The people of France have \$200,000,-900 invested in the Panama Capal, and the chances are they will never get back

"Pine straw bagging," says the Floride Dispatch, "Is pronounced, after a thorough test, to be superior to jute in every respect,"

The Argentine Republic is forging ahend at a treme adous pace. The only parallel is to be found in the history of the United States.

there are about 35,000 deaf and dumb people in this country, and they increase, of course, as the population increases. The greatest educational centre for them Is in New York city.

The French chemist who discovered pleomargerine has now invented a prodess for treating steel by which steel bronze and bell metal can be made at fabulously low prices.

The new public library building in Boston is designed to accommodate the most complete collection of books in the Uniter States. It will have shelf room for £,000,000 volumes.

A new phrase was invented by Lord Compton, a Radical peer, who was recently a Parliamentary candidate in London. "Three rooms and a cat" was, he said, the existing standard of comfort for the working classes.

The feet that the city population of this country had increased from four per vent, for the whole in 1800 to twelve and a half per cent. in 1850, and twentytwo and a half per cent, in 1880, was smade the basis for gloomy prophecies of disease, poverty and anarchy.

Telegraph operators, it seems, are developing a disease of their own. One or two cases have recently occurred in which the finger nails have dropped off, one after another. This affection is supposed to be due to the constant hammering and pushing with the finger ends required by the working of the Morse system of telegraphy.

Indianapolis is to have a soldiers' monument that will be 265 feet high, and is expected to cost \$350,000. It will be constructed of limestone from Indiana quarries, and, if the hopes of its designers and builders are carried out, will be the finest and costlicat soldiers' monument in America. The work will take three or four years to complete.

The little town of Brookline, Mass., which is nearly surrounded by Boston, is valued for purposes of taxation at \$407,454,098, which is more than one and a half times as much as the valuation of the whole State of New Hampshire. It is the wealthiest town of its size in America, and mainly because it has the reputation of being a taxpayer's para-

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes from Washington: "The question of pure lard would appear to be interesting the country just now to an unusual extent, as about two hundred petitions have been presented in Congress asking for the passage of a law to tax adulterated lard, as was done in the case of oleomargarine. The petitions are being sent from the granges in

Belgium, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Germany, and several Swiss cantons, have prohibited the public exhibition of hypnotic or mesmeric performances. France will probably soon follow, as the measure is recommended by the French association for the advancement of science. There is a growing conviction that the practice of abnormal phenomena tends to make them normal or permanent characteristics of the patient.

There is much that is picturesque, doubtless, in the war now in progress in Egypt, observes the Washington Stor, but not a great deal that is of interest to Americans, except as the results may effect the fortunes of Emin and Stanley. So soong is the influence of propinquity and kindred that the sinking of a tug on the Potomac with two laborers on board would stir more deeply the hearts of the newspaper readers of Washington than the brilliant fight at Suakin in which 400 Arabs were killed.

Says the New York Herald; "It is one of the oddest of geographical caprices that in the course of nature the strip of land in Central America, only about one hundred and fifty miles wide, should separate the two oceans. You would naturally suppose that either the Atlantic would have worked its way to the Pacific or the Pacific the Atlantic. The early explorers believed that this must be the case, for they sailed on and on to find the expected outlet, but were at last compelled to go round Cape Horn. What nature refused to do we must do for ourselves. Since the Panama rdute has been practically abandoned, the more necessity for undertaking to arce the Isthmus by the Nicaraguan

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MARTHYS KISS,

When I went a courtin' Marthy, I was poor as poor could be, But that didn't set her ag'in me, For she had faith in me; She knew I had grit an' courage, An' wasn't the kind to shirk An' she was ready an' willin'

To do her share of work. I remember our weddin' mornin', An' how she said to me: You're poor an' I'm poor, Robert,

That's easy enough to see; That is, as some folks reckon; But our hearts are rich in love,

An' we two'll pull together, An' trust in the Lord above." Then she reached up an' kissed me,

An' said, as she did this, There's always more where that come from An' there's help sometimes in a kiss." tell you what it is, sir,

I felt as strong ag'in, After that kiss she give me, An' I jest laid out to win.

