

The Forest Republican.

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\$1.50 PER ANNUM

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month.....	10.00
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Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.
Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.
Job work—cash on delivery.

It is stated by competent authority on railroad building that for nine months of this year 21,300 miles of road have been contracted for. Kansas leads with 3,000 miles.

Many dwellers on the Pacific coast are asking that a bounty be put on seals because they are so terribly destructive to salmon. They rob many of the nets of every fish, killing them in mere wantonness.

The habit of tea-drinking must be growing on the English people. During the last fiscal year the receipts from taxes on tea greatly increased, while the tax on alcoholic liquors fell off \$950,000, and on wine \$465,000.

Governor Adams of Colorado has issued a quarantine proclamation against the importation of cattle from Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, West Virginia, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Missouri, Kansas, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia.

The tide of travel across the Atlantic is not, it seems, to set all one way this year, for besides the hordes of hungry foreigners hastening to the New World to pick up dollars, so many Americans are going abroad to scatter them that some of the steamship companies have been forced to suspend the issue of eastward tickets.

Archdeacon Farrar writes from East Africa that the whole district of Magila, with its hundreds of villages and thousands of people, has recently been saved an invasion of small pox, which has prevailed in surrounding districts, by general vaccination. He adds that this has commended medical science to the people, and they come in numbers to be vaccinated.

Work on the buildings of the American Exhibition in London is being pushed with increased energy from day to day. Over 1,000 workmen are now employed on the grounds. The flooring of the main building is being laid now, and is going on day and night. The main bridge which leads from the Wild West Grounds into the main building and crossing the railway tracks has a span of 420 feet.

Postmaster Davis, of the town of Solar, Ill., receives the very moderate salary of ten cents a year. The postmaster at Peck, Ill., got thirty cents last year, while the postmaster at Lear, Ark., got thirty-one cents. It is said that there are more than 16,000 postmasters who receive no more than \$40 a year and 10,000 who receive about \$8 a year. Some of these give space in their own buildings to the offices they preside over and some do not.

Senator Stanford says that wheat is grown for English use in Egypt, in India and in California, three sets of laborers competing for the market; the wages of the Egyptian harvester is one red radish a day, of the Hindoo five cents, and of the Californian workman two dollars. Yet the Californian holds his own in the competition, because he uses machinery in aid of his labor, and can cut, thresh and bag a hundred pounds of wheat at a cost of a cent and a half.

A submarine tunnel is being built under the river at Port Huron to shorten the distance between Detroit and Buffalo or Toronto. The work is now ready for the horizontal excavation, which will be one mile in length, including 2,310 feet in the submarine section. The latter in its lowest part will be 81 feet below the surface of the river, and will have a diameter of 20 feet in the clear. It was at first proposed to construct a two-track tunnel, but careful estimates of the cost were given, showing that the two single-track tunnels could be built cheaper than one double-track tunnel.

Citizens of the United States traveling in foreign countries are often inconvenienced unless authentic proof of their nationality can be given. The safeguard is a passport issued by the State Department at Washington, which may be had on the payment of \$5 (act of June 20, 1874), accompanied by the applicant's affidavit that he is a citizen. The affidavit of another citizen must certify to the same, and these must be attested by a notary public or by a certificate of a court of record. Naturalized citizens must transmit their naturalization certificates with their affidavits. Passports cannot be issued to aliens who have only declared their intention of becoming citizens. The oath of allegiance to the United States will be required in all cases. Communications should be addressed: "Department of State, Passport Division, Washington, D. C."

CAPRICE.

A summer night with perfumed breath
Told love tales to the listening trees,
And hedge-row buds, in guise of death,
Lay dreaming of the lips of bees,
While wheeling, circling, faint and far,
A fire-fly showed its shimmering spark,
And, like an evanescent star,
Painted its life along the dark.
And I, who wandered in the lane,
Grew envious of a thing so free,
And sighed and gazed and sighed again,
And cried: "Kind Heaven, give to me
The fire-fly's liberty."

My love came tripping down the lane;
The boughs bent low to touch her head;
The clover never felt the pain
Of death beneath so light a tread;
And ere I knew, the fire-fly's wings
Were tangled in her burnished hair,
The tremulous, fair glimmerings
Illuminating a face more fair.
Then I, who felt my heart beat wild
The love-light in her eyes to see,
Became capricious as a child,
And prayed: "Sweet Heaven, grant to me
A like captivity."
—Francis Howard Williams, in Current.

