REM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

VOL. XXI. NO. 3.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1888.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

atimated that 60,000 gallons of yearly consumed in this country hurches for sacramental pur-

times has the White House been in mourning since President nd became its occupant-for Hendricks, for Arthur and

g has been loading off the coast which was four miles long, te, and 160 feet out of oth below the surface was be too feet.

mre mile of land in Great Iteland has to support 290 in Germany 216 persons le in the United States ly 14 persons.

terns are put to learn boyhood. The new nanyslearned to be a and his son, the Crown All love and warmth that I can get a apprenticed "devil" in a ag office.

inative statistician: "If cular lake and France a this island could b ily in the lake out of wenty two miles from any riveling shore.

depositors in the largest ion in Philade phia are s authority in such matters far the greatest share of d capital in Philadelphia ouge to women.

on says that the land now came to wine grapes would, to corn and wheat, produce these life sustaining staples ow has to buy at a cost to \$150,000,000 per

al with a plague of rats or the Khalkha region a uninhabitable. The ats that as rats are is a pity that they derprise enough to

augusts Cattle Commissionree years' investigation, are cat hog cholera in their State by feeding swill containing e disease brought from the h pork, and that in no case rad from pen to pen, unless Is come in contact with

At this tremendous

the carth's surface lon is found to be almost to the great rarefaction

American oysters, the Suya: "The natural strongery are rapidly he famous Saddleget for seventy five with the following sociate, bottles, ashes, use, eight large oysters, namil seed.

of war, if not its pride, elecumstance, is fast disapclares the New York Graphic an military authorities have o made up their mind that their sases worn by about a dozen cavalry te must go. The cuirass is pictbut it is not bullet-proof and Lotween likteen and seventeen

ad has given up writing The semands have Whon she first went House she neknowledged h, flower or compliment by a nulograph letter. Now she has te her corresponden e, and has nu do to sign her name to letters wledgment and the other an' whire large correspondence.

twone the researches into the constiand history of the United States high engage so much attention, the or less informal meetings of states in 1785 at Alexandria, Va., and no Vernou (Washington's residence), A the convaltation at Annapolis, Md. all preliminary to the great Philphia equivention of 1787, have hithremained in some obscurity. Proor Jameson, of Johns Hopkins Unidty, is engaged on an historical work

esent German Empress is the S Er yilsh Princess who has held that The others were Edgyth, daughof Edward the Elder, wife of Otto Gunhild, daughter of Knut, wife of fetch. fenry III, of Cormany; Matilda, the nk between the Norman and Plantage dynasties, wife of Henry V. of Germy; and Isabella, daughter of King , wife of Frederick H., the Wonder the World. This last-named Princess andirect ancestor of the late Prince resent German Empress.

THE TIME TO HATE.

I have a friend-I mean, a foe-Whom cordially I ought to hate; But somehow I can never seem To lay the feud between us straight. When apple boughs are full of bloom, And Nature loves her fellow-men With all the witchery of spring How can you hate a fellow then?

And then when summer comes, with days Full of a long and languid charm, When even water-lilies sleep On waves without a thought of harm, When underneath the shadiest tree

My hammock hangs in idlest state, were an idiot to get up Out of that hammock just to hate.

Then harvests come. If mine is big, I am too happy with my store; If small, I'm too much occupied With grubbing round to make it more, In dim recesses of my mind.

I have no idle hour to spend In hunting up the bitter foe Who simply ought to be my friend. In winter! Well, in winter-ugh!-Who would aid hate to winds that freeze?

I want in such dull days as those, No, no, dear foe; it is no use; The struggling year is at an end; I cannot hate you if I would, And you must turn and be my friend,

-Alice W. Rollins, in Harper's Weekly. THE TWO VASES.

What I am about to relate is absolutely true. It has never appeared in type before. I shall merely make a necessary change in names and locale, leaving the facts exactly as they were detailed to me by one personally interested

in the story.

