. . . \$1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous summunications.

The total capital invested in 1887 in

the fourteen Southern States is greater by \$97,574,500 than during 1886. Alabama shows the largest increase, with Tennessee second. A movement has been started among

leading business men of Buffalo to raise a fund of \$100,000 which will be offered as a prize for the best invention for utilizing the water-power of Ningara River. Competition will be open to the world.

The English co-operatives have a bank whose transactions amount to \$80,-000,000 a year. They have 1,400 stores and do a business of \$150,000,000 a year. Their 900,000 members receive an annual profit of \$15,000,000. Their profits during the past twenty-four years have been \$50,000,000.

There is a growing belief among civil engineers of note, who look after the buidges on the railroads of this country, that wherever it is practicable stone bridges should be built and iron and wooden structures dispensed with, and that a heavy rail should be placed in the track wherever the heavy locomotive is put in service.

The London Times announces that photography in colors is now an accomplished fact; that after three years of study, experiment and chemical research. a Mr. Mayal, of New Bond street, has produced several colored photographic portraits without the aid of hand-work or brush, which possess the brilliancy and delicacy of highly finished miniatures in

Speaking of the changes in the climate of Nevada, the Virginia City Enterprise says; "About 3,000 head of sheep are now finding abundant pasturage in the vicinity of this city, where twenty years ago a whippoorwill could not fly over the country without carrying a sack of provision. Gradually the summer season has changed. We now have seasonable showers and grass where but two decades ago all was drought and barreness,"

From 1881 to 1885, inclusive, 148 persons were sentenced to death in France. Of this number only seven were women, and seventeen were between the ages of sixteen and twenty. That crime is not altogether rampant in and confined to the urban population is shown by the fact that of these 148 capital criminals seventy were agricultural laborers. Among the remaining number were forty-eight workmen, fifteen commercial employes, eight servants, one notary and one private gentleman, and 113 could read and write.

Alaska is full of wonders, the half of which have not been brought to light, peculiar in design-so chaste and deli-A great lake has been found at the source of the Korvak River, which is so deep that no fathom line has been found long tives are strong and hardy, about the size of white men, with small black eyes, high foreheads, small and flat noses, fine teeth and coarse, black hair. They are of a bright branette color. Their dress is made from the skin of the reindeer and other animals. They live in huts partially underground.

A man near London recently made a bet that he could kill, clean, cook and eat a spring chicken in fifteen minutes, Preparatory to the contest he secured the chiekm and provided himself with a pot of boiling water, a bucket of cold water. a hot skillet and a hot flat-iron. When time was called he jerked the chicken's head off, doused it in a pot of boiling water, slipped the feathers off, cleaned it and then laid the fry flat in the pan, with the flat-iron on top to cook the upper side. At the close of eleven and a half minutes he had the chicken bones beautifully polished.

It seems to be a pretty general impression that, in the next war in Europe, dynamite, melanite and other destructive chemical compounds will play an Important part in battles and mining and defensive operations. But the frequent accidents attending the handling of these explosives suggest that they may be more destructive to those who use them than ! to an enemy. A few days ago a dynamite cartridge exploded among a party of sappers and miners at a town in Hungary and killed twenty-seven men and wounded forty-eight others. The danger of such accidents as this will make soldiers timid in handling the new agents and may force them to be abandoned.

The original of a long-lost letter, wholly written by Gen, Washington, has recently been found while searching for other documents in the State Paper Department of the Newport (R. I.) City Hall. It was written in acknowledgment of an address from the citizens of Newport, where he arrived for the second and last time in 1790, a year after his inauguration as President. The document is of considerable historic value, and of great local interest, more particuwritten on both sides of two quarto pages of the large letter paper of the period, being altogether in the distinct and readable chirography of the Presi-

# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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THE EAGLE'S SHADOW,

A giant engle, soaring up on high, With wings entspread beneath the sun, looks down Where, a mere speck below, a mighty town

Lifts towers and battlements into the sky; And, in his foolish pride he dares to cry-"Let me but hover 'twixt the sun's bright

And youder hive of men, and lo! a frown Of shadowy darkness on its streets will lie. So often man, in intellectual pride, Will stand between the sun of God's great