ANDRE THERIOT.

BY M. B. WILLIAMS.

It was an old French chateau on the banks of the Loire; and when it was first built, or conquered, by the ancestors of the Comte de Maupassant, no one knew. But the beautiful domain of Beaujolais had descended to the Maupassants, for centuries in one unbroken line.

The present owner, Count Guy, was perhaps the wealthiest and proudest of his race, as he was also the last. His only child, Blanche, a little girl about ten years old, was the sole scion of that once numerous and powerful family, and what affection her father had was lavished upon her. But, like all the Maupassants, he was cold-hearted and haughty, and when his wife, whom he had married from motives of interest, drooped, faded, and died, in the ungenial atmosphere of the old chateau, he gave her scant mourning.

As for the little Countess, she had her governess and her *bonne*, and being extremely wilful, was allowed to do pretty much as she pleased. Her father, who spent the greater part of his time in Paris, was quite content, on his visits to the chateau, to see his beautiful little daughter healthy and happy, and the greatest little despot in the household, which was wholly submissive to her wildest whims.

What a life she led them! She rebelled against the constant watchfulness of governess and maids, and nothing delighted her more than to run away from them, and pass long hours in wandering alone through the deep forest and broad fields of Beaujolais. Her governess, a good, indolent woman, was in utter despair at these escapades.

"But, mademoiselle, I forbid you to go alone!" she cried. "It is not *mon fait* for the Countess de Maupassant to wander about alone, like one of the common peasant children."

"Then I wish I was a common peasant child!" the little lady cried, stamping her feet angrily. "They have got children to play with them, and I've got nobody but you and *Bonne Marie*; and you are old, and you can't jump and run and play. I will go by myself; and if you watch me, or try to follow me, madame, I will go outside the gate and run away to Paris. There now!"

Poor Madame Duloc shook and shivered at this threat. She knew the child would keep her word, and then what would happen? As for punishing her refractory charge as she deserved, that she knew was utterly impossible, and would cost her an easy and lucrative situation. So she weakly strove to compromise.

"If you would only take *Celine*, mademoiselle, then you might stay out as long as you please."

"But I am running away from *Celine* and everybody!" she cried, impatiently. "I hate to be watched, and if you will do it, I will run away. I will go where I choose."

Poor Madame Duloc raised her hands and eyes in despair, but before this "will go" she knew she was powerless. She did what she could; she exacted a promise from Blanche that she would never go beyond the park gates. Wilful and ungovernable as the little Countess was, she had never broken her word, so Madame Duloc was forced to yield the point. She would climb laboriously to the high tower, and watch the child through the fields, and until she was lost in the recesses of the forest. But after a time, when Blanche came in regularly, glowing with health and ready to study more sedulously than she had ever done, she ceased her espionage.

The lonely little girl found her life full of interest now. She made friends with the birds and squirrels, and all wild things of the field and forest. She was a warm-hearted, loving little creature, though her best impulses had been repressed by her artificial life, and it was her greatest pleasure to stop and chat with old Theriot, the gardener, and his assistants, who were always busy about the grounds.

One beautiful spring morning, in her wanderings through the spacious gardens, Blanche came to an arch twined with the fragrant *Proveuse* rose, then in full bloom. They were high above her reach, nor was there a foothold on the arch where she could climb. She looked around. No one was in sight but a tall lad, who was weeding one of the beds.

"Here, garcon, come and get me some roses."

He came obediently, and gathered her a large cluster.

"You are very tall," she said, "to

reach up there. Where do you live, and how old are you?"

"I am sixteen," he said, "and, mademoiselle, I live here. I am Andre Theriot."

"Ah, you are the gardener Theriot's son. I like him," nodding her head gravely. He is a good man. He lets me pick the nectarines myself. Do you want a rose, Andre?" holding out one, with the air of a young empress. Andre put out his hand for it, when she drew it back with a mischievous laugh.

"Come, now, I'm going to treat you as madame does me, when she gives me bonbons. You must spell 'rose' before you get it."

The lad's handsome face flushed crimson.

"But, mam'selle," he stammered, "I can't spell. I don't know my letters."

"Don't know your letters, you, a big, strong boy of sixteen! Oh, you must be very lazy! Why don't you learn?"

