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In China there is now, according to intelligent estimates, one missionary to about every 300,000 people.

The Chicago Sun thinks that railroad building will not be likely to take another boom until the Western country has gained a million or two in population.

Inshkorsoff, a Russian traveler and ethnologist, has discovered that there are 400,000 heathens and 50,000 Mohammedans in the Russian army, and he declares that Christianity is decreasing astonishingly in Southern Russia.

The Matin, a Paris newspaper, declares that the United States makes "a grave mistake" in locating the World's Fair at Chicago, and expresses the firm conviction that very few foreign exhibitors or visitors will care to attend a fair 1000 miles in the interior.

An old duck hunter of Savannah says that a flight of duck coming south one day, if followed by other flights in the same direction days or weeks afterward, will not vary to exceed twenty-five feet from the path of the ducks which have preceded them, and they will alight in almost the exact spot where preceding flights have settled.

Only six men are living who were members of a President's Cabinet before Lincoln's time. They are George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy under Polk; A. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior under Taylor; James Campbell, Pierce's Postmaster-General; Joseph Holt, Roanoke King (each of whom was a Postmaster-General), and P. F. Thomas, Secretary of the Treasury in Buchanan's day.

In China, where everything is contrary to Western ideas, poverty has a greater practical power than in any country in the world. The Chinese Times, of Tientsin, says that everything may be forgiven in China to a poor official. Poverty is considered a test of probity, an influence which owes much of its strength to the attachment of the people to every man who comes unspotted through the severe temptation of Chinese official life.

Sweden is not an overcrowded country. On the contrary, it is more thinly settled than some of our States. Combined with Norway it is the largest country in Europe, except Russia. There is plenty of room for the people; but they do not care to stay there. They prefer to emigrate to our Northwest, with a soil and resources inferior to some portions, at least, of their native kingdom. The New York Press exclaims: "It is an extraordinary spectacle—this Swedish character—far different in motive and character from any other that seeks our shores."

Professor Rein, a scientist who has been investigating the material resources of Japan, says: "They reveal a national frugality and economy of a marvelous type. The area of Japan is less than that of California. Incultivated land is less than one-tenth of its total acreage, yet its products support about 38,000,000 people. In Japan 2560 persons subsist from each square mile of tilled land." If the land were divided up among the people a single-taxer wouldn't have room enough on his own plot to swing his theory without knocking down his neighbor's fences.

The San Francisco Chronicle remarks: The man who has secured a lease of islands in the Great Salt Lake and an appropriation of \$30,000 to cross the buffalo to common cattle has worked a very neat little game. The preservation of the buffalo is a worthy object, but it is rather late to begin now, when the animal is practically extinct. As for crossing the buffalo with domestic cattle, this scheme can only be in the interest of the boarding-house keeper who wishes to improve upon the toughness of the long-horned Western steer and thus secure an indestructible steak.

Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender, lawyer at Washington for the W. C. T. U., has been investigating the subject of early legislation on the liquor traffic in the colonies and United States of America. She finds that two kinds of liquor legislation kept pace with each other throughout colonial life, namely, laws to punish drunkenness and those to promote the domestic manufacture of intoxicating drinks. Some curious penalties for drunkenness are mentioned. The offender was sometimes required to wear on his outside garment the letter "D" or the word "drunkard." Occasionally one was disfranchised. Reprimands, whippings and fines, however, were the ordinary modes of punishment. At the same time laws were enacted making the planting of grape vines compulsory, to encourage the wine industry, while special efforts were put forth to increase the production of malt and distilled liquors. The first law authorizing a liquor license, pure and simple, was passed in 1639.

LIFE'S EPITOME. A burst of light and song and story, Of hopes and dreams of some-time glory— Day's began!

A little praise, a little blame, A little floating breath of fame, A little sitting in the sun, a little sigh—and Day is done!

—Annie E. P. Stearns, in Harper's Bazar.

GABE HARRIS.

The wooden tanks on all the leases in the Harford oil region had been full for many days, and every time a well flowed "off a head" the petroleum was wasted. It ran over the tank's brim, saturated the dry leaves and formed pools on the hill sides in the depressions behind trees and stumps.

