# THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

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# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one Inch, one insertion ...... 1 00

Job work-cash on delivery.

Marriages and death notices gratts.

Two-thirds of all the children born in Connecticut in 1889 were boys.

There has been a monster baby show in Melbourne, Australia. Upward of 700 infants were on view and 30,000 people went to see them. The exhibition has aroused an indignant protest against the employment of babes for the entertainment of adults.

Three vessels which arrived at the port of New York recently reported that they had been successful in overcoming the effects of a hurricane by using oil. Every week we hear reports of this kind. The New York News says it looks as though it would be wise to make every vessel carry a supply of oil for this pur-

In his address at Albany, N. Y., on the reform of criminals, Colonel Ingersoll gave some statistics showing that while in 1859, with a population of 23,000,000, the United States had between 6000 and 7000 prisoners; in 1880, with 50,000,-000 pepulation, we had 25,000 prisoners. In 1850 we had 15,000 insane; in 1880 we had 91,000 insane.

Jimmie Cooke, of Carroll County, Ga., is the youngest and most remarkable boy preacher in the field. He is but thirteen years old, and has already been preaching two years. He has been preaching to crowded houses in Atlanta. He doesn't depend much on book learning, for he has been to school only eight months in his life. - He is very eloquent, and holds his hearers spellbound.

A case of considerable interest to men who insure their lives for the benefit of their wives was recently decided in St. Louis. The case was one in which a man had taken out such a policy. His wife died and he married again, having chilfren by both marriages. At his death a dispute arose as to who was entitled to the insurance. The decision of the court was that as the insurance had been taken out for the benefit of the first wife, her phildren alone were entitled to the money.

The baby King of Spain is now a Mather. The other day his Ambassader at St. Petersburg solemuly accepted in the name of his Majesty the duty of seeing that the son of the Comte and Comtesse de Morella renounces his pomps and vanities of this wicked world. As the King is only three years older than his godchild, he may find the task of forcing the latter into the paths of virtue uncommonly difficult. By a curious coincidence the little de Morella's grandfather was Cabrera, the noted Carlist I could have made it myself." leader, who for years held Queen Isabella's forces at bay.

Warned by the experience of the Cronin trial at Chicago, when weeks of valuable time were consumed in the selection of a jury with a result far from satisfactory, a Chicago judge has adopted a plan by which he hopes to overcome these difficulties. He has simply taken into his own hands the examination of the veniremen; and having satisfied himself that they were qualified as jurors to try the case without prejudice, he accepted them in spite of the objections raised by the defence, the cause in question being a criminal one. It seems that under the Illinois law this power is vested in the judge; and one has been found who is willing to take the responsibility for his actions.

To-day Scattle, Wash., is largely rebuilt, and the new buildings are much finer than the old ones were before the enterprising city on the Posic Slope was burned down. In seventy this after the fire a brick hotel, containing 200 rooms, was completed. Nine street car lines are either completed or about to be, and they will be operated by cables or electric motors. A \$500,000 rolling mill has been finished, and iron works to cost 3,000,000 are being established. A costly opera house has just been thrown open to the public, and there is nothing on the Pacific coast that approaches it in amagnificence. These are only a few of the improvements that have been made within six months, but they are sufficient to show that Scattle possesses indomitable pluck, and that her people believe in her future.

"You don't know what snow storms are in New York," said General Bela Buell, of Leadville, Col., to a Press man. "Why, even out in our country we have no such snowfall as we had twenty years ago. I have seen the snow so deep that us we went over its surface I have sat down on the top of telegraph poles to rest, my feet being in the snow, Telegraph poles are eighteen or twenty feet high. I have gone over the mountains with Hank Monk, in the early days out. West, when there was a little narrow path beaten down on top of the snow by snow shoes, and marked at the sides with chins and sticks, off which it was dangerous to step. Once off the path you would plunge down into the snow up to your armpits, and if you didn't have your arms out as you fell you would go into the mow over your head."

