 |
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ING IN NEW . ORK.

"Clean Towel Company"-Two

Haugmen-Dog Doctors-Wealth

in Refuse-Painting Black Eyes.

New York, writes Julian Ralph in the

maiming little children, so as to render

them objects of pity. Neither has it yet reached up to London in the posses-

sion of "necessary stores," wherein every

ought not to boast of, since we borrowed

the notion from Chicago. We are alone, however, in patiently permitting an audacious Teuton, near Chatham Square, to keep hand organs in mischief

by repairing them. He assumes to re-

plenish them with new tunes, but, of

course, that is fiction; for no hand organ

was ever heard to play any but bald-headed and middle-aged music. New

York maintains, also, at least one estab-lishment for fitting little children for the

stage and ballet. The accomplished woman in charged of this used, whether

she still does or not, to certify to the

beauty of the "understanding," so to

where spectacular pieces were to be pre-

Two courageous New Yorkers follow

the useful but unpoetic business of hang-

always pretended that no one knows their names and that only the Sheriff of

this county has their addresses. One is a Hebrew, dubbed 'Isaacs,' and the other is a German, called 'Menzeshei-

mer"; but the city always lumps them

both under the one name of Joseph B.

Atkinson, and under that name they

draw their pay. They rig the gallows and finally cut the rope. One other sanguinary citizen, in Twenty-third

street, swings a shingle declaring him to be "The Destroyer of Moths."

Four prosperous citizens earn their livelihood as doctors for the lap-dogs of

rich women. As a rule, the only medi-

cine they use is starvation. They fling the dear pets into barred boxes and de-

prive them of food for four days, having found out that the usual trouble with

pet dogs is that they are fed extrava-

sented.

THE REASON My love's a maiden fair, And she's sweet; She has a modest air And she's neat:

Her hair is golden brown, And in ringlets it hangs down; She's pretty from her crown To her feet.

But 'tis not her charming face, Fair to see,

Nor her modesty and grace, I am free

To confess, nor any wiles She employs, my heart beguiles, But she keeps her sweetest smiles All for me.

-Boston Courser.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting .- Sift-

There is one branch of labor which must always be done by hand-picking pockets.

A new kind of stove is called "The Infant." It ought to be painted yeller. --Rochester Post-Express.

Firemen are rather discouraging fellows; it is their business to throw water on things .- Lowell Citizen.

The men of energy and pluck Have found this maxim wise-It never pays to run for luck

Unless you advertise. —Spring/latd Union

A new book is entitled: "Hold Up Your Heads, Girls." We trust they won't speak, of females who applied for a chance to exhibit themselves in theatres as long as they wear the present style of hat. -Boston Post.

A Charleston paper speaks of an opal "as large as a small hen's egg." We should think it would be difficult to set. -Boston Bulletin.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says she can see more light than darkness in the world. So can we, Ella, when the sidewalks are one sheet of ice. - Burlington Free Press. Softly the snow, in solemn aight,

Covers bad things, like a pure, sweet mind, Covers each house with a n-antle of white, But it never covers the mortgage, we find. -Goodall'sSun.

The income of Madame Patti from her present six months' tour in this country, will be about \$150,000. A good har-monica can be bought for fifteen cents. -Tid-Bits.

A New Haven man boasts of a cat that sits up like a kangaroo. We've never noticed how the cat on our back fence sits up; we only know that he yells all night like a hyena. - Philadelphia Call.

A Michigan woman kicked a bear to death. She had an awful sore throat, which accounts for her deviation from the usual method of scaring them to death by screaming-Danville Breeze.

