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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Advertisement type and Rate. Includes categories like One Square, one inch, one month; One Square, one inch, three months; One Square, one inch, one year; Two Squares, one year; Quarter Column, one year; Half Column, one year; One Column, one year; Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Last year Germany granted only 3921 patents, while England granted 9779, and the United States 20,420.

From the year the patent office was established up to the present time 3500 patents have been granted to females. The first woman patentee was Mary Kees, who invented a machine for weaving a mixture of silk and thread.

A squirrel was killed recently on its way from a grain field in San Joaquin County, Cal., and on examination of its pouches they were found to contain 819 grains of wheat, which goes to show how much damage a few of these animals can do.

According to the New York Herald, 'colonists who have returned to this country from Africa report that the condition of the American colored people who have sought homes there is truly pitiable. The climate breeds fatal fevers, and the colonists would all return if they could, but few of them will ever be able to reach America again.'

The Civil Service examiners have some queer experiences. An applicant for appointment on the police force of one of our cities in filling in the replies to questions about his habits, wrote that he took five cocktails before breakfast. Another frankly wrote that he took considerable liquor, and when asked if a physician prescribed it said: 'No, I prescribed it for myself.'

A Daniel has come to judgment in Montreal, where a man has been condemned to pay one dollar damages for having called upon a person in a factory with the view of collecting debt. The court held that the domicile of the debtor is the proper place at which to demand money that is owing. It further declared that to ask on the streets for money that is due constitutes an assault.

American push is beginning to be not only appreciated but feared in Europe. It has been proposed to hold a World's Electrical Exposition in Frankfurt in June next, to be continued for five months. Herr Siemens, Germany's foremost electrician, warns his fellow countrymen that Germany cannot now compete with America in the number of new electrical inventions, and advises that the exhibition be postponed eighteen months, until the disparity becomes less startling.

The Shah of Persia's recent visit to Europe has been very beneficial to his subjects. Whether he has grown wise in his old age or anxious to appear progressive, the fact remains that he is doing a great deal for the improvement of the sanitary and moral condition of Teheran. He is introducing sewerage into the city and has broken up what are known in this part of the world as 'dives.' It is said that Hadji Hassen Ghooly Kahn, ex-minister to the United States, has greatly assisted the Shah in these reforms.

J. F. Jameson has been making a study of the voting habits of our fathers, and reports results very interestingly in the New England Magazine. He finds that they were not nearly so faithful in performing that duty as their children are. 'When in the spring of 1779,' he says, 'and the question of having a constitutional convention (in Massachusetts) was to be voted on, a great proportion of the soldiers had probably returned to the State. Yet the vote, in towns enough to make up nearly two-thirds of the inhabitants of Massachusetts proper and a part of Maine, amounted to 5.4 per cent. of the population.'

Where would Shou-wan Barnum be if all the world had the same opinion of the Chinese? The London Figaro. A woman in the Fukien province recently gave birth to a boy with four eyes. The mother was very much frightened and wished to have the child killed, but the husband would not allow it to be done. It was finally agreed to exhibit the child for a few days to prevent such an unfortunate affair ever occurring again in the family. The Chinese believe that such deformities are caused by evil spirits. After it had been up for some time the mother put an end to the child's existence by drowning it in a tub of water.

The mild weather in the early part of winter during the past two seasons, has led many to suppose that the Gulf stream, whose influence upon the weather is considerable, is approaching nearer to the Atlantic shore. The hydrographic bureau of the Navy Department is making efforts to discover whether or not this is true, and captains of Atlantic vessels are being asked to take observations of the temperature as they cross the ocean. The influence of the Gulf stream probably does not extend west of the Rocky Mountains, however, and the present winter has been unprecedentedly warm as far west and north as Lake Superior. Some other influence is probably causing the change.

A NECESSITY.