The spring had been early, by the last week of April the snow was all gone from the recesses of the deep forest. There had been but little rain, and the warm sun had dried the rotting timber in the woods. The leaves strewn the ground were crisp and combustible as paper. They were scattered hither and thither by the frequent breezes blowing strong from the Great Lakes, and they found lodgement only where they fell into waste petroleum and became soaked. Never were there conditions more favorable for a terrible, disastrous forest fire.

Everybody was careful of fire. Men who in sullen silence, or with angry denunciation of the Pipe Line Company, watched their oil run to waste, forbore smoking in the woods for fear of a spark from a pipe would start the conflagration they all dreaded. Drilling was stopped; fires were drawn from the boilers at pumping wells.

The producers had held mass meetings and denounced the action of the company; they had even attempted violence. To all complaints the company seemed indifferent; to protect their property they had called upon the Sheriff of the county and his posse, which consisted mainly of men in their employ.

From all the meetings Gabe Harris had been absent. In the attack upon the pump station he had taken no part; but every day he had gone to the office of the "Lines" and asked to have his oil "run." Having made the request and received an answer, he handed the superintendent an estimate of the amount of petroleum that had run to waste on his lease the previous day. The reply he received was the same that all applicants were met with:

"We have no room, but are increasing our tankage daily, and hope to relieve you soon. However, if you wish to sell your oil for immediate shipment we will run it at once."

"Immediate shipment" oil brought twenty cents a barrel less than the market price for crude petroleum, and many of the producers, pressed by their creditors or needing money to buy the necessities of life, were forced to accept the company's terms. But Gabe, though his credit was nearly exhausted, would not thus yield to monopoly. Rather than sell his oil for immediate shipment he would let his creditors have his property, and support his family by working on the streets of Harford. His home he could retain, for the little portable house with its furniture was paid for, and he would not have to pay ground-rent, as on the leases the surface of the ground had no value, save where the derricks and their engine-houses and tanks were located.

Perhaps he would not have been so courageous had his wife not been of the opinion that his course was right. Her nature, though affectionate and gentle, was independent and self-reliant. Poverty had no terrors for her. She had endured it, had suffered many privations in practicing a rigid economy in order to save the wages Gabe had earned as a driller, so that some day they might have a lease of their own. They had secured one; on it had put down three wells, and were meeting with regularity and promptness the notes given for machinery and tanks when the "shut down" came, and their oil joined that of other producers on the hill-side—forever lost. She was glad Gabe had not become violent and made threats as his neighbors had done, because she thought much talk a display of weakness, and she would have regretted her marriage had she at last found herself the wife of a weak man. She knew she could rely upon his silent determination to win in his conflict with the "Lines" without an appeal to dynamite, which remedy for their abuses was daily threatened by the producers.

Meantime Gabe formed a plan. He resolved to run his oil himself, first gauging his tanks in the presence of witnesses to ascertain the amount they contained; then he would turn the stopcock, and set a donkey-engine to work pumping the petroleum into the main line. When his tanks were empty, he would demand of the "Lines" a storage certificate for the amount of the oil run. On a clear, warm morning in May he kissed his wife goodbye for the day, and set out on horseback for Harford to make a final demand on the company to run his oil. His lease was at the head of the Kendall Creek Valley. From the door of his house he could see the Tuna, into which the rapid Kendall Creek emptied. Scattered through the valley were several villages, the nearest to his home being Kendall. On the bank of the creek were a great number of iron storage tanks, each one painted red, and having on one side the name of its owner and its capacity stated in white letters. Gabe had often looked at them, and thought, as many another passer had done, what a big fire they would make if the petroleum in one of them should be ignited! But that day as he rode toward them his thoughts were far from the subject of a conflagration in them. Suddenly his revery was rudely interrupted. The sound of an explosion started him, and looking up, he saw a large, flat object flying in the air. Recognizing it as the roof of an iron tank, he gave rein to his horse and dashed toward the column of smoke and flame intertwined that he saw rising near the town of Kendall.

