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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and rate. Includes categories like One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; etc.

The monthly product of oleomargine in the United States is from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 pounds, the manufacture being mainly confined to Illinois and Kansas.

Not the least of the many good works performed by the late Jesse W. Fell of Bloomington, Ill., was the planting of several hundred thousand forest trees in the various towns and villages throughout the West.

Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. Mr. George M. Pullman, the great Chicago Palace car builder, has been knighted by King Humbert, and will be now—when he is in Italy—Sir George Pullman.

It appears that Professor Wiggins predicted the Italian earthquake as long ago as last September. He located it in the Southern States and named a day in October, but slight discrepancies of three or four thousand miles in distance or of six months in time do not figure much in his calculations.

Mr. Edison, the famous inventor, is rapidly recuperating under the genial skies of Florida. He is now at work on his electric railway invention, but wastes a portion of his time to experimenting on several other queer-looking machines, the purposes and uses of which none save himself understand.

We are promised this summer another series of interesting international yachting events, in which the Mayflower will again take a prominent part. Mr. Burgess having decided to take her to England in June. Provided his challenge is accepted, the American yacht will have for a competitor the venerable cutter, Arrow, which won the Queen's Cup in a race around the Wight thirty-five years ago.

A tremendous commotion has been caused in Philadelphia by a lawsuit between two wealthy families, growing out of a dispute over a cat. One family was fond of cats and the other detested them. The family which doted on tabby had a choice mouser, and one day not long ago, as he was promenading in the back yard, a member of the other family shot him dead. First there were arrests for disorderly conduct, trespass, etc., and now both sides have damage suits pending.

A strange case of absent-mindedness recently came to light in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Washington. In July, 1884, a gentleman had a deed made of record, also a deed of trust, Frederick Douglass at the time being Recorder. Subsequently a deed of release was secured, and last week the papers were returned for further record. In examining the deed it was dated as of record, July 14, 1884, and on the back "James G. Blaine, Recorder of Deeds," in the hand writing of Mr. Douglass, showing that the late Recorder was at that time absorbed in mind about the Blaine boom to such an extent as to write that gentleman's name where the Recorder's should have appeared.

Another curious case of apparent sensation in a member of the body after it had been amputated comes from Florida. George W. Clay's arm was amputated, put in a box, and buried. Soon afterward he began to complain that the fingers of the buried hand were cramped and that there was sand between them. His physician and his sister had the box dug up and opened, and found the fingers cramped and the sand between, just as George had said. They arranged the arm properly and reburied it. Clay said that while they were gone he felt an awful pain in the amputated arm, and then came a sensation of great relief, and there was no longer the old cramped sensation in the arm.

The Boston Courier thinks "some ingenious lawyer might turn an honest penny into larger coin by publishing a handbook of the abusive things a man may say to or of his enemy without incurring the penalty of the statute of libels. It is said to be allowable to call a man a crank, but suppose one called his adversary an alderman or any term of similarly deep opprobrium, what then? Many a man with a very pretty talent for interpretation is living a hampered and unfruitful existence in consequence of painful doubts as to what he may or may not say. A tabulated statement of the epithets explicitly or by implication allowed by the law, would relieve and guide these perplexed and harassed spirits, and be of inestimable value in promoting the well being of society in general, since the anger which expends itself in words is not left to smoulder into rancorous deed and to substitute for the harmless wounds of the tongue injuries more potent and enduring."

TO MOTHER.

In my heart a tender song Has been sounding very long, For its tones so wondrous sweet Were the first my ears to greet, And shall be the last to roll Over my departing soul; It was heard in hours of pain, It came in patience for my gain, It was sung to hush my cries, It was shown in loving eyes, It was taught my liping tongue, Sweet as angels sing above— The pure song of mother's love! Mother! Oh, who shall measure All the meanings this may treasure! Weary years of toil and sorrow, Hopes the sinking heart would borrow, Prayers that rise through seas of tears, Fond devotion fringed with fears, Self-denial, asking none, Faith, whose course is never run— Mother's love! it never quits, Till at last the great soul fails, And the trembling hands are dropped, And the dauntless heart is stopped! Then in vain regret we pine For that mother's love divine. O my mother! now to you May my gratitude be true, Summer has been full of storm, Winter now enfolds your form, And your head begins to show Traces of the falling snow, Yet would I each care erase From that dear familiar face, Bring your eyes the happy glow Of your childhood long ago, Be one child who did not wait To return before too late Mother's love, kiss, and caress, All her latest days to bless. —Richard L. Dawson, in the Current.

