TOREST REPUBLICAN

In published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK.

e in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building ELM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa.

- \$1.50 per Year. ions received for a shorter period

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXI. NO. 14,

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1888.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collecte tarly. Temporary advertisements must be advance. Job work-cash on dalivery.

mnon on sled runners are employed the Russians.

aly now has now over ten thousand es of solidly built and well equipped

wenty-four young women hold the e of La. B. from the University of

onty-one years' faithful service ena public teacher to a pension in

women of America use four times h silk in proportion to population women of Europe.

ieral Henry R. Jackson has offered ent the City of Savannah with at picture to be bought abroad for and to send thither an expert

French Government is about to man-of-war of such elastic mathat when pierced by a projectile ture will close up immediately ship cannot sink.

New York Sun facetiously obthat "Bismarck is undoubtedly to preserve the peace of Europe. irly that piece of Europe which n as Alsace and Lorraine."

Detroit Free-Press asserts that or was and perhaps never will ama hat made at Panama. They in a dozen places in South and nearly always shipped Panama.

Jersey Court revoked a legacy 00 to Henry George, the author ess and Poverty," from an exisciple named Hutchins, who give it to aid in advancing the

Nature announces that a new is causing a steady and inecline of coffee production in and that the rivers of the Argenblic have been successfully with salmon eggs from Den-

d-dinners in London the guests od them bear's ham from Rusfrom the Volga, haunch of from Lapland and cokis from The fashion of game and fruits countries is the result of modern for transport.

Sarah Burr left about \$90,000 to nt Sinai Hospital and the Orphan Asylum in New York. nal for Christians to make beo Jewish institutions, and the Messenger advocates a memorial Burr's memory.

rn manufacturers, according to had its birth in the buried past.

It was the thought of that unforgotten Sun, propose to ask the Gov to slackwater 125 miles of the y River and then dig out an bed 40 miles to Lake Erie, so ave \$10,000,000 per year in the tron making in Western Penn-

Mormon hierarchy is said, by the ork Warld to pay Mr. A. Gibson of \$10,000 a year to look after ests of the Utah Zion at Wash-He is a square-shouldered, se ed gentleman, dignified in manreticent in speech, and used to spaper man.

The plendid monument to Maria lately dedicated at Vienna, is far the finest and most costly work of kind in Europe. The Empress is resented' in a sitting posture, her tht arm extended and her left hand sping the sceptre. At the four cores are equestrian figures of her four cat generals-Daun, Laudon, Traun nevenhueller. The inscriptions are ple-on the front, "Maria Theresa," nd on the back, "Freeted by Francis seph I, 1889."

In a recent address on agricultural statistics, by R. H. Price Collins, be-fore the Hingham, Mass., Agricultural ud Horticultural Society, he stated that 1870 there were 2,659,985 farms in e United States, and in 1880 3,008,907 farms, an increase of a little over fifty er cent. The States rank, in the estiated value of farm products, in the ollowing order: Illinois, \$203,000,000; ew York, \$178,000,000; Ohio, \$156, 00,000; Iowa, \$136,000,000; Pennsylvania, \$120,000,000; Indiana, \$114,000,-000, and Massachusetts away down toward the stom of the list.

Hundreds of seals are being slaughsred off the mouth of the Columbia iver, on the Pacific coast, they extendnumbers as far south as "Illamook. The mode of operations is ery simple. From the schooner, which the base of operations of each crew, ut off a number of boats, each with wo men, one to row and one to shoot. The trick is to wound and disable the without instantly killing it. A struck in a vital part donbles up, and sinks. A seal wounded will on the surface till it dies, and a that approaches near enough for an upant to get a shot can get to the and haul it abourd before it dies, here is any delay, and the seal dies be-It is reached it is lost to its captors goes to the bottom.

A CROSS-COUNTRY SPIN,

A wayside inn, a blacksmith's forge, A furnace flaring in the gorge, A farm-house and a ruined mill, The flood-gates gone, the big wheel still, A lake with lilies on its breast, A lime-kiln on the hill's sharp or st; Buch pleasing changes meet the eye However fast the wheels go by,

The rear of train upon the bridge, The rifle's crack beyond the ridge, The plowman's whistle, the milkman's song. The farm dog's baying, clear and strong, The bleat of sheep, the roadster's neigh, The click of reaper on its way, The songs of birds, the drone of bees, Fill our and heart with ecstacies.