The petroleum in an iron tank was burning, and he knew with what danger the fire threatened Kendall. The tank was one of a group on the bank of the creek, and if it should overflow, or another tank be ignited and burst with an explosion of gas, the burning fluid would surely be borne on the stream among the houses that further down lined its banks. From these houses the town lay in the direction the wind was blowing, and the wooden, canvas-lined dwellings were as combustible as tinder. If a fire should break out among the houses on the creek, the town would soon be in ashes and many families homeless.

All of this Gabe comprehended in a moment, and he rode right into the village, shouting to the women whom he saw standing in their doorways and gazing curiously at the blazing petroleum, "Bring all the shovels and picks you can find."

Looking back over his shoulder, he saw fire running up the side of the hill, the blazing leaves blown by the wind apparently in a hot race to spread the conflagration, to carry destruction far and wide. At a glance he saw the direction of the fire was toward his own home and lease—toward his wife and children, whom he had left but a half hour before.

At the telegraph station of the "Lines," he drew rein, and yelled to the operator: "Tell Harford we want men with picks and shovels, and we want them quick. Wire the railroad company for a special train."

The operator, who had already reported an iron tank on fire, promptly sent Gabe's message. Before it reached Harford, Gabe was on his way at full speed at his horse. He rode to within a hundred yards of the burning tank and hitched his horse to a tree on the windward side of the fire. Then snatching a shovel from one woman and a pickaxe from another he ran to a bend of a creek and began the construction of a dam.

Two old men and some boys came to help him, while the women brought picks and shovels and laid them on the bank of the creek in readiness for use by husbands and brothers, who, to a man, were attending a mass-meeting of the producers in Harford.

The blazing oil heated the tank, the flames roaring, and struggling to maintain a perpendicular against the wind, growing in force and blowing steadily.

Gabe was working with wonderful energy, making a sluice for the escape of the water, at the same time directing his assistants how to build a dam, which was to be constructed of stones laid one on the other, and banked with dirt. The old men, whose strength was unequal to the efforts they put forth in the excitement, leaned on their shovels presently, and took an observation of the progress of the fire, and reckoned on the probability of the small force being able to complete the dam before the overflow would come.

"Why, Gabe, how can you work so hard in this heat with your coat on?" one of them remarked, querulously, as he wiped his brow with a soiled handkerchief.

"Didn't think of that," said Gabe, and in a moment he was at work again without coat or vest to impede him. "Does go easier," he said, cheerily, as he strengthened the side of the sluice with a large stone. "Now, if you old fellows ain't played out, you can shovel some dirt behind that rock."

"I ain't played out," one of the old men said; "but I'm thinkin' you'd better git fast, as your hoss can carry you, or you won't save much from that little house of yours up to Summit."

One of the boys stopped in his digging, his breath growing short, and looked at the conflagration sweeping up the mountain side. "Gabe, hadn't I better ride up and tell your wife the fire's comin'?" he said.

"No; you stay here and dig. Mrs. Harris knows as much about the fire comin' her way as we do. She's got eyes."

Yet, with all his cheerful manner and the courage in his voice, Gabe did not dare to look up from his work, for fear the sight of the tempest of flames that was rushing to the destruction of his home would overcome his resolution to save Kendall if possible.

"But don't you think you'd better go, Gabe?" the old man queried. "Charity begins to home, you know."

"Stop pesterin' me and work, or get out of the road."

The old man, offended, shoved in a desultory way.

"Spoonsful don't count; 'tain't the little grains of sand we want here, but shovelfuls," and ruiting action to word, Gabe dumped a pile of sand against the stone he had just put in place. The old man, feeling that he was useless, threw down his shovel and walked away; the other one joined him, and together they went to chatter with the women who were standing in the highway, alternately gazing at the fire and noting the progress of the dam.

"Is the dam done?" asked one woman eagerly of the old men.

"Done! It will never be done, for the overflow will come first."

"Better get out your things," said the other old man.