"OLD MRS. COLE."

"Well, I do declare, Mrs. Stebbins! So you've been up to Barnville, and never let a soul of us know about it!" "Oh," said Mrs. Stebbins, as she alighted from a wagon at her own door, and shook hands with Miss Naylor, who happened to be passing, "you see, I only went for a day and a night, so didn't think it worth while to advertise it in the church-door! I wanted to buy some dry goods and kitchen things, and they're cheaper in Barnville than in a little place like this. And besides, there's my niece, Maria, whom I hadn't seen since her last baby was born, and she and the baby both in poor health. So I thought I might as well go up, and so kill two birds with one stone. "To-be-sure! And how did you find Maria and the baby? And how are all the folks in Barnville?" "Well, I was glad to find them two looking pretty smart and spry; and as for the rest, I didn't hear of anybody being sick or in trouble, unless 'twas Miss Mrs. Cole. "Ah! So old Mrs. Cole's sick?" said Miss Naylor, with a look of aroused interest. "And what is it ails her this time?" "Why, nothing much, I reckon. I did hear Maria's gran'ma was to-day; and she said 'bout the same as yesterday. Maria asked if the fever was gone down; but I didn't hear the rest, and forgot to ask Maria about Mrs. Cole. "Well, well! I'm sorry to hear she's sick, poor soul! for she's a good woman, and we can't easy afford to spare such. But she's well on in years, and I've been ruther expectin' to hear of her being took down, considerin' she's over sixty. But law me! I musn't keep you standin' here in the street, and you just come home. Good-by! and depend upon me for comin' round soon to see what pretty things you've brought." With this Miss Naylor turned away, and with her basket on her arm proceeded to the store for a supply of groceries. There she found Mrs. Brown, the house-keeper's wife, engaged in cheapening calico. "You ain't as smart as Miss Stebbins," said Miss Naylor, as the two critically examined the quality of the calico. "She's been up to Barnville, and laid in a lot of dry-goods and things, for the sake of saving about twenty-five cents or so. For my part, I go for encouraging home trade." "Well, I don't know," Mrs. Brown replied, doubtfully. "Seems to me everybody's bound to look out for their own interest, and I confess I'd be willing to go a little out o' the way to save twenty-five cents. But what did Sally Stebbins say was the news in Barnville?" "Nothing, except that old Miss Cole's down with fever. Miss Stebbins said she was no better when she left. She's over sixty, and I wouldn't be surprised to hear of her death any minute." "I wonder if John Cole's wife knows of it? She ought to be told, for her husband's mother was second cousin to old Mrs. Cole, and they've got the same family name, and always been friendly. If she dies, they'll of course go to the funeral, as they did when the old man died, four years ago." Then Miss Naylor turned to the groceries, and Mrs. Brown, having concluded her bargain by persuading the merchant to take a basket of dried apples in part payment for his goods, left the store and took her way homeward, well pleased. Meeting a neighbor on the way, the two stopped to exchange greetings and inquire the news. "That reminds me," said Mrs. Brown, promptly. "I've jest this minute parted from Liza Naylor, and she told me that she'd seen Mrs. Stebbins, who's just from Barnville, and left old Mrs. Cole as low as could be with fever. Liza said they were every minute expecting her death,

