THE FOREST REPOBLICAN Is published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PL. Terms. - - - \$1.60 per Year. riptions received for a shorter period cirestendence solicited from all parts of the nizy. No notice will be taken of anonymous

All London is talking of Barnum and his circus. His levees at the hotel have been thronged, and Buffalo Bill is entirely forgotten.

English statistics give a notable decrease in their convict population during the last twenty years. The total number of convicts under sentence of penal servitude was 6405 in July; twenty years ago it was 11,600.

Neil W. Price, author of several popular songs, including "Stick to Your Mother, Tom," and "A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother," has died at Chattanooga, Tenn., in the most abject poverty, from the opium habit.

Africa requires 2,000,000 blankets to supply the native population alone, Besides this there is a demand for woolen clothing for the ever-increasing white population. This has to be imported, although the Cape wool is of the best quality in the world.

The magisterial tariff in England for kissing ladies against their will is constantly increasing. The operation formerly cost about five dollars; but the sice of kisses has nearly doubled of late, and a tailor who chased a lady creditor round a table and kissed her at the end of the clase was recently mulcted in ten dollars, including costs.

Thomas Lamb, a United States pris-- oner received at the Omaha Penitentiary from Texas in January, 1889, on an eighteen months' sentence for smuggling, has been pardoned by the President. Lamb, who is an Englishman by birth, is the owner of an enormous tract of land in Mexico, where his wife and four children live, which is said to be valued at \$1,000,000, and yet he attempted to increase his wealth by resorting to crime.

The translation of leading documents from English into Spanish is quite an important business in St. Louis. There is also much correspondence relating to mines that must be translated. A firm recently received a letter ordering supplies, in which the two languages were strangely mixed. One of the items called for a certain number of "Monqua Rinches." It took some time for the clerk to guess that monkey wrenches were wanted, but his guess was correct.

It is said that never in the past twenty years has the United States been so poorly represented abroad by a navy as at present. The old wooden ships have venture to predict. I am a good deal been disappearing at a rapid rate during more put out about it than you are. The loss of the There's the butter to churn, the clothes

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXII. NO. 36.

Henderson.

sugar of lead?

everything there, almost."

professional nurse.

derson gratefully said.

Fanny.

time vet.

wood? It-

She put the sugar of lead in a basin,

with it. Just you remain quiet, dearie, and don't bother yourself about any-

thing. You have no girl?" . "No, ...hild," Mrs. Henderson said. "We cannot afford to keep one."

"You'll-get-George his dinner!" epeated Mrs. Henderson.

one, laughed prettily, and said: "Why shouldn't I? If you will allow

Fanny noticed the incredulity in her

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JAN. 1, 1890. \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

FALLING LEAVES They are drooping, slowly drooping-Embers from the flaming trees-

All their radiance and splendor, Kindled by the sunshine tender. To the earth they now surrender And the wayward breeze.

They are soming, softly coming-Amber, amothyst and pearl-With the ties of nature riven. Tempest toused and madly driven; Flashing lustre back to heaven In their giddy whirl,

They are flitting-gayly flitting-Fledglings of autumnal light--From their lofty perches straying, With each passing rephyr playing, Bough and bush the course delaying Of their final flight.

They are hovering-gently hovering-Over vale and rugged steep; Covering o'er the bloom-lit spaces Which the early frost defaces, Mantling tenderly the places Where our loved ones sleep

Yes, they're falling-sadly falling-Russet, crimson, gold and gray-Beauteous millions headlong flying, With the wind's discordant sighing, At our feet ignobly lying, Waiting dread decay,

They are teaching-fitly teaching-That which gladdens-that which grieves There is maught of earth abiding; But, behind all nature hiding, Is a hand our footsteps guiding And the falling leaves.

-N. W. Rand, in Springfield Union.

HER HUSBAND'S NIECE.

BY FRANK II. STAUFFER.

