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Savannah is now the largest cotton ert in the United States, and Norfolk

Belva Lockwood says that woman is mproving intellectually thirteen per

Twenty-two thousand Norwegians, it estunated, will leave their homes is year to settle in the United States.

There are eight mission ships now pising in the North Sea, each a comnation of church, chapel, temperance all and dispensary.

Alaska cost the United States \$7,000,-6, and the Fur Scal Company has dy paid our Government over 000,000 for the privileges it enjoys of mg seals from the Territorial waters.

The new Duchess of Mariborough has out to make Blembeim Castle spick span, and was astounded the other y to find that the mending of its roof a trustworthy manner would cost just ,000 of her good American dollars,

is tolerably clear now, says the New Sun, that the English harvest will 1 less than 55,000,000 bushels. a crops are fifteen per cent. the average, but India, Australia Africa give a good surplus. Prices advanced one to two cents a

o Washington correspondent of the York World says: "A movement foot among Southern capitalists to wa good grade of English colonists. thern capitalist told me that he be-I to a syndicate which was offering nts to English manufacturers to the west il stricts of the South their entire plants. - Especial inants are to be offered to cotton

is reported as the greatest wateryear the Georgians have had in a A Savannah paper reports the of carloads shipped from the at 2055. The average number of per carload is 1100, making 0,000 melons already shipped, nate for the remainder of the 35,000, making the total crop, home consumption, 7,835,000 e total value of which is placed

in Vangele, in an interview at Belgium, stated that he beint he himself was the mysterious Pasha" reported by the natives in the Bahr-el-Ghazel Province rica. The Captain has just refrom the Congo country, and that at the beginning of the year of conflicts with the natives in the orhood of that province. Captain 's description would answer to of the "White Pasha,"

out to purchase the Island of Herm ating a sensation in Paris. The albankers are said to be German officers in disguise, whose design familiarize themselves, by the all of al pilots, with certain channels and rents, a knowledge which would be immense value in the event of a war een France and Germany. The and of Herm lies two and a half miles om Germany in the English Channel.

The Electrical Review quotes Professor Asn Grey as saying that there is ground for the belief prevalent in Europe that lightning strikes the Lombardy poplar in preference to other trees. He says an old fashioned Lombardy poplar, by its height, its complete covering of twigs and small branches and by its sappy wood, makes a capital tightning rod and a cheap one. To make it surer the tree should stand in moist ground or near water, for wet ground is a good conductor and dry a poor one. It is recommended to plant a Lombardy poplar near the house and another near the barn.

A large part of the Bra ilian empire is ready for republicanism, declarer the American Cultivator. Dom Pedro, the present Emperor, has been a father to his people. He has been largely influential in abolishing slavery, and for the good he has done the emgire will not be disturbed in his day. But he will have no successor. After his death republicanism will be the natural order of things. Brazil has enormous resources and a territory that may possibly be subdivided into a number of governments. In time South America will be gathered under a federative system, like that of the United Status.

Says the Datroit Free Press: "The English consumption of wheat per year is 200,000,000 bushels. The annual production of wheat in Eugland will average from 75,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels. This year it will not be more than 50,000,000 bushels. It is an ill wind that blows no one some good. The American farmers in the Northwest have long suffered the hardships that follow a low price in wheat. Nearly all the margin of profit has been consumed in elevator and transportation charges. If the English wheat crop this year really sustains the estimates that have been made it will be a season of re-olding for the American wheat grower."

THE HOME-BOUND HOST.

The sound of a host advancing, Tramp! tramp! tramp! Under the windy flicker And flare of the evening lamp,

Under the steady whiter Of the clear electric light. The sound of an army marching Is in the streets to night,

Not to the clamor of bugles Nor the stormy beat of drums, Not to the battle's toesin. The jubilant army comes

A sweeter music summons And thrills along the line, Though each for himself may hear it. And make to the next no sign.