and she's no doubt gone by this time, poor soul. She thinks Jane Cole will go to the funeral, if she knows of the old lady's death." "Why, of course, they ought to send a message and let 'em know," replied Mrs. Miller. "They're their own kin, though not very nigh; and nat'rally they'd go to the funeral." Mrs. Miller turned aside two squares to speak to Fanny Bates, Mr. John Cole's wife's sister. Miss Bates was seated at her window sewing, and Mrs. Miller called to her: "Say, Fanny, does your sister Cole know that old Mrs. Cole of Barnville's dead?" "Dead! Good gracious! you don't say so!" said Miss Bates, dropping her work and leaning out of the window. "Do come in and tell." "Well, I can't conveniently stop just now, as it's time to be putting on dinner, and Hiram's so particular. But I've jest this minute heard from Mrs. Brown that the old lady was a-dying yesterday, when Mrs. Stebbins left Barnville, and of course, the funeral will be to-morrow. Wonder if your sister Cole will go?" "I don't know as she's heard of it," Miss Fanny Bates answered, in some excitement. "But I'll go right round and see. We never heard she was sick, or Jane would have gone up to see her, though commonly there ain't much visiting between 'em." Mrs. John Cole was busy making apple dumplings when her sister rushed into the kitchen. "Jane—oh, my! I'm most out o' breath. Have you heard of old Mrs. Cole's death in Barnville?" Mrs. John dropped the dumpling which she was just rounding symmetrically in the palms of her hands. "Good gracious, Fanny! you've given me a turn. When did she die? and how did you hear it?" "She was dying when Mrs. Stebbins left Barnville yesterday, and Mrs. Miller says the funeral will be to-morrow." "And they never sent me a word of message! Well, that beats! But then we ought to make allowance for folks, when there's a death in the family, and so much grief and trouble, and such a lot of things to attend to. Besides, it mightn't be convenient to get a horse and a boy to come fifteen miles to let us know; so all the same, we'll go to the funeral. 'Twouldn't look friendly, nor like kin, not to do so; and you can go along with us, Fanny, being John's sister-in-law. They'd take it kindly of you."

"And there's Mrs. Hill," said Fanny. "She's some sort o' kin to the Coles on the old man's side. Maybe she and her daughter would like to go, as they've got a carryall of their own. I'll just run round and let her know." Mrs. John returned to her dumplings, with a deep sigh. "It does seem heartless and unfeeling to be making apple-dumplings for dinner and one's husband's kin lying dead in her coffin," she remarked to her half-grown daughter. "Lucky, there's that cake we made for Sunday's meeting. I'll take it with me, for there'll be a sight of folks from a distance come to the funeral, and some of 'em will have to stay to dinner. And you can get a good basket of grapes out of the garden, Lizzie. They're early and won't come in amiss."

"And we must have plenty of white flowers, you know, ma," said Lizzie, in lively excitement and anticipation; "and I'll wear a black sash with my white dress, like Judge Martin's daughters at old Miss Martin's funeral." "We'll all wear our black dresses," said Mrs. Cole. "It looks more respectful-like; and I'm told it's the fashion at funerals, even where there's no kin." So, next morning, bright and early, two vehicles were seen to leave the little village, closely crowded with black-robed figures, most of whom carried wreaths and bunches of white flowers. In this part of the country it was the custom to have all "burials" at precisely one o'clock, so the party had no fear of being too late for the funeral. Mr. John Cole drove his own wagon, and Mrs. Hill hers, containing her daughter and a couple of neighbors, who, having a slight acquaintance with the Barnville Coles, considered it but friendly and respectful to the family to attend the funeral. They went at a brisk rate until they approached Barnville, whose principal street they entered at a proper and becoming funeral pace.

"It does seem to me as if a sort o' shudder hangs over the place to-day," Mrs. Hill observed, as she looked from under her spectacles at the people passing. "Poor old lady! her death will be felt, for a better woman never lived." "Look! there's the house, with the parlor-windows shut, and I declare, little Jenny Cole carrying in cheer!" "And just see that pile of old ivy rubbish at the foot of the back steps! They've been fixing up the parlor with garlands on the walls," said another. "And yonder's the minister, across at the 'pothecary, talking to Jeems Cole himself!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole. "And he in his every-day clothes, and looking not a bit over-dressed. Well, I suppose he hasn't had time to dress!" They alighted at the front-door, where they were met by Master Johnny, who, suddenly bolting out, nearly knocked down stout Mrs. Hill before he knew it. "Well, Johnny, how are you?" said Mrs. John, in a tone of commiseration. "And how is your poor ma, Johnny?" "She's very well, I thank yer, ma'am!" answered Johnny, with parrot-like politeness, while staging round upon the visitors with a beaming countenance. "Well, Johnny, show us the way, and go and let your folks know that we're here. He don't seem to care a bit," she added, as the boy skipped off; "but then," looking round on her own eager-