THE SIN OF OMISSION. It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone, Which gives you a bit of a heartache At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write, The flower you might have sent, dear, Are your haunting ghosts to-night The stone you might have lifted

Out of a brother's way The bit of heartsome counsel You were hurried too much to say The loving touch of the hand, dear, The gentle and winsome tone That you had no time nor thought for,

With troubles enough of your 'wn.

These little acts of kindness, So easily out of mind, These chances t be angels Which even mortals find-They come in night and silence, Each chill, reproachful wraith, When hope is faint and flagging. And a blight has dropped on faith,

For life is all too skort, dear, And sorrow is all too great, To suffer our slow compassion That tarries until too late. And it's not the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you leave undone, Which gives you the bitter heartache At the setting of the sun. -Margaret E. Sangster,

## THE BEST ROAD.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. "And here, Claribel," said old Mrs. Grigg, "I declare, I had nearly forgotten little Pen. Pen came so long after the others, and she's such a mite of a thing, that I'm always forgetting her. But"-plunging her hand deep down into her pocket-"here's a ten dollargold piece. Tell her to buy something with it to remember old Cousin Grigg

"It's very good of you, Cousin Grigg," saft Claribel Wilton.

Every year, on her birthday, old Mrs. Grigg visited her relations and made

cach one of them a present.
"I've got plenty of money, and they haven't," said Mrs. Grigg; "and it's a pleasant excitement to me to pick out the things. A sort of fairy godmother business-ha, ha, ha! And it does me good to see how pleased Clara and the chil-

So Mrs. Grigg rolled away in her comfortable old-fashioned coupe with the fat oachman and the still fatter horses, and Claribel stood ecstatic among the parcels,

viewing their magnificence. "A black silk for mamma!" she cried. "Oh, how did Cousin Grigg know that the old one was so shabby? And books for Kate, the family book-worm; and a camera for Tom, and skates for Will, and the sweetest muff and bon for Edith, and a rosewood writing-desk for me But how I wish she had given me the money instead! I did so want a new white satin bodice for my evening dress for Fanny Ilsley's party! The old one is too shabby for anything, and ten dollars would have bought all the material, and

She looked longingly at the gold-

piece in the palm of her hand. could make an exchange and give her the writing-desk instead. But Pen is only eight years old, and not out of Number Three writing-books yet. What could she do with a rosewood desk? Why didn't Cousin Grigg think to give her a doll or a tea-set, or some regulation children's toy? Or why can't I do it?" Claribel exclaimed, with a sudden long breath. There's a solution for the riddle! Pen shall have a fifty-cent doll! I can dress it myself with some of the old laces and sash ribbons in the catch-all drawer, and I can have the satin peasant waist after

Claribel Wilton carried out the pro-

She ran to the nearest toy store and bought a limp, big-eyed doll, with a cataract of yellow jute down to her back, and by dint of exceeding haste, managed to get it dressed before Pen, a dimpled, plump little maid of eight, came trotting tome from school.

"Is it Cousin Grigg's present? Oh, how nice!" cried the child. "But Cousin Grigg always gives me a big, jointed doll, with eyes that will open and shut, and real silk stockings, and boots buttoned with little gilt buttons. Is Cousin Grigg poor this year, mam-

"Hush, child!" said Claribel, sharply. "Never look a gift horse in the

"But I don't see any horse," said Pen, casting a half-terrified glauce over her shoulder. "Mamma, what does Bel

mean by horses' mouths?" "Why do you talk slang to the child, Claribel?" said Mrs. Wilton, who was cutting off the breadths of her substantial silk gown. "She means, Penelope, that you should be satisfied with whatever

Mrs. Grigg is kind enough to give you. "But the eyes aren't a match," complained Pen. "And there's a hole in one shoulder, where the sawdust is coming out; and just look at the greasy mark in the flounce of the ten-gown! It isn't s bit like the dolls that Cousin Grigg always gives me! I shall be awful 'shamed to introduce this doll to Frederica and

Emily and my other dollies!" Claribel's conscience pricked her a little when she saw the piteous disappointment of her little sister, but she forgot it all in the joyful excitement of cutting and fitting the glistening white-satin folds with their trimming of white blonde, caught down with Roman pearls.

