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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion..... \$ 1.00 One Square, one inch, three months..... 2.00 One Square, one inch, one year..... 10.00 Two Squares, one year..... 18.00 Quarter Column, one year..... 10.00 Half Column, one year..... 20.00 One Column, one year..... 30.00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

If there is any country in the world where food ought to be cheap for the masses it is ours.

The Forum says that the wealth of the United States is \$60,000,000,000, and that half of it is owned by less than 25,000 people. These are the men to put the world's fair on its feet.

Cordley, one of Georgia's newest cities, is a place with a population of 3000. A year and a half ago the site on which it is built was a cornfield. It is already aspiring to have a street railway and electric lights.

Last summer New York dumped large quantities of fresh fruit into the bay to keep up market prices. San Francisco has been doing the same thing. One day recently dealers dumped 5000 melons into the bay.

Official statistics show that 25,000 people are killed annually by wild beasts and reptiles in India. Of these about 20,000 are slain by snakes. The Government offers rewards and makes other efforts to reduce the danger, but the people are indifferent.

Ten million dollars make a pretty large sum for the city of London to lose because a handful of dock owners held out against paying their workmen reasonable wages. It is no wonder that the feeling is growing there that it is time for the public to take its turn at running things.

At the congress of the advocates of cremation held in Vienna, the statement was brought out that there exists at present throughout the world fifty crematories, most of which are in the United States, twenty in Italy, and one each in Germany, England, France and Switzerland.

Senator Sherman, in a recent speech, said that while "we boast in America of the rapid progress we have made in growth, population, wealth and strength, yet it is equally true that some of the oldest nations in the world are keeping pace with us in industry, progress and even in liberal institutions."

The deep-sea researches made by the United States Fish Commission with a view to discovering the temperature of the fishing grounds and thus learn the causes that lead to the fish migrations are attracting great interest; not only among scientific men but among those interested practically in trade.

To those who can read the signs of the times, it is obvious, says the Commercial Advertiser, that a great change is coming into the relations of the two great schools of medicine. Surgery is constantly becoming a more and more exact science, but medicine is constantly shifting her ground, and the lines between allopathy and homopathy are not by any means so closely drawn as they used to be.

It has been estimated that the capitalization of the various corporations and concerns in this country dependent upon electricity for their business, from the Western Union Telegraph Company down to the humblest maker of electrical appliances, is not less than \$600,000,000. This means that the people now pay an annual tax of between thirty-five and forty millions for a convenience which forty years ago had scarcely begun to attract attention as something more than a scientific toy.

The London docks, the scene of the recent strike, are one of the greatest systems of docking to be seen in the world. Upward of \$100,000,000 have been expended in their construction, and hundreds of acres are covered by them. They are built of stone and concrete, and are as substantial as such work can be made. Many of them date back to the beginning of the century. The amount of traffic upon them is enormous. It is estimated that in the warehouses of a single dock company there is at all times at least \$25,000,000 worth of goods.

"Don't brag and strut so much, Chicago," facetiously remarks the Detroit Free Press. "You are getting to be a big, overgrown town, but there are dozens of cities to which you would not make a respectable suburb. Your little million could be added to the five and a half millions of London without increasing the straining city's central roar to any appreciable extent. The city at the base of the Eiffel Tower is twice and a half your size. The suburbs of New York contain as large a population as you have on all your hills, valleys and prairies. Even Mongolian Canton could swallow you twice in rapid succession. Sochow, Hanehow, King-tehching and Changchow all lap over you, and towns that are your equal in size and superior in virtue swarm all over the Middle Kingdom from the Amoor to the Brahmapootra and from the mountains of Thibet to the Yellow Ocean. Go to, Chicago."

WHAT?

Oh, what is the love or the hate of men? What is their praise or their blame? Their blame is a breath, but an echo of death. And a star that glows bright and is gone from the sight— Ah! such is the vanishing guard of fame. Oh, what is the grief or the joy of life? What is its pleasure or pain? The joys we pursue pass away like the dew; And though bitter the grief, time brings relief. To the heart that is wounded again and again. Oh, what is the loss or the gain of the time? And what is the success' fair crown? The gain that we prize—lo! it fades and it flies; And the loss we deplore as quickly is o'er. There is little to choose 'twixt life's smiles and life's frowns. Oh, men they may love and men they may hate, It matters little to me, For life is a breath, and hastens death. To gather in all, from the hut and wall. To the home that is narrow—the house that is free. —Boston Transcript.

