THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

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A low estimate puts the number of persons throughout the world supported by all the forms of employment furnished by electricity at 5,000,000.

It is now possible for a traveler to go direct by rail from the City of Mexico to British Columbia, a distance of 8,000 miles. This has been made possible by the recent completion of the California nod Oregon Railway.

The Minneapolis Tribune has invited all the old settlers of Minnesota to tell in its columns how much colder the weather used to be in the days when they were young. Some picturesque whoppers may conficiently be expected.

The champion "Benedick" of the civilized world is Francois Sauron, wood ranger of Saint Paulien, France. He is as years old, and on January 10 was married for the sixth time to a widow of 60. Lis last four marriages have occurred in the last four years.

Probably one of the oldest meeting houses in the world is the Banguad Church in Norway, the age of which is 800 years. The pagoda-like structure is covered with shingles and an inch or two of tar. Runic inscriptions, interesting to scholars, are on the building.

It seems as though tea grown in the cold climate of Canada would possess extraordinary puckering powers, like unto a green persimmon. Nevertheless Professor St. Andrews, of the Central Experimental Farm of Canada, proposes frying some exper meats with a hardy variety grown in Japan.

The big cattle ranches of the far West and Southwest are reported to be breakfag up. A year ago the Niobrara Land and cattle Company, which has become bankrupt, refused \$1,000,000 for its property. Instead of the big companies swallowing the little ones, it is thought that the tendency is toward the breaking up of the big ranches into smaler

The American Board is responsible for the Christmaization of one-tenth of the heathen world. It has 22 missions, 461 American and 2 630 native laborers, preaching at 990 stations in 26 different languages. They support 325 churches with 28,072 members. In 98 high schools, universities and colleges they have 5,941 picked pupils of both sexes and 41,15) pupils in the common school Its miss on presses send out annually 18,650,000 pages of Christian literature

The cashier of a Chinese bank tried to leave with the funds of his bank for some undiscovered bourne or other, but was, unhappily for himself, promptly captured. It seems to take a good deal of vengeance to satisfy the demands of thinese justice, which certainly ought to be, and no doubt is extremely determent the danger from snow slides. The thaw had him by digging, and I had no sooner be, and no doubt is, extremely deterrent. All all events, in the case of this luckless eashier, the preliminary step, when they caught him, was to wall him up neatly in a cell, and leave him to reflect on the error of his ways and to starve. and in the meantime they chopped off the heads of all his family .- Leeds Mer-

It appears that about seventeen millions of tons of coal per year is the had a burden on his shoulder and was rmount yielded by the chief coal dis-rmount yielded by the chief coal dis-the cabin I stood at the door to wait for tricts of Great Britain Newcastle, South Wales, and the Clyde country-and, assuming this to represent the average annual consumption for many years to some, it is estimated that the British mines will not be exhausted in less than the seed of an avalanche. 660 to 800 years. It is further calcu- had scarcely reached my ears, when I lated that drawing upon only one of her fields, the Westphalian, Germany will not be able to exhaust her coal supply in on a mountain side a thousand feet high less than a thousand years, and she has, and a quarter of a mile long was in mo-in addition, the riches of the Eavarian, tion for the base. It came with a terthe Aachen, and the Silesian coal districts. It is claimed, therefore, that, held my breach for what was to happen. independent of the resources of other countries, Great Britain and Germany could supply Europe with coal for an the roof, and then all was midnight dark unlimited period.

