J. E. WENK.

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building ELESTREET, TIONESTA, PA.

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Che Forest Republican.

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TIONESTA. PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1887.

\$1 50 PER ANNUM

Half Column, one year ..... B0 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-ertien.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

Job work-each on delivers.

inhabitants in this country, and one convict laborer to every fifty persons in the country engaged in mechanical pussuits. The 45,277 convicts engaged in productive labor performed in one year services to the value of \$28,750,000.

The average age of those who enter college is now seventeen. One hundred years ago it was fourteen, and it will be doubtless nineteen ere long, for our wisest educators affirm that a youth of sixteen seldom knows the value of study, and the older students do the best work.

A silk colony has been established in Florida under the auspices of the Women's Silk Culture Association, which is said to promise good results. It is thought that many invalids who go to Florida for their health might like to engage in silk culture as a light and pleasant occupation.

The California Legislature has approprinted \$15,000 for the improvement of the Yosemite Valley. New trails will be oreced, and the mountain streams will be stocked with fish, that tourists may have the pleasure of fishing with the hope of catching something. The mountain trout can only be caught by an Indian. It is his secret.

. The United States Supreme Court has handed down a decision that an insane person who takes his own life does not "committ suicide," and that life insurance may be recovered even though the policy may provide that it shall be void if the insured person shall die by suicide; self-killing by a lunatic person is by law to be regarded as an accidental death.

In speaking of the "anæsthetic bullet," which is said to have been invented recently by a German, and which will render wounded men unconscious for twelve hours, the Portland Press says that "but one thing is lacking to complete the usefulness of this original principle in the art of war. The rifles from which these bullets are to be fired should be furnished with needle-pointed bayonets through which hypodermic injections of morphine may be administered to the soldiers, the enemy who may fall in the way of German bayonet charge."

President Chauncey M. Depew is testlighting the cars of the New York Central Railroad's lines without danger from fire ing the various methods for heating and in the event of accidents. Experiments deposited it in the safe. As I turned malarial fever. This one in the box (if away from the lock, a voice at the door indeed there were one) must mean to seare being made with electric lighting machines, stored-up gas and hot-water apparatus, and doubtless some efficient, practical system will grow out of the ingenuity expended on these essays. A train has already been successfully run from Boston to the Grand Central Depot, in New York, thoroughly heated for 240 miles by the Martin steam-heating apparatus and lighted by electricity.

"The most expensive human hair is silver gray in color and is worth \$100 an ounce," says a New York dealer. "Most of the human hair used in our trade," he adds, "is imported from Bohemia and France. It is not uncommon for a Bohemian woman to cut eight inches of hair from her head every year. Peddlers exchange finger rings and other articles of personal adornment for these clippings. The use of hair restoratives and the general lack of vigor on the part of Ameri-, can women destroy the value of American hair. Drab shades of human hair are more expensive than brown or black."

Patti says that she is called the "Queen of Song," not because she is the greatest singer, but because she has many gifts. She enumerates them as follows: "I pass for pretty, that's one; I am tolerably graceful, that's two; I am a good dresser, that's three; I have a way with me that's piquant, that's four; I the sound of a human voice. like my public, that's five; I have a good voice, that's six: I know how to sing, that's seven; I always know my music, you want in a singer?" And an enthusiastic public hastens to answer: "Nothing, dear Patti, except a repetition of Sweet Home, '"

Grave doubts have recently been cast on M. Pasteur's success in curing hydro- desk where I was making freight enphobia. The weight of English scientific tries, and the other on the table where opinion is now adverse to his treatment the electric battery stood. At interfor anthrax in cattle. His method in vals a fresh pockage for the night exboth these cases is the same. By inoculating the virus of a specific contagious ceipt, hung about for a few moments, disease from one starving animal to an- then hastened away to more comfortother, he claims that at length the poi- able quarters. son is so weakened that if received by must have been nearly nine o'clock man only the harmless symptoms of the disease will appear, and that the body denly stopped at the platform. In a mowill be protected against future attacks, ment the door was flung open, and I saw the disease never occurring twice in a lifetime. The theory is beautiful, but it the aid of the driver and his assistant. has not been successful in practice.

Sometimes 'tis May, lads, She sky soft and bright; We sing on our way, lads, With brave hearts and light. But May cannot last, lads: With great clouds rolled. The skies are o'ercast, Inds, The world turns cold.

