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An inventor named O. L. McClellan, of Philadelphia, has succeeded in reproducing artificially the light of the glow worm. The production of this illuminant means the utilization of energy without material waste and without heat.

The rapid decrease in the number of kangaroos is beginning to attract the attention of scientific societies in Australia. From collective reports of the various stock inspectors it was estimated that in 1887 there were 1,881,510 kangaroos. In 1888 the number fell to 1,170,380, a decrease of 711,130.

German chemists have discovered in the coconut a fatty substitute for butter, and now the United States Consul at Mannheim, Germany, reports that the new product has begun to be manufactured on a large scale in that city. A single factory produces 6000 pounds of it per day, worth in the market fifteen cents a pound.

An ancient and remarkable clock has been recently set up in the reading room of the municipal library at Rouen, France. A single winding keeps it running fourteen years and some odd months. It was constructed in 1682, underwent alterations in 1816, was bought by the city of Rouen in 1838, and has been recently repaired and set going.

The growing belief that consumption is contagious promises to lead to many embarrassments. The people of Southern California, which has hitherto been a place of refuge for consumptives, now declare that the invalids must be excluded, since they spread the disease among the original settlers. Similar results, though in a lesser degree, have been observed in the Adirondacks, N. Y.

Sixteen students of the Military Academy of Medicine, in St. Petersburg, have been expelled for attending a funeral service of M. Tolstoyevsky, the nihilist, who died recently. For some time the authorities have been investigating what they believed to be a plot against the Emperor. The result is that several persons who were supposed to be connected with the plot have been expelled from the capital.

An interesting fact in connection with the steamship City of Paris is that her total horse power under a heavy load is 20,000—more than all the power in the great manufacturing cities of Manchester, Lowell and Lawrence, Mass., combined, and thirty-three per cent. more than the power of the great engine which was operated at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876, which was considered at the time the wonder of the age.

France is going to put on an increased tax upon strong liquors as a means of checking their sale as much as possible. The present Ministry is very much in earnest in the matter, and means to carry through the reforms while the country is in a good humor over the success of the exhibition. The Germans will be sufferers by the taxation if it becomes prohibitive, for they manufacture most of the liquor which is drunk by the Belgians, and the poorer classes in northern France.

According to the calculations of the Paris police, 5,000,000 provincials and 1,500,000 foreigners visited the Exhibition. The foreigners included 350,000 English, 225,000 Belgians, 140,000 Germans, 65,000 Spaniards, 32,000 Swiss, 35,000 Italians, 32,000 Austrians, 7000 Russians, 6000 Greeks, Turks and Rumanians, 3500 Portuguese, 2500 Scandinavians, 8000 Africans, 12,000 Algerians and other Africans, 90,000 North Americans, and 25,000 South Americans.

The feeling between the French and the Germans loses none of its bitterness as time rolls on, and it occasionally crops out in the most unexpected directions. Upon the occasion of the recent list of the German royal party to Constantinople there was a large fleet of vessels of all nations at anchor at Stamboul. In honor of the event, the ships of every nation except the French were decked out with all the bunting at their command. The French vessels were doubly conspicuous by the entire absence of flags of any kind in their rigging.

M. de Quatrefages, the leading French ethnologist, in presenting the second part of his "Introduction to the Study of the Human Races" to the Academy of Sciences, has given an interesting summary of his general conclusions with regard to the origin and distribution of mankind. Neglecting the minor differences, he estimates that there are no fewer than seventy-two distinct races in the human species. All these descend or branch from three fundamental types—the black, the yellow and the white—which had their origin at the great central mass of Northern Asia, which is that the cradle of mankind. Representatives of these different types and the races which sprung from them are still to be found there.