Oft here and there a glimpse is caught Of scenes with fun or folly fraught; A cow, roused from her stupid sleep, A flock of panie-stricken sheep, A horse that with a frightened snort In frisky antics finds resort, His stupid driver, with jerk and curse

Only makes the rampage worse-A peacock spreads his gaudy tail, A gobler's tinted crest grows pale, A bumpkin on a farm vard gate Stares at you with his mouth agape, While from the bedge a rustic lass Flings kisses at you as you pass, Not that she's forward with the men, But knows you'll never meet again.

O'er dusty roads, amid green trees That fling sweet odors to the breeze, Along ravines where, when 'tis late, The jay calls harshly to his mate, By red-grown swamps where phantoms walk, And bitterns in the dimness stalk, By brooklets flashing in the sun, By fields in russet clad, and dun-

Past churches in the woodland shade And graveyards where the dead are laid; Past orchards with their fruitage ripe, And green lanes swiftly lost to sight-Thus onward o'er the ground we speed, Exhilarating sport, indeed! As to the bird with outspread wings, It vigor to the muscles brings. -Frank H. Stauffer, in De'roit Free Press.

EDWY OF TYNEDALE.

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

It was a time and country of arms. Valor was the saint by whom all swore, and no death was feared save a death on the straw. And with valor ruled song. When the clash of swords was for a moment stilled, minnesingers and min-strels sang of the sweetness of love: are not the tenderest blossoms of the year those that are fostered by the snow-

The Tower of Tynedale had had its baptism of blood and consecrations of song more frequently, it may well be, than any other castle within the same bounds, for it stood on disputed ground. It was a deliance in stone flung down by an early Tynedale, and many a time had the Branksome men da-hed themselves against it in vain assault. Once indeed, the portals had traitorously yielded, and the banner of the hated use of the assailants had taunted the scattered Tynedales from the battlements of their own tower. That dishonor had been wiped out in the des, crate courage of the recupture, but its memory roused to new life the old family feud, which

shame that made more lofty the bearing of the lord of Tynedale as he entered which a long absence the demesne to had made him well nigh a stranger. The gay laughter of his retainers, who found it joy enough to feel the shadow of it joy enough to feel the shadow of Tynedale oaks once more above them, seemed to his ear but to muille the angry mutter of defeated men. His responding to his unconscious touch, bounded forward, and carried him in advance of his tra'n to the opening in the forest that commanded a distant view of the lower.

from spear-head and sparkled from the jeweled dresses of lady fair and gallant knight and wa'ting esquire sank into shadows amid the folds of the Brankome banner, which Branksome hands had flung oace more from the battle-ments of Tyncdale Tower. Dark and sullen hung the silken folds heavy with shame. And dark grew the brow of the lord of Tynedale, dark even as the shadows of the forest, when that mes-

age met his eye. An indifferent forester, to whom it mattered little whether the flag of the tower were gules or argent, told the brief tale of the day's foray. An attack, surprise, a weak defence, a few hours of desperate hand-to-hand fighting withi: the old wal s, and then the sunset with its revelation; that was all,

The party camped hastily, "We are help'e s," said the old lord, bitterly, " within those walls a handful may laugh at a host; without, a handful like this would be but a dash of summer raindrops on the stones. Faise stones, they prote t foe and friend slike."

Then spoke I dwy, the heir of Tyndale. and and father, an it please you I will enter the tower. My harp will be my passport, for a minstrel hath free hall and bower. within, it will go hard but I find means to open the gates to our men ere the

The old lord's eye flashed. He felt the fever of youth throb in his veins for a moment; then it passed, but he beheld his own spirit kindling keen and high in the dauntless youth who faced him.

