REST REPUBLICAN

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The oldest employes in the Postal Department in Washington are James H. Marr, eighty-one years old, and Inze Lawrenson, eighty-four. Both were appointed by Andrew Jackson in 1831.

Professor Baird says fishes can live to be 150 years old. We don't doubt this in the least. They are always the largest fishes too. That is the kind that always breaks away from the hook at the very last moment, and never is seen again.

The electric well or pit in Taliaferro County, Ga., still continues to cure severe cases of chronic rheumatism. The well is located on the side of a small mountain four miles from the Sharon station, on the Georgia railroad. It was dug last summer in a search for gold.

The Rev. John White, a colored preacher of Greenwood. Ark., who will be 102 years old in July, has taken out a license to marry Mrs. Edie Smith, who is a giddy girl of sixty-five summers. The Rev. John has been preaching eighty one years, and has married twice.

A German paper says that extraordinary activity is displayed at the Krupp Works in Essen, and that new buildings are required to enable the works to complete the orders for guns for the German Government within the specified time, This is not a sign of peace by any means.

A physician, referring to the custom of traveling on sleeping cars with the berths made up with their heads towards the engine, said: "It is certainly bad for the brain of the sleeper, as it is not natural, nd it is no wonder that so many travelers, especially those who have been on the road exclusively, experience bad effects from it."

The plan of throwing a bridge over the Straits of Messina, that separate Sicily He opened his mouth and started his from Italy, will, when consummated, be one of the most striking feats of modern engineering. The place selected is where the channel is two and one-half miles wide and three hundred and sixty-one of?" feet deep, and two piers will support a viaduet of steel rails to a height of three hundred and twenty-eight feet above the

A Springfield (Mass.) man has discovered what has long been pretty well known Ye gimme a cold in the head to hear ye! -that the real mission of the mosquito is to purify. He had two hogsheads filled with water, and into one he put a lot of wrigglers or embryo mosquitoes. The I said. What are they saying, grandwater free from the wrigglers soon be pop! came foul, but that containing them remained sweet. So he concludes that mosquitoes keep our swamps from be- waves ez mowt or ez mowtn't be a rippin' coming foul and pestilent.

There is a specimen in the United States mint which illustrates how a coin may become famous without the least premonition. In 1849 a law passed Congress ordering \$20 gold pieces to be struck. One piece was struck. Something happened that delayed the work, and the year closed. Then, of course, the dies had to be destroyed, as no more of that date could be legally issued. It is marked "unique," was the only one struck and hence is "priceless."

eration throughout the country that are tion of the Simmons homestead. "I kin interesting reading. The great Cambria iron works at Johnstown, Penn., which employs 6,500 persons, has decided to make its "company store" a co-operative concern. t sells \$1,000,000 a year in goods. The capital will be \$200,000. Holdings any one person are limited.

Best hing you kin do is to keep shet o' that Bill Simmons, or thaz a shingle out that in the yard that'll make the properest kind of a paddle, an' if that paddle is made an' used you'll hef to stan' up fer more n a week wen ye eat ver slap-tacks. Dividends cannot go above ten per cent. Stockholders have a first claim of six per is sayin', Peleg, an' it's yer poor ol' gran'cent. Then all purchasers of \$10 worth of goods have three per cent. off; then the stockholders, if there is still further profit, may have their dividend raised to nothing, but thought to himself, as he ten per cent. Above ten per cent, all toyed with the clothespin, that if the profit goes to customers in a rebate on purchases.

Colonel W. L. Utley, who recently died at Racine, Wisconsin., was "the owner of the last slave on American soil," says a correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel. When he was in Tennessee with his regiment, a colored boy escaped from his master and sought refuge in the Colonel's tent. The owner came into camp the next day and demanded the surrender of his property, but Colonel Utley refused to give up the boy. Several years afterward the slave-owner brought suit in the United States Court in the Milwaukee District for damages, and secured a verdict of \$1,000, which Colonel Utley paid. "This," says the correspondent, "was the last judgment of the kind. Colonel Utley applied to Congress for relief, and more than ten years after the emancipation proclamation he was indemnified by the government for the money he gave for the boy's freedom."