This suggestion stamped the women. They scattered, each to her home, the children crying after their mothers, who were hastening to save keepsakes and small valuables. Here and there a frantic woman carried a baby, but was heedless of its cries.

to ride to Gabe's home with news of the approaching fire recurred to the subject. "Tain't too late yet, Gabe. Hadn't I better go?"

"You can go if you want to, Dick, but only not to my house. We need all hands here."

The boy shamefacedly renewed his exertions, and the others, in dogged imitation of Gabe's unflinching zeal, worked with their heads down, bestowing all their attention to obeying his orders.

There was silence among them except when Gabe spoke; but amid the roaring of the fire in the tank they could hear the shrill voices of the women screaming to each other, and presently there came to their ears the welcome screech of one of the little narrow-gauge engines. Bowed by a repetition of the whistle, the little band seemed to redouble their efforts. Soon again the locomotive shrieked, nearer to them, and there was silence until the rattle of the train was heard. Then the boys looked up; but Gabe did not pause in the particular task he was engaged upon—packing the sand between some stones. The train ran up to a point opposite the tanks, and before it was a stand-still men carrying picks and shovels had leaped from the platform and were running to the dam, shouting to the workers to make way for new men.

Then Gabe paused. He looked up the valley, but could not see his home for the dense smoke that was blowing over the summit. He was jostled aside by the new-comers, who came to the work like a company charging a battery. Gabe felt that he would not be needed now. He could no longer restrain his heart. It called on him louder, more urgently than it had done when there was time for him to get to his house before the conflagration had reached it, and he obeyed.

In the tumult he was not missed, and no one heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs over the stony road. Bending low over the pommel of his saddle he dashed into the smoke. He could not see, but he trusted his horse, now mad with fright. Presently he said: "Thank God!"

The lessening of the heat on his cheek, then a breath of cool air, told him that which he had not observed—the wind had veered, and had carried the fire off in another direction, west of his house, and it was safe. He knew, too, from faith in his wife, that she had conducted the children to a place of safety. Soon he was out of the blinding smoke, and the horse slackened the pace of his own accord. Then he dismounted and climbed the side of the mountain, where he soon found his family on a point of rocks.

"I saw it all," said his wife; "but I did not know it was you working there all that time till I saw the horse start up the valley. Then I knew." And she kissed him.

"But the overflow! Did it come?"

"Yes. Just after I lost sight of you in the smoke."

"And the dam?"

"It held. See, Kendall is safe; and there would not have been time to save it after the train came."

And in the look of pride and love she gave him Gabe found his reward.—Harper's Weekly.

Co-Operative and Loan Associations. It is estimated that there are about 4000 co-operative and loan associations in the United States; that their accumulations of property represent \$300,000,000, and that the amount paid to them for one year in the form of dues alone exceeds \$65,000,000. These associations, in their earlier days in Philadelphia, were called building clubs, and later they have been known under the name of building and loan associations. Under any name they mean essentially one and the same thing; which is the forming of corporations in which the members shall loan money to one another on certain fixed terms, and by means of which laboring men, for the most part in our towns and cities, may be able to add to the shares which they have purchased in the association, together with the fines and dues which accrue, a sum equal to what they have already invested in them, and apply it to the building or buying of homes for themselves. During the last thirty years these associations have increased in all parts of the country. The first one was organized in Philadelphia in 1831; the second was formed in 1845, and from 1845 to 1850 about fifty were created in Philadelphia alone.—New York Dispatch.

Walking in a Circle. Writing of sporting in Canada, a traveler insists upon the necessity of carrying a pocket compass. Without one, no one can keep a straight course when the sky is overcast.

The tendency on these occasions is to walk in circles. It is very annoying, but by no means unusual to find one's self, after two hours' hard walking, at the exact spot one started from. Indeed, I have completed my circle in half an hour when lost in the woods without a compass. I have remarked, too, that I almost invariably tend to the right, not to the left, and on comparing notes with other "bushwhackers," I find that I am not singular in this respect. Can it be that the left is generally the better leg of the two, and takes, imperceptibly, the longer stride?