"George, when did you get this letter?" asked Mattie Henderson, as she glanced into her husband's face. "On Wednesday," he said, with some

"And this is Friday," rebukingly reyour aprons. plied his wife. "You carried it about in your pocket for at least two days. It is from your niece, Fanny Atwood. She left New York yesterday and will be here on the eight o'clock train this mornher life at it. She made such a pretty ing, and it is half-past seven now. This

is a nice state of affairs, isn't it?" "It was careless in me. Mattie," the young farmer regretfully admitted.

He was a handsome, good-natured fellow, sturdy in frame and pleasing in speech. He had a whip in his hand, and his wagon loaded with milch cans, was standing at the gate.

"She says she'll get off at Forest station, where you are to meet her." Mrs. Henderson said, her eyes once more on 'She is lying down, uncle. She fell the letter.

and sprained her ankle.' "Oh, pshaw," cried the husband with Mr. Henderson stepped into the sttingan impatience unusual with him. "I room, a look of concern on his face. "Why, dear, how did this happen?" can't. I must have my milk at Beaver station on time. Why didn't she come he kindly asked. over the road most convenient to mel" "I suppose she'll have to walk here."

"Oh, how does anything happen?" she replied, a little querulously. "Through my own awkwardness, no doubt. I alreplied the young wife. "And as she says that she intends to stay three weeks, most fainted, the pain was so great." no doubt she has brought her trunk with her-a trunk of no mean dimensions, I'll "Does it pain you now, dear?

to do so.

"I am glad to say that it doesn't." I'll bathe it with sugar of lead water,'

and then took off her aunt's shoe and | "No, dear, you didn't," replied Mrs. Henderson in a broken voice. "I am crying because I am ashamed of myself-"It is considerably swollon," she said. "I am not surprised," replied Mrs. because I have been so unkind to you in "You'll find a bottle of my thoughts, I supposed that you would he cupboard, yonder." annoy me, and hinder me; that you liniment in the cupboard, yonder." "I wouldn't put liniment on it just would be helpless, selfish, fault-finding; yet," advised Fanny. "Have you any that you-"

"But you think more kindly of me "Very likely. Look in that medicine now, do you not?" interrupted Fanny, box in the cupboard. There's a little of her hands moving caressingly over her aunt's hair. Fanny found the sugar of lead, and

"Most certainly I do," replied Mrs. then some linen suitable for a bandage. Henderson, explosively. "That is why I confess my injustice-why I want to added cold water, soaked the bandage make amends-why I---

in it and then wrapped it around the 'Don't mind it, aunty," said the sweet, swollen ankie. She went about it like forgiving, sympathetic voice. 'I don't "That feels very cooling," Mrs. Hen-There may be-and, in fact, there arelistless, frivolous, helpless girls in New "There is nothing reduces a swelling York city-and in other cities-but I am like sugar of lead water," replied Fanny. not one of them. If I was, I am afraid I'll wet the bandage every now and then I would despise myself ' "I am glad you have come, Fanny, and

I will be sorry when you go," Henderson said, and she meant it. Mrs. "My prejudices misled me, and I have been taught a lesson. Hereafter I'll not be so Press.

The Proper Amount of Sleep.

Insomnia is rightly regarded as one of the marks of an overwrought or worried me to skirmish around I'll manage to find nervous system, and conversely we may things. However, it isn't near dinner take it that sound sleep lasting for a When I went to the kitchen reasonable period, say, from six to nine for the basin I saw you had sprinkled hours in the case of adults, is a fair test the clothes. Shall I iron them?" of nervous competence. Various acci-She saw the odd smile that came to dental causes may temporarily interfere her tired aunt's lips and correctly inter- with sleep in the healthy; but still the rule holds good, and a normal brain re-"Maybe you think I can't iron?" she veals its condition by obedience to this pleasantly said. "Just you wait and daily rhythmic variation. Custom can do much to contract one's natural term of "But the dress you have on, Miss At- sleep, a fact of which we are constantly reminded in these days of high pressure; "Was selected for service," completed but the process is too artificial to be Fanny, "Of course I'll put on one of freely employed. Laborious days with scanty intervals of rest go far to secure When George Henderson returned all the needful conditions of insomnia from his errand, he heard some one sing- In allotting hours of sleep it is impossi-

