

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence collected from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

A writer in Harper's Magazine informs us that in Chili there are no stoves or fireplaces, and that millionaires sit around in cold palaces with their wraps on. No wonder that country is called Chili.

There is a typographical error in spelling the word "trust" on the back of the new \$5 silver certificates. There is an "a" for a "u," making it "trast." You will find it just over the letter "t" in the word "States."

The New York Graphic informs us that Jesus Waldonado, a ranchman, is dead at Vera Cruz, Mexico, at the undoubted age of 153 years. Among the pall-bearers at his funeral were three sons, aged 140, 120 and 100 years. They were white haired, but strong and hearty.

Ira Lewis Wilson, the lighthouse heroine, still keeps the old boat in which she has saved thirteen people, and shabby as it looks she uses it, and says if she were again to have the opportunity to rescue the drowning she'd take the old boat rather than the handsome new one presented her by the citizens of Newport.

Mr. W. J. Holland, the naturalist of the United States expedition to Japan, writes to the Pittsburgh Dispatch to say that "the population of Japan is 35,000,000. Investigations made by the writer lead him to believe that there are in Japan, for every man, woman and child, at least 1,000,000 fleas. The number of fleas in Japan is, therefore, 35,000,000,000,000, and their aggregate weight is 175 tons."

The Railway Age says: "It is probable that the number of miles of new road constructed in the United States during 1887 will be about 12,000. This figure is the greatest on record. It has never been approached except in 1882, when the total was 11,568 miles. Track-laying for 1887, up to September 1, aggregates 6,462 miles. Kansas still continues far in the lead over the other States in the work of railway construction."

The Americans living in Paris held a meeting on the evening of the day when some of them had gone to decorate Lafayette's grave, and passed resolutions to the effect that a proper return for the gift of Bartholdi's statue would be a statue of Washington, or of Washington and Lafayette, to be offered to the French people and to be set up in Paris April 30, 1889, the centennial of the day when, thanks to the assistance given by France and Lafayette, our first President took the oath of office.

A speaker before the Association for the Advancement of Science gave a criticism upon American living. He said: "To the rule that those who most need to economize buy the cheapest food, the dietary practices of the people of the United States evince marked exceptions, in that many, even among those who desire to economize, use needlessly expensive kinds of food. They too often endeavor to make their diet attractive by paying high prices in the market rather than by skillful cooking and tasteful serving at home."

Mr. C. O'B. Cowardin, the editor of the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch, has received from the United States Government \$4, wages due him as "No. 5." The Richmond State explains that some time ago there was a vessel in distress off Cobb's Island. The captain of the life-raft ordered out a life-boat, but he needed one man to complete the crew. He called for volunteers and was answered by Mr. Cowardin, who performed the duty of "No. 5," and was known as "No. 5." As "No. 5" knew what he was about, the ship was reached and saved.

Efforts for special education in agriculture are gaining ground in public esteem all over the world. We notice in a London exchange that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have directed that the title of the office of Lecturer in Agriculture, held by Professor Wrightson, in the Normal School of Science and Royal School of Mines, should be altered to that of Professor in Agriculture. This happily raises agriculture in respect to status among the other branches of education conducted under the Committee of Council on Education.

Between French Guiana and Brazil is a region of 400,000 square miles, containing 60,000 inhabitants, whose possession has been contested for two hundred years. France claims it on one hand, Brazil on the other, and all because of an incomprehensible clause in the treaty of Utrecht. Neither France nor Brazil has ever dreamed of taking possession of this territory, either by force or by arbitration of a friendly nation. The principal centre of population in this country is Cumaná, which has about 350 inhabitants and will soon be the capital of a new Republic. A short time ago the Comanians proclaimed the independence of their country, and chose for President, M. Jules Gros, a venerable Frenchman, who has explored the banks of the Amazon. M. Gros lives near Paris, and there he received the news of his appointment, which he accepted.

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THE UNBROKEN GRAIN.

There's silence in the mill, The great wheel standeth still, And leaves the grain unbroke. The miller gray and old, Who lieth dead and cold, Hath earned his blessed rest. O youth, take thou his place And, with uplifted face, Work thou for human need. Let not life's force in these Unused and wasted be— Take thou the true man's place! —Grace Webster Hinckley.

A NOBLE VICTORY.

