FAR FOREST REPUBLICAN

In published every Wednesday, by Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building HEN STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, - - - \$1.50 per Year. a shorter period for a shorter period

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXI. NO. 11.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1888.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Marriage and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements column. Temperary advertisements must

a the Grand Court of the Kremlin at , scow there is about to be erected a ment in memory of the late Czar ich will cost \$630,000.

The recent development of industrial i commercial enterprise in Japan has s very great. Since January, 1887, ce hundred and thirty-one companies re been started.

d a copy of General Grant's and he has recommended the study rican history in the schools and of his kingdom.

New York News declares there fortune waiting the man who can some economical method of doing hih the risks of using natural gas. sylvania alone it has caused fire amounting to \$900, 151 in

committee having in charge the pher Columbus celebration at Spain, offers a prize of \$10,r the best book, in any language, cographical discoveries of Portu-ed Spanish explorers prior to the Magellan,

w York broker made \$42,000 in He put \$50,000 with it to \$150,000 in three days, and lost In the evening he was out look-

t Burkhart, of Knoxville, Tenn., this extraordinary letter to the gent: "Please strike my name nited State: pension-rolls, as I stly cured and need the assist-Government no longer. Inmy pension."

ent to those German soldiers and fell for the Confederacy a begun at Charleston, S. C. erected mainly by the four mpanies who fought under to many of whom are among t men of that city to-day.

orter, the boy preacher, who tonishing congregations in and Kentucky by his eloquent al sermons, is only eleven years dresses in knickerbockers; a blonse, a jaunty little hat and otton shoes complete his attire.
y respects he looks like an or-

17,748 Fijians inhabiting the more than nine-tenths aturch with fair regularity; where resince there was not a single n, to-day there is not a single heathen; al the Fiji children have wholly displaced the temples.

ian and the leading public men apital and install Prince Karas on the throne, and also to prorevolt in Bosnia. The conspiracy buted to Russian influence.

character of a certain class of booty seems to be undergoing a e revolution. Only a short time their boldness extended to carrying staves. Then it became more expane, so as to include house roofs, and w one of the rascals out in Kansas has carting away 500 sweet potato plants.

the world as a worker for the good of tainly felt deeper sympathy for her grief. Her devotion to her child was touchald and as full of zeal and activity as r. He has just returned to England m, the little ones being inmates of his phanage in that city.

"The years clutch all alike," philosothices the San Francisco Argonant, "and the father she had never known. And bucen Victoria has fallen into the habit she would press her lips to the miniature of taking little 'cat naps' in her chair, even when visitors are present. At such handsome man whose image it bore. She name routine, followed by the most hum- we placed her and watch the shifting ble of her subjects. Her head falls a little forward, swaying slightly from gide to side; then she sits bolt upright, opens hor eyes very wide, and assumes a appearance of great intelligence and

The New York Headd prints a letter bekwell, United States Navy, on the such mooted question of fog signaling at son. "This officer," says the Herald, "makes it very clear that what is wanted is a signal quickly and certainly conreyed and instantly understood. His plan that there shall be only four such guals-one for each quadrant of the appass seems to be sufficiently comthensive and yet by no means compliated. This matter ought to be agitated. Commander Rockwell suggests, until ne simple, intelligible method can be wised to prevent collisions in fog."

MIRAGE.

We'll read that book, we'll sing that song, But when? Oh, when the days are long; When thoughts are free, and voices clear; Some happy time within the year-The days troop by with noiseless tread, The song unsung; the book unread,

We'll see that friend, and make him feel The weight of friendship, true as steel; Some flower of sympathy bestowag Leopold of Belgium recently We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands, And still with trifles fill our hand, While ever, just beyond our reach, A fairer purpose shows to each. The deeds we have not done, but willed Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled. -New York Commercial Advertiser.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY E. R. GRANT. The summer that I left old "Vassar's" The summer that I left old "Vassar's" slassle shades, crowned with honors and flushed with triumph, father was boarding at Mrs. Elliott's; indeed he had lived there for years, while I was pursuing my studies in the North. He was a widower of fine physique and ample fortune, with no encumbrance save me, his

only child—Eunice Grey.

