

FOREST REPUBLICAN

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Thibet is the only country not open to missions. The Nicaraguans decline to believe that we are in earnest about our canal.

During the last eighty years eight million people have died of phthisis in France.

Reports are given out that Turkey is in a bad way all around and cannot hold out much longer.

The Indians on the Devil's Lake Reservation in Northern Dakota refuse to receive allotments of land in severalty.

The Russian language has now been formally imposed on the German and all other inhabitants of the Baltic provinces.

Two billion dollars are invested in dairying, more than the value of the country's banking and commercial interests combined.

England is said to be growing very tired of Canada because of its broils with the United States, and would not be sorry to cast it off forever.

It is said that the returns of the assessors will show a gain this year in the valuation of property in Boston of about \$30,000,000 over 1888.

It is claimed that under its Constitution as a State Idaho's expenses will be \$50,000 or \$60,000 less per annum than it has cost to run the Territorial Government.

The Epoch asserts that Eastern American farmers have suffered nearly as much from the development of the agricultural resources of the West as the farmers of Europe.

Mr. Gladstone and his wife have saved marriage from being a failure by the following rule: "When my wife insists," says the great statesman, "I submit; when I insist she submits."

The Superintendent of the Building Department in New York city thinks that in actual construction the first half year of 1889 was the busiest that has ever been known since the department was created.

Preparations are already being made in several German university towns to celebrate next year the three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope. Zacharias Janssen, of Middleburg, put together the first microscope in 1590.

There is a movement on foot to bring back the remains of Davy Crockett, the hero of the Alamo, to his birthplace in Tennessee. He was born midway between Greenville and Jonesborough, where the landmark of his cabin home is still to be seen.

Since the introduction of masted ships some sort of a gymnasium has been recognized as a necessity for providing the seamen with the proper amount of exercise, formerly found in the work aloft. Each war ship will now have the needed arrangements.

The first attempts at cultivating American cotton in Central Asia failed. From a Russian work it appears, however, that since 1884 success has been achieved in Russian Turkistan, where no less than 38,700 acres were devoted to this crop in 1887, and three times as much in 1888.

The Washington Star announces that the Government may be expected to take vigorous measures to prevent the premature occupation of the choice spots of the Sioux reservation by its officials who are sent out to prevent the settlers from entering. Oklahoma experiences give warning.

"It is not all matter for congratulation," thinks the Epoch, "that New York city and Brooklyn, from having in 1830 only twelve per cent. of the entire population of the State, should have today at least forty per cent. of that population, and should have to pay over sixty per cent. of the taxes."

"Who was it said," asks the New York Tribune, "Give me the hens' eggs of the country and I will pay off the national debt?" "Whoever it was," adds the Tribune, "will be interested in knowing that Russia exported to England in 1887 the large number of 1,088,000,000 eggs, which sold for 29,285,000 roubles."

All the accounts of the experiments with smokeless powder at the Spandau sham fight, given by Emperor William of Germany in honor of his royal guest, the Emperor of Austria, concur in saying that no smoke was visible at a distance of 300 yards, and that no sound was heard beyond a slight tapping. A strange effect was produced, observes the New York Herald, by the spectacle of a large mass of troops in firing position, seemingly inactive, but really pouring forth a deadly fire.

A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

Lying 'twixt the misty pages Of a book with time-worn cover, Mingling with the thoughts of ages, Is a spray of four-leaf clover. Years have not effaced its tinting, And mayhap its mystic powers, Are as when the sunlight glistens, Gave it life in summer hours. Did the hand of some fair maiden, Dancing in love's giddy maze, Pluck thee, whilst the brows laden, Whispered of the envious daisies? Ah, 't may be some woman broken, Grieving o'er life's empty measure, Grasped thee as a living token Of some fleeting, phantom pleasure. Some one plucked thee in thy beauty, Mystic fruit of spring-time olden, Some one who in fields of duty, Gathers now in autumn golden. Still the yellow sunlight gleaming, Glides the bloom where wild bees hover; Other loves, mayhap are dreaming, Over sprays of living clover. -Hollis W. Field, in Detroit Free Press.

TAMING A BEAR.

