# THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

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# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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In Paris they arrest and punish any one who throws a banana peel on the side-

It is understood that it will cost \$300, 000 to render the old Treasury vaults at Washington secure.

More than two thousand farmers have applied to the Agricultural Department at Washington for seeds of the sugar

The United States Patent Office is more than self-sustaining. On the books of the Treasury it has to its credit something like \$3,000,000.

A postal convenience in Mexico is an immense insurance company which guarantees the senders of valuable letters and packages against loss in the mails.

It is an open secret, avers the New York Commercial Advertiser, that the German Army has not that affection for the Kaiser that existed between Paul and Virginia.

The pet names for four baby States are as follows: North Dakota is the "Flick ertail State," South Dakota is the "Swinge Cat State," Washington is the "Chinook State," and Montana is the "Stubbed-Toe State."

Now that Canada has been scratched off the list of safe resorts for American rogues, remarks the New York Telegram, Australia looms up as a non-extraditable paradise. The length of the journey involved may prove a handicap in ras-

Mr. Foster, of Buckfield, Mc., the largest manufacturer of toothpicks in the world, says of his make alone there are now enough in stock to supply the United States for two years. When running, his mills will produce in twelve months more than the total American consumption for twice that time.

Poverty has driven many persons to suicide, observes the New York Herald, but the story from Moscow of the widow of an army officer and her five daughters locking themselves in a room, turning on the gas and dying from suffocation on account of dire want excels in horror most cases of the kind.

French scientific men and engineers are discussing the feasibility of a railroad across the desert of Sahara. It is claimed that such an enterprise is necessand to confirm the hold of France upon her possessions on the west coast of Africa and to develop the north African provinces that she holds.

The unmarried women of Massachusetts, according to the reports of its savings banks and other institutions, have \$29,000,000 in deposit. Perhaps this will explain, hazards the New York News, why the women of Massachusetts have the reputation of being so independent, as nothing contributes to the feeling of independence like a good bank account.

The irony of fate is seen in the sad fate of Capilla Couch, the Oklahoma boomer. After devoting his time and energies for several years to organizing raids into that forbidden region, and thus doing much to force its opening to settlement, he was so beaten in the race for land when the day of jubilee came that he was compelled to jump another man's claim, and was shot in the leg and killed in consequence.

"The Southern States," says Dizie, "should make a grand display at the World's Fair. Each State should have an exhibit which would show the world just what her resources are, and what the capitalist and immigrant can expect to find, when they seek her borders. The Southern expositions held in Louis-, ville, New Orleans and Atlanta have been of incalculable benefit to the South, having brought millions of dollars to our mines, quarries, cities and manufacturers. The outside world must see what we have, and the World's Fair will be the place to advertise our resources."

Those who spent the year 1889 in New York will not be surprised, says the Observer, to learn from Sergeant Dunn, Chief of the New York Signal Service Bureau, that the year 1889 was the wettest on record. The total rainfall for that year was 58.68 inches. Sergeant Dunn describes it not only as the wettest, but the warmest and wettest. A singular incident about the weather of the past winter is that the coldest and warmest days of the winter were each found in the month of March, On March 7 the thermometer dropped to six degrees On March 12 it reached seventy-one degrees, the maximum and minimum thus occuring within five days of each other. Last gave us the warmest Christmas day we ever had so far as records shows, the thermometer reaching sixty-five degrees in the afternoon. Sergeant Dunn argues that the conditions of the weather have been such as to make it tolerably safe to expect a cool summer.

IF WE KNEW.

Could we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives. See the naked heart and spirit, Know what spur the action gives, Often we should find it better Purer than we judge we should; We should love each other better

Could we judge all deeds by motives, See the good and bad within, Often we should love the sinner All the while we louthe the sin. Could we know the powers working

To overthrow integrity, We should judge each other's errors With more patient charity,

If we knew the cares and trials, Knew the effort all in vain, And the bitter disappointment-Understood the loss and gain-Would the grim external roughness Seem, I wonder, just the same?

Should we help where now we hinder!

Should we pity where we blame? Ah! we judge each other harshly, Knowing not life's hidden force; Knowing not the fount of action Is less turbid at its source,

Seeing not amid the evil All the golden grains of good; Oh! we'd love each other better If we only understood,

-Woman's Work.

# THE ROMANCE OF A FLOOD.

HARRIET F. CROCKER.