ing cheerily in the kitchen. He stepped ble to adopt any maxim or uniform cus-in and saw his niece ironing away as tom. The due allowance varies with the deftly as if she had spent the best part of indvidual. Age, constitution, sex, fatigue, exercise, each has its share of influence picture that he stood still and looked at Young persons and hard workers naturally need and should have more sleep than "How do you do, uncle?" a twinkle of those who neither grow nor labor. Wo merriment in her brown eyes; then she men have by common consent been aswent and kissed him, standing on tip-toe signed a longer period of rest than men,

and this arrangement, in the event of "I'm glad you've come, Fanny," he their doing hard work, is in strict accord said with heartiness. "I suppose Mattie with their generally lighter physical conexplained why I did not meet you at the struction and recurrent infirmities. Abso station? But, why are you ironing? lute rule there is none, and it is of little Where is Mattie?"

provided the recurrence of sleep be regular and its amount sufficient for needs of a given person, so that fatigue does not result in such nerve prostration and irritability as render healthy rest impossible. - London Lancet.

Chinese Accountants in Japan.

One custom interests exceedingly the foreigner, particularly the American, says a Yokohama (Japan) letter to the Mail and Express. On stepping into a bank, almost anywhere in Japan, to have a check cashed or make a deposit, instead "Fanny has already done that," re- of the teller or cashier counting your money, a Chinaman "compradore" (falsely so called) transacts that part of The larger business your business. iouses likewise of foreigners have the Chinese "compradore" to count all moneys passing through the office. Two Well, maybe not," Mr. Henderson reasons for this: First, experience has said in a quiet tone. "I watched her a proven the Chinese accountants to be little while. Mattie, you are a good ironer, more rapid and proficient in figures, especially in counting money, "Oh, nonsense, George !" exclaimed other nationality; second the Chinaman his wife. "Reared in the city, as she is a reliable "middleman," for racial reasons, between the bank officers or "Didn't necessarily make her a lazy, silly, novel-reading imbecile," interrup-ted her husband. "Perhaps we haven't been just to Fanny. I think she is a this country. Heavy bonds are given by

FLESH CHANGED TO STONE. STRANGE THINGS DONE BY ITAL-IAN SCIENTISTS.

Grace Greenwood Describes Some of the Specimens-How Superstition Prevented Further Discoveries,

Italians have of late years had lively discussions on the question of preservation or destruction of the body. It is more of a theological than a sentimental question with them. Professors Marini and Gorini, eminent scientists, have for several years been experimenting in the line of petrifactions. It was one of them, says Grace Greenwood in the New York Herald, who treated the body of Joseph Mazzini, turning it into almost transparent marble, having the pear shaped head and the dark, intense, worn, but still handsome face, so wonderfully life-like in color, contour and expression that they who loved him could scarce be reconciled to the scaling up of the coffin. On the fifth anniversary of his death that coffin was opened in the presence of

some of his faithful followers, and one of "I'll get uncle his dinner," aunounced hasty in estimating people, especially be-fore I have met them."-Detroit Free of their beloved chief quite unchanged. He seemed to have fallen asleep but yesterday. Dr. Marini has received several medals from expositions for his discovery, which, after all, is only a partial rediscovery of the secret process Segato, the Florentine, and which he in turn keeps to himself. At the fairs in Turin and Milan, of a few years ago, he exhibited m a special cabinet many specimens of what seemed an occult art. Some were solid, permanent petrifactions; some provisional, capable of returning to a fresh condition, all preserving the fullness and transparency of life, while most were in a pliable condition. All the varied members of the body are, it is said, hard at first, but become after a time supple, and even capable of furnishing studies in anatomy of muscles, veins

> and nerves. The most impressive of Dr. Marini's preparations is a beautiful little girl, ssed as in life and lying on a sofn, apparently asleep, her long curls spread over the pillow. The face is pale, but round and dimpled, and the limbs are soft and flexible. The Professor affirms that thus the gentle form of little Maria Courier remains fixed forever for those who loved her to gaze on when they will -a painful privilege, I should say.