BY BERKELEY ROBINSON. "Pinkleberry, I heard a charming young widow say the other day that all bachelors were bears and that you were the 'Ursa Major' of the lot—the biggest bear of all." "Humph! Hang widows, I say!" "Yes, she said that any man who would live a bachelor's life in such a pretty place as yours and put up notices on the grounds warning off trespassers ought to be caught in a trap and put out of their misery."

"Well, you can tell her for me that I think the native East Indians the most sensible people in the world. When a married man dies there they bury his widow on a wood pile and get rid of her at once. If that were in the law here we would all be more comfortable. I detest widows, anyhow!" "Squire Burnham reported this conversation, with a few rhetorical additions, at the tea-table of his sister-in-law, a pleasant-faced maiden lady, who eked out a rather narrow income by taking half a dozen summer boarders. Her house, long and low and old-fashioned and shaded by a grove of ancient cherry trees, was one of the oldest in the pretty little village of Edgewood, but it delighted all strangers by its picturesque surroundings."

The show place of the village was the handsome stone mansion of Mr. Pinkleberry, who was reputed to be the richest man in the township and who, as the neighbors said with disgust, had "neither chick nor child to leave his money to." To speak more truthfully, his wife would have been the show place if he had permitted visitors within his gates, but he never entertained any strangers at his house, the notices against trespassing which were conspicuously posted up over every entrance to his grounds kept away those who would have been glad of a nearer view of his residence and of a sight of his household furnishings and treasures which common report had fabulously enlarged and overvalued.

All the boarders were present at Miss Harkins's tea-table when Squire Burnham repeated his conversation with Mr. Pinkleberry. "The monster!" said the Widow Smith, whose two sprightly daughters from the metropolis had made themselves recognized at Edgewood as the belles of the season. "He ought to be married to an old maid who would nag the life out of him," said the elder daughter, and "Hanging would be too good for him," chimed in the younger. Indeed, it might have gone hard with the woman-hating bachelor had this bevy of ladies been made the jury with power to administer to him such punishment as a feminine Judge Lynch should decide upon."

There was one lady present who listened to the discussion with quiet mien but an ominous flashing of her hazel eyes. She had been staying at the house for nearly a month, but no one knew anything about the bright, pretty little woman of twenty-five, whose face was always demure, but her conversation was sparkling and witty, except that her name was Wiley. The fact that she was a guest there was sufficient evidence of her respectability, and her manners gave the best of evidence to her good birth and breeding. But the young ladies had all along been puzzled to know whether she was rival they most feared in their flirtations, or whether she was one they had applied to Miss Harkins for information. That lady was accustomed to speak in the village vernacular, even of the most venerable of married ladies as "Miss Smith" or "Miss Brown," and she answered their queries by saying: "Law, me! I've something better to do than go asking Miss Wiley if she has ever buried a husband or not!"

It was a few days after this hearing of feminine anathemas on the head of Mr. Pinkleberry that this gentleman made his appearance at the boarding house to consult Miss Harkins in reference to the proposed purchase of a portion of her land which lay contiguous to his own. When the conference had been concluded the two walked out on the front piazza where the pretty little widow (for we may as well confess here that "Miss" Wiley was "a widow indeed") sat in a camp chair busily crocheting in worsted. Mr. Pinkleberry nodded a bare acknowledgment of the introduction which Miss Harkins gave him to "Miss Wiley," but as he did so must have found the picture presented to his eyes a most entrancing one—and, to be sure, he might have journeyed fifty miles without meeting a more attractive face and figure—for he passed, and, leaning against a pillar, with his hands in his pockets and his hat on his head, watched her busy, dainty fingers for a full minute before he spoke. "Stranger here!" at last asked the rich man of Edgewood, in a patronizing fashion. The lady looked up with a surprised rather than haughty air, and looked the iron-clad bachelor squarely in the face.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" "Yes, miss, I asked if you were a stranger in our part."

"Oh, I beg pardon. I am a stranger to some of the people, I am glad to say, but to none of your beautiful scenery, except that which is kept under lock and key." "Under lock and key, Miss Wiley! What do you mean?" "Why I mean the prettiest place in Edgewood is kept shut up like a prison by the horrid old man who owns it. He can't enjoy it himself and he's too mean to let others enjoy even a glimpse of it."

