Che Forest Republican.

Marriage and death notices gratia. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work-cash on delivery.

A prominent Baltimore physician esti | BETWEEN WINTER AND SPRING | not once thought of the difference in fact is, I am thinking of getting mar- | A TYPICAL SWELL DINNER. mates that 100 bodies are used every winter for dissection by the 682 medical students in that city, half of which, he thinks, are stolen from the city graveyards.

It is stated that Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri and Tennessee have expended \$64,375,000 for leveeing low lands on the Mississippi, amounting to 23,762,000 acres, with a population of 1,925,723, that produces annually agricultural products amounting in value to \$78,725,000.

Professor Humphrey's investigation of the physical condition and habits of centenarians shows that out of fifteen males seven smoked much, one smoked a little and seven did not smoke at all. Among twenty-eight female; four smoked much, one a little, one moderately and twentytwo none at all; two used snuff.

Four prosperous citizens of New York earn their livelihood as doctors for the lap-dogs of rich women. As a rule, the only medicine they use is starvation. They fling the dear pets into barred boxes, and deprive them of food for four days, having found out that the usual trouble with pet dogs is that they are fed extravagantly and improperly.

In a paper on the color of eyes in France, M. Topinard has called attention to the extreme rarity of greenish eyes in Europe, only six cases having been observed by Professor Virchow in 6,000,000 Germans. With us a greeneyed person must be fully as uncommon a sight. Yet Chinese annals record that green eyes abound in parts of Asia, and Pallas notes that they are met with in Siberia.

A writer in a Canadian paper, speaking of the possibilities of pulp as a substitute for lumber in the manufacture of furniture and other articles now exclusively made of wood, calls attention to the resources afforded by northern Canada for the best pulp-making woods. It is found that in some localities the forests are now at the best age for pulping purposes, and capable of yielding from forty to one hundred and twenty cords per acre, if the whole of the timber were utilized. By mixing the pulp with clays, stealite, asbestos, plumbago, mica, etc., substances of every possible color and compactness may be produced.

A report has been returned by the Government relative to the amount of forests consumed in this country to supply railroad ties. We have at present 50,000 miles of railroad and the report based upon the return from 63 per | alone. ent. of the roads. From this report we find that, allowing the ties to be renewed once in seven years, there will be required for this purpose and for the supily of new roads from year to year, the imber from 565,714 acres. As thirty ears will be necessary to renew the rowth, we must set aside as a "railroad serve's a tract of woodland embracing | piano, to be sold. 6,971,420 acres to supply the necessary timber for ties-or an area larger than Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts combined.

The French Academy of Medicine has had an animated discussion on the Pasteur system, in which both members and auditors showed as much party passion as is displayed at political meetings. M. Peter gave details of five deaths among M. Pasteur's hydrophobia patients, apparently due to the paralytic form of rables, that is to say, to the Pasteur, not the clouds of misfortune shrouded her; to the canine, virus, On the other side it was stated that of 2,682 persons treated up to the end of last year, only thirty-one had died, ten of these being among the 186 persons bitten in the face or head. No death, moreover, had occurred among the fifty of those 186 persons to whom the intensive treatment had been applied. As in most discussions, each of the two parties adhered to its original opinion.

Thirty-three thou-and readers of an English newspaper competed recently for a prize offered for the best list of the greatest twelve among living men. The results of this competition are somewhat curious. Mr. Gladstone led the polls, receiving 32,544 votes, while Bismarck got 32,245. Tennyson came third, with 23,064, and De Lesseps fourth, with 19,776. The remaining eight members of the great dozen, as determined by this election, are Lord Wolseley, the Marquis of Salisbury, Count Von Moltke, John Bright, Lord Randolph Churchill. John Ruskin, Henry Irving, and Henry M. Stanley. For the last place among the twelve, Stanley and Pasteur were almost neck and neck, the explorer beating the hydrophobiosopher by less than thirty votes. It will be observed that there is no American among the greatest twelve, unless Stanley is counted as an American.

The last snow and the earliest green! One barren clod the wide fields lie, And all our comfort is the sky.

We know the sap is in the tree-That life at buried roots must be; Yet dreary is the earth we tread, As if her very soul were dead.

Before the dawn the darkest hour! The blank and chill before the flower! Beauty prepares this background grey, Whereon her loveliest tints to lay.

