THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

Is published every Wednesday, by

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Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building

ELM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa.

Terms, - - - $1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 19. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1890. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

The French refuse to do honor to Explorer Stanley, because they say he is a hero for revenue only.

Birmingham, Ala., has increased in population 707 per cent. since 1880. If New York had grown at a like rate its population would now be ten millions.

The railroad companies of the country are borrowing a great deal of money, and the Chicago *Sun* asserts that they find less difficulty in getting it than they ever did.

Among the items in the agricultural appropriation bill is an appropriation of $2,500, to be used to investigate the natural history of and remedies for destroying the cottonboll worm.

The Washington *Star* announces the remarkable fact that the population of Gettysburg, Penn., by the new census is 3,051, just nineteen less than the number of Union soldiers killed in the battle there.

At the meeting of the National Council of Education one of the speakers said that not twenty-five years hence he expected to see boys and young men knocking for admission into Vassar and other young ladies' seminaries.

The Detroit *Free Press* boasts that in case of war with a foreign nation this government could raise five men to every one she had in the Civil War, and that, probably, without resorting to the draft. Financiers say that she could also raise $50 now easier than she could raise a dollar in 1860.

Financier Henry Villard predicts that in five years there will not be a steam locomotive on any railway in the United States, and that all kinds of machinery will be driven by electricity. He says that great discoveries are at hand, and speaks so positively that he is supposed to know just what the discoveries are.

Says the Detroit *Free Press:* "Soldiers will drink and soldiers will play cards. After fighting the idea for a hundred years Uncle Sam has at last recognized the fact and opened 'canteens' within the posts. The soldier can now get his beer at cost, and cards are furnished him to play with. He is also to have pool and billiard tables, and will have no excuse for visiting saloons."

Owing to the fact that the lands of the West are being rapidly taken up, a Denver paper predicts the abdication of the cattle king and the extinction of the cowboy. Of the latter is said: "The cowboy, with rattling spurs, his leather trousers, his broad-brimmed hat and his defiant swagger, will soon join the stage-driver, the hunter, the scout, the trapper and the mountain explorer in the procession that moves reluctantly to the quiet, peaceable commonplace ways of life."

A statement of the debt extinguishment of our country since the war never ceases to be impressive. It reflects not only the growth, but, exclaims the Boston *Advertiser*, the patriotism and prosperity of our people as no other statistical exhibit does. The mere fact is startling that twenty-five years ago, less than a generation, the public debt was $2,756,000,000, entailing an annual interest charge of $151,000,000, and it is now only $921,000,000, and the interest charge is but $29,500,000.

Advices from Florida to the Atlanta *Constitution* state that the excitement in the phosphate fields is intense. There is much dissatisfaction over the news from Washington that all the phosphate lands will be classed as mineral lands, and that those who have taken homesteads must give them up. Many persons have been staking out claims, and when the proper papers come from Washington there will be a greater upheaval than Oklahoma ever saw. Lawyers and business men have been staking out claims, and at least 5000 ejectment suits have already been filed. The value of the property involved is at least $16,000,000, and the homesteaders will not yield to the Government without a stubborn fight.

The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* gives credit to Sigvald Qvale for leaving $1,000,000, constituting the bulk of his estate, to endow a State hospital for cripples. But it does not give credit to him alone. It declares that Mrs. Qvale also is entitled to public praise and gratitude, because, with full knowledge of the effect of her act, she signed the deed conveying her husband's property to trustees for the purpose named. And so she is, agrees the Chicago *Times*. She deliberately chose to second the humane and philanthropic wishes of her husband, when she might have defeated them and secured much wealth for herself, and to bestow upon her two sons by a former marriage. As the adopted citizen who made the bequest has set a noble example for native Americans of wealth, so his wife, also a Scandinavian by birth, has set a noble example for native American heirs.

VILLANELLE.

The rose must die, tho' love says No!
The flower was thine, the words were mine,
Among the mists of long ago.

