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FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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on on sled runners are employed

ly now has now over ten thousand of solidly built and well equipped

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

aty-one years' faithful service enpublic teacher to a pension in

men of America use four times silk in proportion to population omen of Europe.

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

reuch Government is about to man-of-war of such clastic maat when pierced by a projectile e will close up immediately hip cannot sink.

w York Sun facetiously obat "Bismarck is undoubtedly to preserve the peace of Europe, ly that piece of Europe which as Alsace and Lorraine."

letroit Free-Press asserts that er was and perhaps never will na hat made at Panama, They in a dozen places in South and nearly always shipped

Jersey Court revoked a legacy) to Henry George, the author and Poverty," from an exciple named Hutchins, who ve it to aid in advancing the

ture announces that a new s causing a steady and inne of coffee production in that the rivers of the Argenle liave been successfully h salmon eggs from Den-

dinners in London the guests m bear's bam from Rusfrom the Volga, haunch of m Lapland and cokis from se fashion of game and fruits untries is the result of modern

rsh Burr left about \$90,000 to t Sinai Hospital and the phan Asylum in New York. al for Christians to make be-Jewish institutions, and the senger advocates a memorial arr's memory.

manufacturers, according to Son, propose to ask the Govo slackwater 125 miles of the River and then dig out an 0 \$10,000,000 per year in the n making in Western Pena-

rmon hierarchy is said, by the k World to pay Mr. A. Gibson of \$10,000 a year to look after sts of the Utah Zion at Wash-He is a square-shouldered, so od gentleman, dignified in manreticent in speech, and used to

unlended monument to Maria a lately dedicated at Vienna, is r the finest and most costly work of kind in Europe. The Empress is sented in a sitting posture, her arm extended and her left hand ing the sceptre. At the four corare equestrian figures of her four at generals-Daun, Laudon, Traun evenhaeller, The inscriptions are ple-on the front, "Maria Theresa," on the back, "Freeted by Francis ph I, 1889,"

a s recent address on agricultural istics, by Rev. H. Price Collins, bee the Hingham, Mass., Agricultural Horticultural Society, he stated that 1870 there were 2,659,985 farms in e United States, and in 1880 3,008,907 rins, an increase of a little over fifty count. The States rank, in the estiated value of farm products, in the Howing order: Illinois, \$203,000,000; law York, \$178,000,000; Chio, \$156,-0,000; Iowa, \$136,000,000; Pennsylania, \$129,000,000; Indians, \$114,000,-0, and Massachusetts away down to ard the bottom of the list,

Hundreds of seals are being slaughsed off the mouth of the Columbia er, on the Pacific coast, they extendin great numbers as far south as smook. The mode of operations is y simple. From the schooner, which the hase of operations of each crew, it off a number of boats, each with wo men, one to row and one to shoot. e trick is to wound and disable the I 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 and haul it abourd before it dies. ere is any delay, and the scal dies beit 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, 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; Such pleasing changes meet the eye However fast the wheels go by.

The roar 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 costacies,

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 shoop, A horse that with a frightened snort In frisky anties 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 lumpkin on a farm yard gate Stares at you with his mouth agape, While from the hedge 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 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 mussles brings.

-Frank H. Stauffer, in Defroit 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 eastle within the same horizon bounds, for it stood on disputed ground. It was a defiance in stone flung down by an early Tynedale, and many a themselves against it in vain assault.
Once, indeed, the portals had traitorously
yielded, and the bauner of the hated
house of the assailants had taunted the scattered Tynedales from the battlements of their own tower. That dishonor had been wiped out in the des erate courage of the recapture, but its memory rous to new life the old family feud, which

had its birth in the buried past It was the thought of that unforgotten of the lord of Tynedale as he entered the demesne to which a long absence bed 40 miles to Lake Erie, so had made him well nigh a stranger, gay laughter of his retainers, who found it joy enough to feel the shadow of Tynedale caks once more above them, seemed to his ear but to muffie the angry mutter of defeated men. eed, responding to his unconscious outh, bounded forward, and carried him in advance of his tra'n to the open-ing in the forest that commanded a dis-

ant view of the tower.

And there the sunbeams that flashed from spear-head and sparkled from the jeweled dresses of lady fair and gallant knight and waiting esquire sank into shadows amid the folds of the Branksome banner, which Branksome hands had flung once more from the battle-ments of Tynedale 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-

sage 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. surprise, a wear defence, a few hours of 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. False they prote t foe and friend slike.