But the pioner in this field and the master of all the workers was Girolamo Segato, who died at Florence in the early part of this century, taking with him his secret. Before his time there were only embalming and mummification —the means arsenical and balsamic—the results more or less ghastly.

In the anatomical museum of the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova at Florence are treasured the matchless preparations of Segato. He was a most enthusiastic experimenter, believing that his discovery would be of immense benefit to science, especially to anatomy. He first experimented on small animals and reptiles-which still remain, perfect examples of petrifiaction-but when he would apply his method to the marbleitation of the human body he raised a storm of suHOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

NEW HOUSES

There is too great haste in occupying house after its completion. In many

ings, and often business apartments, that as soon as finished they are occupied This is especially true of small dwellings There is more danger in this than is supposed. There is no health in dampn and mould under any circumstances, and in living apartments where tendency is toward poor ventilation, dampness of newly finished houses contribute largely to ill health. In the town of Basle Switzerland, a regulation has been adopted which prevents newly built house from being occupied until four months after completion. Under many circumstances, so long a time as above specified is not necessary, but it is often well to err on the side of safety. The size of the houses, its location, surroundings the material used and the state of the

weather enter into consideration of the time necessary in which a building should become sufficiently dry for occupancy .-Sanitary News.

If housekeepers everywhere would start and maintain a crusade against the sale of undrawn poultry in the markets or by farmers it would work a most wholesome hygienic reform, says Good Housekeep It is a vicious paactice, an abuse, in fact, that people have endured as they have many other abuses, because there is no remedy except in concerted action or legislation. It is impossible to keep undrawn poultry even a few hours without the beginning of putrefaction from the effect of the gases from the undigested food in the "crop" and intestines. The longer it is kept the more of the poison goes into the flesh, and, in the majority of cases, the poultry that reaches the kitchen from the market is actually unfit for food. Housekeepers could well afford to pay a larger price to have the poultry dressed immediately upon being killed-they pay for much weight that is thrown away, as it is, beside having left a mass of poisoned flesh. It is urged that some people prefer the flavor of undressed poultry, but that fact only makes the matter more alarming, since it indicates that we are cultivating a taste for

places there is such demand for dwell

A POISONOUS PRACTICE.

CHICKEN PIE.

putrid meat.

There are many ways of making a chicken pie, but this is a good one: Cut up as for fricasse a pair of tender chick-ens weighing from six to eight pounds. Put them over the fire with a quarter of a pound of salt pork, cut in very thin strips, and add boiling water to scarcely cover: simmer slowly until tender. Remove all the nicer pieces, the breasts of

which make four pieces from each chicken, the first and second joints each cut into two. Leave the backs, the tips of the wings and the necks to simmer another hour, adding a minced onion and some parsley. Line a very large cartheo pudding dish with good paste; lay in the pieces of chicken, strain over it the ly, put on the top crust and bake until crust is done. When taken from the

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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DEGENERATE DAYS.

Oh, the man with a fist like the hoof of a That can discount the kick of a mule in its

force. Has found, in the tumle

Of life, it is muscle,

And brains are a waste as a matter of course, He may get all the favors of fate he may

In a glamour of gold for a while can he bask, If he pleases the asses Who gather in masses

To see him go over the falls in a cask.

If you only are born with a head sat awry; If like a cyclop you have only an eye;

If you happen a midget,

Or have one extra digit,

You are bound to succeed and you needn't half try.

So, away with your Latin, away with your Greek,

All the training you need is to harden your cheok.