We watched the dying afterglow;
The winds sighed softly thro' the pine—
The rose must die, tho' love says No!

We pledged our love thro' weal or woe,
My lips to thine—thy hand in mine,
Among the mists of long ago.

The waves, with restless surge and flow,
Intoned with harmony divine—
The rose must die, tho' love says No!

We both have suffered—even so;
And mem'ry sighs by love's cold shrine.
The rose must die, tho' love says No!
Among the mists of long ago.

—*Sanborn Gove Tenney, in Belford.*

A COMPOSITE ROMANCE.

I. THE LETTER-CARRIER'S STORY.

There is one family on my route that gives me more trouble than all of the others put together. Not that they ever complain of me or compel me to walk to the top of a five story building, but I can't make them out. I don't usually bother my head about the people to whom I deliver mail; there is something so singular about this one family, however, that I can't help taking particular notice of them.

They live in an elegant stone house on Kenyon avenue, and consist of a middle-aged gentleman, John Godfrey by name, his maiden sister and his daughter, a girl of seventeen.

Mr. Godfrey, who is a wealthy railroad man, has a hard, stern look, and his sister doesn't appear to be any too amiable, but the daughter has fairly won my old heart. She is as handsome as a picture and she always had a smile for me when she came to the door (the maiden aunt answers my ring now), and how her face would light up when I handed her a letter addressed in a round, manly hand to Miss Nena Godfrey, and postmarked C——.

At first, when she and the servants stopped coming to the door, I couldn't understand it, but I have arrived at the conclusion that the maiden aunt always takes the mail in order to prevent Miss Nena from getting her letters. During the time Miss Nena came herself I brought her a letter postmarked C—— nearly every day. Since then I have delivered only two for her, and the maiden aunt's face has worn such a satisfied look as she took them, that I am sure the letters are from some young man Miss Nena is in love with, and her father and aunt are trying to break off the match.

I met her on the street one day a short distance from the house, and she stopped as though to speak to me. She changed her mind, however, and passed on with a pleasant "Good morning," but I noticed that her lips quivered as she spoke. I think she wanted to ask me something about her letters. Poor girl! I wonder how it will end?

II. THE MESSENGER BOY'S STORY.

Las' night 'bout 7 o'clock I had ter take a message up on Kenyon avenue. It was fer Miss Nena Godfrey, an' w'en I rung th' bell a young lady comed to th' door. I axed her if ther' was a answer an' she tole me to come in an' she would see. She then went inter the parlor an' tore open the message, an' we'n she read it she turned as white as a sheet, an' I thought she was goin' to faint. Jes' then the boss came inter th' room an' he said to her, awful stern:

"W'at's the matter! Who's the telegram from?"

She didn't answer an' he said: "Let me see it," but she turned quicker'n a flash an' threw it into the grate we're a fire was burnin', an' it blazed up in a second.

Th' old gent started for her, lookin' awful mad. Jes' then he seed me an' he axed wher was I waitin' fer. I told him th' answer. He said ther' wasn't nun an' fer me to clear out. I didn't wait fer him to tell me twice. I'll bet, though, he talked mighty sharp to his daughter after I'd gone.

I sees a good many funny things carryin' round messages, but I never seed anythin' like that before.

III. THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S STORY.

Something rather out of the common happened at our office last evening. The following message was sent from C——:

Miss Nena Godfrey, 193 Kenyon avenue:
Come at once if possible. Will is very low.
DR. OTTO SCHMIDT.

The message was delivered to Miss Godfrey, and about 9 o'clock the lady's father came into the office. The clerk having stepped out for a moment, I got up to wait on him.

Mr. Godfrey wanted to know if we had a copy of the telegram that came for his daughter that evening. I told him that I was acquainted with the contents. He then wanted to know if I would tell him what was in it. He said that he was not at home when the message came; that his daughter had gone out and left the message for him, but that the servants had mislaid it.

