

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 communications.

Carl Schurz says of newspaper men that they "are the guardians of truth and personal liberty." This, the New York World remarks, is the best thing Mr. Schurz ever said.

The Boston Globe has discovered that in six Eastern States there are now living 4,300 people more than eighty years of age. In the aggregate these long-lived "show-masters" have lived more than 250,000 years.

Even the nationality of Shakespeare does not appear to be safe in these days of fantastic speculation. A Frenchman is said to be writing a book which will show that the bard of Avon was of French descent, and his name was originally Jacques Pierre, or, in plain English, John Peter.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American calls attention to the fact that Franklin's grave, at Fifth and Arch streets, is in a neglected condition. He suggests the propriety of putting it in proper shape, the more particularly as Dr. Franklin was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1787.

Canada is asked to grant an annual subsidy of \$300,000 for fifty years in aid of the proposed railway connecting Prince Edward Island with the mainland, the first cost being estimated at \$3,000,000. The tunnel is to be seven or eight miles long, and, doubtless, will cost more than the original figure.

Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, may spend the winter in California. It is reported that he will build a winter home at Thermalito, Butte County, Cal., and erect a fine laboratory. For several years he has been experimenting with specimens of the black sand deposit found in that country, endeavoring to extract gold therefrom.

Professor F. E. Boynton says in the Popular Science Monthly that a region of country twenty miles in diameter, where North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia come together, "contains more interesting and rare plants than can be found in any spot in the United States occupying the same area." He calls the district "a botanical bonanza."

A Birmingham (Conn.) electrician has a new rat-trap, which, it is said, works admirably. He attaches a piece of meat to one pole of a dynamo machine, which can only be reached by the rat by standing on a plate which serves as the other pole. Report says that no rat has yet got to the meat, but many have reached for it, and the inventor is rewarded for his ingenuity by a large collection of dead rats.

At a recent meeting held in Alexandria, Virginia, to further the project to build a grand avenue from Washington to Mount Vernon, it was explained that the proposed avenue would run for two miles through the Arlington property, and that it was expected that the Government would construct at least that portion. The various states would be asked to send trees to be planted in the parking along the borders of Mount Vernon avenue, and it is hoped that the thirteen original States would be sufficiently interested to place in life form, in bronze or marble, the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

A newspaper in Illinois recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscription, and obtained judgment in each for full amount of the claim. Of these, twenty-eight men made affidavits that they owned no more property than the law allowed them, thus preventing attachment. Then they, under the decision of the Supreme Court, were arrested for petty larceny, and bound over in the sum of \$300 each. All but six gave bonds, while six went to jail. It makes no difference to what part of the continent the paper goes, a bill sent to the Postmaster, Justice of the Peace or any United States officer can be collected.

"The United States not only continue their work of feeding the rest of the world—they steadily increase the amount of that work," says the Philadelphia Telegraph. "For the ten months ending August 31 the exports of beef and pork exceeded by \$2,000,000 the exports of the same kind in the same period in 1886. The total was \$65,500,000 or a ratio of over 76,000,000 a year. The wonder of this thing is beyond parallel, and it may well claim a passing thought in these days of reflection upon the greatness, the growth and the illimitable future of the republic. Here is the contribution of the United States to the dinner table of the world in only two articles of food consumption. All other meats than beef and pork go to swell the enormous total, as do breadstuffs, fruits and vegetables, canned goods, etc. We not only feed ourselves more nourishingly and amply than any other people are fed, but we feed these hundreds of millions worth of food yearly to the markets of other nations. No other country does such a work, nor in all history has it been done. Who would possibly have foretold such a tale, surpassing any Arabian Night marvel, 100 years ago?"

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SONO. Go not, O perfect Day! O day so beautiful, so golden-bright, A little longer stay! Soon in thy western window fades the light; Soon comes the Night! Delay! Go not, O perfect Day! Go not, O perfect Day! Go not, dear Life, away! Dear Life, one's cheerful friend and guest of yore, A little longer stay! Soon wilt thou steal from us, and shut the door, And come no more! Delay! Go not, dear Life, away!