Deformity the Mother of Fashions. Disraeli declares that the origin of many fashions is to be found in the endeavor of the devotee to conceal some deformity of nature by recourse to art.

"Fashions were invented in England," he says, "by a foreign lady, who by this means ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. Wigs were invented by a French barber to conceal an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII., of France, introduced the long-tailed coat to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes two feet in length were invented to conceal a large excrescence on the foot of the Duke of Anjou. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound on his neck, it became a prevailing fashion at court."—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In Paris all electric wires, without exception, are under ground. Cooking stoves, heated by electricity, are being perfected for general use.

It is stated that electric motors are now used in more than 150 different industries.

It is said that the onion is a great cure for insomnia, and about as effective as quinine in malaria.

It requires an average of 132 days for the renewal of the nails in cold weather and but 116 in warm weather.

An English journal discusses the possibility of distinguishing "high and low born blood" by the aid of the microscope.

A Scotchman claims that he has detected 30,000 dust motes in the thousandth part of a cubic inch of the air of a room.

The number of eggs in a six-pound oel in November is fully 9,000,000; under the microscope they measure eighty to the linear inch.

The Count of Assata, in Italy, has an electric motor in his dairy to do the churning, work the pump and perform various other operations.

A German has invented an apparatus for forcing seaweed the swells in front of fast going ships by means of steam jets from a nozzle under the water at the bow.

In the formation of a single locomotive steam engine there are nearly 6000 pieces to be put together, and these require to be as accurately adjusted as the works of a watch.

In a Minneapolis (Minn.) overalls factory an electric motor runs all the sewing machines and does all the cutting, beside warming the irons that press out the goods.

At the Krupp Works at Essen, Germany, there are 1195 furnaces of various constructions, 286 boilers, ninety-two steam hammers of from 200 to 100,000 pounds, 370 steam engines with a total of 27,000-horse-power.

A small instrument has been devised for use in mines to indicate the presence of fire damp, or in gas mains to indicate the escape of gas. The invention is based upon the property certain metals have of evolving heat in the presence of hydrogen gas.

For new railroad tracks this year 1,000,000 tons of steel rails will be needed. This quantity of material, delivered, will cost \$35,000,000. Fish bars, frogs, switches, ties, grading and laying will bring the total cost of this one item of railway expense to about \$100,000,000 for the year.

California has a fruit pest in the gray linnæ, far worse and more damaging to fruit raisers than the English sparrow. If some means are not systematically and methodically adopted to exterminate this bird there will be very little profit in fruit raising in those sections where deciduous fruits are exclusively produced.

A German naturalist estimates as follows the number of eggs a hen may lay: The ovary of a hen contains about 600 embryo eggs, of which not more than two are matured in the first year. The second year produces 120; the third 135; the fourth 114; and in the following four years the number decreases to twenty yearly. In the ninth year only ten eggs can be expected.

A Horse Dentist.

At the quarters of the Salvage Corps the other day Dr. Welles, a veterinary dentist, paid his annual visit. One by one the horses were brought out into the yard in the rear of the house and backed up against the fence. The doctor seized the first horse by the nose, got hold of the animal's tongue and pulled it out as far as possible. He then examined the teeth with his fingers and ascertained what was to be done. He took from his grip a stick about a foot long, which he attached a noose, which he twisted around the horse's nose, forcing him to open his mouth. Then the dentist took a long nicked tubular instrument, to one end of which was attached a chisel, around which was a guard which rested on the horse's lower teeth. A rod was shoved through the tube, causing the chisel to chip pieces off the teeth, thus making them one height. A long file was then brought to play and the teeth sharpened. All the horses were examined and treated in this way. From the mouth of each two small black teeth were pulled. These are termed "wolf" teeth. They often cause considerable trouble to a horse, the pain from them at times being so intense as to make the animal unmanageable. Only one of the horses gave any trouble, and the dentist finished his work on the four in less than an hour and received \$8 for his work.—Newark (N. J.) News.

Cruel Way of Securing Eiderdown.

