FOREST REPUBLICAN

VOL. XXII. NO. 4.

SIXTY AND SIX.

Light of the morning.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1889.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Belgium is as convenient to offenders of France, as Canada boodlers of our land.

Japan is now a constitutional monarchy. Its progress toward liberal goverument has been by gigantic strides.

The total cost of the Paris Exposition 4s expected to be \$10,000,000. The Government contributes the greater part and the city of Paris most of the rest.

Senator Stanford, of California, offered \$55,000 for Kentucky Prince, and this, secording to the Spirit of the Times, was the largest sum ever offered for a horse, but it was refused.

In Toronto, Canada, through the efforts of the Humane Society, a work of humane literature, compiled by the Soriety, has been adopted as a text book in the public schools.

Nothing is more apparent at the present juncture, states the New York Graphic, than that the Italians are staggering under quite as heavy a load of taxation as they are able to hear.

It is estimated that the value of the land contained in Central Park, New York city, which originally cost \$6,500,000, is now worth, at least, over \$100,000,000 The maintenance of the Park costs nearly \$400,000 a year.

Seven nations have debts much larger than America, and the obligations of In la and Egype Spine will up toward the American sum. The debt of France is five times as large; the English debt is four times as large as ours.

It is significant, thinks the London News, that the Germans have recently thought it worth their while to detail to their American legation a "technical attache," with the prescribed duty of watching the new experiments in implements and means of warfare.

Thomas Ewing Sherman, the only son of General Sherman, now studying at Georgetown College, District of Columbia, will be ordained a Jesuit this summer. He launched out into the fashionable life of a young of his station, but suddenly retired from the social world to enter

upon a clerical career.

"Is there any crime, outrage or brutality in this world that a woman won't forgive in the man she loves?" asks the New York Moil and Express. "Here's Mrs. Bohan, the poor creature whose brute of a husband coolly gouged out both her eyes last fall, visiting and caressing him in the prison to which he was sent for his mutila-

Statistics, Miss Knatchbull-Hugesse says, have been recently collected as to the health of women university students after leaving college in England, and in particular those who have married. The results fully bear out the conclusion of Sir William Gull as to the advantage of thorough intellectual training for girls, even from a medical point of view.

Daniel A. Loring owns more stock gambling "bucket shops," asserts the New York Graphic, than any other man in this country. He has about 200 scatlered in different parts of the United States, and his telegraph bill annually is \$300,000. He is a great believer in real estate and invests most of his profits in good New York property. Personally he is youthful in appearance, with a smoothly thaven face, a clear blue eye and ruddy

The New York Commercial Advertises states that at Rondout-on-the-Hudson man died, leaving a property valued at \$2000. This was partly mortgaged. The mortgage and costs involved amounted to \$1999, thus leaving but \$1 to be divided among the widow and fourteen heirs. The widow will, however, have only the use of this dollar during her lifetime, and must leave it to her heirs at her death. There were twenty-two defendants in this interesting case.

It is a curious outcome of what appeared at one time a bellicose situation in the Samoan waters, moralizes the Chicago Times, that the elements rise up and drive the warships of Germany and America upon the rocks, destroying them. They encountered a force in nature more powerful than either of them and sinking nto the yeast of waves are seen no more. It was an appalling disaster. The English, with their usual good luck at sea, were not sufferers.

It would seem, remarks the New York News, that in the Spanish Cortes at Madrid the question of selling Cuba has been, if not discussed, at least referred to, as herwise there would be no cause for the emphatic declaration of the Spanish Minister of the Interior, that . Spain would never content to self Culm to the ned States or any other country" and there was not wealth's sugh in the

ole universe to buy even the smallest

on of the Spanish territory."

Darling of dawning, Blithe little, lithe little daughter of mine! While with thee ranging Sure I'm exchanging Sixty of my years for six years like thine. Wings cannot vie with thee, Lightly I fly with thes. Gay as the thistle down over the lea; Life is all magic,

Comic or tragic Played as thou playest it daily with me.

