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Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temperary advertisements must be paid it advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one month...... # 66 One Square, one inch, three months...... # 60

One Square, one inch, one insertion.

There is to be a grand international exhibition at Berlin in May of hunting trophics, of all sorts of game, ancient and modern arms, and implements used in hunting.

It will interest our readers to learn that there are in the Sunday-schools of the Christian world 16,447,190 scholars, 1,952,167 teachers, making a grand total

The rapidity with which Anglo-Saxon literature is pouring into Japan is illustrated by the fact that 85,000 English and 119,000 American books were imported last year, an increase of nearly 100

Inside of two years the tax valuation of California has increased at least \$300,-000,000. Population has increased onehalf of a-million souls. The valuation of Colorado, an irrigation State also, has increased within two years over \$400,-

Scientists assert that the newly discovered cities of Arizona are the same as sought by Cortez and the early Spanish adventurers in their expeditions after gold. The cities are seven in number and show evidences of former civilization and wealth.

There is a great store of gold as well as of coal in Corea, but an entire lack of proper mechanical devices for mining. The production of gold last year was \$5,000,000. The main object of the Corean Embassy to this government is understood to be to interest the citizens of this country in the development of Covean resources

It is stated that a London firm has just received an order from the Russian Government for a fleet of balloons for war purposes. Each balloon is to carry a car which will accommodate six men, und will cost, with appurtenances, \$2,-500. The balloons are being made of a preparation of asbestos, and they will be ed with rarefied air.

Rhode and is the smallest State in e Union, its extreme length being only 47 miles, and its extreme width 40, Nevertheless it has, according to the State census of 1885, just published, no fewer than 2,393 manufacturing establishments, with a total capital of nearly \$60,000,000, and employing 37,481 men, 21,416 women and 4,400 children under

Benjamin Franklin, of the Second Minnesota Volunteers, is the only man on the government pension rolls who sacrificed both hands and feet in the late rivil war, and as there is no provision of lost both hands or both feet.

The 1,000-foot tower in connection with the French exhibition of 1889, and known by the name of the designer and constructor as Einel's tower, has now reached the height of 179 feet. The four arches of the base are now joined, and the great platform for the rooms of the first stage is about to be constructed, so that the work has passed the most laborious stage. Most of the construction will now proceed from the

-The reports from France are intensely interesting as concerns the reclamation of sand dunes. These sand hills are found by the sea at high tide and pushed inland by the west wind over vast areas, This inland march of the sand became a cause of terror and there was dread lest whole departments should become desserts. Villages were obliterated. A tract s'x hundred miles wide was left without a shrub or plant. These dunes now are covered with valuable forests by the enterprise of French engineers.

"One by one," declares the New York Graphic, "the idols of our youthful fancy are being shattered. The George Washsington hatchet has been declared a myth; the story of William Tell and the apple is also apocryphal, and now Sir Robert Ball, the Irish Astronomer Rowl, has been at the pains to show that Sir John Moore could not have been buried "by the struggling moonbeam's misty light,' for he has made careful calculations and finds that at the time the funeral took place the moon must have been long below the hori on."

There is no question, according to the New York Tribune, that the buffalo is well-nigh extinct on the plains. There are a few in Yellowstone Park protected by the Government, but they are likely to be killed at any time. In Texas a herd of about thirty is owned by one ranchman, several other small bunches may be found, but the days when they rambled at large over the country have been numbered. Unless same means of protecting them is adopted within ten years the American Bison must become an extinct species. In Central Park, Director Conklin has several specimens of Buffalo, but the cow is growing old and another one has not been secured, The buildle will not breed in captivity unless like other domestic animals it has abundant room for feeding and exercise,

The farther you jonraey and wander From the sweet simple faith of your youth, The more you peer into the yonder

And search for the root of all truth, No matter what secrets uncover Their veiled mystic brows in your quest. Or close on your astral sight hover, Still, still shall you walk with unrest.