An' I did it. We've money a plenty, An' the comforts it can give; We've a home, an' we've got each other,

An' a few more years to live, Whenever my hands got weary I'd think of the woman at home An' somehow 't would make work easy

An' light, till night'd come. I tell you that kiss of Marthy's Was better than bags of gold. There's riches some folks can't reckon An' things that don't grow old.

I shouldn't ha' been without it, The man tent I've got to be, An' Marthy shall have the credit For the help she's been to me.

in the bondard in Yankee Blade. IN GORROWED FEATHERS

It was a rainy evening, and Hattle Murray's well-worn blue merino gown was liberally besprinkled with bright drops as she came into Daphne Walters' room at the "old Red House,"

That was the name by which it went, although the red paint was long ago washed off it's crumbling shingles. It had been a hotel once in the old post-revolutionary days, when four horse stages went rumbling by, and cock-hatted travelers trotted past with saddle-

bags strapped behind them.
It was now a cheap boarding house, kept by Mrs. Sandison, where most of the girls boarded who worked in Liscombe's Silk Mills, halt a mile down the

Hattie Murray did not live there, because her father owned a dreary sheep farm on the flats beyond, and she helped with the housework morning and evening in lieu of her board, and she had run over in the rain for an evening chat with the girl who stood at the next loom to

She was a blue eyed, yellow haired girl, like a French doll, with pretty teeth and a simpering way of showing them; and slender as were the wages

as a Parsec worships the sun.

Daphne Walters was quite a different sort of person-olive complexioned, with sombre, glittering eyes, and a dimple nestling close to the corner of her lips.

Hattie was quite sure must have be-longed to "Mrs. Noah;" and in place of the cheap imitation jewelry which sparkled all over Hattie's trim person, her plain linen collar was fastened by a bow of narrow brown ribbon.

She looked up with a smile, and pointed to a wooden chair close to the table beside which she was working. "Why, Hattie," said she, "you are all dripping with rain?"
"Oh, it's nothing!" cried Hattie,

flinging off her hood and shawl. "What are you working at! That old thing?" with a contemptuous upward tilt of her pretty little nose. Daphne looked down at the garnet

cashmere dress, which she was re-trim-ming with bows of fresh red ribbon, and 'It may be old," said she, "but it is

est I have got.' You are not going to wear that to the husking dance? "It's that or nothing, Hattie," Daphne

answered, composedly. "Do you sup-pose I can afford white silk toilettes or wine colored plushes out of my ten dollars a week?" Hattie's face clouded over. 'It's a shame that old Liscombe pays

us such starvation wages!" pouted she. "But that's just what I've come over to talk to you about, Daphne. I've been to New York to day, in the cheap excursion steamboat.'

"I noticed that you weren't at the said Daphne. "Rosa Bucknor

"Such a time as I have had?" cried ager Hattie. "And such a lot of new ideas as I've picked up! Fut away that dowdy old cashmere, Daphne. You won't look twice at it when you hear what I ve seen. I've been to the Holton Street Bazar." 'Well, what of that?" calmly ques-

tioned Daphne. "Have you never heard of it?"

Hattie lifted her hands and eyes in a protesting manner toward the ceiling.
"To think," said she, "that any one can be so ignorant of what is going on! Well, my dear, it's a place where you can buy-or hire, if you like that better the prettiest, most stylish dresses you ever saw for a mere song."
"You must have been into the do-

mains of the 'Arabian Nights,'" said "It's a second-hand place," explained Hattle, "where fine ladies dispose of the things they have worn only a few times,

and one can get superb bargains." We should look fine, shouldn't we,'

said she, "in dresses that had been worn We could alter them over." "No, thank you!" and composes

Daphne. "I prefer the old garnet cash-mere, with the knots of new ribbon." "Oh, but," pleaded Hattie. "you don't know! There's the loveliest yellow moire-antique-perfect, only for a wine on the front breadth, and that could be covered up by changing the draparies at the back. You are such a

twenty dollars when it was new; and you can buy it now for thirty-five, paid in installments of five dollars a week."

| To TABLE, revolving bands, but her restless little heart is ever chafing at her destiny.