Then spoke I dwy, the helr of Tyndale. "My lord and father, an it please you, I will enter the tower. My harp will be my passport, for a minstell hath free warrant to ball and bower. to open the gates to our men ere the

orning."
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 Tyne-dale is in your hands."

So it shortly came to pass that a gay young minstrel boldly demanded admittance for his harp and himself at the gate where Edwy, of Tyneda'e, m'ght not pass for his life. A rude welcome greeted him from the hall. "Enter, thou minsteel 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 answered Edwy caimly, resting his harp near the board about which lounged the dark men of Branksome, pledging their victory in tankards of Tynedale ale. At on the surface till it dies, and a this feet, trampled and stained, lay the aliken banner of his house, radely torn from the battlement. But no one saw the fire that smouldered under Edwy's

"Sing, harper, and Oswald shall dance "A Tynedale! a Tynedale! and merry St. Andrew to air! While blood may flow or edge may bite, a Tynedale wields the blate! the morrow Edwy had already noted the bound

vitor of unmoved house, who listened the rude jests and soldiery. Once, at the to 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 one heeded. The youth with his harp was more diverting than the impassive prisoner, whom their savage gibes moved

"A song! a song! After the battle-cry, 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 a puarely encountered an intent gaze, which he accountered an intent gaze, which he account to have felt before he turned. He saw a mere boy, whose f.ir, 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 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 failing strength, was holding at bay an antiered stag. Had Edwy's trusty spear swerved then or lineared an marrow had ever then or lingered, no morrow had ever 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

e was known 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 sharp si-lence as his hand forsook 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 were on its face at one time, in patches the boy he read not the triumph of an as big as half a dollar, about the eyes enemy, but the grieved perplexity of a

Edwy understood. That the boy remembered his benefactor's face was proved past doubt in that first long gaze, and now his troubled silence revealed that he remembered the benefaction also. But silence was hard for Edwy's beating heart to bear, and atrixing 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 but Edwy sang only for the boy, whose drooping eyes could not bear the stead-fast gaze he bent upon them.

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

Hardess the hunter now

Long may the maiden wait, 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 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 domination over the heart he had preserved In one fierce moment he grasped the full strength of life. The little band waiting his signal without, the waits that even now echoed to the laughter of the foes of his house, all rested on his power to hold and control the will of the power to hold and control the will of the hold who now raised questioning hospital where she now is, and has been hospital where she now is, and has been hospital where she was on both 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? Maldens are cruel, but hearts heal amain; I hankless are beggars, who take the drink-

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

Striker at the bosom that succored and saved Offers him death who bath rendered him

Dead in dishoner or living in shame, Bards shall remember the dastardly Edwy ceased. Had he lost or won in the game where the stake was life? The boys's grave eyes glowed with a clear

light, and as the impetuous strain sank to silence, he drew the harp from Edwy's "Methinks your songs ring not true, fair harper. There be blacker traitors who slays even a friend."

And with a mournful yet steadfast ook he gave in song his answer to Edwy's challenge: "Youthful knight, I charge thee well

Guard the banner that thou bearest; hough it leads to blackest he'l. Though o'ee maked swords thou farest; Though thy life, thy friend, thy soul, Doomed be to endless dole."

Edwy had lost. As the verse ended with a tremble, the two stood silently side by side, watching the quivering strings. The last faint vibration died away, and with eyes that seemed not to the boy stepped forward and raised his hand imperiously for silence. But

Snat hing up the silken banner of his

left arm, and with drawn sword he planted his back against a friendly wall. of "Ye men of Branksome, heard ye ever melody like this before!"

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

Oawald, an ancient ser-the house, who listened to the rude jests and the calculation of the calculations of the calculation of the calculation of the calculation.

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; foemen, wild with hate, leaped to face him. Then they paused, awed by the dauntiessness of the proud youth, whose eyelid never quivered. He would die, but not alone. A moment, and they lossed more him while factors. closed upon him, while fashing steel on steel struck fire. A shriek, a groan, but not from Edwy's lips; a narrowing circle of sword-points, yet with guard and thrust Edwy held his own. He felt the blood flow from his breast, the wall seemed to weaken and yield, and gasp-ing out "A Tynedale!" he sank to the