"Go, my child. The honor of Tynedale is in your hands. So it shortly came to pass that a gay young minstrel boldly demanded ade for his harp and himself at the gate where Fdwy, of Tyneda'e, m'ght not pass for his life. A rude welcome

greeted him from the hall. Enter, thou minstiel lad. Such a day as this hath merited a night of song. What ballads hast thou that are new! Ballads new and old in plenty to

pleasure the lords of Tynedale Tower, answered Edwy calmly, resting his harp near the board about which lounged the dark men of Branksome, pledging their victory in tankards of Tynedale ale. At his feet, trampled and stnined, lay the silken banner of his house, radely tern from the battlement. But no one saw the fire that smouldered under Edwy's But no one saw

"Sing, harper, and Oswald shall dance Edwy had already noted the bound

Oswald, an ancient ser-the house, who listened vitor of the house, who listened unmoved to the rude jests and taunts of the soldiery. Once, at the first tone of Edwy's voice, a quiver passed over his blood-stained cheek, but he raised not his eyes from the floor. Grim, stern, silent, he waited, and if he strained his iron muscles against the cords till he felt them slip and yield, no

was more diverting than the impassive "A song! a song! After the battlery, the madrigal.

Edwy's fingers had been straying over the strings of the harp, waking those low, soft murmurs that musicians love. Now, with a free hand, he struck the ringing chords, and no one save Oswald heard aught but careless melody in the young voice that filled the hall.

As Edwy finished the song, he lifted his eyes and squarely encountered an intent gaze, which he seemed to have felt before he turned. He saw a mere boy, whose fair, floating har and gravely sweet face made him seem as apart from these dark-visaged men of blood as a saint stepped down from the stained windows of some cathedral.

Once before that boyish face with its Once before that boyish face with its halo of golden hair had held Edwy's eye, and with a lightning flash of memory that earlier meeting was recalled. It was a lonely spot on the mountain side, and the fearless boy, with falling strength, was holding at bay an antiered stag. Had Edwy's trusty spear swerved then or lingered, no morrow had ever smiled on the brave hunter. Now in smiled on the brave hunter. Now in the deep look, more potent than speech, that held their eyes locked for a moment ere they swerved aside, Edwy read that

His fingers trembled as he struck slow fragments of music from the obedient strings, and there was a ringing in his ears that sounded like the battle-cry of the Branksomes. Then the blood surged back to his heart and he lifted his dauntless Tynedale face to his foes. Trapped and at their mercy he knew himself, but at least he could show them how the Tynedales were wont to die. The liqu d drops of music shivered into a sha p silence as his hand for sook the strings to rest lightly on the short sword at his belt, while his haughty glance swept the hall. But there was no answer to his silent challenge, and now in the averted face of the boy he read not the triumph of an as big as half a dollar, about the

and now his troubled silence revealed that he remembered the bene-faction also. But silence was hard for Edwy's beating heart to bear, and about the board was somewhat hushed, but Edwy sang only for the boy, whose drooping eyes could not bear the steadfast gaze he bent upon them.

"Lone is the mountain path, Dark is the glen, Fierce is the antiered stag, Hater of men.

Hapless the hunter now, Lacking his spear, Woe to the hunter ind,

Long may the maiden wait, Stiffing her moans; In the loan mount in glen Whiten his bones, The boy shuddered and met Edwy's

look pleadingly. One word from those beardless lips and the minstrel had sung One word from those his last strain, but the word was not spoken. Edwy read the conflicting emotions that held him passive, and with that sense of power that is the wine of strong souls, he knew his own dom ination over the heart he had preserved. In one flerce moment he grasped the full strength of life. The little band waiting his signal without, the walls that even now echoed to the laughter of the foes of his house, all rested on his child who now raised questioning eyes to his, as asking counsel. The battle courage flushed his dark check as he once more touched his harp. He must sing, as he had fought, for his life and the honor of Tynedale.

Faithless are lovers, but lovers are many! Maidens are cruel, but hearts heal amain; hankless are beggars, who take the drink-

Few hold remembrance while one moon may wane, Chiefest in infamy whom may we call! Ingrate of ingrates and king of them all?