"Why don't you say thirty-five hun-dred!" said Daphue. "I am as able to pay one price as another."
"Or you can hire it for one night, with boots and gloves to match, for ten dol-

lars, and you to pay the expressage both ways," added Hattie.

Daphae shook her head resolutely,
"How should I look," said she—"I, a
poor factory girl—wearing yellow moireautiquef Did you over read the fable of
"The Daw in Borrowed Feathers," Hat-"I've hired a dress to wear!" defiantly

cried Hattie—''a beauty!"

"The more goose you!"

"Pale blue," said ecstatic Hattie,

"trimmed with crystal fringe and loops of crystal cord. Rudolph Tuxford likes blue. I heard him say so once." Daphne colored a little, but said noth-

ing.
"And I supposed, of course, you would send for the yellow moire," went on Hat-tie, "There wouldn't a girl there be dressed like us." "No, I should think not!" said

Ten dollars isn't much for a party dress!" urged Hattie. "But you owe the jeweler for that set

of cameos yet," reminded Daphne. "And you haven't paid the last installment on that imitation sealskin jacket that you were all last winter." "There's no hurry about that," said Hattie, with a toss of her head. "No girl can expect to get settled in life if she has no enterprise at all."

Daphne was silent. She sewed busily "You won't take the moire dress?"

"It would make you look like an

Eastern Queen!" "I would a great deal rather look like an American factory—girl" said Daphne. And no amount of persuasion could induce her to abandon this position. liattie went home, almost crying with vexation.

"And Madam Leroux was going to let me have the blue silk a dollar cheaper, if I got a customer for the yellow moire," pondered she. "Daphne is too mean for anything!"

"You are really going to this country husking ball, Rudolph?" cried Miss Tux-

ford, scornfully.
"I am really going, Adele!"
Miss Tuxford raised her pretty blonde eyebrows, as she stirred the chocolate in her decorated china cup. "Is there any especial attraction?" she

asked, archly.
"if you'll come with me, Dell, I'll show you pleaty of pretty girls," laughingly retorted Mr. Tuxford. "Am I to have a sister-in-law from the country?" asked Adele.

"I haven't quite made up my mind yet, Dell," composedly answered her brother. "Upon the whole, however, I am rather inclined to fancy the idea of settling down in this quaint old red-brick house that Cousin Arial Tuxford has left me. The girls around here are call for "more copy,"
has left me. The girls around here are call for "more copy,"
has left me. The girls around here are call for "more copy,"
has refer and original even if they, "After the Hall," the little poem charming and original, even if she carned, she always contrived to be haven't had boarding school educat-showily attired. She worshipped dress as a Parsec worships the sun. and summers at Bar Harbor."
"To me," said Adele, "the place is

inexpressibly dreary." You had better come with me to the busking-ball," said Rudolph, laughing. Rookh," spent so many months in read-"There's a young mill-owner, that re-ing up Greek and Persian works that he degrees to 30 degrees, and by this uni-

modern cut suit of clothes, and —"
"Nonseuse!" said Adele. But she made up her mind to go, all the same.

She was flirting, in a pretty, dignified way, with Harry Liscombe, the son of the silk mill owner, and the original of the "Edgar Ravenswood" idea at the husking-ball, when suddenly she lifted up her eyes from behind her jeweled

"Who is that little creature in the blue dress, Mr. Liscombe?" said she. "And the incomprehensible satin boots that don't fit her? and the blue gloves that are not a match for her gown?