They had parted coldly. Richard Holmes had walked rapidly up the street to his boarding place with a white face, sternly set lips, his hands clasped tightly behind him, and his whole frame quivering with wounded pride and keen disappointment.

Eloise Ellison had turned her pretty face homeward with a proud little toss, and a look of something like triumph in

her coquettish dark eyes. That she was a spoiled and petted beauty, every one in the village knew; and that she was as willful and capricious and exacting, as she was bright and pretty and bewitching, every one knew as well. The only child of the wealthy mill-owner, from her very infancy indulged in her every wish and fawned upon by admiring friends, it was no wonder that she was, when she chose to be, a most tyrannical specimen of young

She had chosen to be such the afternoon she met Richard Holmes, her father's bookkeeper, on the street, and allowed him to turn and walk beside her. It was raining, and she graciously closed her own elegant little umbrella to share the larger one he carried.

They had gone on together enjoying the rain, laughing and chatting gayly, gossiping in their light way about this and that happening in the social life of

Perhaps he had chosen an inauspicious moment to declare his love and offer her his hand, but, inauspicious or not, he had spoken and received his answer.

They had exchanged a few hot words and then parted in a sudden frigidity high seized them both. She had added such scorn and disdain to her refusal that was more than he could bear in silence. She had even insinuated to him that it was not herself he loved, but her father's wealth. She had wounded him cruelly and intentionally, and he had left her suddenly with a cold adieu.

Eloise raised her own umbrella with deflant little laugh, and a glance at the retreating figure, and then turned homeward humming a fragment of the

Her father's bookkeeper! Presume to offer her his hand! It was absurd!

Thus she communed with herself as she went on up the street to her home. She tried to be angry at the presump tion of the man, but in spite of herself she could not. She had always admired him-yes, in a way she had quite liked him, and it was pleasing to her vanity to know he loved her; but, marriage-that was another thing, indeed, and quite out of the question!

For days and days it rained. It grew

Eloise, wandering aimlessly about the drawing-room, looking over a book abstractedly; striking a few chords on the piano; going from window to window to look out at the falling rain and the dismal landscape was wretchedly lonesome

Richard Holmes would be a welcome caller, if only to quarrel with. He used to drop in so often to play a game of chess or listen to her music. She wished she had not treated him quite so badly the other day. Why could she not have said, as other girls would have said, that never occurred to her to say that. She wished she had been less unkind that day-wished she had held him off a

The day was closing in dark and stormy. Eloise from the window looked at the swollen river, and the pools that stood here and there on the lawn.

Suddenly she stood erect, and looked eagerly at a well-known figure coming

The girl stood watching his progress eagerly, as he picked his way among the ard were huried into the air and fell toof water, her lips parted, her pretty head thrown back, her dark eyes glad and bright.

"I am glad he is ewing," she said, softly to herself, as she stood, surrounded by the creamy draperies of the window,

She heard his firm step on the piazza. She heard him ring the bell, and then speak a few words to the maid who opened

drowning the voices in the hall, drowning the silvery chime of the little French cleck, drowning everything, swallowing had been too great—hur up everything in its awful volume of had been too sorely tried. sound. There was a terror in it unlike

and terrible menace in the sound, swell- them shook their heads gravely over the ing and gathering and growing louder

Eloise stood paralyzed with fear. She

She had heard vague rumors of fears for and loved. It was Eloise, delirious with the great dam above, but had not heeded. fever. "Richard," she was saying: "I had come upon her in all its awfulness. but I did not know it. Richard, did the She fell back, overpowered with terror, horrible waters drown you? O, my dar-

A violent blow on her head roused ing on the strong current, borne along away into silence. What he saw at a sickening speed, upheld by the strength and fury of the roaring waters. branch of that which struck her and fatal night. prought her back to life.

She had caught hold of the branches of together their souls forever. the great tree, and was clinging with a grasp like death itself. Life was sweet too sweet to lose. In her first moment of consciousness she had thought of Richard Holmes. Where could be be? Drowned! O, God forbid-not drowned the thought was dreadful to her. In loved him-loved him with her whole ever. She was penniless. The beauti heart-had loved him all the time with- ful home was entirely destroyed. Nothout knowing it. What had he come to ing that had been hers remained. the door for that night-it seemed ages O, Heaven! that appalling darknesshat dreadful roar of rushing waters!