And God's created, deeming he can hide From fellow-man the glad rays from above! Vain, vain his pigmy efforts to make night:

-George Wetherly, in the Quiver

## A SET OF SAPPHIRES.

BY OLIVE BELL. "John"—pretty Mrs. Cecil Morgan stood beside her husband's chair with a

strange hesitancy of look and manner-'could you let me have a little money?' John Morgan, head book-keeper in the commission-house of Macray & Co., laid down his morning paper with a stifled sigh. He looked up kindly into the fair, rose-tinted face of his young wife, whose sapph re blue eyes were bent on his face expectantly. He did not reply for a moment, but drew her down on his lap, and stroked the curly golden hair with his slim, white fingers. She was a lovely, loving, but thoughtless little she was his wife, and he loved her devotedly-but sometimes, not often, her vanities jarred on his finer sensibili-ties; for Cecil Morgan was not the woman to meet the wants of a grave, intellectual man like her husband, whose worth, honesty and nobility of thought was sim-ply incomprehensible to her tender, but hallow nature.

"So, you want a little money. How

He smiled as the dimples came and cent in the smooth pink cheeks, "Oh, ever so much, John."

Cecil's spirits rose as she caressed her weled fingers, and she laughed in a

childish fashion.
"Well, out with it. How much? Tell me"-as she hesitated. "I must hurry down town, as we are unusually busy

"You are always that when I want anything," pouted Cecil.
"Business is business," he said, rather impatiently. "Tell me what you want,

sapphires in Raby & Co.'s window--"
Mrs. Morgan paused, and her spirits fell for John's face grew suddenly "they are just perfect, and would suit my style-match my eyes, you know-and they are only two hundred dollars. I want them to wear with my white moire at Mrs. Cassel's reception. "Indeed!" was John's comment, as he oughed slightly, and deliberately seated

his wife on an ottoman at his side. "Cecil"—he rose slowly to his feet—"I am sorry to refuse you, but I cannot spare that amount of money at present."

"But they are just lovely, John," persisted Mrs. Morgan, with hightened color, "and so unique! The settings are cate, and they are so cheap. Only two he said kindly: "it may turn up in the hundred for the complete set!" he said kindly: "it may turn up in the hundred for the complete set!" scarcely allowed to go near it, lest they

John Morgan looked as if he was about to tell some very unwholesome enough to reach the bottom. The na- truths-"what would my employers think of my wife wearing a two hundred dollar set of jewelry? Some of your evening dresses have already excited comment; but no one knew I had walked to and from the office, denied myself eigars, and even the daily papers, to pay for your extravagance."

"My extravagance!" cried Mrs. Morwith a subdued wail, as she put her handkerchief to her eyes and burst into childish tears—a weak woman's best defense. "That's always the cry-my ex-

"No, Cecil," he said sadly, as he laid his hand on the golden head, "you can-not say that I often reproach you with extravagance. But I am tired of living on fare only fit for a hermit, and the everlasting pinching in everything but dress. You do not need this jewelry, and it would not be advisable to wear it, if you had it; for men with only moderate salaries, must put up with moderate luxuries. I will deny you nothing in reason, but you cannot have those sapphires."

There was a ring of unmistakable de-cision in his voice. He slowly drew on his overcoat and gloves, evidently ex-pecting some reply from his wife. But look up, as he stooped to kiss her.

"Don't let us quarrel over such baubles, Cecil," he said gently, as he stroked the silken hair. "Life is too short to be wasted in foolish bicker-

Then the door closed on him, and Mrs.

Morgan burst into a passion of angry tears, for she had set her frivolous heart on the sapphires, and it was not often she did not obtain her heart's desire. She was a blonde, of the most attractive type -very lovely, with a flower-like face, and a graceful figure that she loved to array in costly raiment. Her husband's forced economy was often a sore trial to her, and was the cause of many annoving differences. Had she possessed one atom of financial judgment she would have seen that their band's salary to the utmost. But she had been a spoiled and petted child, educated under fashionable influences, and when, by one of those strange freaks John Morgan-grave, matterof-fact John-proposed, Cecil, after the manner of too many of her sex, married him, with the expectation that her married life would be one long dream of satisfied wants; for John was a rising man, and expected a partnership in the firm. But his wife's evident love of disweakened his chances of promotion,

'I never wanted anything so bad in and of great local interest, more particularly as it has hitherto escaped the notice any life," she murmured, as she dried her cyes and looked around the cosy breakof the biographers of Washington. It is blooming plants in the bay window, "and I think John might let me have them.

and Cecil secretly fretted over the self-

them, somehow, for they would contrast a moment, John. To-day is my daughter A MILE IN ONE MINUTE.

