## THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

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anhacriptions received for a shorter period three months.

The railroad capital of the world is estimated at \$29,000,000,000.

Tests of new and remarkable guns are being made all over Europe. It is said, Where the flerce simoon o'er the desert blew, significantly observes the Mail and Er- Now falls at even heaven's refreshing dew, press, that in times of peace nations pre- Within a soul held long in error's snare,

The British South Africa Company, it that any servant discovering a mine in the country covered by the company's charter will be made a co-proprietor of it with the company.

History shows that the closing ten years of each century have been years of calamity, "There is no reason to believe that the coming decade will be an exception to the rule," is the gloomy view of the situation taken by the Atlanta known you!" Constitution.

Mrs. Kendal, the English actress, paid a most glorious tribute to American men and customs, thinks the Chicago Post, when she told a newspaper reporter in London that she would rather her daughter should go alone from New York to San Francisco in America than walk down Bond street in London unattended.

There are 200,000 women in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 125,000 in the King's Daughters, 100,-000 in the Woman's Relief Corps, and 35,000 in the Eastern Star. An aggregate of nearly 500,000 banded together under various names for loyal service to all manner of human need, exclaims the New York Sun.

A Dublin correspondent tells the New York Mail and Express that the "manufactures that exist in Ireland can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is the linen industry, a famous brewing house and an equally famous distillery. The whole lot combined does not have as many hands employed as there are to be found in many single wards in Philadelphia.

A seventeen-year-old Baltimore girl pleaded guilty in court to having killed her brother and one Louisa Broadwaters by poisoning their coffee, and refused to draw the plea because she had done it, and, like the immortal George, she could not tell a lie. Such moral sensitiveness to truth and such immoral insensibility to murder, make, comments the New York World, a queer psychological mixture.

The proposition to abolish titles in France may be taken, declares the Chicago Neses, as a wholesome indication of the growth of republicanism among the people of that country. France has been a progressive nation since the days of Clovis, and in tearing off the bauble decoration of "nobility" she will be a long way shead of the rest of Europe. It is time for the old world to learn that honor and glory do not reside in a decoration, nor is there any nobility in wearing a bit of metal danging from a ribbon. Verily, a policeman's star is of more use and has a deeper significance.

A recent article in Bradstreet's gives some surprising statistics of the commerce of the great lakes. During 234 days of navigation last year tonnage passed through the Detroit River to the amount of 10,000,000 tons more than the entrie and clearances of all the seaports in the United States, and 3,000,-000 tons more than the combined foreign and constwise shipping of Liverpool and London. This does not include traffic between Lakes Superior and Michigan or Lakes Erie and Ontario, or local traffic between ports of these lakes. The growth of ship-building on the lakes has been very marked in the last few years. In 1986-7 there were thirty-one boats built, valued at \$4,074,000, and in 1889-90 there were fifty-six built, valued at \$7,-866,000, the tendency being, as elsewhere, toward iron and steel for large

A startling number of suicides have lately taken place among Portuguese authors. Last June the aged poet Castello Branco, the best-liked novel writer of the day, shot himself. He was well off and had a numerous family, but had lately suffered from a malady of the eyes. Shortly before his death he had written a novel in which voluntary death was praised as the most beautiful close to an active life. His funeral was celebrated like that of Victor Hugo in France. A few weeks ago the author Silva de Braga took his own life after writing many realistic novels in which the hero always committed suicide. On July 23 a school director and secretary of the municipality of Almada, Professor Arthur Mattos e Lemos, took his life in a hotel in Lisbon with a revolver. In a letter to his wife he declared that the earthly life offered him no more room for the development of his mind. On the 25th of the same month Professor Frederick Augustua Oom, director of the Royal Observatory at Ajada, also shot himself. He was only forty-live.

# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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RECLAIMED.

Where once there was a waste of des

Now fertile gardens gladden all the land. Dwells a free spirit in sanctified prayer,

Poor desert land! Poor soul by error claimed Once ye were lost, but now ye are reclaimed. is reported, has proposed to its employes -Moses G. Shirley, in Youth's Companion.