Floating and ringing Thy merry singing when the light comes, like that of the List to the play of it? That is the way of it;

All's in the music and naught in the words-Glad or grief-laden, Schubert or Hayde, Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay, Like an evangel

Some baby angel Brought from sky-nursery stealing away

Surely I know it, Artist nor poet s my treasure of jubilant hours. Sorrows, what are they? Nearer, or far, they

Vanish in sunshine, like dew from the flowers. Years, I am glad of them! Would that I had of them More and yet more, while thus mingled with

Age, I make light of it! Fear not the sight of it,

Time's but our playmate, whose toys are divine. -Thomas W. Higginson, in The Century.

THE STOLEN LETTER.

BY RELEN FORREST GRAVES

"You are very foolish to think of it at all," said Miss Antonina Blodgett.

Miss Blodgett was trimming her hat with a bunch of artificial honeysuckles. The spring fashions were in, and Miss Blodgett had no idea of being called a dowdy. She was a handsome, high-colored girl, with hair arranged in the very latest style, rhinestones screwed into her ears, and two or three different colored rings on her plump fingers, and she hummed the refrain of the latest opera bouffe as she sat there waiting for the tea-

Madeline Murray had just come in from chool. The children had been unusually troublesome that day. Four obstinate, bullet-hended little lads had stolidly refused to capitulate, on the subject of the multiplication table, until four o'clock; and then there were the copy-books to be gathered up, the object lessons for the morrow to be glanced over, and the weekly report to be carried in to the viceprincipal.

"I am afraid, Miss Murray," he had said to her, "that your dicipline is hardly what it ought to be. None of the other teachers have trouble with their chil-

"None of the other teachers have such bad class as mine," instinctively retorted poor Madeline.

But the vice-principal had only frowned, and muttered something about "excuses being convenient."

And Madeline had dragged herself home, with a headache that seemed like red-hot needles tingling at the base of her brain, and a heart full of despondency, for she knew well that Mr. Doubleday, the vice-principal, had a sister who was eagerly awaiting the first vacancy to

become herself a teacher. At home she had found a letter from an old grand aunt awaiting her.

"I don't know whether you're tired of trying that experiment of city life," wrote Aunt
Eunice, after a peculiar orthography of her
own, "but I should think you might be by
this time. Lois Anu is married, and I need
somebody to help me with the housework. If you choose to come back to the farm, I'll pay a dollar and a half a week, just the same as I paid Lois Ann, and give you a good home. And it is an offer I shall not make twice."

Madeline looked wistfully at the letter. Go back to the shrill sound of Aunt Eunice's voice, the dreary drudgery of washing and ironing, baking, soft soap making and cellar scrubbing—go back to the old existence from which she had been so anxious to escape? Would it not be a tacit admission that life for her

Yet, on the other hand, there was the vice-principal's persistent disapprovalthe sister only waiting a chance to edge herself in as a teacher-the headaches and the utter disheartenment.

"You'll never have a chance to get married," said Miss Blodgett, "if you bury yourself alive in the country like

"I do not think I shall ever marry,"

said Madeline, sadly.
"Why not?" said fair Autonina. "There isn't much style about you, to be sure, but there are always plenty of opportuni-

ties in such a place as this. For Miss Blodgett's sister-in-lawshrill-voiced widow, with a tomahawkshaped nose and a cap invariably slipped to one side-kept the boarding-house, and it was full of eligible boarders; and not a fresh air, ten minutes or so later, he gentleman sat down to the table for whom Miss Antonina had not, at one time or

other, "set her cap." She was like a gaudy double tulip-Madeline Murray like one of the stenderstemmed violets that only blossoms in the shade, but are ineffably sweet.

"I am almost discouraged," said Madeline, in a low voice.

'Oh, well, do as you please," said Miss Blodgett, remembering, as she spoke, that if blue-eyed Madeline were gone, she would have no rival in the eyes of Mr. Avenel, the young lawyer, who sat opposite them at table.

