# THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

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# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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THE UNBRUISED GRAIN. 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

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 "Josus 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 109 years. They were white haired, but strong and hearty."

Ida 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.

F Mr. W. J. Holland, the naturalist of the United States eclipse expedition to Japan, writes to the Pittsburg 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 stature would be a statue of Washington, or of Washington and hafayette, 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 critieism 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 \$3, 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 lifestation ordered out a life-boat, but he needed one man to complete the crew, His call for volunteers 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 Edu-

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 tercitory, either by force or by arbitration of a friendly nation. The principal centre of population in this country is Counani, which has about 350 inhabitants and will soon be the capital of a new Republic. A short time ago the Counanians 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.

There's silence in the mill.

The great wheel standeth still, And leaves the grain unbruised. 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 thee Unused and wasted be-Take thou the true man's place! -Grace Webster Hinsdale,

FROM THE GERMAN BY L.V. STUR.

## A NOBLE VICTORY.

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 in haste the next morning. On the shore lies stretched out the vil age of Husom. Every little house stands by itself, often separated from its neighbor by a wide space of perhaps fifty feet, which is generally made into a garden, in which a few feeble plants draw a scanty nourishment from the ground.

With no less difficulty do the inhabitants of Husom 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 springs up while the boats are far from land and a fog settles down upon the water like a broad, heavy mantle, ther, one understands how hard are the conditions, and the perpetual danger at-tending 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 toil-hardened hands.

At last their boat, too, rests on the shore firmly ecured. "Lars," said one of the men, straightening up and but-toning his short jacket, "this will be a fleree blow, to-night."

The other nodded. "It is lucky that

none of us are out." Meanwhile they have started home-

ward, and stride along together in silence. The only street of the village is quiet. It is dark, here and there a faint from you." light gleaming from a little window.

They are passing a small house, and, almost as if by a secret agreement, they approach and giance 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

crossed street to his home. He had heard and listened, standing by the fence that inclosed his little tract of ground. Crisoph had not gone on, but had turned back-for what? Lars felt a misgiving. He, too, hastened back. The wind drives full in his face, but he does not heed it. Now he hears Cristoph's steps before him, but cannot see, for it is very dark-There stands the little house where Katie Mason lives. Cristoph stands by the win-dow. Lars sees him plainly in the light of the lamp that falls upon him. He hears a tap on the window, and now Cristoph has his hand on the door, and it

opens before him. Thou, Cristoph? What brings thee so late?" asked Katie, holding on to the door, which the storm was shaking.

"I was passing and saw thee sitting, so I stopped to bid thee 'sleep well." "Thou dear!" she said, putting out her

The wind seized the door thus set free, and flung it wide open against the wall. But Cristoph, using his strength, drew the girl into the hall and closed the Lars grew hot under his coarse jacket; hot in spite of the blustering wind. He stepped close to the door and heard speaking within, but could not distinguish anything. He waited, his heart filled with the pangs of jealously. How long he stood he knew not; it seemed an eternity to him. At last the door opened and Cristoph stepped out.
"Sleep well, dear girl," he whispered.
"Good-by, dear Cristoph." The key
was turned in the lock. Cristoph went

reached the little house. They had grown up together—Lars, Cristoph and Katie, The three had The three had played together continually as children, little sails spread out, the ships flew over and Katie would be carried by no others or drawn on the sled by none but Lars or over the deep dipping sides. Then came went to school together, and were con-firmed together in the little church of the neighboring village. No strife had ever and trust wholly to the oars. It grew come between, never had the girl shown dark, and the sea lifted itself restlessly whether she preferred one of the lads or into huge, far-rolling waves. Then the the other. As these developed into storm broke loose with wild force; it strong men, Katic bloomed into still howled and lashed the sea till it reared greater beauty, as was apparent in short, foam-capped waves. The men to other young men of the villowed with all their might; the shore lage, and Rob Steffel had ventured could not be far away, though it was not his place in the boat was empty; he was sick, his father said-the truth was, Rob | were running a race for the safety of the would not show his discolored face, shore. A wave seized Cristoph's boat, From that time the young fellows held lifted it high, and flung it with its macy began to gradually diminish. They should be her first partner? puted long over it, out of the girl's the thought was gone in a moment; in hearing, and at last, with heated faces, the next he had leaned far out, grasped aring, and at last, with heated faces,

Satie looked at them, and for the first

appealed to her to choose between them. the constant friend out of his

of so much account to you draw cuts." one. While they were settling the man-Katie looked on with apparent in-difference, but her heart beat fast under difference, but her heart beat fast under reached the shore. Women and old men her bodice, and when it was decided she full of anguish stood waiting the returnalmost 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 declar-

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 othcriscoph, the calmer and more self possessed, felt a silent, blisaful happiness taking possession of his heart when the body of Lars ashore. It was the only sacrifice it had demanded that day. Lars had no parents living, but even parents sweetly and kindly. Lars, more vehem-ment, 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

the chips flew far around.