'Harold Carlton will be there," she exultantly thought, "and I always do look

But the afternoon before the eventful evening she went out in the rain to buy a pair of long-wristed kid gloves, and caught cold, and just when the ceremonjals of the toilette ought to have commenced, she was lying in bed with a mustard plaster on her chest and a prodigiou pitcher of flax-seed ten on the table beside whisper, because she was too hourse to that natural gas will do more for a city

"Don't let any one come in, for pity's sake," she muttered, as the doorbell gave

Little Pen came running to her side. "Such a bouquet, Claribel!" she cried. With Mr. Carlton's card stuck in among the roses! Do only smell of it! Oh, I forgot, you can't smell, because of the influenza in your nose! Norah says Mr. Carlton is in love with you, Clary! Is

Claribel turned her face away with a groan. Alicia Vinton would have the field all to herself to-night, and what might not be done in such a golden opportunity as this?

"And here comes Cousia Grigg," added the child. "Who ever heard of Cousin Grigg coming out at night before? To see you, Clary?"

"Don't let her come in!" whispered Claribel, "I do look such a figure with my nose swelled up and my eyes run-

But the caution came too late. Cousin Grigg's black satin dress was already rustling on the threshold, and in she trudged.

"I thought Pd like to see you in your ball dress, Claribel," said the kind old "I've got some young thoughts and fancies about me yet, if I am seventy odd years old, and I like to see a pretty girl dressed up, especially if she is my own flesh and blood. And I've brought you a little diamond hair ornament-a fleur-de-lis set on a long gold stem-that I wore to my first ball, more than half a century ago! Never mind, Claribelyour mother told me how unlucky you were, but the diamond fleur-de-lis will do just as well for the next merrymak-

"Oh, Cousin Grigg, how good you are!" murmured Claribel, as the old lady placed a kiss on her forehead and the fleur-de-lis in her hand.

Well, Pussikins," said Mrs. Grigg, ocosely, addressing little Penelope, who stood by with a hot-water bottle in her hands. "And what did you buy with my present?"

I didn't buy anything," said Pen, the most truthful of small witnesses. "I gave it to the washerwoman's little girl. It was so very ugly, you know, after the one bad-match eye fell out, that I couldn't bear to look at it."

"Ugly?" cried Mrs. Grigg.
"Oh, very!" nodded Pen. "Please, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but namma says we must always speak the truth. It was ugly!"

"And you gave it to the washer-woman's little girl?" slowly repeated Mrs. Grigg. "Why, yes," acknowledged Pen.

She hasn't got so many of 'em as I have, you know." Mrs. Grigg stared. "So many what, child?"

"Dolls, to be sure," said Pen.
"It wasn't a doll," said Mrs. Grigg. 'It was a ten dollar gold piece."
"No, it wasn't!" declared Pen, posi-"I guess I ought to know, because I got it."
"Child——" began Mrs. Grigg.

But just then a fevered hand fell on Mrs. Grigg's arm, and Claribel's eyes, full of repentant tears, were lifted to her

"Send Pen away," she whispered, and I will tell you all about it. blame-I only-and I do think this dreadful influenza is a judgment on me for my folly and wickedness!"

So Mrs. Grigg sent Pen down stairs to get a handkerchief out of the pocket of her sealskin cloak, and Caribel sobbed out her confession.

"I have been a thief," she said-"a wicked, mean conspirator! I've deceived sweet little Pen and acted a contemptible lie, and I almost wish I could die! So there!"

"Gently, Claribel-gently!" soothed Mrs. Grigg. "There's no doubt but that you've done wrong, but we're all liable error, and this, luckily, isn't a thing that can't be undone. Don't cry, my child, but remember for the future that the straight road is always the best one.