Madeline was very silent this evening. Miss Biodgett talked and laughed with musual volubility. Mr. Avenel, a black-haired, straightfeatured man, with pleasant hazel eyes.

watched them both with unusual taciturn-

"Shall I," he asked himself, as the shuffling waiter muttered the various items of dessert into his car, "or shall I not? Have I known her Jong enough. Has she given me any right to hope for such a blessing! - Shall I, or shall I not?"

spair of any definite order, a plate of dyspeptic-looking rice pudding, dotted

over with fat black raisins. It was almost as difficult for Mr. Avenel to make up his mind as it had been for Madeline Murray this dreary March night.

On the next Monday afternoon one of the round-eyed little school-boys ran after her, crying out:

"Teacher-teacher! here's a letter for Hold on a minute, teacher!

"Nonsense!" said Madeline, sharply. She had had four different labels attached to her gown that day; her lunch basket had had its contents extracted and replaced with shavings; the "Key to Algebra" had been skillfully substituted for 'First Lessons in Grammar," and numberless other facetious jokes had been played on her by those young lambs, her ing like a rose.

"Just this, Madeline. I love you. Will nore impositions.

"Gen'leman told me to give it to you!" breathlessly uttered the boy. "He gimme a dime, he did!"

But Madeline slipped past him into the house, taking advantage of the door being just then opened by Miss Blodgett, in all the glories of a cheap summer silk and the bonnet newly quivering with honeysuckles.

"Boy!" said Miss Blodgett, severely, "what are you doing here? None of your April-fool jokes in this house, unless you want me to send for a policeman."
"I ain't a-April fooling!" said the boy, with an injured voice. "It's a letter for

her-for teacher." "Who is it from?" said Miss Blodgett, who was not without her fair share of Madam Eve's inheritance.

"A gen'leman," said the boy. "He gimme a silver dime, he did!"
"Let me look at it," said Miss Blod-

gett; and in an instant she recognized the straight, clear handwriting of John Avenel. "Oh, yes, I see! I'll take charge of it, young man."
"Will you be sure teacher gets it?" eagerly panted the lad. "'Cause he

"It's all right," said Miss Blodgett, turning back into the house and running hurriedly up to her own room.

must be a fate in it," said she, e ew, rustling bonnet-strings. "I wonder what he can possibly have to say to her [11] just hold the letter over maid. the tea-kettle spout for a minute-it's easy sealed up again-and if it should be

nothing but an April-fool-She giggled nervously as she stole down into the kitchen to borrow a kettle of boiling water. But it was no April fool missive. It

as a simple, straightforward declaration of love—a laying of Mr. Avenel's heart and hand at Madeline Murray's feet.

"If you care for me," he wrote, "come down to the parlor to-night. I shall be waiting there, more anxiously than I can tell you. If you do not come, I shall never utter a word of reproach to you. You have a right to your own decision." Miss Blodgett read the letter. She

mawed her full, red underlip, and took er resolution in the twinkling of an eye. She put away her showy walking garassumed a wrapper, and deluged her forehead with cologne

And then she sent for Miss Murray to come and sit with her.

touch, dear," she said. "If you will only sit by me and stroke my head-' And gentle Madeline, all unconscious of the black treachery in Antonina's heart,

was only too glad to be of use. Mr. Avenel was unwontedly pale when he came to the breakfast-table the next

Madeline glanced timidly at him, but ventured to say nothing but the merest

Good morning?" Antonina, however, followed him out into the hall when the meal was over.

"Forgive me, Mr. Avenel," said she in her sweetest voice; "but I cannot withhold my sympathy for the cruel way in which you have been treated. I couldn't have believed it of Madeline Murray!" He turned quickly around.