Harry Liscombe looked around, "Oh," said he, "I see whom you mean! She is one of our mill-girls. Isn't she

"h, she's pretty enough; but that dress." Addle burst into a soft, well-modulated fit of laughter. "It's one of my old toilettes that I gave to my maid Lisette a month ago. And I suppose Lisette has sold it to one of those secondhand harpies that are always preying upon society, and this poor creature has by some chance stumbled upon it. Upon word, this is too ridiculous!"

Old Mrs. Potts, who sat against the wall with her two stiff, elderly daughters, who never got any invitations to dance

She told Miss Maurice, who made a funny story of it to amuse the doctor's minutes it was through the ballroom

like an electric current.
looking, smiling, whispering.
"Come away, Hattle," whispered Dor"Come away, Hattle," whispered Dorelder sister. "Every one is cas, her elder sister. "Every one laughing at your second-hand dress." Hattie colored to the very roots of her

fri zed yellow hair.
"My second hand dress!" she faltered. "And how do they know it is secondhand? "It used to be Miss Tuxford's," said

Dorcas, "She gave it to her maid. Her maid sold it to your Madam Leroux and Oh, do come away, Hattie! I feel so ashamed! See how people are star-So ended Hattle Murray's evening of pleasure; and as she slipped like a guilty

creature out of the room, she saw Daphne Walters' being led to the head

the second cotillion by Mr. Tuxford "In that old red gown, too!" she said to herself, as she burst into hysterical tears and sobs out in the dressing room. That evening was the turning point of Daphue's destiny. Rudelph Tuxford's the dark meshes of her long eyelashes .

brightened up her last year's cashmere dress-and the haughty Adele had "a mill-girl" for a sister-in law after all. she admitted herself, Daphne had the dignity of a princess. 'She would be a true lady," acknowl-

dged Adele, "whatever her station in

"Daphne rolls by in her carriage," ought she, "while I— Oh, if it hadn't been for that hateful second-hand dress for the mocking laughter of those fine

But Hattie Murray was wrong Daphne had conquered through her own noble nature, which spurned aught like deceit or false appearances. It was not Daphne that had conquered; it was Truth.—Saturday Night.

WISE WORDS.

Women teach us repose.

Silence is the rest of mind. The world itself is too small for the vetous.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Some people only understand enough

of truth to reject it. What we ought not to do we should never think of doing.

Silence is the wit of fools and one of the virtues of the wise. The saddest thing under the sky is a soul incapable of sadness.

Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow. In youth, one has tears without grief, in old age, grief without tears, The barren sig-tree was not cursed be-

cause it bore bitter fruit, but because it hore no fruit. A man who is always forgetting his best intentions, may be said to be a thor-

oughfare of good resolutions. A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to love affairs-the party

who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated. Others proclaim the infirmities of a great man with satisfaction and comacence, if they discover none of the like in themselves,

Writing Famous Poems,

Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years. Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting spot for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and

quaintest English ballads, "John Gil-pin's Ride," when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so com-General Lyle wrote his beautiful com-

"Antony and Cleopatra," position, which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day. The noted poem, "The Falls of Ni-

agara," was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut, in fifteen minutes. wrote it under pressure in response to a which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted

down on the back of an old letter, with

no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted maga-Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the snot instead of in a retired

dwelling in Devonshire, Poe first thought of "The Bells" when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter's night. He rang the bell of lawver's house-a stranger to himwalked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up and the next morning sented the lawyer with a copy of his

celebrated poem.

The "Old Oaken Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Wood worth, in a barroom, A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oaken bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. worth immediately went home and wrote

the famous poem. "Old Grimes," that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a dden inspiration of the late Judge Albert G. Greene, of Providence, R. I. who found the first verse in a collection old English ballads, and, enjoying its humor, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit. - The Library

Forgery By Tracing.