A BRAVE DOCTOR.

When Herman Dean was in college and the medical school, he was so timid and so slow of speech that his fellow-students made him the butt of frequent jokes. He seemed to know his lessons, but in endeavoring to recite them he floundered about and clutched at his words desperately and awkwardly, and made but a poor appearance. One could not help smiling at the tall, clumsy, blushing fellow. But he worked at some of the problems that discouraged the rest of us with a stubborn courage that enabled him more than once to surprise us and put us to shame. "Thorough" seemed to be his motto.

He took his degree of M. D. with honors, and soon afterward we heard that he had been appointed a United States Medical Inspector on the Maine frontier. He entered upon his official duties in 1885, the year of the memorable small-pox epidemic which in Montreal and the surrounding villages raged destructively among the French Canadians. With almost incredible fanaticism, thousands of these people refused to be vaccinated.

They declared that to vaccinate was to oppose the Divine will. God had sent in pity, and to try to prevent its spread was wicked. The Canadian health officials, in attempting to compel them to be vaccinated, were fiercely assailed, their flags and placards torn down, and the people rioted in the streets. Under these circumstances, it was almost impossible to check the epidemic.

The American health officials established a rigid system of inspection along the Canadian border, and required that all passengers on railroad trains coming from Canada should be fumigated. Surgeons with the necessary appliances were stationed at the railroad stations, and on the wood roads and forest trails leading across the boundary, to vaccinate all people arriving from Canada who had not already been vaccinated.

Young Doctor Dean was directed to make a tour of the logging camps in the Moosehead Lake region, and to vaccinate every man in their crews whose arm did not show a fresh scar. Among these loggers were many ignorant, lawless fellows, some of whom had the stupid prejudice against vaccination which had led the French people across the border to resist the efforts of the Canadian doctors. Their employers and the foremen, however, were heartily in sympathy with the work of the surgeon, and did their best to compel their men to submit to his lancet. In one of these camps Doctor Dean encountered a French Canadian called Pierre Couteau, who was unusually obstinate, and showed a vicious temper in his opposition to the doctor's purpose to vaccinate him. He was a huge fellow with a black beard, and a great red scar on his forehead.

"Is of no use for you to hang off—you've got to have the job done, said Dixon, the boss of the camp. "No!" answered Pierre, crisply and doggedly. "Don't make any fuss about it! Roll up the sleeve of your frock!" ordered Dixon.

Dr. Dean took a step toward the Canadian. "No!" growled the fellow, with an ominous emphasis, at the same time grasping his axe as if to strike. His eyes flashed, the scar on his forehead grew redder, and he fairly bristled with determination. Dr. Dean was furiously angry and burst into a torrent of profane exclamations. "Leave this camp and don't you ever come back, you brute!" he cried. "We don't want any murderers here!"

Pierre muttered a few words in his native patois, flashed a defiant look at the foreman, dropped his axe with a scornful gesture, and turned to go away. In a second Dr. Dean sprang upon him, tripped him, threw him to the ground, face downward, and jumped on his back. Dixon came quickly to his assistance and helped to hold the man down. "Throttle the scoundrel!" exclaimed the excited foreman.

"No," said the doctor, coolly, "I'm going to vaccinate him." A friendly wood-chopper happened to come along. He helped Dixon to hold down the struggling, cursing, frothing man, while Doctor Dean cut away his frock and shirt, crisscrossed his skin with his lancet, and rubbed in the vaccine. In less than a minute the operation was over.

Trembling with rage, but cowed, the Canadian jumped up, flung back an angry threat at the doctor, took his small pack of clothing, and still breathing vengeance, strode away from the camp. "I dunno; I guess you made a mistake," said Dixon.

kill a hundred men instead of one," replied the doctor. "He might be the very one to spread the small-pox all through this region. One unvaccinated man is a constant menace. The only safe way is for me to obey orders and see that everyone is vaccinated."

A few weeks later Doctor Dean was ordered to take his station at a point where a much-traveled road through the woods crossed the boundary between Maine and Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railroad had gangs at work in Maine, and many men were going back and forth across the border. A log cabin was built for the doctor's habitation, a turnpike gate was put up, and no man was allowed to pass without first having bared his arm.

The cabin was furnished with a stove, bunk and a few necessary pieces of furniture, and was well stocked with provisions. A young man known as Dan was engaged to stay with the doctor as his cook and companion, and he also had the company of a large mastiff and two less sociable friends, a pair of rifles. The cabin stood in the midst of a dense forest, in which were many wild animals; the nearest human neighbors were the men in a railroad camp, twenty miles away. The trout which abounded in a stream that flowed past the cabin often contributed to the bill of fare of the doctor and his assistant.