"You know all about it, then?" said

+I told her it was wrong to laugh at you. Oh, Mr. Avenel, do not look stern. There are other women in the world be sides Madeline Murray. Oh, if such a treasure had been offered to me-

She stopped abruptly, and hung down her head, with a pretty affectation of con

"Pray do not distress yourself," said Avenet, coldly, "I am sorry that I have an imperative engagement this morning. He bowed, and hastened up stairs. Antonina looked after him with ar oblique light in her bold, handsome

"I was a little premature," she thought But no matter. He can't fling back my sympathy -- and time will work won-

I shall be Mrs. Avenel yet. And she sauntered into the drawing coom to finish vesterday's dog's-cared For Miss Blodgett was by far too fine a lady to work for her living. As John Avenel stepped out into the

found himself close alongside of Miss She was looking unusually pretty, in her simple straw hat and close-fitting jacket; her blue eyes brightened, and a

tide of warm color mounted into her "Oh, Mr. Avenel," said she, "I am so glad to see you!

"You see," said Madeline, shyly, "I want to ask your advice." She looked at him with a startled air. What have I done to offend you?" said she, what have I done that is

Nothing at all," he answered, bethinking himself of his obligations as a you had a right to decide for yourself, tern slides are made. Miss Murray

"You told me?" lifting her pretty "In my letter," he explained rather

"What letter?"

"No, I certainly did not."

"That is very strange," said Avenel. I gave it to Tommy Dixon to give to Madeline uttered a little cry of despair.

"It's the very letter," she cried. "Tommy ran after me with it, and I wouldn't take it, because I thought it was one of his horrid, teasing, little April fool tricks. Oh, what a fool I was! And an April one, too!" she added, curiously balancing on the boundary line between smiles and tears.

"Then you didn't read it?" "How could I, when I never got it?" "Shall I tell you what was inside?" he asked, holding both her little trembling hands in his.

"Yes, please do," she murmured, knowing by some strange intuition just what was coming next, and already color-

you be my wife?" "And-and do you want me to answer

"Most assuredly I do." . "Then-yes!"

"My own dear little girl! No, you must not go on to the public school. You do not belong to the public school any longer; you belong to be. Let me walk back to the house with you, for-

Just at this moment, however, a red faced, panting maid servant, with an thrown over her head, met them on the steps, holding something white in her hand.

"Miss Murray! Miss Murray!" she ried, "I've got it for you. I knowed I could if only I waited long enough. "Got what, Rosy?" said perplexed

"The letter as was writ to you, Miss Murray—the letter as I saw Miss Blod-gett opening over the same of the bilin' hot tay kettle, through the crack of the hot tay kettle, through the crack of the door, bad luck to he I knowed then as something was wrong, an' I jest lay low an' waited till I found it in the pocket of her silk gownd, directed to 'Miss Madeline Murray.' Sure I didn't furgit the night you tuck care of me, wid the neurology in my face, an' the hop poul-tices you made, at all. There don't nobody stale nothin' from you whin Rosy

Ryan's around!" In a second Antonia Blodgett's flushed face appeared behind the excited house-

"Give me back my letter, you thief!" she screamed, before she saw Mr. Avenel and Madeline.

Then she stopped quickly, with her fingers pressed over her heart. "It ain' me as is the thafe!" boldly

persisted Rosy. And Antonina judged it best to follow the matter no farther. "But what was it you wanted me to advise you about?" said Avenel, after-

ward, to Madeline, "About whether I should stay here or go back to the country," whispered she.
"Then I advise you to stay here."

And this is the reason that, of all months in the year, the month of April is Mrs. John Avenel's favorite. - Saturday

The Hardships of Explorers.