Young Mr. Tinkler, of Cincinnati, made a fatal mistake when he forged his employer's name by tracing his signature over a piece of carbonated paper. expert says: "If a man writes his signature, however trembling or even paralytic his hand may be, there is a definite ontinuity of the stroke. If one attempts to write with a pen over a traced signa-ture there is a hesitation in the progress of the pen, which may not be observa-ble to the naked eye, but is always to be detected under powerful magnifying. In the great Boston will case—the first ocn where forgery by tracing wa brought to public attention-the traced signature was photographed upon a glass date, and then, by means of a camera thrown in greatly magnified proportions spon a screen for the benefit of the jury. Thus the erratic, rail fence progress pen work was clearly Tinkler's forgery was detected in this way after he had secured several thou sand dollars. The forger went to Lon-don and played the fool. He lodged a first class hotel and patronized a ionable tailor. The detectives found him and brought him back. His case is hopeless, -Atlanta Constitution,

Plants and Pianos.

A piane tuner who says that pranor frequently deteriorate because they are allowed to become too dry, prescriber "Acep a growing plant is this remedy: the room, and so long as your plant thrives your piano ought to, or there's something wrong with it. And a sister-in-law, too, of whom it was try it, and see how much more water you'li have to put in the flower pot i any other room. Some people keep sponge in it, near or under the piano, and keep it moistened just as a cigar brunette, Daphne, you'd look superb in yellow! And it cost a hundred and Hattie! She stands still before her up all the time the fires are on.

THE TRANSFORTATION, SALE AND SLAUGHTER OF CATTLE.

Carrying Live Stock in "Stable" Cars-Methods of Killing-Dis-tribution of the Dressed Beef.

It was formerly the custom to ship all grades of cattle in the old square boxes called cattle cars, into which the animals were crowded without any regard to bruise, breakage, or death. This system has been changed to one of shipment in "palace" and "stable" cars, and now all the best grades of cattle are brought from the great Western ranches to Chicago in this manner.

These stable cars are 26 feet long and 8 feet 4 inches wide on the inside, with portable partitions, dividing the cars into three compartments. Each car is furnished with hay racks and water troughs. There is no crowding, and the car usually contains from 18 to 20 steers. On being unloaded, the cattle are handled with the utmost care and are driven to the pens in the division yards, where the commission merchant orders them to be watered and fed and places them on sale under the most advantageous conditions. Each of the great dressed-beef firms of Chicago employs a number of buyers, on each of whom there is invariably a weigher in attendance. After being purchased, the cattle are weighed and then driven to the viaduct or slaughter house. Under the authority of the Chicago Health Department, the inspection at the stock yards is very rigid. The Illinois Humane Society also has an officer stationed in the stock yards, who takes every precaution to prevent cruelty to the animals.

When the cattle are brought into the

slaughter house they are treated to a cold-water bath by means of a hose. This has been found to be a very effectual means of reducing the tempera-ture of the animals and getting them in the best possible condition for killing. In rotation and by sure stages, through a long line of pens, the cattle approach the fatal felling pen, where they are rapidly dispatched by a man who handles the rifle with the unerring aim of an Indian scout, or the spear with the dexterity of a Costack lancer. After being killed, each steer is hauled from the felling pen to the "skinning bed," where he is bled, the head being severed from the body and the carcass hoisted by the hind legs to iron runs or rails overhead. Then it is allowed to hang for 10 or 15 minutes, so as to give the blood every chance to drain from the body. Coagulation in the veins, which was so common under the old system of bleeding, is thus avoided. After the bleeding, the carcass is lowered to the floor, the entrails are removed, the bullock is "sided," and then the body is once more hoisted to the runs. Here the skin is dropped and the flesh inside and out is carefully wiped down with a clean cloth. The next step is to cleave the carcass in twain and to run it into the cooling room, where it remains from 36

to 48 hours if heavy and 24 hours if light. The cooling rooms, devoted to the exclusive use of shipping beef, are four in number. Each measures 120 feet square, and has a capacity of 900 car-casses, or a total of 3600 for the four rooms. The temperature of the cooling rooms and the refrigerator cars is kept degrees to 30 degrees, and by this uni-form temperature the best results are Between the cooling attained. and the platform where the refrigerator cars are drawn up is a shipping-room The beef that is ready for shipping is run out into this apartment, where it is weighed, quartered and inspected. The inspection is very rigid, and nothing