She rose up with a languid yawn, and "Bless me," she exclaimed, smiles dimpling her rosy checks, "what a lucky find! I wonder what's in it?" She smilingly unclasped it, and a roll of bank notes fell out, which she counted

with swift precision. "Two hundred exactly," she ejacula-

that set of sapphires!"
She laughed gleefully as she waltzed The sun still shines and fills the world with out of the room to dress, for she impulbefore John would miss the money. De-light lent haste to her nimble fingers, and before many minutes she was on the street looking so bright and fresh in her walking suit of Quaker drab that many an admiring eye followed the graceful

> Poor, heedless Cecil never thought of the consequences of her foolish act, although she expected John would rebuke her severely for spending the money; but she trusted to his leniency and her own powers of persuasion to soften his wrath. He had never, as he said, refused her anything in reason, and if this was an apparently useless purchase, she could easily turn the jewels into money, if the rainy day John was always predicting ever arrived.

> On her return from Raby & Co.'s with the jewel casket safely stowed away in her pocket, she was brought to a sudden standstill by meeting her hus-band coming out of the dining-room with a perturbed and auxious countenance. Her face flushed guiltily, for she knew, or imagined she did, the cause of

> "Cecil," he said hurriedly, "I have lost my pocket-book. Did you find it?"
> "Lost your pocket-book?" echoed Mrs. Morgan, feigning great surprise and evading his question—not that she meant to deny finding it, but the confession required more moral courage than she could uster at present.

> 'Yes, lost my pocket-book," repeated Morgan in a troubled voice; "and the money in it belonged to the firm." Mrs. Morgan's heart stood still with onsternation, and she grew white to the

> "John," she gasped, as if something was choking her, "tell me - how it was!"
> "It was this way. Macray gave me two hundred dollars as I was leaving the office yesterday evening to pay a bill we owed Henby & Sons. But they were closed when I reached their office, and I brought the money home with me, intending to pay it as I went down town this morning; but owing to a death in the family the store was still closed, and I never knew I had lost the money until I had reached

not in the house?" "1—1 am sure I don't know," stam-mered Cecil, too overwhelmed with fear and mortification to think rationally.

Not John's money! She felt dazed and crushed, and totally unable to con-

in mute terror, to his regrets, when the pocketbook could not be found. intarily her hand went down into the e jewel case in her cold fingers a deadly dignation would be deep, although not loudly expressed, for dishonesty of any kind was contemptible in his eyes. Would be excuse it in his wife? Ah, no! and as the sinful aspect of the affair presented itself to her mind, her shame ngitation increased, and she found it

still more difficult to confess her error. "It's strange," commented Mr. Mor-gan, musingly, as after thoroughly searching the rooms, they paused in the hall, "I must have dropped it in the house, and it cannot be found. Or, could any one have picked my pocket, Cecil? A startled expression came into his eyes, and he hastily examined the inside pocket

of his overcost. he said, with a light laugh, "no one could pick that pocket without my knowledge. It must have fallen He looked keenly-without any suspicion of the truth, however-at the lovely, downcast face of his wife, "Cheer up, little wife," he said, with affected gayety. "I must go back to the office; but you keep a sharp lookout for It may have got knocked inthe money. to some dark corner.

