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It is understood that Arizona will soon pass a law similar to that in force in Idaho, disfranchising all Mormons.

Sam Wah Kee, a very wealthy and influential Chinaman of Boston, has been able to obtain from the United States Government a special suspension of the Chinese restriction in his case, so that he may visit his native land and then return to this country.

The Government of Peru has sent a military expedition of 400 soldiers up the Javary River to bring into subjection a number of wild Indian tribes who have hitherto been hostile to all whites entering their territory. As the country is almost unknown, five scientific men have gone with the expedition to explore the land.

The exportations from Florida for the last six months of 1889 were valued at \$18,468,801. Among the articles exported were 2,700,000 pounds of sugar, 12,000 head of cattle, 140,000,000 cigars, \$20,000 worth of alligator hides, \$9,111,740 worth of lumber, \$1,987,114 worth of fruits and vegetables, and \$305,000 worth of sponges.

The Italian Government having made numerous vain attempts to raise money in Europe, has decided to send Signor Favia, a well-known statesman and a friend of the Premier, on a special mission to the United States to get together all the money he can under guarantee of fifteen Italian municipalities. The Government has an important financial operation in view.

M. Sautereau, one of the French engineers who was active in the construction of the Panama canal, proposes to complete the Panama canal on a new basis. His scheme is to make a lake in the interior of the Isthmus by storing water from the Chagres River. This lake would be fifteen miles long and cover about 800 acres, flood out the unhealthy swamps, and make valuable the 200,000 acres of land owned by the Panama company. It would have strong locks at both ends.

An interesting application of electricity to the dairy industry has been made in Italy. The Count of Assata, whose buildings are fitted up with electric light, has connected his dairy plant with an electric motor of twelve horsepower. This machine drives a Danish separator and a Danish churn of considerable size, cumulating being conducted at the rate of 120 to 160 revolutions per minute, the butter being brought in from thirty to thirty-five minutes, in fine grains, which, it is now recognized, enables the maker to produce the finest article. A pump is also worked in the dairy, and various other operations are carried on by electricity.

According to a correspondent of the London Times a strike in Russia is practically a revolt against authority. He sends an account of one, which occurred about a month ago, to illustrate the stupidity of the idea and the very efficacious methods adopted by the authorities. Owing to a falling off in trade, the proprietors of some mills discharged a number of hands, immediately all the workmen surrounded the managers, and demanded with threats of violence, that they should be found for the usual number of hands. The police were called in, who removed fifty of the most clamorous men. The others were conformed by the disappearance of their leaders and went back to work quietly. They never knew what became of them, but as a matter of fact they were taken to the salt mines of Cracow, where they were scourged and ill-treated till they sought refuge in death. Thus the number of hands was reduced, and fifty men dangerous to the Government were removed.

Mary Anne and Ellen Frances Dougherty, two Irish girls in the employ of Barbour Brothers, thread manufacturers of Paterson, N. J., have deposited with that firm \$16,000, every penny of which has been saved from their earnings. The girls came to this country nineteen years ago and found work in the mill, where they have been ever since. The conditions under which this money has been accumulated are remarkable, since they show the hardship imposed by labor and endured by women laborers. Pev American girls could have stood the ordeal. Employed in the wet spinning-room, where the moisture underfoot and the steam heat overhead made it necessary, for comfort and convenience, to dispense with all superfluous clothing, they worked without shoes or stockings, wearing a low-necked and sleeveless dress from one year's end to the other. In this unsightly garb the expense of clothing was reduced to a minimum. Half of the twenty-four hours being spent in the mill, and, as their living expenses were covered by \$3, the rest of their earnings remained with the mill-owners, who, as an encouragement to thrift and industry, paid them six per cent. interest.

MY FRIEND.