The refrigerator car is 29 feet long and 8 feet 2 inches wide on the irside. It is 7 feet 2 inches from the floor to the cross beams on which the hooks are fastened, and 1 foot 2 inches from the cross beams to the roof. This latter space admits an uninterrupted current of air. The car is supplied with galvan-ized iron tanks at each end, and they are filled with a mixture of pounded ice and coarse salt. This produces a temperature of from 33 degrees to 38 degrees in the closed car. The chilling influence of the tanks forces a circulation and rarifles the air. When loaded, the refrigerator car contains from thirty to thirty-three carcasses, averaging about 650 pounds. in one end of the the car, in the o the forequarters in the other. The cars are iced the day before shipping, are reilled just before loading, and are iced again every twenty-four hours at regular stations on the journey East. Experiments have proved that in this way beef can be kept sweet for two or three weeks and will taste quite as well at the expiration of that time as meat killed and caten within two or three days. When the cars return empty they are side-tracked at the packing ouse and there undergo a scrubbing and cleaning with boiling water, the hooks are washed and polished, and the car is allowed to stand twenty-four hours with open doors before it is again loaded

The distribution of the dressed beef throughout the East is by agencies or depots at numerous points and including all the large cities. These depots are constructed and run on principles dupli-cated from the Chicago establishment. The beef is sold and distributed throughout the surrounding country until every town or village that is accessible in the district is supplied. The business is already enormous and is still increasing.

commission firms doing business at the Chicago Union Stock Yards, in the receiving, handling, and selling of live stock. - Chicago Drovers' Journal.

Drink Made From the Kava-Root. The kava-root of the Society and

outh Sca Islands is the basis of the inoxicating drink of those regions. men and girls are employed to chew the oot, and when well masticated and bowls, mixed with coca-juice, of the lower classes are very fond of it. The natives use it as some among us do rine, under the idea that it w them along in important undertakings -- Popular Science Monthly,

Arkansas has 1,800,000 acres of prairie

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Carvers' Secret Service Motto. It cannot be denied that there is a smack of selfishness in the "secret ser-vice motto for the carver" recently concocted by an epicure of this city who entertains much company at his table, and who always carves the meats served to each of his guests. It is founded on a principal that no solid saint would

Here it is: Secret Service Motto for the Carver-So carve that every guest at the table shall think he gets the choicest piece, which, however, you reserve for your-self. -New York Sun.

A Dainty Dish of Apples. A dainty and unusual dish with apples is the following: Stew half a dozen large apples as for sauce, and while still warm stir in a bit of butter and sugar to taste any one cupful. Let this get cold, then stir in three eggs well beaten and a little lemon juice. Put a little butter into a frying pan, and when it is hot add a cupful of bread crumbs and stir until they color to a nice brown. Then sprinkle a part of these bread crumbs upon the bottom and sides of a buttered pudding mold, fill the mold with the stewed apple, sprinkle the remainder of the bread crumbs on top and bake twenty minutes. Turn out of the mold and serve with a sweet sauce if liked. - New York