"Mr. Pinkleberry, you once said—and not long ago, either—that all widows should be burned on a funeral pyre." Mr. Pinkleberry looked confused for a moment. Then a bright idea suddenly struck him. "But did I never hear you say that the death penalty ought to be passed on all unmarried men?" It came to the widow's turn to be non-plussed, and she was really embarrassed. Recovering herself with something of a struggle, she said: "Before I had ever seen you I made a vow that I would exert all my endeavors to lead you on until you made an offer of yourself to me, and that then I would indignantly reject you. I wanted to prove to you that widows were not the worst of their sex—that wealth was not the bait to catch a heart—and that I must be loved and won with love alone. Knowing all this, dare you love me?"

"I do, and—"

"I made a vow to reject you and I must keep it."

"May I suggest a compromise. Violate?" "Violate? You presume, sir. Remember, I am a widow."

"I must forget the widow and remember Violet. My compromise would be that you reject the man who stood before you on the day we first met and accept the man in whose heart you have renewed the image and superscription of his Maker."

The witching widow was silent for a long minute, then she turned with wet eyelids, placed her hand in his and said softly, "I will."

As a tame bear, Mrs. Pinkleberry frequently remarks that her husband is a success. -New York Mercury.

Irrigation in Dakota.

The United States Senate Irrigation Committee, of which Senator Stewart of Nevada is Chairman, held a session at Sioux Falls, Dakota, in which statements were submitted by gentlemen interested in irrigation. The principal speaker was Professor Lewis Macclouth, President of the South Dakota Agricultural College at Brookings.

There were hundreds of artesian wells, he said, in the valley of the James River, each including a large flow of water from an average depth of 1000 feet. The power thus obtained was now utilized to run steam presses, electric-light dynamos, mills and factories. An inexhaustible supply of water and of water power could therefore be had in this valley by an increase in the number of artesian wells. Some of the wells already flowing gave out 4000 gallons a minute. If the yearly flow of those wells could be saved and stored in reservoirs, to be used as needed, so as to supply in the growing season the deficiency in the natural rainfall, it would add enormously to the development of agriculture and turn the entire James River Valley into a luxuriant garden. One thousand such wells, Professor Macclouth says, would add \$400,000,000 to the value of the land in that region.

The Half-Moon of the Finger Nail.

The half-moon of the finger nail, which is esteemed so great a beauty, if carefully attended to, will increase in time, and even where it has been almost obliterated, will grow to be very beautiful. Many people think that pushing the skin back from the nail will show it more, and that by this practice the delicate horn, as we call it, which holds the upper and under skins together, is totally destroyed, and the ends of the fingers have a ugly yellow growth encircling the nail instead of the delicate framework which nature intended. Then the way in which the nail is cut can totally change the shape of the finger. By cutting the nails close at the sides and keeping the corners from adhering to the skin, hang-nails can be avoided. Where the nails are thin and inclined to break, frequent oiling is necessary, and the nails should never be polished except when some oily substance is used behind the powder. This keeps the nails more pliable, and no matter how thin they are, if properly treated, they are no more liable to break than richer ones. Another thing that is bad for the nails is polishing them too roughly. They should be lightly touched and not rubbed until they become heated. This is one cause of white spots coming on the nail and marring its beauty. -Medical Clinician.

To Identify a Diamond.

A ready way of identifying a diamond is given by an expert: Prick a needle hole through a card, and look at it through the doubtful stone. If it is spurious, two holes will be seen distinctly on the card; if it is a diamond only one hole will be visible, for there is no other stone at all resembling the diamond but that gives a double reflection. This property is also made use of for determining an uncertain stone. If the finger is placed behind it, and looked at through the stone with a magnifier, the grain of the skin will be plainly visible if the stone is not a diamond; but otherwise, it will be distinguished at all. A diamond in a solid setting may be distinguished in the same way; if genuine, the setting at the back cannot be distinguished, but if a false stone, either the foil or the setting may be plainly seen.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO MAKE STAMPING POWDER STICK. Dampen linen and muslin a very little, and stamp it; then, don't put paper over it and press it, but stand a hot iron on end, and hold the stamped goods almost against it until the powder is set. You can then press it, but don't put paper over it. For velvet, take sticks half an inch thick, wrap the ends with cloth to hold the sticks up, then they won't crease the velvet; lay them across the velvet and set the iron on them to set the powder. -Housewife.

