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IN THE WOODS.

Every hollow full of ferns,

Turning yellow in their turns: Straggling brambles fierce and Yielding borries to the child;

Oakball tumbling from the tre

Beschnuts dropping alleatly, Hosts of leaves come down to d

Leaving openings to the sky;

The European Powers have come to an agreement to exterminate the African

In the not very remote future all vexafour Indian questions may disappear for lack of Indians.

Mr. Goschen, English Chancellor of the Exchanger, has decided to abandon the proposed wheat tax.

The ranches and large farms of South California are slowly but steadily seling out up into small farms.

The Farmers' Reside thinks there is no onger reseon to doubt that the potato crop of the present season is the largest

A acclety has been formed in Germany, under the Presidency of Professor Guelst, to Introduce sentary improve-ments in small dwellings in Berlin.

According to the judicial statistics of England fast leved, fifty murders are traters of which escape and are never

As an evidence of the fact that Irefund has quieted down very considerably of late the operation of the crimes act has been suspended in certain portions of the County of Clara.

Pets Olsion, at Los Angales, Cat, the day, tried to commit suicide. He abot himself in the abdomen. The bul-let went through and struck a bystander named Gillespie, killing him lostantly. Olston will live.

The Under to Them says: "Small loss would, Esq. be if Americans discarded it. It is absolutely without menning in its current use, and does nothing to compensate for the time it takes to write it.

The new cantilever bridge at Mem-Tann, will be immense. It will ust of a channel span 770 feet in orth. There will be two other spans, r 620 feet in length. The bridge I le thirty-two feet in width. The will be \$2,200,000.

Breoklyn man intends to start a goal which he thinks will bring him 50 a day. He will stock it with nt will give three pints of milk a day calculates upon ninety quarts per day twelve to fifteen cents a quart.

he appoundement of the death of leyer, the inventor of "Volapuk," attadicted by Mr. Schoyler himself paper, the Vilapicka'led Zenodik. ya he has been dangerquely ill, and eceived the last sacraments of the but he has been cured by the

> leading minds of France have u the conclusion that the national of education is defective on its side, and efforts are now being celimatize cricket, football, American baseball in French Minister of Education has favor of athletic ex-

ir days. or a sail he ras the only time that his touched the soll of the Pine

election incidents comes in, where one Charten th suit against the aurefuscii his vote. He was buby in a cabbage field, as "cabbage" till he called -and the election folk ve h's ballot because they and could not know his

> there are now 16,000 seminaries. They Southern States, Northern States. ir valuation.

> > unctuar actives rds in his kinga at the Danish wereign is not to follow his sait for any are rather an him, half in

TIS BETTER TO FORGET.

I've seen the household dark and lone Where once the friendly astrals sho And to the haunts of harp and hymn

Oh, vanished forms of bower and hall, That Memory's fateless lamps recall, The myrtles twine around your graves, And snowflakes fall!

So near the doors of God we live, So near the earth, sb, who would give A single word to draw a tear, Or one receive?

So near the earth where graves lie wet, Too near for heartache and regret; 'Tis better to forget each wrong, And all forget.

Trust on and wait, whate'er befall, Let Memory's lamps but love rscall; Live thou thy better self—thy wrongs, Forget them all.

Forgive them all, and be forgiven And other hearts shall nobly strive, Where thou hast striven.

Time tells the truth, and pleasantly The winters change, and o'er the sea The purple swal ows singing come,

So happler days await thy trust; Though others wrong thee, yet be just, Bo near the doors of God is life, Bo near the dust.

Live on—thy torch of life must fade, Love on—for thes will fall the shade, Trust on, till each withholden hand In thine be laid.

So shall the best bear no regret, Es Love the lapses will forget, And violets him the grave at last, With tear drops wet. -Hessejah Bullerwerth, in Youth's Com-

STELLA'S ENGAGEMENT.

"It's too bad."