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

Then for Edwy came silence. Then for Edwy came shence.
But not for the hall. Through the
portal sprang Oswald, leading the Tynedate 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 door unguarded. Haud to hand and knee to knee they fought about the board; but the cry of "Strike for Edwy!" made the Tynedales irresistible. The mend had not ceased to 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

staunched the wound in his breast. The blue eyes slowly opened.
"Edwy, lad, how is it with theal"

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 Occr-

Exyptian 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 and mouth. It would screw up its eyes when they threatened to go in. I thought some must have gone into its mouth with the bread. It did not seem at all an-noyed. I saw a sleeping child on the street, whose face was almost black with the insects. It smiled as if angels were to understand what a foreigner means when he tries to drive them off. He has, too, remarkably prehensile 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 people pronounce it had luck to drive them off. They found it best to 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 probably had their origin in some terial benefit. The cow was hard to sary-so the wise priesthood made her sacred and thus preserved her. Hogs, flesh was subject to diseases in Fgypt 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 awakene from her long sleep, which was cor

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 somnolence ended she showed great nervous agita-tion, often started and had intermittent fits of trembling. She at length opened her eyes in the midst of a burst of loud laughter, which continued for about ter 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 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 sugto what is observed in most hysterical subjects 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 ink water from a champague glass she shows exhibitation, and if a package which Dr. Volsin says contains an emetic is put into her hand she has violent fits of nausca. - London Neues.

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 other, with the result that several ladies nearly tumbled over when they kissed "Nay, boy, there shall be no need. I saved thee once from death, I will save thee now from ingratitude,"

Snet Line was sitting so exceedingly low that it was quite a gymnastic exercise to bend down to her hands.—London Truth. hands, as the Queen was sitting so ex-

The Iron Duke's Confession.

The reminiscences of the great Duke 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 t is not the enstom to undress; I nover did. In Spain I never marched the sol-diers more than twenty-five miles a day; in India I once marched the troops seventy-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 tablespoonful of coal oil, put in soap to make a good sude, and just before the water boils put in the coal oil as directed. Stir well, and when 'tis boiling put in the clothes, and stir 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 boiling suds, rinse and blue and they will be clean and nice; proceed in the same way for other clothes, a tablespoonful of oil for every bucketful of waterused 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 bundant, 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 sprends; 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 appropriate1 to castor, tumblers and other appointments. A bachelor friend might be tempted 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 The shape is cut in pasteb 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 glass and polish it until it is perfectly clear. Wipe 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 sift-

ing 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 oll 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 will sometimes come off with fly specks. 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 way. 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 flgures. 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, room. One lady covered pieces of paste-board with colored satin and fastened the bunches of grass to them, and they

were very ornamental. Pictures ! should never be hung too high. You often see a choice little painting hurg so high that you would have to mount a chair to see 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, and, indeed, it is worth considering as a matter of safety. Be very careful to hang pictures in the proper light. If 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.

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 salt add one-half pint of water; cover closely and cook in the oven until done.

SPINACH.—Pick carefully, put into boiling water and boil one-balf hour; when nearly cooked add a dessertspoon ful of salt: drain from the water and put in a dish with a little butter; cut it several times with a knife and garnish with slices of hard boiled eggs.

ASPARAGUS AND Eng. - A good break freak dish is made of cold boiled asparagus and egg. Cut the asparagus in small pieces, season well and put in a buttered baking-dish. Beat some eggs, add an equal amount of milk, and have just enough of the liquid to cover the asparagus; sprinkle bread crumbs on top and bake slowly like custard. This is especially nice to serve with tender slices of boiled ham.

POTATO HASH, -One pound of potatoes beited and chopped, one beiled onion also chopped, and a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsetcy; put these on the fire with half a pint of milk and a plach of pepper; when it has stewed gently five minutes, beat two eggs, air table-meanful of butter into the potential. tablespoonful of butter into the pota-oes, and then add the eggs; stir gently till the whole looks like custard, the remove before the eggs curdle. may now be put into the frying-pan or oven and browned, or caten white.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE A CONGRESSIONAL TERM OFTEN USED LUCIDLY EXPLAINED.

What is Done When the House Adopts a Motion to Go Into "Commutee 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 Repre-sentatives who had charge of the meas-

ure, 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 "going into committee," as it is called, on a bill. The committee of the whole is exactly what the term suggests. Its 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

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 designated 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 amendments are lim'ted 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 un-der 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 rules 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 the control of the contro

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

The motion is carried, the Speaker takes the chair again, and the member who has been presiding as Chairman reports that the committee of the whole House has hed under consideration such and such a bill, and reports it back to the House with a recommendation that it pass, with sundry amendments, or with-

out 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 fequent ly, by agreement, some one or more amendments are reserved to be voted on separately, and then the yeas and nays

bill, it may be said that the liberty to offer amendments is one of the most usesul of helps to good legislation, has been far too much curtailed already. If the House of l'epresentatives were to go into committee on every bill, as the enate does, many crude and unworkaligible and practical- Youth's Companion.