In a rambling old rectory in the Midlands there had stood for more than forty years two china vases -not specially admired or valued by the owner—dusted by the sacrilegious hands of every chance housemaid, yet, curiously enough, unbroken during that long period of time. There were quantities of china lying about and ranged along the walls,

the furniture, pictures, plate and china. Before the final settlement, however, James Fitzroy said to Robert: "I have a fancy for those two vases out of the hall-more for auld lang sync than any-thing else." To which Febert replied, with generosity more conspicuous than discrimination: "All right; I don't care about them. You may have them with

The incident, which seemed to both

the day a lady of their acquaintance called at The Brars. After the usual patitudes about the weather and the duluess of the season, the visitor glanced round the room in search of a new subect. The errant gaze lighted on the

strange vases, and the quest was over, "Oh, what lovely vases! Where did you get them, Mrs. Fitzroy?"
"They came from my husband's fa-Were they not in the room when

you called last Mrs. Hemmine !! 'No, I am sure they were not. I do admire them tramendously; don't you?"
Here the visitor crosses the room to inspect the del cate ware more closely, The pantomime of devotion which follows can be more easily imagined than described. "I like them very well," replies the

hostess, unsympathetically: "but I have die more often than she does, seen a great many vases that I like bet-

The visitor returns to her seat, but ennuot keep her eyes and thoughts from

A week afterward Mrs. Hemming calls again. This time she is accompaned by Lady Sarah Mordaunt, who is unknown personally to Mrs. Fitzroy, but who is introduces her friend. Together the strike becoming, appreciative, and, to the unsympathetic, somewhat ludicrous attitudes before their idol. Mrs. Fitzroy plays second fiddle to her own china. Lady Sarah Mordaunt is even louder in her praises than Mrs. Hemming. gether they insist, unmoved by the passive resistance of their hostess, on reoving the contents of a glass hitherto moving the contents of a ginstalling in filled with bric-a-brac, and installing in its place the two vases. Departing with a solemnity becoming to the occ they thus exhort Mrs. Fitzroy: "If you your husband do not really value this china, why not send it to Messrs. Christie & Mason, and let them send it to some one who will?"

Lady Sarah Mordaunt, with, indeed. siasm worthy of the cause, way quite rude about it. The world outside chinamania is, to the true believer, very much what Macedonia was to Athens in the day of Pericles-a barbarism only to be touched with the tongs.

These exhortations sunk deep into the receptive soul of Mrs. Pitzroy, and eventually permeated even the more pachydermatous entity which composed her The barrister communicated with the famous firm of auctioneers They asked for a description of the chira, which was given. Ultimately, by their advice, the vases were sent up to King street, St. James's Square, to be inspected, and sold for what they would

"Let us have a little jaunt up to town, my dear," remarked Mr. James Fitzroy to his wife; "if the china is all they say, the vases ought to fetch a ten-pound note each, and that will pay our expenses. We have not had a holiday for a long time." Like John Gilpin Mr. Fitzroy was unaware that the future ssort of England, and therefore of the was big with fate. There the simile purchaser.

from Christie & Manson that his vases would be sold on a certain day the following be perfectly true. lowing week at the end of the sale of Count Mirabenu's china. Count Mirabean was a name dear to connoisseurs. and even celebrated outside the charmed He was, in fact, a hierophant of

the china fetish. "I should like to see this collection of Count Mirabeau's they talk so much about in the papers," said Mr. James Fitzroy. "I think we will go to the

With this view, when the day arrived, they went, prepared to swallow quietly their own (and the vases') comparative insignificance. On their arrival in King street they found the rooms, of course, crowded with gentlemen and dealers. The time fixed for the sale had not yet

Making their way with difficulty through the room, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzroy met an acquaintance from the Midland shire in which they lived. "Hallo, Fitzroy! what are you doing here? I never knew you were a maniac.

What brings you to Christie's on a "I don't go in for this sort of a thing as a rule, but I thought I should like to see Count Mirabeau's collection. They

talk so much about it. Besides, I have a little thing in the sale myself."

The friend did not heed the last part of the remark, but answered the first. "Oh, Count Mirabeau! Yes, that is fine enough, I confess; but it is nothing compared to some china at the further end of the room. You come this way and I will show you." The trio threaded their way to a remote corner of the sale-room, passing as rapidly as might be a great quantity of very handsome china which arranged and ticketed ready for At the end, remote from the door and near the rostrum, under two glass molds, on a table stood their own two

"There, look at that," remarks the friend complaceutly, with the gentle patronage of superior knowledge. "That is china if you like—worth any other ten pieces in the room. Quite unique!"
"Hang it!" said Mr. Fitzroy. "I need not have come all this way to see those

to be mistaken.