Once Dan shot a deer, which supplied them with venison for several weeks. Their table was at no time scantily furnished, they had a collection of books, the air of the woods was invigorating, and they enjoyed their wild life. Almost every day men with packs on their backs came along the road from Canada, and were stopped and vaccinated. Sometimes they grumbled, but for a long time no one resisted the doctor outright. At night the two young men took turns at watching the gate, and the traveler over the turnpike to Maine, at whatever time he arrived, had to stop and be examined.

Week after week passed, and still the young men had no serious trouble in the performance of their duties. One forenoon the doctor's assistant took down one of the rifles, and saying that he would try to get some partridges for dinner, started into the woods. The doctor was sitting on the door-stool of the cabin, reading a book.

"I wouldn't go very far away, Dan," he said. "Oh, pooh! You won't have any trouble!" "No, but our instructions, you know, are to stick right here," said Doctor Dean. "I shan't run off," laughed Dan. "Better not go so far that you can't hear me if I should call."

"Well, if you want me, you halloo, and I'll come," said Dan. Dan had been absent for more than half an hour, when the doctor heard voices, and soon saw three men coming up the road. He took his case, and went out to the turnpike to meet them. "Gentlemen," said he, politely, "I'm a Government surgeon, and have orders to vaccinate you."

"Huh!" grunted the foremost of the three men, a stout Canadian in a red shirt and knit cap. "Qu'est ce que c'est?" The doctor explained the situation to them in French. The three men chattered with each other in their peculiar Canadian French dialect for a few moments. The doctor pretended to pay no attention to them, but listened intently, and caught nearly all they said.

"Let's keep right on," the red-shirted man finally said. "Break the man's head!" exclaimed a scrubby little man, with a large brass buckle on the belt of his frock. "But the dog!" said the third man. The mastiff was a quiet but attentive listener to the colloquy.

"Who cares for the dog? He can't stop us!" said the little fellow with the big buckle. Doctor Dean wished that he had brought one of his rifles out of the hut with him, and that Dan was at hand. He shouted "Dan!" loudly, thinking that Dan might hear him, or that the call might at least serve to intimidate the men.

The three travelers listened for a moment, and looked sharply about them. They heard no answer to the doctor's call, and saw that nobody came. "Laissez nous passer!" (Let us pass!) the first speaker said in French, with a threatening look at the doctor, who stood unflinchingly at the gate. "It's a very simple thing," said Dean, without raising his voice. "The Government requires me to vaccinate you. It won't take me five minutes."

He spoke pleasantly, as if he had not heard their threatening talk—as if he did not see a warning in their eyes. He saw that he was about to have serious trouble, but he made two resolves: one was to make every effort to keep those men from passing the gate in defiance of his orders, and the other was to manage, if he could, to get his rifle from the cabin. With that in hand he felt that he should be master of the situation.

It was possible for the men to escape him by turning from the road into the woods, but they were too surly to take so much trouble in maintaining their disobedience. They had determined to defy the doctor, and to pass along the turnpike in spite of his opposition. Suddenly the man in the red shirt moved towards the gate. At the same moment the doctor heard footsteps of some one approaching down the road.

"Perhaps it is Dan," he thought. The red-shirted man started to climb over the gate, but Dean grasped him and pulled him back. With an angry hiss the fellow aimed a blow at Dean. The doctor dodged quickly—and then straight from his shoulder came a blow that laid his assailant on the ground. The two other men, cursing, sprang upon the doctor.

"Take him, Lion!" Dean cried to the growling mastiff—and in an instant the dog was at the throat of the man with the brass buckle, who yelled with terror.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

YEAST CAKES. Two quarts of water, two cups and a half of boiled mashed potatoes, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonsful of fine flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Take a teaspoonful of hops and boil in a pint of water; strain off and pour boiling hot over the mixtures of potatoes and flour; then add the warm water, sugar and salt and have a cupful of yeast to raise it. When it begins to ferment stir in fine cornmeal, enough to make a stiff dough, roll out thin and cut in small cakes, large as a tennep; spread them out on plates and dry quickly, taking care not to let them scald; dissolve one in a teacup of warm water; one cake will raise four two-quant loaves of bread. Keep the cakes in a box where they will not mold.