Mrs. Elliott's boarding-house was, unlike the typical one, elegant in all its appointments, with a corps of well-trained servants, and a mistress that would have graced the home of the most fastidious connoisseur of feminine beauty and worth. We became fast friends at once ire sum in six hours' turn of the
In the morning he lived in a

-this petite brunette and myself. To
her invalid child I was no less strongly
attached. I wondered often why the mother was always robed in the deepest of mourning. That she was a widow I knew; but that her bereavement was of no recent date I had learned by chance. from the little one who, in mentioning her father, told me quantly she had never known him, that he had gone up to God before the fairies had given her to her mamma.

I asked my father if he could solve the vexatious mystery of those sable

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I believe I in. It is but the fancy of a loving weman's heart that sees in the sombre hues a reflex of the grief that knows no so-Seven years ago her husband perished in a storm that wrecked the pleasure yacht in which they were cruising. She herself escaped death by the miracnlous interposition of Providence, be-ing caught by a passing steamer's crew, as she drifted by them clinging to a broken plank. She was carried aboard, broken plank. She was carried aboard, but lost consciousness, as the rough but kindly hands drew her from her watery bed. For months she lay ill, nigh to death, her nind a blank. When at length the skill of the experts in the 'Retreat for the Insane' to which she had been conveyed effected the resteration of reason, she learned through the columns of an old Herald that she alone survived that fearful gale. A few weeks later a new-born baby la, upon her bosom. Miles away from the scene of the disaster, in a strange land, little Ada was born. Mrs. Elliott does not know, as I do, that official stupidity—or carelessness—had reported her death some lessness—had reported her death some three days after her husband's. The oc-cupant of the bed next hers in the Inthe schools; the schools and oddly enough being the same as her have wholly displaced the own, it was immediately taken for granted that the deceased was the victim of the yacht disaster.

"The northern climate was not suited lice have seized documents re- to Ada's delicate constitution. For this widespread nature of the reasonMrs, Elliott came south and opened hwarted conspirey in Servia. It a small select boarding house for the maintainance of herself and little one. aded by the plotters to arrest So popular did this become under her management that she was emboldened by the success of her humble beginning to remove to this fine dwelling, you see what she accomplished here.

"She was my first love, Eunice. Years before I met your mother I knew and leved Edith Lattimer; but she gave her hand and heart to my chum, George Elliott, and I went my way with sorrow for my loss, and gladness for the happi ness of the two so dear to me. I would make her my wife now; but she is true to the memory of her husband, and frankly says that no one can ever be as dear to her as he. It is sad, this linking one's self with those that are gone; but not the man to press a suit I know is

After hearing this recital I believe I George Muller, celebrated throughout loved Mrs. Elliott more than ever. I coring in the extreme. The little-creature—a cripple from birth—seemed too fragile for this earth. Her deep tor a preaching tour of 37,000 miles blue eyes looked out wistfully at one from smidst a mass of fluffy golden curls. Two thousand chiller countries. Two thousand chiller countries at Bristol upon his rewith her day after day, reading some bright tale, or talking to her of the birds, the flowers and the last of the birds, the flowers and the last of t sky; but best of all she loved to hear of the sea where the waves, in their silvery mes the royal lady goes through the would sit for hours by the window where panorama of busy people in the streets below. And when some sprightly little death comes, I will gladly welcome the from which pestilential exhalations of would dance by in childish give Ada call that summons me to you and to him."

The method still employed to che would draw her mother gently to her and kiss away the tears which clouded those dark eyes for she knew how it grieved her that her only child should be so unlike other children. And in many a pretty, touching way, the little one would seek to show how little sho m Lieutenant Commander Charles H. recked her own sad lot. Poor child! open book to its mother. But when Ada and I were alone, she would often say:

"Oh, Eunice, why must I suffer so? It hurts so had to cough, and yet I can-not keep it in. And when the doctor not keep it in. And when the doctor comes in the mornings and sounds my lungs, as he says, I could scream out had mourned as dead! Oh, the rapture lungs, as he says, I could scream out loud; but I do not cry because mamma loud; but I do not cry because mamma of that meeting! suddened as it was by is always there. But it hurts so awful the drifting away of a little life so near, I could only press my lips together to

keep back the tears, and presently turn of that night-our Ada's last night on the child's thoughts elsewhere. Summer passed. Autumn in the from her stupor and faintly called

breath of heated days; when birds of fashion flit back from rural scenes to brighten the dull city with the spread of their gay plumage; when men go back to the dull routine of business, revivified by the rest they have taken; and dormant