Ab, patience! ere we dream of it, Spring's fair new gospel will be writ. Look up! good only can befall. While heaven is at the heart of all! -Lucy Larcom, in Youth's Companion.

# AFTER NIGHT THE DAWN.

The door of the country school-room closed behind the last noisy pupil, and the young teacher was alone. She bowed her head wearily upon her hand, and looked around the bare, comfortless least, and almost unconsciously to herself, room, with its hard benches, curtainless by her intense hatred of the drudgery of a shudder of disgust.

one-when every ber of her sensitive then-" but the day had been so wearybeing shrank from association with the motley crowd of urchins, and from con- to think it all out. But time she was tact with the dirty, dog's-eared books, the grimy desks, and dingy walls; but the echoes of the shout of the last emanshe never allowed these reelings to influence her; the duties of her position were conscientiously performed, the more so, perhaps, because they were so disagreeable.

She had dismissed school an hour earlier to-day, ostensibly to enable her to look up and smile as she was wont to do; correct the compositions handed in for to-morrow's reading; really because she had seen Roy Carlton drive by, and knew that he would return to ask her company for an hour's drive behind his handsome bays; and she had told herself that she would-because she mustrefuse, henceforth and forever, all things that he might ask of her; and she wished to have a little time to strengthen herself, to "have her dark hour unseen," before she should shut the gate forever between that world of case and happiness, and, more than all else, of Roy's

had laid so many drifts of sunshine walking daily through the furnace of across her otherwise shadowed pathway, trial, with the ghost of her dead hopes had been such a rock of refuge in her desert of friendlessness, since she came, over a year ago, to this dreary little vil-

age to earn her living by teaching. for her elsewhere in the ranks of workers.

grim flend of poverty; she had, until two years before, "fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life." lain in the lilies of life." Then came the death of her father, followed almost immediately by that of her mother, and she was left unprepared to face the world

Her father's wealth, which she always supposed from their style of living to be ample, faded away before the demands of his creditors like snow in the springtime. Her high sense of honor would not allow her to hold back even the old homestead and household furniture, so dear from the associations clustering around it, and reserving but one or two orticles, she allowed the rest, even her

Her summer triends drifted away one by one, and she noted their departure with scarcely a sigh over their defection. Was it because she realized of how little worth was their evanescent friendship? or had her heart, suffering a deeper wound, become dead to the smarting of these lesser hurts?

Harry Vance had been her ideal of a gentleman. She had cherished for him strong friendship, which, before her father's death, had bidden fair to ripen into love; his attentions had been very lover-like, and this small world in which the two moved had already, in imagination, coupled their names together, when and he, with some trite sentences of condolence upon his tongue, had stepped nimbly out of their shadow, probably congratulating himself that he had not gone so far but what it was still easy to

She sighed, not for him, but for her shattered ideal, when she saw that he sought out a shallow, brainless favorite of fortune, and sought by a vigorous courtship to obtain her hand in marriage. and possession of the property he knew she held in her own right, and in that sigh exhaled the last lingering perfume of the friendship Ellice Gray had felt. not for Harry Vance, but for the man she had imagined him to be; and in its place grew loathing and contempt for Harry ance, the fortune hunter, intensified an hundred fold, when, later, she heard of the debts and duns that harrassed his pathway. For, strictly upright and honorable herself, she could tolerate no dishonesty in others, and in her vocabulary theft and debt without means or intention of payment were synonymous terms.

"Many a heart is caught in the rehound" proved true in this case, for Ellice had came to this little village to lose the heart that had never really been in

Harry's keeping. She knew Roy would ask her to be his wife, and she had allowed herself to dream of how happy she could be with him; with what a blessed sense of rest and peace she could creep into the shelter of his manly arms and lay her head upon his loving breast. But now the awakening had come, and the dream was over. She had loved him so entirely for himself, for that great, generous heart of his that seemed large enough to take in she was poor.

Now she had heard her name coupled with the obnoxious terms "adventuress" and "fortune hunter," and the prophecy that "if Mr. Carlton married her he would soon know, as did all others, that It was his wealth that won her."

She did not know that the remark had been made expressly for her ear, had been made, too, with the unuttered hope that its barbed bitterness might rankle in her heart, for had she not dared to, kindly but unmistakably, refuse the attentions of the speaker's son?