ROAST TURKEY. Select a turkey with thin skin, bright, clear flesh and white fat of a moderate amount. Dress carefully so as to remove the gall bladder wholly. Save both gizzard and liver. Let a stream of cold water run through, wipe dry inside and out, and singe any hairs with a white paper flame. Break the leg bones and draw out the tendons from thighs. Fill the breast and body with a dressing of bread (entire wheat is best), using only butter of the best quality, with pepper and salt for seasoning. Sew close with twine. Firmly truss, putting the liver under one wing and the gizzard under the other. Dredge with flour, salt and pepper. Roast in quick oven. Put a large piece of butter in blazing ladle. Baste frequently until well browned and frothed. Serve with stewed cranberry sauce.

SOME PRACTICAL DON'TS. Don't give a child any sweets except molasses candy or chocolate caramels, and these very rarely. Don't permit a child under five to remain out of bed after eight p. m., even if you have to forego social duties you think most sacred. Don't think that a child needs food each time it manifests hunger. Try to assuage thirst by several teaspoonfuls of boiled and cooled water.

Don't hold a child in convulsions in your arms, but strip it quickly and immerse it in a hot bath, to which a tablespoonful of mustard may be added. Don't allow a patient with colic to suffer until the physician arrives; give large injections (two quarts of warm water with ten drops, adult dose, of tincture of opium).

Don't seek relief for burns by the use of cold water; if nothing else is obtainable use warm water; better still, keep the part wet with sweet or linseed oil. Don't lose your head when with cases of bleeding from the lungs; they very rarely stop immediately fast. Prop the patient up in bed, and give him small pieces of ice to swallow, and fifteen drops of tincture of ergot (no sugar of lead or acid) every hour, until your physician arrives.

Don't imagine that sunstroke (heat prostration) follows exposure to the sun exclusively. The same may be produced by excessive heat even at night, especially when the person is much fatigued, or in a crowded room. Don't allow meat and vegetables to be placed in the same compartment of the refrigerator.

Don't wear high heels. Women who wear them publicly advertise the fact that they seek or wish to maintain serious intentions. Don't mistake weight for warmth in clothing. Feeble people may be worn down by heavy clothing, and yet be less sheltered than those who wear light woolen fabrics, both as inner and outer garments.

Don't read, write or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from above and over the shoulder. Don't read in street cars or other jolting vehicles. Don't rub the eyes, except with your elbow.

Don't attempt to clean the ears with anything but the tip of the little finger. Don't attempt to remove hardened ear wax by picking it out. If you cannot reach a physician when hardened ear wax becomes troublesome or painful, you may gently inject (by means of a fountain syringe) warm water, to each pint of which half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda has been added.

Don't believe that eating fat will make you fat; quite the contrary holds true. Don't eat gamey meats; remember that "gamey" is the hyper-refined word for rotten.

Don't empty a mouthful of coffee into an empty stomach, even if you must tear a button from your coat and swallow it before," says an Arabic proverb. This applies to tea as well. Don't attempt to remove foreign bodies from the upper part of the windpipe by trying to reach them with instruments of any kind. Try giving a violent blow on the back immediately after the accident. If this does not succeed, have the patient held suspended by the feet, head downward, and moved rapidly from side to side while you strike between the shoulders with the palm of the hand; stop this at once if the patient shows evidence of suffocation. If these contrivances, or the foreign body is not dislodged, send for a surgeon to perform tracheotomy or laryngotomy as quickly as possible.—Phrenological Journal.

Clay Pipe Making.

The clay pipe industry is remarkable more than one point of view. The manufacture is essentially French and its importance is daily increasing, despite the formidable competition of wooden pipes and cigarettes. One pipe manufactory occupies an area of about one hundred thousand square feet and give employment to from five hundred to six hundred persons, exclusive of children less than twelve years of age. The annual product is 120,000 gross. The number of styles is infinite and is daily increasing, as the dealers are continually asking for new models.

A Meteorological Mystery.

A remarkable air-wave has attracted much attention from meteorologists, who are still unable to explain the phenomenon. At several stations in Central Europe the barometer recorded a sudden dip of about four-hundredths of an inch followed by a corresponding rise a few minutes later. Dr. E. Hermann has traced the disturbance from Pola to Kiel town, separated by about five degrees of latitude, the rate of translation between these places having been about seventy-one miles an hour. In an easterly and westerly direction the disturbance was confined to narrow limits. There was no earthquake in Europe.—Arkansas Traveler.

THE GOVERNMENT HORSES.