## A BAD HALF-HOUR.

"I haven't known you very long, Marion faltered, looking down on the

by days? It has been a lifetime to me, Marion. I have lived only since I have

The sentiment was not new. And John Gordon was only a fine looking man, it a becoming summer suit, and a black silk shirt and sash-for this was Rocky

Beach. But to Marion Taylor-"I do like-l-l-love you, Mr. Gor-don!" she said, bravely. "It hasn't been long, but I have come to care for you You are the first man I have ever been

willing to marry. "And I'll be the last!" John Gordon cried, and pressed her hand hard. They were close to Marion's hotel

If the imposing, not to say for midable figure of Marion's Aunt Paulina had not been apparent on the piazza, they might have lingered still. John Gordon turned his eyes to her.

"She doesn't like me, Marion," he said, softly. "What will she say?" Marion was a soft faced and gentle eyed girl, but she held her chin high at

"Whatshe says can make no difference! Good-by, John!"
"Good-by!" the young man uttered,

rapturously.

And a moment later Marion was drop ping into a bamboo porch chair-a small one; Aunt Paulina occupied a large one. A glance at her strong-featured, im-

erturable countenance was enough for Marion. She said to herself, slangily, that something was up. "You remember my saying, Marion," Aunt Paulina began, "that I was dissatis-

fied with this place?" Marion's eyes opened. Aunt Paulina

had once remarked that her bed was a "Well, I have rather suddenly made

up my mind to leave. The Dawsons are at Ripley, and they write me that the place is charming. It is only ten miles ng the coast, Marion, and I have told Sarah to get our things together, so we can start this afternoon. I think we shall both be better for the change."

Marion looked down. Her impulses were many. She came near laughing, but gasped instead, not wholly with astonishment.

She was not unused to her Aunt Paulina's methods, and her principal emotion now was a sort of admiration for her boldness; for the case was a clear one even to unsuspicious Marion.

with a surprising burst of candor, "it's that young man! Marion, you well know that I wholly disapprove of him. I lay awake last night thinking of it. I must do something. The blame will be on my head if I allow you to go on!" Aunt Paulina declared, solemnly. what do you know about him?"

"Not very much, Aunt Paulina," said Marion, gently.

"How long have you known him?" Aunt Paulina demanded. "Since we came. Six weeks, you

"Six weeks!" said Aunt Paulina, all for theories and notions. ing grimly on the name. "The Lambs! people who take up everybody and any-

you know where he is from?" "Boston, I think," said Marion, "You think! And his business?"

ody. Just that is enough for me! Do

"Something about glass," I believe. "Glass! And his property-has he got any?"

"I don't know," said Marion, frowning at last. "He doesn't talk about himself all the time."

For reasons, doubtless," said Aunt Paulina, looking rigid. "Marion, listen to me, child! I cannot consent to sit be blue-blooded, exclusive and irres ill and see - A young man of whom | proachable. we know nothing, and you, Marion, with money secured to you! Marion, you owe comething to me-some consideration, some obedience-

Aunt Paulina was growing flushed and incoherent, and since Marion knew about | the country." what she was going to say, it was as well that Sarah came just then to make an inquiry, and that Aunt Paulina found it accessary to go back with her.

Marion sat like a pale, wide-eyed space. mild lines of her sweet mouth would have made it clear to an observer what she would do. She would go with her Aunt Paulina, of course; what else? She to let you off. had never yet thought of opposing her. She owed her everything, and she had always hitherto put faith in her judg-

But as to this about John Gordon! She would have to go-have to leave Rocky Beach to-day—have to leave John. But give him up? Never-never! She would write to him-do anything and everything. But go she must. Paulina was making preparations; Sarah was packing; and Marion looked off toward the rolling surf with a distressed

and sombre gaze, her red lips a-quiver. She did not see her Aunt Paulina again till three o'clock that afternoon, to Aunt Paulina. For Aunt Paulina's water back of the village." plans went like clock-work. Trunks were packed and bills were paid and a stand, Mrs. Field," said Mr. Gordon, cub engaged, and at three o'clock Aunt | mildiy

"Ripley, Mrs. Dawson writes," she be-Cheevers are there, and the Longs. Honry Cheever, you know, has just returned from abroad-a very pleasant young man. And that young Long must be twenty-six or seven by this time. And there will be others, of thought of going. All young girls have their foolish moments, Marion, and you

Aunt Paulina's reassuring remarks were interrupted.