Keenly sensitive to the opinions of others, she might yet have dared their censure, if this latter suggestion had not given her pause. She loved him so truly she could not bear that he should think of her, even for a moment, as she thought of Harry Vance: better that they should part, at once and forever. This was what she had told herself, again and again, every hour of that long day and

"If she was sure, quite sure," she told herself, "that her willingness to accept him had not been caused, in part, at windows, and rusty, broken stove, with teaching, she would not give a thought There were days and this had been she must be sure, quite sure, herself, to what others might think, or say, but ing, she was so tired, she must have time destined not to have, for scarcely had cipated urchin died away in the distance when Mr. Carlton came up to the unpainted pine desk, where the young teacher sat with her head bowed upon her hand.

> Her face was so pale, and she did not her whole attidude was so suggestive of weariness, if not of dispair, she was such a wee morsel of humanity, and he was so strong and manly, that somehow, before he well knew what he was saying, he was telling her his passionate longing to take her into his arms and shield her henceforth from every discomfort.

She looked up then, with something of the look the hunter sometimes sees in the eyes of a wounded doe, looked up, and crushed the hope out of his heart plied. with a cold refusal.

Then came, for her, the slow agony of love, and her world of poverty, loneli-ness and sorrow. living on, day after day, knowing that she had in that one hour of weakness cast She could not help but love him, he aside all that made life worth living; of ever reproaching her with the cowardice that put an end to their bright, but brief existence.

So two years drifted by, and along she had not chosen this vocation, not because she liked it, for she did not, but Gray learned priceless lessons of self-rebecause she felt that she was prepared liance and courage; learned to be a law of that, for he wrote: for it, and there seemed to be no place unto herself, and, once having chosen a pathway, k She was not fitted to do battle with the end, though a thousand tongues might strong to follow it steadfastly to the censure.

Within a month after his rejection Roy left his affairs in the hands of his steward, to whom he gave power of attorney, and went away to the city. A year passed, and the dishonest steward, turning everything except the Carlton homestead into money, gathered his booty and fled; and no one knew Roy's address.

Ellice Gray knew nothing of this. When vacation came she had given up her school, for she could not stay where everything reminded her of Roy. She was teaching in a distant village, when one morning the postman brought her a letter which proved to be from a former pupil in Shafton, Roy's home. of the loss of his property, stated that he had of late returned to his home; that while in the city be had joined a volunteer corps of firemen, and while in the discharge of his dut, had been struck on the side - - Lead by a falling tim-ber, and carried away insensible. "When he revived," the letter went on to say, "he was blind. The physician talked of paralysis of the optic nerve, thought time, or electric treatment, when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, might be beneficial, but," said the letter, Mr. Carlton does not get better, he seems to have lost all interest in life. Then the writer went on to give the other news of the village, but Ellice did not read it. Hastily she prepared for a journey, and when the next train left the station, it bore her in the direction

of Shafton. The rosy blushes chased each other over her otherwise pale cheeks whenever she thought of her errand, but she did not falter, even when she rang the bell at the "Squire's," and was ushered, by the prim housekeeper into the empty parlor. Her heart best tumuitously as she heard the slow, uncertain step come lown the stairs, and the hand grope for the knob of the door. He came in and closed the door, and then stood moving his head from side to side, as if looking for some one.

I beg pardom," he said at last, for Ellice did not speak, "but does any one wait to see me? I am blind."
"Yes, Roy," Ellice answered in a

choked voice, putting out her hand to lead him to a seat. It was the first time she had ever called him by h s given name, and she saw the light flash over

"Ellice, oh, my darling!" he ex-claimed, then he stammered, "forgive me, Miss Gray, that I forgot for a moment. It was very kind of you to come. "I fear you will think the motive selfish, when I have given you my reasons for coming," she replied, struggling bravely for composure as she sat down near him. Then, "the train leaves in two hours, and I must return, so you will pardon me if I am somewhat abrupt in naming my errand?"

"Certainly," he replied, courteously said his visitor, somewhat "Well," weakly, striving to gain time, now that tion as the Athens of America. - Boston all mankind as brothers, that she had the decisive moment had come, "the Giobe,

"Ellice," he said, brokenly, "it was cruel to come here to tell me that. Did you think I had still any hopes that you cared for me, that you should come here to kill them with that announcement?"

"No," she replied, and then, as no other words would come, sat staring helplessly at the pale face, as he leaned against the cushions of his chair. Presently she arose and stood beside him, letting her fingers toy with the crisp, dark curls that shaded his brow.