FROM THE GERMAN BY E. V. STUB. The waves break on the shore of the North Sea. A sharp wind from the north sweeps over the surface, driving the waves high before it. On their crests rises and sinks the white foam. How the water surges forward, as if it would rush far into the land. But again and again it retreats from the white sand, only to return to battle the next morning. On the shore lies stretched out the village of Husum. Every little house stands by itself, often separated from its neighbor by a wide space of perhaps fifty feet, in which a few feeble plants draw a scanty nourishment from the ground. With no less difficulty do the inhabitants of Husum manage to get their living. They are all fishermen, and the sea is their real home, on which they go out for miles to cast their nets. When the sun shines on a smooth surface it is an exhilarating occupation, but when a sudden storm sprays up while the boats are far from land and a fog settles down upon the water like a broad, heavy mantle, then one understands how hard are the conditions, and the perpetual danger attending the labor by which these men earn their bread. The sea runs high and most of the boats have pulled in to land. Two men are still working to save their property in the same way. They are both young, large vigorous men, with sunburned faces and tanned hands. At last their boat, too, rests on the shore firmly secured. "Lars," said one of the men, straightening up and buttoning his short jacket, "this will be a fierce blow, to-night."

"The other nodded. "It is lucky that none of us are out."

Meanwhile they have started home-ward, along together in silence. The only street of the village is quiet. It is dark, here and there a faint light gleaming from a little window. They are passing a small house, and, almost as if by a secret agreement, they approach and glance through the lighted window to the inside. An old man with white hair and beard sits in a large arm chair; his head has fallen forward on his breast—a picture of the life fast sinking to rest. At the table, on the opposite side, sits, in bright contrast, a young girl, sewing—a fresh, lovely face, with round, rosy cheeks, and luxuriant, fair hair. Katie Mason is the prettiest girl in the village, and the most industrious, on whom many a young fellow looks with earnest glance. Before the house of old Mason he paused, then with a sudden resolution he entered. But, as if bound, he stood in the doorway—in the room stood Katie tenderly embraced by Cristoph. A painful silence prevailed for a moment, then Cristoph stepped toward Lars, put out his hand, and said: "Katie is my betrothed since last evening. I intend to come directly to you and tell you."

He did not answer, only a bitter smile quivered on his lips. It was excessively painful to the girl. She felt what a blow she had given him, though blameless herself. She longed to say something to him, but could not find the right word. So she only looked at him and, without speaking, held out her hand to him, but he turned away and left the house.

Toward noon the shore was alive with men. The sea gleamed in the sunshine again, the waves played gently, and a soft wind was blowing. The day was favorable for a large haul. All the fishermen of the village were gathered together, the nets and oars were put into the boats, the sails spread wide, and the little fleet sailed far and near, seeking the beautiful sea. Katie stood on the shore sending greetings to her sweetheart as long as his boat was in sight. Then she went home, smiling happily to herself. She had much to do. After she had seen to her old father, who sat quietly in his chair and smoked a short pipe, she went about her work. How it flew from her hands! She thought of her betrothed, and how she longed to see him, and how she longed to see him, and how she longed to see him. Then she worked so much the faster again. So hour after hour flew by unheeded. At last the day's task was ended, and Katie went to the door. But the weather had changed, the sun had disappeared behind thick clouds, and the sky hung in gray folds over the sea. The first snow was not in the air, but the wind whistled through the trees, and a long time passed before he reached the little house.

They had grown up together—Lars, Cristoph and Katie. The three had played together continually as children, and Katie would be carried by no others or drawn on the sled by none but Lars or Cristoph. When they grew larger they went to school together, and were confirmed together in the little church of the neighboring village. No strife had ever come between, never had the girl shown whether she preferred one of the lads or the other. As these developed into strong men, Katie bloomed into still greater beauty, as was apparent to other young men of the village. Lars saw it sinking before him. A thought shot through his heart, frightful and vivid: "Let the waves bury Cristoph, and Katie is yours." But the thought was gone in a moment; in the next he had leaped far out, grasped the constant friend out of his youth, now struggling with death. But he lost his own balance, sitting upon the extreme edge. He thrust out his hand to catch hold of something, but found nothing, and plunged headlong. A huge