Not how he presses closely to my side When fortune smiles on me and joy is mine Not how he twines his laurel sprays to mine Among the flowers with which Fame decks his bride Not how he names my name in conscious pride And bows with devious about my shrine, Eager in my love-roary to shine; Not how he holds me fast through grief and pain, Through troubles deepen, and disgraces potent, Through shame of poverty, through men's disdain, Cheering me on, and ready to defend My life from peril or my name from stain, Braving the world for me—he is my friend.

HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT.

BY ANNA SHIELDS. Well, ma'am, it was quite a story, but I never felt free to tell it to anybody before; but since you are so anxious to know about it, I'll tell you how it all came about. Them fine embroideries and the yards of crimping's off my mind now, and if you'll take a chair I'll talk and rest a bit.

You'll hardly believe me, seeing what a heap Miss Sanderson thinks of me now; that it is only little over a year since I first knew her, but it is just so. It all came about through Jim. Jim's my only son, ma'am, and he's been better'n two year a tow-boy on the horse-car. You don't know what a tow-boy is? Well, ma'am, it's the boy that has charge of an extra horse to pull the cars up hill. From five in the morning till three in the afternoon Jim's going up hill with a car or down hill to meet one. He's a good, steady boy, and his wages are a great help, seeing I am not strong enough for heavy washing, and fine ain't always to be had.

Well, ma'am, about fifteen months back, Jim, not being well used to the horse as he is now, fell off and broke his arm. He came home, and the pain threw him into a fever, and he was very bad for quite a long spell. It was when he was lying very sick, that one day I heard a knock, and opened the door for the prettiest young lady ever my two eyes saw. She was about eighteen; as white as one of my fine linen colors newly ironed, with the prettiest touch of pink in her cheeks. Her eyes were as blue as the china cup you see on the shelf yonder, and her hair as fine and yellow as corn silk. She was dressed plain, but everything she wore was of the finest quality, and fitted as if it had grown upon her slender, little figure.

"Are you Mrs. McArthur?" she asked me. "Yes, Miss," I said, hoping it was fine washing she wanted doing. "I heard to-day," she said, "that my best scholar in Sunday-school had met with an accident. You are James McArthur's mother, are you not?" "Yes, Miss," I said. "Will you walk in? and thank you kindly for calling." She came in and I told her all about poor Jim, and she gave me a basket she had for him, with some fruit and flowers all fixed in it like a picture. And as it was charity, you see, for we've never come to that, ma'am, though I'm not saying we haven't been pretty hard pushed sometimes. But as I was saying, the basket was as pretty and delicate as if it was for a fine lady instead of a little tow-boy, that had got hurt earning his day's wages.

After that she came often and often, bringing Jim books and little tempting things to eat, and sitting to talk with him, and always as merry as a child, though she was a lady, every inch of her. Then, when Jim was getting better, and the care of him a little off my hands, she asked me to do up her fine things, and her papa's shirts, as if it was a favor I was doing her, telling me how particular she was, and the trouble it was to her to get suited in fine washing.

Well, ma'am, not to make too long a story after Jim got well, I went to the house twice a week to get the washing and take it back, and I always saw Miss Emma. It was a grand house, with parlors like a hotel, and wide staircases, and great bedrooms splendidly furnished. And Miss Emma had no mother, but she was the mistress of it all. I was all taken aback the first time I saw her, for he was as rough as she was gentle, and looked more like a laboring man than a fine gentleman, for all his fine clothes. But he was very prompt to pay, and always had a pleasant word for me about the beautiful ironing of his shirts and cuffs. And, though I say it as shouldn't, you might go a long way to find prettier linen than I took up every week to Mr. Sanderson's. But after a bit, I noticed that Miss Emma was losing her pretty smile and merry words, and was pale and often red-eyed, as if she had been crying. Jim, who was seeing her, you mind, every Sunday, he told me he noticed it too. We, though we knew our place too well to say a word, were very sorry, for there was a trouble somewhere, we were very sure.

I'm thinking he has lost his money, and her pa's sent him off."

"I pooh-poohed that and told Jim he was silly, and didn't know what he was talking about. But he says, 'You didn't hear me out, mother. To-day there was a new conductor on 32, and it was Miss Emma's beau—Mr. Thatcher!'"