The North China Hera'd of recent date says that persons who doubt the had not been awept away and torn log barbarity of some of the Chinese purish. barbarity of some of the Chinese punishments " have only to walk into the city of Shanghai this morning, a few minutes' task, and they will find one of the most revolting of these punishments in full operation, and its infliction applauded by all the Chinese who know of it," The criminal, one Koh, is a hardened ruffian, who has passed the greater part of the past ten years in jail. The specific offence for which he was being punished. I lashed another to it, and yet the length was his habit of blackmailing the new prisoners who were put in jail with him. He was suspended in a cage about five feet high, with his head through the top of the cabin, and about 200 feet away. in a wooden collar, so that he could not | was a great mass of bare rock forty rods reach it with his hands. His feet, which were loaded with chains, were so far the ava auche, and it was more than likely from the bottom that he could only just | and tw nty-four feet deep lay above me. touch it when standing on tiptoe. Here he was condemned to stand, without was not one chance in a thousand that food or water, just inside the outer gate of the magistrate's yamen, the sport of best it would be some days before any hundreds, until death put au end to his sufferings. The writer suggests that a in the hut. If the hermit escaped he photograph of the cage and its occupant | would carry the news. If he was buried would be a telling frontispiece to the Manquis Treng's recent article on the spring. I was in a bad box, and for the "Awakening of China."

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THEIR ANGELS

My heart is lonely as heart can be, And the cry of Rachel goes up from me For the tender faces, unforgot, Of the little children that are not; Although Lknow

They are all in the land where I shall go. I want them close in the dear old way; But life goes forward and will not stay; And He who made it has made it right; Yet I miss my darlings out of my sight, Although I know

They are all in the land where I shall go. Only one has died. There is one small mound, Violet heaped, in the sweet grave-ground, Twenty years have bloomed and spread Over the little baby head:

And, oh! I know She is safe in the land where I shall go. Not dead; only grown and gone away; The hair of my darling is turning gray That was golden once in the days so dear, Over for many an I many a year.

Yet I know-I knw-She's a child in the land where I shall go. My bright, brave boy is a grave eyed man, Facing the world as a worker can But I think of him now as I had him then, And I lay his cheek to my heart again; And so I know

I shall have him there where we both shall go. Out from the father and into life, Back to His breast from the ended strife, And the fluished labor, I hear the word From the lips of Him who was child and

Lord, And I know, that so It shall be in the land where we all shall go. Given back-with the gain. The secret this Of the blessed Kingdom of Children is: My mother's arms are waiting for me;

I shall lay my head on my father's knee; For so, I know Pm a child myself where I shall go.

The world is troublous and hard and cold. And men and women grow gray and old; But behind the world is an inner place, Where yet their angels behold God's face, And lo! we know That only the children can see Him so.

UNDER AN AVALANCHE.

-Adeline T. D. Whitney

I was coming out of the mountains to the north of virginia City with a lot of miners' mail strapped on my back. There was no regular mail route there then, but about once a month some one took the letters down and returned with any mail found at the Postotlice. I was on snow shoes. The winter had been severe, and the snow was five or six feet deep on the level. The 27th of January had been a very balmy day, with a warm san and wind, and on the morning of

I had to make my way along the base

a range known to us then as Bill's Thumb, and for this twelve miles there was only one settler. He was an old bachelor who had built himself a snug, stout cabin under the caves of the I was up at an early hour next morning. stout cabin under the caves of the Thurb. He was hunter, miner, prospector, taxidermist, naturalist, and I don't know what else. Some of the don't know what else. Some of the boys who had met him had an idea that a human being. I thought I could hear he had sourced on the world, and come grouns and moans and cries for help, and out there to live a hermit life, but he was when I opened the door the sounds continued through the night, and it needed only a par to send the great snow lying on the mountain rushing de on the slope with a force which noth ng could stand. One took place behind me which brought down hundreds of tons, and as I pushed my way forward all my senses were on the alert for the first signal of danger,

When I had approached within pistol shot of the hermit's cabin I saw the man himself about a mile down the valley. He was coming toward the house, but him, thinking he might wish me to take a letter or do some errand. He was still half a mile away when I heard a dull, fall away up the mountain above my head. I knew it was a mass of snow tumbling off the rocks, and that it was The sound wheeled to the door, lifted the lat h, and the next instant was inside. I was none too soon. Almost every pound of snow rible roar and a succession of crashes as rocks and tiees were caught up, and I The house trembled and rocked, a thousand empty wagons seemed to rush over

ness, and the stillness of the grave settled down upon me. The house had been buried under an avalanche. It was God's mercy that it arm doubled under him as if broken, the hearth, and before I moved I struck a match to see my way. After looking about a bit I found a candle, and then I began to investigate the situation. On opening the door I found the snow packed solidly in front Going to the single window I found every ray of light out In the room was a bundle of rods about as large as my linger and nine feet long. There were six of them I was not sufficient. I lashed on a second, and now had at least twenty-five clear feet of pole to probe with, and I believed the upper end found daylight. In front long by fifty feet high. This would stop that a solid mass of snow forty rods long