A friend's hand in mine, lads, A kind hand and true. In rough ways and dark days-It helps a man through.

We've small gifts to give, lads. A poor purse to show. But what man can live, lads, With naught to bestow? A word of brave cheer, lads, A warm grasp and strong, Beats all your gear, lads, To help hearts along.

A friend's hand in mine, lads, A kind hand and true, In rough ways and dark days-It helps a man through .

Do what you can, lads, And do it with might; God isn't man, lads, To judge by the sight. Pence pounds outweigh, lads, When wills are right good, And, oh! to hear Him say, lads, "He's done what he could." A friend's hand in mine, lads, A kind hand and true, In rough ways and dark days-It helps a man through. -Frederic Langbridge.

# THE BOX IN THE CORNER.

It is some years since I was stationmaster, baggage-agent, telegraph-operator and ticket-seller at a little village near some valuable oil wells. The station-house was quite a distance from the unpretentious thoroughfare that had grown up in a day, and my duties were so arduous that I had scarcely leisure for a weekly flitting to a certain mansion on the hill where dwelt Ellen Morris, my premised wife. In fact, it was with the bope of lessening the distance between us that I had undertaken these quadruple duties.

protended a storm.

the village several days. About one man, who had boldly lent himself to a o'clock he came hurriedly into the office plot to rob or murder me, perhaps both. with a package, which he laid upon my desk, saying:

"Take care of that, Bowen, till tomorrow. I'm going up the road." The commission was not an unusual one, and my safe was one of Marvin's best. I counted the money, which footed said:

"Say, mister, can you tell me the way to the post-office?"

A sort of shock went through me at the unexpected presence that seemed to have dropped down from nowhere, and I replied, irritably:
"You could not miss it if you tried.

Keep straight ahead."

Soon large drops of rain came down then faster and more furiously, until the air was one vast sheet of water, and little rivers leaped madly along the gullies and culverts. Forked lightning kept pace with the pealing thunder, and heaven's own artillery seemed let loose. Anything more dismal or dreary could not well be imagined, and gradually the loneliness grew oppressive. Every strag-gler had fled to shelter, and the usual idlers had deserted the platform. But I resolutely set to work at the dry statistics of the station-books, with an occasional call to the wires, which were ticking like mad, so fierce was the electric current.

It was near five o'clock when a long freight train came lumbering by, switched off a car or two, then dragged its slow length onward. This created a brief diversion, then once more I was deserted.

The next passenger train was not due till ten o'clock. I lit the lamps and resigned myself with questionable patience to the intervening hours. An agreeable interruption came in the form of my supper, which was brought in a water-proof basket by a sort of jack-at-alltrades whom we called Jake. Shaking himself like a great dog, he "lowed there wa'n't much more water left up yonder nohow."

"I hope not, indeed," I said, glad of I called, as he left the office, "come back as soon as you can-I may want you.

I had a vague idea of dispatching that's eight; I act fairly well the roles some sort of report to Ellen that I had given me, that's nime. What more do not been entirely washed away, and obtaining similar comfort as to her own fate. I little thought I should really need him.

I think I am not by nature more timid than other men, but as the dis-mal evening closed in I took from my desk two revolvers kept ready for possible emergencies, and laid one upon the press was brought by some dripping carrier, who deposited it, got his re-

Still the rain poured in torrents. It when a wagon, hurriedly driven, suda small ambulauce well known about the

of freight, to wit, the remains of a hu- ready for an attack.

slouched hats and were very wet. Slate, who had died at a farmhouse sevdownthe road. This was all. There was nothing singular about it, and yet, when the door closed upon the strangers and I was again alone, or worse than "Your keys!" yelled the other men alone, a feeling of awe came over me. Clearly the storm had somewhat unstrung

Only one hour till the train was due, after which I could turn in for the

night A louder peal of thunder shook the house, and fiercer flashed the lightning. Minute after minute went by, and each seemed an age. The roar and din of the elements only deepened the gloom inside, where the uncertain kerosene darkened

Suddenly, to my overstrained nerves, the ceaseless clicking of the wires seemed to say: "Watch the box! Watch the box! Watch the box! Watch the box!" As a particular strain of melody will at times repeat itself in the mind, and obstinately keep time to every movement, till one is well nigh distracted within a control of the floor, wounded distracted within a control of the floor, wounded the floor of the wires seemed to say: "Here, Cato animal unwillingly his savage growls."