They are thumpers, not scholars, Who harvest the dollars,

And the wreath's on the head of the museum

frenk. -Charles M. Snyder, in Lippincott.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Does the crow ever more over any lost aws

Whaling grounds-Country school A Maine barber has fallen "hair" to a

handsome fortune. A skilful cook is the most popular of

aterior decorators. Talking about wheelmen, when they

toil not neither do they spin. Many an honest debtor wishes he had

a round sum to square up with. The ocean greyhounds have no time

to consider barks at sea .- Picayune. The most self-conceited are those who

continually depreciate natural vanity. It was a butcher who remarked that

our quarters were less than the whole .-

The pen is mightier than the sword; but the pencil isn't much good without the knife.

"Excuse me," said a tramp, as he was led to the wood shed, "but I am not experienced in running a chop house."

Dentist (to patient)-""Will you take gas to have the tooth out?" Patient-How much is it a thousand?"-Judge Quack-++1f you use my medicine you use no other. Patient-"That's will what I'm afraid of, doctor."- Fankee Blade.

The pug dog fitls many a man with the disappointing thought that he might be handsome if he were only ugly enough

Woman is a lovely creature, and she knows it, too, but she is always willing to be told it once more .- Somerville Journal.

Mr. Gustus Phew-"Will you remember me when I am far away?" Miss gravy, which you have thickened slight. Sally Day-"How far away are you going !"-Puck.

Thompson (proudly)_iRobinson

Trenton and the Vandalia at Samoa was a bitter blow. All the foreign stations are now held only in a vague and shadowy way. There is but one American war ship in European waters, a condition of affairs which has not occurred before since 1820.

. The average citizen of the United States knows very little about the management of affairs in the sister republic of Mexico. Every little while a bit of news creeps into the papers which causes the visit really seemed inopportune. She us to modify our views. Thus we are accustomed to think of our continent being free from the old-world vice of maintaining armies composed of men forced into service in time of peace, but it seems She was a sensible little woman, and felt that the system prevails in Mexico. Her army, small us it is, is made up in part of forced recruits. A number of these the other day, while under the charge of house, she fell and sprained her ankle, an escort, mutinled, soverely wounded a the pain so great that she almost licutenant and killed a sorgeant. The fainted. lieutenant and killed a sergeant. The mutineers were subsequently arrested and sent to the City of Mexico, to be shot for their crime. Something must be radically wrong in Mexico, observes the San Francisco Ckroniele, or she would not be compelled to resort to force to keep up hor small army.

Miss Kate Drexel, the Philadelphia heiress to over \$5,000,000, who was admitted as a postalate into the severe orders of the Sisters of Mercy, has now taken the white voil, her first six months of probation having ended. This step is a new one toward the black veil, which, about three years hence, will separate her from the world for life. "It thought so, she looked so neat, clean and would be a mistake," says the New placid York Sun, "to attribute to undue influences the disposition Miss Drexel is making of herself and her millions. It is simply the natural development of the life she has led since her infancy. Her father was a deeply religious man. So was her mother, a Miss Longstreth, who died when Kate was only two years old, | walk but found time to sow in her mind the seeds of a mysticism which was carefully cultivated since by her stepmother, a Miss Bouvier, whose family was of the strictest religious habits such as are still to be found in highly cultivated French families nowadays. Sister Drexel will devote her ilfo to the education of Indian and colored girls, and a few years from ROLL now will probably be heard from as the Superioress of a useful branch of her ordor in the West."

to iron, the currant jelly to make, and goodness only knows what else. She'll be too dainty to lay a hand to anything, and will spend her time reading, sleeping and lolling in the hammock. She might have waited to be asked.' "I know it will prove an infliction," "But I

the husband consolingly said. "But I guess there's nothing to do but to bear Things may not turn out so bad as you fancy they will." He got into the wagon and drove off.

Mrs. Henderson walked into the spring house to churn the butter. She was seldom prevish and rarely complained, but was not very strong, and as she worked early and late and took no recreation, it was beginning to tell on her nerves. The farm was not entirely paid for,

and they were not able to keep a girl. that it was her duty to second her thrifty husband's efforts. Leisure, if not com-

petency, would come by and by. In descending the steps of the spring

"That means a week of enforced idleness," she despairingly thought. "Time so precious, and that fashionably reared niece of George's more of a hindrance than a help. Oh, dear!"