Some there must be who must bear the burden and the loss. Some there must be who must wear the thorny crown and cross. Some there must be who must pass thro' battle and thro' blood. Some there must be who must face the overwhelming flood. Some there must be who must drain the bitter, bitter lees. Some there must be who in pain must wrestle on their knees. Some there must be who must feel the fierce onslaught of fate. Some there must be who must kneel unheard outside the gate. Some there must be who must work nor goodly guard ask. Some there must be who must shirk the un-rewarded task. Some there must be who must lay their hopes on the altar. Some there must be who must say 'Thy will not mine, be done.'

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

BY ARTHUR DODGE.

Did you ever hear of a railroad President running as fireman on an engine? Well, I know of one who did, and, if you've got time to listen to it, I'll tell you the story now while I smoke this cigar. It was along in the summer of '83 that I was firing on a single track, one-horse road, that runs up from Junction City through Georgetown, a matter of a hundred and ten miles. The road was mostly owned by a man named Theford—William B. Theford—who was President and Superintendent all in one. I had been firing on the road for two years back; all the time with one engineer, Bob Hunter by name, and a finer man never lived. I suppose it would be only natural for me to speak well of Bob, anyway, for I was clean head over ears in love with his pretty daughter Molly; and was only waiting for a bit of raise in my pay to make her Mrs. Jim Martin. Though I didn't see any chance for that raise where I was, I didn't like to leave and go on another road, for that would take me away from Molly.

One day Bob says to me: 'Jim, ain't you and Molly never goin' to get married?' 'Just as soon as I can get my raise,' says I; 'but I don't see how I'm going to get it here.' 'Why don't you go and ask Billy?' says he. You see Billy was the man we always called Mr. Theford—behind his back, of course, for I warrant you we were mighty polite to his face. 'He won't do anything for me,' says I, 'for you know either one of the cleaners up to Georgetown would be glad enough to jump into my place, and he ain't a-going to give me a raise just to please me.'

'Well,' says Bob, 'it won't do you hurt to try it.' So next day I washed up and went to the company's offices and asked for Mr. Theford. After a few minutes he sent word for me that he would see me, and I went. There he sat—a large, heavily built man, with large side whiskers and a pair of gold rimmed eye glasses on his nose. 'What is it my man? I'm very busy,' says he. So I up and told him what I wanted. 'How much are you getting now?' says he. 'Forty-five a month,' says I. 'Then he pursed up his lips, and hemmed and hawed a little, and says: 'I don't see how I can give you anything more, my good fellow. Yours is not a very responsible position; merely one that requires a little bodily strength. And we can find plenty of men who would be only too glad to take your place at that salary.'

With that he turned to a letter he was writing, and I knew I had no more business there. 'I tell you I felt sore to be told it didn't take much to know how to fire an engine, and I came mighty near throwing my job up and trying to get in on another road. But Molly persuaded me to hold on a little longer.'

Now before I come to the particular point of this yarn I want to tell you a little about the road. I have said it was a single track road running from Junction City to Georgetown. The latter place was a little town of five or six hundred inhabitants; but in summer a great many Chicago people came up there, and so I suppose the road paid. Anyhow, Theford, who had a summer place there, was rich enough to run the road for himself alone, if he wanted to. Bob lived at Georgetown and I boarded with him. Our trips began at eight in the morning, and we generally ran the hundred and ten miles in five hours. Then at three in the afternoon we came back, getting home at eight. As soon as we reached the round-house at Georgetown our day's work was over, for the cleaners took the engine then, cleaned and polished her and laid the fire all ready to start next morning.