THE LANE

They met down the green old lane, As evening stalked with lengthened shade; He was a sturdy country swain, And she a simple rustic maid. Sang he: "I thrust my plowshares deep, Each day, in yonder fields of corn; Then, wearied with my labor, sleep Till cocks crow at the gates of morn." Sang she: "My household duties done, From your green meadow where they browse On clover sweetening in the sun, I homeward drove my gentle cows." Quoth he: "And so I've met thee, lass, Which haply met me on week-a-day; Sometimes to church I see thee pass, Dressed in thy Sunday ribbons gay." "Such times, sweet maid, I've looked on thee, With love, from under eyelids shy, Half wondering if a thought of me Strode in thy breast while passing by." "Fair is my cot by yonder stream; Complete but for a housewife's care; If not to thee too bold it seem, Sweet Mary, I would have thee there." "So when the morning-glories blow, On Sunday next, if thou'll agree, Together let us churchward go, And there, O, let us married be." "Now let me fetch with thee, I pray, From meadows green, thy errand kins; Sometimes the restless creatures stray Beyond the pastures boundary line." Quoth she: "Thy cot is fair indeed— But sooth, I know not what to say; Come with me where my cattle feed, And I will tell thee by the way." Across the meadow lands bespang, With daisies, open-eyed like stars, They hand in hand, together went, And let the cattle through the bars. The cows they wandered down the lane, As evening stalked with lengthened shade, While, far behind, the happy swain Strode with the blushing rustic maid. Mayhap there wait a wedding eve, When pious folks at church convene, The like of which they seldom see, Down in the heart of country green. One meadow, then, their kiss will feed; And they, content, shall rise each morn; She, busy one, to sew and knead, And he to labor in the corn. —Wm. T. Dennis, in Atlantic Constitution.

A BLUE PRINT.

Everything was bright and cheerful and wintry and cold about Dr. Bebus's strictly limited family sanitarium up in the Soranac woods. The snow was bright, and the sky was cheerful, and the air was wintry and most people's feet was cold. Dr. Bebus himself might be described in the same way. He was overwhelmingly bright and cheerful—when you came—and chillingly wintry and cold when you inquired into the extras in his bill, at the end of your stay. Most of the strictly limited family were out of doors on that fine December day. Those who didn't drive out were driven out by the doctor, who told them that they had come there for the Soranac air, and the Soranac air they should have. They got it, too. It was the principle article of diet at the doctor's table. There were only six of us, all told. Three aged persons sat wrapped up in furs on the sunny side of the verandah, drawing in the Soranac air through respirators. Jack Collins was off, sleighing Miss Belle Prendergast, the pretty daughter of the agedest. I was loafing around the front door, and wondering why I wasn't where Jack was. Jack and I were (except Miss Belle) the only people who were not up there in a tubercular or bronchial capacity. There was nothing the matter with our lungs or our bronchi. We had a little trouble that had sent us into temporary retirement; but it had pretty nearly blown over. I had not concluded to get my gun and go and shoot a moose for supper—an idea that had often occurred to me during my stay, but that I had never carried out—when I observed two young men approaching in a sleigh. They were coming from the station, and I gazed upon them with interest, and they sleigh drew up at the door, and they got out. The three aged waked up and stared blankly. Dr. Bebus and Mrs. Bebus and Miss Bebus came out on the verandah and looked upon them. Miss Bebus had been a sweet thing when ringlets were the go, and she hung on to the ringlets and thought she hung on to the sweetness. I looked at those two men and felt that I could kick them with great comfort. One of them had a guitar in a green braze nister. The other had a camera and a tripod. While they were unloading their instruments I saw Jack coming and their gripsacks, I saw Jack coming and speaking around from the back of the house. Old Prendergast saw him, too. "Hi, there, you Mr. Collins! where's my darter?" "Don't know, sir," said Jack; "don't you? I've just come in from a walk." "With your drivin' gloves on, eh?" coughed the old gentleman; "where's my darter?" "Here I am, Papa," said Belle, coming up from the other side of the house; "I've just been to the village after the mail." "Arter him!—a-a-a-h!" said the aged, relapsing into his respirator. Belle took him away and smoothed him down, and gave him a paper to read. It soothed the aged. Then the new-comers marched up, and we were all introduced. The murderer with the guitar was Mr. Jagworth. The assassin with the camera was Cohee. "Int'rest'd in cameras?" inquired Cohee of Jack, who was studying the accordion-plats of the machine. "Don't know how to play on it," said Jack. "Why, that's a photographic machine," said Cohee. "Ain't that a concealer!" asked Jack. "That's the bellows," said Cohee.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