As Mr. Godfrey is a well known citizen I complied with his request. The contents of the telegram had an entirely different effect upon him from what I expected. Instead of being surprised or shocked, it seemed to make him very angry. He recovered himself quickly, however, and with a curt "Much obliged" he walked out. I wonder who Will is?

IV. THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

There was one incident connected with the accident to my train last night that I did not give to the reporters.

A young lady boarded the train at R—— whom I recognized as the daughter of John Godfrey, one of the stockholders of the road. She had a ticket for C——, and I noticed when I stopped at her seat that she was pale and agitated. After the accident she was one of the first to get clear of the wreck, and did not appear to be injured.

Luckily the engine was not disabled, the accident having been caused by the rails spreading just as the baggage car passed over them, and I determined to go to C—— for assistance. I was consulting with the engineer when Miss Godfrey touched me on the arm and begged earnestly to be allowed to ride on the engine to C——. It was a case of life and death, she said.

She appeared so distressed at the thought of delay, that I told the engineer to take her with him. She was up in the cab in an instant, and they "pulled out" at once, so that one of my passengers at least arrived at C—— nearly on time.

V. THE DETECTIVE'S STORY.

A dispatch was received at headquarters last evening from R——, requesting the department to send a man down to the station and arrest a young woman who was on the 10:40 express from the East. I was detailed for the work.

I waited around the station until nearly train time, and then heard a rumor that there had been a wreck down the road. I investigated and found that such was the case; in fact the accident had occurred to the very train I was waiting for. I obtained permission to go on the relief train, and when we arrived at the scene of the wreck I commenced to look around for the young woman.

As I could find no one who answered to the description sent, I made inquiries of the conductor and learned that the person I was after had gone up to C—— on the engine that brought the news of the accident to the city. It was after three A. M. before I got back and made my report, and they decided not to do anything more about the matter until they heard again from R——.

The accident was a costly one for the railroad company, but a lucky one for the young woman. Had it not occurred she would have spent the night in the station house.

VI. THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

For the last three weeks I have been tending an old schoolmate of mine. His name is Will Holbrook and he has been very low with brain fever. He was at one time quite well off, but lost everything by an unlucky speculation, and was forced to accept a clerkship with one of the firms with which he had formerly done business. A too steady application to his duties, coupled with great depression of mind, brought on his illness, which has threatened to terminate fatally more than once.

I noticed just before he gave up how badly he was looking, and one evening when he called at my office he confided everything to me. The loss of everything he possessed was naturally a heavy blow to him, but it was nothing in comparison to what it had brought with it—the breaking off of his engagement with the woman he loved.

Her name was Nena Godfrey, and they had been engaged for about a year. As soon as her father heard of the change in Will's affairs, he wrote to him, giving him to understand that he could no longer regard him as a future son-in-law. On learning, however, that Miss Godfrey's heart was unchanged toward him, Will determined not to give her up, and to make every effort in his power to regain his lost fortune as quickly as possible.

When he was taken sick I had him brought to my house, and during his delirium, he would keep asking for Nena; then he would imagine that she was with him, and would implore her not to leave him. Late yesterday afternoon he became so much worse, and begged so piteously for her to come to him that I sent Miss Godfrey a telegram, and about eleven o'clock in the morning I was informed that she was waiting for me in the office. I went to her at once.

She attempted to rise as I entered the room, but sank back on her chair as though completely exhausted. I attributed this to perturbation, and hastened to quiet her fears about Will. She insisted upon seeing him without delay.

Will seemed to be conscious of her presence the moment she knelt by his bedside and took his hand. He became more composed, and at last sank into a doze, still holding her hand. This lasted until midnight, and then he opened his eyes and I saw that he would live. He spoke her name in a whisper, and tried to raise her hand to his lips. She made no sound, but gave him a look of love and tenderness that he understood at once, and he closed his eyes again as though her mere presence was all he asked. After he had lost himself, Miss Godfrey looked up at me, and the expression on my face told her the glad truth. The next instant she had fainted. I carried her into the adjoining room and called my wife. She came to my assistance at once, and, after we had worked over Miss Godfrey for a few moments, she opened her eyes and said, with a faint smile:

"I am sorry to make you so much trouble, but I think my arm is hurt, and that is what made me faint. The train on which I left R—— met with an accident, and I guess that I have not escaped uninjured."