The patter of tiny footfalls That run to an open door, The mother's tender singing Her step on the nursery floor, The boyish shout of welcome,

The girlish ripple of glee, At the click in the guarded portal Of the home-bound father's key. This is the army's music: Cheerily calls good-night The merry voice of the comrade

As he passes out of sight Into the heart of the household When the day's long work is done, And wife and bairs are waiting

With a kiss for the dearest one Under the windy flicker And flare of the evening lamp I hear a host advancing With steady and resolute tramp-A host of the strong and gentle,

A throng of the brave and true, Dear little wives and mothers, Hastening home to you! -Margaret E. Sangster, in Bizar.

THE ENCHANTED VIOLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PRENCH. Vlasin Doroschenka had this peculiarity, that he went always with his gaze bent upon the earth, though he had really no other motive for lowering his eyes than because it was his custom to do so. He was poor, it is true, but poverty is not an infamous thing, as every knows. Perhaps it was because the young girls did not love him as much as possible, for when have you ever seen madcaps act otherwise than thought-

Viasin Doroschenka was a handsome boy, yes, even the handsomest boy in Sotwinka, his features energetic and grave, his complexion of brown amber, hair thick and black, cut short upon the brow, forming a whole to which two eyes, profound and dreamy, gave someeyes, protound and dreamy, gave some-thing that was singularly gentle and sympathetic. The young girls, those pretty mockers, seeing him always remain silent and pensive instead of singing and dancing like the others, the young girls, I say, having formed their own opinion of Alasin, did not willingly follow the

same road as he.
Nevertheless, if he showed himself so little communicative and lowered his gaze with such persistency, it was to lend a more attentive ear, not to that which was being said to him, but to that which was passing within him, and the melody which he heard there, veiled and mysterious was a entired to which was the successful of the steppe, perhaps, and mysterious was a entired to which he seems to see the seems to

who seemed to detest him if anything more than her companions, and lifted her lip with a little disdainful movement whenever she encountered the poor

Was it to study and penetrate this charming sphinx that Vlasin concealed himself so frequently behind a tree stump to see her pass, and never took his eyes

ing the village; the moon was up and striping with shadows the road that she whitened with her rays, tipping with siver the corallas of the sleeping flowers and the margins of the well. All at once he perceived a human figure, tali, passionate strains, following by his side passionate strains, following by his side with a lingering, hesitating step, then to hide itself in the prickly hedge. At voice that stammered out prayers and supplications. Vissin approached and recognized the old Abisch, a man much re-pected and loved in the country-side because of his double talent of violinist and chiromancer. They said, even, he was something of a sorcerer, but a sorcerer only in the amiable acceptance of

Abisch?" the young man demanded, "What is the matter? What is the matter with me?" cried the unhappy artist in a despairing voice; "do you not see for yourself that feroclous dog with my cap in his teeth, and who wishes to tear me to pieces?" And looking closely gayly as any other young and inexperienced animal would have done. He chased him away, however, simply to re-assure the old man, who decided then, but not till then, to quit his refuge all white with blossoms and sweet with

"I owe you my life, Vlasin!" cried the good man with effusion: "I shall never forget it, I awear it!" and he walked away rapidly.

Some time after this he came upon Doroschenka alone upon the steppe, scated upon a hillock dreaming. 'What is the matter with you. Vlasin?"

demanded the violinist in ture. "What is the matter with me?" re-peated Doroschenka, "God knows it, oubtless, but I-am ignorant of it. All the same, little important as it is, I hot heads threw themselves toward him should like to know why every one dislikes me, and why the young girls turn away from me as if I had the evil eye?"

'Is it so?" replied Abisch, "eh bien! then I am going to give you a confidant for your troubles, a friend to whom you can open your heart and who will respond like an angel when you ask him

'And it is-3" "This, Doroschenks, this;" and opening his talas the good Abisch drew forth from his fellow-citizens, and one day, from its folds a violin far from appear- not long after this, when the old Betzkor

Pardon me, it is unnecessary that shook his head. you should know how to play it."

chanted?" said the young man, still un-decided. The old musician shrugged his shoulders, smiled and, turning away, disappeared under cover of the herbage

of the steppe, like a bird that regains in haste the shelter of its leafy covert. Doroschenka remained alone with his pain and his violin, in the plain immense pain and his violin, in the plain immense and solitary, contemplating with the strangest and most inexplicable senti-ments the mysterious present of his old friend. At last he took courage and lifted it to his shoulder.