BOTH MISTAKEN. "Coming out to Rosedene this afternoon, Jack," Mr. Dalton said, as he passed through the office where several young men were busy writing, "I think Agnes said something about expecting you!" "Thank you, sir," Jack Hardy said, throwing down his pen with alacrity. "I promised to bring Agnes some books. I'll be ready in a moment."

"Very good," and Mr. Dalton took up a handful of letters, glanced at them carelessly, threw some to Michael Ainger, the chief clerk, and put the others, unopened, into his pockets, while Jack ran his fingers through his crisp curls, and turned down his cuffs, as the only possible improvement to his toilet.

Mr. Dalton was a tall, portly, genial gentleman, with a rosy face, cheery voice and kindly smile. He was the principal lawyer in Westwood, and a dashing country town; he was an estate agent, too, and was altogether a highly prosperous and respected gentleman. There was a traditional Mr. Driver, the head of the firm, but as no one ever saw him no one thought much about him, except, perhaps, Michael Ainger, who knew that he was a very unpleasant reality.

Mr. Dalton was a widower, with one daughter, Agnes, who kept his house, and Jack Hardy was a distant cousin, whom the lawyer had brought up from childhood, and placed in his office, with every prospect of succeeding to the old-established and lucrative business. Jack was shy and somewhat awkward. He was plain-looking, too, save for his frank, honest blue eyes, and crisp brown hair; but he was clever and ambitious, patient and pains-taking in the office, and entirely devoted to his master. Everyone liked Jack Hardy; even dumb animals understood how good and gentle he was; and all the other clerks in the office imposed on him in a way that proved how much faith they had in his patience and generosity. No one envied him for being such a favorite with his master, for his interest was exerted on behalf of others rather than himself. Nor did the clerks resent his being so much at Rosedene; in all probability he would be one day master there.

Jack thought there was no place to be compared to it, especially when Agnes stood on the steps smiling a welcome. She was not the slightest bit different, but Jack knew where to look for her. Taking the books, he crossed the lawn with a light, firm step, smiling unconsciously in very gladness of heart, because the world was so beautiful and every one so kind. "I'll find her either in the summer house or the w. d.," he said aloud; "if he the summer house is empty, she'll be in the w. d.," he mused, as he crossed a meadow, and entered a small, thickly planted copse, generally spoken of as "the Wood."

It was Agnes Dalton's favorite retreat when she was wanted to read and think; no one ever accompanied her there except Jo, her favorite dog, or followed her except Cousin Jack, who was privileged to go where he liked, and do as he liked, at Rosedene. After a few minutes he found her seated on a mossy bank under the shelter of the trees, absorbed in a book. She had thrown off her hat and laid aside her sunshade; the light fell on her soft, fair hair, turning it to gold, and irradiating her calm, sweet face; her white dress gleamed amid the ever tall ferns, and there was a most impressive air of rest and stillness all round, with a subtle odor of flowers and a drowsy hum of insect life. Jack gazed for a few minutes through an opening in the tall trees, and his heart seemed to stand still. Agnes looked so calm, so beautiful, so like an angel, with the sunbeams making a golden glory about her, that he was frightened at his own presumption in loving her; and yet, how could he help it? She was so kind and gracious, and tender and pitiful. All a man's life might be well spent in loving her, all his nature ennobled, even if he was never fortunate enough to win anything in return.