If you seek for strange things you can find

But the finding shall bring you to grief; The dead lock the portals behind then And he who breaks through is a thief. The soul with such Bi-gotten plunder, With its pemature knowledge oppressed, Shall grope in unsatisfied wonder

Alway by the shores of unrest, Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain That hides the unknown from our sight; hough a shadowy faith becomes certain Of the new life that follows death's night;

Though miracles past comprehending Shall startle the heart in your breast. Still, still will your thirst be unending, And your soul will be sad with unrest,

There are truths too sublime and too holy To grasp with a mortal mind's touch. We are happier far to be lowly; Content means not knowing too much

Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearn-To fathom all labyrinths unguessed, And the soul that is bent on vast learning Shall find with its knowledge-unrest. -Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, in Lippincott's.

CHILD AND CLOWN,

A STORY EROM THE FRENCH.

The child lay on his little white bed deathly pale, and looked, with eyes made all the bigger by fever, straight before him, steadily, and with the strange fixedness of the sick, who already persists what the strange fixedness of the sick, who already persists what the strange fixedness of the sick, who already persists what the strange fixedness of the sick, who already persists what the strange fixedness of the sick, who already persists what the strange fixedness of the sick was already strange fixedness of the sick was alrea ceive what those who are well cannot see. The mother, at the foot of the bed, biting her fingers so as not to cry out, anxious and tormented with her suffering, watched the progress of the disease over the poor, thin face of her little boy, and the father, a fine fellow, though he was only a workingman, held back in his eyes the tears that burned on their lids. And the first light of the dawn, clear, gentle, the light of a fair morning in June, came into the narrow bedroom on the liue des Abbesses, where lay dying the little Francois, son of Jacqes Legrand and of Madelene Legrand, his wife. He was a boy of seven years. A blonde and rosy little chap, who, not three weeks before, had been as lively and as Boum! chipper as a sparrow. But a fever had seized him, and they had brought him home one evening from school with his head o heavy and his hands so hot. And ever since he had been there on his bed. and sometimes in his delirium he would say, looking at the nicely polished shoes that his mother had carefully set in the corner: "You can throw them away now-little Francois's shoes. Little Francois will not wear them any more.

Little François will not go to school again - never, never." and hide her face in her pillow, so that Boum's home? little Francois would not hear her weep. Through the night that had just passed law applicable to such special cases a bill
has been presented to Congress increasing the pension he now receives to \$150
ing the pension he now receives to \$150
If your receives the pay pro
Through the night that had just passed the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency, which respectively the pay pro
Through the night that had just passed the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency, which respectively the pay pro
Through the night that had just passed the child had had no delirium, but for actist, among books, engravings, an actist, among books, engravings, an actist, among books are the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency, which respectively a surrounder to death as if, Jacques in his office like that of a physical particular to the child had had no delirium, but for actist, among books, engravings, an actist, among books, engravings, an actist, among books are the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency, which respectively a surrounder to death as if, Jacques in his office like that of a physical particular to the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency, which respectively a surrounder to death as if, Jacques in his office like that of a physical particular to the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency, which respectively a strange sort of despondency and the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency and the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency and the child had had no delirium, but for two days he had bothered the doctor by a strange sort of despondency and the child had had no delirium and had always experienced the weariness of He was tired out, apparently, sitent, sad, tossing his weak head backward and forward on the pillow, unwilling to take anything, having no longer a smile on his poor, thin lips, and with his haggard eyes searching, seeing no one knew what, far off, far away, "There, above us, perhaps," thought Madeleine, who shivered at the thought, When they wanted him to take his medicine, some syrup maybe, or a little beef

tea, he refused everything. "Do you want anything, Francois?" "You must get him out of this," said the doctor. "This torpor alarms me, You are his parents; you should know your child. Think of something which may animate this little fellow, bring back to earth the mind which is roam

ing among the clouds." And then he "Think of something?" Oh, yes, and a doubt they knew him well, their Francois, these good people. They knew how much he was amused, the little fel low, when on Sunday he would forage in

the hedges, and would come back to Paris on his father's shoulder loaded with hawthorn. Jacques Legrand had bought for Francois all sorts of images, and he put them on the child's bed and and them dance before the wandering eyes of the little fellow and, all ready to cry, tried to make him laugh. "Now, do you see, 'tis the broken bridge. Tra-la-la. And here is a General. You re-And here is a General. member we saw a General once in Bois de Boulogne? If you will take your medicine I will buy a real General for you, with a cloth coat and gold Do you want him-the Gen-

eral? Tell me."
"No." replied the child, in the dry voice which fever produces.