Not very long ago a number of men lauded from canoes at Asuncion, Para-They were barefoot, ragged and general disreputable in appearance. They told the conductor who they were, and said they had no money, but at the hotel, a mile from the landing, they would be identified and their fares would be paid. The conductor did not do business on that basis. He told the party they looked like beggars, and they must pay their fares or walk. They thereupon walked to the hotel, where a hearty welcome and plenty of money awaited them. They were the Thouar exploring expedition, sent out by the Argentine Government, just returning from their long trip on the Pilcomayo River, and officially emplimented for having accomplished

'a hitherto impossible feat.' Explorers usually undergo a good deal of wear and tear in their personal appearance. Stanley, who entered Africa on one side with a head of brown hair, ame out on the other with hair almost white. Sir Samuel Baker said a while ago that an explorer could not wander round Central Africa very long and continue to look like a white man .- Now

How to Prevent Coal Oll Accidents. Professor P. B. Wilson, inspector of gas and illuminating oils, offers these suggestions to prevent coal oil accidents: First, replace glass with metal lamps, especially when the lamp is to be kept lighted all night; second, the wick should fill the entire burner, both as to thicknes and width, but not so tight as to prevent an upward flow of oil to the point of ignition, nor to prevent air replacing the oil as it is consumed; third, have no vents or openings of any kind near the burner; fourth, do not set a glass lamp on any heated mantel or other rest where it will be heated, and from there carry it suddenly into the cold air of another room, as the contraction of vapor in the lamp will cause an inflow of air which may carry the flame with it; fifth, completely fill the lamp before using, and ever refill it or trim the wick until the body of the lamp and the burner has

A New Craze of the "Upper Crust," Just now the stereopticon and magiintren are quite a craze in the upper cir cles of society. Many people of fashion and wealth have bought handsome stere opticons, with a large variety of views and, having learned to manipulate them properly, now give entertainments in their parlers for the benefit of their friends. Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, who is an excellent amateur photographer, took many negatives during the famous Blaine-"You know that I told you Damrasch coaching trip, from which lanwith other views of Scotland, she has exhibited at several receptions in her palahas used a complete magic lantern for quite a long time, and with it affords much pleasure and instruction to clubs "Did you not receive a letter from me of working girls, as well as to her per-And the waiter brought him, in de- yesterday?" he asked in some surprise. | sonal friends. - New York Star.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

MARING MAYONNAISE.

In making mayonnaise stir the yelk of the egg at least a minute before beginning to add oil. The oil must be added drop by drop, one drop to every one or two circuits of the spoon. When the mayonnaise becomes quite thick use a few drops of vinegar to thin it, then more oil until sufficient sauce be made. The vinegar should be very strong. W

SMELTS IN FRENCH STYLE. Smelts are fried in French style, ecording to Miss Corson, as follows: Carefully wipe two pounds of cleaned smelts with a dry cloth; dip them in milk, then roll in finely powdered cracker crumbs, next in an egg beaten with a saltspoonful of salt and a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper, and then again in cracker crumbs; fry them in enough smoking-hot fat to cover them, until they are golden brown. Take them from the fat with a skimmer, lay them on a napkin or a piece of paper to absorb all fat, and serve them laid in rows with a few quarters of lemon on the side of the

MASHED POTATOES. The object in mashing potatoes is to separate the starch cells, thereby rendering the potato less indigestible. the potatoes are boiled, pour off the water and place them on back of range to evaporate all absorbed moisture. Then press them through a strong coarse sieve twice, or once through the patent masher. To a quart of potatoes add two ounces of creamed butter, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a pint of rich cream; beat it up with a fork until as light as snowflakes and serves. Thus prepared the potato is a luxury. Do not press them with a fork or knife, as some vegetable cooks at res taurants are in the habit of doing. they are wanted crusted, place the snowy dish in the oven a few minutes to brown. -New York Herald.