"Macray does. I told him before I left

And John Morgan shut the door with a bang, an unusual roughness for him, leaving his wife standing in the dim light, as if stricken dumb,

5 5 X 8 8 The large, roomy office in the commission house of Macray & Co. was a blaze of golden spring sunshine, as John Morgan, flushed with his walk through the crisp morning air, entered it, after his fruitless search. His face wore a troubled fruitless search. expression as he went up to Mr. Macray, a white-haired, benevolent man.
"I have scarched the house effectually

or that pocketbook, and-"You did not find it, John?" quickly interrupted Mr. Macray, with a curious

"No, sir. I did not; and I cannot ac-

"John"--Mr. Macray laid his morning paper across his knees, removed his gold -glasses and looked up into the denial and economy her circumstances of his faithful book-keeper—'I would forced her to endure. But did you ask your wife about it?"

"I did. 'And she denied all knowledge of it?" "She did not find it"-John Morgan looked more troubled than ever-"and we went over the house together."

"Ah!" Mr. Macray's fine old face That hateful Mrs. Payn will be sure to be out in something odd in jewels. If I as if fearful of being overheard by the could only eclipse her! I must have clerks in the outer office. "Listen to me

beautifully with the snowy whiteness of Sibyl's twentieth birthday, and I went my dress,"

Sibyl's twentieth birthday, and I went down to Raby & Co.'s to buy her a set of sapphires that have been on exhibition in stepping toward the window, trampled on some flat substance. She stooped down and picked up John's pocketbook!

"Bless me," she exclaimed, smiles
"Bless me," she exclaimed, smiles old to Mrs. Morgan, the wife of my book-keeper, but a few moments before."
"Cecil?"—John Morgan grasped the mil

of the desk for support-"my wife! Where did she get the money?"
"That is just the question I want you ted. "And John said he could not spare to answer—where did she get it?" said the money. Well, what belongs to my husband belongs to me, and I will have bling face of the younger man. "I asked the clerk if they were paid for. Yes, he replied, in full; and he opened the safe, and showed me a roll of bank sively determined to secure the sapphires | notes; and John, much as I regret to say it, it was the identical roll I gave you last evening to pay that bill at Henby & Sons, Now did your wife find the pocket-book; or, was it ever lost, John!

John Morgan dropped to the floor like one stricken a heavy blow; and a slight stream of blood issued from his pallid lips. Mr. Macray hastily telephoned for a physician, and Mrs. Morgan. "Don't be alarmed," John said, faintly. "I be alarmed," John said, faintly. "I have not been strong lately, and the shock was too much for me. Oh, Cecil,

Half an hour later Mrs. Morgan entered the office with a white, scared face. Her eyes were blinded by tears, and Mr. Macray, and the physician were un-noticed as she hurried to her husband's

"John," she cried, in great distress, don't let the loss of that money kill you. For I found it, and spent it—I didn't know it belonged to the firm-for that set of sapphires.' She threw the casket into his lap, and

John laid his head against the carved back of his chair, his face slowly reddening with shame. 'Speak to me, John," she sobbed hys-

terically, "I'll never be so wicked again, never spend a dollar without your con-Mr. Macray stepped forward, and laid

his hand on her arm.
"Don't agitate your husband, Mrs. Morgan; he is faint yet. Settle this mat-

ter in the future." But Cecil, in deep humility, went down on her knees, and laid her face on her husband's breast, breathing words of contrition, that softened and revived the grieved heart.

Mr. Macray, with a gentleness she could not repel, explained the sin of overreaching her husband's salary, and the folly of useless display; ending the matter by taking the set of sapphires, and promising to keep the whole transaction a secret.

And John Morgan in the peaceful

years that followed, often blessed the day he lost his employer's money; for it transformed Cecil into a marvel of prudence. And Cecil-well-Cecil never our own office. Cecil, are you sure it's saw a sapphire, without a sudden sensation of horror.

Bringing Up Children Rationally,

It is as natural to a child to be happy, as it is to a fish to swim. But for thi they need a certain amount of 'letting fess her folly. She dropped into a hall chair, looking so weak and ill that John forgot his own trouble in anxiety for Cecil.