On making an examination I found that her left wrist was sprained and the forearm considerably bruised. Although suffering intense pain, the plucky little woman had managed to keep me in ignorance of her injuries until she knew whether her lover would live or die. I did everthing for her that my skill suggested, and then forced her to take some rest. A couch was arranged for her in the room adjoining Will's, and, although she obtained but little sleep—she was up every hour to look at him and ask how he was—her condition this morning was much better than I had expected.

Shortly after daylight some one rang the office bell, and when I opened the door I knew instinctively that the man standing before me was John Godfrey. He stepped into the office, told me his name, and asked if his daughter was in the house. I told him that she was, and he requested me to send her to him. Whatever his feelings toward me were he did not show them.

I went to Miss Godfrey and informed her that her father was waiting to see her. She trembled for an instant, and then closed her lips over her firm little mouth and went to him without a word. I had placed her arm in a sling, and the pain and emotion she had lately undergone had left their marks on her face. I was sure that the sight of her would move her father to pity.

What took place during the interview I did not learn. It lasted for over an hour, and then I was called. I was not unprepared for the scene that met my gaze. Nena was holding her father's hand, and Mr. Godfrey's eyes showed that he had been shedding tears. Nena turned to me with a happy smile.

"Father has forgiven us," she said.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Eccentric Lord in Colorado.

The familiar form of Lord Ogilvie has not been seen this week in the vicinity of the Victoria Hotel, where he makes his headquarters during recent visits to the city. According to report Lord Ogilvie is spending a brief vacation at Las Vegas, N. M., to test the benefit of the mud baths and to get rid of the debilitating effects of the races. In speaking of this remarkable character, for all who know Lord Ogilvie will agree that he has capacities of a high order, a gentleman said yesterday: "I have never known Ogilvie to go to bed while paying his periodical visits to this city. Thirty minutes' sleep in a chair each twenty-four hours is about all his system seems to require and he awakens apparently as refreshed as if he had slept all night. He is only twenty-eight years of age and first dropped into Denver about ten years ago on a visit to the mountains with his father. The elder Ogilvie took sick at at the Windsor Hotel, and died after a brief illness. The remains were sent to Scotland for burial in the old family vault. Ogilvie is remarkably well read upon subjects, and when at home on his ranch, near Greeley, he spends the main part of his time poring over books. He is peculiar, one of his peculiarities being his manner of dress and the odd-looking plaid vest by which he is recognized all over the West. 'That vest,' said he to me one day, 'is patented, and no other man in the world can wear a vest just like mine. I have a contract, duly signed with the firm in England manufacturing the material, that it is never to be duplicated except at my order.' The vest is of immense dimensions, and when stretched at full length extends nearly to the knees of the wearer. Its only ornament is a huge steel watch chain, which is also made upon a pattern peculiar to itself. Ogilvie dresses plainly, but always wears a flannel shirt with high collar, starched perfectly stiff and fortified by a high cravat of pongee silk.

"I have visited him at his ranch," continued the narrator, "and it would be difficult to imagine a more royal welcome than is accorded by Ogilvie to his friends. He lives in the enjoyment of all the good things that might be desired, and takes special pride in his herds of blooded horses and cattle. I was surprised at the extent of his wardrobe. He showed me at least fifteen trunks full of clothing, all made by Poole, the London tailor, and not one suit in the lot has Ogilvie ever worn. I'll venture to say that he has 150 complete suits of clothes on hand. Take him all in all, he is the strangest conglomeration of oddities to be found in the State of Colorado."—*Denver News.*

"It's a Shop, Sir!"