A nice dessert is made with canned eaches and gelatine as follows: Soak half a package of gelatine in half a cupful of water for two hours. Boil a cupful of water and a scant cupful of sugar fifteen minutes. Mash fine one pint of canned peaches, rub through a sieve and put them into the syrup; cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Set the saucepan into another containing boiling water and add the gelstine; stir five minutes or more till the gelatine is dissolved; then place the saucepan in a dish of ice water and beat the syrup until it begins to cool; add the unbeaten whites of eggs and beat till the mixture begins to harden. When it will just pour, turn it into a mold and let it harden. Serve with cream and sugar .- New York World,

Put in a pan on the stove a lump of butter the size of an egg; thoroughly mix with it when hot a heapening tables ful of flour; add gradually a cup of boiling water, being careful to form no lumps; beat a cup of sugar with three eggs till light, and add to the first mix ture when it has sufficiently cooled so as not to scald the eggs; flavor with vanilla or nutmeg and spread in Your pie tin that has previously had its crust laid on, and bake quickly with no upper crust; if de sired the white of one

egg can be reserved and used for frosting After filling your tin with under crust spread your thinly sliced apples in evencover with upper crust and bake; while baking take enough sugar to sweeten nicely, and with a tablespoonful of butter, mix thoroughly till it creams add grated nutmeg, and as soon as the pie is baked, with a thin, sharp knife carefully separate the two crusts, and laying the upper crust aside, spread the flavored butter and sugar evenly over the apples and replace the upper crust .-Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. A little gum arabic imparts a gloss to

ordinary starch. Wash all marble daily with ammonia and water instead of soapsuds.

To prevent a door from creaking apply little stove polish to the hinges. Sweep and dust once a week the rooms

which do not daily receive this attention. To clean steel, rub the article with iece of wash leather dipped in kerosene Put salt in the water to prevent black an fading when they are

washed. Young veal may be told by the bone in the cutlet. If it is very small the veal is not good.

dass bottle half filled with water will clean it quickly. Paint made with turpentine is a better rotector for iron work than when mixed with linseed oil.

A wineglass of strong borax water

Egg shells crushed and shaken in

sint of raw starch will make collars a cuffs stiff and glossy. A good egg has a clean, healthy look ing shell, while a bad one has a dull porous looking shell.

Kerosene is unexcelled in starch to rive polish; also to polish glass. It will aake vour windows shine like silver. Cake is baked when a fine splinter of rood will pass through without any or the cake adhering, and not until then.

When not too bad, musal catarrh may

be relieved by snuffing tepid salt water

through the nose, two or three times u A few drops of lard or sweet oil rubbed on the surface of a mustard plaster will always prevent it from blistering the

Horseradish root grated and moistened

with vinegar, put in a bag and applied to the seat of pain, will cure or relieve Two apples kept in a cake hox will keep moderately rich cake moist a great ength of time, if the apples are renewed when withered,

WHERE RUBBER IS FOUND.

GATHERING THE CROP ALONG THE MIGHTY AMAZON.

re-empting Seringoes - Congealing the Sap-Celebrated Para Biscuit -Veritable Living Rubber Men.

Rubber is a coagulated sap of the iphonia elastica and its kindred genera. a tree, shrub, bush, vine or weed produc ng merchantable quantities of rubber in Brazil, the North and West Coasts of South America, Central America, Mexico East and West Coasts of Africa and India. Even our common milk weed would produce a very fair rubber. The tandard and most reliable rubber in uality, as well as the highest pricedhe celebrated "fine Para biscuit"—i produced in Brazil, while the lowest grades and most irregular qualities are the productions of the West Coast of Africa; the latter, in fact, are even there leteriorating-due to carelessness o fraud on the part of the gatherers.

On the lower Amazon, among the slands, rubber is collected and brought to market every month in the year; but the rubber from the upper river gathered during the dry season only reaches mar-ket in the wet season, for the double reason of the necessity for high water to mable the river steamers to reach the higher branches of the river and th enormous distances required to be sailed over by these steamers, whose trips into Peru and the head waters and back cover greater distance than from here to Liverpool and back, and consume greater time, Between Para and th Andes Mountains there are 30,000 to 40, 000 miles of navigable water of the Amazon and its tributaries.