Well, as I said, I hung on to my job, hoping that something would turn up that would give me a lift, till one day in August. The whole summer had been uncommon hot, but that day went ahead of anything I ever saw. Of course, while we were running we had a breeze, but the minute we stopped it seemed as if we were in a furnace; and naturally, working as we were near a hot fire, didn't improve things any. On the home trip Bob was taken sick and had all he could do to hold out till we got to the home station, when he got home as soon as possible. After the train was emptied I ran the engine to the round house, expecting to go straight home and wash up. But when I had run the engine in the first thing I saw was my two cleaners laid out on a heap of ashes, dead drunk. Here was a pretty mess, for it would certainly take me until midnight to get the

machine in proper trim for the next day's run; and a hot, greasy job it was in any weather, but on such a night as that it was frightful to think of it. However, there was no help for it, and I started in. I had barely made a beginning when I heard some one coming in the door. Looking up, I saw it was Billy Theford. In a very excited voice he asked where Hunter was. 'Home,' I said; 'and so sick he can't hold his head up.'

'My God!' said he; 'I shall be ruined!' Then he went on to say that if he wasn't in Chicago the next day, some deal, I think he called it, would fall through, and it would cost him a quarter of a million. 'There's a train goes through Junction City at 11:30 that'll get you to Chicago in time,' says I. 'What good'll that do me?' says he. 'I've been away for two days, and only just now got the telegram. If Hunter was here he might get me home; but as it is, I might as well go home, and let the money go.'

'Mr. Theford,' says I, 'Bob is sick, but I can run this machine to Junction City in time to connect with the train you want; but you will have to fire for me, as my two cleaners are drunk, as you see, and there isn't another man in this village knows the engine from the tender, hardly.'

I hope the Lord has forgiven me that lie, for there were two or three men that he could have fired all right, but it struck me all of a sudden that there was a fine chance to get even with Billy, and let him see whether it took any know-how to fire an engine for a hundred and ten miles. It so happened that we had wooded up on the home trip at a little station three miles from Georgetown, so we had plenty of fuel aboard to make the run with. 'Can you do it?' says he. 'Remember, it is a hundred and ten miles, and it is 8:30 now, so you have only two hours and a half to make the run that generally takes double that time.'

'I can do it,' says I, 'if you will just jump aboard, pull off your coat, and do just as I tell you.' No sooner said than done, and in ten minutes we had the old engine on the turn table, turned her around, and were off. If the road was rough when we ran at our usual speed, that night, making double time, it was just awful. As we flew around the curves it seemed as if we should leave the track at every turn of the drivers, and the poor old machine rocked and swayed so that, used as I was to it, I could hardly keep on my seat by the lever.

If it was hard on me, what must it have been to old Billy? I could hardly keep from laughing in his face, as I watched him, and heard him groan as he handled the heavy sticks we used for fuel. The heat of the weather, added to that of the furnace and the unusual work, made him look as if he was in a Turkish bath. The water ran down his face, his stiff white collar hung down on his shoulders like a wet rag, and his beautiful smooth shirt-bosom looked as if some one had thrown a pail of dirty water over him. His hands were torn and cut, from handling the wood, and take it all together, he was the most unlikeliest looking railroad President I ever saw. Once in awhile I had to about at him to lay the wood more even in the furnace, and would tell him he would get the knack of it in time. Whenever he tried to rest I told him we were losing steam, and if he wanted to catch that train, he mustn't let up on the work, if I had thought to hitch a car when we started, we could have run much smoother; but it was too late to think of that now, and so on we rushed, now through woodland, now past grain fields, hurrying first to one stop and then to the other, until I expected every minute to land wrong-side up in the ditch. However, luck was with us that night, and we pulled up at Junction City at just eleven. Poor old Billy could hardly climb down from the cab, but he managed to gasp out: 'Come to my office at two o'clock next Saturday.'

I learned afterward that, finding the Chicago train was behind time, he hunted up a clothing store and rigged himself out so as to look like a civilized man, which he didn't when he left me. I managed to find a fireman who was willing to make the run back with me, and I finally got home at three o'clock, and finding the cleaners a little sobered up, got to bed as soon as possible, for I was clean plucked out. I told Bob about my trip next day, and thought he would die laughing to think of old Billy playing fireman. But all he said was: 'I'm afraid that'll settle your hash, Jim, for he'll find out that you worked him more than was needed.'