At this juncture the floor, wounded the floor of the wires seemed to say: "Here, Cato animal unwillingly his savage growls." distracted, so this refrain began to enchain every sense: "Watch the box! Watch the box! Watch the box!" now my depressed spirits were due only to the solitude and the storm. No suspicion of evil or danger had tormented

Peering more closely into the dingy corner I saw only the ordinary pine box, with what seemed to be a square paper, or placard, on the side facing me. Probably the address, bungingly adjusted on the side instead of the top, or else a stain of mud from the late rough ride. At all events, I was not curious enough to approach more nearly the ghostly visitant.

Then minutes had crept by, when a muffled noise in the dark corner distinctly sounded above the pelting rain drops, while, as if to mock at my quickened fears, the wires continued their monot-onous warning: "Watch the box! Watch The day had been gloomy, and toward onous warning: "Watch the box! Watch the afternoon ominous rolls of thunder the box! Watch the box!" I did watch the box, and as by inspiration I grasped Colonel Holloway, the well-known the situation. There was indeed a man treasurer of the oil company, had been in in the box, but not a dead one. A living

I remembered the straggler who had surprised me while at the safe, several hours before. He had doubtless followed Colonel Holloway and witnessed the money transaction. Quick and fast flew my thoughts in the startled endeavor to grasp some plan of action. Single-handed I was no match for any man, having recently recovered from an attack of cure his prize before the train was due, and escape the consequences. He must have accomplices, and these were doubtless on watch, waiting either to give or receive a signal. At least it was not probable that he would undertake the ob alone, and the fact that he had con-

federates had already appeared.

Perhaps the sight of my pistols had delayed the attack. Perhaps some part of their plan had miscarried and caused de-At all events I must be cool. lay. fancied I saw his eyes through the dark patch on the box. I was almost sure he was slowly lifting the lid. There was no help near, and much might be done in the time still to elapse before the train was due.

Quietly walking to the battery, feigned to take a message. In reality I sent one to the conductor of the on-coming express, as the only device whereby I could secure assistance, and this would doubtless be too late. Yet it was all that I could do just now.

With every sense on the alert, I arose to secrete my keys if possible, when the door burst open, and Frank Morris, my future brother-in-law, rushed in followed by a huge dog that was Ellen's special pet and attendant.

"Confound you!" said Frank, spluttering about, and shaking himself as vigorever I go on such another fool's errand as

"Why, you are pretty well blowed now,' I said, with a poor attempt to be funny, but immensely relieved. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life!" and I meant it.

"There it is," he said; "make much of it," as he cleverly flipped a little white missive over to me. "Such billing and cooing I never want to see again. Regular spoons, by Jove! Can't go to sleep till she knows you haven't been melted. or washed away, or something. And Cato must come along to see that her precious brother doesn't get lost. Ugh! Lie down, over there, old fellow!" Then to me he said: "Here, help me out of this wet thing."

But I was engrossed, just then, and ridding himself of the offending garment, the broad-shouldered young athlete strode about in mock impatience,

"Heavens! what a night!" he exclaimed. "What time does your train pass? Ten? Just three minutes. I guess I'll stay; but we'll have that young damnatter?" as the dog gave a low growl.

What's that in the corner, Bowen? The dog continued to growl and look uspiciously about as the young fellow

rattled on. "That," I said, "is a deed man. "Humph!" he laughed. "Jolly good company for such a night. I say, Bowen, you've got a nice toy there," and he took up the pistol that lay on the table. Meanwhile I had scrawled on a piece of paper,

There is one convict to every thousand | A FRIEND'S HAND IN MINE, LADS | dimensions could contain only one kind "The man in the box is a burglar. Be A MOUNTAIN OF MARBLE.