Do you want a pistol, some marbles, a bow and arrows: ' answered the little voice, almost

cruel in its distinctness.

And to all that they said to him, to all the jumping jacks, to all the balloons that they promised him, the little voice the parents all the while looking at each other in despair—answered:

"But what do you want, then, my Francois!" asked the mother. "Come, now, there must be something that you would like to have. What is it! it to me, your mamma?" And she laid down on the pillow of the sick boy, and she whispered her request in his ear, as if it were a secret between Then the child, rising in his bed and stretching out toward something in-visible an eager hand, replied suddenly, with a strange accent and in an earnest tone, that was at once supplicating and

"I want Bount-Boum!"

The poor Madeleine threw a frightened look at her husband. What did the lit-tle one say? Was it the delirium, the terrible delirium come back) Boum-Boum !

she was frightened at those queer words, which the child now repeated with the

"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! 1 want Boum-Boum!" The mother had seized in her nervous-

Oh, it is all over with him."

But the father had on his rough face ing, Boum-Boum!"

smile that was almost happy. And a bewildered smile also—the smile of a condemned man who detects a possible chance for liberty, Boum-Boum! He well remembered the Easter morning when he had taken Francois to the circus. He had still in his ears the child's great burst of joy, his hearty laugh—the laugh of an amused youngster—when the clown, the splendid clown, all spotted with gold, with a sparkling, many-colored dress, on the back of which was set a big brown butterly, performed his antics in the ring, played tricks on the riding master, or held himself motionless on the ground, his head down and his feet in the air, or threw up to the chandelier his soft felt hat and caught it adroitly on his head, and where the men formed a pyramid; and at each trick, like the refrain of a song, lighting up his big, droll, bright face, the clown uttered the same ery, repeated the same word, accompanied sometimes by a roll

of drums-Boum Boum!
Boum-Boum! and every time that it came round, Boum-Boum! the whole circus burst out in bravos, and the little one laughed his heartiest Boum-Boum! It was this Boum-Boum, the clown of the circus, the man who entertained a good part of the city, that he wanted to see the little Francois, and that he might not have and might not see, because he was there, sick and weak, in his white

That evening Jacques Legrand brought to the child a jointed clown with span-gles sewed on all over, that he had bought at a high price, the price, in fact, of four days' work. But he would have given twenty, thirty days', a year's labor to bring back a smile to the pale lips of the sick boy. The child looked for a minute at the toy as it shone on the white bedclothes, then, sadly:

"It is not Boum-Boum! I want to see Boum-Boum!" Ah! if Jacques could have wrapped

He did better than that, this good Jacques. He went to the circus, he asked for the clown's address, and tim-

idly, with limbs weakened by emotion, he mounted step by step the staircase that led to the home of the artist at Montmartre. It was very bold what he had come to do there, this man Jacques! But after all actors are willing to go and play, to recite monologues in the drawing rooms of five people. Perhaps the clown -oh, if he only would!-may be willing to come and say good morning to Fran-Then the father would cry out: "Will cois. What mattered it how they reyou be quiet?" and the mother would go ceived him, Jacques Legrand, at Boumceived him, Jacques Legrand, at Boum-

> the clown, and turned his soft hat over would injure its quality. In beating the an l over in his hands. The other waited. kutch we use an eighteen-pound ham-Then the father excused himself. It was mer; on the shodder a nine-pounder, surprising what he had just asked-it while an eight-pounder does duty on the could not be done-pardon, excuse me- final mold. but in fact it related to the little boy. "A fine little boy, monsieur! and so inexcepting in arithmetic, which he did not understand. A dreamer, this little fellow, do you see? Yes, a dreamer. And the proof-there, the proof-" and Jaques hesitated, stammered, and then plucked up courage and abruptly said: "The proof is that he wants to see you, that he thinks only of you, and if were there before him, like a star that he would like to have, and if he looked"and the father, whose face was wan and sallow with his great care, stopped, and great drops of sweat stood on his brow. David Pierce had occasion to go to the great drops of sweat stood on his brow. He did not dare to look at the clown, who stood there with his eyes fixed on

the workman.