Che Forest Republican.

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HOME

Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship Of life the better part; The happy smile of welcome on the lip Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands, The long remembered tone, The ready sympathy which understands All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed To ours in loving glee; The presence of our dearest and our best, No matter where we be.

And, failing this, a prince may homeless live Though palace walls are nigh: And, having it, a desert shore may give The joy wealth cannot buy.

Far reaching as the earth's remotest span, Widespread as ocean foam, One thought is sacred in the breast of man-It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind With destinies above, For there the home of his immortal mind Is in God's wider love.

THE OLD SETTLER.

HE ENLIGHTENS LITTLE PELEG. "Grandpop," said little Peleg, as he fingered a stiff-springed patent clothespin, and cast a glance at the old cat that lay snoozing in the splint-bottom rocking chair, "Grandpop," said he, "what are the wild waves saying!"

The Old Settler looked up from the pages of the local paper, in which he was reading an account of a hog-guessing match that had come off over at the Cor-Peleg, who fitted the clothespin carefully on his nose and closed his mouth to see how long he could hold his breath,

"I hain't heerd no wild waves a yellin' anything very loud lately, ez I knows on,"said the Old Settler, "Wich wild waves is it th't—M'riar! Whack that young'un on the back or he'll bust ev'ry

gizzard he's got!" Peleg had hung on to his breath until his eyes began to bulge out, and his face was as red as his grandfather's nose. He succumbed to the inevitable before his lungs to working again, but left the clothespin on his nose. His grandfather glared at him for a moment, and then

"W'ich wild waves is it th't yer speakin'

"Theb that rips and roars arou'd Co-ney's Ilud," replied Peleg, his utterance stopped by the pressure of the clothespin

The Old Settler reached for his cane. "Peleg!" exclaimed his grandmother, "take that clothespin offen your nose!

Peleg removed the clothespin and repeated his remark. "Them that rips and roars around Coney's Island; that's what

'Coney's Island!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Wat in Sam Hill do you know 'bout Coney's Island, or 'bout any wild an' a roarin' ?"

"The new school ma'am from town boards to Bill Simmons's," replied Peleg, and t'other night she was telling us about Coney's Island. She's been there lots, and she told us that she could set on the bank down there and listen to what the wild waves was saying all day I asked her what they was saying, she said: 'Oh! much, little boy!' She didn't say how much or what it was, and I asked Bill Simmons if he knowed, and he said he did but wasn't giving it away. 'Go ask yer grandpop,' Bill said. 'If he can't tell you,' says Bill, 'the world's coming to an end.' That's how I come to ask you, grandpop. Can't you

tell me? There are local developments of co-op- Old Settler, shaking his fist in the direc-"Yes, b'gosh, I kin!" exclaimed the ye! Them wild waves is a savin', an' they're yoopin' it out so's it kin be heerd from Coney's Island to sundown, th't the bes' thing you kin do is to keep shet o' more'n a week w'en ye eat yer slap-jacks an' 'lasses! That's w'at them wild waves pop th't's tellin' ye so, b'gosht'lmighty,

an' ye won't listen!" Peleg sat down by the side of the splint-bottom rocking chair. He said wild waves had said all that to the schoolma'm, she must have been more than pleased at their remarks about the paddle and the slap-jacks. The Old Setther picked up his paper again. Peleg's grandmother took her knitting and went off to the "settin" " room, and his grandfather, after finishing the account of the hog guessing-which stated that Pete Hellriggle had won the hog-and remarking that if Pete didn't trade the hog off for a bar'l o' cider the winnin' o' it'd be a lucky thing fer his fam'ly, ez they'd ben browsin' on sassyfrax all winter, he pass.

