Terms, . . . \$1.50 per Year. Ne anheriptions received for a shorter period than three mouths. Ourrespendence solicited from all parts of the country. Ne notice will be taken of anenymous sommandations.

and Wales, and is declining in Ireland. Only one county (Washoe) in Nevada

The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette has ae to the conclusion that hypnotism is hing more or less than the old mes-

'The Drorers' Journal figures that the daily mileage made in cities of the United States by cars supplied with electric motors is now more than one hundred thousand miles and is growing rapidly.

People who live in San Francisco congratulate themselves that earthquakes are not altogether objectionable, since they prevent the erection of high blocks of buildings, which keep air and sunlight out of the streets.

Professor Simonson says that there are now from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 students of Volapuk in the world, of whom 1,000,000 are competent to use it; 1200 business houses where it is employed, and 1200 Volspuk text and reading books, as well as thirty well regulated Volapuk journals.

The number of cattle in Indian Territory is now found to be only 500,000 head. This is a great falling off from former years, and shows, argurs the Boston Cultivator, that hereafter the consumers of beef must depend on stock fed with cultivated forage and grain, instead of relying on the product of pastures costing nothing. It will be much better for all branches of farming in all parts of the country when the demoralization of ranching has finally had its day.

The Chicago Herald says that "Florida and California are each making a strong bid for winter visitors by sending out cars filled with tropical and semi-tropical fruits attractively displayed. There is a car of this kind known as Florida on Wheels,' which made the tour of the Eastern resorts and did good missionary work during the summer months. A I hear your tranquil voice again train of cars known as 'California on And that sweet song, dear little brook!

Wheels' and containing a superb exhibit -Eugene Field, in Chicago News. of fruits, is now en route for the East for the purpose of booming Southern California as a winter resort, and will undoubtedly influence many people to cross the continent the coming winter."

One of the curious facts which workingmen and mechanics detailed to underork different towns notice, recountry blaces are frequently shead of the metropolitan cities in the way of scientific improvements. Many a rural village of 5000 or 10,000 inhabitants quickly avails itself of the opportunities which the city inventors and scientists have been discovering for years. Thus it happens that little towns of a few thousand population which have grown up within the last four or five years have electric lights, electric railways, cable lines, and water works more perfect than the big

Several California papers recently contained a matrimonial appeal, signed by "a young and beautiful Hungarian maiden, an orphan without leans, but well educated and with domestic tendencies, who seeks a companion for life." . The answers were to be directed to Paris, where the young lady was employed as a nurse. Incredible as it may appear a dozen offers from marriageable young 'Frisconians came over the sea. A lively correspondence ensued, and finally each of the wooers received an exquisite photograph and an affirmative answer from the beautiful Hungarian maiden, with a request that the lover should send the necessary cash for a transatiantic ticket. The swindler or the syndicate of awindlers netted 6000 marks in all by the trick. And now the prospective bridegrooms, among whom are some wellknown names, dare not whisper their

The experiments in the cultivation of plants under the electrical light, recently made by the botanical department of the Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., have given some curlous and interesting results, and results which are in some respects confirmatory of somewhat similar experiments not long ago reported from Russia. The first and most noticeable effect of the treatment is an enormously increased rate of growth. The plants which are lighted seem to work day and night and to "run very much to leaf." Vegetables shoot up very quickly, and peas in a few weeks are two or three times as tall as those planted at the same time in daylight. In the case of seeds and fruit of any kind, however, the reaults are entirely different, and the plants which had grown slowly and by daylight were ahead. It was observed that in every instance the reproductive powers of the plant were strongly affected, being sacrificed to mere foliage and rapidity of serease in general size.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22, 1890. VOL. XXIII. NO. 26.

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TO A LITTLE BROOK, Pauperism has declined in England

You're not so big as you were then, O little brook! I mean those hazy summers when an socrease in population over the We boys roamed, full of awe, beside Bures of the census ten years ago. Your noisy, foaming, tumbling tide, And wondered if it could be true That there were bigger brooks than you.

Omighty brook, O peerless brook I All up and down this reedy place Where lives the brook, ric craze revived. We angled for the furitive dace; The redwing-blackbird did his best To make us think he'd built his nest

Hard by the stream, when like as not, He'd hung it in a secret spot Far from the brook, the telltale brook!