"The three-ten," she said to the station agent, as she sat down in the waiting room-"is it on time?"

three-eight, do you mean, ma'am?" he responded. "It's just gone, ma'am, this minute. The three-fifty is the next, ma'am." "Who told me it was three-ten?" said

Aunt Paulina, sternly. But nobody had. "Forty minutes! What an aggravation! Sarah, get the tickets!" She settled into displeased silencedispleased and uneasy. Her brow was

furrowed, and her eyes roved toward the door apprehensively. She was ill at ease, quiet Marion reflected, for fear poor John Gordon

would put in an appearance.

John Gordon did not, but what was almost as bad, Mr. Lamb did.

Mr. Lamb, in a very thin suit, but perspiring still with the combined pressure of the heat and a hundred and eighty pounds, came puffing in, bought a ticket, and sat down and fanned himself with his hat and newspaper.

"Ah, Mrs. Field and Miss Taylor!" he exclaimed. "Whither away? I'm bound for the city for half an hour. Hot day, but I've something I can't neglect. Gordon promised to go with me. Where the rascal? Train in ten minutes, Where is he, Miss Taylor? You ought to know. He came over and sat down beside

them-large cheerful and smiling. Aunt Paulina frowned, but she might as well have smiled; Mr. Lamb behaved as though she had.

"You ought to know, young lady," he insisted, jollily. "Keeps you informed, doesn't he? How do you like him, anyhow? Nice fellow, ch?"

Mr. Lamb rattled his paper, and looked at his audience beamingly.
"Fine is the word for him! One of the brightest young fellows I know. Good company every time, Gordon 1s.

Haven't you found him so?"
"Yes," Marion murmured, though Aunt Paulina looded like a thundercloud.

"Jolly fellow, Gordon. And that isn't all of him. He's clever-that's the new word, ain't it? Smart's what I mean. First-class business fellow, but he goes deeper. He's what you might call lit-Insatiable reader—up to every-Even published an article once. You know he ranched it for a year, for tun, and he wrote it up for the Arctic Monthly, and it made rather a sensation.

Clever fellow! prow, with a cough. Literary qualities had always been admired in her family.

Her grandfather had been a minister. Well, he ought to be, I suppos said Mr. Lamb, reflectively. graduated at Yale, and had a year or two at Heidelberg afterward. Traveled all over Europe and took everything in. You've noticed how well-informed he is about all sorts of things, Mrs. Field? Astonishingly!

"Um-m!" said Aunt Paulina, clearing her throat.

"He's practical, though," said Mr. Lamb, with half-closed eyes. "He isn't He means tragically. "And you walk with him to be a rich man yet, and he's in a fair every day, and boat and bathe, and way to be. It's one of the greatest glass dance in the evening. And you were and china businesses in New England, introduced by the Lambs!" her lips clos- and the income is pretty big. It was a fine business when his father died, but Gordon has built it up wonderfully. He owns good property there in Boston, too. Well, I suppose Gordon is worth seventyfive thousand anyhow.'

"How much?" said Aunt Paulina. "About seventy-five. The Gordons have been a rich family since the flood, I reckon. Good old family, the Boston Gordons. He's Higgins on his mother's side. She was a Philadelphia Higgins. Let's see-you're from Philadelphia, Mrs.