turned to Peleg and said: Yes, my son, that's w'at them wild waves is sayin', an' ez yer gran'mammy fishin' o' mine, I had considered it a leehain't in hearin' to git worried at our talkin', I'll tell ye w'at some wild waves done to me wunst. Them waves didn't say nothin', but they jist got up an' done. This happened w'en I were a boy, consid' a grudge agin me. He lived close to the able many year ago. 'Twere on the creek, nearly two miled above our place, ninth day of April, 1822, in the arter- at the Fiddler's Elbow Bend. This bend noon. I were jist comin' seven year old. Ther' had ben a big rain fer two or three the creek were comin' to'ards the bend 1 days, an' I know'd th't Sloplick Creek see Shadrack standin' on the bank, an' must be jist right for sucker fishin', an' so he see me. Th' wa'n't nuthin' selfish I sneaked my pap's ches'nut pole an' about me, so I hollered to Shadrack, to hosshair line outen the barn an' cut cross- show him th't I din't hev no hard feel-

cabin in the clearin', maybe four or five famine. But Shadrack wa'n't of a meek rod away, but out o' sight, 'cause 'twere an' forgivin's natur' like me, an' so, in-in the gulley, twenty-five foot lower'n stid o' takin' the olive branch I offered, the clearin'. An' speakin' o' sucker fish-in', sonny, ye'll see, 'fore I git through chucks 'em in the water ahead o' me an' with this leetle anecdote, th't th' was the suckers. That skeert the timid fish suckers in the creeks in them days. Th' th't was in the lead, an' they got dehaint none in 'em now, but thuz a many mor'lized an' turned tail. o' one outen the creeks, an' big un's, spread to the hull caboodle o' suckers, too. Wall, w'en I come in sight o' whar an' the fust thing I know'd I were h'isted ol' Sloplick orter been jist more th'n bil-ing, owin' to the hard rains, I almos' blast, an' wh-o-o-o! away I were goin' tumbled back in a faintin' fit. Th' back down stream like a hailstorm in a wa'n't no Sloplick thar! The bed o' the hurrycane o' wind! That I were. Peleg, creek were dryer'n a salt herrin'! Ez fur ez | ridin' high an' dry on a big raft o' suckchicken couldn't a ben no barer th'n minute boun' fer somewhar, but whar I them rocks on the bottom was. The didn't know. Ye orter be very thankful, the miled, an' even in low water went them days w'en us pioneers was a sufferdown by thar, on its way to the river in an a runnin' risks like that, jist to three miled below, like a peeled hemlock | plant civ'lization an' git it in shape fer log down roll way, an' thar she were, arter all them rains, dry an' empty from bank to bank. Peleg, I were skeert, and raft o' demor'lized suckers th't ez we tore I tuck to tremblin' wuss th'n a hungry along to'wards our folks's clearin' I could dog at daylight on a frosty morn- look right down over the raise twixt it in'. I thort the world were comin' an' the creek, an' ez we come nigher I to an end right thar an' then. Pooty could see my hard-workin' pap settin' in soon I got stiddy enough to look up the the cabin door smokin' his corn-cob pipe, creek, an' then I were skeert wuss'n ever, and my easy-goin' mammy a choppin' fer 'bout a quarter of a miled away, in wood to git supper with. Thinks I to that direction, thar were the creek agoin' up stream ez fast ez it could tear! Goin' right up that big grade o' twenty foot to the miled. Peleg, like a train o' keers! some'rs? An' jist then we struck the bend W'en I see that I jist flopped right down in the creek nigh the clearin'. The bend an' waited fer the 'arthquakes an' Gab'rel to come followin' along, acrackin' an' atootin'. I laid thar aw'ile, but they didn't neither on 'em come, an' the creek kep' aclimbin' up to'ards its headwaters, it'd ben sent fer to come back hum He scowled over his spectacles at an' hadn't no time to spare gittin' than. It were movin' back'ards in a flood more'n thirty foot high, ez nigh ez I could jedge from seein' the gable end of it, and pooty soon I noticed that th' were a heap o'

commotion on the edge of it. "Wall,' says I to myself, gittin' up onter my feet, 'th' can't be nothin' to hurt a feller in a flood th't's doin' its best to run away from him like that,' says I, 'an' so I guess I'll quit waitin' fer Gabr'el an' the 'arthquakes,' says I, 'an' 'll jist start arter that creek an' see w'at's a ailin' on it to make it go an' cut up that way,' says I.