The next Saturday, at two o'clock, I reported at the President's office, wondering whether I was going to be rewarded for my extra work or kicked out for my impudence. When I entered the office, there sat the old man spick and span as ever, and showing no signs of his hard work. 'Well, young man,' says he, 'you helped me out the other night, but I wouldn't go through the same experience again for ten thousand dollars. At the same time I think you were trying to get even with me for not doing as you asked me to about your salary, and I have concluded that this road can dispense with your services.'

At this my heart went down into my boots, for I can tell you it isn't an easy thing to get a new job when you can't bring a recommendation from your last place. Then he went on to say: 'I have a letter here from the Superintendent of the Chicago and Western, asking me if I can recommend to them an engineer who has a sharp eye and cool head, to run their new fast night express. I have written in reply that I can recommend such a man, one James Martin, who will report for service September 1st. The pay will be one hundred dollars a month. I may add to you privately that I shall never apply to you

for the position of fireman. Good-day, sir.'

That's all there is to my story. Molly and I were married, and went to Chicago to live. I took the new train, and have brought her in on time every trip I've run; so you can see I've a pretty good record with the company. I've never seen Billy since, and I don't believe he wants to see me; for Bob told me last time I saw him that they all called the old man 'Martin's Fireman'; that he knew it, and naturally didn't like it. There's my mate signaling for me now, sir, and I must go.—New York Ledger.

European Armies.

It appears that it is practically impossible to ascertain the fighting strength of the German army when placed on a war footing, on account of the complicated arrangements by which portions of the territorial forces are worked into the strength of the regular corps. The present peace establishments of Germany, France and Russia, are as follows. Germany, 884 battalions, 467 squadrons, 354 batteries, 1500 mounted guns, 19,457 officers, 468,409 rank and file. France, 26,763 officers, 534,100 rank and file, 480 field batteries, with 2060 mounted guns. Russia, 848 battalions, or 366,312 infantry, 328 squadrons of cavalry, with 57,416 men; 344 batteries of field artillery, with 1542 mounted guns and 61,880 men, 331 battalions of engineers having 18,977 men, besides 31,130 men of the 'train' service, making a total of 562,500 men. To these should be added 288 squadrons of Cossacks numbering 51,944 men; 112,850 local troops and 72,434 reserve men, which will bring up the strength of the Russian peace establishment to 799,928 men. The Russian forces when on a war footing are estimated as follows: 494,460 men of regular troops, with 4030 pieces of artillery; 280,510 reserve men, with 640 guns; 137,730 Cossacks, with 240 guns of their own; and 189,500 supplementary reserve men, with 284 pieces of artillery. This estimate is exclusive of local troops. The war footing strength of France is estimated at 'about' the following: Active army, about 2,000,000, divided into ten classes, according to age; 1,022,000 of the territorial army, divided into five classes, according to age; and reserve troops, divided into six classes, numbering 762,000, the total amounting to 3,784,000 men.

A Delicate Operation on a Lioness.

Yesterday morning Keeper Havens, of the Gress Zoo, performed a very delicate operation. The silver lioness, 'Mollie,' chewed up a piece of raw beef, which the butcher had chopped up with a cleaver, leaving some fragments of bone in the flesh. It is not the custom of the keeper to give the animals flesh that contains any bone at all. In this instance a sharp sliver of bone pierced the lioness' gum on the outside of the jaw, next to the cheek, just below the left eye. The place swelled up and festered, and the animal suffered a great deal of pain. Her head was swollen, and she was unable to eat.

Yesterday morning Keeper Havens went to the cage, and by coaxing the lioness, he got her to lie down, and then he slipped ropes over her fore feet, stretching them to either side of the cage and tying them securely. 'Mollie' kicked and struggled until the keeper fondled her awhile. After she was secured he entered the cage all alone, and, taking her head between his knees, he cut a small incision in the cheek, took his lance and drew out the sliver, an inch in length. He did the work all alone, and no one else was present during the performance of the operation.