She raised her voice and called: 'Richard!" It was lost in the roar of the flood. She tried again, summoning all her strength, and sending her clear voice out over the waters. "Richard!

faint and far away-could it be his? He good, -The Ledger. was near her when the flood struck the house; he might be somewhere near her

near her, tossing up and down on the nevertaken any unusual precaution with resistless current. She could see that it his health, is not a vegetarian or tectotal-The face was turned from her, but the head was familiar. She called again, and the man turned and looked at her. "Is it you, Eloise?" he screamed; and

Eloise! Thank God!" She breathed a sigh of relief. She felt safe now-safe, even on the bosom of this rushing ocean of fleree waters and crashing debris-if he were near.

She saw that he was trying to get to her, but could not; that he dared not loose his hold of the boards and trust himself one instant in that mighty current. She could see his face, white and agonized, turned to her-always turned to her. Something had struck him, and cut a gash in his head, and the blood was trickling down his pallid cheek; she could see it from where she clung in the

branches of the elm tree. white arm was bare, bleeding from a were trivial now. Life was the only thing to be thought of-life and death

-if death should come. A house came reeling down and struck

the mass of boards to which Richard clung. The shock loosened his hold and tossed him far out in the water. The An English writer on longevity mainhorrible under-current sucked him in and he sank from sight. The next moment his white face showed above the water. Such horror and despair Eloise had never seen as she saw there. One last appealng look at her, one cry from his lips, and he was gone again. Eloise prayed—prayed as she had never dreamed d pity in this time of need.

Richard came to the surface againnear her this time. Could she reach him? Only a little nearer-he was half unconscious and could not help himself. She leaned far out over the dark torrent, holding to the tree firmly with one arm and touched him with her hand-caught him by his collar and held his head above the water as they were borne along. She called to him wildly. He heard and understood, made one great effort to seize the branches of the tree, and at last with an almost superhuman strength, drew use. himself up into the sheltering arms of the old elm.

There he clung with what frail strength was left him; but he was too weak for words. It was no time for speech. scene was more terrible than any of the imaginings of Dante. Great masses of timbers, that ten minutes before had been houses and homes, came rushing by with shricking women clinging to them, and little children borne slong upon them. little longer at least-it used to be so Strong men were tossing like egg-shells pleasant to have him drop in for an hour on the waters, and horses and cattle were plunging madly for life among the ruins of great barns that came crashing by Now and then some wild shrick or unearthly moan would mean the death-cry of a human being going down to eternal

sleep under the roaring waters. A great mass of timbers came tearing ward the house. It was Richard along down the highway of death; with one blow it sent the elm-tree spinning far ahead on the waters. Eloise and Richgether, clinging to whatever they could ind-a door, a fence-anything to keep afloat. At last they climbed to the ridge pole of a house and clung there. All night they floated, bruised and cut by heavy objects striking them, almost losing their hold many times, but never quitetossing, plunging, flying with a speed

In the first gray dawn of morning they were rescued. Friendly hands drew them from their perilous position and bore them to a place of safety. There they lay for hours unconscious. The shock had been too great-human endurance

The physicians who dressed their

the heaviest crash of thunder-a strange wounds and the nurses who cared for CURIOUS BURIAL CUSTOMS. young strangers given so mercifully into

their hands Richard woke to consciousness first was powerless to cry out, to move her- but lay with closed eyes, resting and tryself; she could only stand and listen to ing to think why he was there and what

that awful, all-pervading roar. had happened.

She did not think what it might mean. All at once he heard a voice he knew a moment it was all over; the sound love you now, I loved you all the time,

He opened his eyes and looked across her to herself. She found herself float- the room toward the weak voice dying Eloise lying on the snowy cot with closed eyes and flushed cheeks-Eloise piti-Near her she saw the great elm tree fully thin and changed, but Eloise still, that had stood before her house ever despite the lines of pain on her white since she was a child. It must have been brow, left there by the agony of that

Richard, looking at her thus, loved With great, dark eyes dilated with her all the better for these marks of sorhorror, and a face white and ghastly as row; they made her tenfold dearer to the faces of the dead, the girl flew along. him; their mutual distress had welded

It was a very quiet, very brief ceremony that made them man and wife. It was no time for merry-making and rejoicing. Death and poverty were everywhere. Her father was among the lost; the servants were missing; many of her flash she was revealed to her self. She friends were gone from human sight for-