Pretty Mrs. March, sitting on the edge of the bed in her handsomely-furnished reom, gave vent to the warmth of her supposed feelings in this time-honored declaration of displeased people. She said it with excitedly flushed checks, and with tears in her fine, black eyes.

"What's too bad:" Philip March demanded, striding in from the hall, with his hat in his hand and overcoat on his arm.

"This," said his wife, in a voice that trembled touchingly.

She indicated the album lying on her

"Well, what's the matter with that!" said her husband, putting a sympathetic arm about her.

They had been married only four years, and he was still guilty of an occasional act of the nort.
"Look at that?" was the tragic re-

sponse.

Mrs. March's finger touched, with shrinking repulsion, the photograph of a gentleman.

It was a gentleman of apparent middle with an astonishingly broad face,

age, with an astonishingly broad face, above which a forest of hair stood in perpendicular stiffness. The chins—there were two distinct chins—were ornamented by an ungraceful tuft of scraggy heard. The eyes were so light in color sion on the shotographer's plate. The nose was broad and flat, and the ears

"Pretty tough customer. Odd he didn't break the camera," Philip observed. "Well, what about him?"
"What? Stella's engaged to him." Mrs. March burst forth.

Her husband stared at her in silent

The notes of a piano and the sound of

two voices, in talk and laughter and snatches of aduet, floated up from below.

"Oh, I do wish I hada": invited her here!" cried Mrs. March, tremulously.

"Hear her down there with Avery Wil-"Hear her down there with Avery Witson! How can she! It's perfectty plain that he's awfully in love with her, and she's been deliberately encouraging him and leading him on eyer since she's been here. It will just break his heart, and be the rule of him! I'm perfectly sure he'll either take to drink, or shoot himself—and he's so nic—and all for that heartless girl. I don't care if she is my cousin, she's a heartless creature. And she's seemed so sweet and lovely all this time."

Philip, slowly, gazing down incredu-lously at the photograph.

"h, there's no mistake!" said Mrs.

March, with the hardness of despair.

"She was showing me her album just be-"She was showing me her album just before Avery came, and when she got to
this—this thing! (she's got her own opposite it—see!)—she stopped aid said;
'ch. I haven't told you shout dear off
Blumenberger, have Il' Blumenberger,
Philip! And she said that he's the
corganist of the choir of which she's
soprano, and that he got her the position
in the first place, and how perfacily
lovely he is—yes, she called him lovely,
shippers in the
ty normal schools,
shippers in the
ty normal schools,
declared she thought everything
of him! But I hope she doesn't
think I believe that. And she
there was awakened by the clash of the
belis as the sleigh came to a standstill at
her own door. It was almost dark, but
Mrs. March could make out Avery's weltenveloped form in the act of lifting Stella
to the ground; and she heaved a sigh of
relief.
She had been roused from a dreadful
dream that Avery had poisoned himself in her kitchen closet and that Stella
had laughed immoderately at the incident.

Indeed, Stells was laughing: so was
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Indeed, Stells was laughing: so was
Avery; so was Philip. Mrs. March stella went on to say it made me almost parlor. Moreover, they were all hooking faint, Philip—that they're engaged, and at her with peculiar brightness. Mrs. are going to be for a year longer. I should want to be engaged fifty years beto I married him. 'Engaged, Stella 'What is the joke?" she queried, who avereged the power of the front went of the foot of the front was the same of the foot of He vey! I said, just gasping. 'Why, yes!' she said, just as sweet! 'You don't think I'd have refused an offer husband responded, unsteadily, drawing like that, do you, dear! I'm a great deal too mercenary.' Those are her very words. And she looked so sweet and impocent! How I wanted to shake that the poker she queried, severely, "The joke's on you, my love," her down beside him on the sofa. "Decidedly on you," said Avery, glee-fully.

March noted that his hand rested

You'd know that whon you'd seen his dreadful photograph, if she hadn't said so. Listen to them down there in the parfor. I just don't know how I'm go. ing to stand it!"
"Well, Pmup a stump," said her hus-tand, with forceful inelegance, looking in dazed astonishment from the elderly

and strikingly ugly countenance of Mr.
Blumenberger to the round, fresh,
charming face opposite.

