# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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In the race for the possession of Africa, remarks the Boston Cultivator, the Germans seem to be decidedly ahead.

Taxes in Turkey are forty per cent. higher than in any other country on the face of the earth, and it is estimated that the average population lives fifty per cent. poorer.

Charles Dudley Warner says that the difference between the "faith cure" and the "mind cure" is that "the mind cure doesn't require any faith, and the faith cure doesn't require any mind.'

From careful estimates received from farmers themselves in every county in Kansas, the cost of raising a bushel of wheat in an average crop in that Statefifteen bushels to the acre—is believed to be forty-nine cents.

Nineteenth century realism has attained its culminating point in the cathedral at Manchester, England, where the late General Gordon, of Khartoum fame, is portrayed on the stained-glass memorial window in the chancel, arrayed in a shooting-jacket and knickerbockers.

The Philadeldhia Press says: "Ice has not risen in Baltimore and to the South. It has in Philadelphia and the North. Coal is really at the foundation of cheap ice. Before long it will be cheaper to use coal to make ice than to use it in carrying ice. Many people think this is true now."

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times in quired into the nationality of the 358 members of the Chamber of Commerce of that prosperous and go-ahead city. The result of the investigation showed that 175 of the 358 were born in the Southern States, while 147 were born North and thirty-six in foreign countries.

Within a year the Atlantic Ocean has washed away a thousand acres of land on the New England coast, and 500 acres have been given to the New Jersey coast and as much to Virginia and North Carolina. "Next year," observes the Detroit Free Press, "the order of things may be reversed. What is taken from one point is given to another."

Among the supplies recently purchased by the United States for distribution among the Indians is a lot of soap amounting to 285,425 pounds. Times have indeed changed, comments the Detroit Free Press, when the noble red man has so far given way to the influence of an effete civilization as to consent to the use of such an article. Twenty years ago he had no use for anything but food, drink, raiment, erms and ammuni-

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past know that it represents a cash value of from \$75,000 to \$120,000. The ordinary express train represents from \$83,000 to \$90,000. The engine and tender are valued at \$10,500; the baggage car \$1000; the postal car \$2000; the smoking car \$5000; two ordinary passenger cars \$10,000 each; three palace cars \$15,000 each-total \$83,900. Many of the trains which pull out from the depot in New York city are worth \$150,000.

According to the Boston Cultivator the sealskin buffalo made by crossing polled Aberdeen cattle on the wild stock, have a fine, glossy fur, as beautiful as that of the seal, and much thicker. The hump on the buffalo almost entirely disappears on this cross, and with it the shaggy mane for which buffaloes have always been noted. There are now twelve of these sealed buffalo, and the cross promises to become a successful and valuable breed. They lose their wild traits and become so easily domesticated as are our common cattle under like circumstances. The Hudson's Bay Fur Company is giving up business because furs are no longer to be had, and the scalskin buffalo, many of which show fur marked like a tiger, will doubtless become a valuable product in porthern climes, where the winters are too cold for the common breeds of cattle

The Chicago Herald narrates that an employe of the Louisville & Texas Railroad at Hawesville, Ky., dreamed that a switch was misplaced, and that a fast train was due. He awoke so deeply impressed with the vision that he went out so the switch at once to see if all were safe. He found it misplaced, as he had dreamed. A fast train was nearly due, which, with the switch as he found it, would have crushed into a train on the aidetrack in which sixty men were asleep. The incident is of interest to hypnotists and dream student perhaps, but it throws no new light on the misplacedswitch question. Passengers, as a rule, would still prefer to trust to the man that is wide awake rather than to the man that dreams. The Hawesville man's dream was opportune and truthful this time, to be sure, but he is just as likely some other time to dream that the switch is all right when really it is all wrong.