"It is a great mistake for parents to hamper their children with foolish restrictions. We pity the little B's, our next-door neighbor's children, from the "You must not be so frightened, wife," bottom of our heart. There is a picket Come, help me to search for it." scarcely allowed to go near it, lest they rose up mechanically, and fol-should climb and hurt themselves. They lowed him from room to room, listening cannot climb a tree for the same reason They may not skate or swim, or have a The consequence of this training is that their parents have made cowards pocket of her dress, and as she clutched of them all, with the exception of little Bessie, who is the most daring little mis faintness almost overcame her, for, try as chief that ever wore a sun bonnet, and she would, she could not draw it forth, she has learned to be deccitful and plays or force her lips to confess what to her all her mad pranks well out of sight of awakened conscience seemed nothing less her parents' eyes. We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad a hundred feet below. The railing was not a foot wide, and she triumphantly told us that she had walked it while the train was passing under. It was enough to make one shudder.

Don't fancy your boy is made of glass Grant a reasonable request, and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good. Between the Jellybys and the Gradgrinds of life children have a hard time of it. The youngest child needs some sort of agreeable occupation, and a certain amount of physical free There is nothing more painful to young people than to feel that life is one dull routine, and that "nothing ever ens," as we once heard a disce late lad remark. - American Agriculturist.

To Quench Thirst.

A North Side physician states that ice water does not quench thirst but insaid he, "which, I think, might do much good if published during this hot weather that I heard from an old sailor. He said that he and six shipwrecked companions "Does-does-" stammered Cecil, hot lived four days on three pints of water with feverish anxiety; "does the firm and were not a bit thirsty. When asked him to explain, he said that instead of gulping the water down, they each took a teaspoonful and gurgled it well in their mouths. If any one will try the experiment, no matter how thirsty he is, thoroughly rinsing his mouth with not over a tablespoon of water, he will find that it will quench his thirst as effectually as a quart of water hastily swallowed, and will not hurt him any. I believe that fully one-third of the deaths during the heated season are, if the truth were known, directly or indirectly due to heavy drinking of ice water,"-Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

How to Stop Coughing.

In a lecture once delivered by the cele brated Dr. Brown-Sequard he gave the following directions which may prove ser-viceable to persons troubled with a nervous cough: "Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lips in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped by the same mechanism. Pressing also in the neighborhood of the ear may stop coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth inside is also a means of stopping coughing. And I may say the will has immense power, too. There was a French surgeon who used to say, whenever he entered the wards of th hospital: 'The first patient who coughs will be deprived of food to-day.' It was

THE FEARFUL RIDE OF A MINER DOWN A LOG CHUTE.

He Sticks to His Horse and Shoots Like Lightning Down the Mountain Side for Two Miles.

"I have made a mile a minute on horse back in the saddle."

As a grizzled stranger with a quartzite pin made this remark a silence fell upon the little group of turfmen who sat in the corridor of the Windsor Hotel, at Denver, the other evening, says the Chicago Herald. The group drew closer,

and the stranger began:
"I was riding a tough little bronco on my way to Leadville from a claim I owned on the other side of the divide, on the slope of what is called Gold Mountain. I pushed rapidly ahead to-ward the pass. The road beyond the pass led down a long, straight incline for about a quarter of a mile. This took it to the fringes of pine timber, and then it made a detour of nearly two miles to get around a spur of the range. Sud-denly my horse staggered, stumbled, plunged a little, and then came down with a crash, first on his fore legs, and then flat on his belly, his head down hill. I can't readily describe it, but he fell in such a way that my right leg, without being crushed or even much bruised, was twisted in the stirrup strap and got fast.

"Right here let me stop to explain a little circumstance that will enable you to understand the situation. Down in the valley, at the base of Gold Mountain, was a saw-mill, and extending up from its yard almost to timber line was what is called a log chute. This is simply a V shaped trough, large enough to hold a good-sized pine trunk, and built solidly against the face of the mountain. ourse, it has to be straight, or nearly so, to permit the logs to slide down without obstruction, and use soon makes the inside as smooth as glass.

Such a contrivance saves a great deal of hauling, for as the trees are cut they are dragged over and dumped into the trough, and go down to the yard like a streak of lightning. It had not been used for about a year, and pine needles, boughs, and other rubbish had in places almost hidden it from sight. I was well enough acquainted with the mountains to know, the instant my bronco fell, that he had walked into the old log chute.