"Oho! that's the game!" he said, aloud, Carefully placing this box in a remote corner of the room, near other boxes awaiting transportation, the driver and the box. Simultaneously the top of the his man returned to their wagon, while box flew up, and uttering a shrill whistle Getting Out Immense Masses of the two strangers approached the desk to the man sprang to a sitting posture, enter their ghastly freight. They were while through the wide flung door the They other two ruffians appeared with pistols produced a death certificate of one John | cocked. At once there | began a deadly struggle. The dog had leaped upon the eral miles away, of a non-contagious com- box and knocked the "dead" man's pisplaint, and was to be shipped to friends tol out of his hand, as Frank shouted, "Tsho, Cato!" unwilling that the dog should tear him to pieces, but wishing to

for by heavens you'll drop!"
Instantly closing in, man to man, the

fierce struggle went on amid shouts, curses and pistol shots. "Call off your cursed dog!" screamed

the "dead" man continually. The encounter, which had occupied

scarcely a minute, was at its deadliest, both Frank and I endeavoring to disarm rather than kill, when the whistle of the train sounded, and in another moment the conductor and his men were among

"Seize that scoundrel!" shouted Frank, breathlessly, indicating the man in the box. "Here, Cato!" and the obedient animal unwillingly retired, but continued

At this juncture my man fell heavily to the floor, wounded in the leg, and uttering groans and imprecations. It was quick work to secure the men, and Jake, who opportunely reappeared, was sent to summon the village police. Some of the passengers, impatient at the delay, had got wind of the adventure, and now crowded into the station in no little excitement. The box was found to have a false side piece, next the wall, which was easily pushed down by the man inside, for greater comfort in his cramped position; and there were beside a number of air-holes. It was the moving of this side-panel that caused the muffled noise I had heard.

I was questioned in all possible ways, and the curiosity of the passengers was fully gratified amid the clamor of the prisoners who continually swore at each

"What did you wait so long for?" said one of them glaring at the "dead" man. "What was your hurry?" retorted the other, sarcastically.

It was plain from the quarrel which ensued that the sight of my pistols, and my evident uneasiness, together with the effect of the fearful storm, had unsettled the fellow's plan and robbed him of his presence of mind. While puzzling as to the safest course, the sudden entrance of Frank and the dog had precipitated the catastrophe.

The men were conducted to the County Jail, and I was the hero of the hour, although I could not claim much credit for personal valor in the matter.

Was it fate or Providence that befriend-But for my whatever it was, I should have urged Frank's immediate return to my anxious betrothed. But for her loving anxiety he never would have come down on such a night. But for the dog one of us must have been killed. And first of all, but for the instinctive sense of danger the telegraph wires would never have spoken a warning to my excited fancy; and this manifest feeling of apprehension, though I strove hard to conceal it, held the man in the box at bay.

The practical result of the episode was a more commodious station-house, and more men on duty. My salary was raised; but eventually I gave up the situation because my wife could never feel satisfied to have me perform night work after the fearful experience I have related.

As to Frank, he is not backward with explosive English whenever the subject mentioned, and no amount of persuasion could ever reconcile Cato to the old station-house. - Frank Leslie's.

An Ancient New-Mexican City.

To the eastward of Socorro, New-Mexico, two prospectors a few days ago accidentally stumbled upon indications of ancient ruins projecting above the shifting sands of the plain. A careful examination convinced them that beously as the dog. "I'll be blowed if neath their feet buried in the desert sands lay the ruins of an ancient town. Turning to with their shovels to explore their find a few hours' work brought them to the floor of a small room in the form of a parallelogram. The Socorro Bullion thus describes the relics unearthed: "They found the remains of several human beings, several handsome vases carved with geometrical figures in different colors, stone axes, hammers, pieces of cloth apparently manufactured from the fibre of yucca, several strings of beads, seashells, arrow-heads, an abundance of fragments of obsidian quartz, and an incredible quantity of pieces of broken pottery, including several with a blue glazing. Only in one other instance have we ever heard of this color and quantity of ware having been discovered in this Territory, and that was at the ancient pueblo near the Santa Rita, in this country, and it indicates that the Spaniards had lived in New Mexico before the extinction of the race who inhabited this ruined and buried village. The miners do not know whether they tapped the best or the poorest spot in sel floating down here if she doesn't hear their buried town in this first excavation. pretty soon. Hello, Cato! What's the They have, however, resolved to continue digging. They are of the opinion that they may be able to unearth a cabinet of curios the sale of which will bring them more coin than they would Enterprise.

An agricultural exchange informs us proceeded to lift out a box which from its | which I quietly placed near the pistol: their corn in the earth. - Philadelphia Call. | One har Bee.

THE FAMOUS QUARRIES OF CAR-

Beautiful White Marble-Men Who Work in the Quarries.