What had become of the hermit! There he had escaped. The avalanche would block the trail for weeks, and at the very under the snow, I might as well make up

Then, having every reason to believe that front of the fire for awhile, then wrote THE ECONOMITE SOCIETY be long before I saw daylight again.

chimney. I reasoned from this that it had been covered by rocks or limbs. satisfied that some way had been opened for the smoke to drive away. I may ex-plain here that a great mass of tree tops iodged on the roof before the bulk of iodged on the roof before the bulk of where the two bodies lay, and pushed the that snow came, and these held the snow over up so that the smoke went sailing about

I got myself some supper, wound up the clock, and sat down for a smoke and a think. The hermit had two pipes and a large stock of tobacco, and lonely as was my situation a feeling of gratitude to God for the comforts at hand was upper-most in my mind. I was now perfectly atisfied that I was buried deep under the snow, and that my rescue would be a matter of weeks. The first move was to write out a statement of the accident, and this I placed where it would be preserved and found in case of my death Then I began a daily journal, and mapped out a programme to be followed. week's imprisonment would be nothing, but after that it would not do to let the mind dwell on the situation. You see, the horror of it was the stillness. The idea kept coming up that I was buried alive, and it was an awful thing to think of. The hermit's clock was an old fashioned one, with a loud tick-tack, and after the cabin got through settling under the weight of the snow every tick sounded almost as loud as the blow of hammer. It was so warm that I needed only the smallest fire, and when I went

in a hundred channels.

despatched my breakfast than I set about making me a shovel to dig with. I found board, and the snow I due from the doorway I heaped up in the fuel room. I had not been digging over half an hour when I made the discovery that the first rush of the avalanche had brought down a great lot of small trees, bushes and tocks, with here and there a large tree They had been piled up helter-skelter, but they held up the mass of snow so that with a little digging I could run a tunnel in almost any direc tion. Great care was necessary, however, as the burden above was very heavy, and the displacement of a sup port might bring down a great weight of

from the door about twenty feet I turned to the right, made m way under a lot of rubbish, and after going about thirty feet came upon the body of an Indian. Here the limbs and sticks made a sort of bower, under which he lay, and I knew that it was his voice I had heard calling There were no indians about us except hostiles, and just before the snow came our camp. We had no fear of them after winter set in, knowing that they stuck close to their villages. Here was a red-skin, however, in full war paint; but I and no sooner found him than I saw tha he was dead, though his body was still warm. He had been mauled in a terrib nanner, both legs being broken his head all bloody from an injury, and his right could see the butt of his rifle sticking out of the snow, but when puried at it I found the barrel dissing. It had been wrenched off. I got his tomahawk and knife, however ogether with powder horn and bullet along and crept beyond it I caught sight of a moceasin in the snow and dirt. took me an hour to unearth the body, which was that of a second warrior. The life had been crushed out of him in a second. The mass of rock which had come down with him had broken every bone in his body, and a great share his face had been ground off. His rifle I could not find, while both suite actions have were broken. While searching his cold and battered body I found a to keep warm, said Mr. (arden. "The hig stove I kept nearly red hot, but still him bar containing about \$303 hig stove I kept nearly red hot, but still also got from him about \$200 worth of dust and nuggets, and in the search I

and but for the avalanche they night have had mine as well. The day had gone by the time I had overhauled the second Indian's body. Being at work the hours had passed