of so much account to you draw out. They did so, and Cristoph was the lucky one. While they were settling the matter Katie looked on with apparent indifference, but her heart beat fast under her bodice, and when it was decided she almost unconsciously smiled with evident pleasure. Lars saw it, and from that day jealousy began to take root deeper and deeper in his heart, and there was no lack of occasion to develop it. Margrit Hermensen, Katie's best friend, went to the altar to plight her faith. Katie was chosen to carry the wreath, accompanied by Cristoph. When Lars heard of it he opposed it vehemently. Both young men grew violent, and only Katie's presence of mind in declaring she did not wish to go to the wedding prevented perhaps the very worst outbreak of Lars's passionate storm of anger. After that the two avoided each other as much as possible, but sought to be with Katie. Each knew that the other loved the girl, and both felt secretly conscious to whom Katie's heart inclined. Cristoph, the calmer and more self-possessed, felt a silent, blissful happiness taking possession of his heart when the girl looked at him with her blue eyes so sweetly and kindly. Lars, more vehement, believed at times that Katie loved him, her manner was so cordial. But, again, when he saw her with Cristoph, a voice within him told him that he was not the favored one, and he suffered bitter torment. So it had gone on till the evening when the young fishermen returned together from the shore. Cristoph's heart beat fast at the quiet, peaceful scene in old Mason's cottage, and it drew him back with irresistible power to leave a greeting for the loved one. But after he had entered the hall, in his effort to close the door, so violently he banged it open by the storm, he suddenly became conscious of Katie in his arms. And while it raged and stormed without he kissed her, and in wild happiness, he whispered: "Katie, do you love me?" She did not answer, but her lips pressed his.

The next morning Lars stood on the shore mending his boat, when Rob Steffel came by. "You are early, though you came home late. Were you with your sweetheart?" Lars looked at him, red with anger. He struck the wood with his axe, and the chips flew far around. "Hoho!" continued the other, "you did not have good luck, it seems."

"Keep still!" cried Lars. "What is it to you whether I have good luck or not?" Rob Steffel stepped nearer. "You are unjust to me," he said. "A big fellow like you should not take it so sneaky. Cristoph has plainly taken the fish away from you."

Lars made no answer, but his hand clasped the axe convulsively. "You and I have no love for Cristoph," continued Rob; "let us join together against him," and he held out his hand. "I want nothing to do with you," replied Lars, and turned away, resuming his work.

Rob Steffel laughed scornfully, and went away, but the sting that his words contained remained in Lars's breast. When the other was out of sight he swung down his axe, and went back to the village. Slowly, with downcast head, he walked before the house of old Mason he paused, then with a sudden resolution he entered. But, as if bound, he stood in the doorway—in the room stood Katie tenderly embraced by Cristoph. A painful silence prevailed for a moment, then Cristoph stepped toward Lars, put out his hand, and said: "Katie is my betrothed since last evening. I intend to come directly to you and tell you."

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Care of Kerosene Lamps. A thorough study of the subject of petroleum lamps has been lately made by Sir Frederick Abel. He suggests that the reservoir of a kerosene lamp should always be of metal, the more strongly to resist any explosive tendency of the oil or vapor which, and that there should be no other opening than that for the wick, unless so small a one that flame could hardly enter it. He further says the wick should be soft and dry when put in, and should completely fill its space, but without forcing; that it should be scarcely longer than to touch the bottom of the reservoir, and there the oil should never be suffered to be less than two-thirds of the depth, while the lamp should always be filled partly before lighting. The wick should never be turned down suddenly, and the lamp should not be suddenly cooled or allowed to meet a draught; and when the flame is extinguished it should first be lowered as far as possible and then a sharp strong puff should be blown across, but not down the chimney.—Harper's Bazar.

TRIPLE.—A correspondent of Good Cheer, who has heard that triple is good food for persons of delicate digestion, asks how it should be cooked. A good way is to first cut it into pieces not more than an inch square, fry them in butter, and flavor with onion sliced very thin, and with pepper and salt.