"Why should I not," he said to him-

self; 'nobody can hear me—nobody but God—and perhaps it is not a crime to render upon the wood that he has created harmonious sounds that will chant His praises.

The steppe, green and undulating, un-rolled before him as far as the eye could the argument and yield the game. reach, the spirit of the Spring was in his soul, the bees buzzed by hundreds in a sort of plous murmuring, while above him sounded the clear song of the birds, losing itself in the blue air; the light warm and go'den. Vlasin rose up and, throwing a glance about him, drew the chords across the bow, and listened. It seemed to him as if the who'e world had hushed itself to pay attention. Soon the notes, undecided and hes-itating at first, came fast and pressing;

it was like the vanishing of an evil charm under which he, Doroschenka, until then had been bound and fastened. He perceived it himself, this wealth of dormant melody that was in him, and which he made to pass into the sonorcus, echoing body of the instrument in his his hands. He comprehended nothing echoing body of the instrument in his hands. He comprehended nothing of the miracle that had happened to him—he who had received lessons from and on festive occasions, but it is only

in him playing, singing, in the full joy of the liberty that possessed him—the liberty of the eage, king of the air; of the Cossack, king of the desert.

In the village or at work it was with the solicitude of a miser that he hid his

treasure from the eyes of all, bat when he found himself alone again in the shadows of the forest or in the immensity of the plain, when no eye saw him, no ear heard him, he opened his long overcoat of thick cloth, took the instrument that he carried upon his heart and played.

It was thus that upright one evening ways above that emerald sea troubled not even by the whirring of a wing the silence impressive and sublime. Vlasin dreamed as he played, and, dreaming, saw before him the shades of heroes whose corpses had once lain thick as leaves upon the soil in those deadly know about the tam-tam telephone, its struggles, between the Taxters and the language is as yet wholly unintelligible. struggles between the Tartars and the

Then the steppe began to talk to him, and the wind that passed across the long grasses to bring him the echo of a plaintive voice, and soon the words of and mysterious, was an enigma to which her eyes, dark and soft, expressing pro-he as yet was unable to find the key. found astonishment; her face of ravish He did not comprehend it any more ing beauty; her breast covered with than he comprehended the conduct of bode, the daughter of the rich Betzor, fairy of the steppe! By no means, for the hair that was imprisoned under the of cloth blue as the heavens.

The heart of Vlasia bounded in his breast, while Dodena, motionless three steps from him, plucked a flower, then another, then still a third, striving to conceal her trouble.

"It is thou, then, who playest so well," she said at last. But Vlasin, without replying a single word, recommenced his melodies, directing his steps toward the depths of the steppe, with one more assured, until presently she placed her hand upon the arm of Doroschenka, and when he raised his him-a duo, you would have said, of the brazen bourdon and the silver bell.

They walked for a long time, happy as a pair of birds upon a bough, and thereafter returned to meet again every evening, but without ever giving each other a rendezvous. \lash now conducted himself very differently from in the past. He carried his head high, no longer lowered his eyes in traversing the streets, and when he played the young clustered at his heels. He noticed them not, however, but went with no other Vissin did indeed discover a tiny little thought than to re oin her who awaited pur dog which had stopped before him under the humid and vague light of the stars in the midst of the steppe which undulated black and murmuring

Before long, as was to be expected, the rumor began to circulate that Doroschenka had a magic violin with which he bewitched the hearts of the eauties young and old. But one Sunday, as the girls and boys were united at the steps of the church after the benedictions were over, and the parents grouped about them, amusing themcame from the temple his instrument in Hardly had he placed his foot upon the threshold when a dozen voices began to cry in threatening

the water, and in with him!" and the hot heads threw themselves toward him stir, but tranquilly raised his bow and played. They stopped to listen, and as the sounds grew marked, the cadence louder and more engaging, boys and g.rls began to dance, and soon the parents themselves, unable to resist that delicious music, joined their children and even rivaled them in the ardor and zeal with which they whirled and pirouetted.