That fall New Orleans's pulse beat with feverish activity, for it witnessed the opening of the "World's Exposition." And right royally the dear old city welcomed a concourse such as had never be-fore graced her doors. A concourse drawn thither by the grand pageant in which all nationalities forgot their dif-ferences, and united in bringing their treasures to enrich the scene, Mrs Elliott's was the vantage point toward which the affluent visitor to the Southern metropolis invariably made his way.
To a certain number only she gave admission. No thought of a golden harvest to be reaped could persuade her to incommode her boaders by an unseemly crowding in of other guests, so that while other houses were swarming with crowds of humanity that jostled one against the other in the small compass allotted to them as value received for the liberal stipend paid, ours was free from these discomforts. Father was engaged at the "Exposition Building" all day and far into the night, superintending his interests there.

but rarely left Ada, for she saw, what even to strangers was plain, that the little bad was passing away to bloom in the garden of Paradise. I assumed all the duties and responsibilities of the housekeeping that the mother and her child might not be parted during the last days of sad, but sweet companionship. To my father I relegated the collection of bills, the payment of dues; keeping strict account of each receipt and every expenditure.

and every expenditure.

One night he returned home much earlier than was his wont. His face was ashen pale, and his limbs trembled with excitement. I went with him to his room to try and persuade him to rest, but he sileuced my fears of his ill-health, assuring me that all was well with him. And then he told me: "Eunice, child, I have seen what at first I thought the phantom of a dear old friend to-day. Twice did I see the familiar features in Twice did I see the familiar features in the surging crowd that swept by me. I followed, scarce crediting my senses; and at length I found him—Edith's husband—my old friend, George Elliott, Eunice, how cun I tell her?"

"But," said I, when the first surprise was past, "how can you explain the mystery of his reappearance? For years he was mourned as dead."

"Yes, but he too was rescued by a

"Yes; but he, too, was rescued by a good Samaritan of the deep, and believed he wife was lost, owing to the official stupidity of which I once told you. The poor weman that was hurried off to the Potter's field as soon as the breath left terr helds was worth. the breath left her body, was, months later, disinterred, and buried beneath a marble shaft, in George's plot at Green-wood. My friend still wore mournig for his wife when I met him to-day." "So, perhaps, after all some men have women's fancies," said I.

Father kissed me tenderly—"go pre-pare Edith for the meeting. George waits anxiously. I have told him of his child, he knows that her stay will not be for long." I hurried to obey my father's wishes. Something of the joy I felt at the anticipation of the glad reunion must have appeared in my face for Ada smiled sweetly as I entered. "Sister (she always called me so toward the last) Sishas-good news," said she, faintly. "I have, darling, good, very, very good news."

"Will-you-tell-us?" Kneeling there beside her, I stroked the little hand she laid in mine as I answered, "yes my darling, in a little wh.le. Are you strong enough to listen to a little story first?' Yes-yes"-eagerly answered the

"Well, then, darling, many years ago, we will say seven years since, there was a lady and a gentleman sailing on one of those pretty white winged yatchs that skim over the billows like a bird at

"Stop! stop!" cried Edith. I motioned her to silence, and con-tinued: "A tiny black cloud suddenly arose in the clear blue sky, a harbinger of the swift oncoming storm; but none noticed the warning, and the precious moments passed on. The wind arose, gaining rapidly in intensity until it culminated in a furious gale. The tiny yacht danced like a leaf on the storm tossed waves. But, oh, cruel fate! The there. Amid the roll of thunder and the triumphal roaring of the wind, the wicked deed was done. And when next the lightning's flash lit up the scene, the waves were sighing mournfully for the little boat that had gone down, down into the grave beneath the deep blue

soon, - dear - mammma. - and tell-him-how-you-loved-him."
She paused, and her eyes fastened themselves in amazed sprprise upon the door which had opened softly as she spoke. No need for me to turn, I knew; I felt who stood there. Edith alone had heard nothing. "Tell him, darling."

ously. Edith looked at me keenly. "Saved! Both?" she echood, "Yes! yes!" said the child. "Oh, samma, he is here—the father I never

knew-and loved so we'l." And pale and exhausted from the effort she had made, Ada lay fainting on the pillow which was scarcely whiter than her face.

cool breezes fauning away the sultry this death!"