Well, I did stare, and was sure Jim was mistaken, but he said he'd know Mr. Thatcher anywhere, and he was sure that was him. We talked about it a long time, but you see there was nothing we could do, and I thought Jim was right, after all, and maybe Miss Emma's pa had sent the poor fellow off, when he lost his money. It was, maybe, two weeks after that, or three, that one day Mr. Sanderson came to the house, all in a flutter. Miss Emma was sick with typhoid fever and they wanted a nurse, and she wanted that nurse to be me. Dear, dear, but I was flustered; but I sent Jim to his Aunt Jane's to board, and shut up the rooms, and went off to the grand house.

Poor Miss Emma! We nearly lost her, though her pa had the best doctors, and I nursed her faithful. She took the fever visiting one of her other Sunday-school scholars, and she was not very strong any time, so she took it very hard. One day, when she was very bad, I heard her ask her father: "'Papa, where is Harry?'" "I don't know," he said. Then he began to tell her something in a very low voice, and I went down stairs to make lemonade, not to hear what wasn't meant for me. The poor young lady was very sad all that day, and I mistrusted she cried, when no one was watching her.

It was none of my business to interfere, but I fretted more'n a little about what Jim had told me, and wondering if Mr. Thatcher was Harry. I couldn't ask Jim, because I would not let him come near me for fear of the fever. Miss Emma was so weak, too, I didn't dare for her life say anything to excite her, and so I held my tongue till the fever took a turn and she began to get better. It was up-hill work, then with us, for she was weak as a baby, and didn't seem to care to get well. She had to be coaxed to eat or to try her strength, and was willing to lie quiet all day, which ain't natural in young folks after long sickness. Most times they are in too great a hurry, and throw themselves back again.

The doctor said she wanted rousing. So one day, after she had her bit of toast and a little bird nicely browned, with the best cut of chocolate I could make, I coaxed her to sit up a bit in a great arm chair. When I had her all comfortable, I said: "Miss Emma, I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time, but I was afraid you'd think I was stepping out of my place."

"I should never think anything unkind of my dear, good nurse," she says, and slipped a little, thin hand in mine so lovingly, and she looks into my eyes. "Well, Miss," I said, "if you won't think it is impertinent, I'll tell you. Jim told me that he saw Mr. Thatcher in the cars a bit before you were taken sick, and—well, Miss, don't feel too bad about it—he was a conductor."

I was afraid she'd faint, ma'am, and cry. I was never so took aback in my life as I was at the way she acted. She set right up in her chair and clapped her two little hands together, and just laughed like a child. All the merry light that was gone so long from her eyes came back. "Oh, you dear, darling nurse," she said to me, "I could just kiss you, and I will!" And she did! "How did he look?" she asked me. "Jim said he looked very grave, and as if he had some care on his mind," I told her, "and he had none of his fine clothes on, but a gray suit and a slouch hat."

g guessed what made Miss Emma so merry. When Jim could come without any danger to her, she made him sit for her, and then she made him tell her how the new conductor looked, and all about him.

"Is it real hard work, Jim?" she asked. "It is, indeed, Miss; early and late, and in all weathers. But Mr. Thatcher stands it first rate, though he is burnt some!"

Then Miss Emma made Jim remember the very day Mr. Thatcher went on the cars first, and noted down the day on a card. She would not let me go for several weeks, and paying me big wages all the time, as if it was just hard nursing like the first. So I was still there when the three months were over, and it hadn't known I should have guessed there was something Miss Emma expected that day.

She dressed herself in a new white organdie, as fine as a hair, with a little blue sprig all over it, and she put on a blue ribbon under her lace collar and in her hair. She couldn't settle down to read or sew, but just fidgeted about all the morning. "I know Harry will come to-day," she whispered to me. And sure enough, he did come. Miss Emma was in the large parlors and I was fussing about there, too, knowing all the time she was keeping me busy there just for company. Mr. Sanderson's private sitting-room is off the parlors, and we heard somebody go the whole length of the hall and knock at his door. Miss Emma took hold of me, all rosy and trembling, and then we heard a man's voice say: "There, Mr. Sanderson, are three months' wages, honestly earned by hard work. And here is a letter from my employers recommending me for sobriety, industry and honesty."