found attached to his belt a white man's

been in ambush part was up the mountain, intent upan taking the hermit's

I must be a prisoner for many long days, up my daily journal, and when I went I began to take an inventory of stock, as to bed I left the door wide open. It it were. There was a good bed of skins seemed to me that the air was getting and blankets, several cooking utensils, a foul down there, and by opening the table and several rough stools, a clock, a door the room was greatly purified. It dozen or more books, about thirty candles, with tea, coffee, sugar, pork, and know, and the fire was all out, when flour in quantities to last me several some noise in the room startled me. I weeks. I could not have been better pro- sat up in bed and was soon convinced vided had I planned for the avalanche to that some one or some living thing be-There was a lean-to at the back | side myself was present. I could bear and of the hut, and I looked into this to a labored breathing, together with find it full of fuel. I felt much more sounds, as of some one pulling himself hopeful after I had taken the inventory, along the floor, and I climbed over the hopeful after I had taken the inventory, along the floor, and I climbed over the for I could not help but feel that it would foot of the bed and lighted the candle. What was my amazement to find a third For several hours after the accident savage in the cabin! He had quite and steamboat lines ever penetrate the the cabin sent forth suspicious sounds. reached the side of the bed, and had heart of the sleepy town. It is the home The snow was settling and packing above I got out that way, as usual, it, and rafters and logs cracked and he would have at least wounded snapped in a way to keep me on thorns. me, for he had his naked knife in his suapped in a way to keep me on thorns. me, for he had his naked knife in his if the weight on the roof proved too hand and was bent on mu der. The great I should be crushed or smothered hatchet was at hand, but I did not need the moment it fell in. It was after 3 a weapon. The warrior had been dread-o'clock in the afternoon before I felt safe. fully hurt, and, as an investigation But very little snow had come down the proved, had been buried just beyond the ther two. When I left the bodies he If had dug his way to my tunnel, and then such was the case and the fire refused to pulled himself along to the door, intend-ourn, I should be hard pressed with lag to have my life as I slept. When plenty of raw provisions at hand. I fell badled in this, he glared at me with all an the gravity of the situation as I threw on some light wood and made a blaze. It was a hard fight for half an hour. Some of the smoke certainly found a way to escape, but some was driven back. However, afterward for the hard a human heart can betray. He was crushed at the hips, and none but a sa age could have accomplished what he did. I could have killed him at a single blow, but the horriba way to escape, but some was driven blow, but the horriba way to escape. way to escape, but some was driven blow, but the horrible work was spared me. Death was already leside him, and the fire brought down a great deal of water so much so that I could hardly keep a candle in hand, he uttered a faint war-lame going.—and about 4:30 o'clock the whoop and fell over dead. When I was abin was cleared of smoke. While I sure that life had departed, I dragged cabin was cleared of smoke. While I sure that life had departed, I dragged could not for an instant believe that the him into the tunnel and shut and bar ed chimney showed above the snow, I was the door, and so upset had my nerves be-

come by the adventure that I did not sleep again that night.
In the morning I excavated a hole near Then I began running a tunnel for the ledge in front of the cabin, and had gone about twenty feet when the second night came. Early in the third day I had to abandon this tunnel on a count of a cave-in which n arly smothered me. Then I turned to the right to come out down the valley, and I was still at this work when the first week closed. Early in the second week I was stopped by a bank of rocks and earth, and woen the second week closed I was drifting a tunnel to the left. It was slower work than you would think for. The snow was packed very solid, and all I dug out had to be thrown beaind me, and eventu-A ally carried off and scattered in some hole under the tree tops. Every few feet I met with a big rock or the trunk of a tree, and it was hard work to get around such obstructions. Again a cave-in would take place to hinder further progress for a day or two, and I finally came to the conclusion that I could never get

out by tunneling, I started in on the third week more to be at work than from any hope of escape. All that week I tunneled to the right again, and at three o'clock on Saturday alternoon I broke into my own tunnel. In other words, I had done as a man does when lost in the woods. I made a half circle and came back on myself, while all the time I felt sure I was going straight ahead. The fourth week was spent mostly in the house. I was now becoming much weaker, and was ready to give up. It was on the thirty-fifth night that the cabin began groanme many a fright, and at seven o'clock next morning, when I o I found my tunnel filled up. I was lamenting this when I noticed that the a hatchet, and with this sharpened a fire was drawing better than usual. Go-board, and the snow I dug from the ingoverto the fireplace, I took a look up the chimney and saw the dark sky of heaven. At the same moment three or four drops of rain fell upon my face, and then I understood that a great thaw had set in and was reducing the snow around me. It was three days more, however, before I got daylight through the window and could force my way out of the