Mad for joy in the sunshiny sky,

The larks were singing sweet and loud; ilent the white clouds glistened on high, And the sea gleamed far away like a cloud. Brown bees were humming amongst the

TO-MORROW.

brown And ruby wallflowers; straight and tall The lily lifted its silver crown; The tulips laughed by the mossy wall, True lovers-a girl and a boy-we strayed

Down the alleys green, with Love for third, While dreamily mournful the fountain

played. Singing a song that we never heard-Be ye as hopeful and blithe as ye may;

To-morrow keeps never the bloom of The larks are silent, the sky is gray, The sea is hid in a chilly shroud

The blossoms that opened yesterday Lie torn on the grass in a pallid crowd. The ruby wallflowers droop in the rain; The lily has soiled her silver crown;

The tulips hid by the wall in vain-The pitiless wind beat their glory down. How changed is the world in a few short

All life, how changed! Now I walk alone And hear, while the deathful tempest lours, The fountain sing as my heart makes

Be ye as hopeful and blithe as ye may; To-morrow keeps never the bloom of to-

-Shirley Wynne, in Once-a-Week.

## JANE.

Her name was Jane. Though history has thrown a halo around the name, and the lyric muse has embalmed it in that sweetost of songs, "My Pretty Jane," we are apt to think of the girl called Jane as a plain homebody, useful but not ornamental. Her sisters, the Eleanors, Maudes and Rosamonds, generally look to her to keep the house in order, and see to it that their comfort is not disturbed, and she is equal to the responsibility. She does her duty, and ore than her duty, if one can do that, without complaint, indeed, cheerfully. But complaisant though she be, Jane usually has a will of her own, and, when circumstances require her to do so,

Such a girl was Jane Lewis, She had put the house in order—that is, she had done all those little things which the best of servants will slight, and which go so far in making up the sum of those home comforts dear to the Anglo-Saxon heart -and was seated in her own tidy chamber, sewing. While she was thus engaged her two sisters came in. They had been making a round of calls and were very elegantly dressed-Jane, in her plain calico, looking almost like a servant by contrast.

"Are you making those things for your trousseau?" asked Edith, the eldest, eyeing contemptuously several gar-ments lying on the table at her sister's

"Yes," said Jane, with gentle sweet-

ness. "Are they not nice?" "Oh, they are nicely made, I dare say," said Edith—"you always sew nicely-but if I were going to be married, I wouldn't put a stitch in for myself, and I wouldn't have a garment that wasn't trimmed with the finest lace.

"I too, Ethel," said Julia, who was wish we the youngest of the three sisters. "When every day." I am married I shall have my trousseau from Paris."

"But where would be the use of my having anything so fine?" said Jane, "as I know I would have to come back to plain clothes when the wedding things are worn out. A costly wardrobe would not suit the circumstances in which I shall find myself when I am married, and I don't like incongruities."

"Well, I suppose you are right," said Edith; "but I will never marry a man who cannot support me in the style to which I have been accustomed.

"Perhaps you will not have the choice," said Jane, looking lovingly up into her beautiful sister's face.

"What do you mean?" asked the other sharply. "You are not in the habit of saying ill-natured things, Jane, and if your determination to marry a poor man and-and one far beneath you-in-in

spite of the objections of your family-"Don't say any more, dear," said Jane, quietly. "I didn't intend to be ill-natured at all. I only meant that your the time comes, and you do not know what that something will be. yours speaks, Edith, as it will in time, I fancy it will astonish yourself more than

any one else." "I heard somebody tell Edith she has no heart," said Julia, laughing.

offense were any one to tell me that," "Oh, it was only some nonsense," said

Edith, her face turning red. Jane Lewis was going to be married to a young man of whom her family disap--that is, her mother and sister; and she had been given to understand that her father was of their way of think ing. Not that John Ward was unworthy-he was truly worthy of any woman's love and of any man's respect;

him so-their social inferior. He was an architect and building contractor; but his father had been a bricknason, and he himself had served his apprenticeship to the trade, stepping up to the higher rung of the ladder naturally and with a confidence engendered by his

ervice at the bottom. In due course of time John and Jane were married. They went quietly to the church, one bright morning, accompanied by the parents and sisters of the bride and a few particular friends, and as soon as the ceremony was over, drove to the railrosd station and took the train that was to carry them to a pleasant litthe village where they proposed to spend all, it is merely a fancy of mine. their honeymoon.