"Here, Pen," as the little girl came panting back, "is the ten-dollar piece. Buy yourself as nice a doll as there is in the stores. The other thing was all a

"Oh, Cousin Grigg, how much I thank you!" gasped Pen, with eyes nearly as big as the glittering coin which Grigg laid in her hand. "Oh, what a doll this will buy! And sister, look here!" running up to the bedside, "here's a letter that Norah says dropped out of the bouquet on the hall floor, and she only just picked it up. Shall I read it aloud to you, sister?"

she read it aloud? Never! Should she read it aloud? Never! Claribet hid the letter away under the fragrant bunch of smilax and roses until everybody was gone, and then read it, with secret thrills of happiness-the letter that told her, what she had hardly dared to hope for, the story of Harold

Carlton's love! 'And everything has happened for the best," she murmured to herself, forgetful of the beating headache, the pangs of the poor, sore throat; "and I have got Harold's love and Cousin Grigg's diamond fleur-de-lis, and I've regained my own self-respect at last, for all I haven't de served a single one of them. But I'll always remember Cousin Grigg's words The straight road is the best road, and this false step shall most assuredly be my

While in the adjoining room little Penciops lay fast asleep, with the tendollar gold-piece under her pillow, and dreamed of a doll so magnificent that all the other dolls in the nursery up-stairs bowed down before her, as Joseph's brethren's sheaves of wheat bowed down before his in the Scripture story she had read only last Sunday afternoon. - Satur-

nerius del Gesu of 1743-is preserved under a glass case in the Municipal Palace of Genoa, his birthplace. queathed it to the city on condition that it never should be used.

Pittaburg is not so disagreeable now as her, making her piteous complaints in a it was in the old smoky times. This shows than it will for a Lan. - Boston Garette,

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

OX-TAIL SOUP.

One ox-tail, two pounds of lean beef, four carrots, three onions, a little thyme and parsley. Cut the tail into several pieces and fry brown in butter; slice the onions and two carrots, and fry also; when done put them into a muslin bag with the thyme, and place in the soup pot with the beef and ox-tail; grate the two whole carrots, and cook all together, pouring over four quarts of cold water, and adding a pinch of burned sugar, and pepper and salt to taste; cook from four to six hours, in proportion to the size of the tail; strain fifteen minutes before serving it, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of brown flour; boil ten min-utes longer; add half a glass of burnt sherry, and serve.—Godey's Lady's Book.

Cut up a full grown fat chicken, put in a pot with an onion, three or whole cloves, a blade of mace, and half a dozen pepper corns. Let simmer in water to cover until tender; when done, take out, cut from the bones, and remove the skin. Put the bones, skin and scraps back in the pot, and set on the stove. Put an ounce of gelatine in a little cold water, and let soak one hour. Add it to the liquor; stir over the fire one minute; take off, strain and scason; then put it aside to cool. When solid, remove all the fat from the top, and set on the stove to melt, and pour half of it in a mold and set on ice to harden. Put a layer of chicken on top of the jelly; when solid, spinkle with salt and pepper, lay on more chicken, pour over the remainder of the jelly, and put it away to harden over night. When ready to serve, turn carefully from the moid and garnish with celery leaves .-Housewife.

OLD-FASHIONED BREAD. In one pint and a half of luke warm water put a cake of compressed yeast and a teaspoonful of salt, stir until the yeast cake is dissolved, then stir in, by degrees, as much sifted flour as will make a batter as stiff as will drop from the spoon; cover, and put in a warm place to rise. This is the sponge. When light, which will be when all covered with bubbles, and beginning to wrinkle in the middle, add to it one pint of sweet milk, a piece of good butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of granulated sugar, and one-half of an even teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda which has been previously dissolved in a little cold water, and allow to settle. The milk should be warm enough to thoroughly soften the butter. Add sifted flour, by degrees, until the mass is stiff enough to put upon the paste-board to knead; have the board well floured, and knead the bread thoroughly until it ceases to stick to the hands, which will take about twenty minutes. After the bread is on the board, add flour, very carefully, to prevent it from becoming stiff. It should feel soft and light, and rise round the hands very much as a feather pillow does when kneaded. Put it in the bowl which contains the sponge, cover, and replace it in the warm spot to rise again. When the surface begins to crack, cut into four pieces, mold them into loaves, rise again. When light, bake one hour in a hot oven, turning every ten minutes. -Journal of Useful Inventions.