"It takes a moment for the coolest head to clear itself in times of unlookedfor peril, and long before that moment had elapsed the branco and I were on our way to the valley, going faster at every breath, nothing to stop us, death ahead, and the devil's own railroad underneath. I was sitting almost creet in the saddle. The leather flaps had twisted around and kept my legs from rubbing against the side of the trough, but held me like bands of iron. Even had they not, jump-ing off would have been out of the question. I have never been on a toboggan, but I think that people who have will understand why I bent all my energies to holding on. I did not faint and did not get dizzy; there was a hideous roaring in my ears, furious wind seemed to all of a sudden tear up the mountain and suck the breath out of my mouth, but

everything was deadly clear and distinct.
"I could see black specks grow suddenly into big pines and then shoot past I could even see the snow caught in the needles as they came whizzing ing, I could see the valley, in a flash, and over it all was a sickening feeling. as though the mountain was sinking away from me and I was plunging out into immeasurable space. this that even now, standing on the solid marble floor, I can recall the qualm and nausca as all support seemed to give away, the earth tip up and let me fall, fall, fall—it felt as if forever. A mass of rock as large as this hotel was beneath As I looked it seemed to leap into the air like a bslloon. line of forest below. I shot through it as through a tunnel, and out into the light again. I tried to shut my eyes. It was impossible. to scream. The air had turned to stone 'The trees and rocks were indis tinguishable, when all of a sudden a

black mass flew up into my face. I felt that I was being beaten, bruised and hurled over, and then every thing was still again.

myself. I was lying in a snowdrift, rub bing at my head and moaning. After a long time I crawled a little way and then fell down and cried for my very helpless I must have been a little flightly. and heaven knows how I found my way to Lacy's mill, a quarter of a mile beyond but I did some how, and they carried me in and sent for help. You see, the old timber chute had fallen into decay, and some distance above the yard broken place and that saved my life When we reached it the dead bronce jumped the trough and the two of us went sailing and turning and cavorting over a field of fresh snow until we stuck into a drift about five hundred yards

"The bronco had the worst of it ever there, for he kept on going until he struck solid earth. I broke three riband this arm in so many different place that the doctor wanted to cut it off and be done with it. What puzzled the mill men most was that my legs escaped, but the saddle flaps were worn to fringe and that explains it. From the point two miles, and the old hands there said logs used to make it in less than two back myself against any log that ever made the trip."

### Bull-Frogs Fond of Turkey.

Lewis P. Hathaway, while fishing at Clear Creek some time since, captured six or seven large bull-frogs, which he brought home and placed in a pond. Mr. Hathaway has a turkey with a dozer young ones. Some of the latter, it ap pears, have been disappearing mysteri-ously. The other morning Mr. Hath-away was watering his horses at the he heard the mother turkey making a racket at something in the creek. investigation Mr. Hathaway saw a mon ster ball-frog in the water with a young turkey in its mouth, endesvoring to swallow the young fowl, which had at-tained the age of three weeks.—St. Louis

#### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Spinach.

The New York Post tells how they cook spinach in France: After being washed several waters and carefully looked over, put a quarter of a sieve to a gallon of water and three ounces of salt; boil for ten minutes till tender, drain on sieve, press a little with the hands to extract eart of the water; chop it fine, put it in a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper; place over the fire for a few minutes, adding a few drops of hot broth with gravy; proceed as above with the addition of a tablespoonful of flour and half a pint of strong gravy; again proceed as above, and adding half a pint of cream instead of gravy, also a tablespoonful of sugar: lay three or four slices of bread on the dish, sift the sugar over, put it in the oven, salamander i over, cut in various shapes, and serve under and over the spinach; a little variety can be made by surrounding the vegetable with small diamonds of bread fried

Drinks for the Sick. ORANGE WHEY-The juice of one orange to one pint of sweet milk. Heat

slowly until curds from strain, and cool. Eog LEMONADE-White of one egg, one tablespoon pulverized sugar, juice of one lemon, one goblet water. Beat

SAGO MILK-Three tablespoons sage sosked in a cup of cold water one hour; add three cups boiling milk; sweeten and flavor to taste. Simmer slowly a half hour. Eat warm.

BAKED MILK—Put a half gallon of milk in a jar, and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream, and is very nutritious.