It had been raining for three days and nights, and the creek below me was a mad torrent. The snow on the trail was vait two days before I could get away. Then the weather changed to colder, and I got down to Virginia City. It was nearly a month later before we could get at the bodies I knew were under the snow. The hermit had been caught in the edge of the rash, and killed by being dashed against the rocks. His body was carried across the frozen creek to the edge of a thicket, and such clothing as still clung to it were in shreds and They had known of the avalanche both above and below, and had given could indee the snow above me was forty the cabin had been spared. That I came out of it alive was simply the luck which

Coldest Night Ever Known in America,

The other day there was in the city di-tinguished young mun, says the St. Louis Pox Di parch. His celep rity consists of his having recorded the west temperature ever observed within the bounds of civilization. His name is George A. Carden, and he was on his way from Lama, Mo., to Chicago, where he will act as Assistant Observed in the Signal Office, It was on New Year's morning, 1885, that Mr. Carden, then Montana, sent on the solitary telegraphic wire that connected him with the world outside this brief but startling announce seemed as cold as the outer air. me I had pited covering equivalent to twenty thicknesses of bankets. Army blankers, buffulo robes, bullalo coats calp, which had not been off the viccloth coats, everything in the shape protection, was heaped upon my little bed, yet still I shivered under it all. No one can form an idea of the cold that night. I had to wear the heaviest mit down over my ears. Once, when reached my bare hand out of the bed to throw another stick of wood on the fire swiftly away, and I had not given my-it was so committed that I has self any time to broad over the horrors the thek. Mind you, all this of the situation. After supper I sat in fire was roaring and crackling it was so ocnumbed that I had to drop

A QUAINT SECT RICHER IN MILLL.

The Queer Society that George Rapp Established in Pennsylvania-Their History and Habits

Economy is the quaintest village in the United States. It is situated on the Fort Wayne Railroad, eighteen miles below Pittsburg, yet it is as unlike an American town as if it belonged to another part of the globe. Ne ther the bustle of the near by city nor the railroad of the Economites, a society founded by George Rapp in Germany many, many years ago. What all their beliefs were is more than any outsider can ever tell. Their chief aim was to live as the earliest Christians did, as portrayed in the writings of the apostles. Driven from Germany by religious persecutions, they emigrated to America in 1805 and settled

Pennsylvania.
They bought hand and built a village which they called Harmony. They dubbe-

nore in conformity with the teachings of the disciples to live a life of celibacy. Several of the members who had wives and sweethearts rebelled against this Those who were true to happ moved with him to Indians, where another Harmony was founded. Disease attacked the new village and reduced the number of its inhabitants so gleatly that the remaining ones fled back to Pennsyl-van'a. In 1822 they bought 2,500 acres of land in a most beautiful valley near Pittsburg. Here they settled and here those of them who are still alive, live to-day. The misfortunes that befell them in the two Harmony settlements aused them to change the name. They alled their new home Economy and the dish while it is coo hemselves Economites. The members

who deserted the Harmonites either died out or became as other citizens of the globe. Many of their descendants are well-known people in and around Allegheny City. About one thousand members first settled in Economy, but as their number was never increased by birth or by adoption, and as death or asionally invaded their homes there remain at the present time not more than eighteen members, the youngest of whom is sixty-two years od. When they first took vows of celibacy they believed that the world was nearing its end, and so they lived simple lives, preparing for the mysterious nereafter. George Rapp, just before he died, told the thers the world wou'd surely end before the last member died. They believe it. On entering the village one sees plain