GIBLET SAUCE FOR ROAST TURKEY. Put over the giblets of the turkey and the livers of two or three chickens to boil. Cook them slowly for an hour and a half; then strain off the liquor and add it to the gravy in the dripping-pan as soon as the roast turkey is taken up. Mix these gravies well together; add a tablespoonful of flour for thickening, and cook five or six minutes, stirring all the time. Let the livers be separated from the other giblets and minced fine. Put them in a saucepan, and strain the gravy over them. Stir it for five minutes longer after the liver is added. ESCALOPED CAULIFLOWER. Cook a good-sized cauliflower in plenty of water for half an hour. At the end of this time drain and separate it into florets. Put a layer in a deep white earthen pudding-dish and sprinkle it with salt, pepper and a few bits of butter, and a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese. Moisten this layer with cream sauce, then add another layer and sprinkle with cheese, and finally with fine breadcrumbs and a few bits of butter. Pour over all enough cream sauce to moisten it well and bake it in a hot oven for twenty minutes. To make the pint of cream sauce used in this rule melt two table-spoonfuls of butter in a saucepan with a table-spoonful of flour, and when mixed add slowly a pint of cold milk and boil at once. PUMPKIN PIE. There are so many makeshifts in these days that it is well once in the year to remind housekeepers of the rich, well-made pies of the days when people were less impatient to be through with their work and took time to do it properly. The first essential is a good, sweet field pumpkin, which is better than any squash for this purpose. Peel it and cut it in pieces and cook it very slowly for four or five hours, with only water enough to prevent its burning. This slow cooking makes the pumpkin rich and sweet. When it is done wash it and strain it through a colander, and to two cups of strained pumpkin add slowly four cups of boiling hot milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, two table-spoonfuls of ginger, one of cinnamon, one of mace and a half nutmeg. Beat well five eggs; stir them in a cup of cream and add with sugar enough to sweeten the whole. Line tin pie plates with plain pastry, brush it over with the white of an egg, crimp an ornamental border of puff paste around the pie and fill it with the pumpkin custard. Bake the pies in a moderately hot oven till they are firm in the centre and brown. —New York Tribune. HOUSEHOLD HINTS. For bilious colic and ginger in hot water. It may be taken freely. To remove tar rub thoroughly with clean lard and wash with soap and warm water. Nervous spasms are usually relieved by a little salt taken in the mouth and allowed to dissolve. When the eyes are tired and weak, if they are bathed in slightly saline water they will soon become soothed. Bent wheelbarrows can be restored and used again by simply soaking in water a few hours and then drying them. Use Turkish towels for the kitchen as well as for bath towels; they wear well, wash easily and require no ironing. Heartburn may be relieved almost instantly if half a teaspoonful of table salt be dissolved in wineglassful of cold water and then drunk. Sleeplessness caused by too much blood in the head may be overcome by applying a cloth wet with cold water to the back of the neck. Make bed comfortable for every-day use of domestic gingham instead of calico. It only costs a trifle more, will wash better and wear as long again. A French cook tells us that a piece of dry bread, tied in a bag and placed in the water while cabbage is boiling, will prevent the unpleasant odor which usually arises. Sometimes a vanilla bean is thrown into the tea pot with the green and black tea, and after the boiling was in there is a delicate aroma of vanilla as well as tea. Nothing is more soothing for burns or scalds than to pour the white of an egg over the injured place. It is easily prepared and is more cooling than sweet oil and cotton. Children need four suits; one for very best, one for second best, and two for the wear and tear of every day. To get on with a scantier supply is poor economy as a general thing. Be sure and put your clothes pins in hot soap suds at least once in two weeks, and let them boil; after which they may be taken out, dried and put away in a bag, ready for use on next wash day. Nothing more surely shows good breeding than refined table manners, and you can never teach your children these while habitually eating off an oil-cloth table-spread or a slovenly linen one. To clean a carpet thoroughly, throw damp salt upon it and then sweep it briskly, and it will be found that all the coloring will be vastly brightened; or if the carpet has been well swept, go over it afterward with a clean cloth and clear salt water, and the result will be almost as good. Deserted Capitals in India. One of the strangest things in India is the multitude of deserted capitals. There are three old Delhis, three successive capitals of the East, all close to each other, all south of the present city. One of the three is Tuglakabad, a marvelous city on the hill, roofless and absolutely deserted, but solid and gigantic. The second is Ferozabad, with a handful of inhabitants. The third is the old Delhi of Kutub, who was born a Turkish slave and died Emperor of India. His name still survives in the finest tower in the world and in the oldest mosque in India.

WISE WORDS.