him for a fool, put him out of the house? "You live?" asked Boum-Boum. "Oh, very near. Rue des Abbesses. 'Very well," said the other. vants to see Boum-Boum, you say? All right, he shall see Boum-Boum!

III. When the door opened before the clown, Jaques Legrand cried out cheer-ingly to his boy: "Now, Francois, be ati-fied, you rogue! See, there is

Boum-Boum And into the child's face there came a happy light. He raised himself in his arms and turned his head ment to see who was this gentleman in frock coat at his father' side, the gentleman whose good, jolly face was then smiling on him, and whom he did not know; and when they said to him: 'That is Boum-Roum!" he fell back the pillow and lay there with his eye fixed, his big blue eyes that saw beyond walls of the little bedroom and that looked for, that were always looking for

"No," replied the child, with a voice no longer dry, but distressed: "nothat is not Boum-Boum !" The clown, standing near the little

Boum-Boum's spangles and butterfly as

bed, bent a profound gaze on the face of the sick little man, a grave look, but of an infinite sweetness. He shook his head, looked at the anxious father and broken down mother and said, smiling: "He is right; it is not Boum-Boum and he went out.

again, Boum-Boum!" now repeated the child, whose voice seemed to be already whispering to the angels. "Perhaps Boum Boum is over there yonder, where

And suddenly-he had not been gone half an hour-the door was rudely opened and in his black and spang ed suit, with a yellow topknot on his head, a golden butterfly on his breast and another on his back, his mouth opened account of it.

She did not know what it meant, and into an expansive grin, his good face all chalked, Boum-Boum, the real Boum-Boum, the Boum-Boum of the creus, wilfulness of a sick person, as if, not having dared until then to formulate his dream, he would cling to it with an intation in his eyes, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the child clapped his little thin hands, shouted brave! and cried The mother had seized in her nervous-ess Jacques's hand, and said in a low old, bursting out suddenly like a lighted voice, as though she were out of her rocket: "Boum-Boum! Tis he, 'tis he wits: "What does that mean, Jacques! this time. This is Boum-Boum, sure! Hurrah for Boum-Boum! Good morn-

> IV. When the doctor came that day he found, seated at the bedside of the little Francois, a white-faced clown who kept the little fellow laughing all the time and who said to the sick boy, stirring a lump of sugar in the bottom of a cup of

"You know if you do not drink it, little Francois, that Boum-Boum will

"And the child drank it,

"Isn't it nice?"
"Very nice, thank you, Boum-Boum." "Doctor," said the clown to the physician, "do not be jealous. It seems to me, however, that my antics do him as much good as your prescription."

The father and mother wept, but this time it was because of their happiness. And every day until little Francois was able to leave his bed a carriage stopped before the workman's home on the Rue des Abbesses, and there stepped from it a man wrapped in a heavy overcoat with the cape turned up, and beneath, dressed for the circus and with jolly, chalked

"What do I owe you, sir," said Jacques Legrand to the clown at the end of his visits when the boy went out for the first time; "because in fact, you see, I

owe you something."

The clown offered to the parents his two big hands, the hands of a sweet and amiable Hercules. "A good shake of your hands," he said. Then kissing both of the child's cheeks, which had recovered some of their rosiness, he added, laughing: "The permission to print on my visiting cards; Boum-Boum, acrobatic doctor, Physician in Ordinary to the Little Francois. "-Boston Transcript.

The Gold Beater's Art.