iouses, wide, well-kept streets, lined on either side with large shade trees and hickens-nothing else. The houses are all alike. They are all built with the gable end towards the street, an l cannot be entered except

through the vards. Everything in Economy is run by rule and regulation much as at boarding school. At 5 o'clock in the morning the bell on the one church rings, and every one in the village rises. very dweller sits down to breakfast, and what is eaten in one house is eaten in all. There is a day for "milk soup" and one for "wine soup" and for every other dish tablespoonfuls of chopped carrot, turnip peculiar to the place. The bell rings and celery and two sprigs parsley. Cook again at 7 o'clock for all to go to work; one half hour, then add to the broth at 9 it brings them back to lunch, at 12 to dinner, at 3 to lunch again, at 6 to supper, and at 9 it rings for every one to supper, and at 9 it rings for every one to supper, and at 9 it rings for every one to supper, and at 9 it rings for every one to supper, and at 9 it rings for every one to supper. put out his light and go to bed. No and summer savory. When the chicken member ever rebels or disobeys. member ever rebels or disobeys.

There is a wine cellar in Economy famous for its old liquors, but it is never the fat by laying over a damp clean sold except to invalids. None of the Economites drink water, and their employes are given wine and cider.

The only paper published in Economy a novel one on wheels. It is the side of the milk wagon which carries to each dweller, as well as the milk, the work to be done. "The apples will be gathered yet very deep, and I was compelled to to-morrow," "The cherries will be gathered to-morrow," or "Such a field will be reaped," is inscribed on the wagon's side, so that when all are supplied with their daily portion of milk they know what labor awaits them.

No family names are used among the members. "Jacob" and "Anna" and "Dorothy" are sufficient. If there are two of a name, they distinguish them by the locality where they live. Thus, there are a "Dorothy near the mili" and a cake, the lighter the cake will be. Dorothy near the orchard '

On Sunday no excuse is accepted for absence from chur h. It is a quaint lit-tle chapel painted blue and white, and in keeping with the people who gather in it to worship according to their belief Miss Gertrade Rapp, the granddaughstrangely enough saves a man now and ter of the founder, although at least then from the open jaws of death. - New eighty years old, still plays the organ and leads the singing twice every Sunday. She is yet a pretty woman, rather petite, has large blue eyes and the whitest of white hair, which tucked under her quaint little blue Normandy cap, makes her a perfect picture of ve olden days. She occupies the Ramolden days. She occupies the Rapp House—the White House of Economy. It contains many costly, beautiful and

curious relies. When an Economite dies he is wrapped in a winding-sheet and buried in the white graveyard near the orchard. No tombstone ever marks his resting-place. In the centre of the orchard is fallen after a battle with the French,

One large room is always reserved for the cure. tramps. They are always treated just over night, and after being given some of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash mone; in the morning, are started on kettle. When the soap has complete: the rway. No one ever leaves Economy | melted, put in the linen and boil

their wealth, for they are very linen in it, and then rinse it through two althy. Everything they engage in cold waters, with a very little blue in the an Economite is always wealthy.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

An Excellent Soap.

An excellent soap may be made from drippings by following the rules here

Take one can of Babbitt's Potash, solid grease. Melt the grease first. Put little water at a time. potash, stir five minutes, add three quarts of boiling water, boil five hours, adding water as it boils away. Add two ounces of borax and boil one-half hour longer; pour into a soap box letting it stand a day or so before cutting into cakes.

A Cheap Floor Paint.

Some months ago the floors of many Austrian garrisons were painted with tar, and the results have proved so uniformly advantageous that the method is becoming greatly extended in its appli-cation. The collection of dust in cracks s thus prevented, and a consequent diminution in irritative diseases of the eye has been noted. Cleaning of the rooms has been greatly facilitated, and parasites are almost completely excluded. The coating of tar is inexpensive, re-quires renewal but once a year, and presents but one disadvantage-namely, its duty. sombre color.

Fried Indian Meal Porridge.