Doroschenka had nothing more to fear from its folds a vicin far from appearing new, and at the same time pressed into his hands the bow.

"Ah, thank you," said Vlasin, disappointed, "I am unable to make it serves spell laid upon her by that ruscally Doroschenka, the priest only smiled and

"Thou art foolish, Betzkor," said he: gress is ended,

"Unnecessary! then is the violin en-hanted?" said the young man, still un-ecided. The old musician shrugged is it is very natural sorcery, which you perhaps are now too old to comprehend, but which is nevertheless no offense to

> "But what shall I do? What shall I do?" still cried the old Betzker. "Do? A very simple thing—give him Dodena to wife. Is he not the bravest and handsomest boy in Sotwinka? And if I say this to you, you will be able to believe it with closed eyes, for after God, if there is any one upon the face of the earth able to sound the hearts of men and women, it is truly, it seems to me, the minister of God."

> The old Betzkor was by no means con-vinced, but as in the end his sighs and lamentations brought about no change in the situation he was forced to give up

Now Dodena is the wife of Vlasin, and when they take themselves to the steppe, and when the enchanted viotin vibr harmonious and penetrating, and the voices of the married lovers mount unitedly toward the heavens blue and pure, there is not in the world a couple whose felicity is deeper or more complete. -New York Mercury

Primitive African Telephone System.

A part of Reclus's map showing the West Africa, is shaded to show exactly what portion of the country is the home of the four or five little tribes who have perfected an ingenious and practical telephone system that distinguishes them these Cameroon natives who have dis No matter; he remarked there in the covered how useful the tam-tam may be midst of that nature so suddenly reborn made as a rapid promulgator of news over mountain and plain.

Of course, the news is telephoned by drumming on the tam-tam, but the sounds produced are not signals. According to the New York Sun they represent syllables and words, and so grow into sentences like the ticks of a telegraph instrument. It is a very ingenious invention and deserves to rank with any of our own devices for the rapid transmission of news that were in vogue before the electric telegraph superseded them. The force and rapidity with which the instrument is beaten are elestars, he drew from the harmonious be expressed, and syllables and words and melaucholy. All noises were hushed about him; the insects that wavered always above that emerald sections.

know about the tam-tam telephone, its language is as yet wholly unintelligible em, as the secret is carefully ed. Only a few women have been guarded. structed in the art, and no slave is per-

mitted to acquire it. It is the duty of every operator to be ready, if need be, when he hears the tam-tam to repeat the message, which is taken up in turn by operators further inland. In this way any news may be com-municated for a distance of forty or fifty miles in a few hours. Thus the chiefs correspond with one another, and no important news happens that is not promptly telephoned all over the dis-trict. When a ship arrives at the mouth of the Cameroon River the tam tam may be heard beating far up the side of the silken kerchief was brown-not blonde, neighboring mountains, and the news is ike ripening wheat—and she carried repeated from drummer to drummer upon her gay-colored robe a soukmanna until it reaches the furthest contines of the district. If a white party proposes to visit some chief in the auterior the tam-tam carries the news to him that white visitors are coming almost before they have started on their journey. Thus our benighted African brother has taught transmit his thoughts on the wings of the