After much painful effort she sucoccided in reaching the sitting room, and threw herself upon the comfortable lounge. She fell into a doze, and when she opened her eyes there stood Fanny

Atwood, looking down into her face. She had on a plain, sensible looking traveling dress. Her figure was compact, her complexion healthy, her air cheerful, her demeanor self possessed. Her cheeks were dimpled, her mouth indicated resoution, her soft brown eyes offered confidence and invited it. She had walked cellar. two miles through the hot sun, over a dusty road, but one would hardly have

"You are my Aunt Mattie, Fsuppose?" she said, in a low, sweet voice, a smile lurking among her dimples.

"Yes," Mrs. Henderson said with an effort. "Your uncle forgot to give me your letter until this morning. He could not meet you because he had to deliver the milk over at the other railroad at the

"I wasn't vexed about it," replied the visitor. "Nor am I in a hurry about my trunk.

"I sprained my ankle," Mrs. Henderon said, "I am afraid I will not be about for three or four days." "That is too bad," commiscratingly

rejoined Miss Atwood. "It seems I was right back to New York." just to come. I can do ever so many things for you." "Yes," grinly assented Mrs. Hender-

"Fil first took after that ankle," the isitov said, briskly, cheerially. asked Fanny, her brown eyes widening. seems as though science was knocking quest should be refused.—San Francisco out old mother nature. Chronicle. visitor said, briskly, cheertally.

he said. "There isn't anything better." plied the wife. "It was her own sugges-

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Henderson, with increasing appreciation of his niece. "And she insists upon ironing. A pretty mess she'll make of it !!

but she is your equal.

has been-

solid, energetic, capable sort of a girl, the Celestial gentleman holding this reand it is lucky that she came." Well, I hope it may prove so," doubtingly rejoined the wife. "George, there's thousand Chinese to take up their resithe hutter!"

"I'll churn that," he said. "We'll get along. Just keep your mind at case. You will get about much sooner if you

Fanny Atwood prepared dinner, now and then slipping into the sitting-room to wet the bandage, and to chat in her cheery way with her patient.

On the third day Mrs. Henderson was able to hobble to the kitchen, where she found everything in most excellent "Look at my currant jelly," Fanny

proudly said, as she held up one of the glass jars to the light. It was translucent and bright as ruby tinted wine. "It is very nice," Mrs. Henderson said.

How much sugar did you take?" "Pound for pound," replied Fanny. "I wasn't extravagant, was 1!" "You were wise," her aunt said with

i smile. She opened the door into the

"Fanny, did you whitewash the spirway?" she asked in surprise. "Yes, auntie. It needed it. I knew you meant to do it, for I saw you had

dacked the lime. Isn't it nicely done?" "Very nicely," Mrs. Henderson said.

arely your hands......" Star, in a prettily furnished office, can "Look at them," Fauny said, laugh-be found a young man, exquisitely Surely your hands----

chair and cried,

sponsible position. This and some other lines of business have induced over two dence in Yokohama alone.

Chewing Ten Leaves.

The newest thing in the way of a light, genteel stimulant that I have seen used is tea, said a doctor to a St. Louis reporter. The leaves are taken dry, just as the stores sell them, and chewed in the mouth, the pulp being thrown out afterward like an old quid of tobacco. It is a woman's habit, and has taken

the place of chewing gum to a great extent, but I have seen one or two young men experimenting with the tea, and i may get to be a regular fad. I tried it, but I think that no man who uses tobacco can get any stimulant out of tea. It's rather harmless, and the stimulating effeet is obtained much more quickly by chewing it than by drinking it. Those I have seen using it consume much more of it, too, than they would if they drank

It is an indoor practice, but, of course, it spreads. We'll see it on the street-cars and in the theatres, just as the gumchewing appears to us now.

A Professional Blush Producer.