HOW TO EAT BANANAS.

Ordinarily in this country bananas are eaten raw, says the American Analyst, but in tropical countries, while the natives eat them in like fashion, a more delicate and, it is said, a more healthy mode of eating them is in vogue. The soft, ripe fruit, eaten to a cream with a sufficiency of Amontillado sherry, forms a delightful appetizer, and is the favorite way of eating the banana in certain parts of the West Indies and of the African coast. Taken in moderation at first rising in the morning, bananas are said to be preservative of health, and in this respect are in marked contrast with other tropical fruits, which are detrimental, rather than otherwise, to continued good health. An intoxicating drink is made from the banana, and on account of its astringent qualities is of considerable medical value. In Africa, and probably in other places also, the banana and the kindred tree, the sole dependence for the food supply of natives. The banana, when ripe, contains 74 per cent. water; of the 26 remaining parts, 20 are sugar and two gluten or flesh-forming substance. It is not in itself a perfect food, but requires the addition of some other nitrogenous material, as lean meat. The pulp of the banana, but more often of the plantain, is oftentimes squeezed through a sieve and formed into loaves, which, when ripe, will keep a very long time. In a dried state it has the resemblance of bread, both in taste and composition, but the ripened pulp is saccharine, and not farinaceous. At Panama the rarest and most delicious of the banana species has its home. Small and ruddy in color, it is popularly known as the thumb banana, and on account of its delicate flavor it is prized even there. It does not bear transportation well, although it may often be found in the markets of Chicago and New York. Crossing the isthmus by the line that connects Panama with Aspinwall, the natives of the villages along the route make a habit of coming to the train, decked in primitive fashion, with garlands of flowers around their necks and flowers in their hair, and disposing of the fruit. Here the thumb banana may be eaten in its perfection.

RECIPES.

Sweet Pudding—One cup of suet chopped fine, one cup each of currants and raisins, three cups of flour, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cup of sour milk; boil one and one-half hours.

Vienna Cake—One cup each of sugar and flour, one tablespoonful of melted butter, four eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder; bake in layers; spread with a cream made of one cup of sour cream, one cup each of sugar and walnut meats rolled fine, boiled five minutes; ice the top with the white of one egg, thickened with powdered sugar.

Ginger Cookies—One-fourth of a pound of a butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sour cream, two cups of molasses, one egg, a pinch of salt, a spoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, one heaping teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a spoonful of warm water; flour to form a dough as soft as can be rolled.

Cream of Celery—Clean and cut in small pieces six stalks of celery and put to boil with three pints of good stock, cover and boil for two hours, then strain and rub through a fine sieve; keep hot; put in saucpan six ounces of butter, mix with it one-half cupful of flour, dilute with the strained celery stock and let boil, and use the pint of hot cream, season to taste, finish with a liaison of four egg yolks, a little milk, and three ounces of butter; do not boil again, strain in tureen and serve.

Doughnuts—One heaping cup of sugar, one and one-half cup of buttermilk, four tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, one scant teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a tablespoonful or so of warm water; nutmeg; flour to make a middling dough; roll out a dough one-half inch thick and cut into strips half an inch or so wide and six or eight inches long; double and twist to form a sort of a half double figure eight and fry in hot lard.

Cream Chicken—Cut the remains of cold boiled or roasted chicken in small pieces. Make a sauce of one pint of cream, two ounces of butter, the yolk of one egg beaten and a tablespoonful of cornstarch or flour, seasoning with salt and pepper, a little sugar and a teaspoonful of parsley. Let the pieces of chicken simmer in this sauce for half an hour. Stew some rice in milk, seasoning with salt and pepper. Put the chicken in the centre of the dish and surround it with rice.