He who has neither friend nor enemy is without talents, powers, or energy. It is better to sacrifice one's love of sarcasm than to indulge it at the expense of a friend. A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure. It is always a sign of poverty of mind where men are ever aiming to appear great, for they who are really never seem to know it. Sometimes it is hard to tell whether a man is firm in principle or simply obstinate; but the man himself never expresses any doubt. When we are most filled with heavenly love, and only then, are we best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it and forget its burden. The art of putting the right men in the right places is first in the science of government; but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult. Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time. Expensive Siamese Funerals. Siam is the land of cremation. It costs more money to die there than to live, and the funerals of Congressmen, which are paid for at extravagant rates by the Government, cost but little in comparison with that of a Siamese noble. When a King dies in Siam the whole nation takes part in the funeral, and 81,000,000 and upward is sometimes spent in the turning of the royal embalmed body into ashes. The last Queen who died at Bangkok was seated in a golden urn for a number of months after her death, and the foreign merchants in Siam bought thousands of dollars' worth of goods from Europe and China for the King to give as presents to those who came to the funeral. A great temple or palace with roofs covered with gilt paper was built as her bier, and the funeral-car was overlaid with pure gold and set with jewels. The car was six stories high and it was surrounded by tiers of golden umbrellas. All the foreign diplomats attended the burning, and there was a tiger fight, a lion dance, and a tournament among the celebrations. The King lit the fire at six p. m., and he gave presents of gold and silver as well as a dinner to the most noted of the mourners. It took a full week to perform the ceremonies, and at the close the ashes were taken in a royal barge and strewn upon the waters of the Menan River. Every man in Siam has as good a burning as his purse will buy, but few are able to undertake the expense of building a palace in which to be burned. The average cremation takes place on a pile of wood laid crossways, and after it the bones are gathered up and tied up in a rag to be kept as relics. The most horrible funerals are those of the very poor of Bangkok. The bodies of these are taken to a temple known as the Wat Sah Kate. Imagine an inclosure of many acres, filled with bushes and whispering palms, at the feet of which are piles of coffins, and along the roofs of which skulls are lying. Enter this garden path if you dare. There are no men to stop you, and you wander in and out through the trees, snarled at by lean, hungry-looking dogs, until at last you come to a number of low brick buildings. Here you will meet a lean, toothless, parchment-skinned old hag who has hair as white and stiff as the bristles of a Chester white pig, and who smiles at you through her toothless beckons you in. Vultures fly the hunched sit upon the trees over her, and as you go in you hear the snarling of dogs. You look toward them, they are fighting over the half-eaten bodies of men, and the vultures swooping down, flap their wings and attempt to seize a part of the prey. Beside the bloody corpses are a mass of half-dried skulls and the odd legs and arms of the day before, and the old woman laughs through her toothless gums as she points you to them. Some of the Buddhists believe that their chance of nirvana, or heaven, is better in case they give their bodies to the vultures, and some of these bodies have been dedicated in this way. Others are those of very poor people, who can not afford the cost of cremation. —Hobbes Times. Ancient Embalming. In view of modern progress in embalming, desiccation and other methods of preserving the dead for an indefinite time, it is interesting to note that it has been estimated that more than 400,000 human mummies were made in Egypt from the beginning of the art of embalming until its discontinuance in the Seventh Century. There were three grades of embalming. For preserving his relative in the most approved style the Egyptian had to pay \$1225; in the second grade the operation cost about \$375; the third method was so cheap as to be considered "within the reach of the poorest citizen," and involved the pickling of the body for some days, and then a boiling in bitumen. These mummies are devoid of hair and eyebrows, and are black, heavy, dry and very hard to break. The Other Side of the World. If we want to find a country where nature has turned things topsy-turvy—that is, according to our notions—we must go to Australia. Many things are reversed in Australia. It is summer there while it is winter in America. Trees shed their bark instead of their leaves; fruit has the stone or kernel outside; swans are black; there is a species of fly that kills and eats the spider, and a fish called the climbing perch walks deliberately out of the water, and with the aid of its fins, climbs the adjacent trees after the insects that infest them. When to this we add that most of the birds have no song and the flowers no odors, it is easily seen that it is the other side of the world in more senses than one.