American and European Herons. North America has a fine array of herons. Not less than a round dozen of species make up the list, while in Europe only two are at all common, the lew other species mentioned being only visitors, more or less rare. The heron of Northern Europe—the bird embaimed in song and story as the noblest quarry at which king or prince could fly his falcons—the bird which it were death, in medieval times, for villains to harn still carefully protected in England. is closely related to our "great blue heron but is not so large nor so handsome, and, presumably. than the latter. The large herons everywhere shy and wary birds. great bulk and imposing carriage make them a conspicuous target for gunners, and their hereditary suspicion is intensified by personal experience of the treachery of man until they show an engerness to vacate the neighborhood at proach that effectually precludes all at-attempts at close observation. The smaller kinds, on the contrary, manifest but little timidity, and were they not persecuted would soon familiarize themselves with the doings of civilization .-

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, says the Mill and Express, was not far astray in his assertions made before the Electric Brunswick, when he said that electricity was only in its infancy. A lady who went through the trying ordeal is re-aponsible for saying that a dentist in this city has successfully introduced elec-tricity as a substitute for gas. She went to him the other day to have a tooth pulled, and as she feared to take gas an ticipated martyrdom. The dentist asked her if she would not try electricity, and his explanation satisfied her of its pain lessness and safety. The dentist had a amail battery with which he charged her, and when he placed the forceps to the tooth to be pulled, the instrument acted flowed from the tooth. When he pulled she felt no pain, the electricity se to neutralize it, and the operation was performed as easily as if gas had been administered. The patient beside felt exhilarated and strengthened by the operation. There seems to be no longer any teason why the filling and pulling of teeth should be accompanied with such fearful dread and subsequent agony.

Beriah Wilkins will continue to live in Washington after his career in Con-

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A Pineapple Pudding. Cut a fine ripe pineapple in alices and boil it for ten minutes in a pint of white sugar syrup, then remove the fruit and press it through a sieve. Add to the syrup in which the pineapple was boiled an ounce of gelatine which has been soaked in cold water for twenty minutes, and stir over the fire until the gelatine is entirely dissolved, then strain the syrup through a piece of muslin, and when rather cool stir it into the fruit pulp. You can decorate the inside of a pulp. You can decorate the inside of a mold with fruit if you desire. The fruit used for decoration should be dipped into melted gelatine, then it will adhere firmly to the mold. Pour in the pine-apple, etc., and imbed the mold in ice required. If the decorating is done tastefully the pudding will form an elegant-looking dish. When more convenient, canned pincapple may be used instead of fresh, and will answer the purpose very nicely .- New York

Sauer Kraut.

If our readers, says the Prairie Farmer, will follow these directions they will have excellent kraut: Select good solid heads, trim off the outside leaves, get a sharp cutter, with the knives set fine. Cut, and fill a washtub, sprinkle over the cabbage just enough salt to season for cooking; with the hands work the salt through the mass, until all is salted. Have a barrel ready and when a taifull is salted, turn in; with a flat pounder, pound carefully until the juice rises over the top. Make a depression in the center and with a cup dip out all the juice. It is this juice that emits the oder so offensive to many persons:

odor so offensive to many persons:
Proceed in this way until the barrel is full. Cover the top with large cabbage leaves and set in the cellar. It will be necessary to put a light stone weight on top of the leaves. In a week it will fer-ment, then remove the leaves, spread a cloth over the cabbage under the weight, which should be removed once a week, washed and replaced. This will keep mould from collecting. The brine must always cover the cabbage; at any time it does not, water must be added.

The Perils of Damp Beds. A respectable proportion of the deaths that occur during the winter season are either directly or indirectly due to sleeping in damp beds. As a matter of fact, this peril is of the greatest, and it is ever present with us. The experienced traveler rarely hazards the risk of sleeping between sheets which are nearly ing between sheets which are nearly sure to be damp, until they have been aired under his personal supervision at a fire in his bedroom. If this be impracticable, he wraps his cloak around him or pulls out the sheets and sleeps between the blankets, a disagreeable, but often prudent, expedient. The direct mischef may result from the contact of an imperfactly heated body with sheets imperfectly heated body with sheets which retain moisture. The body heat is not sufficient to raise the temperature of the sheets to a safe point, and the result must be disastrous in the extreme, if, as is sure to happen, the skin is cooled by contact with a surface colder than itself, and steadily abstracting heat all the night through. Country people in particular are specially culpable in this matter. A "spare" room is reserved for guests. For weeks it may remain unin social enjoyment. Later he is shown to the "spare" room for the night. The atmosphere of the apartment has the chill and damp of the tomb, and the sheets of the bod are veritable winding sheets-shrouds, in fact. He is fortunate if he escapes with nothing more than a "cold." There is no excuse for the neglect of proper precaution to insure dry beds. — Cultivator.