"My darling, my darling!" was the | THE CAT - O'-NINE - TAILS. broken cry in response.
"Oh, wife, think how she has suffered

rejoice that all pain will soon be past."
"See, see, how bright—it grows.
Listen—the sweet—music—hush! It
comes nearer—nearer—oh—the—bright

pretty light. Mamma—papa—sister—the dark—is all gone now."

A faint gasp for breath, a tremor of the cyclids, and as the gray light of the early morn stole in, there amidst the flowers she loved, Ada lay at rest forever .- Yankes Blade.

Venezuelan Coffee.

What I saw of the process of making coffee, writes W. A. Paton to the New York Times from Venezuela, requires no elaborate, carefully-considered description. The following plain and unstilted cook book, English, will suffice to initiate the careful, painstaking housewife in the mystery of how to make a cup of coffee. The coffee distributions of the careful of the coffee. Get your Venezuela coffee-the fattest, roundest, heaviest beans-roast enough of them to serve for the making of as many large cupfuls as there are to be drinkers. Roast the beans, do not burn brown, do not blacken them; bray them while hot in a mortar with a pestle; aged at the "Exposition Building" all ay and far into the night, superintending his interests there.

As winter approached, Mrs. Elliott cut rarely left Ada, for she saw, what we to strangers was plain that the life. aroma. The the grains thus crushed to about the size of flaxseed in a bag of thick, white flanuel, so thick that no thick, white flanuel, so thick that no dirt or dust, if any there be in the coffee, may escape through the interstices of the cloth. Take a plain earthen pot, fill it with water, and set it on the fire till it is hot, very hot, and the water has been boiled a minute or two. Throw out the water, put in the bag, let the coffee steam a few minutes, the lid of the pot closely fitting, and allowing no the pot closely fitting, and allowing no escape of aroma. Carefully lift the cover, pour in boiling water enough to make one-third of a cup of coffee for each prospective drinker and one-third of a cup for the pot. Let the bag of coffee boil three minutes, the lid of the pot still on, letting the steam escape as

little as possible. In three minutes-the time it takes to boil an egg-the coffee is ready. Pour out one-third of this black, strong, hairlifting essence, dilute it with twice the quantity of boiled milk—milk of the Andalusian cow; sweeten it with papelon, natural Venezuelan sugar crystals, and you will be prepared to enjoy the delights that excited me to two cups and a half that morning John, Hans, Jean Juan gave me for de ayuno in the hotel of blessed memory in the sweet vale of Caracas. Breakfast served in our own parlor, John waited upon us deftly and with entire composure, omitting, how-ever, his habitual custom of cigarette

Elk vs. Wild Dogs.

A stockman just in from the Wine River range tells a story of a fierce and exciting battle between a courageous old elk and the wild dogs that infest the Wind River region. The river escapes from the mountains and hills into what is known as the basin district, over high and beautiful falls named the Maiden Hair. While riding near these falls a few days ago the stockman's attention was attracted by a deep baying, and at once recognizing the so ind as coming from the savage dogs and realizing the ne-cessity of getting out of the way, the horseman rode rapidly to the top of a neighboring hill, which commanded an excellent view of the falls and also of the surrounding country. He had scarcely reached the top of the hill when he saw, dashing along a high ridge running parallel to the river, a magnificent elk, hotly chased by a dozen or more mount-ain dogs. The race had evidently been on for some time, for the elk appeared about exhausted and the dogs were not in the best of condition. On swept the pursued and the pursuers, every bound bringing the dogs nearer the haunches of the tired elk. Suddenly the elk changed his course and plunged down the side of the ridge, making straight for the falls. Overhanging the edge of the river, and towering directly above the pool at the foot of the falls, was a huge rock. On to this rock the bull made his way, and planting himself within a few feet of the dge and with lowered antlers, awaited the attack. He did not have to wait ong. The dogs came with a rush and hurled themselves at their prey. First one and then another dog was caught in the elk's antiers and sent howling into the depths below. Just when the fight was the hottest the rock, or ledge, upon which the battle was being fought, sud-denly gave way, and with a crash the combatants were dropped into the water and rocks at the foot of the falls, and their bruised and bleeding remains were swept down the stream .- Globe Democrat.