"Hoy," she whispered, hurrying into speech, lest her courage should fail, Roy, don't you know that I love you better than any one else in the world? I loved you then, but I love you an hundred times more now. My life has been one long regret ever since. I came here to-day to ask you to marry me. Don't refuse me, Roy. I have suffered enough for my mistake and I love

"Oh! Ellice," he cried, between pain and pleasure, "how can I consent? It would be such a sacrifice."

"I know it, Roy," she answered, willfully misunderstanding him, "when you are worthy of the best woman living: but only let me be your wife, and I will try so hard to make you happy."
"I am blind," he murmured, hope-

"Let me be your eyes. Oh! Roy," she sobbed, turning away and covering her face with her hands, "don't send me away. I cannot bear it. I cannot live without you.

He was silent for a moment, then he arose and turned toward her.

"It seems unmanly to accept your sac rifice, Ellice," he cried, "but my life is so dark, and," his voice grew infinitely tender, "I love you so, come to me, little one," holding out his arms, "for I cannot see you.

Then, as he clasped her to his heart, and kissed the warm lips so near his own, "I never knew before what a depriva-

tion the loss of sight is." 'And how soon can we be married, darling?" he asked, as she was about to

leave him, "Whenever you wish, Roy," she re-

"Really?"

"Yes, really," she answered.

"To-day, then," said he, promptly. "Oh, well, not quite so soon as that," she said laughing, "but in a fortnight, perhaps; yes, two weeks from to-day. ".t will be an age." he declared, kiss-ing her good-bye, "for I cannot even write to you."

But he did A week later she received a few lines from him. The words were blotted and the letters, uneven, but she did not think

"You brought me sight. I can disiguish the shape of the paper upon which I write, and I live in hopes that when we meet I shall be able to see your

And that hope was not vain.

### Seeming Intoxication.

In no class of people does heredity do more disastrous work than in the descendants of drinkers, whether excessive or moderate. A morbid appetite for liquor in such cases, with the disadvantage of an inherited nerve degeneration, may manifest itself in many terrible forms. Among these many forms are the ordinary symptoms of intoxication in a person perfect y temperate. Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., presents many such cases in a paper read before the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates, and published in the Alienist and Neurologist. The first cases that attracted his attention were two boys, sons of drunkards, in the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum, who had shown clear signs of intoxication from their birth. He was afterward surprised to find such cases not uncommon. In some persons the symptoms are present all the time, either appearing at birth, or slowly developing with the growth of the child. Most of such cases show other marked indications of physical degeneration-as idiocy, imbecility, or bodily deformity.

In a second class of cases, almost any excitement is sufficient to bring on an attack. This class may include persons of average intellect, and even of genius. In them the neurotic (nerve) degeneration may, at a later date, end in imbecility or insanity. A farmer, fifty-four years old, a man of wealth and character, whose father was a drunkard, but who himself never used any kind of spirits, showed symptoms of intoxication after meeting with an accident from a run away horse. At the funeral of a child. some months later, his family were greatly mortified at his silly language, staggering gait, and other marked symptoms of intoxication. A year later a similar attack followed the burning of some buildings on his farm.

There are similar cases in which the nerve degeneration is due, not to heredity, but to early habits of intoxication. noted temperance lecturer, a total abstainer for ten years or more, received while lecturing a despatch asnouncing the fatal illness of his daughter. He drank a glass of water, became confused, staggered, and was led from the stage laughing and shouting in a maudlin way, He had drank no spirits, but the au-dience supposed him intoxicated.— Youth's Companion.

### Conversation.

Shorthand notes were taken of the following conversation at a recent fushionable reception .

- Really, now. She- 'Yes, indeed, Dude-"Awfally funny, you know," She ... "The drollest thing in life."

Dude-"Why, to be sure She ... 'I was so surprised." Dude-"Nothing surprises me." And thus do we keep up our reputa-

HOW ONE WAS GIVEN BY "EX-CLUSIVE" NEW YORKERS.

Bills of Fare With Each Guest's Portrait Drawn by an Artist— What was Eaten.