"Well done!" we heard Mr. Sanderson say. "You will find Emma in the parlor." I went out at one door just as Harry Thatcher came in at another, diamond studs, shiny boots and all. Well, ma'am, that is all there is to tell, except that the wedding is to-morrow, and I am to go up all day and help the housekeeper. Every bit of the fine linen and embroidery I have done up myself, and it would do your heart good to see the piles of it, duted and crimped fit for a queen.

Jim, he's got a holiday too, to go to the church, and the Sunday-school class have ordered a beautiful basket of flowers that Jim is to present to the bride. And I hope you'll excuse me now, ma'am, as I've told you the whole story, and there's cuffs and collars to do up for Jim, and a power of odds and ends I must attend to, so's to have a free foot for Miss Emma's wedding-day to-morrow.—The Ledger.

Fortune Played Them a Trick. Fortune is a slippery jade. A New York Mail and Express writer heard the other day of a shabby trick she played several gentlemen, among whom were no less noted personages than two ex-Governors of Massachusetts, Butler and Rice. A chemist named Foll, residing in New York, had made a most remarkable discovery, which was apparently destined to revolutionize the leather industry. In experimenting with tungstate of soda, he had applied it to blotting paper, and the result was a substance like leather, possessing the same hard, yet elastic consistency and practically indestructible. A company was organized, and fortunes seemed to be within easy reach of all concerned. Presently the experiments ceased. The chemist's supply of tungstate had all run out. A new consignment from Mr. Quistler, the dealer, did not produce the same effect. Repeated trials failed to revive the success of the first. The tungstate was analyzed and found to be pure. Then a small portion of the old supply was scraped from the box in which it had been kept, and that was sent exclusively to Profs. Doremus, Feuchtwanger and Enlis to be analyzed. They found in it foreign substances and a residuum of alum.

The first specimen had been imported from Germany; the second was domestic. Then \$10,000 was offered to the dealer if he could secure a fresh supply of the same quality as the first. This he undertook to do, but somehow failed. A Mr. Murphy was sent abroad to visit the German firm of manufacturers from whom the impure tungstate had been received. While he was on the Atlantic the factories of the German house were burned to the ground. They were never rebuilt. And so, for the want of accurate knowledge of the nature of a single ingredient, and that, too, an impurity, a big discovery and a magnificent fortune in prospective have gone glimmering. Europe has been searched in vain for a trace of the chemical mixture, and all that is left of the golden dream for the stockholders to gaze upon are a few pieces of paper-leather.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

EPINACH FRITTERS.

Boil some spinach, and when thoroughly done, drain it well, mince it, and then add some grated bread, a little nutmeg, ginger and cinnamon, all pounded fine. Then add as much cream or yolks of eggs as will make the preparation of the consistency of batter. Drop the batter into a frying-pan containing some boiling lard, fry on a quick fire, drain and serve with slices of lemon.

STEAMED PUFF-PUDDING.

Butter coffee-cups and place them in your steamer; drop first a spoonful of batter, then one of berries, steamed apples, or any fruit or sauce you happen to have; then put in batter to fill the cup and steam twenty-five minutes. To make the batter, stir in one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and a little salt, then add milk enough to make it quite soft. Serve the pudding with a sauce made of two eggs, one-half cup of butter, and a cup of sugar, beaten well with a cup of boiling milk and one of the fruits used for the pudding.—Prairie Farmer.

A BAKED HAM.