A Plague of Crickets.

Accounts are published in Paris of the devastation caused by crickets in Algeria. The insects resemble, but are hoppers. Last year swarms of grass-hoppers ravaged the colony. This year crickets have taken their They spring like grasshoppers, but have a more rapid and sustained flight. They form clouds which shut out the light o When they alight on the heard nothing. "Tell him, darling," ground they destroy every trace of vege-she murmured through her tears, "that tation. They sometimes fall exhausted the heart I gave him years ago is now as on the ground in such numbers as to truly his as then, and that when at length death comes, I will gladly welcome the from which pestilential exhalations arise. I gasped for breath as she spoke, for a stranger had drawn near to the bedside. Is the old and expensive one of digging My father stood beside him. "The long trenches at a right angle to the adlong trenches at a right angle to the pretty yacht went down, but husband vancing swarms, and placing on the most and wife were saved!" I cried out joyweb of cloth. The advancing insects strike against the cloth, fall into the pit, and are there covered with lime or mould. The Algerian authorities have spent contemplate a further expenditure of recently stated that the English authorities in Cyprus had traced the locusts in that island to their breeding place, and had there to a great extent an destroying them in germ, before they became developed into the destructive swarms which periodically devastated We sat by that bed through the whole thatisland .- Commercial Adacriner.

Glass windows commenced to make their appearance in English private houses in 1100. Glass was first brought to England in 663.

DELAWARE'S FILLORY AND WHIP-PING-POST DESCRIBED.

Offences for Which Prisoners Are Whipped and Put in the Stocks at Newcastle-A Whipping Scene. The Chicago Times' correspondent sends that paper a graphic description of the scenes enacted four times a year at Newcastle, where prisoners are sentenced to the whipping-post and pillory for various offences. Our informant

The offences for which prisoners are sentenced to the whipping-post are the various grades of stealing, from petty larceny to highway robbery and burglary, and the panishment is graded according to the offence. The pillory sentence ac-companies the higher grade offences, and the number of lashes is larger to those who aspire to lead in the profession of stealing. The most celebrated whippings in Newcastle took place about 1871, when several celebrated bank burgars, who attempted to rob a Wilmington bank, wefe made to stand in the pillory for an hour and were afterward given forty lashes. The punishment is the most severe in winter, when it is not an unusual thing for the victim to stand an unusual thing for the victim to stand for one hour in a cold rain and be literal-ly covered with ice before taken down and flogged. Five lashes is the mini-mum and forty the maximum number. The court that disposes of these criminals and imposes the sentences sits in Wil-mington (although this place is the county seat), and is a very austere body. The Chief-Justice is seventy-five years The Chief-Justice is seventy-five years of age. Judge Houston, one of the assistants, is seventy-four years of age, and has been on the beach for thirtythree years. The other Judge, Paynter, appointed two years ago, is as deaf as a

For some offenses prisoners are put in the pillory only and not whipped at all. A very few years ago a prisoner con-victed of larceny was also, in addition to the specimen sentence quoted, ordered to wear a convict's jacket for six months after his release from prison. That por-tion of the sentence, which had really become a dead letter, was repealed in 1883. It is a mistaken idea that wife-beaters are whipped at the post, when, as a matter

whipped at the post, when, as a matter of fact, only offenses that relate to stealing make the offenders liable to the piltory and the whipping-post.