"But, mam'selle, my father is too poor to send me to school. I wish I could learn. Ah, if I could only learn to read, I would be too happy!" clasping his hands, with the big tears in his eyes.

"You shall learn to read, Andre!" pity and sympathy were at work in that warm little heart. "I will teach you myself. Meet me to-morrow morning at the summer-house on the lake. I will bring books, and I will teach you."

"You, mam'selle!" Andre cried, stupefied. If an angel from heaven had offered to teach him, he could not have been more astonished than at this condescension from his beautiful little chateleine.

"And why not? Of course I shall not tell Madame Duloc or anybody, for they would make such a fuss. But be in the summer-house to-morrow."

Of course Andre did not fail to obey. He never dreamed of disputing her orders, and the lad was wild to learn. Blanche was an exacting and impatient little teacher, but Andre was so bright and eager that in five months he had almost reached the limit of Blanche's own small acquirements. She had grown extremely fond of the handsome lad, so ready and willing to amuse her; and as for him, he was her abject slave. All distinctions of rank were forgotten in this pleasant companionship, so soon to cease.

One morning the Count returned unexpectedly from Paris. "Where is Blanche?" he asked Madame Duloc.

"Mademoiselle is out on the grounds," she said, tremulously. "I have sent *Celine* for her."

"Without you, Madame Duloc!" he said, sternly; "do you tell me my daughter is allowed to wander about alone?"

"Ah, but she will let no one follow her!" the poor governess cried, desperately.

"Since you cannot control the Countess, madame, allow me to tell you, your services are no longer needed at Beaujolais." The Count strode off in search of his daughter in a terrible fury. It did not lessen when, after a half-hour's search, she was not to be found. When near the lake, he heard voices and laughter in the little summer-house.

Pushing open the door, he saw a sight which nearly struck him dumb. Side by side on the bench sat the representative of the Maupassants and a peasant boy. They were bending over the same book, and the golden curls of Blanche mingled with the black hair of her companion.

"Blanche!" cried the Count, in a voice of thunder.

The little girl sprang to her feet, turning pale, but she did not tremble.

"What are you doing here with that boy?"

"I am teaching him to read, papa." The little girl's tones did not falter, though she was horribly frightened.

"Teaching him to read!" the Count was so furious that his voice trembled.

"Back with you to the chateau, you wicked child, and I will settle with you later. But you, you base-born, insolent peasant, I will lash you like the hound you are!" He raised his riding-whip, but Blanche seized it, and confronted him with a pale face and flashing eyes.

"You shall not strike him, papa!" she cried. "I made him come. He dared not refuse. If you strike any one, strike me, for I did it."

Andre through his whole life never forgot that picture. The man with his face convulsed with fury, the little girl looking up with her brave eyes, ready and willing to suffer in his stead. After a minute the Count seemed to recover himself.

"Go away from here boy," he cried, "for if ever I meet you again I will cut off your ears and your tongue. You want to learn! Bah!"

This was no idle threat at that time in France. Grand Seigneurs had the liberty of mutilating, or even killing, their vassals at their own free will, and the boy knew that his father's house was no longer safe for him. But his thirst for knowledge, begun by the lessons of his little mistress, led him to a Jesuit college, where his uncle, a priest, was one of the professors. There he remained for six years, while the thunders of a great Revolution were growing in the distance.

When Andre left college, the guillotine had already cut off many of the greatest and noblest names in France. His education and ability and hatred of aristocracy soon secured him a position of confidence with Petion, one of the Revolutionary leaders.

Andre shuddered at the bloodshed and violence which had turned France into a butcher's shambles, but then he dreamed that the outcome would be liberty.

He had heard that the Chateau of Beaujolais had been burned to the ground, and the Count and his daughter had escaped. Where the Count had gone he knew not, and cared less; but he knew that Blanche had been concealed by old Theriot, his father, who had been loyal to his young mistress in her hour of peril. He had never seen her since that

fateful day when they had been surprised by her father, but his gratitude and almost adoration had never lessened. One day, in Petion's office, he overheard a few words which made his heart beat fast.

"So that old satan, De Maupassant, is in the last batch of prisoners? They will all 'kiss the basket' at noon to-day."

"Good!" Petion answered; "has the viper any brood?"