"I am," said Paulina, agitatedly. She was, and knew the Higginses to

"Well, here I'm blowing about him your beauty and amiability and with my like a house afire. But there's ample excuse for it. Miss Taylor-excuse me; I'm a rough old customer-but if things do come out all right, accept my congratulations. He's the fluest fellow in

> Silence for a moment, which the rattle Mr. Lamb's paper—he was fanning Aunt Paulina-alone disturbed.

Aunt Paulina looked fixedly into "There he is now!" said Mr. Lamb, at

footsteps outside. "Here you are! Don't care a bit about going in with me, do bathing suits and enjoyed ourselves."you? Well, it is hot. Guess I'll have

John Gordon bowed low to Aunt Paulins, and smilingly to Marion, and sat down beside her. He had a red-andsat down beside her. white cap now, and a red sash instead of the black one, and he looked handsomer than ever. But he looked astonished and alarmed.

"Where are you going?" he said to Marion, auxiously "To Ripley," she answered, her eyes

lowered. "Ripley! Goodness, is that where?" Mr. Lamb cried. "Not for good, Mrs. and many other persons occupying publicled? Why, typhold fever has broken lie positions being designated by the preout there within a day or two, and there's six cases already. It's lower land than of the title in this country. hich was agreeable both to herself and | 'tis here, you know, and there's standing "It's a malignant form of it, I under-

down herself, and drew a sigh of relief for?" Mr. Lamb demanded. "What's the matter with the Beach? It's a jollier place any time; and now, with typhoid paper said everybody's leaving the

"Mercy, Aunt Paulina!" Marion murnured; the corners of her mouth were

twitching "My train!" said Mr. Lamb, getting course. I am sure you witl be glad I to his stout legs with no small effort. Well, I haven't the heart to drag you Gordon. It's too warm; along, have had yours, and you will yet be there's another consideration-a more powerful one. I doubt whether you'd The station was close at hand, and go if I wanted you to," said Mr. Lamb, with a rumbling laugh, and made the laborious bow of a fat man and boarded his train alone.

"Surely, Mrs. Field," said John Gordon, turning his honest, bright eyes upon her, "you are not going to Ripley? You wouldn't think of such a thing? You'll give it up, Mrs. Field-you cer-

Aunt Paulins looked him over from head to foot. Did she smile?

Marion almost thought she did. At any rate she looked calm and benignant. "I think I shall give it up," she responded. "I think it seems advisable."
"I'll run and call a cab," John Gordon said, joyfully. "Or wait-won't you take a drive with me, Mrs. Field?" Let me get a carriage and take you and Miss Taylor for a drive. For the breeze, you know. Say yes, Mrs. Field!"

But he was off before Aunt Paulina ould say yes. It was during that drive that their

engagement was announced, and well Marion loved her Aunt Paulina, and was scruplously respectful to her ever: and the true history of that Ripley plan

she never divulged. When her lover would say dubiously, "And your Aunt Pauline positively dis-liked me at first, Marion!" she would

merely answer: "But who could dislike you long, John, dear?"-Saturday Night.

The Finest of Saawls.

The finest shawls that are used in this or any other market, said a well-informed representative of the shawl trade to the Saunterer, are those made in India and known as the India shawl. There is an imitation India shawl made in France, but while it is an excellent product of the loom, it does not in any way compare with the genuine article. The real India shawl is made from the wool of the Cashmere goat by the natives of that land. The India shawl is 'made in strips or pieces by hand and colored and then sewed together, and the greatest care is observed in its manufacture. In the imitation India the wool of a species of the same animal is used, but it is of an inferior quality, and the goats that furnish the French market with the material are raised in Australia. England produces the camel's hair shawl, the velvet and the beaver shawls. The camel's hair shawl is not made from the hair of a camel, as a good many people suppose, but from the combings of the wool of a certain kind of sheep. These combings are woven loosely so as to secure the peculiar Aunt Paulina raised her lowering effect that is a characteristic of this make. Resides the imitation India, France manu factures a great quantity of broche shawls in singles and doubles. The material used in them is all pure wool. Another kind of shawl imported from France is a pattern like the real Paisley. Formerly these Paisleys were made in Scotland only, but the French shawl manufacturer pilfered the design from the Scotch, and as a result very few of the Paisley shawls come from the land of the plaid and the agpipe. Those that are made are to fill special orders, as they are an expensive luxury. In the real Paisley the wool is the purest and finest selected, and no chemicals of any kind are used in its