Jogg-"Ah, old man! How is everytying? Got nicely settled down?" Hogg --"Oh, yes, I settled down quickly enough. The trouble is that all my creditors are trying to make me settle up."-Lowell Citizen.

reth has become the headquarters of a large company of olive oil speculators, Caesarea is being rebuilt in modern style, Mount Carmel has been bought up by land speculators, a glue factory is going up at Bamoth Gilead, while Jerusalem has been delivered over to all sorts of occidental improvements, including clocks on the public buildings, a streetcleaning bureau, the Parisian fashion journals, and even an occasional bicycle and telephone. The world is being too rapidly civilized into a cosmopolitanism which leaves no room for individualism or picturesqueness.

One of the most remarkable formations of common salt in this country, and indeed in the world, is that on the Island of Petile Anse, 125 miles west of New Orleans. It was discovered in 1862 while | a time. sinking a well, and was immediately seized by Jefferson Davis as a Confederate supply. The salt is underground at a depth ranging from ten to twenty-three feet. One hundred and fifty acres have, up to the present time, been traced, and a depth of 140 feet been reached. The salt is taken out in massive crystalline blocks, and is of the clearest white appearance. It is nearly chemically pure, contains 99.88 per cent. pure salt, the remaining fraction of a per cent. being gypsum and chloride of lime. The mines are owned by the Avery family, and are worked by a New York firm, which pays \$3,000 per month as a royalty for the privilege.

Natural gas wells are being utilized in the West. An editorial in the Age of Steel gives some valuable points gathered from Prof. John F. Carroll of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey. He had just returned from a tour of visitation to all the points in Illinois where there have hand when the two met, and the jar disturbed her; she started and almost any considerable quantities. It was fell. learned through him that a considerable number of the houses in Cerro Gordo, a town twelve miles from Decatur, are being lighted and heated with natural gas, which is obtained from a depth of not over seventy feet. All over the central part of Illinois sufficient quantities of gas for household purposes may be obtained by drilling to a depth of from fifty to 125 feet. In this connection it was noticed that a gentleman in Guthrie County, Iowa, while boring for water, at at a depth of 140 feet struck a strong flow of gas, which has continued to flow out of the two-inch pipe so strong that a man cannot stop it by pressing on the end with all his strength.

three years' absence, and she had a new tle Molly. The three boys were left at home with their father, under the nurse's charge; Mary thinking that she Katy's help.

Mr. Watrous had gone to get the bag-gage checked, and Mrs. Watrous stood by the car, which waited on the track to be coupled to the express train just whistling in the distance: a train that made no stop in the next hundred miles.

As Mrs. Watrous wiped the tears from her kind eyes, Mary held up Molly to the window to comfort the mother's heart with that lovely baby face set in yellow curls, lit by soft hazel eyes, just like her mother's, and sparkling with dimples.

"By, danma!" she shouted, kissing her fat hand, and smiling. She was delighted to go, for she liked to ride-for

Grandma looked up with her heart in her eyes.

"You darlin' baby! Good-by, goodby."

"Hullo, Molly !" put in Grandpa's crisp voice.

"Good-by, danpa!" baby responded, with another kiss.

"Here are your checks, Mary. Goodby, again, dear. Mother, are you ready to go? I must be at the bank.

"Oh no! I must stay and see the last of them."

"Be careful, then, old lady. Don't get on to the track, or knocked down by the train. Counted your checks, Mary? "Yes, father. Good-by."

And off trotted Mr. Watrous, quite as grieved to part with his "girl" as he still called her, as his wife felt; but, manlike, unwilling or unable to express it.

Just behind the car, perhaps a rod from it, stood the engine of a local accommodation train, spitting and hissing ready to leave as soon as the California express should draw out. Mrs. Watrous was still close to the car when the fast train came in, passed her, and then was the waiting car, she was holding Mary's

Mary's last words, as she let go the clinging fingers and gave a long, last look at the dear face, streaming with tears.