The city of Carrara nestles under the protection of its mountains, the Apuan Alps, a corner of the Apennines. of these, rising to the height of 7,000 feet, overshadow the north of the town, while to the right and left they are softened down to hills, richly clothed with fir, chestnut, olive trees and vines in a descending scale; to the south is a gap of about a furlong, through which winds the River Avenza, and beyond the six miles of intervening country the blue Mediterranean can be seen.

The quarries are one of the sights of the world, occupying three or four descending ridges, which unite in the lofty Monte They have been worked at latest from the time of the Emperor Augustus. From then until now all the best marble has been obtained from them.

The mountains of marble in some places eem to rise almost perpendicularly; high up their sides are the quarries or "caves, as they are locally called, presenting from the town the appearance of patches of snow which refuses to be melted by the sun, while sometimes it seems as though partially dissolved snow had begun to slide down the mountain side,

To see the quarries, and the mode in which the "cave man" works, says a writer in the London Graphic, one must be up with him in the morning, and follow him to his toil as I did.

We were just in time to see a huge corner of marble, weighing about a hundred tons, forced from the mountain. Round it men have driven a chain of holes with crowbars, shaped at the point like a chisel. By striking the surface and dextorously turning the bar at each stroke a hole is soon formed about three feet into solid rock, thus isolating the desired mass as much as possible. Into these holes gunpowder is placed by a boy, who invariably performs his task with a lighted cigar in his mouth! Clay is then rammed in, a train laid and a warning shout We betake ourselves to some raised. such shelter as an overhanging rock or small cave; the foreman gives another shout, applies the match to the train and runs for his life. A few moments of anxious waiting-the whole mountain seems to shake, thunder and groan in agony at having to give up its treasures—a cloud of dust—a rumble of falling pieces—we creep out in time to see two masses of marble tumbling over the last ridge on their way to the valley.

The explosive power in this instance had been nicely calculated—the huge mass had been just loosened. Sometimes the moving force of the charge is underestimated, then the whole block topples pound itself into h over, often to of pieces in its headlong course down the

Being too heavy and large to be moved entire, it is divided in the simplest way, a row of holes bored across it (a line chiseled between them), plugs of dry wood driven into the holes, water poured upon themand in time, the wood having swollen, the block cracks across and through. Men then go to work upon each half with a hammer and chisel until they are made tolerably square, huge cables or chains are fastened around them, and they are lowered by short stages from ledge to ledge to the wagons waiting below.

The "cave" men are surely almost as primitive and hardy in their labits as their historic namesakes; many of them live in the hamlets among the hills, six or eight miles from their work; they leave their homes at daybreak, each equipped with a pair of thick boots which are never worn at home, a gourd slung by his side, to be filled at the mountain stream he passes, a hunk of coarse bread under his arm, possibly an apple in his pocket. On this food he exists during the day, earning about two shiftings, and working much harder than a steak fed English navy. In the evening at home he sups on a mash of meal, mingled with oil and flavored with the never-failing garlie; meat he seldom if ever tastes. On Festa days only does he drink anything stronger than water; then he will spend as much and even more than he can afford upon cheap wine. Almost every Festa brings with it a quarrel, and the evening its inevitable result

a stabbing affray.

Of the 20,000 inhabitants living in Carrara and its immediate neighborhood, about 6,000 are "cave" men; the town is entirely devoted to the marble commerce, marble stares you in the face everwhere, the walls, roads and paths are made of it, the floors of the house are paved with it, everything that can be is hown out of marble, from a perfect copy of the Venus to the common "bathing tub," as a local advertisement has it. Countless copies of the antique are sent out from the 400 studios and find their way to the various art markets of Europe and America. Oc casionally a good original statue or hust is executed, but the greater number of sculptors devote themselves to reproducing copies either of the old masters, popular modern examples or chiseling sepulehral monuments.

## An Eye to Business.

A good story is told of an Omaha doc-Some years ago he became engaged in a fight with another man, whom he finally knocked down with a heavy china pitcher. The man received an ugly scalp make in the same time at prospecting for wound, which the doctor sewed up. One precious metals.—Virginia City (Nev.) would naturally suppose that the victim would not be called upon to pay for the surgical attendance, but it is a fact that the doctor presented a bill for \$20, and at what "time in the moon to plant corn." what is more he get the money. There's In this section farmers prefer to plant nothing like having an eye to business.