### preparation .- Chicago Post. A Sand Storm in Utah.

William H. Ballou, the author of "The Upper Ten," "The Bachelor Girl," etc., lated this story at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to a group of interested gentlemen: When I was in Salt Lake City recently I followed the fashion there and went every afternoon with long train loads of people out to Great Salt Lake, twenty miles distant to float on the surface and enjoy the salt bath. One afternoon as the train drew near to the station at Garfield, one of those extraordinary sand storms, prevalent there, came whirling down through the mountain ravines. s these storms, I think, that will one day fill up the lake bed and leave a small imitation of Sahara. This particular storm was terrific and terrified the pleasure seekers. It passed directly in the path of the train, and in less time than I can tell it the engine and cars were covered with a deep bank of sand from which there sammed no hope of getting out with our lives. The atmosphere within was hot and stifling; we were

literally buried alive." "How did you finally get out?" asked

gentleman. Why, the train had scarcely stopped before the storm changed in direction and blew every grain of sand back up the mountain sides. Then we got on our New York Press.

Who May Wear the Title "Hon."

In England the title of "Honorable" bestowed upon Earls, Viscounts and Barons, both sons and daughters; also upon members of the House of Com-mons, Mayors of principal cities and other persons occupying positions of trust and honor. In the United States the title is more freely bestowed, judges of courts, members of both branches of Congress, members of State Legislatures, Governors of States, Mayors of cities There is no limit to the application official, and no one can claim it of right. It is simply a mark of favor, and indiscriminately that it can hardly be longer considered a mark of especial dis-Paulina saw her nicce into it and sat ; "Ripiny! What have you got to go tinction. - Detroit Free Press.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A great hydraulic canal is proposed to convey a portion of the water of Niagara River, and thus utilize this enormous power for manufacturing purposes.

Of the 4200 species of flowers now cultivated in Europe, only ten per cent. give forth any order. Therefore, it cannot be said that most flowers are fra-The latest invention is clothing made

of a fabric in which fine threads of cork are interwoven with wool or silk, which renders it impossible for the wearer to sink in water. One of the latest inventions in the bicycle line in a whistle that is operated

the automatic application of a small wheel upon the revolving tire of the steering wheel. Professor Cohen, of Breslau, Germany, has found by careful experiment that the heating of damp hay to a temperature

sufficient to cause speataneous combustion is due to a fungus. The distance from which a lighthouse becomes visible on board an ocean vessel depends upon the state of the weather and the ocean. In clear, calm weather

a powerful light can be seen thirty miles. A New York inventor has completed an air-pressing machine whereby cars compress the air which moves them, and allowing for friction this can continue long enough to be the next thing to per

petual motion. Professor Orton, while urging the imperative necessity of taking action to restrict the wasteful use of natural gas, admits that even the strictest regulations

cannot prevent the exhaustion of the supply in a few years. It has been suggested that the study of the influence of diet and habit upon the color of hair in different nations of men may cause discoveries by which the

color of the hair in the human race may be modified by judicious treatment. Bricks boiled in coal tar are rendered hard and durable, and machine-made brick, if boiled for a long period, say twenty-four hours, become waterproof Bricks thus treated are well adapted for sewers, cesspools, and the foundations of

A curious farinaceous substance is reported by M. Rene de Champagne to have fallen in Asiatic Turkey during a hatistorm, and to have been sold by the under the name of "celestial grain." It is described as resembling the mulberry in shape and size.

One cause assigned by several physicians and druggists for the increasing number of victims to the opium habit is the use of antipyrene. A great number of young women, especially female clerks, take antipyrene in such quantities that it finally loses its restorative power. They then resort to morphine.