Scrub the ham thoroughly with a toy scrubbing brush, and scrape the lower part. Soak in water that will more than cover it, all night. Boil it until the skin will slip off easily. Then lay it in the dripping-pan with a pint of vinegar. Baste every fifteen minutes. Bake four hours. Half an hour before it is done take it out and cover thickly with powdered white sugar and a layer of ground cinnamon, mixed with a little nutmeg and red pepper. Return it to the oven to brown, and glaze with the sugar. To skin it as directed before baking, hold the bone in one hand while hot, and with a damp cloth in the other hand loosen the skin from the bone, turn it back and draw it off in one piece.

GAINISHING OF FISH.

There are no dishes that come on our table more capable of improvement by garnish than a dish of fish. Without garnish it is bare and unappetizing. A boiled fish should always be lifted up with an open skimmer or on a grating, or, if boiled in a napkin, should be laid in a colander a moment to drain. It must then be turned instantly on a hot platter on which a folded napkin has been laid. A decoration of lemon quarters, or of slices of lemons and parsley, is very suitable for almost any boiled fish. Groups of fried oysters and pieces of lemon are also suitable decoration to salmon or halibut. English epicures usually serve a dish of cucumbers with salmon, and sometimes green peas. Usually potato croquettes or mashed potatoes are the only vegetable served with boiled fish. Baked fish are often improved in appearance by fried bread crumbs strewn over them. Baked fish are usually served with a sauce around them, while a boiled fish is accompanied by the sauce in a boat. A fried or boiled fish is best served with garnish of fried potatoes, or of lemon and parsley, lightly used. Maître d'hôtel butter or tartar sauce is generally served with fried or boiled fish.—New York Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Tea should be kept in a close canister. Corn starch is a good substitute for eggs in cooking.

Salt fish are best freshened by soaking over night in sour milk.

To keep lemons, cover with cold water, changing every week.

To stop hicough, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

It is well to keep pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

Salt should never be added to new milk when cooking, as it will cause it to curdle.

To make tough meat or fowls tender, add vinegar to the water in which they are cooked.

To cure earache, take a piece of cotton batting put in it a pinch of black pepper, dip in sweet oil and put in the ear.

Cheese should be kept in a close box, in a cool place. That which feels soft between the fingers is richest and best.

Wood ashes put in water and poured in vessels retaining odors of onions, cabbage or fish will entirely destroy them.

Boiling water should not be poured over tea tray, japanned goods, etc., as it will make the varnish crack and peel off.

To prevent cake adhering to the pan when baked, scatter a little flour over the greased surface before pouring in the dough.

It is said that if the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the disagreeable smell will be entirely removed.

Strong muriatic acid applied with a cloth, and the spot washed thoroughly with water, is recommended to remove ink stains from boards.

The French method of administering castor oil to children is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it and stir up; when it is done flavor with a little salt or sugar or currant jelly.

Almonds are blanched by pouring water over them after they are shelled; when they have remained for a few moments in the water they can be rubbed in a soft, dry towel, and the skin will slip off the kernels, leaving them white and entire.

Dipping fish in scalding water will cause the scales to come off very easily, but if the fish are to be salted down they must on no account be scalded. You may pour over them vinegar with the same result. Salt fish will soak fresh and much quicker in sour milk than in water.

An easy method of removing bits of foreign bodies from the eye is to place a grain of flaxseed under the lower lid, and close the lids. The seed becomes surrounded by a thick, adhesion mucus, which entraps the foreign body, and soon carries it out from the angle of the eye.

A POWDER MANUFACTORY.

THE WORKS WHERE MILLIONS OF POUNDS ARE MADE.

Extraordinary Precautions Taken to Prevent Explosions—Some of the Processes of Making Powder. The manufacture of powder in this country is almost controlled by the Duponts, who are credited with owning twenty-seven of the thirty-three plants in the United States. Their works at Wilmington, Del., however, are the largest they own, and it is there that the greater part of the gunpowder used in this country by sportsmen and for blasting is manufactured. These mills are on the Dupont estate, comprising about 3000 acres of valuable land, just outside of the city of Wilmington. Here on this domain they have established what may be termed a small principality. The old manor house on the banks of the Brandywine is still the Dupont homestead, but there are also a number of other magnificent homes on either side occupied by the various branches of the family. They live there among themselves.