With a very unusual humility, Jack drew near. Jo blinked his great brown eyes, and wagged his tail lazily, but Agnes never looked up; and in that one minute Jack somehow felt that she was farther from him, more out of his reach, more sacred than she had ever seemed before. At last he made a slight noise by breathing down a fern, and Agnes looked up with a smile of welcome. "Home so soon, Jack?" she said, with

a smile. "I thought it was quite early in the afternoon!" Jack's heart sank lower; she evidently did not miss him, nor even expect him, though he had promised to come, and had been looking forward to the visit all the week. He had also been making up his mind what he would say to Agnes on that particular occasion; but now, though the place and time was most propitious, there was something in her face that discouraged him; she looked so calm and sweet and unconscious of her own beauty; she was so tender-hearted, that Jack—tender-hearted, too, and supremely unselfish—found himself wondering how he could dare to trouble her, or disturb the perfect, ever calm, of her life. If she accepted him it would be a break, and something of a wrench, for Agnes was devotedly attached to her father. If she refused him, he could not help feeling, even in the midst of his own uncertainty, that it would give her pain, and upset all their pleasant intimacy, and yet Jack felt that he must know his fate—"put it to the touch" without any further delay.

"You were expecting me, Agnes?" he said, throwing himself on the moss at her feet; and there was so much earnestness and entreaty in his voice that Agnes looked at him attentively. "You knew I would come to-day?" "I don't know that I thought much about it, Jack; you often do come on a Saturday!" "I promised to bring you some books—"

"And you generally keep your promises, like a good boy. What have you brought me to-day?" "I don't know—never mind; I want to talk to you—Agnes—I have something very particular to say to you—but don't know how to begin—"

"Don't begin, then," she interrupted, with a swift divination of his meaning. "Don't, Jack," and she laid her hand caressingly on his arm. "We have been such friends always!" "Can't we be anything more, Agnes?" said, taking her hand. "You know that I love you—have loved you and will love you always. Friends we must always be. But can't you say one word to me?" "It is impossible! Oh! dear Jack, I am so sorry. I never thought of this."

"And I have never thought of anything else," Jack replied, with a little smile. "I know you are too good and kind to send me away hopeless if there were any hope." "There is none, Jack." "Then I can only pray for your happiness, Agnes, and say good-bye." "Oh! that need not be, surely. You will soon forget this," Agnes replied. "And," she added, with a sudden blush, that gave the last charm to her sweet, thoughtful face, "and, Jack, I think I shall be happy."

"Thank Heaven for that!" he said, earnestly. "It is the dearest, the only wish of my heart. Ah! I see—that is, I think I understand," and his lips trembled. "If I am right, there is indeed no hope; it only remains for me once more to pray more fervently than ever. 'Heaven bless and keep you always, and send you good by real earnest!'" "Oh! not that, Jack! surely not that! You are my oldest friend—my cousin—almost my brother."

"Were I your very brother, Philip Wynne would brook no rival in your affection," Jack said, with a strange hardness in his voice. "I must go, dear. It is best—"

"Best for you, and best for me! But you will come back some day when you have learned to forget," Agnes said, gently. "If I never come back till then, I'll never come back at all!" Jack cried, dashing away a tear with the back of his hand. He was very boyish, despite his manly face. "But if ever I hear or think you want me, I will come without a moment's delay, even if it be from the very uttermost ends of the earth!"

hero and lover should be grave, silent, earnest; with a low, soft voice, and eloquent dark eyes, wise, in all mere worldly learning and culture, and with a suppressed force, or passion, or earnestness—she could hardly define the thing to herself—but a something that set him apart from other men, from the first.

It was an easy matter for him to win her heart, for all the possibilities she saw in him were for good; and he was an assiduous wooer; but she did not so easily consent to show her love, much less confess it. But, having once done so, he pressed for a speedy marriage, and he said he would speak to Mr. Dalton, on whom everything depended, that very evening; for Agnes would never marry without her father's consent, and somehow Mr. Dalton did not very much admire Philip Wynne, though he was a good deal at Rosedene. Had he thought of suitors for his daughter's hand, which he never had, Jack Hardy would have been much more acceptable. He was therefore much surprised when Mr. Wynne laid his proposals before him that evening after dinner. He would even have objected to his inartistic, dilette and distrust of the man were strong at that moment—but for two things. Philip spoke with quiet certainty of having won Agnes's love, and Mr. Dalton had received a telegram from his senior partner, Mr. Driver, that disquieted him very much. He could not less have experienced a strange sense of uneasiness, especially as he knew that things had been a little wrong with his partner for some time. So he accepted Mr. Wynne's proposals, not with enthusiasm, but still with tolerably good grace, and even consented to an early date being fixed for the wedding. An hour later, when he saw his daughter's radiant, blushing face, and the deep tender light in her eyes whenever they rested on her lover, all his scruples vanished, and he was even cordial to Philip Wynne; the child evidently loved him, so there was no more to be said.

