

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.

Volapuk, the universal language, is so popular in Boston that it is taught in its high school.

It is the London Echo's prediction that before the close of the present century that city will have 5,000,000 inhabitants.

A French physician rises to say that only weak-minded people are affected by hypnotism, which, as a means of cure for disease, he holds to be "inefficacious in every experiment."

The Christian Observer of Louisville, Ky., is satisfied after an examination of the census returns of the population of various cities in the South, that the growth of the membership of the Southern Presbyterian Church in those cities has been almost if not quite as large as that of the population.

Says the Washington Star: The greatest doers of things in modern times—Oliver Cromwell, Frederick the Great, Napoleon Bonaparte, Otto Bismarck and, after a long interval, Henry M. Stanley—have been men of colossal egotism. The egotist puts no brakes on his own genius, whatever he may put on other people.

A careful survey of Westminster Abbey, London, taken under the direction of the Royal Commission, which has just adjourned its sittings, has made known the fact that there still remain ninety places within the edifice where interments may take place. It is pointed out that, taking the average of the last century, it will be a long time before these ninety places are filled up.

The German Emperor had done a graceful act in presenting to the first child born in Heligoland since the cession of the island to Germany a gold cup as a souvenir of the fact that he (for it is a male) had the Kaiser for a godfather. The child is the only living native of the island who is subject to military service, as all of inhabitants at the time of the treaty were exempted.

The list of candidates placed upon the State and county tickets in New Mexico and Arizona read like the pedigree of a Spanish Hidalgo, states the Chicago News. There were "Gonzaleses," "Antonios" and "Ygnacios" enough to fill the Alameda de Gotha, while the number of "Don Jose's" and "Gregories" would suffice to equip a whole nickel library with legends of life on the main. The Las Vegas (New Mexico) County ticket, for instance, sported the names of fourteen Mexicans and two Americans. This county seems to be wonderfully composite and magnificently polyglot.

Miss Irene Hoyt, the heiress of a New York millionaire, has taken up a curious fad. She is a collector—a collector of corner lots. She has picked up a number of fine pieces of property in New York, and has made many such investments in other cities. Wherever a corner lot seems worth adding to her interesting collection she always becomes its purchaser, no matter what the price. Her highest delight is found in such acquisitions. Miss Hoyt is perhaps the first collector, assumes the Chicago Post, who has made corner lots a specialty, but there is no reason why her inexpensive and amusing fad should not be as popular as the pursuit of old coins, autographs and postage stamps.

Deputy Moreau's bill looking to the abolition of titles in France by taxing them heavily proposes an annual impost so graded that merely to wear the prefix "de" would cost the wearer \$100 a year, while the title "Prince," with the prefix "Highness," would necessitate an annual outlay of \$50,000. These are, of course, prohibitory rates, observes the Philadelphia Record; and they may well cause a flutter of trepidation in the bosoms of ambitious American girls with whose matrimonial dreams are blended visions of a coronet. But the most probable result will be an influx to the shores of a herd of alleged refugee noblemen, coupled with complaints from France of an unaccountable scarcity of barbers and waiters.

An unique gathering has been held in Louisville, Ky., of the famous Withers family of Meade County, all the members of which are over six feet six inches in height, and whose average weights are 191 pounds. There are six brothers, all of whom, but one, are well-to-do farmers in Meade County. The object of the reunion was to welcome W. W. Withers, a brother, who has been absent in Texas for the past ten years. They were present when the train came in, and the six, when standing together, attracted a large crowd, which viewed them as a importation of Kentucky giants. One of the characteristics of this family is their great affection for each other. They are proud of their unusual statures, but never boast of their strength. Their mother, Mrs. Mary Withers, is still living, and is eighty-nine years of age.

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CHRISTMAS CAROL. Ring, merry bells, ring, In the light of the Christmas morn; Sing, happy hearts, sing, For your Saviour, the Lord, is born. Know the star To the manger far, And look on your swaddled King. Give, worshippers, give, With the wise from the Eastern plains; Let the suffering children receive From the hoards of your golden gains. Then shall ye see The sweet mystery, That the Christ-child lives and reigns. —Maria Upham Drake.