PUNCH WITHOUT LIQUOR-Take the juice of six oranges and six lemons, add-ing sugar to suit the taste. Put to this a quantity of pounded ice and some sliced pine apple, pouring over it two quarts of water. This is an agreeable ummer beverage for anybody, sick or

Useful Hints.

Do not put salt into soup until you have done skimming it, as salt will stop the rising of the scum.

New milk, boiling hot, will take out most fruit stains. Dip the articles five or six times in hot milk. Ammonia and whiting will clean nickel

plating nicely. Make into a paste and apply; then rub until bright with another Butter should not be added to soup and sauces until after they are taken from

the fire, as boiling makes it taste strong Much of the ordinary bother of washing lamp chimneys on the inside can be saved by using a stick with a sponge tied

After having your hands in soapy water, wet them in vinegar and spirits of camphor; it kills the alkali and keeps your hands soft.

Saturate the edges of carpets with strong solution of alum water to destroy moths: if an unpainted floor, wash the floor with it before putting down the carpet. Do the same to shelves where black ants appear.

Oil stains on carpets, if action is taken at once upon the oil being spilled, may be removed by scattering corn meal upon them. Also the application of a hot iron through a heavy sheet of blotting paper will have a like effect. Grass stains are troublesome to re

move, but soft soap and soda is usually After having wet the stained parts, rub in the soap and as much bak ng soda as will adhere; let this stand half an hour and wash in the usual man ner. Whiting is also used with soft soap for the same purpose.

To keep hinges in order, big or little, and prevent the disagreeable creaking, don't oil them. The oil is apt to soil the hands, the garments and the carpet, and the remedy is sometimes "worse than the Rub the hinge that creaks or the latch that will not slide with a soft lead pencil. The application works like

### Sparrows For Food,

Sparrows are being properly appre-ciated. Hundreds of them are now caught by enterprising people for sale to certain restaurants where reed birds are in de A German woman on avenue has three traps set every day, and he catches probably seventy-five a week They are cooked and served to her boarders the same as reed birds and are declared quite as great a delicacy. German woman bastes them, leaving th little wooden skewer in the bird served. They are cooked with a bit of bacon. She tempts them with oats, and boiled oaten meal. She sprinkles oaten meal in the back yard also, and thereby fattens the free birds. The females are the choice meat. The males can be told by the circle of white feathers at the neck. The females are as plain as Quakcresses. So soon as it becomes generally known that the sparrow is a table bird their number will rapidly grow less. don't like to experiment, but when it is discovered that the sparrow has been declared good by those upon whom they have been tried no boarding house meal will be deemed in good form unless a dish of fat sparrows adorns it Sparrow pie is a delicacy fit to set before a King. - New York Times.

#### Crow Conventions. In the northern parts of Scotland and

n the Faroe Islands, extraordinary meetings of crows are occasionally known to occur. They collect in great numbers as if they had been all summoned for the occasion; a few of the flock sit with drooping heads, and others seem as grave as judges, while others again are exceed ingly active and noisy; in the course of about an hour they disperse, and it is no uncommon, after they have flown away o find one or two left dead on the spot. These meetings will sometimes continue for a day or two before the object, what ever it may be, is completed. Crows con tique to arrive from all quarters during the session. As soon as they have all ar rived a very general noise ensues, and shortly after the whole fall upon one or two individuals and put them to death; when this execution has been performed they quietly disperse.

NEVER ALONE

Job work-cash on dallyars

Marriage and death notices gratis.

Never alone. The power that life creates Ever supports. With hand supreme it

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one Inch, one Invertion...... \$ 1 00

One Square, one Inch, one month...... \$ 0

One Square, one Inch, one year ..... 20 60

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Weaves all the pleasure that through future waite.

All the tumult that through life's passion Through pearly gates an unbounded vision

Ever watches the many stees we take: ees, and guides, to the fields Elysian, Where the veil is raised, where new scene

awake. Full oft I dream, in wonder and in dread, Of links that hind us to the source of life, The many labyrinthine ways we tread

Amid the toilings of our daily strife. There is a link-ah, yes! the chains that hold The first great cause, to the present given With love infinite, and refined, as gold, Connecting the surrounding life we live in. Boundless its power, in life's every throe

Perfect connection, though unseen the tie,

The grosser elements, that around us flow,

Veil the infinite from the finite eye;

Yet the chain is perfect, that the makes Tenderly it clasps the sentient mind, Softly as wreaths of flowers it enfolds, Yet firmly its links our beings bind.