THEM.—One quart of milk warmed, half cup soft yeast, and flour to make a thick batter. Mix at night, and in the morning add one cup each of butter and sugar rubbed together, and two eggs well beaten and mix into a soft dough. Let it rise again, mold into biscuit form, put them in a tin, and when light bake. As you take them from the oven when done wet the top with sweet milk, in which a spoonful of sugar has been dissolved. It makes the crust tender and hard.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Peel and core the fruit and cut it up rather fine. Cover with water and cook until tender. Meanwhile, in another kettle simmer the cores and skins in sufficient water to keep them from burning. Strain off the golden liquid which will have formed, and add it to the quince pulp, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of the fruit. Boil the whole, stirring constantly until it is a smooth mass. Try it as in making jelly, and when it assumes a firm consistency make it up in jars or bowls as convenient. Cover tightly and keep in a dry place. It will keep perfectly the year round.

WAFFLES.—Pass one pint of warm, soft-boiled rice through a sieve, and add to it a small teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of baking powder. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth. Beat the yolks of the three eggs as light as possible and mix with three gills of milk; stir the mixture into the rice and flour and add an ounce of melted butter. Add the frothed whites; mix all thoroughly together and pour into the waffle iron, baking a delicate brown. The waffle-iron should be heated, well greased and filled two-thirds full with the mixture.

Use a heated knife to cut hot bread and the latter will not be soggy.

For raspberry stains a mixture of weak ammonia and water is the best.

When the burners of kerosene lamps become clogged, put them in a basin of hot water containing washing soda, and let them boil for a few minutes. This will make them perfectly clean and almost as bright as new.

Never use a brush on silk; it injures the goods. Instead wipe carefully with the face of a soft piece of velvet. Shake the velvet occasionally and wipe between every plait if you would preserve your garment and have it retain its new look.

Wheel grease, and all other grease, on cotton goods may be taken out with cold soft water and any good soap; soft soap is the best. In case of long-standing wet the spot with kerosene oil and let it soak for some hours, then wash as before directed.

An old New England housekeeper says: To keep moths out of closets, clothes and carpets, take green tansy. It is better before it goes to seed. Put it around the edges of carpets, and hang it up in closets where woolen cloths are hung, and no moth will ever come where it is.

Washington's Wonderful Monument. I have been living now for some months at a distance of a mile away, in full view of the Washington monument, looking directly upon its eastern face, says a correspondent of the Kansas City Journal. It never seemed twice alike. It has its moods and changes of color, like the tops of the Swiss Alps. This morning the base of the 600-foot structure was set in deep blue mist, which filled the valley for a depth of a couple hundred feet. Then came a section of, perhaps, 100 feet more in which the shaft was purple and pink, the whole crowned with a white blazing column, hundreds of feet high, flashing back the sunlight, set against a deep blue western sky! At another time you will see the cold, gray base of the monument rising above the deep green foliage which surrounds it, with the dark blue highlands of Arlington beyond, and overlooking all these the graceful shaft pierces the heavens, towering far above the horizon line, until its top is lost in a sea of fleecy clouds. It is a realized vision of Jacob's ladder, a real visible stone caseway leading from heaven to earth. Do you know of any other monument like this? A few evenings ago there was a grand thunder shower in the east. The west was black with darkness, and even the white monument was blotted out of sight. But at every flash of the lightning the whole eastern face of the monument glowed and flashed like a polished sword, coming out of the darkness with a suddenness and vividness that was startling. It seemed to be a ghastly monument, a column of electricity, which leaped from the earth to the sky. I am sure no other monument in this world can exhibit such a phase as that.

The use of the word "butterine" has been legally forbidden in England. It must be called "margarine."

THE PRESIDENT'S PURSE.

PERSONAL AND HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES OF THE CLEVELANDS.

The White House Servants—Economy in the Kitchen—Mrs. Cleveland's Wardrobe. There has been a great deal said about the amount of money that it costs the President to live, and estimates have been made as to how much he will be able to save out of his salary of \$50,000 a year during his four years' term of office, says a Washington letter to the New York Morning Journal. The Journal correspondent has gathered some Executive statistics which may prove of interest. The personal household staff of the President consists of a steward, who is paid \$120 per month; a cook, at \$100; a second cook, who is a woman, at \$75; a driver, at \$100; a groom, at \$45; a driver for the steward, at \$60; two waiters, one at \$45 and the other at \$50. Besides these there are two extra men at the stable at \$50 each, and then there is at Mr. Cleveland's country residence, Oak View, one cook who receives \$50 and a waiter at \$40. Of this force, the steward, second cook, stableman, driver for steward, two stablemen and two waiters, with a total monthly salary of \$475, are paid by the United States, leaving Mr. Cleveland's personal share of the whole expense to be \$335, or \$4,020 per annum. To his must be added the salary of Sinclair, the valet, whom Mr. Cleveland brought with him from New York, at \$125 per month, or \$1,500 per annum, a maid and sewing woman for Mrs. Cleveland at \$50 per month each, making \$1,200 for the year, and the chambermaid at Oak View at \$30 per month, or \$360 per year, making altogether \$7,100, which the President pays out in wages during a year.