"It isn't Stalls I'm concerned abouthorrid girl!" said Mrs. March, severaly,
snapping the album together. "Ic's

poor Avery "Avery have to inneh; he very commonly did since Stella Harvey had been in the house. He was nice—a bloode young man, rather stout and exceedingly folly. He was

grave face.

Stella, sixting caim and pretty in a red, lace-trimmed morning-dress, laughed and chatted with all her usual gaiety.

The stern regard of Mrs. March, and the awed and bewildered glances of her husband, passed over her graceful, fluffy head with utter lightaess.

Her chief attention, indeed, was centered upon them. She was listening to Avery Wilson; laughing at his witticisms, which were copious, and responding to his badinage with prompt and appreciative brightness; behaving, in short, as a charming girl inevitably behaves with a charming young man who openly admires her.

KROW, and I'm the soprano, and we're both engaged for another year; not to each other—oh, dear!—but to play and to sing. How could you—but I won't say that; of course you didn't know but I would. And poor old Blumenberger—why, he's poor as a churchmouse, or organist, and he's married, anyhow, and got eight children!"

Avery Wilson burst into a roar at the climax, and Philip guiltly joined him. But Mrs. March looked grave and rather pale.

"I'm so glad!" she murmured faintly.

"But, oh, I never shall forgive myself!"

"But, oh, I never shall forgive you" cried Etella, sweetly and gaily.

"Me, too!" said Avery, graciously, appreciative brigances; behaving, in short, as a charming girl inevitably behaves with a charming young man who openly admires her.

"Delightful day for sleighing," Avery observed, with his eyes on Stella.

"Isn't it." she murmured, without looking through the window.

"I'm so glad!" she murmured faintly.

"But, oh, I never shall forgive myself!"

"But I forgive you!" cried Etella, sweetly and gaily.

"Me, too!" said Avery, graciously, joining the three on the sofa with a blissful laugh!"—Saturday Night.

"Isn't it." she murmured, without looking through the window.

"What do you say to a turn up the road, March?". Avery pu.sued, as he folded up his nakin. "I'll get a double sleigh, and we'll take a spin up, stop at the Half-way House for something hot, and be back by five. Glad I thought of it." he said, as he rose, with an unblushing attempt to imply that he had not been thinking of it all the morning, "I'll be round by the time you've got your things on. Bundle up, Miss Harvey."

The hall door slammed behind him a moment later.

moment later.
"How nice." cried Stella, clasping her hands in impulsive joy. "Han't he de-

lightful?"
She floated to the door with a waltz-

She floated to the door with a waltzing step, looking back, sparkingly, over her shoulder, and flew up stairs.

Mrs. March stood in stony horror.

"How can she?" she cried, in poignant despair. "How can she be so unprincipled, so conscienceless? She isn't duil; she knows perfectly that Avery's in love with her, and that she's leading him on. I can't understand it; she seemed so sweet. And I am sure Aunt Clara is atrictly religious. She couldn't have strictly religious. She couldn't have brought her up so—to be merceuary, and shallow, and a heartless firt. I'm ashamed to think that she's a relative of

ashamed to think that she's a relative of mine, Philip!"

It was a delightful "spin" to the Half-way House; but the Half-way House was at a distance of some five miles, and they were all chilly when they entered its spacious, many-tabled dining-room at three o'clock.

Chilly; but, so far as Averyand Stella were concerned, extremely lively. They

were concerned, extremely lively. They had had a standing joke all the way up about the blueness of the latter's nose, which Avery had insisted upon, and which Stella had as strenuously denied.

regretably enough, is so deeply enjoyable during the period of youth.

The driver, and sauntered into the parlor for a last five minutes by the stove.