Nothing she had loved in the old days ago to her now—to bring a message of was left her. Nothing? Yes, thank warning? Her father—was he safe? God, her husband—her good, brave Richard! They had gone together through that dreadful night, their paths henceforth through life lay side by side. Eloise was a changed woman. had been wrong in her became good. What had been vain and foolish became beautiful and pure. Her whole nature was changed—her heart ennobled and She thought she heard a human voice, uplifted, made sweet and womanly and

#### The Frequency of Old People,

Michael Solis, who lives in San Salva-She raised her voice again and called dor in the Republic of Bogota, is said to his name with a desperation born of fear | be 186 years of age, and is apparently in and love. A dark object was floating the full vigor of all his powers. He has was a man clinging to a mass of boards. | ler, and has always been a hard worker. Peter Barlow died in Damariscotta about three years ago at the age of 135. He served under George Washington in the revolutionary war. There is a colored man then she barely heard him-"you, liiving in Lynn, Mass., who has recently been on public exhibition, who claims to be over 130 years of age.

People over 120 years of age, in the very general diffusion of news which is now possible, are frequently heard of in various portions of the world. Centenarisns are by no means the curiosities they were a few generations ago. Seth Perkins, who recently died in Norwich, Conn., was a President of a railroad at 100. Chevreul, the French scholar, recently died over 100 years of age.

Probably every State in the Union contains its centenarian, and some of them perhaps several. People over ninety anches of the elm tree.

She did not know that one beautiful, The late Emperor William, of Germany, was nearly ninety-two at the time of his cruel blow she had received-she did death. Simon Cameron was over ninety, not realize the pain in her head where and so was the late Dr. Dollinger, the the tree had struck her-such things theologian. Our historian Bancroft is over ninety, and so is Cardinal Newman and Marshal Von Moltke.

If so many eminent men can be tound who have lived to an advanced age, it is reasonable to infer that there are a large number among the more obscure classes. tains that genius is inimical to old age; but this hardly seems borne out by the Carlyle died at eighty-four; Bryant at eighty-three; Professor Sir Richard Owen is still alive at eighty-six: John G. Whittier at eighty-two; Robert C. Winthrop at eighty-one; William E Gladstone, Oliver Wendell Holmes and f praying before; crying aloud for help Alfred Tennyson at eighty. The throes and frenzy of genius do not, it seems, always prove destructive to longevity.

All classes and conditions of men are liable to attain to old age, though there can be no doubt that some occupations are more destructive of health and, hence of long life, than others .- Yankee Blade.

# Novel Method of Removing Rats.

Texas farmers have been almost ruined by the depredations of rats. To get rid of them a novel expedient has come into The farmer finds a burrow in which from fifty to a hundred rats reside. Every exit save one is carefully stopped. At this one is placed a common iron tea kettle. Opposite the spout is bored a hole in which is inserted a piece of gas pipe about one foot long. Over the pout is placed another piece of pipe, which is run into the opening leading to the burrow. A fire is then built in the kettle and a couple of handfuls of sulphur thrown on the coals. The top be ng closed, the fumes are driven into the burrow by a hand bellows, the nozzle of which is inserted in the top pipe. Some of these burrows are fifty yards in length; the fumes go through all its passages, and in five minutes every young and old

# Carrier Pigeons and Poachers.

General Cameron, commandant of the Canada, is organizing a system of messenger pigeon stations throughout Canada. He proposes that the Canadian cruisers utilize the pigeons by having station along the coast, and thus communicating news of poachers and fishing vessels. The practical object in view is to supplement the facilities for the rapid transm ssages afforded by telegraph lines. He proposes a chain of twenty-six stations from Windsor, Nova Scotia, to Halifax,

# An Inventive Genius,

Hardbake-"I hear that that char Growing Younger. Dryson is somewhat of an inventor." Hardbake-"What's he ever invented?" Suarleigh-"Lies."

Hardbake-"Miss Withers seems to grow younger every day." Snarleigh-"Yes, she will soon have eached her second childhood."

New York Star.

### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

ODD BURIAL METHODS OF THE

CHINESE AND OTHER RACES.

Chinese Mourners Dress in White-

House for Years.