That was Saturday and the Sunday following seemed to Agnes Dalton the most perfectly beautiful day of her life. Philip came over to Rosedene early, and they walked to church together through the shady lanes and shining fields. He did not utter one word of love—Agnes often remembered that—nor did he rail at the uselessness of things, and the helplessness of man; nor did he even smile when Agnes said that every day, if it were his, would do something to lessen the sense of human sufferings and misery.

"We will try together, Agnes," he said, looking at her tenderly. "Hitherto I fear I have done more to increase rather than diminish the sum of human woe—but you will help me!" "Heaven helping me," she said softly. "That was Sunday. On Monday afternoon, while Agnes Dalton sat in her favorite, half-naked waiting for the coming of her lover, she was startled by an unfamiliar step on the mossy slope, and, looking up, saw Michael Ainger.

"My father—what is it?" she cried, divining something was wrong. "Tell me, Michael," he said, "but you are brave and strong, and know where to look for help in time of need." "My father, Michael? My father?" "He's broken, miss, but alive. Driver & Dalton has gone to smash. Driver has escaped, and Dalton is left to bear all the blame—Dalton and me!" "What is this?" she asked, "and what is this?" "The firm, Miss Agnes—that is, the master and me. Driver's gone, escaped—and taken everything with him. We're ruined, bankrupt, disgraced!"

"Oh! is that all? I feared my father was ill—or perhaps dead, Michael." "Worse than ill, worse than dead—disgraced," Michael said, the old man wailed. "Everything is gone!" "Never mind, old friend; while there's life there's hope. Poor, ruined, we may be; but disgraced, never! It is only a matter of money, I know some one who will help us. Come, cheer up, and tell me the worst!"

"Miss Agnes," Mr. Driver said, "every penny the firm could command; stolen all our securities; stained our name, and absconded—that's all!" "Father is not to blame! And what does it matter being poor?" Agnes said, bravely. "God help you, Miss Agnes, and enable you to do what you can!" "He will, Michael, I am not afraid. Where is my father?" "In the house; he asked me to tell you—he felt so broken."

"I must go to him at once. I have stayed too long. Poor father! as if anything mattered while I have him!" "Oh, my dear, my dear! the little child!" carried in my arms—the sweet, wise little lassie that used to try to comfort old Michael! It's a poor return for all my love and care, and for all your goodness, to make me tell you the saddest story every loving child heard. My dear, my honored master had a stroke, and is quite unconscious. The doctor says he is not in any immediate danger, but he will never be himself again, I fear, with this trouble hanging over him."

with a more tenderly sweet expression than in the old time. Two feeble, white-haired old men were pretending to play chess on the other side. The room was small, bare and comfortable; but there was at least love and contentment. The old men were harmless, the girl was tender and patient, and she worked with all her might to supply their few and simple wants. She had worked for them for ten years—ever since Mr. Dalton and his chief clerk, Michael Ainger, left Westwood, running indeed, but not disgraced; ever since that dreadful day when Philip Wynne heartlessly said they were both mistaken, and escaped with his partner, Robert Driver, the author of their ruin.