Dry a pint of yellow meal in the oven and then sift it. Add to a quart of boiling water a teaspoonful of salt, and by legrees dredge in the meal. Stir constantly and cook half to three-quarters of an hour. Place on back of range until the moisture is well evaporated, then pour into greased bread tins and put away to become cold and firm. Next morning cut it into half inch slices, dust over them a little flour and fry a delicate brown. The object in drying the mea before cooking it is to remove all moisture it may have contracted when in damp store or closet. Damp meal ofter ferments, and it is then unhealthy.

Add an ounce of butter and two table confuls of grated Parme

Broiled Salt Colfish.

Cut half of a small codfish into medium sized square pieces, split them in two and soak them over night in cold water. Drain and dry them in a napkin next morning. Rub a little butter over each piece and broil them. Place them on a platter and pour a little melted butter

Drawn butter is sometimes served with this dish. It should be very smoothooking and have a starchy appearance Divide three ounces of butter into little Dredge them with flour. Put one-fourth of them into a saucepan, and when they begin to melt whisk to a smooth consistency. Now add one more of the floured balls and whisk thor oughly until incorporated with the first Repeat this process until all are used. When smooth and thick stir in a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and if liked little chopped parsley.

Consomme Sonp.

Cut two pounds skin of beef and two pounds knuckle of veal into a kettle. Add two quarts of cold water, heat radually. Cook three hours, then add a fowl weighing three pounds, cook three hours. Melt two tablespoonfulbutter, add one half onion cut fine, two hours, then strain. When cold remove cloth or brown paper, to which the fat will adhere. Allow the white and will adhere. Allow the white and crushed shell of an egg to every quart of stock. Put into a stew-pan and stir until hot, when it reaches the boiling point, let it keep at that point for half

Useful Hints.

The sure preventive for cholers is Bathrooms should not open into sleep-

ng apartments. Pine pillows are used on library lounger

as inducing slumber. Keep a separate saucepan for boiling potatoes in if possible.

The oftener flour is sifted for spenge Too many trees about a house shut out

cites disease. The water in which codfish has bee: soaked is very good for washing the zinc under the stove.

Take a bucket of fresh water into your bedroom every night. It will ab sorb all poisonous gasses. Bathroom accessories may be simple or

elegant, but plenty of water and soap are within the reach of a'l. Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woolen goods

with chloroform. First cover the spot with olive oil or butter. Every one should have eight hours sleep, and pale, thin, nervous person-require ten, which should be taken regu-

arly, in a well-ventilated room. To cure warts take an Irish potato ami cut off a piece of the end and rab on the mound where the lud any buried their wart two or three times a day, cutting a The Economy Hotel has many visitors. Very often one potato is sufficient for

When linen has turned yellow, out up in hour; then take it out. Have read-People often wonder what will become a lather of soap and water; wash the

The world does not seem nearer its When a Mr. Blank, of Buena Vista end than it did when George Rapp Ga. became engaged to his present who founded his qualit society, yet his followers are firm in their faith that their last member will see its end. It will not the many years until his disciples will all has given torth increase until the lady have followed his footsteps through now has a handsome herd of cattle death's grim portals, as they did through which the husband is anxious to sell life, and then what will become of Econ. Mrs. Blank, however refuses to part with only and its millions? - Now Fork World, the cattle.

THE SONG OF THE POOL

Within my sanctum snug I stt, And watch the world go round and round; My ink is dry, my pen is split, My pen and scissors can't be found

Job work-cash on delivery.

One Square, one Inch, one insertion...... 1 8

One Square, one lock, three months...... 10 00

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected enarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid it advance.

One Column, one year......

Ah! joy for me, my work is dropped, who can work without his tools? True, as you say, my pay is stopped. But money is not good for tools

So foolish here I sit and dream Within my sanctum's senuty bound; I touch no pen to thought or theme, But watch the world go round and round

With sweat and struggle, toil and pain, From dawn of day to set of sun, With lust of power and greed of gain, With battles lost and victories wor

With bate and fear and bitter strife, With treacherous blow and angry wound, While I, the fool, in happier life, Just watch the world go round and round. -Robert J. Burdette.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Risings are treated so summarily in Russia that even yeast is alraid to do its

When a physician loses his skill it naturally follows that he is out of practice. Merchant Traveler.