living in a house of considerable size and all events,

remarkable for its beauty and the com-They had three children, and world. were as happy as people can reasonably

The only cause they had for any un-Julia. She had married a man supposed to be very wealthy, had sent to been a grand wedding. But her husfather-in-law, beside forging his name to were a little child, seemed strange. disappeared.

Edith had fulfilled Jane's prophecy and narried a poor man for love—a man of good family, but feeble character, whom her father had given a place in his mer-cantile establishment, though he was ill-

While Jane had lived in a modest cotige, neither her sister nor mother had ought it incumbent on them to keep up ose intimate relations with her and her family which the natural ties of close kinship would have seemed to demand. But she, having regard to her filial duty, had not let that influence her own conduct, visiting her old home as frequently as circumstances permitted, though she could not help feeling that she was not as welcome as she should have been. Her marriage—low marriage her sisters chose to consider it-had not only shut her out of the charmed circle of fashion, but seemed to have affected her standing in the family circle as well.

Her mother had treated her with a sort condescending affection, but her father's manner to her had never changed. The quiet, undemonstrative old man had cemed to look upon her frequent appearance among them as a matter course, often returning her calls, taking tea with her and her husband, and stay ing sometimes until quite late talking with them, so that Jane was wont to wonder if he ever really did disapprove of her marriage with John Ward.

The coolness-if it may be so calledon the part of the female members of her family had, in a measure, disappeared as Ward's worldly circumstances had improved, though neither Jane's mother is dead. or sisters could entirely get- over the fact that his father had been a brick ma-

inferior of their own husbands, though one was a worthless scamp and the other a poor, characteriess fellow, who had spent the greater portion of his life thus far I ought to be. We will go at once." in lounging about and looking handme for the delectation of just such silly women as they were.

ings and she sewing, while they talked ogether. It was late; the little ones had long been in bed, and they were somewhat surprised to hear the tinkle of the door bell. John answered the summons imself, and returned to the sitting room companied by Mr. Lewis.

"It is rather late," said the old gentle-nan, kissing his daughter—an unusual to a stay of comfort. monstration of affection on his part-"but I was passing and thought I would drop in for a few minutes.'

We are always glad to have lived near enough to see you

Mr. Lewis was silent for a few minutes, and then he asked rather abruptly: may have to part with those we love. "Isn't that cottage over on the corner of the street for rent?" indicating the direction of the corner in question with his if you do, the time will come when you

"Yes, Mr. Lewis," said Ward, looking curiously at his guest; "it has been for rent several months. Nobody seems to care to occupy it, it is in such a dilapidated condition. But it could be repaired and made

habitable. "Of cours3-at considerable expense. What interest can an old house like

that have for you, papa?" asked Jane.
"I was just thinking it might be made a very pleasant home for people of moderate means," replied Mr. Lewis. "It's a pity it has been allowed to go to rack. This place belongs to you, John, doesn't

"Yes," replied Ward. "I bought the lot with the first money that I carned over and above my expenses. But I thought you knew it belonged to meheart will have something to say when us, I should say; for what is mine is Jane's, and what is her's is mine. There is no division of interests with us-is there, Jane?"

"No, indeed," said Jane, laughing, if there were I should be a pauper. The next moment she regretted the last words, for she saw a look of pain flit "I should consider it an unpardonable across her father's face. Jane had received nothing from him, and as he was lieved to be a very wealthy man, what

> ed like a reproach. "What I meant," said the old man, situting a little in his speech now, was that there is no incumbrance-ne

had inadvertently escaped her lips sound-

ortgage?" "None whatever," said John, a little

proudly. "The property is ours, in fee simple, every plank, every nail in it." That's well, that's well," said Mr. but he was at least they considered Lewis. "Every married man should have a home of his own, if he possibly canno matter how modest it may be.