Bodies Sometimes Kept in the

Exceedingly different are the modes of

burying the dead among various people. Among some the dead are buried lying

among others sitting-as is the case with

several of the Indian tribes, among whom

t is related, warriors or leaders in the

nations have been buried upon their fa

vorite war-horses. There is a remarkable

general agreement of custom, however

in the practice of placing the body to lie

It is held by some writers that this cus-

tom is due to solar symbolism, and the

head is placed to the east or west, accord-

ing as the dead are thought of in connec

tion with the sunrise, the reputed home

of the Deity, or the sunset, the reputed

some tribes that lay their dead north and

south, and others bury men with the face

to the north and women with the face to

The burial customs of the Chinese are

peculiar. Immediately upon the decease

of a person in China a priest is called.

whose prayers are supposed to free the

departed spirit from the necessity of going to hades and to secure his admit-

The body is arrayed in the most costly

garments that the family can afford. It

one hand is placed a fan and in the other

a prayer written on a piece of paper

which is a letter of recommendation to

open the gates of heaven. The coffin is

corpse, when put into it, is laid in a bed

of lime or cotton, or is covered with quicklime, and the edges of the lid are

losed with mortar in the groove so that

The nature of the site for burial is re-

garded as having an important influence

upon the prosperity of the living, the

people fearing ill-luck, disease and acci-

dent if the dead are not satisfied with

the site of their graves. The selection

of propitious sites is made by geomancers

a class of quacks who pretend to super

When the day of burial arrives, which

is-if a satisfactory place for the tomb

has been found—the nearest lucky day

friends assemble at the house, and an of-

fering of cooked provisions is laid out

near the coffin. Tais is intended to oc-

cupy the attention of the spirit of the

dead, which is supposed to linger near

that may be hovering around, to keep

them from doing any mischief or harm

All the mourners are dressed entirely

in white, and they assemble about the

coffin and in turn prostrate themselves

before it, a band of music playing mean-

coffin going first, born on an unwieldy

bier carried by a large number of men

A man goes before the procession and

scatters paper money, to buy the good

will of any stray, tricky spirits that may

be prowling about. Immediately after

the coffin, in a separate sedan, is born

the ancestral tablet of the deceased wit

the offering of food. Different figures

cording to the means and rank of the

When the grave is reached the coffin

is let down, and lime is abundantly mixed

with the earth thrown in upon it. Crack-

ers are then fired, libations are poured

out, prayers are recited and finally paper

molds of houses, clothes, horses, money

and everything that the dead man can

possibly want in the land of shadows are

surned. The origin of this latter cus-

tom is unquestionably the idea that

everything that had been enjoyed or used

in this life would be desired in the other.

The ancient custom was to burn a man's

household belongings, to kill upon his

grave his favorite horse, hound or bird,

and sometimes his chosen servant, that

their shadows might go with him into

elaborate dishes that have been borne to

the grave are carried back, and the

mourners feast upon them. Bodies are

n some instances kept in or about th

house for many years, and incense is

burned before them morning and even-

ing. They are kept on trestles in the en-

trance hall, or sometimes in a chamber

set apart. This occurs when the family

cannot afford funeral expenses-which

are considerable-or when a lucky place

From the earliest times the manner of

expressing grief at death has differed in

different countries. The Hebrew period

of mourning was usually seven days, but

some instances, as at the death

Moses and Aaron, it was extended to

thirty days. The mourners tore their

clothing, cut off their hair and beard,

strewed ashes on their heads and cast

themselves on the ground, weeping and

The Greeks mourned thirty days, ex-

cept in Sparta-where the mourning

period was limited to ten days-and

wore coarse black garments, cut off their hair and secluded themselves from the

public gaze. In the event of the death

of a great General the soldiers of the

whole army cut off their hair and also

the manes of their horses. The Roman

mourning period lasted only a few days,

but if the death was that of some great

ruler or General, all business was stopped

and the forum and the schools were

Among the Fiji Islanders the women

re required to burn their bodies on the

death of a Chief, and in the Sandwich

Islands the people go into mourning by

knocking out their front teeth and by

painting the lower part of the face black.

of burial cannot be found.

uniting their breasts.

After the funeral the

banners and tablets are also carried,

to the third seventh day after death, the

solid, substantial case. The

home of the dead. There are, ho

the south.

tance to Paradisc.

no odor can escape.

natural wisdom.

to the living.