The whipping-post and pillory in use here at New Castle are plain affairs. First, there is a heavy upright post about twelve inches square and fifteen feet high. About eight feet from the ground is a platform about six feet sonare. is a platform about six feet square, through the center of which the post runs. The platform is braced by numer-ous stays, arranged somewhat like the ribs of a raised umbrella. On either side of the post, about four feet from the ground, is an iron semicircle with flanges at the end. One end is fastened to the post, so as to swing loose. The other end slips over a staple, into which a pin is placed when the wrist of the victim to be flogged is placed against the post and encircled with the iron. The portion of the post above the platform has a cross-beam about five feet from the floor, and cross, on either side, are cut through the center, the upper portion lifting as a hinge. Three openings are made in the center of the arms, one for the victim's head and the other two for the victim's head and the victim's head and the other two for the victim's head and the other two for the victim's head and the vict head and the other two for his wrists. The upper portion of the arm is lifted up, the prisoner places his head in the lower half of the center hole and his wrists in those at the side. The upper part of the arm is lowered and fastened at the end, and the prisoner is secured. They are generally compelled to stand in a stooping position, and not on their toes, as some The post and pillory are used between

the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, and always on Saturday morning. At 10 o'clock the Sheriff places those sentenced to the pillory in position, the platform being reached by a ladder, and throws the jail-yard open to the public. As a rule the spectators are few, but some times there may be as many as two hundred. They are not allowed to annoy the men in the pillory, who never stand there more than an hour, and who squirm and twist with the painful monoto their position. Then the prisoners to be flogged are brought out one by one, bared to the waist. Their arms are fast. eued to the post, and a deputy sheriff, with a list in his hand, tells the sheriff how many lashes are to be given. The sheriff stands to the left, and as he brings the lash down each time the de-puty counts aloud. The cat o nine tails s not laid on heavily, blood is never drawn sufficiently to run, and the sheriffs, as a rule, are very lenient. Nearly every blow of the leather thongs makes a especially upon white men, and the sheriff distributes the cuts over the entire back. When twenty lashes are given, no matter how gently laid on, the victim's back is in a very tender condition when the operation is over. The last blow is, as a rule, the hardest, and generally surprises the victim, who imagine that he is getting off easily. Black men pay the least attention to the whipping, and it is not an amusing thing for them to jump and kick their heels, ask for a chew of tobacco, crack a joke, or laugh as they are led back to their cells. With the whites it is different. They squirm a great deal and frequently give vent to emphatic exclamations. The crowd of blance of levity upon the part of the prisoners, and the one who has enough grit to crack a joke after his punishment is repaid by the greeting of the crowd. pillory, if any there be. They suffer the most, their backs and limbs having become stiffened by standing in one posi-

The Shifting Sands. A late Charleston letter speaks of the neglected condition of the graves of the Confederate dead who are buried on Morris Island, near that city. For the past twenty-three years the wind has cen steadily sweeping away the sand in which the soldiers were buried, so that now in many cases their bones are extimes only two or three of these graves are uncovered at a time, and again as many as tweaty-five or thirty will be ex-The spot where these remains upturned is near Vinegar Hill, in full view of one of the bloodiest battle-grounds of the war. -Philadelphia

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A New Soup.

Take eight large potatoes and three enions; cut them in small pieces and boil them in a pint of water until soft. Pass them through a fine colunder. Have ready two quarts of skimmed milk; boil ready two quarts of skimmed milk; boil it; add a very little powdered mace and one piece of loaf sugar, a pinch of cayenne and the pures of potatoes. When all boils together, thicken the soup with two tablespoonfuls of potato flour or ordinary flour. Before pouring the soup into the tureen, place in the latter a tablespoonful of butter. Fry some crutons in good beef dripping and serve them with the soup, but on a separate dish.—Truth. arase dish .- Truth.

A Simple Sideboard. A simple and inexpensive sideboard, which does good duty and is very ap-propriate in the modestly furnished house, is made of a plain deal table about two thirds the width of the ordinary kitchen table, with a shelf fitted below. Stain this to imitate old oak with a mixture of raw Sienna, burnt Sienna and Vandyke brown thinned to the proper consistency with sizing. Hang some plain shelves above, either stained or covered with felt cloth, to hold ornamental pieces of china and glass. Lay upon the top of the table a scarf of butcher's linen, with knotted fringe, and further ornamented with drawn work or outline designs in washable silks, and then will be had a sideboard of which no one need be ashamed. - Prairie

Unique Use for Broomsticks.