By this time the bystanders had heard

the colloquy, and had gathered the import of what was passing. The dealers swarmed around Mr. Fitzroy like vultures upon carrion. They took the facts and the "greenne s" in at a glance.

"I will give you five 'undred pound for those vases." "I will give you six 'undred pound for those vases." "I will trivial enough, did not dwell in the give you eight undred pound for those minds of either of the brothers. James, vases." "I will give you more than any who was a barrister by profession and a man in England for those vases on the which has farmer by preference, took his spoil table, sir." Such were the cries away. The vases were placed in the drawing room of his country house, Mr. Fitzroy was perfectly bewildered, where his wife, partly because her husband from edd associations attached value to them, dusted them herself. an old hand, came to his rescue.

"Don't be a fool, Fittroy. If they really are yours, keep a cool head on your shoulders. They tell me telegrams have been on the go all over Europe author, and yet while we have but few about those vases to day. They are good authors, even the solitudes and worth a mint of money. Don't part to any of these sharks.

On the steps of the hall the barrister would have taken twenty pounds for his chances from that day's sale with cheer-Mrs. Fitzroy was looking very white.

almost too much for her. 'Don't faint, my dear," remarked her The advice was needed. She fe't very like it. But woman's buttress. curlosity to see the end, sustained her If a woman were not curious, she would

The sudden turn affairs had taken was

The sale began. Count Mirabean's collection was sold first. The junior partier was the auctioneer. The Count's china was indeed megnificent, and duly appreciated. The bidding was active and the prices adequate. Nevertheless, throughout there was a restless feeling of impatience. More was coming. The

tid-bit was kept to the last, There was a pause. Then, amidst loud applause and great excitement, to which it may be imagined the Fitzroys were wholly insensible, the two vases were placed before Mr. Woods the nuctioneer, in full view of the audience When silence supervened, Mr. Words

about this china which stands before you, and of which you have just testified your approval. We cannot give you its detailed history. All we know is that these vases have been hidden away in a country rectory in the Midiands for forty years and more. Anything further back ems to be absolutely uncertain. thing, however, we do knew absolutely. The tinting is the real Rose du Barri. We thought there we couly five vases in Europe, the finest existing examples of this beautiful ware. We now know there are seven. The sixth and seventh stand before you, gentlemen.

Another round of applicase greeted the conclusion of this short speech. The bidding began. Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzroy stood in the corner unnoticed, breathless with suppressed excitement. No one heeded them. They again played second fiddle to their own property.

Five hundred pounds was the first bid for the pair. A cheer emphasized the spirited start. A cool thousand was, however, soon reached. Then there was a pause, amid silence which could be felt and almost heard. Only three bid ers were left in. Every one understood that they were guthering up their forces for the final conflict. It is against you, my lord," the auc-

tioneer remarked quictly.
The hint was taken, and the bidding " Fifteen hundred guin-An unanswerable argument, hammer falls. The crowd cheers. The

Accordingly, to town they went, put-ing up at the Bedford Hotel, in Covent larden. After a few days spent in en-

About the same time a girl chances to die of starvation. One of the weekly papers saw fit to couple the episode of the vases and the death of the girl together, although the two things were quite distinct. The effort was lyrical, and the last couplet ran:

"But she was only common clay. And these were Rose du Barri."

A puff of smoke rises up into the air and curls in graceful spiral curves to the calling, where it hovers until its identity s lost, owing to the fact of its being oined by other unsubstantial emanations rom the same source.

"But you are Robert Fitzroy?" queries the listener, who has been silent for five sinutes after the narrator of the story had finished. 'Yes," with another and more vigor-

ous puff of smoke, which may or may not have been expressive of internal "I gave those vases to my brother."-London World.

WISE WORDS.

Hope is a good breakfast but a bad Time and adversity are two powerful

destroyers. The first step in debt is like the first

step in falsehood. Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Cheerfulness or joyfulness is the at-mosphere under which all things thrive. A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, by deeds not years. Any one who has any one of the vir-nes strongly developed has a coloring of

There is many a heart that dwells in its soul, like a hermit in his cell, its own sad and sorrowing confessor.

them all in his character.

A jest is often a weak and silly thing; a witticism, a cold and cruel thing; but a joke is ever the fun of humor.