Suddenly their came a loud knock at the door, and without waiting for a reply, the latch was raised, and Jack Hardy entered the shabby little room. "My darling, I have found you! I am not too late," he cried, clasping Agnes in his strong arms. "Tell me it is not too late." "No, it is not too late, Agnes sobbed. "I have found out—"

"That we were both mistaken, my darling; in, in daring to think I was worthy of your love, in thinking I never would be; but let us forget the past and begin again." "But my father and Michael?" "Your father will always be my father, dear, and Michael will always be my dear old friend. The world has gone well with me during the last ten years; and now to find you again, and willing to share my good fortune, I have nothing left to wish for. I am not even sure that I am sorry we were both mistaken long ago. Happiness won by waiting is not only sweet, but sure."—The Quaker.

Greecian Dudes. One of the biggest surprises in nether garments the whole world round is worn by the Greecian dudes once seen on the streets of Constantinople. Imagine a sky-blue silken halloo, bottom side up and fastened round the wearer's waist, two neat-fitting leg-holes made in the bulge, and the whole bulb collapsed and swaddled about the legs when walking, and you can imagine the lower story of a Greecian dude.

The chief delight of the Greecian dude is to sit in front of a kahay shop, smoke mangle and watch the ladies pass by. Those of his own nationality are wearing garments but slightly different from his own, the footholes in the inverted halloo being nearer the bottom, but that is about all.—Pittsburg Commercial.

Cost of Raising a Boy. "My father never did anything for me," is an observation which is frequently heard from the lips of young men, but in most cases a little reflection would convince the speaker that he is making a serious error. A recent writer, hearing the remark uttered by a young fellow whose education, as the phrase goes, had just been completed, and who was looking around him to find an opening in business, took the trouble to estimate the cost of bringing up the said young fellow from his birth, which had been defrayed, of course, by the parent referred to in such a slighting way. These are his figures:

With a few modifications, these figures may be taken to represent the average expense entailed in raising an ordinary boy. Many parents spend several times as much. It would certainly be well for young men who take all this as a matter of course, and think that their fathers have done nothing for them, to reflect that they owe a heavy debt of gratitude to those that have brought them up from helpless infancy and equipped them to fight for themselves the battle of life.—Golden Argus.

A Matter of Taste. A scientific journal has an article headed: "How to Taste." We haven't had time to read it, but our own idea is that it depends a great deal on what you are going to taste. If it is a quinine or castor oil or anything of that sort it won't require any previous training or a university education to enable you to taste all you want of it in one brief, hasty swallow. But if it is something real good; something that you like better and get less of than any other man in America, you need a neck a yard long, full of all sorts of back stops and dampers all the way down. That is the theory of an unlettered man who tastes by main strength and natural selection, and if Science thinks she has a better way we'd like to trot her one heat, anyhow, just for fun.—Burdette.

QUEER OLD GRAVESTONES.

QUEER OLD GRAVESTONES. THE Burying Place of Some of New Haven's Early Governors—Samples of Colonial Poetry. Glancing to the right through the ear window just before the local express rushes upon the little bridge over Mill Creek to the east, and dashes on into the village of New Milford, Conn., the New York bound passenger gets a glimpse of one of the quaintest old graveyards in New England. Its brown, hat-crowned gravestones are strewn so near the railroad track that the thundering express seems to grind them beneath its wheels.

Some of the gravestones have sunk almost out of sight. Others, with sides wadded and crumpled, push their weather-stained noses up through the rank, tangled grasses in defiance of time's decay. A few lie prone in shamefaced overthrow. The stranger, particularly if he be an antiquarian, will find rare grubbing among these rusty old stones.