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Violet, rose and orange blossom leaves are frozen in ice cream of delicate flavor. It is said that kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened

Try keeping cranberries fresh by putting them in cold water containing a piece of charcoal. Change the water

When your sifter becomes clogged with flour or meal sift some hot ashes through it; you will be surprised to see

how nicely it is cleaned. The clear juice of the pineapple is w considered by some physicians to be the best remedy for diphtheretic sore

throat and even for diphtheria. Put camphor gum with your new silver ware and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in soapsuds, as that gives it a white ap-

A small piece of paper or linen moistened with turpentine and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day two or three times a year is a preventive

against moths. Coffee pounded in a mortar and roasted on an iron plate, sugar burned on hot coals and vinegar boiled with myrrh and sprinkled on the floor and furniture of a

ck room are excellent deodorizers. A mustard plaster applied to the back of the neck often relieves a severe headache. Iodide of potassium, too, is a good remedy when the pain is mostly in he forehead; two grains dissolved in a

wine glass of water sipped slowly. When cooking eggs by breaking into hot water, never allow the water to boil -it wastes them and destroys their shape. Have the water boiling hot and set the pan on the back of the stove until the ggs are cooked coft or hard, as liked.

The best way to clean out lead pipes without the expensive aid of a plumb to pour a strong solution of concentrated lve down them. The lve will dissolve hair, lint, indeed all animal and most vegetable matter, and so open the pipes

A sponge is excellent for washing windows; and newspapers will polish them without leaving dust and streaks. Use soft pine stick to clease the accumulations of dust from the corners of the each. Ammonia will give the glass a clearer look than soap.

The use of poor soap is said to be the nost prolific source of skin diseases. It this be true, a person suffering from such trouble should at once make a change in the soap he is using. Many persons pre fer almond meal or out meal to soan for washing face and bands

Seventy-one towns and cities in India ana are using natural gas,

## WONDROUS WHEAT FARMS.

AGRICULTURE ON A LARGE SCALF IN CALIFORNIA.

Millions of Acres Seeded to Wheat Annually-Labor-Saving Machinery-Cost of Cultivation.

The wheat crop of California bids fair to increase steadily, year after year. Very few persons know how large is the area of excellent wheat land as yet unused, except for pasturage. 3,700,000 acres are now seeded to wheat annually, but fully 10,000,000 acres in the State are wheat lands. Of the 115, 000,000 acres in California, says Charles Horward Shinn in the American Agriculturist, I rate 30,000,000 as fully arable, and to allow 20,000,000 acres for all farm purposes, other than wheat-growing, does not appear unfair. If the yield per acre can be increased by better culture, as our most practical farmers expect, California will each year cut a larger field among the wheat-growing

By 1854, the immense profits of wheat were recognized. In 1856 the total crop of the State was 87,000 tons (of 2000 pounds), grown on 200,000 acres. Ten years later the space seeded had grown to 750,000 acres. It is now

3.700,000 acres. The Spaniard in California often sowed wheat on unplowed ground and dragged it in with branches of trees. The first American settlers used single plows and home-made triangular harrows. In 1852 and 1853 some wheat was cut with a scythe. As late as 1860 a great deal was bound in sheaves in the old-fashioned way. But a demand for "improved machinery" was stimulated by the high price of labor. As early as 1859 John M. Horner, of Alameda County, invented and built a "combined harvester," which contained the principles of the great ma-