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE EYESIGHT. Various Ways in Which the Eyes Are Injured—Other Disorders Often Caused by Eye Strain. There is no factor of the body of which we have so little knowledge, for which we have so little gratitude, and which we so shamefully maltreat as the eye. We heap abuses upon muscles and tissues of microscopic dimensions from the cradle on, yet at the very first indication one of them gives of sinking under the strain, it or its Creator is loaded with reproaches, and we wonder what on earth eyes are good for if we cannot use them, and why they do not last as long as we need them. Attention was directed to the subject recently by a marvelously skillful operation performed upon the eyes of a poor man in the Ophthalmic Hospital by Dr. F. H. Boynton of this city. In a talk with the doctor, who is a philanthropist as well as a scientist, some valuable points were gathered in regard to the matter. The public conveyance as a reading room is one of the foremost sources of damage to the sight. The eye demands absolute steadiness of both light and position in the object upon which it rests. Not only is the motion from a train itself constant, but the pitching and tossing at the stations and curves, and the constant interception of objects outside and in between lights artificial and natural, provide a whole army of Philistines before which the most Samson-like eyesight must quail. The ferryboat offers still more serious objection, as the paddle-wheel vibration is still more constant and excessive than that of a train, where the road-bed is good. Many scientific men even go so far as to say that it is the motion of the ocean steamship upon the nerves through the medium of the eye that produces seasickness. One should cease using the daylight instant it has commenced to decline, even though it seem sufficient for the accomplishment of some certain task, for though artificial light is bad, dying daylight is infinitely worse. A strong sun glare falling directly upon the eyes, as in a long promenade, may be injurious to weak eye muscles or sensitive retinas. A small parasol, or the hat tipped over the eyes, should be made a protection. The foundation for much future eye trouble is laid by the culpable negligence of nurses in leaving the eyes of their little charges exposed to the sun's direct rays. One needs but to wear a veil to discover when it is removed that something is wrong with the eyes. When the veil is simply a plain gauze one an added strain is put upon the sight by the intervention of the veil haze. The effect of the dot is more quickly injurious, as it affords a near-by object to distract the eye from those more removed. The "muscle of accommodation," as it is called, lying back of the lens, is contracted when vision rests upon a near object, and relaxed when being exercised upon one at a distance. One can imagine the effect upon a piece of rubber of its being continuously pulled between the fingers, but one can scarcely realize the damage done the still more delicate eye muscles. Specialists cannot but be sorry for the necessity of so much night work by men whose work begins about twilight. With care, however, the most harmful effects may be avoided. A powerful and clear steady light should fall upon the paper over the shoulders. The crescent shade is a great help. Ceiling lights are all ways too high. Bracket lights are dim and flickering. The drop light in front of the eyes is baneful. Quite recently the influence of the eyes upon the general health has been attracting the attention of specialists, and general practitioners are recognizing the manifold serious effects upon the whole system of faulty eyes, either from born malformations, acquired weakness, or any deviation from the normal standard or disturbance of muscular harmony or balance. It is being established beyond a doubt that many cases of sick headache, periodical headaches, a large number of hysterical or otherwise nervous unbalancings, many cases of palpitation, and other serious functional disorders may be traced to eye disorder as the predisposing cause, needing but some species of over exertion—sight seeing, concentrated attention upon a speaker, intent gazing at music or close study—to precipitate the onset, and produce an invalid in whom the eye is the last factor to be accused of the mischief. Often the innocent stomach has to bear the consequences of this sly mischief maker, when in reality it bears the same relation as effect to cause. Cases of nervous wrecks, of worn-out, tired backed men and women and dyspeptic others suffering to eye strain, and the time is coming when many cases of cataract will be attributed to malformed eyes. —New York Sun. A Profitable Tree. The opoponax tree is not only a very pleasant but a profitable one to the ladies of Charleston, S. C. There are a score or more of ladies in Charleston who actually get all their winter dresses from the opoponax trees in their gardens. A young lady who has a tree in her garden has already realized \$25 from the sale of the flowers, and her neighbor, who has a younger tree, has bought a handsome winter cloak from the proceeds of her tree. The flowers are made up in tiny buttonhole bouquets, and are given to the cook's son to sell. He sells them at five cents a bouquet, and has no trouble in disposing of them to northern tourists who pass through the city. —Chicago Herald. The city of St. Petersburg, which does not count 1,000,000 inhabitants, consumes each day 10,000 bottles of wine, 1,500,000 quarts of beer, and 1,600,000 glasses of an alcohol known under the name of vodka.