And often, when the noontime heat Parboiled the brook, We'd draw our boots and swing our feet

Upon the waves that, in their play, Would tag us last and scoot away; And mother never seemed to know What burnt our legs and chapped them so-But father guessed it was the brook!

And Fido-how he loved to swim The cooling brook, Whenever we'd throw sticks for him;

And how we boys did wish that we Could only swim as good as he-Why, Daniel Webster never was Recipient of such great applause As Fido, battling with the brook! But once-O most unhappy day

For you, my brook-Come Coustn Sam along that way: And, having lived a spell out west, Where creeks aren't counted much at best, He neither waded, swam, nor leap, But, with superb indifference, stept Across that brook-our mighty brook!

Why do you scamper on your way, You little brook, When I come back to you to-day? Is it because you flee the grass That lunges at you as you pass, As if, in playful mood, it would Tickle the trunnt if it could,

You chuckling brook-you anucy brook! Or is it you no longer know-You fickle brook-The honest friend of long ago? The years that kept us twain apart Have changed my face but not my heart-

Many and sore those years, and yet I fancier ou could not forget That happy time, my playmate brook!

Oh, sing again in artless glee, My little brook. The song you used to sing for me-The song that's lingered in my ears So soothingly these many years; My grief shall be forgotten when

A LAST CHORD.

Madame Langelot, a comely, smiling voman of thirty-six, was humming merrily as she went to and fro in her diningm, and giving the last glance, the careful housewife's glance, to the family table. Whatever the season might be, there was always a bunch of flowers to enliven the board and testify to the delicate touch of woman.

Suddenly Madame Langelot stopped, as she recognized her husband's step, and he had hardly entered the room when she exclaimed

"What is the matter? You look up-"I have reason to be, darling," he re-

plied, "when a man hears at the same noment of the failure and the death of his only brother---"You brother, oh, my poor dear!"

cried Madame. "His marriage, as you know, was an unfortunate one," continued the husband, he was an artist in heart and soul, and forgot everything in his love for an Italian lady, who had a madonna-like face and wonderful musical talent. Her dark eyes bewitched him, and in spite of my entreaties, and our father's opposition, he married her. He was utterly

incapable of managing his business, and was made reckless by the death of his adored wife. Yesterday, in despair, he took his own life, and on me devolves the task of settling his affairs in an honorable manner. I must do this dear, for

"Of course," was the reply, "it is "There is something else, said Mon-

sieur Langelot slowly, and his wife, startled by his hesitation, exclaimed "What do you mean?"

"My brother has left a son, he is twelve years old, but delicate and deformed, and will never be able to provide

"And you think it is our duty to dont him?" 'My dear-"

"You are perfectly right," cried the oung woman, kissing her husband fondly, "how good you are, dear! Bring the poor boy home, and he shall be our Clairette's elder brother."

And thus the orphan's fate was settled these two simple loving souls. Monsieur and Madame Langelot, who had been married twelve years, idolized their only child. Clairette was three

years old, a frail, delicate little creature, ighly nervous, treated like a queen, and newhat despotic, as spoiled children In a few days Lucien Langelot arrived at his uncle's home. He was painfully deformed, pale and delicate, and of his

mother's radiant beauty had inherited nothing except the large dark eyes, which pressed a violin, his dearest treasure. At sight of this stranger the little

Clairette began to cry and sob convulsively. Her cousin looked timidly at the fair-haired and gaily dressed little creature for a minute, then raising his instrument, said softly,

"Listen, the violin will sing to you-

soothed the child's fears, and she was

"More, more! Sing again, pretty music!" cried Clairette when the player stopped, and she clapped her little hands

So the wonderful violin played on, seeming to speak words of enchantment, and showing plainly what the poor humehback had received as his maternal inheritance. From that day a tender affection united the two children, and the years passed on.

Lucien has become a man, and is assoclated with his uncle in business. He is a most valuable assistant, being gifted with extraordinary intelligence. not neglected his musical talent, and has had the best instruction.

"Do you know, my boy," said his uncle, "that you will some day be a great composer, our pride and glory?"