chines of the present time, and ought to have made him a rich man. His machine, which cost over twelve thousand dollars, was destroyed by fire, and no other harvesters were built for many years. The usual method of preparing soil for wheat is with a "gang" of six plows. On light soil only eight horses or mules are required, but on heavier soils more are attached, until as many as twentyfour horses can be seen breaking up hard adobe for "summer fallow." On large ranches a dozen "gangs," each with its driver, can be seen moving back and forth across the immense fields. In the most advanced system only five plows are used, but a seed-box and good steel-toothed harrow are attached, so that the plowing, seeding and harrowing are done at one operation. Some soils have to be plowed twice, and harrowed with a heavy eight-horse harrow, before being seeded. But when the whole work can be done at one operation, it costs less than one dollar per acre for labor. Harvesting is done by an improved header and thresher, which cuts, threshes, cleans and sacks the wheat, and drops it in piles of a dozen sacks to be gathered up by a wagon. The machine requires from twenty to forty horses, and from three to eight men, and cannot be run on very hilly land. In many places, therefore, the old-fashioned reapers and standing threshers are still used. But per acre, while the combined harvester handles the crop for \$1.75 per acre. The rainless summers of California makes the wheat so dry and hard that no "sweating" is necessary. General Bidwell, one

morning, had wheat cut, threshed, sack-

ed, taken to his flour mill, ground, taken

to his house and made into biscuit for

breakfast, all within two hours! Without

counting the cost of seed wheat, the ma-

chinery in general use here puts in crops and harvests them at a cost of from \$2.75 to \$5 per acre. The last two years have witnessed another development of machinery in California wheat-culture. Steam power has been successfully applied, and a very great reduction in cost has been made In the summer of 1889, a large number of field-engines, built here, on California designs, were in the fields with astonishing results. The largest of them cut a swath of forty feet, and harvested the crop at a cost for running expenses of less than twenty-five cents per acre, as against \$1.75 of the old system. The same engine is expected to plow, carrying twelve or twenty or even forty plows and, since it is a road-engine, it will haul the crop to the nearest station or landing at less expense than if hauled with horses. The price of such an engine, with the harvester and thresher, is from \$5000 to \$8000 at present, but this cost, it is said, will soon be reduced. From the talk among wheat-growers, two or three years will witness the introduction of steam on all the large ranches. The engines are "straw-burners;" or, when plowing, wood can be used. Coal is very high on the Pacific coast, and therefore coalburning engines will never be profitable I have asked wheat-raisers what they thought would be the cost of plowing, harrowing, seeding, harvesting and delivering at the station would be, if these steam-engines do what is expected. They answer: "About one dollar an nere, on the easily-farmed lands, and not more than two dollars anywhere." This, then, is the way that California can successfully meet the competition of India,

# The Cause of the Sensation.

Russia, Siberia and the Argentine Re-

During the recent grippe period, when most everybody imagined peculiar symptoms, a gentleman dropped into his doctor's office on the way down town. "Doctor, I don't know what is the matter. I have a peculiar sensation in one of my legs. It appears to be shorter than the Walk across the room," said the doctor. The patient ambled gracefully.
"That will do," said the doctor, smiling. "You'll have to go home." "I can't; have business engagements." give you my advice, and you can take it or not, but if you want to get rid of that peculiar sensation you will go home and put on a pair of boots that are mates, for a single sole boot and one with a cork sole never did go well together."- Chi-

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

Roumania has 200,000 gypsies, and Hungary 80,000. Ruby Valley, Cal., boasts of snow drifts fifty feet deep.

A young lady at Dayton, Tenn., has died of hydrophobia from the bite of

A Philadelphia shormaker's dog died a day or two ago from swallowing a piece of sole leather in mistake for beefsteak. A seventy-nine-year-old woman, con fined in the Steuben County House, N.Y.