The rubber from this valley wa

formerly brought to market in the shape

of bottles and shoes, made by the native over clay molds, which were then broken and taken out. This method was continued until about 1848 or 1849, when a wooden mold something after the shape of a paddle, was adopted by the gatherers, and is exclusively used to-day. Grants of seringoes, or rubber lands, are made by the provincial governments upon application of discovers or explor-ers of same, on the condition of their occupying and working the trees, which are in turn mortgaged to the Para or Manaos merchants as security for the advancement of supplies to the gatherers against rubber to be delivered throughout the crop. Nearly all the available lands are thus taken up, although not all thus pre-empted are worked. seringoes exist not only on the river margins, but in the interior as well-alwaye, however, in low districts of swampy nature, near or around lakes o ponds; and from these inland lakes small streams drain into the river, down which the rubber is floated to the forwarding points for shipment to Para.

Some of the seringoes are very exten sive, and many men are employed-di vided into gangs—some to keep the paths open from tree to tree by constant chapsing and cutting at the wild and luxuri ant vegetable growth, which would other wise choke up the paths and render them impassable in a short time. Another gang gathers the milk or sap of the tree. cutting into the bark in a V-shap nd sticking to the tree at the point o the V a small clay cup or sancer of about two gills capacity, into which the white milky sap slowly trinkles. It is then col brought into camp, and dis tributed in large basins among the makers each of whom has a smouldering fire o nuts, covered by a portable clay chimney dense, black smoke. The operation is then a very simple one. The maker covers his paddle with a thin layer or sap, which naturally adheres to it, holds it in the smoke for a moment, at once congealing it. He then adds another layer, by dipping, and again holds his paddle in the smoke. This operation he repeats again and again, until the mer hantable "fine Para biscuit" is duced. The paddle is cut out and the

operation repeated. The biscuit, when finished and cut from the paddle, contains fifty-six per cent. water, which must be wholly evaporated before it is ready to put into goods. This loss is divided between the different parties who handle it. greatest loss is between the camp and Para, where every biscuit is cut for grading of quality. The sweepings of the camp rippings of the trees and cleanings from the basins, etc., are more carelessly rolled together into scrappy balls. In Ecuador the sap is floated on to water and mixed with ashes and other foreign stuff to hasten its congulation, not to mention

that it increases its weight. In Nicaragua the sap is drawn into the lishes and is congulated by mixing with he bruised leaves of a plant which

surishes in that vicinity. The natives in Africa have a method of thering by smearing the sap on their aked bodies, coming into camp veritable rubber men.

The product of rubber of the Amazo alley has more than doubled in the last en years. The crop ending the summer of 1878 was 7598 tons, while last year's crop was 15,725 tons. The total conamption of all grades of rubber in the United States last year was 30,000,000 ounds, the value of which was about \$15,000,000 .- Scientific American.

A Big Board,

A short time ago H. Herman, of New York city, sent an agent to Scottshurg Ind., to purchase a large white oak tree, which measured twenty seven feet in circumference. He paid 875 for it, large a board as possible. The tree was ripped up by means of a cross-cut saw and a board ten inches thick, five feet two and a half inches wide at butt, and long, was hauled to the depot and loaded on a flat car. It required two yoke of oxen and eight horses a whole day to move it one and one-half salles on a broad trend wagon, The board was shipped to New York.

Canada has increased the export duty on logs \$1 per 1000 feet.

DAWN AND DUSK.

Job work-cash on delivery.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion 100

One Square, one inch, one month...... 3 00 One Square, one inch, three months...... 5 00

Haif Column, one year 80 00

Marriages and death notices gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Stender strips of crimson sky Near the dim horizon lie, Shot across with golden bara Reaching to the fading stars; Soft the balmy west wind blows 1 Wide the portals of the rose; Smell of dawy pine and fir, Lisping leaves and vines astir; On the borders of the dark Gayly sings the meadow-lark, Bidding all the birds assemble Hark, the welkin seems to tremble! Suddenly the sunny gleams

Break the pappy-fettered dream Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven, Piping to the nymph and faun, Who, with wreaths of ivy woven, Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