I had an experience all my own in Lock & Co.'s hat store, in St. James street, writes Julian Ralph in an article on London, published by *Harper's Weekly*. The aged proprietor displays ancient bonnets and caps in his window, which is kept scrupulously dusty. Noting this, I said, "This must be a very old store indeed."

"Store?" said the man. "It's no store at all; it's a shop, sir. I call a store a place for the sale of a miscellaneous lot of goods; but this is a shop, sir. You ought to be more careful in your use of terms."

If that was rudeness—and I do not know how great he considered his provocation—it was the only rudeness I experienced from any shopkeeper. But I learned from that incident not to say store. And before I left England I had swelled my index expurgatorius to the extent that I seldom used the following words: Guess; yes, sir; glass (for tumbler); railroad; horse car; cents; fix; store; or pad of paper. "Block of paper," they said, when I at last got them to understand that I wanted a pad. "Guess" and "fix" are pure Americanisms, and are to be used or not as you want to attract curious attention or to avoid it; but the most difficult thing for many Americans in England was to avoid saying "sir" to a stranger who who addressed them or to an old gentleman. "Yes, sir," and "no, sir," over there are the verbal insignia of a servant.

Mysteries of Amber.

Amber has only recently come to be understood. The ancients regarded it as altogether mysterious and even magical, says the Washington *Star*. They found that it was rendered electrical by friction so as to attract light substances, and our word "electricity" comes from the Greek name for amber, which was "electron." A favorite puzzle with them was how the insects so frequently found inclosed in amber came to be so situated.

I have myself seen a chunk of very transparent amber in which a small lizard with five legs was encased, looking as if it might have been alive yesterday, though doubtless it had been dead for thousands of years. The mystery of this sort of phenomenon is easily enough explained when it is understood that amber is actually the fossil gum of an extinct kind of cone bearing tree. In the process of hardening it imprisoned the flies and other creatures preserved in the chunks of it that are found to-day.

The finest specimen of amber in Europe is a cup made of that material, now at the Brighton Museum, England. Amber now is worth from $2 to $50 a pound, according to its quality. The most important uses made of it is for meerschaum and other pipes.

A CRUSTACEAN COLLECTION

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION OF CRABS AND LOBSTERS.

"Trilobites" Twenty Millions of Years Old—A Forty Pound Lobster—The Big Cocoanut Crab.

The most wonderful exhibition of crabs and lobsters ever seen in this world will be placed on permanent view in Washington as soon as the Smithsonian Institute gets its new building. At present the collection is stored away out of sight, for want of space to show it properly. In this exhibition will be displayed for the instruction of the nation members of the crustacean family that were actually alive during the earliest geological epoch—twenty millions of years ago.

These "trilobites," as they are called, were contemporary with the earliest creatures that lived upon the earth. They are taken out of the rock to-day as perfect as when they were inclosed in the shelly mud 200,000 centuries ago; the very facets of their eyes are as distinct as in life. If you like you may find any number of their direct descendants in the horseshoe crabs on the sea beach. The horseshoe crabs, indeed, may fairly be called the oldest creature in the world, being but a slightly modified trilobite, and thus representing the very most ancient family that anything is known about. In comparatively modern times—only 18,000,000 years ago—some crustaceans attained great size. Frogs in those days used to grow as big as men are now, and thought nothing of hopping two or three blocks' distance at one jump; it was the age of things gigantic, and a lobster-like creature, six feet in length, called the "pterygotus," prowled the watery shallows then in search of prey.

It is not so very many years now since lobsters were captured weighing as much as forty pounds apiece. There is one such in the Smithsonian collection, three feet long in the body and with claws big and strong enough to crush your clenched fist. Unfortunately the business of lobsters has been carried on for a century or so past with so much eagerness that all the big ones pretty nearly have been taken and eaten.