Broomsticks are not such useless articles after all. Aside from the proverbial use as a woman's weapon, the broom-stick can serve as an ornament. Three of these with a ho'c bored half way be-tween the ends and tied together, and when left to fall into tent-shape form the legs of a very unique little table. A square, or circular, or indeed any shaped piece of board makes a top. Now cover this top with plush or velvet. Crazy silk patch work used to be seen, but this, like its friends, the bedquilts, are being discarded. The broomsticks are pretty, gilded. The broomstreas are pretty, gilded. The the legs with broad ribbon and place on the bow a bunch of grasses or flowers. Broomsticks ar-ranged in this tent-like shape can be used for a gypsy kettle or most any kind of hanging basket. - Commercial Advertiser.

A Delicious Sandwich. A very delicious sandwich, for which we are indebted to the French, is made of puff-paste. After it is fully rolled and folded, roll it out one-fourth inch in thickness, and fold it evenly like a sheet of paper. Then roll this out to an eighth of an inch in thickness, and fold it evenly like a sheet of paper. of an inch in thickness, and about twelve inches in width. This sheet of paste must be arranged in size to form a roll -when rolled up-of two inches and a half in diameter. Wet the edge so that it may not unfold again, then press it flat until it is reduced to three-fourths of an inch in thickness; then with a sharp knife cut it off in slices one fourth of an inch in thickness; lay these in the pan cut part down, for they need room and will per-haps spread. After they are baked dust them well with powdered sugur and reegg dusted with sugar. When finished spread raspberry jam on them and fasten two together. These are very delicious, and form a tempting looking dish .- New

Recipes.

JAM SAUCE .- A teacupful of water to half a pot of jam; stir it and melt it on the fire; then strain it and pour it around

CHOCOLATE PUDDING, -Melt one half pound of butter and stir into it one pound of flour, one-quarter pound sugar, one pint of milk and the yolks of three This pudding can either be

steamed or baked. Lyenaise Pototoes.—Cut one pint cold boiled potatoes into small pieces and season them with pepper and salt; add one teaspoonful chopped parsley; put a teaspoonful butter on the fire in a saucepan; when hot add a slice of onion; fry brown; add potatoes, and fry to a

light brown. PUREE OF PEAS, -Wash a quart of peas which have been already hulled, put them in a saucepan with three pints of water, very little salt and pepper, half slices. Poil until soft, then drain off the water and rub the peas through a colunder. Heat again on the fire, adding two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and a pinch of sugar. Serve very hot.

SLAW DRESSING. - Heat together to a

boiling point in a stewpan, a gill of

vinegar and an ounce of butter. an egg well beaten and a gill of sweet Season to taste and pour over finely chopped cablage. Another way is to mix together a gill of water and a gill of vinegat; thicken with half an ounce of flour. Cook two minutes, add an ounce of butter and season to taste. STRWED BUCHARD.-Wash, peel and cut into two-inch pieces, then into strips, one pound of rhubarb. Put into a percelain-lined raucepan, add quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, cover, and boil fifteen minutes. Lift the saucepan from the range and twist it back and forth to prevent the rhubarh burning or sticking to the bottom. Turn it into an earthen dish or bowl in-

Florida's Great Salt Water Fish.

The tarpon, the great salt water fish caught in Florids, is making its appearance in the taxidermist stores in this Some of them are more than four feet long, and weigh from 100 to 200 pounds. They are distinctly of the salmon family, and, although caught with hook and reel, often busy a fisher-man for two hours before they are landed. During the battle they are likely to carry his boat like mad through the water They are such pretty conquests to the fishermen that few of them mind paying forty or fifty dollars to have the of their biggest fish stuffed, varnished and mounted on a great panel of plush for exhibition in their dining rooms -

A woman in New York died recently from the effects of swallowing four false teeth on a rubber plate.

THE OLD AND NEW.

Old radiant faces are the t, However good the The first have smiled Of many years review

Old voices yield the richest song, Though dark the clouds above, Their echoings are sweet and long With changeless notes of love.

Old lips thrill with a monotone, Old hearts have stendy beats, Their fashioning was in the zone Of truth, and not deceits.

Old eyes glow with a steady light When new ones turn away, Old hands renew their youthful might In sorrow's darkest day.