An agreement without consideration is void; a note made on Sunday is void; contracts made on Sunday cannot be en

has read the Bible through fifteen times

Levi Williamson, of Ansonia, Conn., has a hog that is seven feet long and weighs 1000 pounds. It is so fat that it s unable to get up. A Chinese laundryman at Bristol, Penn.

rents all the places in the city available for laundries, so that he can enjoy a nonopoly of the trade. A hen in Meiggs County, Ohio, hatched

out some turtle eggs that were placed tions.
under her lately, and treats the little ...T creepers as tenderly as she would chicks. Never buy diamonds except on a clear

day. The least mist or fog in the atmosphere will prevent you from discovering the flaws in them. Damp, murky weather practically kills the diamond business. Lydia Bacon, of Sudbury, Mass., who has just been cut off in her 103d year,

attributed her longevity to hard work, plenty of exercise, plain living and read-ing enough to keep the mind in peace with the body's vigor. An artesian well at Woonsocket, South Dakota, poured out its waters in such profusion before it was brought under

control that a lake of forty acres was formed. A dense fog is continually rising from the warm water. Unseasonable freaks are plentifully reported in Connecticut. Mrs. Avis Ross, of Danielsonville, opened the front door

of her house after church service one

Sunday, and a big black snake tied itself into knots for her edification. She got a club and killed it. A remarkable little animal has been added to the London Zoo. It is a deer, though in size but a trifle larger than a full grown cat. The cloven hoofs proclaim its position in the mammalian world beyond doubt, but it has no horns. In the male two long canine teeth pro-

ject from the upper lip, and these, per-haps, serve in their stead. The twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,. 439 360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation could not, in a thousand million of years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-six letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each of which pages contained forty different

transposition of the letters. Bosworth Smith, in a report on the Kolar gold field in Southern India, records some finds of old mining implements, old timbering, fragments of bones, an old oil lamp and broken pieces of earthenware, including a crucible. He expressed astonishment at the fact that the old miners were able to reach depths of 100 or 300 feet through hard rock with the simple appliances at their com-

A fine female pigeon belonging to a citizen of Shenandoah, Penn., was recently shot. For three days and nights her mate walked to and fro on top of the pigeon house, mourning constantly. The emale pigeons that had no mates alighted in his pathway every little while, but all the notice they got from the mourner was a thump that sent them kiting from the roof. Then the females fought one another. The widower watched the fight, and soon after made one of them his second mate.

An Austrian Gipsy Wedding. The bride and bridegroom were led be fore the captain. Yemra, the bride is a handsome girl of seventeen, with eyes and hair as black as jet. She wore a red gown with white trimming and patent eather laced boots. Katilu Gyefan, the bridegroom, is a well built youth of oneand-twenty, with pleasant face, a black moustache and bushy hair. A vellow scarf was handed by an old man to the captain, who bounded it lightly around the wrists of the happy pair, saying, as he did so: "Man and wife must be hound together." He then took an earthenware jar and poured the contents a small quantity of wine over their heads, reciting words to this effect; Sometimes wine is sour; so is life Sometimes wine is sweet; so is life. The existence of gipsies is a mixture of sour and sweet." He then took off the yellow searf and said : "Ye are now a true gipsy couple." This brought the ceremony to a close. The young people were congratulated by their companions, and afterward they adjourned to the public room of the Bohemian Mill, for feasting and merrymaking. The company left three days later, the newly-married couple traveling in a commodious new cart.

# Will the Future Women be Bald?

Will the coming woman be bald! Doubtless she will, as most people come here bald, but this doesn't apply to the women of the future. Some genius has made the discovery that brain work causes baldness, and cites the capillary poverty of ministers, lawyers, bankers, editors, etc., as evidence that intellectuality is the primary cause of the billiardball display in the front rows at kicking shows. From this exercise of the mind, therefore, it is claimed will come a race of hairless women. The strong-minded woman has heretofore been regarded as the cause of much baldness among males, and there is a sort of poetic justice about the idea that her strong mindedness will react on her self and make her an object of derision to the small boy and a fair target for the humorous paragrapher. Just think how our descendants will have to change the ideal of womanly beauty when there is an utter absence of raven. golden and other tresses, -Star-Sayings.

# A VALENTINE.

Go, Valentine. I do not dare To go my myself and speak The word which, like the movaing alr, Shall tinge this Rose's cheek.

And when you see the scarlet tint Across her features climb, Betraying in a blush a hint

How she accepts my rhyme, Know this: if I her heart have won, Her lips shall part and tell; If I have lost, your day is done-

A swift match, and farewell. Go, then, and while I madly burn In love's devouring fire, I live if she one word return-Or else, like you, expire. -Frank D. Sherman, in Harper's.