IT TAKES PRIDE IN ITS FOUR-FOOTED STOCK.

All the Animals Have to Conform With Certain Regulations—A Horse Generally Lasts Six Years. Whenever, upon the occasion of any public parade, the cavalry stationed at the garrison at Fort Myer forms part of the procession, the magnificent appearance of the horses excites the universal admiration of the spectators. Their size, for they are above the ordinary build, suggests in itself the idea of strength, while the uniformly shaped head and large, prominent eyes tell of the intelligence of the animal. The horse is as much of the cavalryman's outfit as his sabre or his carbine, and he must needs possess the strength to endure long forced marches, and the understanding to be of the most possible benefit to his rider in fighting by requiring the least attention.

Congress annually appropriates about \$200,000 to be expended in the purchase of horses. This amount is expended pro rata among the divisions of the army, those on the Atlantic coast not requiring as large a sum as the cavalry on the frontier, where the life of the animal is not altogether one of lazy contentment. In Arizona, especially, the equine mortality is greater than in any other section, and more horses become disabled and unfit for further service. The burning sands and alkali deserts lead to blindness and disease of the hoof, and the animal has either to be shot or sold. The lack of proper pasturage and feed also cuts an important figure in the life of a cavalry horse in the remote garrisons of the West, for while his Eastern brother is feeding luxuriously on a full allowance of oats and corn twice a day and sleeping in a comfortable stable, the Western horse is making a scanty meal on husks and sleeping in a ramshackle building that seems to have been especially constructed for a free circulation of air.

There are nearly 10,000 horses in use by the United States Army. Of this number about ten per cent. are sold annually because of their unfitness for further cavalry or artillery duty, and about five per cent. are lost by death. So, in order to maintain the standard, it is necessary to purchase about 1500 animals every year. When a stock of a garrison needs replenishing the Quartermaster-General's Department is notified. An advertisement inviting bids is inserted in the prominent papers and a contract entered into with the lowest bidder to deliver the horses at the desired point, if, after a suitable inspection by the Secretary of War, they meet the requirements of the standard fixed by the army regulations. The regulations require that the horse shall be a gelding of uniform and hardy color; from fifteen to seventeen hands high; from four to eight years old, and weighing between 900 and 1200 pounds for a cavalry horse and between 1050 and 1500 for artillery horses. There are other requirements necessary, such as the general build of the animal and their health. Whenever it becomes necessary to purchase the half-breed horses of California or Southern Texas the standard of the height is reduced to fourteen and a half hands. Long-legged, loose-jointed, long-bodied and narrow-chested horses, as well as those which are restive or vicious, are rejected.

Most of the horses used in the army are purchased in St. Louis and Louisville, although the general rule of late has been to obtain the animals in the neighborhood in which they are desired for use, the idea being to obtain thoroughly acclimated animals. The average cost of a horse is a trifle over \$134.

As soon as the purchase is completed the horse is branded with the letters "U. S." on the left fore shoulder, and a complete descriptive list is made of him, which always accompanies him where ever he is transferred. The horses are distributed by the regimental commander, and the riders or drivers are not allowed to exchange them or permit anyone else to use them.

With every troop of cavalry a record of the animal is kept, containing a description of every one received and transferred, showing the kind, name, age, size, color, marks, brands, or other peculiarities, how and when acquired and disposed of, the name of its rider and driver, and the use to which it is applied.

The forage ration for a horse is fourteen pounds of hay and twelve pounds of oats, corn or barley, and in special cases of hard service or exposure the grain ration is usually increased three pounds. In localities where good grazing is practicable for a considerable portion of the day, or during seasons when little labor is required of the animals, the ration is usually reduced.

The animals usually last about six years, and at the end of that time are sold at auction, or before, if they are disabled so as to be unfit for service. When sold the officer puts another brand on the horse, making it impossible for the horse to be sold to the Government at some other point. Condemned animals do not bring very much. They are worthless for carrying purposes, and are too much worn out to be fit for the more arduous work of street-car hauling. They are usually sold to contractors, who employ them in hauling small loads. But the army horse does not last long after he drops out of the service. Usually he does not amount to much when the Government has no further use for his services, and his career thereafter is as short as it is uneventful.—Washington Post.

On the day that Simon Cameron was buried the Court House bell at Emporium, Cameron County, Penn., was tolled ninety times. The bell was a gift from him at the time the county was formed.

The African Methodist Church, which has not a white man among its members or any organic relation with any white church organization, reports a membership of 460,000.