eyed offspring, "children never can realize the awfulness of death." They walked solemnly into the parlor, the door of which Johnny had proudly thrown open, and seating themselves in a black row against the wall, rigidly awaited the appearance of one of the family. "It's mighty strange that the coffin ain't in here," whispered Miss Bates. "And such a show of flowers! All sorts of colors, too!" "I smell cake," said Mrs. Hill. Just then Master Johnny's voice was distinctly heard, calling at the head of the kitchen-stairs: "Bess! I say, Bess! Here's a lot of folks come to the circus!" "Gracious goodness!" said Mrs. Cole. "Did you ever!" whispered Mrs. Hill. And the two young Coles suppressed a giggle. Presently Master Tommy came skipping back. "I told 'em," he announced, briefly. "Gran'ma's coming now." A little stir as the ladies settled themselves primly in their seats. "Be quiet now!" whispered Mrs. Cole to her daughter. "They're bringing in the coffin."

The door opened, and there entered a portly, pleasant-faced old lady, who smilingly held out her hand to the visitors. They all simultaneously started to their feet, with various amazed exclamations. "Why, the land's sake!" "Have mercy on us!" "Why Mrs. Cole!" The old lady stopped short, looking almost as surprised and bewildered as the visitors. A dead silence ensued, then all looked from Mrs. Cole at each other. "It seems there has been a mistake," said Mr. John Cole, who at this instant opportunely entered, having stopped outside to fasten his horses. His wife nudged him, but he was beyond controlling his feelings at this moment, and bursting into a laugh, he seized the old lady's hands in both his own. "I declare, Cousin Cole, I'm delighted to see you looking so well—never saw you looking better in my life. And to think—ha, ha, ha!—to think we've all come fifteen miles to your funeral!" "To Bessie's wedding, you mean!" said the old lady, still looking bewildered. "Wedding! Is Bessie going to be married?"

And then, perchance, there were explanations, to the great mortification of the visitors and the greater amusement of the old lady. As to Master Tommy, his delight knew no bounds, and he dashed into the yard and fairly rolled on the grass in his convulsive merriment. "Now that you have so kindly come to my funeral," said the old lady, smilingly, "you must of course stay to the wedding. It was kept a secret till yesterday, and there'll be only a few relatives and intimate friends—nobody invited out of town. But we will be glad to have you stay."

And that evening, by a bright moonlight, the funeral procession that had in the morning lugubriously entered Barnville drove gaily away from the wedding, and all the way homeward indulged in reflections upon the gossiping folks who, out of a slight cold and fever, could have made up a story of a death and funeral.—Saturday Night.

Pulverizing Stones by Air. A new discovery in mechanics was investigated recently at Montreal by Erastus Wiman and a party of New Yorkers, who came there for this special object. The result accomplished by the discovery is the pulverization or grinding of the hardest substances by the action of air set in motion resembling that of a cyclone. The air is confined in an iron chamber not larger than an ordinary house furnace.

At a test given in the paint factory of McDougall, Logie & Co., where the machine has been in operation for six months past, nails, iron, slag, and flint rock were reduced to a powder, while the operation was equally effective with phosphates, iron, asbestos, rice hulls, and other pulpy and soft substances. The device is very inexpensive, and, so far as the investigation showed, accomplishes results so important as to point to a revolution in pulverizing and grinding operations in numerous departments of the trade.—New York Sun.

An Orchestra of Convicts. The island of Nouma has what is acknowledged to be the best orchestra in the southern hemisphere, and it is composed entirely of convicts. Its complement averages about 120 pieces, and the whole is under the direction of a former leader in the Grand Opera, who is "doing lifetime" for murder. Twice a week, on Thursdays and Sundays, the band plays three hours in the public square, and all the officials and business element of the capital make use of the time and place as a sort of clearing house for their social obligations. The band plays music of a high class, and, as in 1884, Nouma was the only place in the southern world where Wagner's music could be heard, many music lovers came from Australia expressly to hear it.—Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

Wall of a Sufferer. As a great moral agent a woman is a yard wide and all wool, but as a book agent she cuts a swath a mile wide and never misses a victim. We would much rather have a friend pour a pitcher of common molasses down our back than to be interviewed by a lady book agent whose nose resembles a crack in a lemon and whose nose looks like an exclamation point in a whirlwind.—Austin (Tex.) Statesman.

AMUSING A MILLIONAIRE.

DROLL WHIMS OF SOME RICH NEW YORKERS.

A Gilded Dude and His Variegated Vests—Betting on a Chicken Incubator, Etc., Etc.