Mrs. March grasped her husband's arm

determinedly as they entered its door.
"I shall not endure it, Philip," she
whispered. "I can't see her going on so; and poor Avery-I am going to tell him. There now! And I hope he will have the good sease to be glad of his

And while Philip stared in apprehensive alarm, and Stella straightened her boa and twisted her veil into a yet more coquettish combination before the mirror, Mrs. March talked in low and carnest tones to a white-faced young man in the

Whether it was the long, cold ride, and the succeeding hot drinks, or the wearing strength of her painful emotions,

or a mixture of both, is a subject for speculation; but certain it is that Mrs. March dozed all the way home.

She was conscious—unfleasantly and yet proudly conscious—of Avery's pale and stern-set face opposite her, and of Stella's soft eyes raised to him in frightened appeal; and she was conscious of nothing further.

She was cozy and comfortable, and the soap-stones were hot; and she sank into a peaceful sleep, with her head on her

usband's arm.
She was awakened by the clash of the

on the farther side of Stella's wast.
"Step, both of you!" cried Stella.
She looked at her cousin with her ey

shining with a sweet sympathy, and suddenly broke away from the detaining arm, and threw herself down beside her, grasping her hands in her own.

"We've had an explanation, Mrs. March," Avery observed, nonchalantly.

Wo're engaged."
Mrs. Mar. h drew her hands away. "Stella." she oried, "what are you do out ing what have you done! It won't erely, make up for the wickedness of trifling "Ic's with that poor old wretch to give in to

mood to day; he joked and laughed unceasingly.

Mrs. Marsh look him pityingly from behind the pot. Mr. Marsh distribute some ps. With a grave face.

Mrs. Marsh look him pityingly she panted, "He's the organist, you know, and I'm the soprano, and we're both engaged for another year; not to both engaged for another year; not to

A Romance of the War.

A gentleman from Missouri, who is now in Washington, tells the Baltimore American correspondent of a romantic incident that fell under his observation

in Western Missouri during the war.

About forty miles east of Kansas City, and near the little village of Kingsville, in Johnson County, there lived a man named Harris, who had two daughters. named Harris, who had two daughters. The elder of the two was called filtza. Those were rough times, and very few people were permitted to live in that part of Missouri. Quantrell recruited most of his celebrated guerrilla band from that section. One of his men was Si Porter, a tall, straight, athletic young man, of quiet demeanor, but great courage. Quantrell counted him one of his best men. He and Eliza Harris met and fell in love. She was a bold, determined girl, of strong physique, and she resolved to marry Porter and share his fortunes in the saddle. She did so, and was a sort of saddle. She did so, and was a sort of daughter of the regiment to Quant-ek's command during one entire sommer of their righting and raiding on the Missouri and Kansas borders. She endured all the privations and dangers of one of the most reckless forms of guerrilla warfare ever known, and escaped with her husband unharmed. When the war was over they went to California, where Porter fell into a profitable business and made a fortune, and to-day that same Eliza Harris and Si Porter are in Parlocking after the education of looking after the education of

This is one of the romances of the Quantrell command that has never been

In "An Account of Wolves Nurturing Children in their Dens," published in 1852 by Colonel Sleeman, an experienced officer of the Indian army, are recorded They had bowed to parties they didn't know, and laughed with puerile galety at the effect of the performance. They had caten a marsh mallow philopena, the bet being a polka-dotted caliconeck-tie against a bottle of bandoline, and had conducted themselves generally in the senseless, mirthful manner which, recretably enough, is an deeply enjoyable fours, and ran as fast as the whelps could. in the title. In one instance, near Sur-tanpoor, in 1847, a wolf was seen to leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all-fours, and ran as fast as the whelps could. He was caught with difficulty, and had during the period of youth.

Mrs. March sat in cold silence, while they drank their hot lemonade and ginger, and while Avery Wilson and her pretty cousin continued to "carry on" with subdued hilarity.

He was caught with dimensity, and had to be tied to keep him from rushing into holes and dens. He was aimmed when grown-up persons came near him, and tried to ateal away. But if it was a child, he would rush at it with a fierce to the control of the cont with subdued hilarity.