"One daughter, as handsome and insolent as an aristocrat can be. She is in hiding, they say, with one of her old servants; but that bloodhound Caresse goes in search of her to-morrow. He never fails, Caresse does not, and she will be in La Force before twenty-four hours."

As soon as the visitors left, Andre presented himself before Petion.

"General," he said, "I want a pass to absent myself for several days, and to go where I wish. Give me one, too, at the same time, for my sister."

"Aha, Theriot, of course, my boy! Something for the good of the State, *hein?* Good patriot that you are! Describe your sister, and let Nicol there draw up the passes."

I have no space to tell of Andre's journey to Beaujolais, and how, in disguise, Blanche escaped with him to the nearest seaport, where he took passage for her in a vessel bound for America. Andre had a cousin settled on the *Teche* in Louisiana, and it was to these humble folk the Countess de Maupassant was going.

"Farewell, mademoiselle," said the young man, as they stood together on the deck of the vessel. "You have money for your present wants, and I will forward more to you. Perhaps, too, I may come and see you."

Blanche raised her face, streaming with tears.

"Come with me now, Andre!" she cried, in her old impetuous manner. "How can I go alone, alone to a strange land?"

He went. Two years after this the young Countess married the gardener's son, and their union was a happy one. Their descendants are numerous now on the *Teche*, and you can hear this story more graphically told by them than in this short sketch. In their graves the Countess Blanche and her devoted husband lie side by side, on a green knoll near the silver waters of the *Teche*.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Professional Woman Whistler.

The appearance of Mrs. Shaw, the woman whistler, at Mrs. Harriet Webb's benefit in Chickering Hall was the occasion of the introduction of a piece written for her by Miss Laura Collins, a young woman nearing her twentieth year. It was called "The Message of the Nightingale," and was as pretty as its title. It was especially calculated to exhibit the capabilities of Mrs. Shaw and the beauties of her accomplishment. Mrs. Shaw visited friends in Washington recently and accompanied them to a private afternoon reception of Mrs. Cleveland's. It was during the short stay of the President's sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth, at the White House. The latter knew of Mrs. Shaw's musical talent, and when she mentioned it Mrs. Cleveland eagerly requested her to whistle. An hour later the President's wife let her stop, not because she had heard all she wanted to, but to be polite and considerate in not asking too much. Mrs. Shaw will soon visit Washington again, and has several engagements there during the Grand Encampment of the G. A. R. She has engagements as far ahead as in July.

The frantic gesticulations of women who want to stop a street car and their funny little squeals when they do decide to make a noise for the same purpose, are so familiar to drivers and conductors that Mrs. Shaw sometimes astonishes them into a helpless condition of wide-eyed, open-mouthed wonder. Whistling comes so natural to her that she sometimes forgets herself when a car that she wants to take goes rolling by the corner with the driver looking persistently in another direction. Her loud, clear signal brings him around, and after braking up the car as speedily as possible, he looks for the man. The astonishment comes in when he finds that his passenger is not a man, but an elegantly dressed lady, whose face is by this time all straightened out, and whose severe dignity of expression and bearing are utterly inconsistent with anything like a whistle. Mrs. Shaw has indulged in a little freedom with the ancient proverb that slow conservatism might apply to her case, and renders the couplet thus:

Whistling girls and hens that crow,
Will make their way wherever they go.

Mrs. Shaw's claim to position as a musical novelty does not signify that she is the only woman whistler. There are two others, but they are widely different from her in plans and purposes, as well as method. One is Miss Chamberlain, of Boston, and the other is Miss Adelaide Detchon, who is now in London, giving society recitations, and varying the programme with whistling. She will be remembered in New York, where she appeared in comedy on Wallack's and other stages.—*New York Sun*.

General Washington's Politeness.

"Should a white company salute a colored company when passing it on the march?" has been one of the questions propounded by military tacticians recently. This reminds us of an old story. General Washington was walking down Pennsylvania avenue in the city of Washington one day when he was met by a negro, who bowed to him. The General bowed politely in return. "What, Mr. President," said an acquaintance, "do you bow to a negro?" "Sir," replied Washington, "do you think I would allow a negro to outdo me in politeness? And the negroes were then slaves, and Washington owned a good many of them."—*Mobile Register*.

DAMAGE DONE BY BIRDS.

SAVANTS SAY HAWKS AND OWLS DO LITTLE INJURY.