"So away I dug ez tight ex my legs'd

carry me, but the creek had got such a start o' me that it tuck me a good half hour 'fore I ketched up with it. An' ez soon ez I did ketch up with it, my son, I must know, to git the hang o' this, Peleg, th't suckers starts fer the creeks on the fust high water th't comes in the spring, an' th't they gether together by the boat load at the mouths of creeks waitin' fer to me, but they got right up an' done, the flood th't tells 'em things is ready fer an'-'em up the creek, an' then up they go. That had been an onusu'l good season for suckers to winter over in, an' they had the dozing cat hurled herself against his waxed an' grow'd fat, an' gethered in stomach by one wild leap from the splintsuch uncommon big crowds, th't w'en they started in at the mouth o' Sloplick Creek that ninth day o' April, they jest dammed the hull course o' the stream, an' fer a time it had been nip an' tuck ez to wich 'd hef to stop, the creek or the suckers, But in them days suckers had vim an' push in 'em, These fellers at the mouth o' Sloplick had started to git up that creek, an' 'twa'n't their fault, b'gosh, if it couldn't furnish water enough, with all the rain it 'd had fer a week past, fer em to wiggle up on; so they jist put their shoulders to the wheel, an' at it they went, an' shoved the rushin' flood of ol' Slopliek right back with 'em, pilin' it up in a wall thirty foot high, an' keepin' her a movin' back so fast, steep ez the grade were, th't she couldn't git no footholt, an' had to go. So, of course, ev'rythiag were left high an' dry shind that pushin' army o' suckers, an' natur' in them parts were lookin' queer.

"Peleg, when I ketched up to that retreatin' creek, nothin' could be seen on face o' that high wall but snouts, an' tails, an' fins, an' backs, an' bellies o' suckers. They was piled on one another from the bed o' the creek to the top o' the flood, pushin' an' shovin' and crowdin' to keep the ball a rollin'. I see w'at the hull business meant to wunst, an' I pitched right in to do some o' the tallest sucker fishin' th't were ever heered on along Sloplick Creek. I chucked away my pole and duy inter that bank o suckers an' jist went to minin' fish by the ton. They kep' me on a dead run to keep up with 'em, they was h'istin' that stream up hill so fast, but I grabbed an' clawed right an' left, an' throw'd suckers out on the bank by the wagon load. I strung suckers along the banks fer a miled, an' still the flood went a rollin' up hill ez easy ez pickin' up sticks. The headwaters o' Sloplick Creek was in a swamp almost on the top o' Booby Ridge. Ez I were runlong ahind that sucker bank all of a suddent it struck me that if nothin' happened to stop 'em, them suckers'd shove the creek clean through the swamp, the way they was goin', and push her on over the ridge, and then she'd go tehoot down 'other side, and an' wipe Slayerop's clearing offen the face o' creation quickr'n lightnin' could melt a tub of butter. were bound to see the fun, an' if suckers wa'n't the timidest an' skeeriest critters th't swims, that fun'd a come to

the other day afore this high ol' sucker tle piece o' duty I owed to the community to pitch inter Shadrack Jamberry, ol' Poke Jamberry's boy, an' lam him the properest kind. Consekently he had was so sharp th't ez me an' the suckers an'

were jist over a raise o' ground from our an' lay in a stock o' suckers agin a coon READY WHILE YOU WAIT. I could see down the creek, a picked ers, an a gGin sumpin like a miled a creek had a fall o' more'n twenty foot to sonny, th't yer a livin' now, an' not in