Not very far from the corner of Locust But it wasn't right for you to do it, and Broadway, says the St. Louis Times-

ing. "They are as white and soft as dressed, and as pretty as a picture in any lady's. I put gloves on-and then I have a sort of dainty way of working." hour you named. I am sorry you had to walk." I can do it well without pitching into it all over. If it was right for you to ten minutes. For a long time past stuwhitewash the collar-way, it was right for me to whitewash it. I came here to help you and to spare you; to ride the horses, to go to the mill wiff Uncle good, liberal for, this "blush producer" George, and to make myself useful and -welcome. If you are not going to let ms work, or have any fun, why, I'll go

erstitious opposition. Priests accused him of sacrilege, of seeking to throw obstacles in the way of Omnipotence in the final work of the resurrection of the dead, and his brother anatomists refused to stand by him. It is a sad story-the experience of Galileo was repeated in the rsecution he had to endure-and yet asked no great thing, only the dead body of a criminal or a pauper to petrify entire. He had been allowed portions of bodies, fragments fallen from the ta bles of the hospital anatomists, among them the head of a girl and the bust of a peasant woman-the first an astonishing piece of preservation, all of the features remaining as in life, the hair exquisitely soft and lustrous, the teeth dazzling; the second is a marvel of beautiful color and contour, and ivory like in smoothness and firmness.

At last he obtained from the Grand Duke Leopold permission to use for his purpose an entire human body, probably that of a criminal; but just as he was going to work the gracious hand was withdrawn through the influence of the archbishop. Segato was in despair. It was known that he had carefully written out his process, intending after more fully demonstrating it and testing it by time to make it public; but one day his private study or laboratory was broken into and his drawers and chests ransacked for papers. Those containing his secret were discovered, but in his indignation and desperation he burned them. Soon after this he died. On his deathbed he tried to described his process to his most intimate friend, to whom he had promised the revelation, but voice and sight failed him, and murmuring: "It is too late," he closed his weary eyes on a life of vain struggle and disappointment.

Among the preparations left by Segato is the slab for a small table of various rich colors and highly polished surface, apparently marble, but really a mosaic ormed of fragments of human members, visceri, etc., nothing very extraordinary to behold until you know it is so "fear-fully and wonderfully made." It occurred to me that this would be a capital piece of furniture for the King of the Cannibal Islands or a spirit medium.

His Lofty Ambition.

A thug who was recently imprisoned in India, having been caught almost in the actual commission of a murder, complained bitterly to an English officer at having been deprived of the opportunity to fulfil his ambition. He had begun life with the fixed determination to kill has even thousand human beings, and at the time of his capture was in a fair way ms work, or have any fun, why, fun go right hack to New York." Sho spoke with voluble enrectness, her gestures rapid, her dimples dancing. Mrs. Mattie Henderson sat down in a the happy dude is blessed with a pair of additional 300 needed, and he thought "Why, aunt, what is the matter!" pink checks. Somehow or other, it it great hardship that so reasonable a re-

oven pour in slowly some of the reserved gravy through the hole made in the top of the paste. Of course, all the larger bones are to be removed when the chick en is laid in the paste, and each layer must be seasoned with salt, pepper and minced parsley. It is good either hot or cold, and the day after the dinner you will have chance to sample in the latter state.

RECIPES.

Boiled Codfish-Sonk in a pan of water over night, and simmer two or three hours, or until well done. Serve with drawn butter, with hard boiled egg chopped fine and stirred in; also garnish fish with slices of hard boiled egg the laid on it or around the edge.

Minced Veal-Take an earthen dish and put in it a layer of breaderumbs: over this place pieces of butter, then a layer of minced cold yeal, with salt and pepper, then more crumbs, butter, yeal, salt and pepper. When the dish isfull, with a layer of crumbs for the top, pour over it an egg, beaten well, and mixed in half a cup of milk. Bake until brown.