Cristoph has plainly taken the fish away

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 flung down his axe, and went back to the village. Slowly, with downcast head, and tell you."

He did not answer, only a bitter smile blow she had given him, though blameless herself. She longed to say some-thing 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

Toward noon the shore was alive with 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 out into the broad, 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 under her hands to-day, though frequently she stopped, gazing down, lost 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 home, the joy of love requited in his heart. The other, too, turned bome-mand, but a long time passed before the sun had disappeared behind thick was black and threatening. They must reach home before the storm came on. The When they grew larger they the first blow strong against the sails; hool together, and were con-The men were forced to take in lage, and Rob Steffel had ventured could not be far away, though it was not to intimate as much, in a rough visible in the darkness. Ahead of all the fashion, to the girl. The following day others shot Cristoph's boat; close behind him was Lars's. It seemed as if the two themselves aloof from Katie Mason. But broad side against the end of Lars's vessel. Lars saw it sinking before him. A thought shot through his heart, frightful and vivid "Let the waves They dis- bury Cristoph, and Kate is yours,"

wave seized the boat, threw it far from They did so, and Cristoph was the lucky one. While they were settling the matter waves a last, despairing cry was lost. waves a last, despairing cry was lost.

At last the fisherman had painfully

ing ones. "Katie," cried a voice from the dark-

ness, and the girl felt herself embraced "Christoph! thank heaven that you

are here! She led him to her house. He was si-She led him to her house. He was si-lent all the way, only holding her fast. She, too, hardly spoke. When they reached the house she noticed for the first time that his clothes were saturated, ing she did not wish to go to the wedding prevented perhaps the very worst outbreak of Lars's passionete with repressed pain, while he answered.

Lars snatched me from the waves, but he himself fell into the sea and-"What?" she asked breathlessly

"I could not save him," he said almost

had no parents living, but even parents could not have shed more burning tears than Kate and Christoph when he was buried in the little churchyard. The thought of him, the consciousness that his sacrifice had secured their happiness never left them.

Long after Katie went to the altar with Christoph, and when they came from the church their first steps were directed to the grave of Lars.—Albany Argus,

Not one person in a hundred could

## Turtle Catching.

answer correctly the question, where do the turtles come from that supply the flung 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
kissed her, and in wild happiness, he
water turtle disporting in a barrel of water in a conspicuous place in front of the saloon or restaurant, would say that The next morning Lars stood on the shore mending his boat, when Rob Steffel to their beer had been nurtured in the salt lakes or burrowed in the sandy beach "You are early, though you came home of old ocean, and would never think of associating their bowl of delicious soup late. Were you with your sweetheart?" associating their bowl of delicious soup
Lars looked at him, red with anger.
He struck the wood with his axe, and streams that flow through Allegheny and Washington counties; but bad they been "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 meekly.

Washington counties; but bad they been with the correspondent this morning as he made his way at surrise along the banks of Raccoon creek the lesser to Turtle Camp 1, they would have seen an industry of which they knew nothing. Camps Nos. 1, 2 and 3 are placed along Little Raccoon, about two miles above here, and are composed of parties from the South Side, rittsburg, who combine the pleasure of a couple of months' out-ing during the hot season wish the profits derived from the sale of their turtles in the Pittsburg market. This industry was first started here ten years ago by a party of Pittsburg glassblowers, who, being thrown out of employment by a strike, came out here to camp, and finding turtles so plenty and of such a fine veriety shined some to their feineds at variety shipped some to their friends at home. Each year has brought a large camp, till now the three camps men-tioned number over sixty hunters. They whom many a young fellow looks with he walked. Before the house of old mason he paused, then with a sudden to supporting herself and her aged father by her own hands.

The lotterway in the stood in the doorway in the stood in the The loiterers at the window have turned and gone on their way. At last Lars said: "Good night, Cristoph," and crossed street to his home. He had heard the reply to the reply for a moment, then Cristoph stepped to-ward Lars, put out his hand, and said: ing the lines are visited books to me the morn-ing the lines are visited books. ing. I intended to come directly to you where they are packed alive in barrels ready for shipment. The other method is to creep along the bank, rifle in hand, quivered on his lips. It was excessively and surprise the turtles lying out on painful to the girl. She felt what a rocks and logs sunning themselves.— Pittsburg Gazette.