"Our trade is a very simple one," the proprietor of a gold-beating establishment to a New York World reporter. him in his quilt, carried h m off, taken him to the circus, shown him the clown dancing under the lighted chandelier and said to him: "There is Boumnace. When liquid we cast it into an ingot, which we roll out into a ribbon about one inch wide and five hundred long; we cut this into 500 squares and place each square between two leaves of this book, which we call a kutch. The leaves of the book are not paper, but are made from a strong animal tissue taken from the interior of a bullock. The book is fastened together securely, and is beaten with the hammers until each square is about four times as large as it was at first. The leaves are then cut in fours and similarly arranged in a second book called a shodder. The third time we call the book a finishing mold. They are then trimmed by the girls in the cut-It was no longer Boum-Boum! It was ting department and arranged in the tis M. Moraine, who, in the rooms of an sue paper books with which dentists love

"It takes a man at least two years to learn to be a good gold-beater. Some men can never learn. Their hand refuses to so strike the book as not to make irregularities in the gold. Women selin New York and not one is a woman but, on the other hand, women monopolize the gold cutting. There are 900 in that brauch of our trade and not one is a

A Texas Enoch Arden.

About seven years ago in Lamar county his family, which consisted of his wife and daughter, an affectiouate adieu, he took his departure. The weeks length And what would Boum-Boum say to ened into months, and finally a year had gone by without any tidings from Pierce, until one day a little over five yea s ago word was received from a friend of the family that Dave had died somewhere "He in the lower part of the State.

Mrs. Pierce mourned the death of her husband, but after a year she was persuaded to abandon her widow's weeds and wed another. The man she married was worthy, and happiness reigned in the family until the other day, when the man moursed as dead appeared. On being informed of his wife's marriage Pier e first became blindly caraged and threatened vengeance, but finally calmed down and called on his wife. She fainted at the sight of him, but finally rallied and listened to explanations. Pierce, sane and was placed in the lunatic asy-

lum in Austin. The friend that sent the word to Mrs. Pierce thought he was doing a humane act, and that she would rather know he was dead than to think him insane After having been cured of his malady Pierce returned home with the result stated. Finding his wife married to another man, with two or three small children and, realizing the unhappiness he would cause if claimed his wife, he silently and tearfully turned his back on all that was dear him and bid a last farewell to his home. - Chicago Times.

A Railroad Juggernaut.

A yard employe informs the Harris burg (Pean,) Call that car No. 1315 of on eight ill-fated wheels." knowledge that car has killed sixteen or eighteen people who were braking upon it, and has maimed half a dozen more. He affirms there is a streak of had luck connected with that car, and no one who knows anything about it will go near it. He would rather take his chances on the cow-catcher of an engine all night than stay by the brakes of No. 131.3. got a bad name, and railroaders have, to

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

About Wash-Cloths and Towels. Something good has been gathered from Good Housekeeping on the simple subject of wash-cloths. Juinata Stafford gives some appropriate hints that are worthy the attention of house-

keepers. I have had an experience very similar to hers, and so I commend her advice cordially: "Wash-cloths are indicative of refinement. They mean the using of the right thing for the right purpose, and that is certainly indicative of education and culture. It is easy to thoroughly wash and thoroughly rinse with a wash-cloth, and the towel can then be used with some degree of comfort and agreeableness. It is surprising how many nice homes, well furnished and nicely appointed in most other ways, do not have a supply of wash-cloths. So true is this, that I never go away to visit for one day or week, or month, without several washcloths in my satchel or trunk; and, as I said to a friend a few days ago: 'I visit real nice people, too.' There is an idea prevalent that any sort of a rag will do for a wash-cloth—an old stocking-leg, a salt bag, a piece of gauze underwear, an old napkin or piece of towel. These are better than nothing, and indicate a reaching toward nicety. But you will find that the people who use these sorts of things are very apt to take pains to provide proper dish cloths and towels. It is strange to me that this is true. There should be a generous supply of wash-cloths, as there should be of towels. Quite as many, I think, of one as of the other are used in my own home, each week, and quite as much stress is laid