To find a giant crustacean to-day you must go to the eastern shore of Asia, where disports himself the enormous Japanese crab, which has claws which spread twelve feet. Even the crabs of Rider Haggard's fancy did not attain the dimensions of this Asiatic realty. One of the most extraordinary of the Smithsonian's specimens is a "cocoanut crab"—a tremendously powerful looking creature, so big that when tightly folded up it will fill a four-gallon glass jar. This is the crab that climbs the cocoanut tree, and after plucking the fruit tears off the outer husk with its mighty claws and then knocks in the shell in one of the "eyes," subsequently digging out the meat with the long and narrow pair of incers provided by nature for this purpose. This cocoanut crab inhabits the islands of the Indian ocean. It accumulates surprising quantities of the picked fibers of the cocoanut, which it uses as a bed; the flesh is very good to eat, and under its tail is a mass of fat which sometimes yields as much as a quart of limpid oil. Among other strange crabs in the Smithsonian collection is a smaller variety of this same species which lives in a burrow at the root of a fruit tree. Then there is the "painted crab" of the West Indies, which is a land animal; it used to exist there in countless numbers, and indulged annually in a migration to the sea coast, moving always in a compact army. During such migrations they were caught in great numbers and so have become almost extinct. A crab from the Barbadoes is remarkable for its swiftness in running, which has given it the name of the "horseman crab." The "dorippe" is a species of crab quite plentiful on the shores of the Adriatic, which has two legs on its back—a great inconvenience, since, if turned bottom side up, it can run just as well that way.

One remarkable crab in the Smithsonian collection is entirely covered with what looks like whitish moss, but is in reality something between the vegetable and the animal. All crabs of that variety have a coat of this sort to render them indistinguishable by their enemies and unrecognizable by their prey. Another kind of crab is always covered entirely with growing sponge, save only his eyes, antennæ and the tips of his claws. He hides in crevices where sponge grows among the rocks, and becomes as much like them as he knows how. A crab from the Pacific coast is invariably found with sea anemones growing all over his back and legs. Another from the same region has large tubes with which it sucks water into its lungs by way of breathing. Still another California crab has a very neatly made snuff-box underneath its body for holding eggs, which closes with a snap-fastening just like a real snuff-box. A crab with a long beak and legs that look like straws is also from the Pacific.

One of the fiercest crabs known is pleutiful on the coast of South America. It is also called the "rock crab" and hides in crevices among stones. It is captured generally by dropping a hook on the end of a string into its lair, when it will seize the hook in anger and permit itself to be hauled out by its own grip, which is so strong that the claw will still bite powerfully after it has been pulled off from the animal. A funny crab is the "messmate," which one finds in oysters; it does not harm the bivalve, but merely lives in the shell with it and feeds upon whatever the oyster gets to eat.—*Chicago Times.*

The government statistician of New South Wales has estimated the population of Australia at the beginning of the current year to be 3,786,798. This is an increase during 1889 of 113,995, or 3.10 per cent. The population of New Zealand is now 620,279, an increase during the year of 12,899.

Columbia is the wealthiest of American universities, and Harvard comes next.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The population of the world doubles itself every 360 years.

A new deposit of zinc ore has just been found near Bloomsburg, Penn.

The strawberry contains 90.52 per cent. water and 9.48 per cent. dry matter.

A Philadelphia syndicate has just struck a solid mass of native copper in Michigan.

The baryta deposits on McKellar's Island, Canada, are now being worked. Experts pronounce this to be the finest deposit in America.

Along the shore of Hudson Bay there has recently been discovered gold, silver, copper, soapstone, mica, plumbago and lead, besides iron ore.

Paint the tongues of your fever patients with glycerine, says a physician; it will remove the sensation of thirst and discomfort felt when the organ is dry and foul.

The object-glass of the Lick telescope in California has an area of 1018 square inches. The next largest, that at Pulkowa in Russia, has an area of only 706 square inches.

To fill up cracks in a boat, melt equal parts of pitch and gutta percha in an iron pot; thoroughly mix by stirring. Make up in sticks and melt into the cracks with a warm iron.

With the view of testing the rapidity of electric welding, twenty pieces of one-inch common round iron bars, with rough ends, were recently welded together by two men in thirteen minutes.