In another instant, just as she had replaced Molly on the seat and shut the window, she heard a scream outside. She sprang up and saw through the door, near which she was seated, her the other engine coming from the staon leaving this station at once took a door. curve to the south, so all that Mary saw unmistakable cloak, and two or three men running toward the track: but she saw enough. faint, hit her head against the corner of end of the hall.

grandchild to exhibit-plump, rosy lit. own mother's arms in her childhood, thirty two guns, commanded by Captain and, resting on her shoulder, found that Skynner and she went ashore on the blessed consolation that only a mother's bank of the Fry Island passage on the arm can give. Oh, what should she do night of October 9, 1799. At first she could take care of Molly, better than without mother! If she had only died John could look after the boys without peacefully in her bed, with tender minis- thousand pounds sterling in specie on try about her, loving words of faith, tears of parting, looks of farewell; but by a statement that "the return from to be so snatched out of a happy life, so the Bullion Office makes the whole rent from all this world in one crashing amount about £140,000 sterling." moment. Oh! if ever she reached her I find in a contemporary account, "the California home in safety, she would never tempt a railway again! What if be discovered, there may be reason to there had been an accident to the cars. and she had seen Molly crushed to death and could not lift a hand to save her? horrid thought that she cried out in her Spanish ship which had been lost on the sleep. Mary hushed her, and tried to control her thoughts. She endeavored to ceeeded, and brought home £390,000, recall the consolations of her earnest re- which had been forty four years at the ligious faith: but the words even of bottom of the sea. Captain Phipps, Scripture fell lifeless on her memory. who commanded, had £20,000 for his Poor human nature is so weak, both in share, and the Duke of Albemarle 290,mind and body, that a blow staggers it. 000. A medal was struck in honor of and shakes even the foundations. She was stummed, hurt, desperate; neither submission nor resignation came at her call; she could only whisper a helpless, | foundered in a storm within three leagues vague appeal to God, like-

"Children crying in the night, And with no language but a cry,"

Presently Molly woke up, cross, hot, and quite intractable enough to occupy her mother for the next half-hour in soothing her fretful temper, washing the warm face and hands, smoothing the damp curls, and beguiling her sorrows with a red apple from the lunch-counter. Then, after a little while, the window

of the ticket-office opened. Mary bought her ticket to L ----, dropped a dollar into the station-maid's hand, who redropped a dollar ceived it with an astonished stare, and a grim "Thankye," and then, grasping little Molly's hand, went out into the fresh air and paced the platform till the porter shouted :

"Western Er-press! Parsengers for the East'ard, all aboard !"

Once homeward bound, it seemed as if her grief and terror were renewed. Molly switcl ed on to the rail and coupled on to slent; but in spite of all her efforts, Mary could not help recalling the last thing her eyes saw before she fainted, and her soul cowered before what she must meet now,

The way seemed interminable; there "Oh, Mother: do be careful," were was a delay at one station waiting for a freight train that had jumped the track in the morning, and was neither off nor on as yet: and that delay involved another further on, when an excursion party of railway directors and their friends were due, and had the right of way. It was dark when Mary reached L, but she took the first carriage that offered, and mother, lying prostrate on the track and lifting in sleepy Molly, torn herself by conflicting emotions of grief, dread, and tion, though slowly. The express train anxiety, she at last arrived at her father's

She paid the driver hurriedly, and was a part of her mother's body, in that with Molly in her arms rushed in at the front door, which happened to be unlocked. A bright light streamed from plunder .- London Telegraph. She dropped in a dead the glass door of the dining-room at the end of the hall. Breathless, panting, pale as a sheet, and with a face of woe. a seat, and lay inscribite for hours; Molly pale as a sheet, and with a face of woe, wearing kid gloves when they have on screaming at the top of her voice, and all she flung open the door, dropped Molly only the skin of the innocent lamb.