upon the proper use and care of one as of the other. 'Lots' of wash-cloths is Now, as to the kind: I find that those that can be bought all ready in the large dry goods stores, are not only too thick and rather large, but are quite expensive. Much the best way is to buy white or unhleached Turkish toweling, of a quality that costs lifty or sixty cents a yard, and cut each yard into three lengthwise strips, and each strip into four pieces. This will give you from a yard of toweling, one dozen wash-cloths a quarter of a yard square. These can be neatly bound with white silesia cut bias, but this mode of finishing does not compare for prettiness or agreeableness with 'button holing' them all round with red working cotton. Get a coarse cotton and put the stitches about one-half dozen to the inch. This is very good fancy work for an evening, or is nice for the little girls to do. A A very important word to say is about

boys and wash cloths. Get them to-gether. It will amply repay you, Teach boys to use them thoroughly. rinse and hang them up properly you have made quite a stride in your refinement teachings. It is a 'home-y' thing to do, and will carry with it more than appears upon the surface. A final word about the washing of wash-cloths. Have all that have been used, put into the wash each week. Let them be boiled as the towels are; but do not have them ironed. they are carefully smoothed and folded they are better than if ironed. My word for it, when you come to put the nest little pile away into your linen drawer you will consciously give it a glance of pride and a pat of satisfaction that will

A word may well be added about the towels. Have an abundant supply of them, and let them be pretty. . I gest this, not for visitors alone, but for every member of the family. The little folks will find the every morning tollet far less of a task if the toilet accessories bright and cheerful. Clean washcloths, with never an ancient odor about them, in good order, and not ragged and forlorn looking, a variety of nice towels with pretty borders, one or two respectable looking cakes of soap that have a refreshing fragrance, brushes well made and kept in good order, and everything to else to match, should be provided for alreevery member of the family. - New York

Recipes.

STEWED POTATOES,—Cut in small pieces enough cold boiled potatoes to fill vegetable dish, put them in one pint of milk, half a cup of butter, salt and pepper to taste; thicken with one teaspoonful of flour; stew five minutes and

COLD WATER PIE, -A good substitute for custard pie when milk is scarce. Two spoonfuls of flour, level, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, heaped, one egg, a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut, nutmeg to taste, and a good half-pint of water. This makes one pic.

LIMA BEANS -The German way of cooking Lima beans is recommended. Open a small can of the beans and rinse them in fresh cold water. Fry an onion in a tablespoonful of drippings, add a gill of beef gravy, a tablespoonful of vinegar and a cake of sagar; salt and pepper; now add the beans and warm them in the gravy; dredge in a little brown flour, and when the sauce thickens slightly serve. Dry beans soaked till tender, then boiled and served with cream thickened with floured butter, is a nice and also an inexpensive dish.

BAKED RABBIT,-Skin, singe, and wash two young rabbits. Boil and mash four good-sized potatoes; add to them a large table-spoonful of butter, a teaspoful of salt and a teaspoonful of onlon juice; beat until light. Fill the rubbit with this, sew up, and truss the feet close to the stomach. Place a slice of bacon over each; dust with pepper; add a haif teaspoonful of salt and a gill of water to the pan. Bake in a quick oven one hour, basting every ten minutes. Garnish with fried parsley, and serve with currant jelly sauce.

TAPIOCA CHEAM .- Youk three tablespacefuls of flake taploca for tweive hours. Boil one quart of new milk, sweeten to taste; add the taploca and the yolks of three eggs well beaten; the eggs to a stiff froth and beat them through the mixtures. Cover the top with whitped cream and serve. Cream can be easily whitped with a Power eggs beater. Put half a pint in a small deep. froth as it rises and arrange it on the

BLACK-ROBED JUSTICES.

THE MAKE-UP OF THE HIGHEST TRIBUNAL IN THE LAND.

No Place for Flowers of Rhetoric or Passionate Eloquence That Might Sway Juries.