Yesterday afternoon, after she had been released several hours, he visited the cage, and she met him with a grateful look, holding the wound up to the bars of the cage as if she were glad that he had performed the operation that relieved her, and she appeared as docile and kindly as a kitten, although she had been fierce and resentful before.—Atlanta Constitution.

Biting Its Own Body.

Bill King, of Fairburn, Ga., has a horse that has hydrophobia from all appearances. The horse at intervals has spasms or paroxysms. It bites its own legs and feet and breast. It is terrible to behold how it fastens its teeth in its own flesh and tears the skin and flesh from its bones. King says the horse bit him on his arm, but he did not think anything of it until his horse became unmanageable and he tied around his neck a rope and tied the rope to a tree in his lot. The horse would catch his leg in his mouth and bite and pull it until he threw himself on the ground, then he he would turn and wallow on the ground for some time, then he would get quiet, gently get up and stand still awhile. In a few minutes he would commence his antics again and bite the tree near him, then the rope, and then he would bite his breast and pull the flesh off in strips, then he would catch his legs and pull and bite the skin off in strips, then he would catch his leg in his mouth and pull and jerk until he would fall to the ground. Every one was afraid to go near him. Some suggested bleeding, but no one was found who would undertake the job. Your correspondent and others suggested that the horse be shot and put him out of so much suffering and pain. The last seen of Mr. King he was hunting for some one to shoot his horse.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Costliest Book Extant.

The Vatican Library, at Rome, celebrated for its thousands of valuable books, has a copy of the Hebrew Bible, for which Pope Julius, in 1512, refused \$125,000. The would-be purchasers were a syndicate of rich Hebrews. They did not exactly offer Julius \$125,000 for his biblical treasure, they simply told him they would give its weight in gold. As the book weighs 325 pounds the offer made is equivalent to the figures given. St. Louis Republic.

ORIENTAL BED CLOTHING.

HOW JAPS AND CHINAMEN SLEEP IN THEIR NATIVE LAND.

Chinamen of Wealth Buy Costly Beds and Bedding—\$5000 Not an Unusual Price to Pay for a Bed. In the land of the Orient, says Wong Chin Foo in the New York Sun, the tastes of the people as regards sleeping accommodations are as widely different from the English and Americans as their daily life. In Japan the only bedding is made in the shape of a huge gown or overcoat with sleeves, and each sleeve accommodates a sleeper, who crawls into the aperture very much as a kitten would. Like their cousins, the Chinese, the Japs use no sheets, unless the linings of the 'night overcoats' can be looked upon as sheets. Their pillows are miniature bureaus, made out of either ruffian or polished wood, filled with drawers to hold their jewelry and other valuables while they themselves are asleep. There are no bedsteads in Japan. The same spotless floor that answers for table, chairs and dancing stage is utilized for sleeping purposes. In China there are bedsteads, and with the bed clothing form the most ornamental portion of the household furniture. It is as the piano and pillow shams of a well-regulated American house. It is a common thing for a Chinese gentleman to spend \$5000 or even \$10,000 each for a beautifully carved and jeweled bedstead and \$1000 or more for simple embroideries on the edges and corners of his favorite quilt. These latter are very numerous and varied among those who are able to enjoy such luxuries. None of these coverlets are less than 'three-ply' affairs; indeed, such is the superstition among the almond-eyed aristocracy that not one of them could be hired to sleep under a coverlet that is composed of only one or two thicknesses. The former indicates (to their mind) extreme poverty, while two is considered an even or unlucky number. Therefore all the Chinese bed clothes are either padded or a thin sheet of paper is put in the centre. Most all the quilts or bed clothes of the rich are made of silks or satins with highly colored embroidery work on the exterior and lined with strong white silk or fine linen and are only washed about once a year. As in Japan, no sheet is used.