The gathering of eiderdown constitutes one of the most profitable employments of Icelanders. This is especially true in the islands of Fidey, Flingey, and Abrey, which are the favorite haunts of the eider ducks. Here they pair and make their nests about the beginning of June. Having chosen the place where they wish to lay their eggs, the female ducks from her plumage feathers to line her nest, and lays her eggs. Then the eiderdown gatherer carries away both the down and the eggs, in spite of a stout resistance from the unfortunate pair. The process is carried on again and again, until the female duck is stripped nearly bare, when the male comes to her assistance and strips himself in the same way.

Elastic Flannel.

Elastic flannel is chiefly made in Wales. This description of flannel is woven in the stocking loom and has a pile on one face on which account it is styled Velours de Laine and other names according to the fancy manufacturers. These flannels measure from thirty-two to thirty-six inches in width and are principally employed for women's dressing gowns and jackets. They are usually made either in colored stripes on a white ground, or else in plain rose or blue color.—New York Telegram.

QUEER TROPICAL THINGS.

ASTOUNDING GIFTS OF NATURE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

A Returned Engineer Tells of Trees That Give Bread and Milk and Ants That Distill Honey.

"There are some funny things to be met with in that region," said Major Quincy A. Steele, who has been with an engineer corps, surveying railroad routes in Central America for the past two years, "and among the funniest are a tree that gives a light so strong that you can read or write by it at night, and one that gives milk, and another that provides the way-farer with bread. Then there is an ant that supplies you with sweetening for your coffee, which is an interesting native of that queer country. The tree that gives light isn't a large one, but it isn't inconspicuous by any means. The last place we camped at in the mountains we had a particularly bright specimen of this tree to work by. I could sit ten feet away from it and read fine print as well as if it had been broad daylight. As soon as night comes the leaves of this tree begin to shine as if they were so many electric lights. Looking off across country one can see scores of the trees shining here and there in the darkness like beacon lights set in the hills. They make a very choice article of rum from the leaves of this tree by boiling them down and letting the decoction stand in the sun for a day or two. The native Indians are fond of this tippie, and at least one of our Indian helpers and guides is usually engaged in soring off the result of injudicious tampering with this rum while it is a trifle new."

"The tree I am speaking of doesn't grow more than ten feet high, but three of them would light up a town. If you rub the leaves smartly between your hands, they will glow in the dark like a lightning bug. The Indians call this tree the witch tree, and I don't blame them. It gives the best light just after it has been drenched with water, and so if the tree begins to grow a little dim on us, all we have to do is to dose two or three pails of water over it, and it's just like giving a lamp wick a turn or two higher. One of our party had a big idea of going home and organizing a company to introduce and cultivate this tree in towns and cities, and knock gas companies and electric light plants higher than a kite; but when he found that the tree stops giving light in August and doesn't start up again until the next March, he thought the scheme wouldn't pay."

"The tree that gave the bread we used to eat down there doesn't look a bit as if it would do it. But looks are very deceptive under the Equator. The bread isn't exactly bread when we pick it, either. It is a nice stiff dough enclosed in a nut shell about the size of a goose egg. We crack the nut, take out the dough, knead it a little, and it is ready for baking. By thinning it down to a batter with the milk we get from another tree, our camp cook used to make first rate pancakes out of it. The day I left he strained the sweetening out of a quart or two of ants, mixed it up with a batch of the dough, and made sweet cake that would have been good enough for anybody's folks to set before company."

"The ants that supply the honey, or syrup, or whatever it may be called, are worth a day's travel on mule back over these mountains to see. They are about the size of a small peanut, and on their back is a transparent sac that they distill full of honey until they swell up as big as a good-sized marble. You can scoop these ants up by the neck. They make this honey to eat their young on, but they are so good-natured and so susceptible to familiarity that all you have to do is tickle them on the forehead and they will give you up every drop of honey they have, and then go meekly off to fill up again."

"But this accommodating ant isn't a whit more curious than the tree that acts in the capacity of dairy down there. This tree has a big, tough, leathery leaf, that can be used for half-soiling shoes. When we want to milk one of these cow trees we bore a hole in the trunk, and it lets down a sap as white and as sweet as any milk that was ever stripped from a cow. To get sweet milk out of this tree, though, it must be milked early in the morning. After the sun has been up two or three hours the tree gives sour milk."—New York Sun.