History is a mighty drama, enacted upon the theatre of Time, with suns for lamps, and Eternity for a background. Success don't impose itself on any one. Those who win must reach for things, and at the same time cultivate their grip. All the real wits and humorists are a

sedate people; their wit and humor is worked out soberly with line and plum-He who dec'des in any case, without hearing the other side of the question. though he may determine justly, is not

therefore just. Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt in weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

All that we possess of truth and wisdom is a borrowed good. You will be always poor, if you do not possess the

The living get credit for what they might be quite as much as for what they are Posterity judges a man by the best rather than the average of his attain-Repose and cheerfulness are the badge

of the gentleman-repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a screne aspe t. To be a good critic, a man must have

good authors, even the solitudes and waste places teem with critics. We seem to have four kinds of people

-those who are moving forward, those who are on the move backward, those who are standing still and those who are going to start in some direction soon. Love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and

deeper upon the understanding! Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments; the geater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procure ment of petty pleasures, and we are well or ill at case as the main stream of life fides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent observation.

A True Love Match.

Prince Oscar of Sweden and his wife. ee Ebba Munck, are passionately fond of the ice that the two first met, and most of their love making took place flying side by side over the frozen plains, or steel runners. Of course, the laws of Sweden forbidding marriage with a subject, the king and queen opposed their son's faucy for the lady-in-waiting; inally the prince, by giving up all claim to the throne, resigning his +tate allownents, fecured a consent to his marriage All that is left is his barren title, which his children will not inherit; his position as admiral in the fleet, which was fairly won during his long naval service, and a small private fortune. His wife, howthey have gone to Bournemouth, Eng-

A Kingly Gift, But Not a Kingly Reward.

Mrs. Scarf, of Niskayuna, New York, an aged lady, who was born in England many years ago, and when a girl became famous for her skill in weaving damask hangings. William IV., who heard of her accomplishment and sent an order to her for twenty yards of damask for bed curtains. He was in a hurry and gave her four days for the task. At the end of that time the naiden presented the ruler with the haudsomest damask curtains ever seen in England up to that time, and which are even now on exhibition in Windsor Castle. William was pleased with the as a reward for her achievement. - Com-

weithiest nobleman in Fug'and is the He who strives after a long and pleas-purchaser. Mr. James Fitzroy is the ant form of life must seek to attain con-wealthier by one thousand five hundred tinued equanimity.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Care of Pictures.

Engravings, photographs or etchings often collect dust between the picture and the glass. This should not be al-lowed to remain, as it will in time permanently discolor the print. The board at the back should be removed, the picture taken out and dusted and the glass washed. After this is done, paste a large sheet of paper carefully over the back, being sure that it covers the entire back, taking in the part where the board fits into the frame. Sometimes there are knot holes in these boards, but whereever there is the smallest crack there will the dust penetrate, and this is the only certain way of keeping it out. The best picture dealers and framers now treat the back of all pictures that have a glass in this way, but if one happens to be pos-sessed of any old pictures they will almost invariably be found to have the wood back simply tacked in Farm,

How to Iron Shirts.

You will need two rough-faced polishing irons, which can be procured for you by your hardware dealer. With these in your possession proceed to dampen your starched clothes. For collars and cuffs have about one vard of muslin, dip this in clean water and wring out as dry as you can by hand. Place the collars in alternate layers, two thick across the cloth, fold over and contin e placing them until they are all in. Have only one thickness of cloth between each layer, as more than this will make them too damp. Now roll up tight and place under a weight of about twenty-five ounds for thirty-five minutes, take out of the fold and put them in layers together, roll again in the cloth and put under the weight for several hours. They will then be ready for ironing. Have a little common wax for the irons to make them smooth and have them hot,

not too hot so as they will seorch, Should the irons have a tendency to stick, place some table salt on a smooth board and rub the face of the iron over it until smooth. The shirts should be dampened like the collars. Instead of using muslin use the lowest part of the shirt, which fold over the bosom and interfold the wristbands. Let the neck-band be covered in the fold, now lay them one on the other in a ple for several hours with no weight, and when you are nearly ready to iron them, roll up tight separately; let them remain thus for about an hour and they will be in fine condition for ironing. To do good work use plenty of pressure-the more the better-as one of the first requisites of a good ironer is strength. Now, with these instructions and practice you can get your shirts, collars and cuffs just as stiff and glossy as the finest new work.