In one of her New York letters Clara Belle says: The anti-dance dinners are careful affairs, it need scarcely be said. for they are inevitably compared, con-trasted and discussed by the guests when they assemble immediately afterward. Mrs. William Waldorff Astor's dinner, on the last of these occasions, was for only twelve couples. The long table had no cloth, the beautifully polished mahogany being bare, except for a strip of finely embroidered velvet through the center, on which stood rare flowers in art vases and wax candles in elaborate candelabra. At each guest's place lay a hand-painted bill of fare, with his or her name not on it, but instead a caricature portrait, by means of which locations were made. These pictures did not distort the faces, nor at all offensively exaggerate any personal peculiarities, but were merely big heads on small bodies, and altogether rather flattering than otherwise. They were exquisitely drawn by some clever artist, and one who did not care to be known as having done such utilitarian work, for no mark of his identity could be discovered on the cards. To every lady was also provided a big corsage bouquet, tied with satin ribbon to harmonize with her toilet. A great variety of colors must have been provided beforehand and selections hastily but accurately made by some expert after the arrivals, because no instance of a bad match could be seen the table round. The gentlemen got button-hole bunches of flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Astor led the way into the dining-room, but separated and took places opposite each other at the centre of the board. The rest found their assigned chairs in pairs. The feminine toilets were beautiful and costly, but in no instance gorgeous. Simple ele

gance seemed to be aimed at. The repast began with raw oysters, tiny ones, opened on the deep shells, the outsides of which had been burnished until they were fit for jewelry. They were not served on plates, but in frames of twisted and silvered wire, each of these novel contrivances holding ten. The next course was clear soup in handpainted dishes. Boiled salmon, with white sauce and Parisian potatoes, came third, The fish was not brought on dishes ornamented with pictures of fish. Such crockery has gone out of fashion with the extremely swell, and now it is not thought refined to have representations of anything estable painted on dishes. Even flowers are not approved for such purposes. The idea is, that if in lifting a morsel of delicate food rose should be uncovered, the highly educated and acute palate of the enter might be offended. Chicken croquettes and asparagus were fourth; next small broiled birds, then fillets of beef with mushrooms; then ices with cake, and finally coffee. It will be seen that no great variety was afforded, but the cookery was perfect. The dinner began at so'clock and lasted until 11. Talk occupied much of the time, but there was hearty eating generally for it is considered stylish now for women to have

robust appetites. Was there alcohol in this dinner? Plenty. Total abstinence is not practiced in any swell New York family that I know of. A different wine was brought with every course. And each wine had its separate and fanciedly appropriate glasses. Chablis came in a small glass, with a slender stem and concave sides, holding no more than a good swallow, which was taken down at one gulp by most of the guests. That was regarded as an appetizer, and accompanied the oysters. The soup was simultaneous with red wine, tasting like Macon, and served in stemmed glass whose sides were convex, thus holding enough to sip slowly during the course. The fish was contemporaneous with a Rhenish wine in a green, thin tumbler, and in this case decanters were left within reach of all the diners, so that retilling was handy. With the chicken came red and white Bordeaux in the original bottles. Just after the beef a rum punch was served in tiny cups of some rare China ware. The champagne arrived with the dessert, and there was a choice of three makes.

### Embarrassed Clerks.

The clerks in music stores often have laughable experiences. A young lady walked into one of the largest on Wash ington street and said, or seemed to say "I want Willie Nye." A boy was sen to scour the store for William, and when that young gentleman presented himself it would be hard to say whether he or the girl look the more astonished. "Did you ask for Will Nyer he said. "Certainly not," she replied. "I want that new song: Will and I." An entirely new clerk at another store came near fainting several times during his first day behind the counter. He had hardly taken his position when a young faily with blonde tresses and eyes which seemed made of bits of Italian sky. walked up to the counter. Fixing her orbs upon him, she said: "Kiss Mc. Darling, Fre You tio." They had to take him out and place him under the faucet, while another clerk gave the customer the music she desired. He had hardly recovered enough to resume his place when a ma den, of perhaps seventy winters, remarked to him: "Ah: would that I could love thee less!" During the severe illness which tollowed his han turned a raven black. But to-day this clerk is the most calloused man in the store. All day long girls talk to him like this: "I want a beau" "Give me "Give me back my heart, my love" "Oh. tell me that you love me!" "Come, Birdie, come and live with me!" And he merely replies: "Fifty cents, please!" and wraps up the bandle. One can get used to anything, in time-Beston Heruld.