Frenchy's Lucid Explanation.

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

As the crowd waited for their drugs to cork into a little bottle, and, when a boy asked, abruptly: 'Where do corks come from?"

"Ask Frenchy, 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 e ual fluency.

"Did you ever see corks grow,
Frenchy?" asked the boy.

"Ya as, certain, Monsieur, many times, but ray grow not like ze fruit;

it is ze tack. Zair is much cork cut in mycountree, but more in Portugal." Don't it kill the trees?" "Zay say zay lif se hundred and frefty year. Ze cork is not cut till ze tres i feefteen, zen not till is ze twenty-fife, or or ze most zat. or ten year between, and ze cork is more, mooch more, after ze cutting, but

nefer so good as ze first." "Ever see it done?" "Oui, oui, monsieur; ze-vat you ca'l 'em, 'small boys,' see eferysing, ch ? Zay cut ze bark up and down ze tree, zen blocks; soak 'em in wasser, and press 'em under se he'fa louds. Zeu zay are are dried by a fire and packed for zis countree. Zen zee leetle corks are made, ze cutters cut ze block up like ze candy caramels, zen zay make 'em round wiz a sharp knife, but you Americans haf ze ma hine vat cuts 'em tweaty times so verce quick. And ze little pieces, ze -parings, so? re parings, mossicur - a are burnt to make re 'Spanish black. Ze trees are vereo large, and ze name is -ray haf ze leetle cups, monsieur, ya-as, ze oak, il ze oak, and ze branches grow low down on ze—boxf ze trunk, on ze trunk, and ze 'small boys' we go verce WHEN THE BABY CAME.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Column, one year

Marriage and death notices grates.

All bills for yearly advertisements collabely. Temporary advertisements must be presented.

Always in the house there was trouble and

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 angry tumult-nobody to blame: All were hushed so sweetly, Disappearing fleetly,

Or quite completely-when the baby came, Faces 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

All affection's windows opened to receive it, Pure and fresh from heaven and give it earthly name, Clasping and caressing In arms of love, confessing

That life had missed a blessing-till the baby Homes that were in shadow felt the gentle

sunshine, Smiling, as if anxious their secret to pro-

Grateful songs were swelling, Of mirth and gladness telling, And love ruled all the dwelling-when the

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 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 account. The man most looked up to-The one

An unatural curiosity-The calf of a

As soon as a man commences growing bald he s ops growing hair.

The dishonest butcher is always willing to meat his customers half-weigh. "Money is nothing to me," said the tattered 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

inside out.

pawnshop after his decease is truly a "loan widder." An African tribe is governed by a ruler

King, but the King dumb. Improbable stories in newspapers 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 I. Jack Goodfellow's Small Brother-"Jack, is there any past tense of due!" Jack (gloomily)—"Yes, dun."—Harcard

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

oming down. Very few people of the present day ever saw or can tell what a petard is; but a politician knows it is something a man can hoist himself with or by .- Picayune.

I met her in the giddy whirl. She struck me as a pretty girl; And now I've made her mine for life, She strikes me as an angry wife. 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 1s alive and well somewhere in Africa, although his postal facilities are somewhat obstructed. - Proceid nos

The girls are all a fleeting show, The girls are all a heavy in Forman's illusion given;
For man's illusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of wee,
Deceifful shine, deceifful flow,
There is not one true in seven,
—Mercury.

When a young man sits in the parlor talking nonsense to his sweetheart—that's capital. But when he has to stay in of evenings after they're married

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 clever man like I

In Kentucky. - Mocking Bird. A man "stops" at a hotel when he lodges for one night: he "staya" 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.—

Picayune. 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 stop and proud; She turn'd the fritis and laces o'er And pushed aside the crowd; She acked to see some rich brounds,

She looked at allk of every
And then at velvetowns.
She sampled jackets him and rail—
She trued on nine or ten.
And then she touch her head, and said
She "guess'd she'd call again,"
—Siftings,

A clever ton.
Am unlucky.
I tried to run a—well
tried to run a—well