Baron James Rothschild, of London, has adorned his drawing-room with the most superb electrolier ever made. It is imposed of gilt bronze and rock crystal in a design of the time of Louis XVI. sixty-eight electric lights being skillfully arranged among the bronze leaves. This unique illuminator is about five feet high by twenty-eight inches in diameter, and

cost \$6000. To end the long dispute which has been waged with reference to the right designation of the metal which is now assuming such importance, it is urged that the largest producers in the world favor the form aluminum, which also has the advantage of greater brevity, and that therefore foreign scientific journals and scientific men should follow the example of American journals and call it once for all aluminum, instead of alum-

## His Heart Was on His Right Side.

A man with his heart on the right side and his internal arrangements generally wrong fell under the knife of the doctors at the University of Pennsylvania a few days ago, says the Philadelphia Record. Dr. Thomas C. Clark, while dissecting and demonstrating upon the body of man, probably fifty years old, discovered a complete inversion of the abdomina and thoracic viscera, the peculiar nature of which is that the heart, instead of being on the left side, was found to be on the right, and the aorta, or great artery, instead of arching to the right, turned to

Upon further examination it was found that the stomach and spleen were also on the right side, while the liver, instead of being on the right, was on the left side

-a complete inversion of these organs. Dr. Joseph Leidy, LL. D., the eminent cientist and professor of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, visited the the dissecting-room, and after a thorough examination, said there was a complete transversion of the organs and wonderful anomaly. He stated that in all probability there was not a similar

case in existence. The cadaver was afterward presented to the university and placed in the museum. - Chicago Herald.

## A Rain Tree.

Augusta, Ga., has a curiosity in the shape of a "rain tree." it the Augusta Chronicle says: "Here is the city, with electric cars flitting backward and forward every few minutes, almost under its shadow, is a veritable rain tree, which, for the past ten days, has been throwing off a slight shower and the ground beneath it kept in a state of moistness equal to that after a steady shower of considerable duration. Citizens eye it curiously, and many of the more ignorant, especially darkies in that of firm faith, that the tree is visited with Journal, some uncanny potency."

## A Valuable Volume.

There is now in San Francisco a volume than which there are few more valuable in the world. It is worth exactly \$30,000. It is a registry of the whereabouts and identity of 3000 Chinese corpses in the city cemetery, all of which have to be dug up and returne to China in due time, while a disinterment permit costs \$10. - Chicago Times.

# LAND OF FRUIT GARDENS.

THE WONDERFUL PRODUCTIVE-NESS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Supposed to be Worthless Except for Grazing-Baren Wastes Made to Blossom Like the Rose.

Southern California has been slowly

understood even by its occupants, who have wearied the world by boasting of its productiveness. Originally it was a vast cattle and sheep ranch. It was supposed that the land was worthless except for grazing. Held is princly ranches of twenty, fifty, one hundred thousand acres, in some cases areas larger than German principalities, tens of thousands of cattle roamed along the watercourses and over the mesas, vast flocks of sheep cropped close the grass and trod the sor into hard-pan. The owners exchanged cattle and sheep for corn, grain and garden vegetables; they had no faith that they could grow cereals, and it was too much trouble to procure water for a garden or a fruit orchard. It was the firm belief that most of the rolling mesa land was unfit for cultivation, and that neither forest nor fruit trees would grow without irrigation. Between Los Anegles and Redondo Beach is a ranch of 35,000 acres. Seventeen years ago it was owned by a Scotchman, who used the whole of it as a sheep ranch. In selling it to the present owner he warned him not to waste time by attempting to farm it; he raised no fruit nor vegetables, planted no trees, and bought all his corn, wheat and barley. The purchaser, however, began to experiment. He planted trees and set out orchards which grew, and in a couple of years he wrote to the former owner that he had 8000 acres in fine wheat. To say it in a word, there is scarcely an acre of the tract which is not highly productive in barley, wheat, corn, potatoes, while considerable parts of it

are especially adapted to the English walnut and to the citrus fruits. On this route to the sea the road is lined with gardens. Nothing could be more unpromising in appearance than this soil before it is plowed and pulverized by the cultivator. It looks like a barren waste, We passed a tract that was offered three years ago for twelve dollars an acre. Some of it now is rented to Chinamen at thirty dollars an acre; and I saw one field of two acres off which a Chinaman had sold in one season \$750 worth of cabbages.