It is by no means easy to tell what will amuse a millionaire, writes Blakeley Hall in the New York World. I know a little chap who inherited a vast fortune on Monday and developed a hot-blooded craze for variegated waistcoats within the week. He would wander about his accustomed haunts with a distraught and expectant look for days at a time. We knew by that that something new in waistcoats was impending, and when it was finally produced its owner's face glowed with a mellow radiance that was infantile and touching. There was, just before the holidays, a period of gloom, despondency and sorrow so lengthened and austere that great apprehension was felt, but it was cleared away by the appearance on Fifth avenue, one bright December day, of about the most amazing thing in waistcoats that the century has seen. It consisted in the main of brilliant yellow, with a dashing superstructure of purple and gold stars. Scattered about were fac similes of the owner's coat-of-arms in silver and mimic representations of his crack race-horse taking a hurdle bedecked with his colors. It was bound in white cord and the buttons were works of art in bronze and gold. At present the youth rejoices in the possession of 170 waistcoats. I speak by the card, for I've seen them.

I saw nearly a hundred million dollars in a state of rapt and intense excitement at a chicken show one night in the Madison Square Garden. Three great millionaires sat around a patent incubator with their watches in their hands betting on the eggs that lay under the glass plate. Every few seconds an egg would break and a chick crawl out with an air of pained reluctance. Then the other chicks would pounce on it hospitably and try to take away its new-found life. One of the three men would pick out a likely egg and the others would wager their money for and against the chance of the chicken being born and surviving the attacks of its fellows.

There is among the frequenters of Delmonico's a small, pudgy and blase gentleman who recently inherited, through the death of his sturdy old father, means of discouraging amplitude. Prior to this acquisition of wealth he was a timid and inoffensive young person, distinguished by nothing more remarkable than weak eyes and the aroma of cheap cigarettes, but when he grew rich he developed a fondness—indeed a passion—for sitting in the cafe snugly ensconced behind a huge collar and staring hotly at his reflection in a mirror. He pursues this pastime with undeviating devotion day after day, only pausing at times to raise his chin, fix a waiter with his autocratic eye and drawl: "Heah, fellow! S'm abstinence." He isn't very popular.

In many instances, the richer the man the simpler his idea of amusement. It is no unusual sight to see one of New York's rich men driving a Fifth avenue stage up or down town, with the regular driver sitting calmly at his side, and I have often seen the son of the late President of the Eighth Avenue Railroad Company drive the big sixteen-horse sweeper down town after a heavy fall of snow. As everybody knows, two millionaires drove a daily coach from the Hotel Brunswick to Pelham every day last season just for amusement's sake, while two other affluent members of the Knickerbocker Club manned a Third avenue car during the hottest days of the strike and made the trip to the city Hall and back in safety.

But the amusements of millionaires are not all so innocent as these. One of the most brutal and savage prize-fights I ever saw was in the stable of a man who owns a magnificent country place on the Hudson. The men had fought to a standstill and were clinging to one another feebly to keep from falling, while the blood dripped from a dozen wounds and their faces were battered out of all human semblance, but the crowd of pallid and nervous moneyed men urged them pitilessly on. There are three well-known New York club men of great wealth who have no higher ambition than this. Gifted with vast fortunes and in command of limitless possibilities, they have no interests outside the doings of pugilists, pug uglies and bruisers, and are happiest when watching two fellow-men struggling to see which can inflict the most injury on the other.

A whimsical man of wealth amused himself during the long nights last summer by dining in his library and feeding an army of cats that prowled about the yard. He would eat a little and then hang out of the window with a bit of bird in his hand and converse at great length with the cats while they struggled and fought below. After tantalizing them sufficiently he would toss the morsel to them and then hug himself delightedly while the cats clawed each other in their efforts to get at the food. The millionaire was always attended on such occasions by a smug-faced and reticent butler, who regarded his vagaries with the most austere disapproval. After every escapade with the cats the millionaire would chuck the morose butler under the chin roughly and, resuming his seat, pepper the unhappy servant with bread-crumbs during the rest of the dinner. It's a great thing to be a millionaire.

The members of the Japanese legation at Washington find a great fascination in the American game of poker.

THE MISSION OF THE LILIES.