A NOVEL WAY OF BARING APPLES. Peel a lemon, cut it in slices and take out the seeds; lay in a shallow tin pan and on each slice a pared and cored apple; fill the pan half full of water and bake until the apples are tender. Lift the apples into a dish and place the pan with the lemon and water on the stove add half a pound of sugar to every half s pint of water; boil for half an bour until t jells; place a slice of lemon on each apple, pour the syrup over them and let them get very cold before serving.— Washington Star.

#### FOR MAKING GOOD COPPEE.

Most connoisseurs prefer a half-and half mixture of Mocha and Java. To make for a family of four, wash one egg and break into a bowl, shell and all; beat with a fork until it is frothy, then beat in a pint of cold water, a little at a time. Add a generous half pim of coffee, mix thoroughly and pour into the pot. Set on the back of the range where it will heat slowly half an hour, keeping the spout closed to prevent the escape of the aroma. Then add about a pint and a half of boiling water and bring to a boil, stirring down once or twice as the grounds gather at the top. Serve with plain or whipped cream or with condensed milk as preferred.

#### CITRON PRESERVES.

Cut the citron in pieces about two nches square, and boil it in soda water until it is so tender that a straw will pierce it easily, then skim it out and let it lie in weak alum water for three hours, and after that, in cold water for one hour. Make a syrup of one quart of water and four pounds of sugar for every four pounds of citron. Boil this syrup, removing all scum, until it is clear, ther put in the citron and let it remain, cooking slowly, until the sugar has penetrated it thoroughly, when it must be dipper out of the syrup and packed into jars Boil the syrup until it becomes ropy flavor it with lemon or stick cinnamon o extract of ginger, then pour it over the citron, sealing the jars as soon as they are filled .- Yankee Blade.

Housekeepers are often puzzled to devise a way to make the hard parts of a ham palatable. But after the better portion has been sliced off, the remainder can be converted into a very tempting

Cut all the mest from the bone and chop it fine, boil six eggs hard and chop them also. Put in the bottom of a small. deep pudding dish a layer of the chopped ham, then a layer of egg. Moisten with cream sauce, add a second layer of ham, the body, or any other vagrant spirits another layer of eggs, moisten again with bread-crumbs, dotted with bits of butter. Bake about half an hour or until the top is brown.

The cream sauce consists of one table spoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, and a cupful of milk. Melt the butter and flour and stir in the milk .-The procession is then formed, the Ladies' Home Journal.

#### TO BAKE DRY FISH. Make a sauce of one and a half ounces

of a saucepan with one ounce of beef suct and two ounces of carrots, onions and tomatoes. When these ingredients are brown, stir in three tablespoonfuls of flour, which should also brown; add a quart of hot water and season with salt and pepper. Let this boil gently one hour, skimming it clear. When the vegetables are soft, rob the samee through a sieve and add a tablespoonful of vinegar. Clean the fish if it is a whole one, and lay it or the cut fish in the dripping-pas on a few vegetables, slivered. Se with salt and pepper, and pour over it a half pint of stock or hot water. Bake half an hour. Pour a little of the sauce on a dish; lay the fish in, with boiled potatoes around it. Serve the remainder of the sauce in a boat .- New York Wit-

HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Buttermilk will take out mildew Bottles are easily cleaned with hot

water and fine coals. A dampened cloth is better than a dry

one for dusting furniture. If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will

be entirely removed.

To remove rust from steel, rub with kerosene, and soak for a day, polishing with emery dust and kerosene If a cucumber is cut into strips and the

pieces put into places where ants are found, it will surely drive them away. A cloth saturated in kerosene oil and lipped into whiting, for cleaning tin ware, is much better than anything else

If new calicops are allowed to lie is strong salt water an hour before the first washing, the colors are less likely to

Table linen should be hemmed by hand. Not only does it look more dainty but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundried as with There should be a small table about the

height of the range or stove for use as a esting-place for utensils when omelets griddle cakes, etc., are made. It should be covered with zine. In bottling catchup or pickles, boil the corks, and while hot you can press them into the bottles and when cold they are

tightly scaled. Use the tin foil from comressed yeast to cover the corks If the material is washable at all, black olor by the help of the salt water bath before the general washing is commenced upon. After such a treatment faded black

ansed by washing will never occur. Nothing so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body as a bath containing an ounce aqua ammonia to each pullful of water. It makes the flesh firm and amouth as marble, and renders the body pure and free from all odors,

AN ECONOMICAL MAN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion ..... 100

One Square, one Inch, three months ...... 500

Half Column, one year ...... 50 00 One Column, one year ...... 180 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quaserly. Temporary advertisements must be paid is

Marriages and death notices gratis.