There is strict economy observed in the purchase of meats and groceries, and everything possible is purchased through the depot commissary, by which the articles are obtained at the same prices that they are invoiced to the Government and sold to officers of the army. Mr. Cleveland is not fastidious in the matter of his eating, and has no fondness for dainty or expensive dishes. He prefers plain, substantial food, and likes roast beef better than any other meat, and a plain sheep's head than terrapin. Of course the bills for his "daily bread" cannot be obtained, but a fair estimate of running the table both at the White House and Oak View is said by those who could, if they would, give the exact figures, to be \$20 per day, or \$7,300 a year.

During the winter the President gives about ten dinners to which are invited the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, the members of the Senate and House, the Lieutenant-General of the Army and the Admiral of the Navy. Most of the expense of these State dinners comes out of the contingent fund appropriated by Congress, but the wives are paid for from the President's private purse. These costs may be estimated at \$3,000, which is a very liberal estimate. There are some other little expenses, such as extra waiters at these dinners, but they are only paid \$1 apiece, and of course that is a very small item—say, not over \$100 a year. The feed for his horses costs about \$500 a year.

In the matter of clothes the President had of his wearing apparel made in New York by a tailor there who has his measure, and he orders four suits a year, at an average cost of \$60 each, or \$240 for the year. His boots, hats and underwear, etc., may be liberally estimated at \$260 more, making \$500 as his annual expenditure upon himself in the matter of clothing. Mr. Cleveland is not a great smoker, but still he likes a good cigar and always keeps a box on hand for his own use and his friends, but \$200 a year will fully cover that expenditure.

If the President's expenditure for clothing is very frugal, that of Mrs. Cleveland for her personal adornment is quite an item. Not that she is at all extravagant, but then ladies' wearing apparel costs more than men's, and her dress, which occupies a position that demands the display of fine clothing. All her dresses worn at her evening receptions are made by the famous Worth, and as it would never do for her to appear at two receptions in one season in the same dress it may readily be imagined that her wardrobe is quite extensive. A lady friend who is in open terms with the fair mistress of the White House, and who has had an opportunity to inspect her wardrobe, says that the annual cost for clothes must be about \$6,000.

Mrs. Cleveland keeps a sewing woman employed all the time in making alterations and changes in the trimming of her various costumes, so that the actual cost for clothing in a year probably does not exceed the amount named, although many ladies in private life spend a much larger sum.

These various items aggregate \$24,700 per annum, and another \$300 may be added for traveling expenses and incidentals, making a total personal expenditure on the part of the President of just \$25,000, or half of the amount of salary appropriated for his office. It is safe to say that at the end of Mr. Cleveland's term of office he will be worth \$100,000 more than when he entered the White House.

The Zither. The zither, that pretty little flat harp which is now taught in our cities, and which so many young ladies are learning, originated in the Alpine countries, and was, toward the middle of our century, used by traveling Tyrolean singers as an accompaniment to their songs and yodels. Even to-day, when one sees and gleans the young girl seated at the table, practicing her zither, and hears those wild chords, an Alpine scene rises before the eyes and transfers the modern aesthetic interior, in charming dreamlike transformation, to rushing streams, pine forests, blue peaks and snow mountains, that scenery of the Tyrol and Switzerland which is of all things most lovely. —Musical Record.

In 1880 there were only about 500 miles of railway in Mexico. By the close of the present year there will be more than 3,000, with a capital of \$120,000,000 invested. Of this amount 2,700 miles are owned and operated by Americans. The loan to the country is guaranteed by the increase of the total public revenues from \$17,500,000 in 1879 to \$38,000,000 in 1880.

SOME DAY.