Philip looked pained and puzzled and snarl, like a dog's, and try to bite it.

deprecating. The two-were relieved when the glasses were finished, and they when the glasses were finished, and they under his hands, like a dog, and ate it would not be a something comforting to the like would not be would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but made no objection to a dog eating, but made no ob ection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him. He died in August, 1850, and after his death it was remembered that he had never been known to laugh or smile. He used signs when he wanted anything, but very few of them except when hungry, and then pointed to his mouth. When his food was placed at some distance from him, he would run to it on all fours, but at other times he would. all-fours, but at other times he would occasionally walk upright. He shunned human beings, and seemed to care for nothing but eating.—Popular Science

The ley Sahara of the North. The safe arrival of Dr. Nan en and his fellow explorers at Godthnab, Green-land, is a cause for rejoicing, but whether it is an event of much scientific importance is yet to be determined. When the little band of mountain-climbers set out on this expedition, the plan was to traverse Greenland, the "Sahara of the North," at its widest part, for at least as far north as the seventieth parallel. That is the region on the East coast visited by Koldeway and "coresby. A march across country would have brought the explorers out on Baffin Bay at Upernavik, or at least at bells as the sleigh came to a standstill at Godhaven, and such a trip, of seven or her own door. It was almost dark, but eight hundred miles, would have laid open to the eye of science the very heart of the mysterious Arctic continent. Instead, the party has appeared at God-thaab, on Davis Strait and near the northern point of Greenland. If they struck in at the same latitule on the other side, they have merely tramped for a couple of hundred miles across the snow far south of the Arctic Circle, in a country already pretty well known—an achievement of no especial value or interest. On Dr. Nansen's return to Bergen we shall know whichier his expedition has been merety a snow-acrambling frolic or a conquest of the last untraveled continent.—New York Tri-

A Victim of Quinine.

Marshall Sappington, a police officer in St. I ouis, has just died in the insane Asylum in that city from the excessive use, it is said, of quinine, which de-ranged his mind. A number of St. Louis physicians who were interviewed in this connection gave it as their opinion that a large number of people in that city are suffering, not only from amaurosis—a blindness caused by the excessive use of quinine dusfness. One of the physicians said: "I wenty to forty grains taken within any ten hours, are sufficient to cause smaurosis, and the regular use of quinine in much smaller quantities daily for a few weeks is almost sure to produce

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Make Fire Kindlers. Take a quart of tar and three pounds of esin, melt them, bring to a cooling temerature, mix with as much coarse saw be worked in; spread out while hot upon a board; when cool, break up into lumps of the size of a large hickory nut, and you have, at a small expense, kindling material enough for a household for one year. They will easily ignite from a match, and burn with a strong blaze long enough to start any wood that is fit to burn.—Housewift.

A Noted Chef's Coffee Recipe. A noted French chef makes coffee by ouring boiling water on the ground erries; after filtering, the water is again boiled and again poured on the coffee; and finally a third time. He does not boil the coffee and water together, nor put the coffee in cold water and let it co to a boil. To make good tea, he says, you must pour boiling water on it and throw it out immediately. Then pour one-third of the boiling water required, put the pot over a steaming apparatus and then add another third, and finally the last third, repeating the steaming, in order to let it draw without boiling.

Receipt for Corned Beef. First cover the meat with brine just rong enough to barely float an egg, for twenty-four hours, take it out and wash it in cold water to take out all the blood, throw the bloody brine away, and for 100 pounds of beef, of in the same proportion for other quantities, make a new pickle by dissolving aix pounds of sait, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpetre in water sufficint to cover the meat skim it well before pouring it on and if much scum rises on it afterwards before the meat is used up, scald it, skim it and pour it back when cold. Keep in a cool and well ventilated place. For summer keeping or for the Southern States a little more salt should

How to Carve.