"My only glory," replied Lucien,

softly, "is in knowing that Clairette is pleased with me." He speaks the truth, poor fellow; his whole happiness in life depends upon his

cousin's smile. She too, the petted sensitive child, is now grown up, and has become a lovely woman. She loves her cousin with frank sincere affection, and prefers to all other music the air he played for her when first they met, so that in the family the is always called "Clairette's Song," It is a composition worthy of a master-musician, and since drying the child's tears, has become the souvenir of

What happened next was inevitable. One day Lucien acknowledged to himself that he loved Clairette, and called himself a fool for daring to raise his eyes the muddy water in a small boat. Next to the daughter of his benefactor. True, to an asphaltum cover Joe was the next she was his cousin, but how could he, best friend to the terodo-stricken piles, the poor hunch-back, hope to marry the beautiful blooming girl? He concealed wriggling things until his gunnysack beautiful blooming girl? He concealed his grief within his heart, and the violin, his only confident, wept and sobbed for

Claire Langelot, a gentle, affectionate girl, treated Lucien as her dearest friend and counselor, confiding to him her inmost thoughts. One day she artlessly cot, and that his worms were "sure to told him of her love for Raoul Darboz, fetch." He contributed by his thrift to and then in a sudden burst of happiness, exclaimed .

"Here, Lucien, take your violin and play Clairette's Song for me!" Ah, what bitter irony that was! The instrument was forced to sing her happy love, under his martyred fingers!

A little later, Raoul and Claire were married. Lucien played the wedding march. It was his own composition, and all through the music a mystic strain was interwoven by the master's skill, and filled the vaulted edifice with its tender

The bride started when she recognized her favorite air.

"Poor dear cousin," she thought, "it is all for me that he is playing,"

At the wedding breakfast they awaited the musician, impatient to congratulate him on his new composition, but he did

"An artist's caprice," said Uncle Langelot. "I'll wager that he is busy writing out his latest improvisation." Clairie was grieved at Lucien's ab-

e, but that band set out for Fontainebleau, which was the first stopping place of their wed-

On arriving at the hotel near the grand old forest, the young bride sat looking out of the window to enjoy the view and the scent of the fir trees.

Night fell, calm and quiet, the trees were rustled by the caresses of the breeze, a sweet perfume came from the forest, and the only sound was a soft indefinable murmur that seemed like the breathing of nature.

Claire turned to Raoul, saying: "Do you know, I am anxious about Lucien. He may be ill. I did not see him, even to say good-bye.

Raoul clasped her in his arms as he re plied with love's jealousy: Forget him and every one, my wife your thoughts now belong to me,

and beneath the blue sky where the golden stars were sparkling, she forgot all else in the embrace of him to whom she had given her heart. Suddenly there arose on the still night

sir a soft strain of music that sou like a sigh, a lamentation, and Claire, roused from her eestacy of love ex-"Hark! That is Clairette's Song.

Dear Lucien! I know that he has come to celebrate my happiness, to play for me on my wedding-night. But, ah, how sad the music sounds."

"You are dreaming my love," said Raoul, as he closed the window, "I did not hear any music.'

everything but her love At dawn the next day, in a pathway near the hotel there was found lying across his broken violin, the dead body Lucien Langelot. The brief lament of unspoken hopeless love had floated up for a moment to the young bride's ear, but the last chord from Lucien's violin had awakened only the birds of the forest .- The Epoch.

The Broom-Corn District.

Coles and Douglas Counties, in Iliinois, produce half of the broom-corn grown in the United States. The soil of ese countles, which is strong, quick, and rich, is well adapted for the culture of the brush. Fifty years ago the teriritory embraced by the two counties was illumined his thin face with their bril- a great swamp, full of large ponds and liant flashes. Close against his breast he was called "sockem" land. Just what nobody seems to know. In later years the swamps and ponds were drained by means of large open ditches and miles of drain tile. This drainage left an almost vegetable that grows in that climate, but there is a field near Bushton, in Coles And beneath his young fingers the ar- County, owned by I. W. Sain, that this the improvisation like a caress suddenly News.

Joe, the Worm Man.

Joe Pierce, the "only worm merchant," died in this city a few days ago. Joe was well known on the water front. His store was a portable bucket and gunnysack. His place of business was nearly always open, for Joe slept but little. He had no partner but a diminutive Scotch terrier that was constantly at odds with the whole world, and his only stock in trade was worms.

Four years since Joe, who had an interest in pure politics, determined to register as a voter. The Registrar's clerks subjected him to a close cross-fire of questions because his mien was suspiciously humble and his garb seedy and

"What is your business?" he was finally asked, and, drawing himself together, Joe answered in all seriousness: "I am a worm merchant,"

He was passed, and the story of his tilt with the commissioners traveled through the mazes of the water front, and honest Joe was thenceforth known as "the worm merchant."