folks that's livin' now! "I were boosted way up so high by that myself, I wonder if they'd ever find me when this runaway flood o' b'ilin' waters were bout ez sudden ez the angle in a ship-knee, an' w'en the wall o' suckers plunked agin it the bank o' the bend bein' twenty-five foot high an' all rock, 'twere like the comin' together o' two ingines. The body o' the army were fetched up a standin', but me an' the top layers o' the sucker raft was five foot higher'n the rocks, an' as we hadn't hit nuthin' we kep' straight on. We left the water route, an' traveled the rest o' the way by the air line, an' 'fore my good ol' parents know'd w'at hit 'em they was kivered snug an' comfort'ble in under sumpin' like half an acre o' scukers, not countin' me. It took me quite a w'ile to dig the ol' folks out; but they wa'n't hurt anything wuth mentionin'. My folks wa'n't noways noted fer bein' curious 'bout things, an' all th't were ever said 'bout that big sucker fish o' mine was this. Mam says: 'Whar'd ye ketch 'em?' 'In the bend o' the creek,' I says, 'I've alluz heered,' says pap, 'th't the best time to ketch suckers were on the fust flood, an' this makes it good, see to wunst w'at were ailin' on it. Ye An' that ended it; but we had fresh suckers, an' salt suckers, an' smoked suckers, an' sucker pop from then on till the nex' Chris'mas. So ye see, Peleg.

> The Old Settler was cut short off in whatever moral he intended to draw, for bottomed rocking chair, and with a yell that scared a dog on the opposite side of the road, and brought Peleg's grandmother out of the sitting room on a trot. The cat sank its claws deeper and deeper into the Old Settler, and he joined in the yelling. Little Peleg went quietly out of the kitchen door, and by the time his grandmother had removed a patent clothes pin from the cat's tail he was half way over to Bill Simmons's .- Ed. Mott. in New York Sun.

that them wild waves didn't say nothin

Tribute to a Wife.

Robert J. Burdette publishes in Lippinott's a paper of reminiscences entitled: 'Confessions of a Reformed Humorist,' full of the gentle pathos which has always tempered and purified his work, and breathing the fondest love for his dead wife, to whom he pays the following tribute in closing: "As I close this paper I miss the loving

collaboration that with so much grace and delicacy would have better prepared these pages for the reader. The first throb of literary ambition, my earliest and later successes, so far as I have been successful, whatever words of mine men may be pleased to remember most pleasantly. whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life, whatever inspiration I ever had or have that enters into my work and makes it more worthy of acceptance I owe to the greatest, best and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife. And if ever I should win one of the prizes which men sometimes give to those who amuse them, the wreath should not be placed on the jester who laughs and sings, but on the brow of her who inspired the mirth and the song.

A Bird Kills Itself.

An incident occurred in Salem yesterday which likely will not be repeated in a half dozen centuries. An English sparrow was building a nest in the porch of Mr. E. A. Ebert's residence, and carried a string to the nest, and had it partially woven in, when it attempted to fly, and by some means the other end of the string ecame entangled around its head, and seld it fast tethered by the neck. The helpless little creature became frightened and fluttered and struggled in vain to free itself. The miniature noose only closed tighter about its throat till finally it dropped dead-hung by the neck as neatly as a human hand could have done "It had happened, sonny, th't only it. The incident, which probably has not a duplicate in history, recalls one of a somewhat similar character with regard to a horse. He was grazing, and had on a halter with a short rein dangling from his head. The horse's tail was short and stubby, and in throwing his head around to scare off a fly, the bridle rein got hitched over the tail. The horse finding his head fastened, became excited, gave a sudden and violent jerk of his head, which broke his neck and resulted in in stant death. Winston (N. C.) Sentinel.

A residence of one year is required in the State of Delaware before a man is lots for the big bend o' the creek, w'ich in's, to come back an' foller the circus, qualified by law to catch a shad.

THE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH SOME ARTICLES ARE TURNED OUT.

You Can Have a House or a Shirt or a Set of Teeth Made in an Hour-Quick Trade Methods.