## Effect of a Solar Eclipse Upon Animals.

"Although the scientific results of the observation of the solar eclipse in this Berlin correspondent of the London Times, "some interesting reports are given of the effects upon the lower animals of the untimely obscuration of the Foresters state that the birds, which had already begun to sing before the eclipse took place, became of a sudden quite silent, and showed signs of disquiet when darkness set in. Herds of deer ran about in alarm, as did the small four-footed game. In Berlin a scientific man arranged for observations be made by bird-dealers of the con duct of their feathered stock, and the results are found to deviate considerably. In some cases the birds showed sudder sleepiness, even though they had sung before the eclipse took place. In other cases great uneasiness and fright were observed. It is noticeable that parrots showed far more susceptibility than canaries, becoming totally silent during the eclipse, and only returning very slowly to their usual state."

A "Fortune" That "Come True." Some years ago Christine Nilsson whose recent marriage, you remember, had the lines of her hand examined by a palmist, who told her she would have trouble from two causes, fire and maniacs. This prediction was verified, for during the Chicago fire she lost \$20,000, and when Boston was burned she lost \$200,000. When at New York a crazy man followed her for a week, believing to Faust were intended for himself. In Chicago a poor student decided to marry and wrote passionate letters t which he received no answer. One day he came in a superb sleigh, drawn by four horses, to take his affianced bride to the church. The manager quieted hin has gone there to wait for you. The third insane person was her hu M. Rouzeaud, who died in an asylum.

Musical Record.

## The Chinaman's Hospitality.

The Chinese are proverbially hospitable during their festival seasons—sometime to the outside barbarians embarrassing so, says a San Francisco letter to the Bo But ton Transcript. The visitor is invariable pressed with various confections, some these colorless and fortunately most taste the constant friend out of his youth, now struggling with death. But he lost less, but of general sliminess of construction; others many tainted and wormlike time felt a misgiving that if she choose his own balance, sitting upon the exone the other would be deeply hurt. So
treme edge. He flung out his hand to
she said: "It makes no difference to catch hold of something, but found only say the form of these latter delica
me which I dance with first, but if it is nothing, and plunged headlong. A huge cles bore out the idea.

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Care of Kerosene Lamps A thorough study of the subject of pe-troleum 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 orvapor within, and that there should be to other opening than that for the wick unless so small a one that flame could hardly enter it. He further says the wick hould be soft and dry when put in, and hould completely fill its space, but without forcing; that it should be scarcely nger 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 filled partly before lighting. 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 extin-guished it should first be lowered as far is possible and then a sharp strong puff should be blown across, but not down the chimney. - Harper's Barar.

#### Recipes.

TRIPE.—A correspondent, of Good Cheer, who has heard that tripe 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 penner and salt. with pepper and salt.

TEA RUSKS .- 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 wo 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 -Pare and core the fruit and cut it up rather fine. Cover with water and cook until tender. Meanwhile, in another kettle simmer the ores and skins in sufficient water to keep them from burning. Strain off the gelatinous 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 onstantly until it is a smooth mass, Try it as in making jelly, and when it asumes a firm consistency make it up in ars or bowls as convenient. Cover ars or bowls as convenient, ightly and keep in a dry place. It will keep perfectly the year round,

Wapples.—Pass one pint of warm, soft-boiled rice through a seive, and add to it a small teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls 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 to-gether and pour into the waffle iron, baking a delicate brows. The waffle-iron should be heated, well greased and filled two-thirds full with the mixture.

Useful Hints. Use a heated knife to cut hot bread and the latter will not be soggy. For raspberry stains a mixture of

water is the b 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 sllk; it injures the goods. Instead wipe carefully with the face of a soft piece of velvet. 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 cases of long standng wet the spot with kerosene oil and let it sonk for some hours, then wash as before directed.

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

at a distance of a mile away, in full view

#### Washington's Wonderful Monument. I have been living now for some months

of the Washington monumer , looking directly upon its eastern face, says a correspondent of the Kansas City Journal. It never seemed twice alike. It has its noods and changes of color, like the tops of the Swiss Alps. This morning the base of the 600-foot structure was lost in deep blue mist, which tilled 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 white blazing column, hundreds of feet high, flashing back the sunlight, set against a deep blue western sky! At mother 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 Arling ton beyond, and overtopping all these the graceful shaft pierces the heavens, towering far above the horizon line, until its top is lost in a sea of fleecy o It is a realized vision of Jacob's ladder, a real visible stone causeway 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 cast. The west was black with darkness, and even the white monument was blotted out of sight. But at very flash of the lightning the whole astern face of the monument gleamed nd flashed like a polished sword, out of the darkness with a suddenness seemed to be a ghastly monument, a col-umn of electricity, which leaped from the earth to the sky. I am sure no other monument in this world can exhibit such

The use of the word "butterine" has een legally forbicden in England. It nust be called "margarine,"