#### ADOWN THE STREAM.

The sunbeams gild the purple stream, The bubbles float upon its breast; The landscape in a peaceful dream Seems sleeping in a soothing rest, The tall, gaunt pines adorn the cliff, Appearing like a fortress brown, While she and I in gladness drift Beyond the noises of the town.

Fair clouds of beauty slowly float Above us like a snowy shroud, And hide in shade our little boat, As tears are hidden from a crowd, The shores grow dimmer to the sight. The woodlands wear their plumes unfurled. And silent shadows of the night

Descend upon a restlessworld. "Tis then we whisper, soft and low, The sacred love-words from the heart; The joys and pleasures we would know Together in the halls of art. Tis then that gladness steals around

Upon us while the star-gems gleam, Tis then, when Love is shadow-crowned, We drift adown the purple stream. -H. Carleton Tripp, in the Current.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A parlor suit-Courting in the front

A garden party-The Shanghai .-

Go West young man and freeze-up with the country. -Puck. "Man wants but little here below"-

zero. - Boston Courier. Congressmen use six hundred towels a

day. They ought to have "clean hands." -Norristown Herald. Maud S. is said to have a stride of fifteen feet. How a man must envy her when the sheriff's after him .- Philadel-

phia Call. Customer. - "Don't show me any more Astrakhan. Pray what is that fur?" Clerk.—Fur? Why, fur to keep yer hands warm!"—Harper's Bazar.

The toboggan business is only a temporary mania. We'll bet a new hat that every slide in the country will be abandoned before July 1 .- Detroit Free Press.

A naturalist recommends eating raw onions for insomnia. The theory probably is that you will go to sleep to avoid smelling your breath. - New Yark

"Would you marry an old man for his money?" asked Mildred. "Well, I de-clare," exclaimed Laura with a startled air, "you surely don't suppose anything else would induce me to marry him?"-Pittsburg Dispatch

Mrs. Brimmer-Why, Mr. Brimmer, here's a fly. Where did he come from this cold weather? See him hover around that book. What is he after? Mr. Brimmer-Looking for the fly leaf, I suppose. -Boston Endget.

"If there is anything I like better than classical music," said Major Brannigan, in a high voice, as he moved with the throng out of the concert room, "it's lemons. They both set my teeth on edge." - San Francisco Post.

The minister's quite discouraged, As he looks at the empty news. So few have his efforts encouraged, So few who care for his views And he says, with a voice full of sighing, nd he says, with a voice thir of significant of the gospel most people are scorning; his This world is giving to lying, Yes. Iying in bed, Sunday morning.

—Goodall's Sun.

# Professional Diners Out.

I meet them every day in the season, dodging out of side streets, in evening dress and immaculate linen, posting along to eat with Smith or Brown or Jones, with appetites sharpened by the light diet of the day. He may be mid-die-aged or old, but the professional diner-out is never young. If any young man were to attempt such shifts for existence as he practices, society would promptly denounce him as an irreclaimable dead beat and leave him to starve.

It would probably be impossible for any social censor to define exactly the line of demarkation between the professional dead beat and the professional diner out. In both cases it is a man pretending to be what he is not, in order to get something for nothing; a sort of confidence game played quite as dextrously in society by Ponsonby de Tomkyns as might be practiced on the confiding, vulgar public by Hungry Joe, But we are adepts at making nice distinctions in these days of advanced social polish, and it is not in this direction alone that we send one man to Coventry-or Sing Sing-for what we reward in another as a special virtue.

The stock in trade of the professional diner out is his dress suit and the people he knows. Smith invites him because Jones does, and Brown because Jones and Smith do. He lives inexpensively in cheap lodgings or a club; where he never pays for any meal but his break-Indeed, a diner out who is master of his profession can get plenty of invitations to b calciast, too, so that his actual outlay on himself may be reduced to the merest cost of bed and clean linen. I know one man who, on an income of \$1,200 a year, which is the rent of a house left him as sole inheritance by some relation, feeds fatly from year's end to year's end, and still has money over. And no one to meet him at the festal board would set him down for anything less than a millionaire .- New

### Another Sad Fallure.

Sweet Girl-"And so you have been on the plains for ten years?" Handsome Cowboy - "Yes, this is the first time I've been back into real civiliza-

Now please tell me, in that lonely life, so far removed from the refising influences of civilization, you know,

what did you miss most !"
Oysters."