—Detroit Free Press.

Recipes.

JELLY CARESON OUT An of sugar three tablespoonsful of milk, one and one half of sifted flour, two table poonfuls of baking powder. This makes four

SPINACH.-Pick and wash, put in a saucepan without water; sprinkle with salt. Let cook half an hour; add butter and pepper; dish, pour over boiling cream, and place slices of hard boiled egg over the top.

seand roots, with wash carefully and put in boiling salt water with a small piece of pickled pork; cook one hour, drain, pour out all the water, and put in a saucepan with a little butter, pepper and salt; let heat through, put in a hot dish and serve with vine_ar.

SPANISH CREAM. - Take half a box of gelatine, cover with water and let stand about half an hour. Take one quart of and let it boil up once of Beat five eggs very light, and add suf-ficient sugar to sweeten them, and mix well together. Add the melted gelating to the boiling milk, and when perfectly dissolved pour it upon the sugar and Return it to the fire for a few minutes, stirring all the time. with vanilla and pour into molds. Serve with cream.

MINCED LIVER. - Liver and bacon be comes monotonous as a breakfast dish, and as a variation a mince made of the liver will be found very good. Boil the liver until it is thoroughly soft and then nince it very fine. Put two ounces of better in a saucenan over a moderate fire and when the butter is melted add a tablespoonful of flour. Stir until it be-comes brown. Put the liver into this sauce. Season with salt, pepper, lemon juice and Worcester-hire or any p'quant sauce. Let it become quite hot, and serve with small pieces of toast. STRAWBERRY JAM. - Take some straw-

berries and fully-ripe currents, in the proportion of one pound of cufrants to six pounds of strawberries, and for every nound of fruit allow three-quarters of pound of sugar. Care ully pick over an ash the currents, and for each pound of them add one gill of water, place in preserving kettle over the fire and allow boil up once. Now after having care fully hulled the strawberries, add them and press all through a hair sieve into an Put the sugar mio earthenware pan. the preserving kettle, adding one gill of water for each pound of sugar, and boil it until it is of the consistency of thick Now add the pulped fruit allow all to remain over constantly while on the fire. Now skim pour into glass jurs or tumblers, and when perfectly cold cover securely as for strawherry preserves.

PRESERVED PRACTICE OR APPROCUS. -Pare the peaches, out them in halves. removing the stones. Allow one pound granulated sugar to one pound peaches, crack one quarter of the stones, extract the kernels and remove the dark skins boil them in sufficient water to cover ered bowl until needed; place the peaches and sugar alternately in layers in a fixed saucepan; let it warm up slowly, strain and add the water and the kerne's. Let clear and tender, which will be in about half an hour. Skim them out carefully and lay them on large flat dishes; boil up the simp for fifteen minutes, until it is clear and thick, skimming as fast as the scum rises. Fill jars two-thirds full of the cold preserved peaches, pour on the holling sirup. When cold place tissue-paper on the pots and cover again with stout paper.

THE ELK OF THE ROCKIES.

A BIG MONARCH OF THE ELE VATED FOREST SOLITUDES

His Great Size and Ponderous Antlers- An Elk Yard - Dangers Which Menace the Elk.

A Fort Krogh (Montana) correspond ent of the Cheago Tims writes. The largest and most eagerly sought of all game animals in the Northwest of to-day is that monarch of mountain solitudes and king of elevated forests, the true Bocky Mountain elk.

Elk in this country grow to an enormous size. The true Hocky Mountain blue clk has not the weblike antlers of the moose, but rather the clean cut, delicate fashloned, handsome headgear of the mule deer, only on a more ponderous scale. It is truly astonishing how neatly and eleverly these big fellows handle the fifty to sixty pounds of heavy weight sprouting from their heads. It takes five years for the borns to attain their full length, but after that the dimension runs all to width, and they keep on expanding until their broadest dismeter is reached, something like fourteen prongs or branches being produced.