Result of an Interesting Investigation by the Agricultural Department—Making Hawks Useful.

The ornithological division of the Department of Agriculture has been engaged for some time in an investigation of the effect of the law enacted in Pennsylvania in 1885 granting a bounty of 50 cents a head on all hawks, owls, weasels, and minks killed within the limits of the State. This law was enacted for the alleged benefit of the farmers of Pennsylvania, and from the time when it first went into effect until it was repealed a few weeks ago something like \$90,000 had been paid out under it. The investigations of the department show this sum is but a small fraction of the direct and indirect cost of the law of the State. It is found that there are about fifteen species of hawks and owls in the Eastern States. Of these only three varieties ever feed upon poultry. Within the past six weeks the department has examined the contents of the stomachs of ninety birds killed in the neighborhood of Washington. In that of a hawk was found a portion of the head of a domestic fowl, which might have been the "fall" thrown out of some farmer's kitchen. In the stomach of an owl a portion of domestic pigeon was discovered. These two were the only ones among the ninety in which there was any indication of a partiality for poultry on the part of the hawk and owl family. Nearly all of the other stomachs examined contained from one to five field mice, as well as a great many insects which are naturally very destructive to crops.

Upon this showing the department estimates that each hawk and owl is worth \$25,000 per annum to the farmers of the country. The estimate is based upon the assumption that every field mouse not caught will damage crops to the amount of two cents a year. The scientific men of the department, who delight in figures, have come to the conclusion that if every hawk and owl killed under the Pennsylvania county law had been allowed to live, the damage done by them would have amounted, under a very liberal estimate, to about \$1,875 while the law was in operation. On the other side of the account book they charge up the \$90,000 paid by the State in bounties and \$20 as the value of each bird killed, and find that from the passage of the act to the date of its repeal the entire cost was \$3,857,130, besides the damage done in the way of increased production of the vermin, because of the depletion in the ranks of their natural enemies.

While the State of Pennsylvania has been trying to get rid of the hawks the general Government has been busy devising ways to make them more useful. Negotiations have been pending for some time between the chief ornithologist of the Department of Agriculture and a man who has had a great deal of experience as a trainer of falcons in Europe. These negotiations are for the purpose of securing the services of this man to train a number of hawks for use in the rice fields of South Carolina. The planters there are clamoring for some method of ridding their fields of rice birds, which play frightful havoc with their crops every year. It has been found that the presence of a living hawk in the air over a field of rice will cause the immediate departure of every bird in the vicinity. Guns, drums and other implements for creating a great noise are only partially successful. A stuffed hawk will do well enough for a day or two, but the depredators soon learn that there is little to fear from a dead enemy. It is therefore proposed to try the effect of trained birds. It is the purpose of the department to begin with a small number this year, and if the plan proves successful to the rice bird problem, it is likely that every rice planter in the South will be supplied in the near future with a flock of falcons.—*New York Sun*.

Utilizing His Youngsters.

A farmer named August Pirch, who lives near Garvanzo, is the happy possessor of a dozen fine, healthy children. These youngsters grow fast, eat three or four hearty meals a day, and the way they wear out clothes is enough to make a woolen factory think a cyclone had struck it. Mr. Pirch has been in hot water with his little fishes for years, and was about to give up in despair, when a bright idea struck him. He had a tract of land that could not be irrigated for the want of water. But how to irrigate the land without spending a large sum of money was a mystery. A ditch would cost thousands of dollars, but corner lots have not been so plentiful in the Pirch family as the happy father could have wished, and his bankbook simply showed a balance of a few hundreds instead of thousands. He figured on the cost of a well and found that he could stand a sixty-foot well, a cheap pump and one of those great big family swings which are noticed at pleasure-gardens and German picnic grounds. The well was bored the pump was set up, and the swing was put in working order.

"Here, you little rascals," said the older Pirch to his little fishes, "come out here and get in this swing. I'm going to give you something to play with." In five minutes the children were flying back and forth through the air. The pump worked up and down, making a merry tune, and a fourteen-inch stream of water flowed from the well. The children don't know that they are working, as the swing is some distance from the well, and is connected by an iron rod which works the pump as the swing vibrates back and forth. Mr. Pirch is positive that the youngsters will pump enough water during the day to irrigate a large tract of land.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Times*.

LIGHTENING THE BURDEN.