Go, lilies, with your dew-dimmed eyes! For, ere another sun shall rise, My lady lies her to the ball. And, while sweet strains of music fall About her, she'll, my seraph-sweet, Crush hearts'neath satin-slipped feet; While I—well, why should I be mad Who find it bliss to know her glad? But you must fill your evanescent part, Resting on my Lady's heart. So, Go; Go, lilies, go! Upon her heart! O lilies fair, When you are softly nestling there, Watch all its throbbings wondrous well For then, perchance, who—who can tell But that her heart your eyes may see (Give just one gentle throb for me) And if it should—why, then I know One of you'll live to tell me so. So, Go; Go, lilies, go! —Harold R. Tynan.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cutting a swell—Lancing a boil. We haven't much of a navy, but some of the young officers are the best dancers in Washington.—Puck. There are a few good Indians out West. One of them has just been exhumed in a petrified condition.—Puck. The average woman is considered too delicate to shoulder a musket, but nobody questions her right to bare arms. He who has too much to do with the "ante" usually ends by having considerable dealings with the "uncle."—Boston Courier. "I wouldn't be a fool if I were you," said Jones to a friend. "If you were me you wouldn't be a fool," was the reply.—Judge. "Needles" is the name of a town in California. It is a sharp little town, with one eye constantly open to its own interests. That's sew.—Danville Break. "Oh whistle and I'll come to you, my lad," she promised with girlish bravado. But she started on a run the other way. When he started out on the Mikabo. —Somerville Journal.

"Which will you have, chloroform or laughing gas?" said the dentist to his patient, about to have a tooth pulled. "Ether will answer," said the customer.—Wasp. What time the solar rays begin To dissipate the storm The robin on the lawn rakes in At dawn the early worm, And then the skies no longer frown, Then flow the brooks erst frozen, And 'twixt fresh eggs' at once drop down To twenty cents a dozen. —Boston Courier.

A Western town has a female sheriff. Recently she arrested a man, and he, hoping to flatter her to let him escape, told her she was the handsomest woman he ever saw. And did she let him escape! No! She wouldn't let that man out of her sight, anyway, but wanted him around all the time. Trickery is sure to fail in the end.—Tears Siftings.

Queer Things About Money.

A woman who bought an old-fashioned bureau at a second-hand store in Cincinnati discovered a secret drawer in it which contained \$1,300 in gold and old bank bills. Money was so scarce in certain counties of Southwestern Texas during the earlier part of the winter, that in some instances the skins of javelina hogs were used as a circulating medium, and 'possum skins were frequently offered in liquidation of grocery bills. John Monroe, a young man living with his widowed sister in the northern part of Georgia, was digging a hole for a potato bin in his cellar, when his spade broke open an earthen pot containing \$1,480 in gold. The coin had been buried by his sister's husband during the war, and subsequently forgotten. A young farmer in Des Moines County, Ia., who had saved up \$200 in bank bills, wrapped a piece of paper around them and stuck the roll up the chimney in his bedroom for safe-keeping. One cold afternoon his mother put a stove in the room and built a rousing fire in it, and when the young man returned to supper only the charred remnants of the notes could be found. Some months ago a lady living in Butler, Ga., through fear of the deprecations of traps, put \$110 in bank notes in a pasteboard box and buried it in the yard near the wood-pile. Recently she went out to get it and found that box and bills had been badly mutilated by wood lice. She sent the notes to the banks which issued them for redemption. The pet cat belonging to Mrs. Lucy Cain, of Hannibal, Mo., brought a mouse into the parlor recently, and with it a small piece of paper money. Mrs. Cain thought nothing about the occurrence until she discovered that a roll of bills was missing from her bureau drawer. Then she put two and two together, and began a vigorous search of the premises. The missing bills were finally unearthed in a corner of the cellar, where a colony of mice had made a nest of them. Change For a Quarter. We imagine that very few people think that a quarter of a dollar can be changed 215 different ways. The pieces used in making the changes are the twenty-cent piece, ten-cent piece, five-cent piece, three-cent piece, two-cent piece, and one-cent piece. To be able to make all the changes would require one twenty-cent piece, two ten-cent pieces, five five-cent pieces, eight three-cent pieces, twelve two-cent pieces, and twenty five one-cent pieces, making in all fifty-three pieces of money, representing \$1.38.—Agents' Herald.