The Chinese bed making in the morning consists of folding up every article of bed clothes in long folds, in such a manner as to expose all the beautiful needle work, and then they are carefully piled one on top of the other upon a neat shelf built against the wall inside of the artistically hung bed curtains. Then the latter is carefully drawn apart to expose the rich rugs and opium layout upon the bed and the folded bed clothes upon the shelves. The poorer class of the Chinese have only one 'pe' or padded quilt, thick enough to keep them warm the coldest nights of winter, while in summer, like the rich, they use nothing save their own undergarments. In other words, it is either a feast or a famine as far as sleeping comforts are concerned. Unlike the rich, the poorer classes of Chinamen take off the linings of their 'pe's' about twice a year for cleansing purposes.

If a bed in a first-class American hotel were given to a Chinese gentleman he would probably sit up all night waiting for a place to lie down. The native orators of New Zealand agree with Demosthenes that 'action' is the first, the second and the third characteristic of eloquence. A short time after Bishop Selwyn settled in New Zealand it became necessary to remove the Episcopal residence and college from Waimate to Auckland. The native Christians of the former place opposed the removal, and one market-day there was a great deal of speech-making on the subject in front of the Bishop's house. A powerful Maori orator opened the debate, his audience being seated on either side of the path leading to the residence. Dressed in a handsome native mat, and holding a spear in his hand, the orator began by trotting slowly up and down the path. He began each sentence with a run through a given space, and ended it just as he finished his run back. Growing warmer and warmer, he rushed backward and forward, leaped from the ground, slapped his body, shouted and waved his language. A salient feature of his speech was, 'I have thought that the orator was breathing out death and destruction; but he was simply urging the Bishop to stay at Waimate.'

Maori Oratory.

Two missionaries who had been long in the land replied to the Maori orator. One, a stout, old-fashioned English clergyman, with a broad-brimmed hat and spectacles, adopted the Maori action so far as to march up and down the path with a spear in his hand. His 'action' elicited shouts of applause. His brother, taking a spear, marked out a large space on the gravel walk, divided it into three parts, and then asked whether it was not fair that the Bishop should live in the middle of the diocese instead of at the end. Convinced by the marked-out space, the people exclaimed: 'It is just.'

All in a Hurry.

A druggist the other day drew a lung breath as he wrapped up a prescription. 'I presume,' said he, 'there's never any one who comes into a drug store who is not in a hurry. They all rush in as though death were impending in the family, and demand to be waited on at once. If they want only a cake of soap or a tooth brush it must be had without delay. This is particularly the case with women, but there are plenty of men who are just as bad. A woman who will spend an hour in a dry-goods store to buy a two-cent package of hair pins, will come into a drug store for ten cents worth of perfume and insist that all work on prescriptions stop at once until she gets it.'

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

SALMON SALAD.

Put in a bowl the yolk of a raw egg and a teaspoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt and cayenne pepper; rub all together. Take fresh or canned salmon; if the latter, pour off the liquor, add it gradually to the mixture, thickened with the powdered yolks of four hard-boiled eggs until a smooth froth is formed, thin with a tablespoonful of vinegar. Pick the salmon in pieces, and lay on a flat dish. Break some tender lettuce leaves, and mix in with the fish, and stir half the dressing in, then beat the white of an egg and add it to the remaining dressing; pour over the salad, and garnish with nasturtium.—Yankee Blade.

SWEET WATERS.

Beat a half cup of butter until creamy, then add gradually one cup of powdered sugar. Beat six eggs without separating until light, add them to the butter and sugar, add the juice of a lemon, and sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. Heat the wafers tongs over a clear fire, grease with a piece of suet tied in muslin, and put in two tablespoonfuls of the batter, close the tongs, turn frequently and when a light brown carefully lift out the wafers, dust it with powdered sugar and quickly roll it about a smooth, round stick. Remove it when cold. We usually use our ladylock sticks for this purpose. If you do not possess a wafers iron batter a sheet of foolscap paper, drop the batter by tablespoonfuls—drop it out thin and bake in a slow oven. Roll the same as directed above.—Washington Star.