While there are public roads running through the Dupont estate, from which a view of the magnificent dwellings can be had, it is utterly impossible to get within the powder works without the permission of some one in authority. This precaution is taken owing to the dangerous nature of the contents. So careful are the members of the firm that they will not carry or allow any person to carry a match anywhere within the inclosure of the mills. It is even said that no Dupont was ever seen with a match box in his possession. Apropos it is related that a short time ago a number of matches were discovered in one of the mills. No one knew how they got there, and it was thought at the time that some person had maliciously placed them in the mill. The matter was reported to the office, and one of the Duponts went to the mill and assisted in picking up the matches.

This is characteristic of the family. They will never ask a workman to do anything they will not do themselves. Frequently the Duponts have exposed themselves in places that were considered dangerous in order to reassure the workmen. Two members of the family have lost their lives by taking these risks. They were Alexis Dupont, who was killed in a big explosion in 1857 at the Wilmington works, and Lamont Dupont, who was killed by the explosion of nitro-glycerine at the Repanno Works in 1884. But these fatalities have never deterred the other members of the family from placing their life in jeopardy.

There are thirty-one separate buildings in the Wilmington works, and a pleasing feature about them is that they are not grouped in one spot, but are distributed over an extended stretch of country. The grinding mills are located along the various water courses, while the magazines are to be found almost hidden away in the woods. These mills make gunpowder for the whole world. They have been severely taxed during times of war, but have always managed to turn out enough powder to keep the armies supplied.

In making blasting powder all kinds of wood are used. Willow is considered the best, poplar comes next, and then oak and chestnut. The average man who goes off for a gunning trip has a very poor conception of the manner in which the powder in his flask was made. That is the most expensive of the various kinds of powder manufactured, and only will stem that would go through a finger ring are used for this purpose. In preparing it the branches are trimmed of the bark and of all knots. They are then placed in an air-tight room with a fire underneath, when the wood undergoes the process of transformation into charcoal. Then it goes through the various mills, grinding, composition, rolling, pressing and glazing, until it reaches the drying room and then the can, when it is ready for the sportsman to kill his game.

The mills are located along the banks of the Brandywine, about several hundred feet from one another. They are run by water power. The grinding mills are two stories high, and the walls are of the stoutest masonry. The roofs are of iron, and so placed that when an explosion occurs they fly off, and the force of the explosion is spent before it can do much damage to the side walls. It is then only necessary to pick up the roofs and put them on the buildings again. Many of the mills along the river work almost automatically and there is never any one in a rolling mill when it is in operation. All the workmen wear shoes with heavy rubber soles to prevent any possibility of an explosion. When a rolling mill is in operation he is off at a safe distance; as there is always danger of the powder becoming dry under the revolving wheel and exploding.

In what are known as the composition mills the sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal are mixed. In the press mills the composition is pressed into cakes four inches square and a half inch deep. This is done by water pressure. It is in these press rooms where the most sudden and terrific explosions take place. They are more fatal to human life on account of the necessity of a more regular attendance of the workmen. In the grinding mills the powder is ground and separated by sieves into the various grades. It then goes through the dust mill, where it is freed from particles of foreign matter. Then it is ready for the glazing mill, where that shining appearance is imparted to it by running it through revolving barrels fitted with metal bullets.

Throughout all the various processes the powder is kept in a dampened condition. In the glazing mill the workman is always in attendance with a watering-pot and sprinkling the powder. In the drying room the powder is spread upon large frames covered with canvas and the frame is heated by hot air. This is the final process, and from the dry-house the powder goes to the packing department and from there it is sent out for use.—Philadelphia Press.

BEDROCK PHILOSOPHY.

When worries and troubles surround you, Don't fret. Go to work! You will always have trouble around you, You bet!