Who but the traitor to friend and to honor! Who but the dastard that, druhken with Strike; at the bosom that succored and saved

Offers him death who hath rendered him Dead in dishonor or living in shame, Bards shall remember the dastardly

Edwy ceased. Had he lost or won in he game where the stake was life? The grave eyes glowed with a clear ight, and as the impetuous strain sank to silence, he d:cw the harp from Edwy's

"Methinks your songs ring not true, fair harper. There be blacker traiters than he who slays even a friend." And with a mournful yet steadfast look he gave in song his answer to Edwy's challenge:

Youthful knight, I charge thee well Guard the banner that thou bearest; Though it leads to blackest he'l.

Though thy life, thy friend, thy soul, Doomed be to endless dole." Edwy had lost. As the verse ended

ith a tremble, the two stood silently side by side, watching the quivering strings. The last faint vibration died iway, and with eyes that seemed not to see, the boy stepped forward and raised hand imperiously for silence. But Edwy was before him.
"Nay, boy, there shall be no need. I

saved thee once from death, I will save thee now from ingratitude.

house he wound it as a shield about his eft arm, and with drawn sword he planted his back against a friendly wall. "Ye men of Branksome, heard ye ever melody like this before?"

And lifting his clear voice, the battleong of the Tynedales rung out over the heads of the conquerors with defiant

"A Tynedale! a Tynedale! and merry St. Andrew to aid! While blood may flow or edge may bite, a Tynedale wields the blatte!

While heart can beat or eye can see, a Tyne-dale fronts the fray! A Tynedale! a Tynedale! St. Andrew wins

the day! There was a hush like death; then the wide hall echoed and re-echoed with a "Death to the Tynedale!" and fifty swords fashed their menace out; fifty formen, will with hate, leaped to face

him. Then they paused, awed by the dauntlessness of the proud youth whose eyelid never quivered. He would die, one heeded. The youth with his harp prisoner, whom their savage gibes moved but not alone. A moment, and they not. steel struck fire. A shrick, a groan, but not from Edwy's lips; a narrowing circle of sword-points, yet with guard and thrust Edwy held his own. He feit the blood flow from his breast, the wall seemed to weaken and yield, and gasping out "A Typedale!" he sank to the

> Was it the echo of his voice, or the wild heart blood beating in his ears? His last words were caught up and re-'A Tynedale to the rescue! A Tyne-

> Then for Edwy came silence.
>
> But not for the hall. Through the portal sprang Oswald, leading the Tyne-lale men, who had waited without in the shadows for Edwy's signal. The signal had come, but from Oswald's hand, at the moment when the defiance of the minstrel in the hall had left the

oor unguarded. Hand to hand and knee to knee they fought about the board; but the cry of "Strike for Edwy!" made the Tynedales irresistible. The mead had not ceased flow from the overturned tankards before Tynedale Tower again floated the banner they unwound from Edwy's arm. Then Oswald lifted Edwy's head and taunched the wound in his breast. The ue eyes slowly opened.

"Edwy, lad, how is it with theel" Edwy laughed.

"I faith, Oswald, I fear me my harp must lie idle for many a day. But is the boy safe?"—Lily A. Long, in Over-

Egyptian Plague of Flies.

I watched a child of about two and a half years, say Carter Harrison, writing to the Chicago Mail from Fgypt, enjoy-ing a crust of bread. There were about it a swarm of flies, and I do not exaggerate when I say two or three dozen were on its face at one time, in patches enemy, but the grieved perplexity of a and mouth. It would serew up its eyes child. Edwy understood. That the boy remembered his benefactor's face was the bread. It did not seem at all anproved past doubt in that first long gaze, noyed. I saw a sleeping child on the street, whose face was almost black with the insects. It smiled as if angels were whispering in its ears. I have seen men talking pleasantly together while a dozen striking the chords sharply, he gave to measured music the tumultuous words that throbbed in his brain. The carouse about the board was somewhat hushed, but Edwy sang only for the boy, whose made the fly bold, and he seems unable to understand what a foreigner means when he tries to drive them off. He has, too, remarkably preheusile claws, and keeps them keen and sharp when taking constitutional walks over European countenances. It was probably the knowledge of this quality which made these neople pronounce it had luck to drive them off. They found it best to educate the masses to lear the infliction. educate the masses to bear the infliction and to get used to it. Nearly all the religious and semi-religious prohibitions and usages of the people of the world obably had their origin in some terial benefit. The cow was hard to raise in India. The cow was most necessary-so the wise priesthood made her red and thus preserved her. flesh was subject to diseases in Tgypt and Syria, so the hog was made religiously unclean and infested with devils.