THE DUNNS' CHRISTMAS.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

"The Lord will provide." A good enough text if a man gets a good grip on it. A man who knows how to apply sound doctrine might satisfy one's brain with it, even if he had an empty stomach, but it's an insult on top of an injury to expect a half-starved man to content stomach and brain with gruelly sermons. He never drew blood from the text. Jost all a piece of flowery language, without main soul or religion in't than you'd draw from a pump. If he had put a bit heart in't, but seen't there was neither heart nor brain in it, what good was all the fine words? They say he has a good delivery—the Lord deliver us from such vanity in long words. People who call in the doctors to help them whet their appetites may be satisfied with that kind of preachin', but people whose wits are taxed as much as their muscle to keep body and soul together want more substantial food than Mr. Barnes brings to the market. If we are starved in this world, that's no reason we should be pinched in the next. But along comes Mr. Barnes with his flowery sermons, his cambric linen, an' his hair banged, an' tells us that if we are thin builded here, we ought to be thankful an' satisfied, because we are prepared to go where we'll have no blud at all.

A silence fell upon Sandy Rea's audience. Many smiled, and one or two laughed outright at his quaint speech. It was a chilly morning; the dense fog rising from the river obscured the sky. The lamp in the railway station revealed men in soiled, worn, ill-fitting, patched and ragged clothes. Grimy, seamed, knotted hands clasped dinner pails. Faces lined with care; unshaved, full-bearded faces; serious, sad, resolute and apathetic faces.

It was on a morning like this, when a pall hung over the busy city, and the atmosphere was laden with fog and soot blended into a yellowish murkiness, that Shuttelburg was shocked by an ever-showering calamity. From the midst of the dense fog flashes of light shot forth at times throughout the morning; tongues of flame ascended from the mill stacks; eyes of fire winked in the fog bank, and dull, yellowish glares of light were projected horizontally as the furnace doors were opened. A babel of sound arose; the clanging of iron against iron, the ringing of mighty anvils pounded by gigantic hammers, the dull, muffled sound of the iron rolls, and the ceaseless clang of iron falling on the cooling plates was borne from the river side up and over the beetling cliffs.

On that dull October morning, when the wheels were whirling fast, and the iron-workers, stripped to their waists were bathed in perspiration, a sound smote the heavy air like the crash of worlds. The iron-workers, momentarily stunned, instantly comprehended the nature of the disaster. Every man and boy who had sense and strength sought safety in flight. In the headlong rush a puddler seized a boy in his flight, and ran with him to the side of the building. A portion of the bursted boiler in its descent cut the roof of the mill as though it were made of paper; the falling timbers caught the man and boy, and before they could be extricated, the man breathed his last. The boy's right arm was lacerated from his shoulder to his elbow; quivering muscles and bone were laid bare, a horrible sight, more pitiable than the headless trunk of the engineer lying near the boy and the dead puddler.

Physicians were there in abundance; there was no lack of surgical skill, or sympathy for the victims of the explosion and the families of the bereaved. The calamity that desolated a score of homes fell heaviest upon the Dunns. Little Jim Dunn, who, when the surgeon began the work of removing the splinters from his arm looked steadily into his gaping wounds, then calmly at the surgeon and said: "Don't tell my mother till it's over, 'I lost my father and eldest brother by the explosion. Another brother the surgeons thought would be crippled for life. The end of a boiler wrecked the walls of the house the Dunns occupied, and the dead and wounded members of the family were removed to Sandy Rea's house. Jim's recovery was rapid. The toilers in the mill attributed it to his extraordinary pluck.

The great tide of sympathy that flowed out to the victims of the disaster, to the credit of Shuttelburg let it be said, assumed practical shape for a time. The charitably inclined promptly honored the first draft made upon them when the extent of the calamity was known. But when all was done that concerted action could accomplish, the future of the Dunns was unprovided for. John Dunn, a cheery, handsome fellow with laughing blue eyes, and a spirit that nothing could subdue, entered the mill one day, and at the end of six months reviewed what seemed a horrible dream as he tried to sit up unaided in his chair. Among the wage-workers in the adjoining mill, many quietly aided Sandy Rea, who placed one of his rooms at the disposal of the Dunns, "until they were better provided for." But this pitiful and unusual contri-

bution simply emphasized the necessity of action insuring uniform and permanent provision. How to provide for the Dunns was a problem that puzzled all interested in the family. The surgeons at the end of a year shook their heads when they examined John Dunn, and spoke vaguely of the recuperative qualities of famed waters in the Old World. Even the wit of Sandy Rea, considered one of the shrewdest and best informed men in the mill, was not equal to the emergency. To borrow his own phraseology, his "spend had run dry, an' there were the fish to look after still."