"Your father seems a little odd tonight," said John, when the old man was Do you think there can be anything wrong with him?" asked Jane, anxiously.

Well, it did appear to me that there as a troubled look in his face."
"Oh, but John," said the wife, "you mow that he always has a serious ex-

'It is something more than serious toight," said John. "But I have been very foolish to tell you this, my dear; it will only worry you, and, perhaps, after

But Jane had noticed the troubled look on her father's face, though she had tried Five years had passed, and John Ward to persuade herself that it was only his and his wife, who had begun their usual gravity—a little more pronounced, wedded life in a very small cottage, were perhaps, yet nothing to cause anxiety, at lence in porcelain clays evidently helps to

About a week after this visit, the minfortable arrangement of its interior. It ister who officiated in the church which residence, designed and the family attended called upon the erected by the young architect himself, Wards. This was nothing unusual, but who was already a man well-to-do in the the hour that he chose on this occasion was most unusual. It was very early in the morning, when the household was

just beginning to stir.

Mr. Baxter asked to see Mr. Ward, and happiness was the unhappiness of another after a short conference with him John went up to his wife's room. When he appeared again he was holding Jane's Paris for her trousseau, and there had hand, keeping it in his as he led her down the stairs. His manner toward her band had turned out to be a scamp, and was even more gentle than usual, and the after getting all he could out of his way in which he led her, as though she a note for a large amount of money, had looked up in his face inquiringly, and saw there a grave expression that filled

> "What is it, John?" she asked, as they were about to enter the sitting

her with a vague sense of uneasiness.

"Mr. Baxter will tell you, my dear," replied John, pressing her hand. Jane was sure now that something dreadful had happened, and she was so dazed when she entered the room that her husband had to put his arm around her and lead her to the sofa, on which he gently placed her, taking his seat be-

side her. "Mrs. Ward-Jane," said the minister, "you were always a sensible girlone to be relied on, and we rely on you now-your husband and L.'

"Yes, Jane," said John, pressing her

"O, John!" said Jane, resting her cheek against his shoulder and looking up in his face with tearful eyes, "tell me what it is, tell me-don't keep me in this

John looked at the preacher, who nodded his head. "Do you remember, dear," he said, "the last time your father was here I

told you he had a troubled look?" "Yes, I remember," replied Jane tremulously. "Something has happened He has met with some misfor-

une-he is ill. What is it?" She had lifted her head from her hus band's shoulder and drew a little back, still looking in his face. What she saw

there told of worse than illness. "Oh!" she cried, letting her head drop upon his breast, "I know! I know! Papa

Mr. Baxter quietly left the room, and John Ward sat silently holding his weepson. When the two girls were married ing wife in his arms.
they affected to look upon him as the After awhile he said a few smoothing

words to her, and then suggested that they should go to her mother. "Yes," she said gently, "that is where

Mrs. Lewis was overwhelmed with Frivolous though she had been, and fond of foolish display, she had loved One evening John and his wife were her husband-how dearly she had never sitting alone, he looking over some draw- known until he had passed out of her Edith and Julia had been all the morn-

ing in their own rooms, crying and sobbing intermittently, and looking over the fashion plates for the styles in which they should have their mourning made, leaving their mother alone with her grief; and when Jane came she clung to her as

Much of Jane's time was now devoted to her mother, who could not bear to have her away from her for any great you length of time.

"Ah, Jane, my dear," she said one day, "little do we think when we are wasting time on the follies of the world, how very short life is, and how soon we Never, my child, let anything win you away from the side of your husband; for will thing with regret of the many, many hours lost to you and him, for the sake of things that give no real happi-

ness." "You need have no fear of that, namma," said Jane; "there is nothing the world can offer that would induce me to spend an hour away from John that could be spent with him."