The Sleeper of Saltpetriere. The Parisian Eudoxie Adelouin, the sleeper of the Saltpetriere, has awakened from her long sleep, which was continued without a moment's interruption for nineteen days. She had a slumber power to hold and control the will of the of fifty days early in the year in the hospital where she now is, and has been for many years. While she was on both occasions sleeping relays of medical men kept watch by her bedside. Some hours before her second period of somnelence ended she showed great nervous agitation, often started and had intermittent fits of trembling. She at length opened her eyes in the midst of a burst of laughter, which continued for about ten minutes. During that time she stared fixedly, and appeared, though laughing so hard, as if under some painful appre-

Then she spoke as if she were addressing her mother, who was not with her, in an endearing manner, and on being handed a glass said she only saw her mother's image in it. She has since become quite cheerful, but seems to have hardly any ideas save those suggested to her by the doctors. to what is observed in most hysterical ub ects the sense of taste remains while she is under the influence of suggestion Thus, if she is given aloes and told it is sugar she will swallow it, but make a wry face to show dislike. If told to drink water from a champague glass shows exhibitation, and if a package which Dr. Volsin says contains an emetic is put into her hand she has violent fits of nausen. -London News.

The Queen's New Chair.

Since the Queen met with a slight accident at Windsor and sprained her knee she has not been able to stand comfortably for any long period, and at drawing rooms, although appearing to stand, she has really been sitting on a cleverly-arranged chair of crimson and gold. This year another and lower hair was substituted for some reason of other, with the result that several ladies nearly tumbled over when they kissed hands, as the Queen was sitting so exnastic exercise to bend down to her hands, -- London Truth.

The Iron Duke's Confession.

The reminiscences of the great Duke of Wellington give some idea of his wonderful activity when in the field. "For many years in the peninsula," he once said, "I undressed seldom: in the first four years never. I slept five or six nours; sometimes two or three. In India the custom to undress; did. In Spain I never marched the sol-diers more than twenty-five miles a day; in India I once marched the troops serenty-two miles in a day.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Washing Made Easy. Washing is made easy by doing away with rubbing the clothes before boiling. Select the nicest clothes and wet them thoroughly in warm water (not hot), wring out ready for boiling. To every bucket of water use a tablespeenful of coal oil, put in soap to make a good suds, and just before the water boils put in coal oil as directed. Stir well, and when 'tis boiling put in the clothes, and silr and punch around several times. Don't crowd the clothes in the boiler; let them have plenty of room for the water to pass over and about; boil about twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Take out, rub through what we call boil-ing suds, rinse and blue and they will be lean and nice; proceed in the same way for other clothes, a tablespoonful of oil for every bucketful of water used in the boil, and more soap. It takes more soap than usual, but soap is cheaper than labor. Colored clothes that don't fade

can be washed the same way. - Farm, Field and Stockman.

Conveniences in Small Houses. In small houses, where closets are not abundant, many convenient receptacles for certain things can be made to answer other purposes as well. An ottoman, for instance, tall enough to serve for a feat, may have a top provided with hinges, which on being raised discloses a partitioned box for hats and bonnets. A long window seat made from a pine box and covered with figured jute makes an admirable place to lay away clean sheets and spreads; and one as long and only half as wide is a great convenience in a dining-room for the table-cloths and napkins in use for the day. Hanging shelves such as are used for books, when furnished with curtains, may be appro-priate I to castor, tumblers and other appointments. A bachelor friend might be tempred to take care of his slippers when there was a certainty that there was an appointed place where they would be found when wanted. A slipper case is not a difficult thing to make. The prettiest ones are made like a huge bath slipper—that is, with a vamp, but no sides. The shape is cut in pasteboard and covered with closely quilted satin. The toe, which makes the pocket for the slippers, is lined with thick linen of the same color, if possible, as the satin. The slipper is hung to the wall by the heel, at the back of which a loop should be made for that purpose, - Detroit Free