Some of the gravestones are nearly 250 years old. Milford was settled in 1639, and the settlers began to die apparently about as soon as they got here. A good many never received the Christian burial, as the Indians attended to their obsequies without inviting the relatives or personal friends of the deceased. One of the earliest inscriptions that is entirely preserved is on a slab above the rather pretentious tomb of Governor Robert Treat. It reads:

Here lies Interred the Body of Coll. Robert Treat, Esq. who Faithfully Served This Colony in the Post of Governour and Deputy Governour Near Six Years of Thirty Years as the Age of Four Years and Eight Years, Exchanged This Life for Better July 12, Anno Dom. 1710. Johnathan Law, another Governor of the colony, is also buried in this graveyard. He was born in Milford on August 6, 1673, and died there on November 6, 1750. He was Governor from 1742 until 1750. His resting place, like Governor Treat's, is marked by one of the few flat tombstones above ground. Several other colonial dignitaries have simple headstones. On others the early obituary eulogist has left his copious trade marks. Here is a sample:

The truly honorable and pious Roger Newton, Esq. An officer of distinguished name in ex- position 1709 and 1710, for many years one of you council and colonel of the Second regiment of militia, judge of the court of common pleas thirty-three years, until he departed this life, January 15, 1771, in the 57th year of his age. His mind returned to God, and he lies here the part he left beneath the skies, Newton as steel; inflexible from right, In faith, in law, in equity, in fight." Another panegyrist relates that Isaac Allen, Esq., was a gentleman by name, a Gentleman in integrity and firmness, in patriotism and in virtue. After a life active in commerce and in public employments, he died at a life very useful to his family and to the public.

And adds that at last this excellent gentleman— "Worn out by a long and distressing asthma, he died on the 15th of November, 1780, in the 55th year of his age." Mortuary poetry abounds. Some of it is about as original and as startling as the most versatile genius in his line produces. Neither young nor old have escaped it in the Milford graveyard. Elihu Fowler, son of Jonathan Fowler, died on October 9, 1789, three years and four months old, and his untimely fate is thus graphically epitomized: "His life a span, the mournful toll Declares the exit of his soul; Grim Death came, his life is call'd To take its flight—the name he call'd, 'Ye who are young come learn your end, By deep repentance make Christ your friend.' Over the grave 'where lies the body of Mr. Phebe Gillet, wife of Mr. William Gillet, Junr., who died on February 10, 1793, twenty-nine years old, is one of the most remarkable tributes in the entire graveyard. Manifestly it was written by her husband. Its orthography is unusually eccentric even for those days of arbitrary spelling. Here it is: "Her Dying Words unto her husband are: Refrain your passions! Why so much Distress! Is't the will of God! I hope it's for the Best For you! For me! And for my mothers— To whom sad! To God and you I now Comend that care. Pattern of Patriots to the end of life, Now she speaks to every living wife, Pen are Unworthy and the Lord is just."

Drollest and decidedly most realistic of all the inscriptions are those on the gravestones of Miss Mary Fowler and Mrs. Sarah Bryan, consort of Captain Richard Bryan. Miss Fowler was in her 24th year when she died on Feb. 1, 1792. This is the inscription that was composed in her honor: "Molly, though pleasant in her day Was suddenly seized and sent away; How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rotten, Sent to the grave and soon forgotten."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Photographs on Watch Cases. "What a charming face!" "Yes, I rather flatter myself it is. It is a photograph of my wife." "How did you ever manage to have it photographed on the inside of your watch cover?" inquired the reporter. "That is not very hard to do, if you only know how," replied the jeweler. A new process has been invented; enamel on which a photograph has been transferred is fitted perfectly on the surface of the case. It can be successfully done no other way, and is an immense improvement over the old way of putting the paper negative of a photograph in a watch case. It is even a neater device than to photograph in miniature the face directly on the metal, besides being much cheaper.—Mail and Express.

"WILL HE COME."

The sun has lit the wood and set; With heavy dews the grass is wet; The first stand out in silhouette, Sharp, tall and still; Sometimes a rattle—this is night, A scurrying whist—there is a light; Naught else. Her heart she gathers tight— The air is chilly. The bell-clock strikes slowly—eight. "Ah, waning love makes stowers later, Slack auto he whose queen may wait!" She stops and listens: A dear leaf rustles—there was all! Well, make no pride will come at call; She will not let the teardrop fall— It stands and glistens. She turns—but hark! the step she knows! The branches part and, swinging, close; What penance now has him impose? The tears who miss! She can't be hard, though sure she tries, For love will melt through loving eyes, And all the chiding words that rise Are crushed with kisses. —Caswell's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There may be nothing new in this world, but there's a heap that's fresh.—Tid-Bits. Gambler are said to frequent ocean steamers because gulls are very thick at sea.—Life. Talk is cheap. The man who talks too much gets so liberal that he gives himself away.—Baltimore American. There is about as much spring in the Waterbury watch as there is in two years in New England.—Somerville Journal.