When Mr. Lewis's affairs were wound up, it was found that there was little of his once considerable wealth left for the widow and children. The house in which they lived was heavily mortgaged and had to be soid; but the old man had purchased the cottage he had inquired about, the night of his last visit to Jane, probably with the expectation of soon aving to give up the more expensive establishment, and this, under the supervision of John Ward, and at his expense, was put in habitable condition.

There Mrs. Lewis-who had not been gnorant of her husband's embarrassaents, but had paid little heed to his words when he confided in her-took up her abode, with Edith and Julia and Edith's husband; their interests and welfare looked after by the once despised brickmason's son .- New Orleans Times Democrat.

# Bologna Sansages.

Bologna sausages of the best kind are omposed of bacon and pea flour, chiefly flavored with garlie and cloves. when the bacon is old, but sound, such sausages are both highly nutritious and wholesome and possessed of excellent keeping qualities, well adapted to their nost extensive use by laborers, travelers, soldiers in camp and others who have not the means of cooking at hand. They sarely spoil, but being partaken of without cooking, there is some danger of trichina-the more if the hogs from which the bacon was made were fed on garbage and the bacon was not well cured before it was used .- Samaritan.

# China Clay.

The porcelain clays of China differ from those of Europe in containing a large percentage of white mica, or, as it is called, "muscovite." According to a re-cent analysis of M. Georges Vogt, the "'yeouko" clay, a fusible sort, used for glaze, consists of 52.9 parts of quartz, 31.3 parts of muscovite, 13.4 of soda felspar, 2 of carbonate of lime and 1 of hydrated silica. Petun-tse clay contains no less than 40.6 per cent. of muscovite, which indeed is a common ingredient of the soil in the Flowery Land. Its presaccount for their translucency .- Cusself's.

## THE HORRORS OF SIBERIA.

POLITICAL PRISONER'S FOUR TEEN LONG YEARS OF MISERY.

Count Langowski Tells How Ho Walked 3000 Miles With Heavy Chains on His Ankles.

Count Langowski, as he would be entitled to be called in Poland, though preferring plain Frank Langowski, re ides in Detroit with his wife and two children. He is very short of stature very thick set, very white-haired, though only fifty-four years old, and very cheer-ful in disposition, notwithstanding his sufferings entitle him to be known as a man of many sorrows. He speaks eight languages, in one of which he detailed to a representative of the Free Press the thrilling story of his life, how for fourteen years he was a political prisoner in the wilds of Siberia-hated, despised,

beaten with stripes, starved and frozen. "It was in 1863 that the Poles re belled against Russia," said he in very fair English. "I was then twenty-seven years old, single, and lived with my father, Count Langowski, on a large farm near Warsaw. My father's estate was large, and he was one of the leading no blemen of the State. The rebel general, Taczanowski, billeted 500 of his troops upon us, and although our family had in owise participated in the revolt, to refuse the levy meant extirpation. Therefore my father acquiesced. Against these 500 troops Russia sent 3700 men and sixty cannon. The battle was short and decicive, resulting in the killing and capturing of the whole 500. Six horses from our stables that had been pressed into the service were killed and two of our men who were driving. The third man was whipped nearly to death after the capture and then bayoneted. I was taken prisoner and soon set out with hundreds of others on our way to Siberia. Think of a journey of over 3000 miles on foot, requiring thirteen months, with heavy chains on each ankle and chained by the wrist to another in a gang of one That is the way we made the trip, most of the time the weather being bitterly cold with the meanest kind of clothing, and only allowed seven copecks, less than five cents, a for food. At night slept in etapes, long, low log or stone sheds erected every ten miles along the way, more often without fire than with it, always hungry, always cold, and always in pain from the galling chains. At last, after thirteen months of misery, we arrived at the end of our journey to encounter worse misery still. I was set to work in the quicksilver mines. Three months is as long as any human being can stand it to work in those mines Many die in the mines and many soon after leaving them. The fumes of the mercury rot the bones, loosen the teeth and leave the man a total wreck. When I had partly regained my health after this experience, I, with others, was set

to digging holes in the ground. The holes were not designed for any use whatever, but were dug just to keep us at work, and it was while thus engaged that I received my first whipping. was too weak to smooth the side of the hole as the officer wanted it, and simply told him so. For that I was taken to the whinping bench, laid on my face and fastened down by three thongs, one of

with the knout, and was two months and a half in the hospital before I could leave my bed."