Care of Pictures. In cleaning houses one of the principal cares should be the pictures. It is too often overlooked or left to the care of servants, when the lady of the house should give it her personal attention. Each picture, as it is taken down, should be carefully dusted and the cord or wire wiped. Then lay it on a table, wash the clear. Where the frame with a soft cloth wet in warm water and rub off all fly specks and other dirt. If the picture is framed with a glass, paste paper smoothly all over the back to keep dust from sifting through the cracks,

Frames of polished wood, oak, walnut, or in fact anything but gilt, will be greatly improved by rubbing them with a solution three parts linseed oil and one part turpentine. Apply with a woolen cloth and rub with a clean woolen cloth

until perfectly dry.

When cleaning gilt frames, the gilt The spots should be touched with a little gold paint applied with a soft camel's hair brush. Old frames can be made to look like new if painted all over in this Do not get cheap gold paint, as it always looks dull and will not pay for the labor of putting it on.

Before hanging the pictures, fasten a a large clean cloth over the brush end of the broom, and wipe the walls all over. If the walls are papered, and the paper is torn or defaced, cover such places with scraps of the paper, matching, if possible, to the figures. If you have no pi ces of the paper, a Japanese scroll, or a cheap placque, or even a bunch of dried grasses tied with a nice bow of ribbon, will cover the place and add beauty to the room. One lady covered pieces of paste-board with colored satin and fastened the bunches of grass to them, and they

Pictures should never be hung too You often see a choice little painting hurg so high that you would have to mount a chair to see what the subject is. Always hang them so that they can be easily seen by a person of medium height. It is considered to be in better taste to use two nails instead of one, it gives a more symmetrical effect, matter of safety. Be very careful hang pictures in the proper light. they are to be seen in a strong light do not not put them in an ob-cure corner, and if painted in bright colors, do not where the sunshine will fall on them .- St. Louis Sayings.

Recipes.

SMOTHERED CHICKEN.-This is particularly nice when the fowl is young and tender. Split the chicken down the back, cover it with lumps of butter, and season with a little pepper and sait; add one half pint of water; cover closely and cook in the oven until done.

Senacu.—Pick carefully, put into beiling water and beil one-half hour: when nearly cooked add a dessertspoonful of salt: drain from the water and put in a dish with a little butter; cut it sevslices of hard boiled eggs. ASPARAGUS AND EGG, -A good break-freak dish is made of cold boiled aspar-

agus and egg. Cut the asparagus in small pieces, season well and put in a attered baking-dish. Beat some eggs, add an equal amount of milk, and have just enough of the liquid to cover the sprinkle bread crumbs on top and bake slowly like custard. especially sice to serve with tender slices of boiled ham.

POTATO HASH.—Une pound of pota-toes boiled and chopped, one boiled onlon also chopped, and a teaspoonful of finely chopped parseley; put these on the fire with half a pint of milk and a pinch of pepper; when it has stewed gently five minutes, beat two eggs, stir. es, and then add the eggs; stir gently till the whole looks like custard, then remove before the eggs curdle. This may now be put into the frying-pan or oven and browned, or eaten white.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE

A CONGRESSIONAL TERM OFTEN USED LUCIDLY EXPLAINED.

What is Done When the House Adopts a Motion to Go Into "Committee of the Whole" on a Bill. After the general debate had ended on the tariff bill, a proposition was made, by the member of the House of Representatives who had charge of the measure, to some of the Republican leaders, to dispense with the consideration of

the bill "in committee of the whole."
Perhaps some of the readers of the Companies do not know what is meant by this phrase, or if they do know, they may not be aware what is the object of "going into committee," as it is called, on a bill. The committee of the whole is exactly what the term suggests. membership is the same as that of the assembly. The British House of Commons calls the committee 'a committee of the whole House," In the United States House of Representatives it is usually termed 'a committee of the whole on the state of the Union." The Senate considers bills "as in committee of the whole," but its system is slightly different from that of the other House of

Congress,
When the House of Representatives adopts a motion to go into committee of the whole, the Speaker leaves the chair, which is taken by some member desig-nated by the Speaker. A new set of rules comes into operation, much simpler than those of the House itself. Some of the changes should be mentioned. There is no calling of the roll. All divisions are taken by rising or by passing between tellers.