MINCED VEAL.

Cut the veal into very small pieces, but do not chop it. Some bits of cold ham or bacon, cut up and added to the veal, are very nice. Sprinkle the meat with pepper and salt, shake flour over it and let it stand while you make a little white gravy. Take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, rolled in flour, and stir it smooth in a saucepan over the fire; let it bubble for a minute, stirring all the time, to cook the flour, then add a cup of warm milk or cream and some grated lemon-pearl; let boil till of the consistency of cream. Add the veal to the sauce, and let it get quite hot, but set it back where it will not boil, as that will make the meat hard. Before it is taken up, squeeze in some lemon juice, and serve it on a dish over some bits of toast. It is also very nice with a white sauce made with butter mushrooms.—The Housewife.

CHICKEN SALAD A LA PRINCE.

Cut the white of cold fowl into neat fillets, using a sharp knife. Mark each piece with a mixture made of one tablespoonful of minced capers, two of minced boiled ham, three hard-boiled eggs, an anchovy boned and mashed, and two sardines freed from skin. All these must be pounded, then rubbed through a sieve; add a teaspoonful of mayonnaise and one aspic. When each fillet has been well coated with the mixture, and has set, line a border mould with aspic jelly, ornament the fillets of chicken with little strips of beet root and cucumber. Place them carefully round the mould on the layer of jelly, then pour in a little more jelly, until the border mould is full, and set it on ice. When ready to serve, cover a dish with a layer of lettuce leaves. Turn the mould out on it. Fill the centre with a salad composed of cucumbers cut in dice, peas and string beans (canned ones). Pour over the centre salad some thick mayonnaise.—Yankee Blade.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Ham should be broiled very quickly, and just enough to cook through. Tin cleaned with paper will shine better than when cleaned with flannel. Save the juices that drain out of roasts and steaks to add to stock for soups and meat sauces. Treat tired or inflamed eyes with a bath of warm water five parts and witch hazel one part, three times a day. If the eggs you have to use for frosting are not quite as fresh as you could desire a pinch of salt will make them beat stiffer. Remove the unpleasant odor of perspiration by using a teaspoonful of ammonia or powdered borax in a basin of water when washing. Flowers can be kept fresh for some time if a pinch of soda or saltpetre is added to the water. Wilted roses will regain their freshness if dipped a minute or two in hot water. A tonic for the hair is composed of one-quarter of an ounce of glycerine, six ounces of cologne, twenty drops of tincture of opium, one and one-half drams tincture of Spanish flies.

The practice of rubbing the face with vaseline or other cosmetic sometimes makes the hair grow where it is not becoming. Camphor applications, like other irritants or stimulants to the skin, will cause superfluous hair. All freshly baked bread should rest on a wooden table, with a cloth thrown lightly over it until it is cool enough to put away, when you should wrap it up in another crash towel, one that is perfectly dry. By this means you will keep all moistness out of a new box. Rub chalk all along the edge of the door that 'sticks,' then close it as nearly as you can. The chalk will only come off on that portion of the door opposite the part that needs planing to ease the door. So you need not waste your wood and time in planing away any other part. Cheese which will instantly and intensely redden blue litmus paper should not be eaten. This is a test easy of application, and every merchant on cutting a fresh cheese should make it. If the cheese is dry, a bit of it should be moistened with water and the litmus paper then applied. If a young woman's disposition is gunpowder, the sparks should be kept away from her.—The Ledger.

HE, SHE OR IT?