"Let me carry your pail, my dear,
Brimming over with water?"
"No! I'll take hold, and you take hold,"
Answered the farmer's daughter.

And she would have her own sweet way,
As her merry eyes grew brighter;
So she took hold, and he took hold,
And it made the burden lighter.

And every day the oaken pail
Over the well-curb slipping,
Was upward drawn by hands of brawn,
Cool, and so softly dripping.

And every day the burden seemed
Lighter by being divided;
For he took hold, and she took hold,
By the self-same spirit guided.

Till by and by they learned to love
And each trust in the other,
Till she for him, one twilight dim,
Left father and left mother.

The wedding bells were rung at morn,
The bridal blessing given,
And now the pair, without a care,
Entered an earthly heaven.

When storm and sunshine mingled, they
Would seldom trouble borrow,
And when it came, they met the same
With a bright hope of to-morrow.

And now they're at the eve of life,
While the western skies grow brighter,
For she took hold, and he took hold,
And it made the burden lighter.
—M. A. Kidder in Ledger.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

When Sol pours down his genial beams,
The girls are sighing for ice creams.
—Boston Courier.

A party question—"At what time do they serve the spread?"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

A veteran of Reno Post says he was in ten engagements—all Southern girls, too.—*Williamsport Grit*.

Nine-tenths of the blind men in poor-houses are bachelors. They probably lost their sight trying to thread needles.
—*Omaha World*.

After all has been said against the barbed wire fence, the truth remains that it has a great many points in its favor.—*Lovell Citizen*.

Perhaps the place where electric lights are most needed is in a barber's shop. The flow of gas would be diminished at least.—*New Haven News*.

We regret to learn that the Chicago Anarchists have disbanded. We have always thought they should hang together.—*Philadelphia Press*.

A York State man has invented a contrivance to pick apples. If it beats fifty pounds of freckled urchin the superiority of art is established.—*Goodall's Sun*.

"I have a theory about the dead languages," remarked a Brown University Freshman; "I think they were killed by being studied too hard."—*Providence Telegram*.

"Teeth pulled while you wait" is a sign which adorns a dentist's office in New York. The question that perplexes us is how can a man have his teeth pulled if he doesn't wait?—*Burlington Free Press*.

"I see that you can get Government land free in the West," observed the impetuous boarder at the breakfast table. "I think I'll go there and settle." Mrs. Hardtack—"Better settle in New York first."—*New York Sun*.

The farmers, now, think on the days
Of beet, beet, beet,
The tramps now will make a "raise"
Of feet, feet, feet,
Soon will the young and old complain
Of heat, heat, heat,
The boys, who would the pennant gain,
Will meet, meet, meet.

The polo-clubs will look so fine
And neat, neat, neat,
They'll be invited out to dine,
And treat, treat, treat.
The mating bird will sing and flit
So sweet, sweet, sweet,
We'll tell the docters to "git up and git"
And skeet, skeet, skeet.
—*Goodall's Sun*.

Butter and Butterine.

It is not a little funny to walk through our markets nowadays and note the result of the oleomargarine law. You shall find a score of stands selling oleomargarine and butterine, but hardly a single one where butter is offered. There are many tempting signs, such as "Pure Creamery Butter," or "Choice Western Reserve Butter," but underneath either, if you look closely, will be found, in much smaller type, the additional legend: "Now known as oleomargarine or butterine." Little frauds are still perpetrated. There is one girl, for example, who has been selling "pure country butter" for six months—selling it in market on market days, and between times selling it in person at houses on both sides of the river. Her boxes and pails are legally stamped, if you look closely, but her language is free. Every ounce of her wares is butterine. The genuine butter trade has almost disappeared from the markets and gone to the fancy groceries. There the price is from 40 to 50 cents, and it is not by any means certain that you do not buy half oleomargarine or butterine even then.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

How to Stand.

On one of his visits to New Haven to deliver the Yale Lectures, Mr. Beecher went into a barber shop near the chapel to be shaved. The barber, seeing that he was a minister, but not recognizing him as the great Brooklyn preacher, said, "Go in to the lecture?" "Who speaks?" asked Beecher, in Yankee fashion. "Why, Henry Ward Beecher." "Yes, I think I will go." "Have you got a ticket?" the barber went on, "if not, you'll have to stand." "There! there!" said Mr. Beecher. "It seems as if I always did have to stand when I hear that man speak!"