Goslings in Tempting Form. Goslings prepared in this way are ex-cellent. Put one ounce of salt pork in lice in a saucepan, and set it on the fire. When the pork is melted put it in the gosling, cleaned and trussed in the same manner as a chicken, and brown it. Put one ounce of butter in a sauce pan; thoroughly mix with it one table-spoonful of flour and set it on the fire. As soon as the butter is melted put tho gosling in it, with one quart of pens utes-that is, boiled for two minutes; then plunge in cold water or broth a bunch of seasoning, composed of four stalks of parsley, one of thyme, one clove and one of bay leaf, with salt and pepper. Simmer until cooked. Remove the fat and the seasoning and serve hot. If the broth or water boils away, add a

little more. - Brooklyn Citizen. Cheap Food is Rash Economy. It is false economy that induces people to use cheap butter, cheap meat. cheap flour and other cheap articles of food. In nine cases out of ten cheap articles of food are either damaged or adulterated, and are dear at any price. They are seldom what they purport to be, and if not really dangerous to use, generally prove unsatisfactory to the purchaser or consumer. Of all chear things, cheap articles of food should be most carefully avoided. Bread that i heavy or sour has passed the bonds of redemption. Butter that has become rancid cannot be regenerated by the addition of coloring. Meats that are tainted can by no chemical pro ess be restored to their original condition, and the secret of infusing freshness into state vegetables and decayed fruits remains un discovered. To use low-priced stuff for food is not only extravagant and foolish, but criminal. It is a flagrant violation of the laws of physiology and hygiene, and a reckless deflance of disease and death. Beware of low-priced articles of food, -New York Graphic,

How to Make Rice Cakes. Wash a pint of rice and remove all cpecks and imperfect grains, boil it in three quarte of hot water twenty mindrain, and as the water will be found very nutritious use in soup making Add to the rice a pint of warm milk, half a teaspoonful of salt and two ounces of melted butter. Beat up separately the whites and yolks of two eggs, add the yolks to the rice and stir thoroughly. Sift into the mixture half a pint of flour Next add the beaten whites of the eggs and if the batter is yet too thick, thin slightly with a little more milk. order to make the cakes light, beat the batter thoroughly. Grease the griddle slightly after each batch of cakes. Serve them on hot plates and send hot plates with them to the table,
If the cakes are closely covered whe

sent to the table they will be somewhat heavy from the steam that may rise from them and cannot escape. The cake cover should, therefore, have a hole in

Household Hints.

To remove spots from marble use paste of whiting and benzine. If the cover is removed from soap dishes the soap will not get soft. A sty on the eye will sometimes yield

Try a wineglassful of strong borax water in a pint of raw starch for collars and cuifs.

them with store polish, and rub well with a dry brush. After washing a wooden bowl place it where it will dry equally on all sides,

When flatirous become rusty, black

away from the stove. To make good whitewash use skim milk with time instead of water, and it will be more durable. Silver can be kept bright for months

a good-sized piece of camphor. Fruit stains on white goods can be re moved by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the spots.

Hive syrup is good for croup or in flammation of the lungs. It must be kept in a cool place, for if it sours it is

Do not keep ironed clothes on bars in the kitchen any longer than is necessary for thoroughly drying. They gather If you want poached eggs to look par

ticularly nice cook each egg in a muttoring placed in the bottom of a sauce-pan of boiling water. Use squares of dull colored felt pinked at the edges, under statuary or any heavy ornaments that are liable to mar a polished surface.

Equal parts of white shellse and also hol are a permanent fixative for crayon and charcoal sketches. Spray it on evenly with an artist's atomizer.

For cleaning brass use a thin paste of plate powder, two tablespoonsful vinegar, four tablespoonsful of alcoholic Rub with a piece of flannel. polish with

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BETTER THAN GOLD. Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank and titles a thousand fold, Is a healthy body and mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that can feel for another's woe, And share its joys with a genial glow:

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though toiling for bread in an humble

Doubly blessed with content and health, Untried by the lust or the cares of wealth: Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot; For mind and morals, in nature's plan, Are the genuine tests of a gentleman

Of the sons of toil when their labors close; Better than gold is the poor man's sleep, And the balm that drops on his slumber Bring sleepy draughts to the downy bed,

Better than gold is the sweet repos

But he his simple oplate deems A shorter route to the land of dreams Better than gold is a thinking mind, That in the realm of books can find A treasure surpassing Australian ore, The sage's lore and the poet's lay, The glories of empire pass away;

And yield a pleasure better than gold. Better than gold is a peaceful home, When all the fireside characters come; The shrine of love, the heaven of life, Hallowed 1 y mother, or sister, or wife; However humble the home may be, Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,

And center there are better than gold.