The truth is that almost all the land is wonderfully productive if intelligently handled. The low ground has water so near the surface that the pulverized soil will draw up sufficient moisture for the crops; the mesa, if sown and cultivated after the annual rains, matures grain and corn and sustains vines and fruit trees. It is singular that the first settlers should never have discovered this productiveness. When it became apparent-that is productiveness without artificial watering-there spread abroad a notion that irrigation generally was not needed. We shall have occasion to speak of this more in detail, and I will now only say, on good authority, that while cultivation, not to keep down the weeds only, but to keep the soil stirred and prevent it bakland in southern California, there are portions where irrigation is always necessary, and there is no spot where the yield of grain will not be quadrupled by judicious irrigation. There are places where irrigation is excessive and harmful both to the quality and quantity of oranges and grapes.

The history of the extension of cultivation in the last twenty and especially in the past ten years from the foot-hills Sierra Madre in Los Augeles and San Bernardino Counties southward to San Diego is very curious. Experiments were timidly tried. Every acre of sand and sage-brush reclaimed southward was supposed to be the last capable of profitable farming or fruit-growing. It is unsafe now to say of any land that has not been tried that it is not good. In every valley and on every hill-side, on the mesas and in the sunny nooks in the mountains, nearly anything will grow, and the application of water produces marvelous results. From San Bernardino and Redlands, Riverside, Pomona, Outario, Santa Anita, San Gabriel, Pasadena, all the way to Los Angeles, is almost a continuous fruit-garden, the green areas emphasized by wastes yet unreclaimed; a land of charming cot tages, thriving towns, hospitable to the fruit of every clime; a land of perpetual sun and ever-flowing breeze, looked down on by purple mountain ranges tipped here and there with enduring now. And what is in progress here will be seen before long in almost every part of this wonderful land, for while tions of soil and climate are essentially everywhere the same, and capital is findng out how to store in and bring from the fastnesses of the mountains rivers of clear water taken at such elevations that the whole arable surface can be irrigated. The development of the country has only just begun. - Harper's Magazine.

## A New Way of Brashing Hair.

"The proper way to brush hair," says a well-known hairdresser, "is not to brush it lengthwise, but to hold the ends of the hair, if it is long enough, and simply scrub with the brush. cess promotes the circulation of the blood, and excites the oil-glands to retion. After the hair has been thoroughly brushed in this way, it should be then finished with a few vigorous strokes lengthwise of the hair."-New York

## A Poet's Plea for Mercy.

Walt Whitman is popularly thought to have no sense of humor, but the other day a young man dropped in upon him at his humble home, in Camden, N. J., Introduced himself as a poet, and begged to be allowed permission to read selecrious from a bundle of manuscripts which e carried. "No, thank you," said Whitman, courteously but firmly; "I have been paralyzed twice."-Argonaut.

# Haif Column, one year ..... 50 00

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#### DETAMLAND

On the other side of no pince, And traversed by mirroring streams.
Is the land that belongs to no race,

Tis a country of flowers and fountains, With landscapes fair to behold, Where green hills and grey mountains

There are fruits that mortals ne'er tasted, There are skies of beauty most rare,

We long for this land of the air. Tis a place we never shall visit, Though often we gaze on its charms, For it comes as a pleasure exquisite, When we rest in old Morpheus's arms.