How would it work for the women suffragists to colonize and govern the terri-tory of No Man's Land? Schools of herring are striking in to-

ward the American shore. They obeyed the orders of the swimming delegate. After all, it is perhaps appropriate that physicians' prescriptions should be writ-ten in Latin, a dead language. —Pittsburg

In view of his preference for a "shining mark," it is a little strange that death doesn't capture more bootblacks, - Dansville Breeze.

When a washerwoman changes her place of residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang. An Illino's man who went fishing with Lincoln fifty years ago threatens to sue

the Century Magazine for not printing his picture. - Life. Now does each side in Congress
Declare in hot ferment.
That the ot er eyes the surplus
With burglarious intent.

Tid-Bits. A burglar in Harlem took, among other things, a cornet belonging to an amateur, and the neighbors are trying to raise a fund of \$500,000 to bribe the thief to return some night and carry off the amateur. - New York Times.

Oh, and is the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still; And sad is the winter without any ice The ice dealer's house to fill. But saddlest of all the things I know Is the toboggan side without any snow, —Confer. Journal.

Chicago Lady (to husband) -- "My dear, did you think to order a ton of coal to-day?" Husband—"Yes," Chicago Lady —"And my shoes!" Husband—"Yes, and my snoes: Hisbaild—'10s, and" (peering out of the window) "there is a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark to see whether it has the coal or the shoes."—Hirper's Bazar.

Why wouldn't it be a good idea if somebody should get up a code of signals showing how people feel, thus saving much wind in asking "tiow are you?" and kindred questions? There might be a white large lutton for "Botte and." a white lapel button for "Pretty well," a red one for "So-so," and a blue one for "I feel like the deuce." They could saily be made quite as trustworthy as lelt want .- Boston Transcript.

Cannibal Island Currency

Mr. Walter Coote has described the Solomon Islands. Un one of ands he noticed a neatly-kept house, which he was told was the money Entering it, he found a number of maps hanging from the roof, beneath which Mire was constantly kept up, under the effect of which they become covered with a black, gli-tening coating and adorned with festoons of soot. It was a man's ousiness to keep the fire always burning, and so low as not to scorch the maps. well-colored map is worth about as much as a well-grown, vigorous boar. This is the strangest of all kinds of money, for it must never be taken from the money ouse, even when the title of it is trans ferred from one owner to another. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz Island use for money, rope ends, about an inch thick, and ornamented with scarlet feathers, which are worn about the waist. traveler could not obtain new coins of where. The specimens he bought were already old, and the feathers grown dingy. The money of the Solomon Islands consisted of neatly-worked pieces of shell of about the size of our buttons. They are strung on strings about four yards long, and are distinguished under the names of red and white money. Dog-teeth are of higher value, and comparable to our gold coins. They are usually worn on a string around the neck. Mr. Coote saw a necklace of this kind that was valued at about \$100. Marble rings are also worn for orna ments, and as valuable money.

She Brought the Road to Terms,

The second railway built in this coun try, we believe, was a short line of twenty miles from Niagara Palls to Lockport, string pieces with strap iron laid on top for rails. By the way, these often turned up one and and, catching above the wheel, came piercing up through the bottom of the car. The engines of those days were of course very weak in power. On this railroad was a light grade for a few named feet. Near this lived a widow some who had a large fat hog which one do got upon the track and was killed. The rallway people refused to pay her for it, on the ground that the hog had no business on the road. She to get anything from the rallway, she spread the Lot liberally upon the ralls for a considerable distance along the asceading goals. The engine having then no "sanding" arrangement, it was unable to climb the prode; and as often as they sprintled and on the track by handand had passed by, she swept it off and applied more lard. The result was the rallway company paid her all she asked for the hog.—Preside Furnier.