Recipes MUFFINS .- One egg, one cup of sugar, one-third cup butter, one-half cup milk, salt, spices, one teaspoonful baking wder and flour to make batter. Bake in a hot oven.

BREAD PUDDING, - Take one pint of bread crumbs soaked in one quart of sweet milk, one-half cup white sugar, two eggs beaten thoroughly, one cup of raisins, heaping teaspoonful of butter, salt to suit the taste; stir well together and bake.

INDIAN PAUM PUDDING. - Three quar ters of a pound of bread crumbs, six ounces of Indian meal, three or four apples (chopped small), half pound of raisins, quarter pound of sugar, three ounces of candied peel, a little nutmeg (grated, and finely shred lemon peel; mix with just enough water to keep together. Boil three or four hours.

CODFISH WITH EGGS, - Put one cup of picked fish into one quart of cold water, heat slowly, when hot (not boiling) pour off water, remove fish to another dish, put into skillet one pint of rich milk, thicken with one tablespoonful of flour, add fish, piece of butter size of a walnut, when gravy again boils add one or two eggs, stir briskly, and serve at

twenty pounds rub with a dessertspoon ful of saltpeter on both sides and let it plateful of salt, a tablespoonful of ground cloves, one of allspice and one of cayenne pepper. Rub the beef every day with tablespoonful of it until it is used, and turn it each day. Boil in nearly enough water to cover it.

PARSNIP FRITTERS. -Three large parsnips, boiled till soft, which will require ut two hours; scrape and mash fine picking out all strings and lumps; add two beaten eggs two tablespoonfuls of new milk and two of sifted flour, an even teaspoonful of salt and quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper; mix thoroughly; make into small cakes, four them and fry brown in butter or oil; eat with butter.

POTATO GEMS.—A good way to make potato gems is to work one cup of cold mashed potato smooth into one cupful corn meal, or enough to make a batter which will drop easily from a spoon, with a pinch of salt, and add one well-beaten egg. Beat briskly three or four minutes, then pa. into well buttered gem pans and bake twenty min an hour with a steady but

Mme. E. Gerard, the author, is a Scotch woman born of Franch parents, and is married to an Austrian officer.

A CELEBRATED CALF CASE

AN ANIMAL WHICH HAS BEEN IN COURTS FOURTEEN YEARS.

Bitter Legal Controversy Over Five Alleged Stolen Calves-Farmers Ruined by the Controversy.

A recent letter from Des Moines, Iowa, to the New York Sun, says that the celebrated Jones county calf case is before Judge Linehan at Waterloo.

The writer continues. It is a case with a history. It had its origin four-teen years ago, has been tried in several

district courts, been heard in the Sucomes up for adjudication once more. In 1874 the case was started in Jones county by a farmers' society. A man named | otter, of Greene county, traveled through that section buying young stock. Among the rest five calles were of one Johnson, who has been the prom-inent figure in the litigation which has consumed so much time. The calves which were sold were afterward identifled as belonging to farmers in the vicinity. At a meeting of the Jones County Anti-Horse-Thief Society held soon afterward, it was determined to charge Johnson with the theft of the mimals, and suit was accordingly tered. In December of 1874 he was indicted by the Grand Jury in session in Jones county, but the Court set the in-dictment aside. In February of the following year he was again indicted by the Grand Jury, and on this indictment he was twice tried, taking change of venue to adjoining counties. In the first trial the jury disagreed, one man re-maining firm in favor of conviction. But in the second trial, which occurred

in 1876, he was acquitted. Soon after Johnson's acquittal he began suit against farmers named Miller and Foreman, and six other prominent members of the society, claiming \$10,000 damages for malicious prosecution. This case was taken upon a change of venue from Jones county to Clifton, There it was twice tried, and then re-moved to Benton county on a change of venue, where it was once more be the courts. In each of the e trials the jury returned a verdict in rayor of John-In each of the e trials the son for sums raging from \$4500 to \$7000, and each time the trial Judge set the verdict aside on account of al-

leged errors.