FOR WANT OF BREATH.

A poor city babe lay dying one day On a ragged and dirty cot. Lay quietly gasping its life away In a basement squalid and hot; O God! for a snuff of cool, sweet air— Just one for the child and its mother: For the heart that bleeds so helplessly there, And the babe that must lie there and smother!

The farmer's boy is a cheerful sight As he sits on the floor in the sun; How he doubles his fists in mimic might, How lusty his grief and fun! Oh! Full of life all day is the breeze From the fields of the farmer coming, For it dallies awhile 'mid leafy trees, And a while where bees were humming.

The fisherman's boy is at play on the sand— How starchy and plump he grows! There is strength in the grip of his chubby hand, And his lips are red as a rose. Oh! Sweet are the breezes blown at sea, And cradled in white foam flowers— Sweetly cool, when waves are like grass on a lawn. Cool and keen when a tempest lowers.

The babe in the tenement house is dead, With none but its mother to weep; Then lay it to rest in that narrow bed Where the sleepers breathe not in their sleep. Oh! Breeze that wander at will away, If ashore or where sea and sky are flying, There are thousands of poor city babes to-day That are smothering, fainting, dying. —George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Bars to matrimony—The front gate. Life insurance in some cases is merely a matter of policy. The young man who is in love is conspicuous for his courtly manner. A hero is a man who refrains from eating things that do not agree with him. A man is not necessarily mean because he will jump on a feather bed when it is down. Some men are born rich, some achieve riches and some get into fat government offices.

Goes without saying—The young man too bashful to pop the question.—Texas Siftings. These times suit the scissors-grinder. He likes to find things dull.—San Francisco Alta. The stamp-window of any postoffice is a sort of Lick observatory.—Richmond Post-Examiner. A man is known by the company he keeps. That's why she prefers to be a sister to him.

Men will strike for shorter hours, but the earth continues to revolve at the same old speed.—Judge. Republics were ever ungrateful. We put our great men on postage stamps, and then punch their heads. Because a bald-headed man doesn't happen to keep a lock on his head doesn't signify that there is nothing of value in it. Cupid is doubtless known as the God of Love in this day because the sentiment of love has become largely a sentiment of cupidity.

Queen of Spain—"Good gracious! The baby King has the stomach-ache." Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—"Call the Secretary of the Interior!" "The sunset lingers o'er your hair," "Was what her ardent lover said? But other maidens young and fair Said, "Gracious, but her hair is red." —Washington Capital.

Fat Woman—"Oh, ain't these mosquitoes awful!" Thin Woman—"They never bite me." Fat Woman—"Of course not. They live on blood, not bones." —Once a Week. Misunderstood—Pop-eyed Photographer (about to remove the cap)—"Look this way, please." Sitter—"Not much, I wouldn't look like that in a picture for nothin'." —Light.

It is rumored that Queen Victoria thinks of bestowing the Order of the Bath on Thomas A. Edison. In order to make him feel perfectly at home, she will probably make it an electric bath.—Polo's Star. A Chicago bearded woman made a snug fortune out of the show business about twelve years ago, and now lives in comfortable luxury with his handsome wife and five beautiful children.—Binghanton Republican.

"In all broke up," he sadly sighed. As he returned to town. "A love affair?" "No," he replied. "A ham and leg let me down." —Bazar. Boston Man—"Well, my boy, how is real estate in the West, active?" Dramatic (just back from Kansas)—"Active? Well, I should say so. A cyclone carried a 150-acre farm forty miles the other day. It's a little too active for me." —Kearney Enterprise.

A naughty little boy one day eluded punishment by creeping under a table, where his mother could not reach him. Shortly after his father came in, and when told the state of affairs crawled on his hands and knees in search of his son and heir, when to his astonishment, he was greeted with this inquiry: "Is she after you, too, father?"

An Englishman has written a book, entitled: "Two Thousand Miles on a Camel's Back." We believe we can beat that in this country in half the space. Let some one come out with "One Thousand Miles on a Fence Rail." There are lots of people who have had the experience, with tar and feathers thrown in gratis.—Detroit Free Press.

An Electrical Drill.

An interesting electrical machine can be seen in operation on the framework of the new war ship Maine, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It is a drill. Instead of the slow and tedious paul and ratchet hand drill commonly used, is one that is set a whirling by an electrical current sent through carefully insulated wires. A three-quarter inch hole in a three-quarter inch plate can be drilled in less than a minute. The chief objection is that the propelling current is deadly.