Peach Gelatine—Press half a can of peaches through a colander; whip a pint of cream stiff; take a quarter of a box of gelatine that has been soaking in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and stir it over boiling water until it is dissolved; strain it into the puree of fruit; mix well and stand the basin—which should be a tin one—on the ice or in the snow, and stir from the bottom and sides until it begins to set and thicken, then add half of the whipped cream, mix thoroughly and set away in a mold to harden. If you don't set over night, turn out on a pretty dish and pour the remainder of the whipped cream, which you have kept in a cool place, around the base.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chubby-faced women make the best wives, it is said. Bead necklaces are the fashion of the moment in Paris. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is in her seventy-fourth year. The city editor of the Muncie (Ind.) Evening Herald is a woman. Srimati Hardevi, a Punjabee lady, is the first woman editor in India. There are a number of women who are notaries public in Chicago. Fine suede kid shoes with vamps of patent leather continue to find patrons. The New England Women's Press Association numbers almost 100 members. A Berlin professor says that constant piano practice will ruin the health of any girl. The real name of the author who signs herself 'The Duchess,' is Mrs. Hungerford. The newest driving cloaks are less voluminous than they were several months ago. An insurance company conducted by women has been established in New Orleans. Mr. Gladstone never drinks tea except what is specially made for him by Mrs. Gladstone. Full bishop sleeves are seen on wraps and gowns, though coat sleeves continue to be worn. Very pretty rustic stands of pottery simulate stumps and gnarls of wood in form and color. Nearly one-half of the 478 medical students graduated at the Boston University are women. The black ribbon collars now seen on light dresses are fastened with small Rhine stone buckles. Women are said to have the bumps of order and cleanliness more happily developed than the men. Twenty-three young ladies will make up the list of fashionable debutantes in Philadelphia next winter. Pongee silk corsets are exceedingly cool and comfortable, and consequently in demand at the present time. Sarah Arabella Mackie, of London, has been granted a patent for improvements in the manufacture of artificial fuel. The W. man's Educational and Industrial Union, of Buffalo, N. Y., owns a fine building, adapted to its work. It is rumored that long-waisted corsets will be made to extend over the hips in medieval fashion, next winter. The latest thing in women's sailor hats is a startling combination of red trim and white crowns, or blue crown and white brim. A London firm of diamond dealers has an order to supply the stones for a necklace for Lady Guinness, which is to cost \$125,000. When white gloves are used for driving they are stretched on the back with three rows of black, each row a quarter of an inch wide. With the Recamer wrapper, which is a simple short-waisted gown, is worn a turned-over collar of embroidery, with cuffs to match. The Princess Sophia takes daily lessons in Greek that she may be able to converse with her future husband, the Duke of Sparta. Book-covers that fit over any novel, and are of a correct shade to match the reader's costume, are favorites with this summer's seaside girl. New tulle gowns are some of them made up with a succession of skirts. Each skirt has a deep hem and falls straight all around. Lady Forester sends to the factory girls of London every week upward of 2000 bunches of flowers gathered by the servants on the estates. Mrs. Napier Higgins, the author, is the first lady Fellow of the English Royal Society of Literature since the days of Hannah More. Silk linings have not been used so extensively as last year. The waist lining and foundation skirt for cotton dresses are made of white lawn. Birdie May Wilson, of New York, has been granted a patent in Great Britain for a device for plucking hair, to be used in the dressing of skins. The City Council of Chicago has authorized the appointment of five women to inspect the sanitary condition of factories and tenements. It is said that the Japanese women who embrace Christianity exercise an influence in moral questions hardly inferior to the English and American women. All the lovely tints of lilac, mauve and heliotrope are suddenly restored to their old-time popularity, some of the new dyes shading exquisitely into faint tints of old rose. The cook problem—in New Orleans possibly the most unolvable problem of all—is about to be worked out in London, where 14,000 girls are now attending the cooking schools. "This has been a great season for the 'lady guide,' one of the latest developments of women of education who have to earn something. The World's Fair at Paris has helped them wonderfully. Black laces and white laces are beautifully combined in some of the new Corday and Marie Antoinette fashions, and capes and gowns formed of this magic mixture are among some of the most elegant dresses of the season. Five dozen pairs were the number of gloves in a recent bridal trousseau. There were a dozen and a half in white suede, stitched with pale pink; a dozen and a half stitched with white, and two dozen of pale grays stitched with black. The Society of Industrial Art for Women, of New York city, nominates the principal of its school, Florence Elizabeth Cory, 'the first practical woman designer in the world,' for appointment on the permanent World's Fair Committee.

LULU AND LITTLE BEE.