The case was next taken to Black Hawk county in 1885, on another change of venue, and there tried. A verdict of \$5000 was rendered by the jury, and judgment entered. I rom this, however, an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, the decision reversed, and the case was remanded back for trial in

In 1886 the case was once more tried in Black Hawk county, and aga a a decision was rendered in favor of Johnson for \$7000. This was again appealed to the Supreme Court, and once more the verdict was set aside and the case seat back for trial in 1887. And now the sixth trial of the case will take place in Waterloo after fourteen years of litiga-

This litigation has been under the consideration of thirty Grand Jurors, and eighty-four petit jurors; it has been presented to nine different trial Judges, and has twice been before the Supreme Court, five Judges sitting upon the bench each time. The court costs alone amount to more than \$5000, and the attorneys' tor arrives. Unconscious of the fate that fees are much more than that amount, awaits him he calmly passes the evening All of the eighty four urors have decided in favor of Johnson, but the courts legal grounds because of the close ques-tion as to whether there was probable

acciety for starting prosecution.

The large part of a lifetime has been spent in useless litigation over a few autmals, the entire value of which was about \$45. A number of the farmers engaged in the suits have become hopelessly rulued, but still Johnson comes smilingly before the court, begins his suits, and readily pays for them, though he is fast sinking into insolvency, and is already an elderly man, various ages, who testified when the litigation first began, now lead into court their own children, who are nearly as old as were their parents at the time they made their first bows to the courts. The farmers are growing old; their money has leaked away through the various legal crevices, and found its way into other hands: homes have been broken up, a community has been made poorer in every vay, and still the case is dragge through the tedious channels of the law with but little more chance of a settlement than there was fourteen years ago,

A Man Deposited in Bank.

Joseph Cannon, the young man who was imprisoned a few afternoous ago in a vault in the unfinished building of the Keystone National Bank at Juniper and quence of a friend playfully pushing the spr ng latch door shut while Cannon was inside, was liberated at eight o'clock the next morning, after having been a pris-oner for fifteen hours. The safe was not finished, and had no handle or knob on the door. When Cannon's friend discovered the plight in which he had placed him, he became greatly alarmed and called for help. A number of men worked with chisels and bars for several hours, but only succeeded in opening the door about an inch, which, however, was sufficient to admit air to the prisoner and permit food to be passed to him. The effort to release him was then abandoned for the night. About eight o'clock the next merning an expert with a pair of tongues remo ed one of the bolts, and the door awang open. A crowd of people had gathered and a hearty cheer greeted the young man when he stepped out of his 'cell," not made the worn for his confinement. much the worse for his confinement, Cannon admitted that he was badly frightened when he found the door closed on him, but said he was comfortable after the door was loosened and fresh air admitted, - New York San.

Afghanistan has been much agitated

over a report of the Ameer's death. The ever, understands how to kill a falso report. He caused the people to assem-ble in the market place and then be swore on the Koran that the was untrue, and afterward, having cap-tured two of the disseminators of the report, had them blown from eaugon in the presence of an admiring and apTHE GRAY FATHER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one year..... 10 60

Quarter Column, one year..... 80 00

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

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quasiety. Temperary advertisements must be paid in

A tiny girl went singing Among the meadow flowers; Her father watched her bringing Her happy thoughtless hours.