#### -A. Sanders Platt in Current. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It's great fun to see a young woman play the piano and fight flies at the same time. -Burlington Free Press.

An advertisement reads: "Wanted-A nurse to mind children." It was probably inserted by the children.— Waterbury American.

"Have you heard 'Sing to Me Only Once Again?" she asked sweetly, "No, but I shall be delighted," he said, with unnecessary fervor.—Detroit Free Press. The horseshoers are now said to be

ontemplating a strike. It has been un derstood for some time that they had something on foot .- Philadelphia North In Washington Territory there is a

ranch where they shear 2,380 sheep in one day. This threatens to rival the business done in Wali street.-Rochester Post-Express. Now that a Chinaman has been arrested as a tramp, there is no possible surprise for the public except to hear that an

Apache Indian has started a laundry,-Philadelphia Press. Pueblo Barber (pausing a moment in his reckless pursuit)—Were you going to say something, sir? \*Customer (faintly) —Y-y-yes; I w-want to ask you w-where

you b-bury your dead .- Denver News.

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Which hung in the middle of her forehead;
When the weather was cool
It crimped according to rule,
When the weather was hot it looked borrid. Compassionate Clara-Isn't it sadi Poor Mr. Littlewit has gone out of his Satirical Sallie

stayed there as long as he has. Awfully cramped quarters, you know.—Chicage No man knows how much he really oves a woman until she has presented him with the worked canvas for the sides of a natty traveling bag, and he hapaid \$7-or \$8 for having it made up

-Lowell Citizen. "Old Tubal Cain was a man of might days when the earth was new but the man of mite now-a-days is the fellow who puts a three-cent piece in the

contribution box and tries to make it ou to be a dime. - St. Louis Magazine. A fellow who's bred is the bay May never be a bread onace; May never be a peacemaker. A Shaker who works making dies, May never be a dice shaker;

# A Quaker who, on the earth, lies May never be an earthquaker. —Goodall's Sun.

Beacons and Fire Signals. The method of communicating inteligence to distant places by means of fires kindled on watch-towers and far-seen mountain heights has been in use from very early times. Most countries appear to have adopted this mode of conveying information. It is said that in ancient Persia the arrangements for fire signaling were so complete that within the space of a single day the king could receive notice of danger or disturbance in any part of his dominions. In the Old Testa Scriptures-Jeremiah, vi., 1-the prophet, addressing himself to the children of Benjamin, says: "Set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem, for evil appeareth out of the north and great destruction." Notice giving fires are mentioned in the writings

of Pliny and Thucydides.

Although the use of beacons is of great antiquity, in England, until the reign of Edward III, they were but stacks of wood set up on promontories and high places, and fired when the coming of enemies was descried; but in his reign pitch began to be used instead of wood. By using this combustible it was easier to control the flame so as to give forth a full blaze at night, and by covering the pitch boxes cause them to emit dense masses of smoke through ut the whole of the day. These beacon had watches regularly kept at them, and norsemen stationed to give notice when the fire could not be seen during the They were kept up by a rate The money due or payable for the main-tenance of the beacons was called Beconagium. When the Armada was expected they were carefully organized and have not been needed, science having given us a swifter and more effective essage bearer in the electric telegraph. In 1855 the Worcestershire beacon on Malvern Mill was set ablaze in comm ration of the close of the Crimeau War.

—Leals (England) Mercury.

#### A Setting Hen.

The following is from a poultry publi-tion: "Ever hear about our little red Well, sir, she was on the set for Couldr's keep her off. Old door soda bottles, lamp chimneys, match safes, anything was good enough for her. Finally I put her on three mud turtles, and I hope to die if she didn't match out allligators! One of 'em cat was the hen settin' on his back teeth, and they'd swelled up so they'd choked him to tleath.