Some day when least you dream of such a one The air will tremble to the sounds of weeping; And pale and still with white and folded hands, The one you love will silently be sleeping. And burning tears will rain from your and eyes, Because you failed to value while possessing; Then wait not for the bitter day to come, But cherish while you may the tender blessing. Some day the air will echo to sweet music - Of drum and bugle call and martial tread, And with the flag draped o'er his pulseless bosom, The gallant soldier will be cold and dead; And all the tributes heaped upon his bosom Will fall to thrill his heart with joy or pride. But had he heard in life one-half your praises, Or felt your fond caress he had not died. Oh, keep not back the words that might be spoken; While hearts are hungering for the blessed speech. Value your treasure, laid it to your bosom Before it slips forever from your reach. The saddest swears that sound in all life's measure Are these, wrung from the heart by cruel fate, The undertones to every note of pleasure, "I found my jewel's value, all too late." D. M. Jordan.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Complaint of the stage carpenter—all work and no play. To remove mill-due—pay off what is due on the mill, of course.—Sylling. Although the hen is proud of her little ones, yet does she love to sit on them.—Puck.

The most popular man in the P. O. department—General delivery.—Washington Critic. A man running for office may get out of breath; but he will be more apt to get out of money.—Pisoyne.

When you come to think of it, young man, isn't the marriage ceremony misleading?—Yonkers Statesman. An exchange publishes "The Song of the Gas Man." Of course it is sung to long meter.—Newman Independent.

Send us the dresses a woman has worn, and we can tell you whether her husband is in Canada or not.—Omaha World. When you see a person literally devouring a book you may be sure it is filled with tender lies.—St. Paul Herald.

Talk is cheap. The man who talks too much gets so liberal that he gives himself away.—Baltimore American. It is true that doctors disagree, but they don't disagree half so much as their medicines do.—Burlington Free Press.

An up-country town is proud of a female blacksmith. We presume she began by shoeing hens.—Shoe and Leather Reporter. Mr. Jones, of St. Paul, has had the blood of a dog introduced into his veins. He is now ripe for Wall street.—Burlington Free Press.

Coffee is well known, Are apt to make the feature brown, And so the folks are pleased to state, Have got to using chalk-o-late. No wonder they say the Yankees exaggerate. We know one who complained to his butcher that the last piece of steak sent him was so tough that his own could not chew the gravy.—Hotel Gazette.

"What I dislike about the large hotels," said Miss Culture, "is their gregariousness." "Well," responded the Chicago maiden, rather bewildered, "those fancy puddings never did agree with me either."—Boston Globe. A man whose fair features were terribly marred. By an accident, said: "Little heed People gave to me once, but my luck, though ill-starred, Now has made me a marked man, indeed."—Boston Budget.

Wong Chin Foo, who has the whiskers of a tiger, whose waist is three miles round, and whose wit is the forest of pencils, asks in the North American Review, "Why am I a heathen?" Because, oh most wise and courtly mandarin, thou wast born a boy. Hadst thou been born a girl, thou wouldst have been a she, then. Send us the chronos. Or hold; we'll take an ulcer.—Burdette.

Watches for the Blind. "This is one of the cutest things in the watch line that has yet appeared," said Jeweler Charles S. Crossman, holding up one of the new Swiss watches designed for the use of the blind. "The old raised figure watches were clumsy and the blind people were constantly bending or breaking the watch hands by touching them. In this watch a small peg is set in the centre of each figure. When the hour hand is approaching a certain hour the peg for that hour drops when the quarter before it is passed. The person feels the peg is down, and then counts back to twelve. He can thus tell the time within a few minutes, and by practice he can become so expert as to tell the time almost exactly. They have been in use about six months, and there is a steady and growing demand for them."—New York Sun.

Javanese Fashions. The dress of Javanese women and children is uniformly of bright-lined calicoes, fresh and clean, their head covering a gaily lacquered bamboo hat of native manufacture. Every woman must have elaborate inlaid silver breastpins with which to fasten her loose upper robes. Some bamboo hats are exquisite specimens of plaiting; the finest qualities are made of carefully prepared strips of bamboo costing in Bantam but a mere trifle, while in Paris they are retailed at a profit of nearly 1,000 per cent. as true Panama hats. An English tourist tells us that he wore one of these Bantam men's hats for three years steadily, and then it was still a good one.—Harper's Bazar.