Blacksmiths can start a fire by pounding violently a rod of soft iron, first spreading on the anvil a layer of powdered coal dust. This is a good illustration of the conversion of force into heat.

Several of the larger machinery-making concerns of the North are so crowded with work that they are now obliged to refuse orders. There is a very urgent demand for electrical machinery, especially.

It is claimed that wall paper can be made in such a way that the passage of low tension electric currents will heat it moderately warm to the touch, and diffuse throughout the room an agreeable temperature.

The conclusions reached by modern meteorologists are that cyclones of great intensity are ascending spiral whirls of wind having a rotary motion in a direction in the northern hemisphere opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch.

Photography has apparently disproved the theories of the old-school meteorologists who maintained that lightning never turned back in its path. An examination of lightning photography shows that a flash not only turns back sometimes, but tangles itself into a kind of knot.

An excellent thing to soften leather is castor oil. The leather should first be washed and softened with warm water and then wiped, and while still damp well oiled and the oil rubbed in. A little carbolic acid in the leather will deter rats or mice from gnawing the leather. After the oil is soaked in a finishing may be given with any of the shoe polishes now in common use.

Stature of Various Nations.

According to the investigations of the Anthropological Committee of the British Association, recently reported, the mean stature of the Germans does not rise above five feet, five and one-eighth inches; while the Swiss average is a little greater, being five feet, seven and four-fifths inches. The English are the tallest race among men, their average height being five feet, ten inches, the working classes included, outside of which the average stature would amount to only five feet, nine inches. The Norwegians, however, are, at least, their equals. The Danes, Dutchmen and Hungarians average five feet and eight inches; the Swiss, Russians and Belgians, five feet and seven and four-fifths inches. The Frenchman's mean stature does not rise above five feet and five and one-eighth inches. In Germany there appears a decided difference of size between the inhabitants of the South and those of the North; for example, the Hanoverians and Bavarians—in favor of the former. The smallest of all European nations are the Italians and Spaniards, who show a mean of only five feet and five inches. While, as mentioned, the workingmen of England evince an average superiority of bodily size, in France the other classes exhibit a mean measure by nearly an inch exceeding that of the laboring population.—*Courier-Journal.*

A Grateful Pickpocket.

When John Murphy was arraigned at the bar in the Court of General Sessions recently he had no money with which to pay a lawyer. The charge was grand larceny—he had stolen a watch. Lawyer Costello was assigned by the court to defend him. Mr. Costello did his best for the man, and succeeded in procuring a short sentence of two years and nine months for him.

As he was led away Murphy turned to the lawyer and said: "I thank you for what you have done for me. I cannot do anything for you now, but just as soon as I get out of prison you shall have the first yellow clock I get." The yellow clock is, in the parlance of thieves, a watch, and Murphy is a professional pickpocket.—*New York Times.*

Bismarck Caps Von Moltke's Sentiment

A young lady one day requested Moltke and Bismarck to write a few words in her album. The Marshal took up the pen first and wrote: "Falsehood passes away; truth remains.—Von Moltke, Field Marshal." After reading what Moltke had written, Bismarck took the pen and added the following: "I know very well that truth prevails in the next world, but in the meantime a Field Marshal himself would be powerless against falsehood in this world.—Von Bismarck, Chancellor of the Empire."—*New York World.*

HEART'S-EASE.

Heart's-ease is better than wealth, you know,
Or than fame or culture; so let us go
To find the hights where heart's-ease must grow,
Since we crave it so.

Then we wandered through many a pleasant land;
The journey was sweet, hand clasped in hand;
But we found not the heart's-ease we had planned
On those hights so grand.

And I asked of one whom I saw below,
Had he seen the flower? He answered "No;
But I should think heart's-ease ought to grow
In the heart, you know."

So I looked down into my heart; behold!
It was full of heart's-ease, yellow as gold;
As much as the happy heart could hold;
So my love I told.