WINGS FOR HOME.

My heart hath taken wings for home; Away! away! it cannot stay. My heart hath taken wings for home, Nor all that's best of Greece or Rome Can stop its sway.

My heart hath taken wings for home, Away!

My heart hath taken wings for home, Oh, swallow, swallow, lead the way! Oh, little bird, fly north with me, I have a home beside the sea

Where then canst sing and play-My heart hath taken wings for home,

My heart hath taken wings for home, But thou, Oh little bird, wilt stay; Thou hast thy little ones with thee here Thy mate floats with thee through the clear Italian depths of day;

My heart hath taken wings for home,

My heart bath taken wings for home, Away! away! it cannot stay. One spring from Brunelleschi's dome, To Venice by the Adrian foam,

Then westward be my way, My heart hath taken wings for home,

-Dennis F. McCarthy.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

One acre enough-Especially if it be a ender corn. -Siftings.

An exchange says that when one is caught in a burning hotel he should keep cool. It is a great truth, -Judge.

"Say, do you think it's true that redheaded girls are quick-tempered?" "Um —ah—suppose you ask one of them about it?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Pretty School Teacher-"Thomas, state ome of the beauties of education,' Thomas (oldest boy in school)—School-ma'ams.—New York Sun. "Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked

a gentleman as he stepped into a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.

"Another terrible washout," remarked Semaphore, "Where?" asked the superintendent, "Down at the Chinese laundry." And the superintendent said he did hate a fool.—Burdette. The biggest woman in the world is in

a Philadelphia dime museum. She weighs 747 pounds. This lady had a husband once, but she sat on him and the neighbors were obliged to bury him between two sheets of paper. - Burlington A Chicago man swallowed a \$1,000

United States bond to save it from a burglar, and the comptroller has refused to issue a duplicate to him. We don't see why the comptroller could be expected to do otherwise. The Chicago man is in \$1,000, -Boston Post.

A Washington paper says the President has not altered any in his manner ince his marriage; that when he is inintroduced to any one he simply shakes hands, bows, smiles, speaks a few words, and passes on. There was a rumor going round that he twisted his friend's arm, threw a back somerset, and yelled deflantly .- Lafe.

#### Cosmopolitan San Francisco. San Francisco has many admirers and

but few haters, writes Edward Roberts in the New York Post. In some respects it is the most interesting city in America to visit, whatever it may be to live in. The interesting features are varied and many, and all visitors are impressed with the unlikeness of the place to any other American city. Every nationality seems to be represented: China in one quarter, Italy in another, Germany here, France there. You can dine in the restaurant of any country as inclination prompts, served by an almond-eyed Celestial or by a courteous Frenchman; and if tired of wandering in quarters that apparently are not in America at all, you have but to turn the corner and walk a block to find everything as American as heart could wish. I think, and indeed know, that I should never enjoy living in San Francisco, and I am equally sure that my visits to it will never be otherwise than agreeable. The city, like Paris, for instance, has a liveliness and buoyancy that quickens one's sense of enjoyment; and then, too, the climate is invigorating, and one sees more flowers sold on the street corners than he has been accustomed to in our staid old Eastern cities, that would be shocked, I fear, if they had to countenance all the gayeties of San Francisco. It is far from being an eminently proper place, this city of which I write. Many of its people go to church, but as many more do not, and the places of amusement have the most liberal patronage. There are vast numbers of underground concert and beer saloons, where the air is hot and foul, and from which one hears boisterous music and shouts of noisy applause. Such places are called "dives;" and their presence gives to San Francisco many of the characteristics of mining towns in Colorado. The theatres of the city, are as a rule, dingy in appearance and unattractive, the only exceptions being the Baldwin and the Alcazar, two playhouses where one feels at home and is able to enjoy much comfort. But the plays presented at all the theatres are equal to those given in the East. Specifications Necessary.

"Look out!" exclaimed a man over whose face a parber was moving his razor; you are cutting off my mustache." "You didn't tell me not to cut it," the barber replied. "With me a man must always specify. "All right," said the customer. When the barber had finished the man arese from the chair, approached the ar-tist and gave him a violent kick. "Look out! you are kicking me howled the "You didn't tell me not to kick you. With me a man must always specify," said the customer."