I met a mother with a babe that was her perfect joy. (said, to win her favor, what a charming baby boy. I saw her flashing glances and her lip in anger curl. In crushing words she told me that the infant was a girl. I met another mamma with a bright and charming child. And murmured what a lovely girl—the mother never smiled. I know I'd made the blunder which mothers sadly vex. She said in tones quite frigid: 'You're mistaken in the sex.' And so it didn't matter how kind the words I said, They'd always tumble censure on my inoffensive head. But now those blunders of speech I never never more commit. To me a baby never has another sex but 'it.'—Chicago Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Misers ought to be large buyers of chest protectors. Wicked sinners are a direct tax on the truly good.—Pisanyne. Kind words are like bald heads, they can never die.—Siftings. The sick man wants a constitutional amendment.—Merchant Traveller. If you should happen to wear your ears pierced, just pinch the baby.—Texas Siftings. The family stovepipe was never meant for a pipe of peace.—Binghamton Republican. Married life is not all thorns. You strike a nettle once in a while.—Philadelphia Inquirer. Evergreen trees are the dudes of the forest. They make the sprucest boughs.—Boston Sentinel. 'What is a laundry, mother?' 'It is a place, my child, where your father sends his shirts to be torn into ribbons.'—Boston Gazette. 'Is it a crime to be a woman?' said the pretty agitator. 'If it is, it's a very capital crime,' rejoined a gallant auditor.—Munsey's Weekly. Jimpon—'Did you ever have suit brought against you?' Jampon—'No; but I've had many a bill for a suit brought against me.'—Laurence American. Incorrigible.—'What did you and Smith talk about?' 'About fifteen minutes.' 'I mean, what did you talk over?' 'The telephone.'—Harper's Bazar. A lecturer is out with the subject, 'The Coming Man and What We Owe Him.' The coming man is the collector, and he is after what people owe him.—Pisanyne. A.—'How is your grandfather coming out?' B.—'My grandfather! He has been dead about a year and a half.' A.—'Ah, that explains why I see him so seldom of late.'—Texas Siftings. In the summer, it is pleasant 'neath the moonlight pale, to stroll; Now it strikes me I would rather sit in doors, and kiss my father. While we burn his father's coal.—Kearney Enterprise. Young Mrs. Newbridge never told but one of her feminine acquaintances that she returned the skimmer indignantly to the store from which it was ordered because when it came she found that it was full of holes.—Somerville Journal. George—'The ring doesn't seem to fit very well, Clara. Hadn't I better take it back and have it made smaller?' Clara—'No, George; an engagement ring is an engagement ring, even if I have to wear it around my neck.'—Judge. 'Lizzie,' remarked Sir Walter Raleigh to the Queen, 'wherein do a man's sins resemble a bill collector?' 'In good truth I know not,' replied her Majesty. 'Wherein do they?' 'In their propensity for finding him out,' quoth Sir Walter.—Munsey's Weekly. 'Master Charlie, you are to go home at once. If you stay out a moment longer you will be punished.' 'Was it moon or pop who said I should be punished?' 'Your mamma.' 'I'll be home in an hour or so. A fellow can take care of himself, I guess, when he's ten.'—Philadelphia Gleaner. A correspondent writes to ask a conundrum. He says: 'What is the difference between a pair of suspenders and a bread knife?' We give up the conundrum and recommend that, if the correspondent really wishes to learn the difference, he essay to cut bread with a pair of suspenders and try to keep his trousers up with a bread knife.—American.

Electric Light and Plants.

In the course of a recent lecture before the Royal Society, England, Dr. Siemens placed a pot of budding tulips in the full brightness of the electric light in the meeting room, and in about forty minutes the buds had expanded into full bloom. Dr. Siemens's experiments have been made with quick-growing seeds and plants, like mustard, carrots, swedes, beans, cucumbers and melons. The pots, the lecturer stated, were divided into four groups, one of which was kept entirely in the dark, one was exposed to the influence of the electric light only, one to the influence of daylight only, and one to daylight and electric light in succession. The electric light was applied for six hours each evening—from 5 to 11—and the plants were then left in darkness during the remainder of the night. The general result was that the plants kept entirely in the dark soon died; those exposed to the electric light only or to daylight only thrived about equally, and those exposed to both day and electric light thrived far better than either.