Elk in this latitude average larger in size than either to the north, south, east or west of us. The footbill shrubbery, high-growing plants, ozone of the at-mosphere, and everything else combined tend to give them a bodily bulk which they seem to attain nowhere el-a on the known globe. Their ordinary size, however, is a little larger than the common American horse, with a progression from the hindquarters up to the foreshoulders, somewhat on the principle of a giraffe. The extreme length from nose to tail is from 7 to 7; feet, between 6 and 7 feet from the foreshoulder to the ground; weight all the way from 800 to 1250 pounds, and with a head on each "critter" like a barrel. A short neck and long forelegs prevent these animals from feeding or browsing on the ground; so as a marter of course an elk must look high for food. With this their upper lips are elongated and capable of making a decided twist when necessary, so that they can pu'l down slender branches from above, hold the same with the fore-

foot, and with the greatest case strip off the bark, leaves and twigs. An experienced woodsman will be able to follow an elk for miles by closely observing the trail-not by scanning the ground in the usual way, but by looking above among the twigs and branches. In the Big Horn montains, among the elevated forests of Yellowstone park. and in fact all through the various spurs of the Focky Mountain chain in this latitude hunters often run across, in their most isolated places, what are called e k-vards.

An elk-yard is a clearing in the woods

where the snow is trodden down within a certain circular space, and here are usually to be found a father, mother, and fawes. A family is seldom more than the two adults and a pair of fawns. Elk do not by any means breed in litters, like some other wild animals we know of, as the female seldom gives birth to more than two fawns in her life, and these she keeps clos ly tied to her apronstrings until about the third year. It is a great rarity to meet a young elk, nearly all being of full size when encoun-BEET GREENS.—Take young, tender kept secreted away in the deepest recesses of a forest until they are presumably old enough to care for themselves, It is astonishing how quietly and easily these bolky quadrapeds can make their way through dense thickets and tangled underbrush. Elks may be decidedly cowardly, but again they are remarkably conning. for when pursued or frightened they quickly throw their heals backward, resting their antiers close to the shoulders, and in this curious position go tearing through fo ests and thickets at railroad spewithout ever being caught or impeded in the slightest degree. It is a well known fact, too, that their stepping powers in one particular far exceed that of any biped or quadruped in existence. on the alert they will pass swiftly and quietly through a piece of timber covered thick with undergrowth or fallen matter and yet never so much as disturb a twig or rustle a leaf in their progress. All reports go to show that there are this sea-son in the Yellowstone Park and among the wild surroundings of national reservation more elk than for many years previous. In the park proper they are positively on the increase. saving laws, enacted too late to spare the pison, were just in time to save the elk, and in consequence, starting in the park at the Mammoth hot springs and then following up the Vellowstone as the lake, after first taking in Mount Evarts, we find many bands of clk tered all through the timber, and at last enjoying their lives in peace under the careful guardianship of Capt, Harris, of the 1st United States cavalry, who is at present supervising supreme control over he 3575 square miles embraced within this wonderful and charmed region. The only danger menacing them now comes from other dangerous wild animals of the same locality. Sometimes an eli-will get stuck in the snow, and then he Sometimes an elk is virtually at the mercy of mountain lions and wolves, who simply swarm all The operator of telephones relates that lately while making his rounds through the park he came suddenly upon one big

fellow at Willow creek, who, in hifright, sprang out upon an open spot in the creek, but missing his calculation sank out of sight in the snow which rose up in high walls all around him. out of the snow-trap, and only managed to make his escape after a considerable expenditure of time and energy. Here was a chance for a nimble footed mountain lion, and co doubt many such cases occur where the elk must fall a victim to this floree beast of prey. skirts of the park, in the Sweetwater country, along Stinkingwater crock, among the Soda Buttes, Hoodoo mountains, and to the south and west of the park proper in the Sheshone region and the locality of Henry's lake, are also many bands of clk which are only spared created for their salvation. Never theless it is said that pet-hunters in galore find their way into the elons wildernesses, and killing the game, cache the meat and save the kides for a sale to the public when the penalty period PIECING THE QUILT.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

Deep grows the clover, a soft green sea, Blithely the note of the throstle rings, And Margery, under the locust tree, Sits at her patchwork and sews and singsings and dreams, and her fingers fly,

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Two Squares, one year 18 00

Quarter Column, one year 30 06

Haif Column, one year..... 55 06 One Column, one year160 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-

An bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid it advance.

One Square, one inch, one insertion.