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring Night and day; Sow the seed; withdraw the curtain; Clear the way; Men of action, aid and cheer them As ye may. There's a fount about to stream; There's a light about to beam; There's a warmth about to glow; There's a flower about to blow; There's a midnight blackness changing Into gray; Men of thought and men of action, Clear the way. Once the welcome light has broken, Who shall say, What the unimagined glories Of the day; What the evil that shall perish In its ray; Aid the dawning, tongue and pen; Aid it, hopes of honest men; Aid it, pen, and aid it, type; Aid it, for the hour is ripe; And our earnest must not slacken Into play Men of thought and men of action, Clear the way. —Charles Mackay. HUMOR OF THE DAY. A German Count—Eins, zwei, drei! Going to work with a will—Contest it. The scientist says an absolute vacuum cannot exist, and yet the dude lives. Music hath charms—That is when put together in the proper proportions.—Denville Brace. The easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practice what her husband preaches.—Athens Globe. When a cashier goes to Canada his employer's face and his own accounts are the long and short of it.—Chicago News. In milking a cow always sit on the side furthest from the cow and near a soft spot in the pasture.—Milwaukee Bluff. Some men's affairs don't get straightened out until about the same time they do themselves.—Burlington Free Press. "I only charge you a fair price," she said, as Robinson objected to paying five dollars for a buttonhole bouquet.—Yankee Blade. One reason why an expert fisherman is so silent at his sport is because he is waiting for a catch with baited breath.—Baltimore American. Parrott—"And so Mrs. Gadabout is really forty years old? She doesn't show her age." Wags—"No; she keeps it to herself."—Miner's Weekly. The man who drives a fast horse may find it an expensive luxury; but he seems to have no difficulty in "raising the dust."—Yonkers Statesman. When'er you step into a room And conversation ceases, You won't be wrong if you presume You have been picked to pieces. —Philadelphia Press. "Don't you get frightfully tired of your work?" asked the monkey of the hand-organ. "Well life is a good deal of a grind for me," replied the organ.—Time. The picture of the three-year-old King of Spain is on all of the new Spanish postage stamps; so that child is liable to receive his share of licking after all.—Time. "To look at you, Jonson, no one would take you for a humorist." "No?" "No. And hanged if they'd think you were a funny man to read your jokes, either!" —Bios. Old Gentleman—"Harry, I am disgusted with you. It seems to me you have no will of your own." Harry—"Ah, yes, but, eh—can't you make one for me?" —Kearney Enterprise. Hotel Clerk—"You wouldn't imagine I am nervous; would you?" Guest—"Well, I should hesitate to ejaculate! Why, I think you've got more nerve than a book agent."—New York Journal. "Collecting silver spoons is a new craze," remarks an exchange. Yes, and collecting towels, blankets, the soap and other little trifles, is an old craze with dishonest people who patronize hotels.—Hotel Gazette. The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten," has only to leave the hotel without paying his bill to find out how sadly mistaken he is.—Bryson Sun Industrial News. Wrote to you, eh? —New Orleans Picayune. The Professor of a California State university has invented what he calls "indestructible leather." A pair of shoes made of leather that will never wear out ought to last a ten-year-old school boy at least six weeks. It is not love that makes him moan, Nor yet, that he is all alone. No grief in his mind is gnawing. It is not poverty's sad dart, 'Tis not remorse that at his heart, His gorilla plaster is drawing. —Chicago Herald. Foundson (arguing in defence of his favorite theory that personal beauty is not woman's chief attraction)—"I counted that beauty has nothing to do with a young woman's chief chances of getting a husband. I'll leave it to any married woman in the room if it is not so."—Boston Transcript. A Chinese Pill. "If you wish to see a medical curiosity," says a Cincinnati paper, "step into Appalar Klamper's office in the Government building and ask him to show you a Chinese pill. He has a dozen or so of them. They are as big as large marbles, in fact, they are just the size of crab apples, and are coated with a semi-transparent sugary substance covered with flowers and gilt letters. Some of them have this sweet covering broken, and you can see beneath the pill proper, black as a bit of India ink, and the very thought of missing that mass in order to get it down is an emetic. But it must take an unusual amount of moral courage in a Chinaman to tackle a pill." New York State is reported to have produced last season 2,088,845 pounds of honey, being exceeded only by Tennessee with 2,130,689 pounds.