If you shrink, The man who is busy his worry forgets, His mind isn't harassed by thoughts of his debts. And the harder he works, the more happy he gets. Till he's gay as a Turk.

If Fortune won't smile, let her frown, if she will. Never mind! Don't snail, and look wholly cast down, if she still Seems unkind.

If you smile at her, soon she will smile back at you. You are certain to win her, if you will pursue Her with cheerful persistence, and hope ever new, And then solace you'll find.

The world doesn't care for your woes. Oh, no! Not a bit! The man who is never shows His foe That he's bit.

Every one of your neighbors has griefs of his own, He greatly prefers to let your griefs alone, And he doesn't at all enjoy hearing you groan. So take warning and quit! —Somerville Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Brothers-in-law—The judges. Light-headed—A locomotive at night.—Danville Bee. Spare the rod and let the fish story do the work.—Binghanton Leader. Lawyers are like ivy; the greater the ruin, the more they cling.—St. Louis Magazine.

A doctor practices on his own patients. But a musician practices on the patience of others.—Statenland. You needn't look for any great drop in coal until the hind axle of the delivery wagon breaks.—Danville Bee.

Nature has wisely arranged matters so that a man can neither put his own back nor kick himself.—Lancaster American. He—"I never laugh at an inferior." She—"It would be possible for you to do such a thing."—Boston Transcript.

"Poets must suffer before they can write," says a philosopher. After that it is other people who suffer.—Burlington Free Press. We are not so much worried about where we will spend the summer as where we will get the money to spend it with.—Merchant Traveler.

You'd think a bird's digestion would turn out a total wreck. For every time it gets its food It has to take a "peck."—Lippincott. Teacher—"Now, my children, we will parse the sentence, 'John refused the pie.' Tommy Jones, what is John?" Tommy—"A big fool."—Binghanton Leader.

Tailor (measuring customer)—"You are rather short, sir." Customer—"Well, yes, rather; but how could you have guessed as to the low state of my finances?"—Yankee Blade.

"There is no law regulating tobacco consumption," said a traveling man to the young woman who dislikes the weed. "Yes," he replied, "anybody can use it if he choose."—Merchant Traveler.

When signal service prophets tell Of sunshine and their news, It's time to get your umbrella! And don your overcoat!—Washington Post.

The man who dries dynamite on the stove should marry the hired girl who kindles the kitchen fire with kerosene. As a matrimonial talent, they would be sure to "bring down the house."—Norristown Herald.

A Scranton five-year-old, whose mother had used ten cents from his savings fund, last evening stamped his father with the remark: "Pa, you owe me ten cents; your wife took that much from me."—Scranton Truth.

"I—sw—quite forgot myself job a moment, this morning," began Willie Washington, who was trying to be conversational. "For which," interrupted Miss Belle Pepperton, "you ought to be very thankful."—Washington Post.

Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—"I do not ask for money, sir, but what would you think, if I should tell you I have had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, and my poor wife and children are now starving in the street?" Practical Citizen—"I'd think you were a liar. Good morning."—Washington Star.

An article going the rounds of the press speaks of "superstitions about babies." This is wrong; there are no superstitions about babies. Of all the hard, practical, unscientific, mechanical matter-of-fact, artificial creatures in this world commended to a baby. It only believes in itself.—Philadelphia Times.

"No, Hiram," said the young girl, sadly, "I cannot be your wife. We're too compatible." "Compatible?" he exclaimed; "isn't that the very reason why?"—Not in your case. I should probably insist from motives of economy on dispensing with servant and in doing my own housework, and you would probably let me do it, Hiram."—Chicago Tribune.

Medicinal Virtues of the Apple.

The medicinal virtues of the apple are being sounded on all sides in Europe. It is said to neutralize the evil effects of eating too much meat and German chemists state that it is richer than any other fruit or vegetable in phosphorus, an element which is of use in the renewal of the essential nervous matter of the brain and the spinal cord.—Commercial Advertiser.

To make the bridge across the English Channel will cost \$34,400,000.