Poultry requires more careful carving than anything else brought to the tab c. A chicken reasted may be removed from he dish to the carver's plate; and as the dish to the carver's plate; and as fowls are generally served in couples, this does not disarrange the conomy of the table. The fork should be placed on the centre of the breast, and the kuife be carried down along the side. Then, inserting the knife under the leg, cut downward; as far as the tail, and separating the ligature near the point, when, jerking the leg back, the parts will give way. Next separate the wing with the edge of the knife, and carry it through to the other side, when the wing is easily detached. Separate the other wing and leg in the same way. The wishbone is easily removed by inserting the knife under it and bending it back. Remove the neck bones by putting the fork through them and wrenching them carefully away so as not to break them. The breast must next be separated by cutting through the ribs. Turn the fowl back upwards on

the plate and cut it up.

Turkey may be served the same way as chicken, excepting that as the breast is the most delicate part and affords many good slices, these should be cut lengthwise, and with thin portions of the dressing handed round first. When the turkey is large the whole of the breast may be served in such slices.

When carving a duck the slices from the broast are cut, then the leg is removed by cutting, then the wing. Ducklings are carved in the same way as

Pigeons are usually carved in four pieces, dividing each piece in half.
Many persons cut them through the
middle lengthwise and serve half the bird to each person .- D.trol! Free Press.

Recipes.

Corn Bread: One cup of flour, three cups of cornmeal, three eggs, one table spoonful of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two teaspoons of baking powder, one pint of milk, a pinch of sait.

Raisin Pudding: One half cup of mo-lasses, one cup of milk, one cup of rai-sins, one half cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of bak-ing powder. Steam one hour.

Cookies: Two cups sugar, half a cup each of butter and sweet milk, two tea spoons baking powder, four eggs; roll out, sprinkle with white sugar and roll again; bake in a moderate oven. Wheat Gems: Two cups and a half of

sifted tour, one cup and a fourth of milk, three eggs, sugar to sweeten, one tablespoon melted butter, two tenspoons baking powder; bake in gem pans. Cocount Pie: One cup of white sugar

two eggs, one cocoanut grated fine, two cups of sweet milk, three tablespoons of flour, one tablespoon of butter; flavor with nutmeg. Bake with one crust. Rye Fritters: One and one half cups flour, one egg, one half cup rye ment, one tablespoon sugar, a little sait, two teaspoons cream tartar; mix with milk and drop from a spoon into hot lard.

Cream Pie: One pint of sweet milk, white of one egg and yolks of three; two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of cornstarch; beat all together: let it cool and flavor. Make a rich crust and bake separate and fill; beat the whites of two set in the oven to brown.

A House Built of Paper. There is a paper house in Atlanta. No

There is a paper house in Atlanta. No wood, brick, iron or other material is used about the building. At 109 Decatur street a neat little store, painted sky blue, has attracted considerable attention for the past week. The gaudy color is not the cause of the little building being the object of so much attention; but the material of which it is constructed makes it a novelty. It is made entirely of name. The store is owned. entirely of paper. The store is owned by Mr. August Sincova, and was built by a Frenchman named Smith (spelled of course in a French way, who is agent for the paper of which it is constructed. The rafters, the weatherboarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, courpressed paper boards, imper-vious to water and as durable as wood. The house sunot catch on fire as easily as a wooden building, because the sur-

ELECTING A LORD MAYOR.

HOW THE CRIEP MAGISTRATE OF LONDON IS CHOSEN.

The Lord Mayor is elected from the

But Have a Mediaval Flavor-Taking Office in the Guildhall.