The girl who hooks a fish will shriek To see its frantic wriggles; But when she hooks a man—enter freak— She simply groans and giggles.—Charleston Enterprise. The woman who marries an ill tempered husband is right in thinking that she has struck a Lucifer match.—Merchant Traveler. It is said that the Empress Josephine had thirty-eight bonnets in one month. No wonder the whole family failed in business.—Burlington Free Press.

Dr. Torsey, of Boston, marries a pair in eighty seconds. There are many young persons who would like to make a minute of this.—Clarion Journal. The man who does not advertise Displays as much good sense As the man who dons his Sunday pants To climb a barbed wire fence. "His high," is the Savannah News's advice to young men. This is the same old chestnut that the girl sprung on the fellow who kissed her on the chin.—Nashville American.

A New England man has just had a patent granted to him for "an electric switch." It is expected that all the boys of the country will rise up in vehement protest.—Boston Post. The minstrel show on deck again. And the end men are—Charles recorded in the part that tickled old Adam and Eve Again set the audience a laughing.—Boston Courier. The latest and most wonderful cure effected by a patent medicine is recorded in the following: "A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. An hour afterward the boy threw up the dollar, all in small change, principally dime pieces."—St. Louis Magazine.

A young lady in Missouri has a collection of 17,653 spoons. This money is far ahead of the crazy quilt man, and more useful than decorating china with flowers unknown to botanic science. The young man who shall link his destiny with this girl will have a soft snap on kindling wood.—Boston Globe.

The Tail of Criminals. A curious study has been made by Dr. Peracchia of the difference between criminals and law-abiding citizens, as exhibited by their walk. The author first made a number of observations to determine the conditions of normal progression, and found that in good people the right pace is longer than the left, the factors of the right foot from the median line is less than that of the left, and the angle of deviation of the axis of the foot from a straight line is greater on the right side than on the left.

But this is not all. Dr. Peracchia has not only shown us how we may distinguish criminals in general, but has laid the beginnings of the differential diagnosis between various sorts of evil-doers. The following are the distinguishing characteristics which his observations have enabled him to formulate: 1. Thieves.—In those who are predisposed to appropriate the property of others there is a pronounced widening of the base of support together with a very long step. 2. Assassins.—In those who have murdered in their hearts the base of support is not as wide as it is in thieves, since the angle formed by the axis of the foot with the median line is less obtuse, but the sinistrality betrayed by their foot-prints is very marked. 3. Discoveries are of a very interesting character, and if the criminal could be induced to walk before the honest man, instead of following him as he usually does, they might also be put to a practical use, for then good citizens could diagnose the rogue by his tracks, and might thus be enabled to escape robbery, or assassination, as the case might be.—Medical Record.

Occupation in Ceylon. The seaside villages of the marinating districts of Ceylon are, as a rule, exceedingly neat, and the trade carried on by their inhabitants is sufficiently profitable to enable them to lead lives of comparative comfort, as compared with many of the village cultivators of the interior, who frequently, during unfavorable seasons, find it extremely difficult to support life. Along the line of the sea-coast fishing provides for the daily wants of very many of the people, while the families of others among them find occupation in the preparation of the fibres of the outer bark of the coconut, for making into coarse yarn and rope, a use to which they are very generally applied. The distillation of arrack from the juice of the palm tree also affords employment to thousands of villagers along the sea-coast, where the tree itself, about with but little cultivation.—Art Journal.