She never saw his features, She never knew his face,

She had the joy and grace. Years passed!-her father brought her A jewel for her brow; She thought—and while she thought, her

Gray father she saw now But she was not so mirthful That father now she knew Of grief she found old earth full,

And she was older too. The father of that maiden, He is old Father Time, A parent heavy inden With more of prose than rhyme.

No more you hear her laughter The flowering fields among; Her words forever after Are rather said than sung--Keningale Cook, in Temple Bar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A stownway-The glutton. All for protection -Policemen. Our horticultural fathers-Poppies. A pointer on pork-The pig's nose. Oriental calendar gastronomy-Esting

A call deposit-Talking into a phono-

Man has his ups and downs-Er, yeshic-ups! A friendly meeting-Gathering of

Quakers. The Lick Observatory-The postage stamp window. The best way to get at the tongue of a

Baseball clubs that have a "Jonah" are easily whaled.

Right kind of a girl for a restaurant-One that is "tasty." All good swimmers are not belligerent, yet they strike out right and left,

A criminal may not believe in his own guilt, but he is always open to convic-Make a man your traveling companion and you must put up with him, -Picu-

When an office goes out to seek a man, it has to pick its way through crowds,-

This Barana Trust will be nothing

more nor less than a skin game. -Some belles captivate with artless heart; others with heartless art .- Mer-

The hen that hatched out a brood of seven roosters was very proud of her beautiful sor-set.

Speaking of pins, the most costly are the diamond pin and the turapis.-Pittsburg Caronicle. People studying the language of Fin-

land have quite an exciting time at the Finnish. -thehester Post. In Donmark, girls are trained to agriculture, but in this country they take more kindly to husbandry.

A Philadelphia umbrella firm has sussended, with nothing laid by for the rainy day .- Pitts ury Chronicle. A fisherman will always be found

recling a great deal when the fishing is good. Perhaps it is the balt. - Boston When young men and ma'dens go out canceing together their thoughts are sailing to the port of cancebial fe-

Photographer-"Everything is ready, Please smile." Fentuckian - "Thank you. I don't care if I do." - Arcola

It hurts a man just about as much to burn him in edigy as to have his shadow on a stone wall butted by a goat.— "Yes," said Mr. Knowitall, "that is Latin for 'deep sea bass.' Basso pro-fundo was Julius C.esar's favorite fish."

The Bee Line Railroad has 117 crooks in it. A bee which can't fly straighter than that had better invent a compass. --Detroit Free Press.

"Yes," said Mr. Newpop, "I'm head of the firm down town, but when I'm at home nights I'm floor walker most of the time." They tell us that "wah" is an Indian's

most common expression of pleasure. And here we've been thinking that an Indian's wah-whoo; meant bloodshed.— Young Mother (displaying baby)-

Major (anxious to please) - "Yes indeed, madam: why, he has got hands and feet on him like a hired man's." - New York

Tommy—"You ought to see how much butter my step-mother puts on my bread." Johnny—"I guess it's some of this bogus butter, and she just trying it on you before she eats any of it herself." Fliegond Blaetter.

Willie took the shiny musket
By its muzzle, daintily:
Stuffed the cold steel down his throatlet,
Toyed with trigger gracefully.
Down went hamvier on the caplet,
"I'p went Willie!" did you say?
Not a bit: for gun not loaded
Can not hort a boy at play.

Brown "Have you seen Robinson recently, Dumley?" "I hear he has been sick." (Jumley "Yes; I saw him this morning." Brown-"How is he?" Dumley-'By thunder, I forgot to ask him. I just said How are you, old man?

and passed on."- Time. In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love:

Through the summer days be wooth like the lightsome turtle-dove;

And when summer tide is over, in the genial glow of autumn,

Home the maiden writer to popper, Dearest pa, at last I've caught him.

Bazor.

The citizens of Lexington were much surprised on Tuesday morning last to find a placard on the public well which read: "Drink no water from this well; it is full of frogs, by order of the Mayor. "Mayor W. D. Lester was sought by a reporter to ascertain why he had ordered the well filled with frogs, but he declined. to answer .- Lecington (Ga.) Echo,