A land of distress - Wales.

On strike-A parlor match. A shepherd's crook-A sheep stealer. The scaboard-Salt pork and hard

With the builder it's either put up or

In the matter of fans the Chinese take the palm. The "nimble shilling" must be made out of quicksilver.

prepared for them: "We'll make things hum here." A spirit thermometer is best for cold

Shrewd inquiries are being made as to whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell?

pies and pizin it is hard to decide,-

who stutters must have great difficulty in finding himself .- Somereill: Journal.

Bobby—"What did you say, pa?" Pa
—"Never mind." Bobby—"I don't oftener than I have to, do II"—Binghampton Republica.

A clergyman who married a couple of doaf mutes in Brooklyn the other day made a bad break when he wished

But he who never lights at all, Yet swears he whips, has lots of gall. Tennyson compares men to trees, and perhaps he is right about some men, who are all limbs, whose boughs are awkward, and whose general rejutation is some-

terminable castigations are slowly sapping my very life."- Time. The United States Post Office Depart-

> He said in tones of sorrow, No "friends in need" for me! The friends that want to borrow ie friends that I do not wish to see.
>
> - Beston Courier.

courts:" Lawyer-"That's my busi-ness." Robinson-"Oh, well, I wouldn't get so touchy about a little thing if were you."- Time, Baker—"What is the price of flour to day!" Assistant—"Somewhat high-er," "Well, go down and tell the fore-

man to chuck in more yeast. Thank my stars, old Hutch can't get up a corner on wind," -- Philadelphia Record "Why, Mrs. De ancey, what is the matter with your daughter Florence! She looks completely used up and dor

And high over the earth stood the moon, As he took up his hat and strolled out to the

When Chaplain McCabe was in Kausas on a tour endeavoring to raise \$1. 000,000 for missions, a little boy heard his appeal, and thinking of the large sum he had to raise, determined to help him. The first chance he had early in the week he gathered a basketful of chestnuts, whith he sold for five cents, He sent this to Mr. McCabe with the

St. Paul, Minn., parties predict a de-crease in the log crop on the upper Mis-sissippi, the coming season, of about twenty per cent, from last season's cut.

With sympathics large enough to enfold All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Where luxury pillows its aching head,

And live with the great and good of vore; The world's great dream will thus unfold,

The blessings that never were bought nor

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A beetle can draw twenty times its own weight. Fo can a mustard plaster. Now say the bees after the hive is

weather purposes, because there is always

Jay Eye See will probably remain on the turf instead of going under it.-New York Heral !. When it comes to a question between

Uncle Sam may laugh at Canada, but he can't cutch a nation by cachinnation. -Detroit Free Pres . If he who hesitates is lost, the man

But then it gives a wicked taste. To the sausage of Bologne.

"So old Brown is dead, ch! Did he leave anything!" It broke his heart to do it, but he left everything."—Harper's Easur.

them "unspeakable bliss."- The Cartoon. He who fights and runs away May live to fight another day;

what shady .- New York Sun. Little Boston Girl (as the hair-brush is reached for)-"Mamma, the consecu-t veness and the prevalency of these in-

ment is pretty well supplied with regula-tions, there is one more we should like to see adopted about this time—"Post no bills." - Burlington Free Press.

He Misunderstood. - Robinson - "How does it come that you are always in the

for." "Oh, she's all right, Mrs. Van Tyke. She has just graduated from a "shing school,"—Springfield Union, the that she loved him, for when it was

gale,
She asked. "Are you roing so soon."

- Merchant Trave'se.

note: "If you want any more let me-know." - Chicago Herald.