which was passed over the neck, one

over the body and one over the legs, so

arranged that a man cannot make the

least movement. I received eighty blows

"How are these knouts constructed?"

he was asked. "They are stout leather, the points of the lashes heavily loaded with lead, and a blow from them in the hands of a strong man is as bad as a stroke from policeman's club. I have seen mon killed at the third stroke. After my first whipping I received another of 125 lashes for calling a soldier a dog who had bayonetted a prisoner in cold blood. I was almost killed and it was nearly a year before I could resume work. The scenes of brutality to be witnessed on all sides were simply frightful. The killing of prisoners by the soldiers was terrible They were under no restraint whatever. and the poor prisoners were even killed for uttering the slightest word in protest against the most horrible murders. Out of the 90,000 prisoners sent to Siberia by the Russian Government at the end of the rebellion I don't believe 5000 ever got back alive. And not one of them guilty of a crime, but simply prisoners of But if the fate of the men was hard, that of the women was infinitely more so. They were whipped with stout gads instead of the knout-that is the only difference I was ever able to ob-

"They are divided into squads of 100, with two soldiers, two cooks and a baker to each squad. One day's rations for the whole 105 consists of ten pounds of mest, ten pounds of barley and ten pounds of sauerkraut and two pounds of black bread per man. The meat, barley and sager craut are all cooked in a mess, and while the soldiers, cooks and baker live well,

all that is left for the 100 is dishwater.

"How long were you sentenced for?" "Six years as a prisoner in chains, and ax years as a prisoner under surveillance. At the end of six years I was obliged to support myself, but was required to report myself daily to a certain officer. supported myself by making cigarettes, and then, after thirteen years, was given a passport back to Poland. A man cannot travel half a mile in Russia without a passport. I begged my way from town to town, and when about half way back received some money from my sister. On reaching home I found an order from the Czar, requiring me to quit Poland within twenty-four hours on pain of death. I had just time to marry the girl I was betrothed to and hurried away to Cracow, thence to Antwerp, where Polish friend assisted me to America. have been here ten years, and although am very poor, nothing on earth would induce me to leave American soil."

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The climate of China is said to be growing not only colder but drier. In the Atlantic Ocean there are about

ighty-three pounds of salt to every ton A revolution in coal mining is ex-

pected from the use of a machine operated by electricity.

There is a great demand for metal furniture of all kinds in Australia on account of the ravages of the white ant. Galvanized wire netting is being large-

ly sold for lawn, garden and shrubbery purposes, for which it is admirably The coldest spot on earth is Verkoransk, in Siberia, where the mean win-

ter temperature is 48.6 degrees below zero, Centigrade. As a rule it seems that lepers do not affer severe pain, and the average length of life at Molokai, Hawaian Islands, is

about four years. Cable messages are received by an in strument known as the syphon recorder. which squirts a small jet of ink on a paper

ribbon as the current is made or broken. There are said to be at least a hun dred thousand acres of phosphate rock scattered through the western part of Florida. The deposits average ten feet in depth, and are rich in phosphate of

Experts claim that if steel ships are kept properly painted with good paint, and the plates properly "pickled," they would last as long as iron, otherwise they would deteriorate more rapidly than

Electric traction is said to be fairly noming in London. In a few weeks a line of omnibuses run by electricity is to be started. They will be driven by storage batteries, and will have a seating capacity for twenty-six passengers.