So I will cling to friendships old, And stand always for right, Inconstant hearts can never hold A solace for life's night. -Henry E. Orr, in Virginian.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Ancient Greece-Old butter. Musical circles-Whole notes. Butchers are great hands to "cut up. 6 With the horseman, life is but a span. An unpopular bill sticker-The mos-

Hungerand a thrashing make many a

Before arithmetic was invented people nultiplied on the face of the earth It is traveling the broad road that fre-

quently puts a man in a financial strait. "In the swim" of society the codfish aristocracy should be able to hold their No matter how high an awning may be

The saddest words of tongue or pen-"There's too many women and not enough men!" In a Leadville church there is this

notice: "Please do not shoot the organist; he is doing his best. It is stated upon reliable authority that the teacher with a glass eye has at least one refractory pupil.—Tid-Bits-

Soulful Youth (languidly)—"Do you sing 'Forever and Forever?" She (practically)—"No, I stop for meals."—Life. Young Man-"Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir?" Old Man (firmly)-"No, air; not

a cent." Petrified human beings are very com-mon among the heathen, for when they worship an idol they generally turn to

stone. - Siftings. Can anybody explain why a bottle of catsup, when it explodes on the table, will sprinkle everything in the room except the meat?—Chicago Tribune.

"Don't call me 'ducky,' John," said a fat bride to her husband. "It's too suggestive." "Why, precious?" "Because ducks always waddle, you know."

Intellectual combativeness manifests itself in the human race very carly. Children begin to "ah, goo" before they can fairly talk .- Commercial Advertiser.

gent fee was, said: "If I bring a suit for you and lose the case I get nothing; if I win the suit you get nothing."-New York Natos.

Servant -- "The mistress says, mumthat she is not at home. Who shall I say called?" Caller—"You ms/ say that a lady called who didn't bring her name."—Epoch.

On a summer's morning our little Lillie was walking with her aunt and discovered a spider's web. She was delighted, and exclaimed: "O, see, here is a hammock for bugs!"—Christian Advo-"Porter, have you time to do some-ning for me:" "Yes, sir; what shall thing for me?" it be?" "Bring my trunk from the depot." "Excuse me, sir, but my specialties are love letters and bouquets!"

Fliegende B'atter. A lady writing on kissing says that a kiss on the forchead denotes reverence for the intellect. She doesn't say so, but a kiss on the back of the neck is

that the young woman didn't hold still.

Norristown Heral!. Charlotte (who has an income of 30,000 marks)-"In fact, sir, my heart already belongs to another." Kurl (her persistbelongs to another." easily satisfied; and as for me, I shall be

content with the rest."- Hamoristiches, Passenger (on Western railroad)-"How long will we stop at the next station for lunch, conductor?" Conductor -"I duano yet. I telegraphed ahead for a fried chicken, and if it's ready when we get there we won't stop more's ten minutes."— Tid-Bits.

Brown-"You are looking bright and happy this morning, Dumley." Dum-ley-"Yes, I'm out of debt at last, Every bill I owed was outlawed yesterday. I tell you, Brown, a man feels like

a man when he is square with the world."-New York Sun. Landlady (to applicant for board)-"Have you any children madam?" Ap-plicant—"No." Landlady—"You are ortunate, for we never take families who have children." Applicant—"Have you any children?" Landlady—"Yes, two," Applicant-"Well, you are unfortunate, for we never board with families who have children."-New York Sun.

"Yos sirree! I'm a self-made man; and I don't wish you to forget it, Mr. Filkin—a self-made man, sir!" "Ah, indeed!" replied Filkin. "I'm really very glad to hear it, Mr. Bjones. Do you know, I always thought there was some-thing amateurish about you, and I see now why it is. I didn't like to think that you were a product of nature."-

Suicide of a Robin Redbreast,

There was a peculiar suicide in Laney Park, Elmira, N. Y., the other morning. A robin redbreast, deserted by its mate, sought to drown its misery in death. Taking a long string which he had picked up to put into its nest, he awang t around a bough, then wound it around his neck and expired. The body hung his neck and expired. The body hung in the tree all day, and many podestrians gazed at it curiously.—Pittsburg Dis-