With sunbeams kissed and with shadows flecked, And the fair spring hours flit lightly by

With the joy they bring to a bride elect. And O, what a wonderful quilt will grow Out of those fragments and tiny bifs! And the dimples come and the dimples go As she measures and matches, and trims

and fits—
A bit of blue in the center there, From a remnant left of her Sunday gown; A strip of white and a rose-pink square, And a border here of chocolate-brown-

Thorolate-brown-that was grandma's dress, Bought that year when John first came; Margery's thinking of that, I guess, For in Margery's cheeks shines forth a

flame, And this is a scrap of Jennie's sacque, Dots of white on a ground of green, And tiny, zigzag lines of black, With drooping, golden bells between,

The sun-swept earth is very fair To the maid who sits in her shady niche, And a tender thought, that is like a prayer, Is tightly fastened with every stitch; There's a new, sweet world that is just at hand.

Where a cozy nest of a home is built, And she wonders and dreams of that unknown land

And she sings and pieces her patchwork -Good Housekeeping.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A pair of slippers-Two cels. The purchase of a drama is mere buy-

Is it necessary to chop down a tree before chopping it up? How to make a Maltese cross-By

stepping on his tail. Applause at the opera is cheap—to be obtained for a song. If a girl were to swear at all she would

probably swear "By Gum," One of the bright spots in existence is spot cash .- New Haven News. Where there's a will there's a way

Yes, a way to break it. -New York Horald. Of "pictures in the fire" the poets tell; we only see them when the grate draws well.—Judge.

When a poor girl marries a rich gull does she call him by the pet name of "Birdie?" - Boston Corner.

The man in the moon has one advantage over his terrestrial brothers: The fuller he gets the more brilliant he gets. - Life. Darwin would have said that man had

ape had he not recognized the superiority of the latter in not talking. -New York Barber (to customer)-"Have you beard of the bad scrape young Brown has got into?" Customer-"Why, no; when did you shave him last?"—The

ascended rather than descended from the

A certain fat man within ten miles of Burlington has a very thin wife. boys have nicknamed them "enough" and "too space."-Burling on Free

Never judge by appearances. A shabby coat may cortain an editor, while a man wearing a high-toned plug hat and supporting a dude cane may be a delinquent "Madam," said the tramp, "I'm hun-

rry enough to eat raw dog. e responded, kindly suiting the action to the word, "I'll whistle some up for you." The tramp left. -New York News. Miss Wabash-"Didn't Mr. Waldo say to you as I entered the parlor last

night, Clara: 'Is that the beautiful Miss Wabash?!" Clara-"Yes, dear, with the accent on the 'that." Scribner's Magazine. "Sir," said the judge, "I commit you to jail for ten days for contempt of "Better make it ten years,

Judge," was the response. "I couldn't begin to get over my contempt in less than that."—N w York Sun. Teacher (grammar class)-"Tommy, you may parse 'college.' Tommy— "Com'n noun, third pers'n, feminine gend—" 'Feacher—'Feminine gen-der?" Tommy—'Yes'm; I'm parsia' Vassar College."—New York Sun.

A Pennsylvania man who went to Nelows: "Offer a premium at your county fair next fa'l for the biggest fool in the county, and I will try to be there. doesn't fancy blizzards. - Chicago Hersell. Together they dined and he bored her with With bashful advances and dull, sheepish

They dined upon quail, and she swears by She'll not dise again upon quail with a "Now I know where we are," said a rustle youth, who had been engaged to net as guide by an Austin sportsman, as they plodded with difficulty through a

"Well, where are we asked the sportsman. "We are bogged." A thief was about to relieve a Wall freet operator of his hankerchief when bystander called the latter's attention to what was going on. "Let him alone," said the broker, good-humoredly: "we ill have to begin in a small way down

swamp.

Bronson Alcott was a vegetarian, and often criticised meat-caters harshly. one of them he declared one day that the enter of mutton becomes sheep, the enter of pork becomes a hog, etc. "And it is of pork becomes a hog, etc. also true," interposed the other, "that eaters of vegerables become small pota-

toes. - Ikirolt Free Pr.w. Somebody sent the following conundrum to a Dakota paper: "What makes a man's trowsers bag at the knees?" The editor replied that he thought wearing them did, but he wouldn't be sure, as he had sent his encyclopedia down to the blacksmith's to have a new east iron binding put on it," - Commercial Adver-

The timber exported to the United States from Canada during 1887, was valued at nearly \$8,000,000.