twenty-six Alderman or heads of the wards into which the city is divided by the votes of the livery; that is, of the members of the several guilds of the city. He is elected at the Guildhall, on the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel. Everything to death decreed; Nothing left of flowers or buds Such is autumn in the woods. the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel. Few more interesting ceremonies are to be seen in England. A wooden screen is erected outside the Guildhall, with many doorways in it. At each is stationed the Beadle of a guild, who is expected to know all the Liverymen of his company, and so to prevent all unauthorized persons from entering. That door of the Guildhall is strewn with sweet herbs, perhaps the last surviving instance of the mediaval method of carpeting a hall. The twenty-six Aldermen come in, all in scarlet gowns. The Recorder, or law officer of the city, rises, bows to the Lord Mayor and the assembled Liverymen, and makes a little speech, declaring how from the time of King John they have had grants of certain rights of election. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen then go out; another law officer, the common Sergeant, repeats what the Recorder has already said, and tells the Liverymen that they must name two for the office of Lord Mayor, of whom the Lord Mayor and Aldermen will select one. Two names And so is there an autuma kn To the heart. It feels alm Fearing its best days are past; Sees the future overcast! Fond acquaintance broken the Friends departed; friends untre Human flowers are cold and dead, Covered by a grassy bed; Hopes, late blossoms putting out, Withered soon, and flung about By cruel winds; dead doubts and fer Finding vent in sudden tears. Yes, there is an autumn known To some hearts thus left alone. Yet there's this thought after all, Ferns may fade and leaves may fall, Hearts may change and prove untrue, All may look as these woods do--Though sad autumn here is given, Springtime walts the just in beaven. HUMOR OF THE DAY. Mayor, of whom the Lord Mayor and Aldermen will select one. Two names An ill-word-Sick. are then chosen, and are carried to the Aldermen by the heads of some of the chief guilds. One is selected, and there-upon the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen return to the Guildhall and sit down, the A serious blow-A evelone. Moving wax-work-Bee-hive, Hair may be plaited and yet be golden. The banjo player picks his way through chosen future lord mayor sitting on the left of the actual lord mayor. The recorder again rises and reads the two The light fantastic tow-A blende names and the one sele ted, and asks the liverymen if it is their free election: "Yea or No." They shout "Yea," and the sword-bearer thereupon takes off the fur tippet of the lord mayor to be, and chiropedist.

The crier, with bows equal in number and profoundity to those of the sword

bearer, next approaches, and presents the mace. The aldermen and sheriffs then congratulate their new chief, who

proceeds to sign certain documents, and among them a receipt for the city plate. Last of all, he is presented with the keys of the standard weights and

measures, deposited in his custody. The meeting then breaks up, and the old lord mayor goes back to the Mansion house, his official residence, for the last

The next day, the (th of November, is known in London as Lord Mayor's Day, because on that morning the new lord mayor takes office in the Guildhall. He drives thence through the ward of

which he is alderman, and proceeds in

gaudy procession to the courts of law

within the bounds of Westminster. Be

fore his coach are running footmen, and there is a long procession of the car-riages of the aldermen and of the heads of the several guilds, and of the main

oficial gowns. The banners of the guilds, their beadles and pageants, which vary according to each lord mayor's taste, make up a wonderful show, which, as it winds in and out the narrow streets of the city, callyenthem with brilliant color. Though often deer ed because it obstructs business for one day should the presence of readers.

one day, should the progress of modern

times abolish the custom, it would be regretted by all who have witnessed it.

the greatest person, obliged to give place only when the Queen herself comes.—

Gathering Elder Down.

The eider duck constitutes the wealth, and may be said to make the prosperity of the Icelanders. The three islands. Videy, Engey and Ahrey, in front of the harbor not far from Reykjavik, are the

favorite haunts of the ducks. Here they pair and make their nests every year

bout the beginning of June. When the female has chosen the place

where she wishes to lay her eggs, she plucks from her plumage the feathers which she uses to line the bottom and

six eggs, rarely more.

During this time the drake, like the good father of a family that he is, coales

on his consort and fetches her back in

of for a mement to keep a watchful eye

on his consort and fetches her back in-stantly if she gives the slightest indica-tion of wishing to take a walk.

The next day the owner of the land comes and effries away at the same time both the down and eggs.