## E. R. Pritchard, in Arkansaw Traveler

rent .- Galveston News. You can easily fill the public eye if you only have the dust .- New York News,

ensily."-Life. Clever tact will win in business, and

A level surface is flat, yet there is a listinction between a level-headed man and a flat-headed one .- Pittsburg Chron-

iven as much as he deserves .- Atchison "This is the worst snap I ever struck,"

Goslin—"I just gave him a piece of my mind, doucherknow." Dolly (anx-iously)—"How could you spare it?"— Munrey's Weekly.

the parlor when your sister receives he the dark."-Life. She-"If you attempt to kiss me I'll

The iceman now doth count with gles
The gold of summer's winning;
The coal man, too, exuits; for he
Will now enjoy an inning.

—Munsey's Weekly.

We all want the elevator to wait for us, but when we are in we don't like to see it kept waiting any longer for any-

"Uncle Jacobs, aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?" "Laws, y' Honah, dis place am respecable ter some places where I am seen."—Recket

"Irreverent? Yes, indeed. Why, if it were possible, it would be just like

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,

Weep, and you weep alons;

Fail, and the world laughs at you;

Don's, and it's all your own.

— Washington Star. "What is the difference, papa, between a tour and a junket!" "A number of

"What uncleanly people they seem to be out West," said Mrs. De Lite, of Boston; "here is a case of a man starting in to clean out a town, and they actually

lovely time last summer. Four other through the Catskills." But do you believe, Elizabeth, that the tramp enjoyed it?"

to make the world believe that he is a Sovrates."—Fliegende Blactter. Watts-"Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of socialism is to divide with your brother man." Potts

Teacher-"Explain the difference between law and custom." Boy (who owns a sailboat)-"Accordin' to law, a steamboat must give the right of way to a sailboat, but 'cording to custom the sailboat has got ter make tracks or get

hour, and he agreed to everything I said, and never interrupted me but once, and that was to say that there was a bug on my dress collar, and even then he apologized."-Dansville Breeze. A Reckless Promise .- "Wife (who is going to the country)-"Will you come

see me next Sunday?" Husband-"Why, of course. I'll speed to you on the wings of love!" Wife-"You come then on the express train?" Husband-"Oh, no; the slow local train will suit me well enough?"-Fliegende Blastter. "These barbed wire fences ain't no good," said the farm hand. "I wouldn't

have one of 'em around the place if I had my way." "Why not!" inquired the stranger. "They're cheap and strong and keep cattle in better thin anything else." "That may be," reanything else." plied the farm hand, "but then a feller can't sit down on 'em." — Chicago Light.

The clerks of an English telegraph of-

tion Day occurred in Washington City on May 30, 1868.

The land that we see in our dreams

Stretch away toward a sunset of gold.

And, although it is time wasted,

#### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Castles in the air do not bring in any

She-"He talks like a book." He-"What a pity he doesn't shut up as

clever tacking will win a yacht race. -Pittsburg Dispatch. They fill our daily oup with gall As through the world we go, These two: The man who knows it all And he who "told you so."

A dead man is given more charity than e can make use of; a living man isu't

remarked the woodchuck when he got caught in a steel trap. —Birghamton Re-

She-"I hope you do not remain in flance" He-"No; 'cause I'm afraid of

call mamma." He--"What would happen then?" She-"Oh, nothing, for mamma isn't at home."-Chicago Post.

body else .- Somerville Journal.

Snively-"Have you ever sailed in a birch canoe?" Snodgrass-"No; my only experience with the birch was when I was paddled with it."-Munsey's Weekly.

him to sit around and munch peanuts at his own funeral."-Indianapolis Journal.

our own party makes a tour. A junket is the trip of a number of the opposition.

shot him."-St. Joseph News. "And oh, Uncle Silas, I had such a Vassar girls and myself took a tramp

"And does that please you, Mrs. Brown, that your husband calls you a Xautippe in public?" "Oh, I don't grudge him the little pleasure of trying

-"Then you don't understand it correct-The first principle of socialism is to make your brother divide with you,"-Indianapolis Journal.

smashed." Good News, "I tell you, Mr. Jenks is a nice man."
"So?" "Yes. I talked to him over an

fice found it difficult to convince a lady that they could not transmit the key of the front door to her husband. The first formal observance of Decora-