It was ten years ago that Joe appeared on the water front and inaugurated his enterprise. He took up his stand at the corner of Clay and East streets, with his slimy wares concealed in a bucket bearing the advertisement in prominent let-ters made with shoeblack: "Wirms, Fresh au Gud."

"You've spelled that wrong, Joe," remarked a sailor to him one day. "Never you mind," was Joe's reply. 'Wirms is worms, and people as wants em knows where to get 'em."

Late at night, when noisy revelry reigned high in the brilliantly lighted saloons along East street, Joe would go down to the wharf and push out through was almost alive with them. morning he would take up his position on East street and wait for customers. Nearly every lover of the rod patronized him, and the superstition spread space cot, and that his worms were "sure to the support of his mother and sisters. When the news came that he was dead the whole water front mourned his loss. -San Francisco Chronicle.

An Opportune Thirty Cents.

"I had a most extraordinary piece of luck last Sunday," remarked a young broker to a Tribune reporter a day or two ago, "and for it I have been thanking a kind Providence ever since. I invited a girl cousin to go down to Long Beach for the afternoon, take supper there and return in the early evening. After we started I discovered that I had somehow brought only \$2.90 with me. I had one railroad ticket, but with another required, two suppers, car fares and ferriage, figure as I wanted, I was just about twenty cents short. It was one of those horrible cases of smiling and joking without, and a sort of whited sepulchre within,

wondering wildly how to pull through. We reached the beach, and I was revolving the plan of throwing myself on the mercy of the clerk and offering a check, when we stopped in our stroll along shore to examine some shells and seaweed, when blamed if lying right at my feet wasn't thirty cents-a quarter

"I stooped down and picked them up

" What have you found?" asked my "A little silver,' I said, carelessly.

" 'Oh, how lovely. How much! "'Only thirty cents,' I said, as though I was disappointed at not finding a bag of it. I wasn't disappointed. Never was so happy in my life. It was just enough to pull me through, and I reached home with ten cents, but I tell you it don't do to lean on your luck like that every day."-New York Tribune.

Why the Dayaks Hunt Heads.

Many Dayak tribes of Australia are still addicted to head-hunting, a practice which has made their name notorious, and which but lately threatened the destruction of the whole race. It is essentially a religious practice-so much so that no important act in their lives seems sanctioned unless accompanied by the offering of one or more heads. The child is born under adverse influences unless the father has presented a head or two to the mother before its birth. The young man can not become a man and arm himself with the mandau, or warclub, until he has beheaded at least one victim. The wooer is rejected by the maiden of his choice unless he can pro-She listened again, but the silence was duce one head to adorn their new home. unbroken and once more she forgot The ch of fails to secure recognition until he can exhibit to his subjects a head secured by his own hand. No dying person can enter the kingdom beyond the grave with honor unless he is accompanied by one or more headless companions. Every rajah owes to his rank the Popular Science Monthly.

An Electrical Riding School.

It is said that an electrical riding school is shortly to be equipped in Paris. This intention is doubtless attributable to the success which attended the openlast year. Here, it will be remembered. wooden horses were used, and propelled round the ring by the power of electric motors. There was a series of rings, on which an equal start was made, but the relative speed of the horses depended on "socken" means in this connection the radii of the respective rings, those inside, of smaller circumference, being patronized by the steady-going and older individuals, while the delights of rapid locomotion were secured to the riders on inexhaustible soil. Broom-corn is sup- the outer circles. At the same time the posed to exhaust soil more than any rider could reduce the speed or stop instantly by means of a controling arrangement. This refinement of the primitive merry-go-round created quite a furore in tist's bow moved wondrously, the sound season produced its forty-ninth consec- Nice, and it seems not improbable that of a gay yet tender air burst forth, and utive crop of broom-corn. - Chicago before long it will find its way to this country .- Times-Democrat.

SERPENTS FOR THE ZOO.

HOW THEY ARE OBTAINED FOR CINCINNATI'S MENAGERIE.