The thistle at the antipodes seems to attain a most vigorous growth. Its root penetrates to a depth of from twelve to twenty feet; and this root, even when cut into small pieces, retains vitality, each piece producing a new plant.

A weak galvanic current, which will sometimes cure a toothache, may be generated by placing a silver coin on one side of the gum and a piece of zinc on the other. Rinsing the mouth with acidulated water will increase the effect.

The greatest electric railroad which has been planned is the one proposed in Russia, between St. Petersburg and Archangel, a distance of 500 miles. The plan is to crect stations along the route for the generation of electricity. The estimated cost is only about \$15,000 a

The projected railroad to the summit of Jungfrau, in Switzerland, contemplates the boldest mountain engineering yet ventured upon. The line, which is to consist of a continuous series of tunnels, is intended to rise in a distance of little over four miles from an altitude of 2800 feet above the sea to the lofty heighth of 13,600 feet, with grades of from thirty-three per cent, to ninetyeight per cent -or practically perpen-

A nest application of electricity to domestic uses is a miniature pumping plant. With the use of no more current than suffices for a couple of incandescent lamps, it will pump one hundred gallons an hour or so, and keep the house tank full without a particle of attention. These little electrical devices to lighten labor in the household are particularly commendable, and as the electrical light and power becomes more widely available. will doubtless increase in number and

# Tattooing the Body.

Tattooing is by no means confined to the Polynesians, but this "dermal art" is certainly carried by them to extent which is unequaled by any other people. It pervades all the principal groups of islands, and is practiced by all classes, though to a greater extent by the Marquesans and New Zealanders than any other. By the vast number of them it is adopted simply as a personal ornament, though there are some grounds for believing that tattoo may, in a few cases and to a small extent, be looked upon as a badge of mourning or a memento of a departed fr' .d. Like everything else in Polynesia, its origin is related in a le gend, which credits its invention to the gods and says it was first practiced by the children of Taaroa, their principal The sons of Taaroa and Apouvaru were

the gods of tattooing, and their images were kept in the temples of those who eracticed the art as a profession, and to hem petitions are offered that the figures might be handsome, attract attention and otherwise accomplish the ends for which they submitted themselves to this painful operation. The coloring matter was the harcoal of the candlenut mixed with oil and the instrument used was a needle made of fish-bone, and a thread which was drawn through the skin, after which puncturing the black coloring matter was njected with instruments made for the purpose. To show any signs of suffering under the operation is looked upon as disgraceful, and accordingly, in some of the islands, while the operation is going on the young man undergoing it will lay his head on the lap of his sister or some young relation, while a number of female friends will keep up a song, so as to drown the murmuring which the torture may draw from him inadvertently, and that, therefore, he may not be demeaned in the eyes of his countrymen who are present as spectators .- Chicago Herald.

# Fish Carried in a Tornado.

At Swavzee the other day the residents were catching fish out of the pools and puddles made by a night's terrific rain Later, when the water sunk into the ground, sunfish and shiners by the thousands strewed the ground. There is no the theory is that these fish were caught up by a small tornado and deposited where they were found,-Indianapolis

Half Column, one year ..... 50 00 One Column, one year ..... 100 08 Legal advertisements ten cents per line such in-

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square, one inch, one insertion ..... 1 se

Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quasterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work-cash on delivery.

LONG AGO.

I once knew all the birds that came And nested in our orchard trees, For every flower I had a name-My friends were woodchucks, toads and

I knew where thrived in yonder glen What plants would soothe a stone-bruised

Oh, I was very learned then. But that was very long ago-

knew the spot upon the hill

Where checkerberries could be found, I knew the rushes near the null

Where pickevel lay that weighed a pound! knew the wood-the very tree Where lived the posching, saucy crow, And all the woods and crows knew me-

But that was very long ago. And pining for the joys of youth, I trend the old familiar spot

Only to learn this solemn truth: I have forgotten, am forgot. Yet here's this youngster at my knee Knows all the things I used to know;

To think I once was wise as he-But that was very long ago. know it's folly to complain Of whatsoe'er the fates decree,

Yet, were not wishes all in vain. I tell you what my wish should be: I'd wish to be a boy again,

Back with the friends I used to know, For I was, oh, so happy then-But that was very long ago. -Eugene Field, in Youth's Companion,

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A health resort-Quinine. A summer complaint-It's too hot.