Job work-cash on delivery,

He lived on thirteen cents a day,-Ten cents for milk and cracker,

One cent for dissipation gay, And two cents for tobacco. And if he wished an extra dish He'd take his pole and catch a fish.

And if his stomach raised a war Gainst his penurious habit, He'd go and kill a woodchuck, or Assassinate a rabbit: And thus he'd live in sweet contant

On food that never cost a cent. And, that he might lay by in bank The proceeds of his labor, He'd happen round at meals, the crank! And dine upon his neighbor!

And then he'd eat enough to last Until another day had passed. He bought no pantaloons nor vest, Nor rich, expensive jacket; He had one suit-his pa's bequest He thought would "stand the racket."

He patched it thirty years, 'tis true,

And then declared 'twas good as new. He owned but one suit to his back, And minus cuffs and collars. He died, and left his nephew Jack Nine hundred thousand dollars! And Jack he run this fortune through And only took a year or two.

-S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Momentary bliss-Second love. A well-wisher-The traveler on the

"Pa, what's the dead of night?" "Ghosts, I reckon."-Puck. The man who never smiles is a centre

of gravity .- Rochester Post-Express. A good-sized sinking fund will help to keep a corporation affoat .- New York

Does a man-of-war go on a whaling voyage when it starts out to whip some-

Much charity that begins at home is too weak to get out of doors .- Tebus

The man who is employed in a feather store is apt to get down on his kneets Groom-"Shall I rub his legs off,

sir?" Equestrian-"No, you had better Here's to the bootblack. He improves the shining hours by shining ours .-

Dansville Breeze. "How did Bobinson happen to get swamped?" "He got into the swim too deep."—Munsey's

Hawkins-"What kind of jokes does young Tompkins write?" Jawkins-'Alleged, I believe,'

"Your opinions remind me of a hundred-dollar bill." "Ah! valuable, I suppose?" "No; subject to change."

Poet, try your hand at prose.
If you'd weigh your thought sublime;
If in English plain it glows,
You may put the thing in rhyme.

—Puck.

"Well, I got there!" exclaimed Jaysmith, announcing a recent success "Yes; with all four feet," replied Cum-A philosophical friend remarks that if

there is anything that will encourage rising ability it is sitting on a bent pin Munsey's.

A scientific man has discovered that the reason why a hen lays an egg is because she can not stand it up on end .-- Washington Critic.

Old Sol will soon, in cloudless skies, Shine like a flery ball, And there will then be lots of flies Upon us all.

landt-"Because every time he gets on the ferry-boat it makes him cross."-VOICES OF THE YEAR. Hark to the flendish yell, Hark to the umpire's sh

Vesey-"Why do you think Fulton

dislikes living in New Jersey?" Cort-

"All ready, now, play ball"
"That Man's

-New York Herald. Most rubber goods have been adulterated so that they don't begin to be as good as they used to be. Not so with Truth, however. The rubber of which that is made seems to be of a better quality than ever, for the truth never was tretched half so much as at present. There seems to be absolutely no limit to

its elasticity .- Dansville Breeze His pen was but half-feathered, like the chickens of the spring; His way through life, spring-chicken-like,

was rough. And the simile goes further—he was as weak of wing, And as that same poor chicken, he was

An Emperor's Mania for Uniforms.

Emperor William has developed a mania for new uniforms and costume which is worthy of George IV. He has established a new body-guard for the Empress, which is to do sentry duty be fore her apartments at the palace, and is to serve as her escort at reviews and State functions. For palace duty the uniform consists of a white Brandenburg coat with cherry-colored facings, and nuce shoulder-knots in black, white and silver; a white waistcoat coming down ox, white trousers and "jack" There is also a black velvet, threeornered but, with cockade and feather in the Prussian volors. The escort unihat is replaced by a helmet of polished steel, crested with a golden eagle.-

# What the Baud Was Playing.

Times-Democrat.

First Steamboat Passenger-"There's a brass band playing on deck."

Second Steamboat Passenger—"I

F. S. P .- Probably not; a dozen dronners can play a game of draw with-out being heard all over the ship."

Young Johnnie has a sister small, He loves with all his heart; For, when he does not get it all, He goes and takes her part.