Thousands of people think they are

eight girls busy framing wreaths and pictur s of tombstones, whereon are set forth the virtues of deceased New Yorkers. He follows where the death notices in the papers lead him, and works upon the feelings of the grief-

A rich Italian employs a horde of his countrymen to trim or balance the loads upon the scows of our street sweeping department. These trimmers save for him all the rags, fat, bone, metal and other controvertible refuse dung into the householders' ash barrels. Another man is making a fortune by carrying off all the waste and refuse the city will not remove, such as builders' leavings, dirt from cellar digging, and so on. The builders 1 ay him to take it, and then he sells it in the suburbs for filling in sunken

Only one map in town pretends to keep photographs of all the notable persons in the world. There is not room for two ia the business. Another citizen sells to public men and corporations clippings from all the newspapers that mention them, at five cents a clipping, added to a subscription fee each year. Yet another citizen huuts up coats of arms and pedigrees for all who think theirs have been overlooked, or that they may get them from families of the same, or nearly the same, names as their own. This quite English, and therefore popular. It is said that the carriage-makers are giving away coats of arms like chromos. Lawyer Ed. Price, the ex-pugilist, has a monopoly as the attorney for the Chinese. The laundrymen all seek him when in trouble, and always pay him in silver The trade in painting black eyes with a mixture of six parts white paint and one part red now boasts several establishments. It is not popularizing the black eye, because it only covers up the scandal without removing 'the recollection of the accompanying "lick-

One New Yorker has posted himself about all the unclaimed estates in Christendom, and thus profits by a weakness more general than most folks imagine. Another New Yorker searches the streets at night with a lantern for coins and purses dropped during the evening. A woman near the City Hall takes care of the babies whose widowed mothers have to go out to work, and who check them, like umbrellas, in the morning, and call for them in the evening. Many women in the East-side tenements take care of a baby or two for their neighbors, but this down town one is, I think, the only regular safe deposit company or storage warehouse in town. There is no matrimonial agency or husbands' exchange newspaper here just now. There have been many, but all have failed. That s heme is not profitable as that of a man I met the other day, who told me he trained valuable dogs to come straight back to him us often as he sold them.

There is a revival of Queen Anne dances among the devotees of Terpsichore in England.

He had just reached the stage where he remarked : "Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars," when a mother's voice was heard exclaiming: "Lucee, get your beau to carry out the ash barrel."-New York Journal

First tramp-"I never failed yet to make money out of any thing I tackled. Second tramp-"You ought to be rich." "No I oughtened; I am as poor as an amateur violin performance." "How is is it possible, if you make money on every thing you tackled, that you are in "You see such reduced circumstances?" I make it a point never to tackle anything .- Siftings.

Stallion Against Bull.

A singular combat took place recently in a cattle car on the Air-Line Railroad between an Alderney bull and a Norman stallion. The two animals were boxed in a car at Depaw, Ind., for shipment to Louisville, Ky. A strong partition was built between them. The train was running near New Albany about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a brakeman, passing over the car, heard a furious bellowing beneath, and, climbing down the side of the car, found that the partition between the two animals had been broken down and the infuriated brutes were engaged in deadly conflict. The train was stopped and the crew gathered around the car, but no means could be devised for stopping the encounter. The iron heels of the horse were planted with telling effect upon the bull's head, and the horse was gored in a horrible manner. Finally the stallion got in a blow between the bull's eyes, and the latter fell dead. The horse was so badly injured that it also died.

The "Business Hand."

A superintendent of mails says that i' so-called business hand gives the por officials a great deal of trouble. * It he declares, "nearly as troubleso" the illiterate hand. If method, w ness and accuracy are essent" in business, then a business. in every sense, should be u. and of such a nature as to al, doubt whatever. Instead of tha only the first letter or two legit the remaining ones supplied by a scrawl."-New York Tribune.

Sharp Practice.

Petted Bride-"Here is the bill for that fur cloak that I told you about. It's lovely.

Indulgent Husband (looking at bill) "Great Scott! You said you could get that cloak for a mere song." "So I did."

" Do you mean to say that amount represents a mere song?"

Yes, a Patti song."- Tid-Bits,

It is estimated that the sum annually received in the South for the cotton crop amounts to \$400,000.000.