Again, there is entire liberty to offer amendments, which, under the modern methods in our House of Representatives, can rarely be offered at all, unless by consent of the committee which reports the measure. But speeches on amend-ments are limited to five minutes each, whereas the time allowed to one who gets the floor when the House of Representa-tives proper is in session, is an hour.

Most important of all, there is no "previous question," and the committee of the whole has no power to shorten debate; but when the member having charge of a bill thinks that a certain clause has been discussed enough, he moves that the committee rise. If the motion is carried, the Speaker takes the chair, and then the same member moves that debate on the section or clause under discussion be limited to some time one minute, five minutes, or some other time. If this is voted, the committee resumes its session, and the Chairman carries out the order of the House by stopping debate when the time fixed has

elasped.

Now what is the object of this machinery? It is to enable members to consider measures rather more informally and more expeditiously than they could under the rigid roles of the House of Representatives; and going into committee also gives them an opportunity to see the bill as a whole, amended, before they are obliged to vote on its passage

For when the bill has been read through, section by section, the clerk pausing when an amendment is proposed, and resuming the reading when all amendments to the clause have been acted on, the member in charge moves "that the committee rise and report the

bill to the House." The motion is carried, the Speaker who has been providing as Chairman reports that the committee of the whole House has had under consideration such and such a bill, and reports it back to the House with a recommendation that it pass, with sundry amendments, or without amendment, as the case may be.

Then the first question is on agreeing to the amendments made in committee of the whole. If no objection is made, they are voted on in a lump, but fequently, by agreement, some one or more amendments are reserved to be voted on separately, and then the yeas and nays

Without any reference to the tariff bill, it may be said that the liberty to mendments is one of the most use sul of helps to good legislation, and it has been far too much curtailed a'ready. If the House of Tepresentatives were to go into committee on every bill, as the enate does, many crude an'i unworka ble sections would be made more intelligible and practical- Youth's Campanion.

Frenchy's Luc'd Explanation.

"All rain and no sun makes trade mighty dull," sa d a Maiden Lane drag merchant to a New York Tele ram re "I think the drug stores are about the best patronized shops in the city just now.

As the crowd waited for their drugs to be put up the proprietor tried to fit a big cork into a little bottle, and, when

a boy asked, abruptly: 'Where do corks come from!"

"Ask I renchy, there." "Frenchy" was a young gentleman from the South of France, gaining a rudimentary knowledge of drugs and the English language, and mixing both with equal fluency.

"Did you ever see corks grow, Frenchy:" asked the boy. 'Ya as, certain, Monsieur, times, but zay grow not like ze fruit; it is ze lack. Zair is much cork cut in my countree, but more in Portugal."

Don't it kill the trees?" "Zay say zay lif ze hundred and frefty year. Ze cork is not cut till ze trea i feefteen, zen not till is ze twenty-fife, or or ze most zat. Znir is always ze eight or ten year between, and /e cork is more, mooch more, after ze cutting, but nefer so good as ze first."

"Oul, onl, monsieur; ze-vat you call 'em, 'small boys,' see eferysing, ch ? Zay cut ze back up and down ze around and around, and take out ze blocks; soak 'em in wasser, and press 'em under ve he la loads. Zen zay are dried by a fire and packed for vis made, ze cutters cut ze block up like ze candy caramels, zen zay make 'em tound wiz a sharp knife, but you Americans haf ze ma hine vat cuts 'em twenty times so verce quick. And re little pieces, re -parings, so? ze parings, monsieur-ray are burnt to make ze 'Spanish black.' Ze trees are veree large, and ze name is -zay haf ze leetle cups, monsieur, ya-as, low down on ze-boxt ze trunk, on ze trunk, and ze 'small boys' we go veree sasy up in zem."

WHEN THE BABY CAME.

RATES OF ADVERTISHED.