The room of the Supreme Court may easily be overlooked by the tourist who tarries in Washington but a day, although it is within the walls of the Capitol. The stranger passing from the tumult of the House to the carcless ease and quiet of the Senate, through the central corridor of the building, will encounter a guard sitting by a plain and unobtrusive door in the north end of the old freestone structure to which the great marble wings were added. Around this door there is no waiting crowd of politicians or sight-seers. Through it comes no sound of debate or applause. Those who enter will not be impressed by the elo-quence of the lawyer who is addressing the black-robed Justices sitting in a row before him. This is no place for the flowers of rhetoric or the passionate appeals by which juries are awayed. Plain and concise statements of fact, with brief references to the laws and the precedents, are all that the justices require, and rarely does a lawyer's voice rise above a subdued conversational tone. There are few seats for spectators, but the number is sufficient. The proceedings are not interesting to those who have no business to transact with the court, and strangers who look in soon go out in search of more attractive scenes. Still upon the thoughtful visitor the simple gravity of this great court makes an enduring impession. The room is the old Senate Chamber, which resounded with the eloquence of Webster and Clay when the Capitol had not not attained its present magnificent proportions. In those days the members the House of Representatives sat in the larger room at the other end of the original building, which is now the Hall Statues. The old Senate-Chember is in the form of a semicircle. The justices come in at noon from their robing apartment, and their seats are in a lin on a raised platform behind a long desk, and just in front of the row of variegated marble columns which support a small and unused gallery. In the Cen-tral chair sits the Chief-Justice. By the small desk at the end of the platform may be found the marshal and the clerk, whose offices are on the other side of the corridor.

The confirmation of Justice Lamar filled the vacaucy caused by the death of Justice Woods, and all the chairs are now occupied. Chief Justice Waite, who has served thirteen years, has passed the age of threescore and ten, but his vigor of body and mind indicates that years of work lie before him. In the first twelve years of the court's history there were four Chief Justices, and in the following eighty-seven years there have been four. During the long term, that of Chief Justice Marshall, the court became firmly established in authority and rank. To his memorable decisions and powerful influence both the court and the nation are deeply indebted. Chief Justice Taney presided over the court for twenty-eight years; the term of Chief Justice Chase was comparatively short. The court of to-day is a remarkable group of men. It is noticeable for the rare physical vigor of several of its mem-bers. In their early years their minds were not developed at the expense of their bodies, but hard and healthy work for both muscle and brain equipped them grandly for the tasks that they Justice Miller, the author of notable decisions upon Constitutional ques tions, passed his boyhood on a farm. He was thirty years old when he began the study of law. At that time he doctor in country practice. Although he had been practising law but thirteen or fourteen years when appointed to the Supreme Court, he had the West. Justice Field, whose age is that of Justice Miller, seventy-one years, shares with him the distinction of hav ing been appointed by President Lin-This eminent member of a famous family is old only in years. His active life while shaping the judicial system of California, in a disorderly state of society, preserved his vigor. The oldest of the nine is Justice Bradley, who was born in 1813. Justice Harian is in the prime of life, at the age of fifty-four, and is a grand specimen of manhood Justice Matthews is sixty-three. The giant of the bench is Justice Horace Gray, who was called to this court from the office of Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, over which he had presided for eight years, after having served in it for nine years as an associate. Justice Gray is fifty nine years old, and with Justice Blatchford was appointed by Fresident Arthur. He furnishes in himself the amplest proof that the learned professions do not of necessity make puny and ailing men. Justice Biatchford will be sixty-eight in March. He came to this court with the compiler of law reports, and as a judge Justice Lamar is sixty-two years old, and he was admitted to the bar in 1847. A Music-Box Made Him III.

A prominent uptown doctor has been abundance recently, on the occupant of a fashionable flat retired from business some time ago. The patient complained of a peculiar four times and ran for an hour.

Newfoundland has taken to agriculture. the value of \$285,000, and botter to the some extent, become superstitions on It adds very much to the appearance of culture seems to be the only hope for the very precarious, and the resort to agri-

BONNIE ROSABEL

Job work-cash on delivery.

When drowsy dews begins to peep Amid the swaying boughs, Before the stars have gone to sleep She comes to milk the cows. Her rosy twinkling fingers sweep In curves of rhythmic grace, And as she milks the bubbles leap To see her pretty face.