A Wonderful Collection of Poisonous Lizards and Things That Crawl -Reptiles From Many Climes,

Superintendent Stephan, of the Cin-innsti Zoological Garden, told a Times-Star reporter that he had an order placed for about three dozen snakes, to get there by next spring. "You see," said Mr. Stephau, "we have to order that sort of thing about six months ahead of the time we want them. The usual way they are gotten is through the captains of the steamers plying between the countries from which we want them and Hamburg or New York. These captains get them for a mere song and sell them either to the animal dealers or direct to the shows and gardens. Yes, these shows use a good number of them. They generally handle them a good deal, and handling is bad for snakes, especially just after they've been fed; it makes them sick. Snakes have to have plenty of time to digest. A show considers itself lucky if it keeps a snake through one season, while we keep them here ten or eleven years. But come and take a look at the snakes we have." And he led the way to a corner of the carnivora building, where, in five or six glass cases, their snakeships were confined.

"Here are some young tree boas from Cuba. They are so called because they usually are found on trees. These are little fellows, being only five or six feet long and about four inches in circumference. Like the boa-constrictor, they kill everything they eat by crushing it. No, they don't do any charming. The charming business is a-what do you newspaper men call it-'a fake.' would be surprised at the wonderful nower these snakes have in their folds. Why, when we used that large case for the snakes we had a tree in there. One day I wanted to get a python that was coiled around a tree, so I unwrapped it a little and then tried to pull it off. I hung my full weight-about 175 pounds on it, and still I couldn't get it off. Finally I had to get one of the men to come and help me, and the two of us suc-

ceeded in getting it off. "These boas here are young fellows, but they can swallow a good sized rabbit without inconvenience. We feed them at irregular times; whenever they'll I've known snakes to go five months without eating. A snake in good condition should eat once a week. That is the hardest thing about ecclimating a snake. If you get four or five snakes out of a lot of ten or twelve to eat you are pretty lucky. Often they won't feed at all and just starve themselves to death. We feed these boas on rats, rabbits, guinea pigs and pigeons. When they get tired of one we feed them the other for awhile.

"To return to our tree boas. They get to be sixteen or seventeen feet long when they are full grown. There's an old fellow in that cage at the end. He is about eleven feet long. The young boas are worth from \$45 to \$50 each; for that old fellow we wouldn't take \$75. He's ac-climated, and we've had him about cleven Potted plants set out of doors will send men to like him That his cage is a python from Africa. He's worth about \$100. Yes, they seem rather sleepy, as you say. Snakes always lie torpid that way unless they are hungry. Then they uncoil and begin to move about. That's the way we tell when to feed them. No, they don't hibernate in, winter here. You see the temperature always remains the same in those glass cases, and they don't feel the changes of

"That cage there contains blacksnakes and house snakes. They are found around houses and barns, and are good things to keep mice away. We feed them on toads, mice and sparrows. They are about five or six feet long. They like to fight, especially when we put a new snake in. Sometimes they get so mixed up they are just like a tangled lot of string, and we have to take them and untwist them. Oh, yes, we take them in our hands; there's no danger when you know how to handle

"That yellow and black fellow is a Western 'rattler.' Those little green ones with him are common garter anakes. No, they're not dangerous. We put them in with the rattler because he von't bother them. The blacksnakes would eat them up. The pink and black lizard-like animal is a Gila monster. He is really a poisonous lizard. He is found only in Arizona, at the bottom of the canons there, where the sun seldom gets at him. They say that sunlight kills the monster. I know we had one in a cage with a lot of green lizards, which needed sun, and I told a boy to set the cage out in the sun. When we came to look at our monster we found him dead. I don't know whether it was the suclight that did it or not, but he seemed in perfect health before that. In its native element it lives on insects, and we try to supply that class of food by the use of raw eggs. He ents about three a week. We just erack the end of the shell and he sucks the egg out. There are but few of them in captivity, and in the European gar-dens they are looked upon as very rare."

A New Submarine Vessel.

It is expected that a submarine vessel, invented by a young Italian engineer namad Balsamillo, will, when perfected, solve the problem of submarine naviga-

The machinery of the new craft will propel and steer her with ease, as well also s sink her below or raise her to the sur-

She will be fitted with leases by which she may be steered, and by which artiles may be seen which it is desirable to oring to the surface. Both on the surface and under it she can be steered in a straight line or turned with the greatest

It is estimated that between six million and seven million roses are sold yearly in HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

EXERCISE IN HOUSEWORK.