Shifting shadows indistinct; Leaves and branches, crossed and linked. Cling like children, and embrace, Frightened at the moon's pale face. In the gloomy wood begins Noise of insect violins: Swarms of fire-flies flash their lamps In their atmospheric camps, And the sad-voiced widepoorwill Echoes back from hill to hill. Liquid clear above the crickets Chirping in the thorny thickets. Weary eyelids, eyes that weep, Wait the magic touch of sleep;

While the dew, in silence falling, Fills the air with scent of musk, And this lonely night-bird, calling, Drops a note down through the dusk. -Frank Dempster Sherman,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Rifle practice-Pocket picking. Unredeemable bonds-Vagabonds. Miss Fit isn't a very popular dress-

The Chinaman is a realist. He takes ais cue from nature. Lots of people are inconsistent enough

expect a mule to have horse sense,

First impressions are everything, par-ticularly when one is collecting engrav-Any man can get his wife to take ac-

ive exercise by giving her enough money shop with. It is easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than for the savage to

get through his need of an idol.

Smith—"Jones, were you enlisted dur-ing the wart" Jones—"No, but my sympathics were."—Burlington Free Pree. Why not abbreviate Alaska to L. S., which whould sufficiently identify it as the place of the scal?—Baston Transcript. A new broom sweeps clean, but if oesn't sweep half as clean as a new hired

girl with an old broom .- Burlington Free The mining stock seller who let his friend into the stock on "a ground floor price" had already got into the cellar .-New York News.

The latest bit of Washington Territory brag is that the climate is so fine that wool grows even on hydraulic rams .-Memphis Avalanche. No one has ever yet been able to ex-

plain why a kiss is such a pleasant but the subject is being constantly investigated. - Detroit Free Press. "Miss Bertha, I love you! Will you be mine?" 'Yes certainly! Why else would have been going to a cooking school of

a year?" - Fliegende Blactter. Tubbs-"I flatter myself that honests is printed on my face," Grubbs—"Well—er—yes, perhaps—with some allowance for typographical errors," — Burlington Free Press,

Artesian wells have no poetry and no romance in them. The moss-covered bucket, and the old oaken bucket, and all that sort of thing disappeared when the well became a perfect bore. - Picayune. The spring fashion in E-cropean was clouds presents a small pattern of a lighter shade than last year, with bright spots scattered here and there by war

orrespondents out of a job .- New York

Business Man (dejectedly)-"My dear, I mortgaged this house to-day." "Mortgaged—oh! How much!" "Five thousand dollars." "Isn't that grand! Now you can get me that diamond neck lace."-Philadelphia Record,

Medical Examiner (for Insurance com pany) You appear to be in a very dition." Applicant for Insurance-"Yes. your agents have been chinning at me for six mouths."-Philadelphia Record. Old Man (at the head of the stairs at

2:30 A. M.) -- Susie, what time is it?

Susie (with second look at Reginald, who

loosens his grip)— "A few minutes past 10, papa," Old Man—"Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed." In Persia when a railroad kills a the natives pull up the track for miles hoycott the trains. As a practical precention of milroad accidents this plat must be almost as effective as that of tying

a director on the coweatcher. - Somerell Brown - 'Hello, Robinson, I thought from the musicale to night to were trying in the musicale to night Robinson -- "I just left there." "What made you leave so ently?" Rob "A sixteen year-old young man is trying to sing 'Larboard Watch, Ahoy!'

Things that eeg would rather not have sid.—Mahistick—"Do you know, Miss Mannerby, that some of my friends tell me that I am deteriorating in my paint ing!" Miss Mannerby-"Oh, Mr. Mahl stick! That's quite impossible."- Best.

what's the matter with you. You need something strengthening. Eat a plate of oatmeal, boiled, every morning for break fast." Patient. "I do, doctor." Doctor (equal to the occasion) ... Then leave it off."—Youkee Blad

A Wise Dector. - Dector -- "I see just

Negotiations have been resumed with Spain for a renewal of the treaty of erest