One Square, one inch, three months...... 8 00 One Square, one inch, one year...... 10 00

Half Column, one yest 80 00 One Column, one year......100 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-

Always in the house there was trouble and confusion.

Little sparks of feeling flashing into flame, Signs of irritation, So sure to make occasion For strife and tribulation-till the baby

All the evil sounds, full of cruel hate and All the augry tumult-nobody to blame!

All were hushed so sweetly, Disappearing fleetly, Or quite completely—when the baby came,

nces that had worn a gloomy veil of sadness, Hearts intent on seeking for fortune or for Once again were lightened, Once again were brightened,

And their rapture heightened-when the baby came. All affection's windows opened to receive it, Pure and fresh from heaven and give it

earthly name, Clasping and caresting In arms of love, confessing That life had missed a blessing-till the baby

Homes that were in shadow felt the gentle

Smilling, as if anxious their secret to pro-Grateful songs were swelling, Of mirth and gladness telling, And love ruled all the dwelling-when the

baby came. Hearts that had been sundered by a tide of Were again united in purpose and in aim;

In the haunt secluded, Peace divinely brooded, Where discord had intruded-till the baby

Little cloud dispeller; little comfort bringer! Baby girl or baby boy-welcome all the

Even o'er the embers, Of bleak and cold Decembers, Some fond heart remembers-when the

-Farmer's Voice.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Not a bad riot-A patriot. Minister of the interior-Victuals. One for ascent-A penny balloon. Always carries off the palm - The hand. Economy is the father of a fat bank

The man most looked up to-The one in the moon.

An unatural curiosity - The calf of a cow-entcher. As soon as a man commences growing

ald he s ops growing hair. The d shonest butcher is always willing to meat his customers half-weigh.

"Money is nothing to me," said the attered tramp as he turned his pockets It is curious how sweet a honey bee is

at one end and how bitter he is at the other. - Life. The wife who carries on her husband's pawushop after his decease is truly a

'loan widder." An African tribe is governed by a ruler who has no tongue. He is King, but the King dumb. He is not only the

Improbable stories in newspaper ought to be placed under the head of marine intelligence. - Siftings. To keep a woman out of sulks the easiest way is to keep her in silks. Only

a slight difference between U and L. Jack Goodfellow's Small Brother-"Jack, is there my past tense of due?"
Jack (gloomily) - "Yes, dun." - Harvard

When a young man detects the first evidence of hair on his upper lip he feels elevated, when in reality it is a sort of coming down. Very few people of the present day ever saw or can tell what a petard is; but

politician knows it is something a man can hoist houself with or by .- Picayune. I met her in the giddy whirk She struck me as a pretty girl; And now I've made her mine for life,

She strikes me as an angry wife.

— Bos on Cou First Domestic-"Wat's all that row up-stairs?" Second Domestic-"Oh, that's nothing; just the master scolding the missus about my cooking .- Omaha It is satisfactory to learn that Henry

M. Stanley is alive and well somewhere in Africa, although his postal facilities are somewhat obstructed.—Provid nos The girls are all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given; Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe, Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,

There is not one true in seven. When a young man sits in the parlor talking nonsense to his sweetheartthat's capital. But when he has to stay

n of evenings after they're marriedthat's labor. A leading man among the Chinese in New York, now defunct, used to say that he could tell all his countrymen here by their pig-tails. He can't now-dead

men tell no tails. - Siftings. You say you wonder why A clover man like I Am unlucky. I tried to run a-well

A temperance hotel In Kentucky, —Mocking Bird, A man "stops" at a hotel when he odges for one night: he "stays" when he is well fixed; he "puts up" when he is given a sky parlor; he is a "guest of the landlord" when he does not pay.—

Enraged Husband-"Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out," Wife calmly) - "Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets. - Chicago

She walked into the dry goods store With stately step and proud;
She turn'd the frills and laces o'er
And pushed aside the crowd;
She asked to see some rich brocade,
Mohairs and grenadines;
She looked at silk of every shade, And then at velveteens.

She sampled jackets bins and res-fibe tried on nine or ten. And then she toss d her head, and said. She "guess'd she'd call again,"—Siftings,