An angler fishes with baited breath, The saddest words of tengue or pen, Are these sad words: "Say, lend me ten." Receipt for dropping eggs-Let go of

A supreme court decision-Getting married. - Washington Star. Little Bertie- 'Does the sun fan you?"

Little Reginald-"No, the father. "I always had an idea you were his fend." "I used to be-but I loaned him \$50 once.

"Who wrote the 'Story of a Hansom "I don't know, Some hack" writer, I imagine.' It is probably because love makes the

world go 'round that it makes so many

people giddy .- Puck. It is said there are more ways than one to kill a cat, but the majority of them are failures .- Picayune.

Corn is an emblem of peace, but it is ever appreciated until it gets on its ear. -Binghamton Republican

The mercury goes climbing up, The sunshine slippoth down, And every soul with cash in hand, Prepares to jump the town.

- Washington Star. Most creatures are entirely harmless when they are asleep. But the moth does the most mischief when it is taking

a nap.—Puck. In a school-examination on mineralogy "Where are diamonds found in the greatest abundance?" "At the pawnbroker's."-Judge.

We don't suppose there ever was a man who did not envy the freedom with which a barefooted boy gets around on a rainy day .- Atchison Globe. "There's piles of money in our lamp

"Why, they break as soon the lamp." "That's where chimneys." "Why, they br as you light the lamp." "T the profit comes in."—Buzar. "I see that a noted thief out west

detection." "Sort of diamond in the rough, eh?"-American Grocer He dealt in horses and cattte and feed. And he'd heard I wanted a "muley." So he wrote: "If a first-class mule you need, Flease don't forget yours truly."

swallowed a valuable shirt stud to escape

"He is a very original boy, that son of yours. I think he is bound to rise in the world." "I don't know. It's a hard thing to get him to rise in the morning.

A railroad across the desert of Sahara

is projected. As it does not strike an

oasis throughout the whole distance it will not be easy to water the stock .-Boston Globe. Wife-"What makes you Husbaud-"I just dodged Hardup. If he had seen me he would have hit me

hard." "Hit you? What for?" "Ten dollars." - Chicago Inter-Ocean. Mr. Jason-"I saw something to-day that would make man's hair stand on end." Mr. Jason-"Gracious! What was it?" Mr. Jason-"A bottle of

mucilage."- Terre Hante Express. To "kiss but not tell," though is theory good, Is in practice a failure, my brothers: A kiss is like gossip—it's bound to be passed From one person's lips to another's. —Kate Field's Washington.

Mamma-'I am tired of your chatter, ohnny; you had better go to bed. Johnny-"Are you very tired, mamma?" Mamma-"Yes, very tired!" Johnny-"Then, why don't you go to bed!"-

Because a man who hawks eggs through the street hawks hawks' eggs too, it does not necessarily follow that a man who hawks hawks, hawks eggs too, nor that a man who hawks hawks, hawks hawks' eggs too -Elmire Gazette

#### Origin of the Term "Masher." The word masher is sometimes said to

be a corruption of the French ma cherie.

But this is one of the many instances of an ingenious ctymology whose surface plausibility imposes on the unscholarly. Far more likely is the derivation from the Gypsy word mashava, to fascinate by the eye. Charles G. Leland, in "The Gypsies," credits this etymology. "And thus it was," he says (page 108), "that these black-eyed beauties, by mushing men for many generations, with shafts shot sideways and most wantonly, at last scaled their souls into the corner of their eyes, as you have heard before." in a foot-note, he explains: word of Gypsy origin (mashava), mean ing fascination by the eye, or taking in. - Chicago Post.