While you wait!" It is now many years since this expression was made popular by a down-town hatter, who advertised to "block your hat while you wait, for fifty cents," but it still retains its value in a commercial sense, and has been appropriated by the manufacturing world generally throughout the length and breadth of the land. As originally applied to the hatter's busi-ness it was ridiculed, laughed at and criticised perhaps more than any other expression of the kind, unless it be the oftmoted "boots blacked inside," and yet to-day it is an important line in the advertisements of nearly every manufacturing interest in the United States. Do you want a pair of trousers, a suit of clothes, a shirt, your shoes soled and heeled, a new main-spring in your watch, a set of false teeth, a house built-do you want anything that can be made by the hand of man-you can get it "while you

At a certain haberdasher's near Union Square shirts can be had to order, made after any pattern, in any size, guaranteed to fit and ready to wear while the customer is getting shaved around the corner. It is accomplished by having ready-cut sleeves, yokes, bosoms, bands and bodies always on hand. A capable cutter with a few flashes of his big shears will correct the defects of any of the parts, skilled operators will run parts through the sewing machine in a twinkling, while a patent washer, rinser, wringer, dryer and ironer will turn the shirts out ready to be put on, and all inside of twenty minutes. In Houston street within the shadow of Police Headquarters, there is a concern that will sole and heel your shoes while you look over the columns of the daily paper, and determine to what place of amusement you will go to in the evening. The tailors on the Bowery who will measure a customer for a pair of trousers, cut, trim and make them and press them while he is taking his lunch, are numerous, while those who will turn out a full suit of clothes while the customer is taking in some one of the theatres near by are quite as many Dentists, who have in stock all kinds,

varieties and qualities of plates, and will

fit a patient's mouth with a partial or full

set of teeth in a less time than it once

took to draw a single tooth, abound on Eighth, Sixth and Third avenues, as well as some of the cross streets. In Chicago there is a dentist who advertises to furnish new and full sets of teeth, guaranteed to give satisfaction, by mail or express, and sends the same to remote nts on approval. A firm of builders in Michigan will ship at once on receipt of order any size, kind or variety of a frame structure that may be desired. Parties intending to locate in Florida or at the seashore are especially requested to send for a descriptive circular. These houses are built in sections and shipped as they are built. An hour's work, the proprietors say, will make any changes that a customer can possibly want. eral persons who will summer at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove this year, it is understood, will introduce these ready made homes there early in the season. The same manner of houses were prepared for the late Greely Relief Expedition. The secret of cleaning and repairing watches while you wait is, according to the assertion of the manufacturers, that the entire movement is taken out and a new one of the same kind is substituted. Now that most of the movements sold are made by machinery and of standard sizes. just as the cases of a watch are made, it is easy to see how this can be done. Persons having a Jurgessen or any other valuable movement however, would do well to pause before they have a watchmaker repair their timepieces while they wait. Still, there are parts of a watch movement that can be duplicated almost at a moment's notice without affecting its value, such as pinions, ratchets, gear

wheels and screws. The science of cutting, fitting and trimming ladies' garments has progressed to such an extent that a dressmaker very often makes an entire suit for a customer while she is finishing a shopping tour, and as is oftentimes done by men's tailors, habit-makers cut, fit and make dresses while a customer waits in her parlors. Printers will prepare a form for a job, make it ready and run off an order while a customer writes a letter, and recently the writer had a card engraved and printed while he selected a wedding in vitation for a friend .- New York Mail

Billding Up a Town.

Fostoria, Ohio, the home of ex-Governor Foster, is a city of about 6,000, only a short distance from Toledo, and twelve miles from Tiffin, a city of 10,000. Governor Foster's father started a general store at the cross roads, and when his son Charles became of age he had studied the secret of building up a town. He bartered in everything. One day a druggist came along looking for a place to locate, and Charley says: Here, take these compounds and go across the street and start a drug store and if you haven't the capital I'll help you." He turned over his stock of nails and screws to another man and started a large hardware store, but he didn't tell him to spoil his trade by handling lumber, lime and a dozen other articles. Those he reserved for another new comer. Greceries, clothing, queensware, etc., followed suit until the town was made, and Mr. Foster, by the risc of real estate, became a million aire. His secret was: Divide up and keep a good stock—encourge emigration.
—Totedo Blude.

One Square, one inch, one insertion...... \$ 1 % One Square, one inch, one month...... # 00 One Square, one Inch, three months. 300 Half Column, one year...... 39 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Marriage and death notices gratia. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid is advance.