## THE PRESIDENT'S PURSE.

PERSONAL AND HOUSEHOLD EX-PENSES 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' team of of fice, says a Washington New York Morning Journal. Washington letter to the

The Journal correspondent has gathered some Executive statistics which may prove of interest. The personal house hold staff of the President consists of steward, who is paid \$150 per month; a cook, at \$100; a second cook, who is a woman, at \$75; a driver, at \$190; a groom, at \$45; a driver for the steward, \$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' country residence, Oak View, one cook who receives \$50 and a waiter at \$40. Of this force, the steward, second cook, stablemen, driver for steward, two stable men 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. Cleve land is not fastidious in the matter of his eating, and has no fondness for dainty or expensive dishes. He prefers plain, sub-stantial food, and likes roast beef better than canvas-back duck and a plain sheeps 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 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 wines are paid for from the President's private purse. These wines 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 f The feed for his horses costs about

In the matter of clothes the President has all 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 \$260 more, making \$500 as his annual expenditure upon himself in the matter of clothing. Mr. cleveland is not a great of clothing. Mr. cleveland is not a great smoker, out 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 besides she occupies a position that demands the disof 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 re ep tions in one season in the same dress i may readily be imagined that her ward robe is quite extensive. A lady friend who is upon 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 imployed all the time in making alterations and changes in the trimming of her various costumes, so that the actuaoutlay 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 \$100 may 1 added for traveling expenses and incidentals, making a total personal exper diture on the part of the President of just \$25,000, or one-half of the amount of salary appropriated for his office. 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, 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 toward the middle of our century, used by traveling Tyrolese singers as an accompaniment to their songs and yodels, Even to-day, when one sees the grace ful young girl scated at the table, practicing her zither, and hears those wild chords, an Alpine scene rises before the eyes and transfers the modern asinterior, in charming dreamlike transformation, to rushing streams, pine that scenery of the Tyrol and Switzer land which is of all things most lovely,

In 1880 there were only about 500 miles of railway in Mexico. By the close of the present year there will be more than 3,600, with a capital of \$120,000. 000 invested. Of this amount 2,700 miles are owned and operated by Americans. Their beafit to the country is demonstrated by the increase of the public revenues from \$17,800,000 in 1879 to \$38,000,000 in 1886.

## SOME DAY.

Job work-cash on delivery.

Some day when least you dream of such a

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Harf Column, one yest .....

(ine Square, one inch, one year,.......... 10 so 

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-

Marriage and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-erly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in

One Square, one inch, one insertion.

The air will tremble to the sounds of weep

And pale and still with white and folded hands.

The one you love will silently be sleeping. And burning tears will rain from your sad

Because you failed to value while possess ing:

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

The gallant soldier will be cold and dead; And all the tributes heaped upon his bosom Will fail to thrill his heart with joy or

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

While hearts are hungering for the blessed speech. Value your treasure, fold it to your bosom

Before it slips forever from your reach. The saddest words that sound in all life's

measure Are these, wrung from the heart by cruel

The undertone 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. -Although the hen is proud of her little ones, yet does she love to sit on them.

The most popular man in the P. O. de-partment- General delivery. - Washing-

A man running for office may get out of breath; but he will be more apt to get out of money .- Picryune.

When you come to think of it, young man, isn't the marriage ceremony miss leading? -- Yonkers Statesman.

An exchange publishes "The Song of the Gas Man." Of course it is sung to long meter.—Xeeman Independent. Send us the dresses a women has worn,

and we can tell you whether her husband is in Canada or not, -Omaha World, When you see a person literally devour-

ing a book you may be sure it is filled with tender-lines.—St. Paul Hemild. Talk is cheap. The man who talks too much gets so liberal that he gives himself away.—Biltimore 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 be-gan by shooing hens.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Mr. Jones, of St. Paul, has had the blood of a loub introduced into his veins. He is now ripe for Wall street,—

Burlington Free Press.

Coffee at the features brown
And so the girls, I'm 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 mother could not chew the gravy.—Hotel Ga-

"What I dislike about the large hotels," said Miss Culture, "is their grega-riousness." "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 A man whose an 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."

—Boaton 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 Reice. "Why am I a heathen?" oh most wize and courtly mandarin, thou wast born a boy. Hadst thou been born a girl, thou wouldsst have been a she, Send us the chromo, Or hold; we'll take an ulster, -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 de signed 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 s 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 com 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

The dress of Javenese women and children is uniformly of bright-hued calicoes, fresh and clean, their headcovering a gayly 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 fells us that he were one of these Bantamese men's hats for three years steadily, and then it was still a good one. - Harper's

From \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000 worth of gold is used annually in the shape of foil for gilding, lettering, edging of books, sign and ernamental painting and denistry, gilding taking the greater