"Lulu played two summers, Little Bee, one." "Such the tender legend That was traced upon a stone In a bramble-brayed corner Of a graveyard, gray and lone, Near the old home of my childhood, In the darling days-a-gone— 'Lulu played two summers, Little Bee, one.' I was but a boyish stroller Of the fields when first I read The quaint and fearful record On that tablet to the dead; I have passed the chiselled marbles Stretched skyward to the sun, To muse upon the meaning Of the mystic lines that run; 'Lulu played two summers, Little Bee, one.' I did not understand it then, But now 'tis all so clear, God knows my foolish fancy needs No cold interpreter; O, poet-mother! never hard That ever breathed has spun A strain of sweeter pathos Than your poor heart has done— 'Lulu played two summers, Little Bee, one.' -Chicago News.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Red hot—A boiled lobster. The lovers' favorite actor—Marius. "The board of arbitration"—A single. Riparian diseases—The catarrhs of the Nile. The pretty housemaid is the lily of the vale. The original "salt union"—Neptune and Amphitrite. Smartness is knowing how to "catch on"; wisdom, how to let go. A poor widow—One who can't remain unmarried any length of time. An electric spark—Making love by telegraph.—Washington Capital. A drill is a bore—especially to the officer in charge of the awkward squad.—Life. A John Mary Ann is the latest name for a man that pushes his baby about in a perambulator. A good resolution is a fine starting point, but as a terminus it has no value. -Scranton Truth. What a quiet, economical world we would live in if it were not for the movements of the under jaw! "Does the wind always blow this way, my good man?" "No, it don't. Sometimes it blows the other way." One of the interesting experiments in popular chemistry is when a youth feeds his flame with ice-cream.—Time. "What are you digging, dear?" "I'm going to plant mashed potatoes. I like 'em better than the other sort."—Life. There is always room at the top—and when a small man gets there, he only serves to set off the surrounding vacancy.—Judge. The most unfair thing that happens to women is that engagements are so short and marriages so long.—Binghamton Republican. Remorse is a good deal like a wooden leg. It may help you on your way, but you always think how much happier you would be without it. "Is the church-bell in the steeple That to worship calls the people; 'Tis the church-belle in the choir Calls the young men to admire." -Judge. The auctioneer is no more liable to insanity than anybody else, notwithstanding the fact that he is almost continually in a more-bid mental condition.—Washington Capital. A shoe-maker hung out a new sign, and then wondered what passers-by found so amusing. His sign ran as follows: "Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Walk in here."—New York Tribune. Prospective Tourist—"I am going West because I have reason to believe that it's a good place to settle in." Returned Tourist—"I am not so sure of that. I lived there ten years myself, and never paid a bill while I was there."—Philadelphia Inquirer. There was a little boy Whose name was "Quick." He knocked off some apples With a stick. The apples were so good That he ate 'em all. And now if he was good enough He's in heaven. -Danville Breeze. Simpson—"Well, my boy is through college now, and I guess I will start him in one of the professions." "Simpson—"I think he will make a good physician." Simpson—"Why?" Simpson—"In the next two years that boy is going to have as fine a set of side whiskers as you ever saw."—Terre Haute Express. John Loss (consulting a clairvoyant)—"My watch has been stolen, and I want information that will lead to its recovery." Clairvoyant—"Cross my palm with a silver dollar. (It is done and the clairvoyant falls into a trance.) Your watch is in the pocket of a mad man. Find him; cause his arrest, and the timepiece will again be yours."—Jeweler's Weekly. Weeping Widow—"You are sure, Mr. Boneplaster, that you will conduct everything in a satisfactory manner?" Eminent Undertaker—"Have no fear on that score, I beg of you, Mr. Billhope. Of all the people I have buried in my long and successful career I am proud to say that not one ever raised the slightest objection to my work."—Terre Haute Express. "Brother Flackerty, who is to occupy this pulpit next Sunday in my absence," remarked the Kansas City pastor to his congregation, "is a young clergyman residing in St. Louis. I trust you will receive him with a kindness and cordiality that may effectually remove the feeling of embarrassment he will naturally experience on his first appearance before a metropolitan audience."—Chicago Tribune. President Harrison is very fond of the thoroughbred trotter.