Job work-each on delivery.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

They ain't po style about 'em, And they're sorter pale and faded; Yit the doorway here without 'em Would be lonesomer, and shaded With a good 'eal blacker shadder Than the mornin' glories makes, And the sunshine would look sadder,

For their good, old-fashioned sakes. I like 'em 'cause they kind o' Sorter makes a feller like 'em: And I tell you when you find a Bunch out whur the sun can strike 'ero It allus sets me thinkin' O' the ones 'at used to grow,

And peek in through the chinkin' O' the cabin, don't you know. And then I think o' mother, And how she used to love 'em, When they wuzn't any other, 'Less they found 'em up above 'em! And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,

Whispered with a smile, and said, We must pluck a bunch and put 'em In her hand when she wos dead. But, as I wuz a sayin', They ain't no style about 'em Very gaudy or displayin', But I wouldn't be without 'em, 'Cause I'm happier in these poses

And the hollyhawks and sich Than the hummin' bird 'at noses In the roses of the rich. -James Whitcomb Riley.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The Prince of Wails-The tom cat. An important question-Is her father wealthy !- Tid-Bits.

The crematory is the burn from which no traveler returns .- Pittsburgh Dispatch. The fishery question-Did you bring the flask with you, Jack?-Boston Cou-

How to keep the boys at home-induce some of the neighbor's girls to run in "Beware of a man of one book," espe-

cially if it is a subscription book. - Boston Bulletin.

That this world is not balanced right is plainly to be seen. When one man walks to make him fat, And another to make him lean.

—Dansville Breeze

"Johnny," said a mother to her son, nine years old, "go and wash your face; I am ashamed of seeing you come to dinner with such a dirty mouth." "I did wash it, mamma," and feeling his upper lip, said gravely: "I think it must be a mustache coming. -Siftings. That Cupid in blindness must follow his

works, Is a blessing, and not a disaster, Since it keeps the men from seeing the pim-ple that lurks
'Neath the maiden's small patch of court

-Merchant-Traveler "What a mobile countenance Miss L. has," said a gentleman to a young lady at a social gathering the other evening. "Yes," replied the young woman with an effort to smile, for Miss L. was her hated rival, "she has a very Mobile countenance and New Orleans molasses colored hair." And she elevated her little pug nose as high as she could, and found an attraction at the other side of the room. -El-

mira Gazette. The Archbishop's Neat Retort.

The story is told that Archbishop Ryan and ex-Attorney General Wayne Mac-Veagh were present at a recent gathering, which included a number of prominent railroad officials. Mr. MacVeagh brought the railroad men and the Archbishop together, and after the first salutations were over Mr. MacVeagh turned to Archbishop Ryan and said: "Now, Archbishop, these are gentlemen whose acquaintance it would be well for you to cultivate. If you once get on the right side of them they will give you passes over all their lines;" and then the Attorney General added: "Of course, they will expect in return that you will give them all passes to heaven." The Archbishop's response came quickly and quietly: "My dear sir," he said, "I should be only too happy to give the gentlemen passes to heaven if it lay within my power, but I should regret to separate them from their coun-

Odd Names for the Contribution Box. We have all heard odd names given to

the contribution boxes which are passed among the pews of our churches with such regularity on all devotional occasions, especially to the long handled affairs which have of late taken place of the good, old-fashioned orthodox platter. These names have been generally strained -like "wooden corn popper," "undeveloped toy wagon," "merciles gleaner," etc;" but I heard a truly witty designation given this useful piece of ecclesiastic furniture by a clergyman, while attending a union service recently. He first said that the collection on that occasion would be for the needy poor, asking for a liberal allowance on that account, and then added, drolly, as he held out a couple of long handled concerns with evalshaped bowls: "The stewards will please pass around the ladles, "- Chicago Journal.

Sensation After Amoutation. Another curious case of apparent sensa-

tion 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 te began to complain that the fingers of the buried hand were cramped and that there was sand between them. physician and his sister had the box dug up and opened, and found the fingers crumped 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 hand .- Detroit Free Press.