Hey lads! Ho lads. Let the chorus swell, And pipe with me A merry glee For bonnie Rosabel.

Her breath is like the breeze that plays Amid the fragrant thorn; Her voice outsweets the rill that strays Through April woods at morn, Alas! for him who stops to gaze Upon her locks a-twined: His guileless feet shall go their ways And leave his heart behind

> Hey lads! Ho lads, Rhymes can never tell The winsome grace That lights the face -Home Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The right bower-Home. The best corn remover-The crow. A still hunt-A search for moonshiners. A poet sings: "Two chords I struck,"

when he ought to have sung, "Two cords A winding stare-Watching your best

girl as you hold her skein of floss, -Detroit Free Press.

Always approach a buzz saw with your toes pointing in the opposite direction.

—Burlington Free Press.

The volcano appears to be nothing but an instance of absurd exaggeration of the principle of the pimple.

A young lady has named one of her admirers Hoosac Tunnel because he is such an everlasting bore. - Warren (O.)

The fact is observed by the Boston Herald that we are importing potatoes from Scotland as well as Murphys from the Old Sod. An English art journal has offered a prize to any one who will discover the cause of baldness. We know, but we

darsen't tell. - Burlington Free Press. Tramp (to a woman at the door)-"Will you please gimme a bite, ma'm?"
Woman (closing the door)—"No; git
out! I'm no dog."—Drake's Magazine, Father-"What do you think of a boy that throws a banana skin on the side walk?" Son-"I don't know. What do you think of a banana skin that throws a man on the sidewalk?"—Life.

A lazy fellow who was idling away his time was asked by a minister where he expected to go when he died. "I shall not go," was the reply; "I expect to be carried."—Binghamton Leader.

There is a tramp butcher back of the Yards. Whenever he gets a job of killing sheep he takes the liver and lights out, and sometimes he succeeds in taking the skin off, too .- Goodall's Sun,

"I tell you, these leap year dances are a fine thing. My wife took me and paid all the expenses herself." "Where did your wife get the money?" "Oh, I let her have it."—Whiteside (Ill.) Herald.

Ruskin says: "Man should resemble a We do not know what he order to amount to much in society he

Tobacco stems are now being used in making paper: on the principle, we sur-pose, that turn about is fair play, all the straw and old rags having been utilized long ago in the manufacture of cigar-

A Pole named Hentzlestezski recently settled a few miles from Binghamton From the jagged appearance of his name barbed wire fence rather than a pole .-

Norvistown Horald. Now the gay unmarried farmer in the evening takes his charmer, Mary Jane or Sal or Dinah, for some pleasant moonlight drives,
And he tells that yearning story, always new
though always heary,
And before the spring is over she'll have
joined the ranks of wives.

— Nebraska State Journal.

Stranger in Detroit (a hundred years hence;—"Why do all the people stand with uncovered heads when that little man passes?" Detroiter—"Haven't you heard of him? He's the great society leader. He belongs to one of the old families." Stranger—"Old families?" Detroiter—"Yes, siree. His great grand-father was the first Captain of the De-

No, str. I will have you to know. are not how loudly you say so

pation. We'll have an unparalleled union station. —Buffulo Courier. Discoveries at Pompeil.

Excavations at Pompeli have yielded ment (mostly of bronze) have been found, which appear to have been kept in a wooden box; also a small pair of apothecary's scales and a set of weights, equivalent to 11, 17.5, 21, 24.9 and 35.8 grammes respectively. evening, which was attended now and domestic utensits may be mentioned as then with a strange clicking make. The quinine he had been taking was immeted bronze, the aliver inlay of which repredistely reduced in quantity, but the buzzing and clicking in his cars continued, until it was discovered that it was discovered to the discovere ued, until it was discovered that the various glass vessels, terra cotta, gold tenant of the flat below had just bought rings and car pendants. Amond the finds Fortuna on the reverse and the inscrip-

Yes, mighty smart he used to be,

through manner, brane and however, it set all his vine, best all ambition.

What brought him to this said condition:
He's married to a brainy woman.

—Boston Courter.