Housework is healthy, and many physians recommend it to women who need Walking is not enough; it exercises only the legs, while dusting and sweeping bring an entirely different set of muscles into play. Many girls take more interest in their homes if encouraged to assist in the care of them. Household duties, if properly planned, need take but little time out of a long day. To be systematic in the discharge of such duties is the only way to prop erly accomplish the right amount of work. -New York Journal.

DRYING FRUIT.

Dried fruit is one of the by-products of the farm, and although it will not pay the farmer to hire labor to dry fruit, it will pay to make arrangements in advance for it, so that members of the family car occupy their spare time in this kind of work. In this way a very considerable amount of fruit that otherwise might be bad can be turned into an article not quickly perishable, and for which a narket can alway be found, writes an Ohio farmer. Good apple-parers should be provided for expediting the work, which should be done in such a manner that the fruit when dried will be clean and attractive in appearance. Nothing detracts so much from its value in the eyes of a purchaser as to find the pieces with bits of core sticking to them and poorly pared besides. I do not favor ing any kind of fruit, whether it is dried in the ordinary way or evaporated quickly. If the fruit itself is good to begin with, I would give more for it for my own use when it has been slowly and cleanly dried than for that which has been hurriedly evaporated and bleached with sulphur. Nice dried peaches I consider as good as those that are canned.—New York World.

THE WINTER WINDOW GARDEN.

The housewife who loves flowers must now begin preparations for the stock which shall bloom in the winter garden during winter. Tals is done by making cuttings of such plants as may be desired. Geraniums of all kinds and other soft-wooded plants may be started from cuttings made in the summer. Indeed, the flower garden may be duplicated in the windows indoors through the winter if the right preparations are made now, and the garden may be restocked in the same way. Fuchsias, heliotropes, salvias, coleus, verbenas, bouvardias, and chrysanthemums (and no other flower than the last mentioned will offer so much pleasure) may all be propagated in this way. Roses may also be added to the list. It is not that such plants may not be purchased from the florists easily and cheaply, but the pleasure of growing them and rearing them to pleasing and successful maturity is far greater and more satisfying than the mere possession of plants bought from the florists. Besides, home-grown plants are generally more robust and enduring than those forced under glass. Elsewhere will be found full instructions for growing plants from cuttings and for their management big fellow in black and gray that shares of the pots, and when they are taken up the severance of these feeding roots will give a serious, if not fatal, check to the

BECIPES. Apple Cream Custard-Bake five apples and then remove cores and skins beat whites of three eggs to a froth, add apple and beat. Serve with boiled custard made of one quart of milk, yolks of three eggs, small cup of sugar, quarter

of a cup of flour, little salt. Cream Pic-Line a plate with crust, stir to a cream one-half cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter, add two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour and two cups of milk; mix all together well; flavor to suit the taste, pour into the lined plate and bake like a cus-

To Make Raspherry Salad-To a quart of ripe raspberries you need half a sint of red current jelly and a gill of dear syrup, made by dissolving a gill of sugar in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of hot water; when melted add the currant juice; when cold pour this all over the raspberries, and set on ice till

Flannel Cakes-One quart of flour, ne gill of cornmeal, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter melted in a pint of fresh milk, salt to taste, and two teapoonfuls of baking powder, or half a int of sour cream and one level teaconful of soda. The eggs must be beaten separately, very light. Bake quickly, as you would buckwheat cakes.

Apple Shortkake-Make a crust as for oaking powder biscuit; butter a pie tin, take a piece of the dough sufficient to press out with the hands to half an inch thickness and the size of the tin; dace in the tin, and spread the top with outter; mold out another similar and lay on the top of this, and bake. Prepare tart apples, as for sauce, adding a piece of butter the size of a hickory ut. When the crust is done, carefully divide the layers, spread with butter, and put the hot apple sauce between. Serve with sugar and eream, or other auce as preferred.

Veal Cutlets-Steam the cutlets for a

ew minutes, so as to parly cook them, then wipe them dry. Have ready a dish with finely-powdered cracker-dust, In mother dish have four egg yolks, beaten ight and mixed with two tablespoonlets and egg mixture with salt and pepper. Have ready a frying-pan half full of boiling land. Dip the cutlets, first one side and then the other, in the eggs, and then in the cracker dust, after which put them in the boiling lard; do not disturb them until the under side is brown, then carefully turn, and when the other side is brown, remove to a hot dish and serve at once while crisp. Do not attempt to serve gravy with cut-

"KNEE DEEP! KNEE DEEPP"

Job work-cash on delivery.

Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected ques-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in

"Knee deep! knee deep!" I am a child I hear the cowbells tinkling down the lane

RATES OF ADVERTISING,

One Column, one year 100 00

Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-

The plaintive whippoorwills, the distant Of quails beyond the hill where night-

From lambent skies to fields of golden grain. I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking

Of plowman homeward bound, the lumbering wain, And, down the darkling vale 'mid rushes

"Knee deep! knee deep!" We're all at home-John, Wesley, little

Dead long ago!-and the boy-soldiers twain That sleep by purling stream or old stone In some far-off and unknown grave-we're

At home with mother!-heartache gone and

"Knee deep! knee deep!" -Henry J. Stockard, in the Cosmopolitan. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Goes into tea without being asked-

Society leaders are in the swim everywhere but at the seaside .- Puck. Arbitration gives two parties the

Ladies' change-that found in the ockets of husbands at night,-Boston Courier.

It may be said of a man who invests in a quarry that his lot is a hard one .-Yonkers Gazette.

Some men stand on principles, others trample on them. The latter, naturally, make the most noise. Silver is sold in France by the "kilo."

In this country it comes in quartz.— Commercial Advertiser. A man must necessarily have a sharp ye in order to cast a piercing glance.-

Binghamton Republican. "A good lathering is the first requisite of a good shave." "It is also the best thing for a bad shaver."-New York

"Do you dictate to your typewriter?"
"I used to do so, but I married her and now she dictates to me."—Boston There is reason in all things. Few never call their wives "old hens" until

they became broilers .- Commercial Ad-Dedhed-"Say, doctor, what kind of medicine will cure my cold?" Doctor mart-"The kind I prescribe."- Yan-

An uptown "man recently left his family and has not since been found, although his nose turned up .- Philadel-

If money could be borrowed as easily as trouble, the world would be full of round-shouldered people.—Indianapolis Waggin' Their Tongues .- "Did you

ever know that a wagon spoke?" "Yes, I heard one complain about being tired."

"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang a maiden of uncertain age, "Will I?" murmured a crusty old bachelor. "Do I, you mean?" - Washington Star. I, you mean
"You'll be a President, perhaps,
If well you run life's race."
"I'd rather be," the boy replied,
"The man who plays first base."

— Washington Fost.

"The new assessor is a very honest nan." "You don't say so! What has he been doing?" "Why, he told me he often taxed his own memory."-West

"Judge," said the prisoner, who had

robbed an art store, in a pleading tone, "there ain't any law to prevent a man's taking photographs, is there!"—Chicago Groom-"A ring around the moon is the sign of rain." Bride (sweetly)-

"And a ring around a woman's finger is the sign of--" Groom-(sadly) the sign of-" Gro "Reign."-Jewelers' Weekly. Groom-(sadly) Miss Amy-"Now I'll sing you 'Only Lock of Her Hair." Young Dolley

(after she has made several false starts)-'You don't seem to have the right key for that lock."-Lippincott's. Susan (reciting)—"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward—" Father—"There, Susan, that'll do. We don't want any of that baseball nonsense in this house."—Bosen Transcript.

If progress, now so fresh and fleet, Keeps on, it's just as like as not We'll take our baths, and shave, and eat By putting nickles in the slot.

— Washington Post,

First Citizen (at a street row)-"Is that man lying in the ambulance one of the fighters?" Second Citizen-"No, he was passing at the time and tried to stop the fight. There go the fighters walking off now."-Boston Herald.

"No," said Professor Feelem, the eminent phrenologist," my profession does not yield a life full of sunshine, as many suppose, I tell you;" and he wiped away a tear. "I've felt some pretty hard bumps in my life."-Light.

"Are you a student or a practicing physician?" asked the young woman of e young man who had been known as 'Doctor' since last June. "Neither," he said, with a depth of disappointment which she could not fathom .- Washing-

Mr. Chugwater (explaining matters to visitors) - My wife is generally well, but she is suffering to day from rheumatism, influenza, toothache, a score thumb and an inflamed eye. In her case it never rains but it pours. Mrs. Chug water (explaining matters also .- "I don't make any fuss about it, though. I am not like my husband. He never pains, but he routs."-Chicago Telhune

Prime Minister Crispi, of Italy, is a millionaire, though poorest Italian revolutionary exiles thirty years