Hashed Meat-Take the trimmings of cold boiled or roasted ham; chop fine and spread on delicate slices of toast, buttered, and place in the oven for about three minutes; beat up six eggs with half a cup of milk, put into a saucepan, add pepper, salt and two ounces of butter, d stir till it begins to thicken; remove from the fire, stir a little, then spread on the ham and serve.

Fried Chicken-Put equal quantities of butter and lard in a hot frying pan. If the chicken has been previously cooked will need no more salt. Dredge in

flour, and fry it to a nice brown in each side. Make a dressing by putting two tablespoonfuls of flour into the hot fat and stirring until brown; then add one pint of sweet milk, salt and pepper to taste. Serve in a gravy boat.

Fried Raw Potatoes-Pare and slice thinly into cold water some mediumsized potatoes, drain in a colander and put into a frying-pan in which is two tablespoons melted butter or clarified drippings, or half of each; cover closely ten minutes, removing only to stir them from the bottom to keep from burning; cook another ten minutes, stirring until lightly browned. Sweet potatoes may be prepared in the same way.

Saratoga Chips-Thinly peel and slice on a slaw cutter over a pan of cold water four large potatoes, using new when in season; sait the water and let stand while breakfast is preparing; take handfuls of the polatoes at a time, drain and dry them on a napkin; separate the slices and drop ahandful at a time in boiling lard, with out contact with each other; stir with a fork until a light brown or erisp, as de-sired; skim out, drain well and serve in an open dish. Are-very good cold as well.

At the Illinois State Fair a boy sixteen years old had on exhibition sixty varietics of beans, all shelled and named.

see that gun? My wife killed a bear with that once." Robinson-"Ah, indeed! What was she shooting at."-Munsey's Weekly.

Mildred (who hears that her aunt is going to take a fencing lesson)-"Oh, untie, do take me with you. -I'd love to see you jump over the fences!"-Harper's Bayar.

Tommy-"Mamma, give me some pears." Mother-"Why, Tommy, you inve eaten five or six already." them ain't the ones I want. It's them in the basket I'm after."-Texas Siftings.

Jonnny-"What did the minister mean when he said something about a place where thieves do not break through and steal?" Mr. Dumpsey-""He referred to your mother's dress pocket."-Lawrence American.

"My good man," said the lady to the gardener, "which is your choice for the national flower?" "I haven't given it much thought, mum" he replied; "but I'd vote for the chrysanthy, mum."-Norristan Herald.

Snowberry-"Speaking of the oldfashioned custom of writing 'finis' at the end of a book mass me think of my wife." Down-'How so?" Snowend of a book m wife." berry—"Of the always gets in the last word,"—Rarney Enterprise.

"Here's a dog I must get!" exclaimed the owner of a dime nuseum, as he read in the paper about an animal in Wisconsin who swallows coins whenever he has an opportunity. "What do you want him for?" asked a friend. "Because there's money in it."—Mansey's Weekly.

Applicant-"If you have a position in your bank vacant, sir, I would like to apply for it." Bank President-"There s no vacancy, now, I believe, except that of runner." Applicant-"I am qualided to fill that, sir. I did the best that of runner." long distance work in Yell College, sir, hast year."- Yenowine's News.

of don't think Jones has been indulging too much," said his kindly believing spouse; "but, still, I thought it rather add of him that he should wrench the knocker off the front door and bring it up to me as I sat in bed, saying that he'd gathered another rose for me out of the garden, poor, dear, simple boy; he's just as loving and sentimental as ever way, 1) __ London Punch,

The Lady and the Tiger.

A necklace composed of tiger's claws sounted in diamonds is the favorite rnament of Baroness Marie Ede von Ameline, the famous tiger huntress. She killed with her own hand the four beasts from whose claws her unique piece of jewelry is made, and preserves their skins as rugs. She is now traveling in this country, as is another huntress, Lady Eva Wyndham Linn, who claims to have shin six man-caters during a visit to her mele, the Governor of Nepaul .- Philadelphia Record.

A Toronto (Canada) inventor says his ship will cross the ocean in four days,