A Wonderful Invention.

Away up skyward, in one of the magnificent trade palaces so rapidly springing up along Fifth Avenue in New York city, there is a modest little laboratory of a man soon to be well known in the world of sciences. "Gianni Bettini, lieutenant de cavalerie," is the very unassuming inscription on the office door. Let us enter and inspect the lieutenant's wonderful talking machine, far more perfect, more simple, and portable than Edison's.

The object of Bettini's machine is of course the same as the phonograph, the reproduction of sound. But in Bettini's the metallic sound is done away with and the natural timbre of the voice almost preserved. Whisperings and aspirated tones are reproduced with wonderful fidelity. The inventor claims that it is a general molecular vibration which causes the emission of tones from the instrument, and that the diaphragm is not essential, to prove which, he removes the diaphragm and stylus, and simply lays the end of an ordinary screw-driver on the revolving wax cylinder. The table itself appears to talk, almost as distinctly as when the stylus and trumpet were attached.

The micro-graphophone is designed to be sold, when put upon the market, and not rented. It can be carried in an ordinary valise, and it is by far the most portable of all the talking machines yet invented. Mr. Bettini, the inventor, is a handsome son of sunny Italy, and one of her stalwart defenders. He is an officer of the army, and is now on a leave of absence. In person Mr. Bettini is most pleasing, and attributes his inventions less to inspiration than hard work.

Angora Goat Farming.

Angora goat farming is perhaps the most important and profitable industry of the Tasmania fauna. This industry was introduced in Tasmania about forty years ago, and molesir first appeared as an export ten years later, the quantity shipped being 1036 pounds. In 1875 the clip reached 1,157,000 pounds, valued at \$600,000, while in 1887, 7,154,000 pounds of hair were exported, valued at over \$1,000,000 (the price of hair having been much reduced by this time), besides skins to the value of \$300,000.

A Scarcity of Men.

A charming young lady, who doesn't begin to be near the first countess, has evolved from her inner consciousness the following reflection on masculine Washington: "The saddest words of tongue or pen, there are too many women and not enough men."—Washington Post.

THE WORDS OF THE RAIN.

I sat alone in my chamber dim, In a sylvan setting and deep. When by and by, like a wail, a wailing hymn, I heard the wind in its mournful sweep Splashing, as it passed, my window pane With generous drops of cooling rain.

Oh, ho, I said, I am not alone, I know the rain is talking to me. It had such a soul-refreshing tone. In the warm night—it was melody, With never a pause in its refrain. Patter, patter, said the welcome rain.

Anon a thought fell over my heart, Can I coin that music into words? A longing came that would not depart— If I might translate its mystic chords— If a gleam would come from wisdom's train, It did, and I understood the rain.

"Oh, mortal, my mission is like thine, To scatter good on palaces and cott; In the dark of night I am doing mine. Ceaseless and faithful, but thou art not." Then I blushed and said, with regretful pain, "There is truth in the words of the rain."

"Mother Nature is kind unto all," Continued the burden of its song, "The sun shines out, and the showers fall, While season follows season along! The laughing fruit, and the springing grain All join in love's anthem," said the rain.

"Oh! man, while creation toils for thee, Year in, year out, for ever the same, From drifting cloud to the falling dew— If thou art idle it is thy shame. Here's work for all, and for each its place— Hear then, and heed the words of the rain." —William Lyle, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Common accents—Chenop perfumes. An old back—Loaves baked last week. Claws in the will—Fingers of the lawyers.—Boston Herald.

The weight of an argument doesn't depend upon the size of the man. Age brings us wisdom, but doesn't give us much time to use it.—Pack.

Every dog has his day, and Sunday belongs to the growler.—Terro Haute Express.

If the boys don't kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses.—Biographian Leader.

"Is it a crime to be a woman?" cried the oratoress. "No; only a Miss demeanor."—Pack.

A market report says: "Corn is quiet." Then it