And into his heart he looked to see,
It was full to the brim as full could be
Of purple heart's-ease in bloom; ah, me!
How dull were we!

"But I don't like yellow," I murmured low;
"I like purple better; don't you?" O, no!
"I do like yellow," he said; and so
We exchanged, you know.

I carry his heart's-ease in my hand;
He carries mine; do you understand?
Each is safer; better than we had planned
Is heart's-ease land.

And this is the moral I've pointed so:
If the sweetest of heart's-ease you would sow,
In somebody else's heart let it grow,
If you'd like to know.

—*Alice W. Rollins, in Independent.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A freak of fashion—The Dude.

Rough on the old man—His wrinkles.

If all flesh is grass mummies must be hay.

A fur rug should always be laid down-side up.

Sickness is Nature's way of saying—"I told you so."

Who are the contracting parties? Girls that lace.—*Epoch.*

Other game is losing ground, but the deer always keeps up his lick.

A joke is never good until it is cracked, and not always then.—*Washington Star.*

"Is your cook French?" "No; American. Sort of Pan-American."—*Harper's Bazar.*

When the green man comes to town and drops his yellow metal he departs very blue.—*Puck.*

All things come to him who waits; so he shouldn't kick if bad luck comes amongst them.—*Puck.*

Black—"Say, White, can you tell me what alligators eat?" "White—"All live ones do, I believe."—*Life.*

The woman who is cold to all but gold ought to have the arctic circle for an engagement ring.—*Boston Gazette.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve the passing hours
In gathering up the sweets of life,
And dodging all the sours!

—*Puck.*

Tourist—Do we stop here long enough for luncheon? Brakeman—We do, unless you insist on eating a whole sandwich.—*Life.*

First Mate—"Well, sir, things are going smooth now, sir." Captain—"Yes, but is because several of the sailors have been ironed."—*Lippincott's.*

A flirting woman can cause more trouble to mankind than a devastating army, but she is very much nicer than the devastating army, after all.—*Somerville Journal.*

There's Another Leap Year Coming—"Why don't the young men marry?" queried her young sister. "I suppose they are not asked," absently replied the bride of 1888.—*Puck.*

Hostess—"Mr. Feejee, let me help you to some of the roast beef." Reformed Cannibal (with a wistful, retrospective sigh)—"No, I tank you. Me vegetarian now."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"What are you reading, my dear?" asked a member of the Chicago Literary Society of her daughter. "The autobiography of Thomas Jefferson, ma." "Who wrote it?"—*New York Sun.*

"I'll be a sister to you, John," said she,
And then he rose and kissed her.
"I've always felt I'd like," said he,
"To have an elder sister."

—*New York Sun.*

Medical Professor in Charge of the Dissecting-Room—"Gentlemen, may I ask what you did with the subject when you retired?" Medical Student—"We laid it on the table."—*Burlington Free Press.*

First Kentuckian—"How did Colonel Strutter get his military title, do you know?" Second Kentuckian—"Yes; when he was a young man he used to drill holes in a quarry."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pay-day I with gold was glad,
Sunday still I chinked my "tin;"
Monday I but silver had,
Tuesday blew my nickel in;
Wednesday my last "copper" spun,
Thursday borrowed on my "brass;"
Friday, when I got a dun,
Iron pierced my soul, alas!

—*Puck.*

"The cruiser Philadelphia made nineteen knots an hour. By the way, parson, what is your best time?" The Chicago minister thought a moment. "My best I think was sixteen. But then three of them had never been married before, and, of course, their inexperience caused some little delay."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Farm Without a Whip.

There is a beautiful farm just back of Ocean Springs, Miss., owned by Mr. Parker Earle, who, very wisely, allows no no man on the place to use a whip on any of the stock. It is said that there is but one old whip on the farm, probably a relic of some other owner, but the old whip is not used, and the farm does well and the animals work with a will and never feel the lash. Kindness can run anything, even a farm.—*New Orleans Picayune.*