The unfortunate couple, which some-times make a stout resistance, clinging to the clothes of the robber with their beaks, go off a short distance, and be-

beaks, go off a short distance, and be-gin again; but the bondi (farmer) comes

gin again, but the bondi (farmer) comes once more and takes the procious de-posit. The indefatigable mother goes to work anew, and this time only a part of the eggs are taken; for if all were re-moved from the nest the depredator, in desiring too much, would lose all. But this reserve is made solely as re-

gards the eggs, for the down is removed once every week, and the poor mother continues to strip herself, until she finds herself so bure that she has no longer wherewithel to line the molat bolk that

contains her eggs.

near her, then comes to

body of his own guild, all in their

Hyphen is the god of typographical She stoops to corncure-The female puts a chain around his neck. On the A circus tumbler should never be full.

ing in the Guildhall. The old lord mayor rises and gives the new one his seat. The chamberlain of the city then approaches with three solemn bows, and hands to the new lord mayor a jeweled A domestic broil usually makes a very unsatisfectory meal. "Wet we her," as the sheep said when it fell into the creek.

-Chambers's Journal

and to the new lord mayor a leweled scepter, the common seal of the city, and an ancient purse. The sword-bearer next advances, and, bowing three times, each time with increasing reverence, gives the lord mayor elect the great two-handed sword of State, which symbolizes justice and legal supremacy. What the farmer requires is mower cultivating facilities. Pastengers musn't expect to hear the

When he loses his cow is when an undertaker tries to overtak'er.

It is the tillers of the soil who steer the ship of state, -Allany Journal.

The cowboy is like a dramatic star— He is supported by a stock company. Canoeing is something a man knows nore about after he has been given a

talt air is oftentimes trying to the voice, yet most singers like to go to C .-Some men are always willing to stand up for the ladies-excepting, perhaps, in

The worst motto a dentist can have is: "Try, try again"—the worst for the other fellow.

Few ladies have the courage to face an unsympathizing world with their hair done up in curi papers. Lots of old-time theories have been ex-

ploded; but some of them were so weak they made no noise.—I'w une.

There's nothing like leather, execting, of course, the upper crust of a young wife's first pie.—Journal of Edu

Bustles are going out. Five hundre dozen went out from a sing - factory in Bridgeport the other d',—Drake's

"This is a sad and bitter world," re-marked Sir Boyle Ro he. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

A man who formerly acted as fireman to a locomotive refers to his recollections of that time as tender reminiscences,-Merchant Traveler.

The lord mayor is presented to the lord chief justice of England, takes an oath of fidelity, and calls on the judges of the several divisions of the high court of justice and invites them to divisions of the high court of justice and invites them to divisions. Poor Father Time! What a horrible o'd inebriate he must be !- that is if it be true that time is money and that ner. The judges always reply somewhat haughtily that some of them will at-tend, and the lord mayor then returns to the city, in which for a year he is to be money is always tight.

"Are you the brakeman," asked an old

lady of a seedy-looking individual on a train. "No'm, I'm the broke-man," be answered sadly. - Now Fork Sun. Now doth the little utchin
With the grim blackwalnut fight,
And don a pair of black kid gloves
That he can take off at night,
—thought's Breeze,

"Riches take unto themselves wings "Miches take unto themselves wir and fly away," said the teacher. "Wi kind of riches is meant?" And ' smart boy at the foot of the class said "reckoned they must be carriches."

Absolutely Correct-"What type face should you call that?" said one pe son to another in the photograph gal-lery. "That," replied the other, after examining the picture closely, "is a tin sides of her nest; then she generally lays type." Judge.

A subscription paper for some re-A subscription paper for some re-ligious object was passed to a zealous church member in town recently, when he remarked: "Well, I can give \$5 and not feel it." "Then," said the solicitor, "give \$10 and feel it." The point was seen at once, and the "ten spot" was forthcoming. — Glove size Advertiser.

A London Policeman's Way.

In St. l'etersburg if a policeman is prived to have dealt a prisoner a blow General Gresser puni hes him severei The constables in St. Petersburg a. armed with revolvers which are unloaded and awords which are seldom drawn. In London the constable has neith: a truncheon which he uses with a free dom and an impunity that would make the Russian Prefect of Police stand aghast. Recently, for instance, it was proved before the Greenwich Magistra' that P. C. 200 M. had threatened to b