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cinderella was a slippery maiden. The musician is not easily played out. The best cigar meets its match when it

Door fastenings have knobby decora-

"The whirled is mine," said the cyclone .- Washington Post.

The burglar opens the door for the sake of a little lock-upation .- Merchant Tra-The Speaker of the House is the man

who listens to the talk of others - New York News. When a man wants to find fault he will

do so, even if he has to be up all night looking for it. The goat ents tomato cans, and such,
To the amusement of man;
But what can tickle man's palate so much

As an oyster can? "Tommy, you may go and cut me a good, strong birch rod." "Pa, I don't think it's a good day to go fishing."-

This truth should everywhere be known-One swallow can't a summer bring;
But yet it can be clearly shown
That just one frog can make a spring.
—Chicago Herald.

To be convinced that it is possible to be very sharp and very flat at the same time, it is only necessary to look at a well kept carving knife.—Dansville

It takes a man of iron nerve to sing 'Home, Sweet Home' for a lullaby when the baby wakes up squealing at 2 A. M., and positively will not go to sleep .--Somerville Journal. Visitor-"You look utterly worn out,

Miss Sophie. I suppose you have been bored with callers all morning?" Miss Sophie (languidly)—"Oh, no; you're the very first,"—St. Paul Eye. "You can't procure content with money," says the philosopher; but the fact that the converse is equally true, if

not more so, rather huris the force of the proposition .- Merchant Traveler. Cantwaite-"How about that five dollars you owe me?" Van Gall-"Oh, hang that five dollars! I'm sick and tired of hearing about it. Say, can't you make it ten?"— Washington Star.

Teacher-"When boys disobey the rules of the school and refuse to learn their lessons, they grow up ignorant and lazy. What kind of men do they make?" Pupil-"I know. Jurymen."-Dansville Breeze.

Boarder-"Madam, we want hot meals or we'll move." Landlady-"Hot meals! Why haven't you got pepper, and cat-sup, and horseradish, and raw onions, and mustard! What more do you folks expect?"-Time. An exchange tells of a man who

per at night." He would probably have escaped this sad fate if he had eaten his supper in the morning, right after breakfast .- New York News. "Yes," said the oldest inhabitant, this is a pretty mild winter, but I remember a season that was much warmer

than this." "How long ago was that?"

choked to death while cating his sup-

queried his listeners. mer."-Norristown Herald. A Glasgow boy came home from school very much excited, and told his father that he believed all human beings were descended from apes, which made the old man so wild that he replied angrily: That may be the case with you, but not with me; I can tell you that,"-London

Wickwire-"There are a heap of things a man thinks he knows until he has an occasion to air his learning, and then he finds out that he is not so smart after all." Yabsiey-"What got you into that state of mind?" Wickwire My ten-year-old nephew has been at my

house for a week." - Terre Haute Express. A Paris masher, in hard luck, entered a third-class restaurant; a waiter, formerly employed at the Cafe Anglais, recognized him and whispered in a tone of surprise: "Can Monsieur think of dining at a low hash house like this? Well," said the discomfited dude, You're here, ain't you!" 'Very true, the waiter said, with an air of pride, "but I never dine here."

# The Most Widely Read Author.

The author whose books have the largest sales in the United States is a St. Louisian, and the chances are that there are not 100 people in the city who have ever heard of him. His work is not that of a genius. It is hack work, pure and simple, but he makes more money than Howell, James, Mrs. Burnett or any other American author or This author's name is J. W. Huell, and one of his books has been sold to the extent of 1,000,000 copies. The books he has written are never heard of in the literary world; the literary review ers pay no attention to them. sold by subscription all over the coun-They are usually bound in a style that is wisely calculated to sell the book where the contents certainly would not Buell catches a fad and writes a book to

that is greedily seized. Buell is wealthy,

but he hasn't enriched literatures to any

great extent .- St. Louis Stan-Scylngs.

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