It was at this juncture that the Reverend Barnes, a new-comer, announced he would preach a sermon which he hoped would allay apprehensions expressed concerning the Dunn family. Mr. Barnes chose to interpret the fears and doubts expressed as a reflection upon the Almighty. He resolved to discharge his duty by reminding the friends of the family that He who noted the fall of a sparrow could still be trusted to provide in His inscrutable time and manner for the helpless family without plumping them into the poor-house, whither they appeared to be gravitating.

"They are headed that way noo," said Sandy Rea to his better half with a snort of disdain as he left the church, but he sighed as he added, "An' I'm satisfied there'll be no turnin' them room." As his wife remained silent, walking by his side, Sandy gave another snort expressing contempt. "Heck! No! You're instead o' being a man o' uncommon resources, is mair like Jack Dean. You remember Jack w'l the stiff neck, an' a stiffer back? When he wanted to see his daughter Jenny, he ca'ad to his son-in-law Tom Parker, sayin' 'Wi' your help, an' the Lord's we'll mak out, Tom,' but Tom was ever o' the opinion he bore his own an' the Lord's share."

A night's rest did not allay Sandy's disgust, nor soften his temper. He put his bad temper into his work, and it found free vent when the day turn came on in the mill. Monday, and the night hands gathered in the little railway station to wait for the train that carried them to their homes. Many there like himself had attended the church Satur-



IN THE IRON WORKS.

day evening, and these were greatly edified with Sandy's analysis of Mr. Barnes's sermon. "You don't think Barnes's prayers are worth any more than the price of two or three hundred ball tickets at a dollar a head," said a pale-faced young man who was noted for his imperturbable good nature. "I did us say that Billy. I hope I'll never make light o' any man's prayers—it's the presumption o' the man that points our noses to the wind and tells us to catch it in our caps to fan us w' next summer that I'm 'fin' an' fau' w'l'."

When Sandy Rea ate his breakfast that day he repaired to the room the Dunns occupied. Jim, who was fond of books, had brought a bundle of papers and some torn pamphlets to his brother; a gift from the merchant who employed Jim as an errand boy. He was showing his mother the pictures in an illustrated paper. John Dunn had twisted himself around to see and hear Jim. His attitude as he looked at Jim made a very disagreeable impression upon Sandy Rea, who said to himself, "God save us! It's a living death for poor John. This must be mended some way."

John Dunn had a board on his sound knee—his mother's ironing board. The basket at Mrs. Dunn's side, and the quality of material in her lap told the story. "What's the board for, Jack?" said Sandy, cheerily. John blushed as Sandy stooped and picked up a large piece of cheap brown wrapping paper. The paper bore a rude drawing. Sandy scrutinized it with a critical eye.

"It's altogether beyond me. What's this—the houses?" John's eyes brightened. "Here—look at this. That's of no account." He pointed to the board on his knee. "Why, that's not half bad. I see—I see. This is an end view—an' here is the front—the face of the roll. I see now very plainly. An' what's this?" "That's my idea. You see—here is the furnace. The ball comes out here, is carried through here, then on to the rolls, and here it is on the plates." "That's not possible. Why—but we have the squeezers, you must remember—an' there's the heatin' furnaces. You'll never do it in the world, John." "I'm not so sure of that. I've thought it all out." "But—that's something I'm thinkin' is beyond man's power to accomplish," said Sandy, whereupon John's countenance fell. Then Sandy immediately regretted his speech.

"before I ever touched pencil to paper," said John Dunn sadly. "The Lord will provide," Mr. Barnes told us," said Sandy Rea to his wife. "There's that cripple up stairs w'l no more color in him than a piece of chalk, fast to his chair, prying his brains out w'l inventions. The boy's face was a study as he pointed out how he would take the iron from the furnace, and finish it into bars before it cooled. If it fails—why, it'll be the death of him I'm afeard."

It was a question of life and death to the Dunns; their future now depended upon the success of John Dunn's invention. When he could spare time to visit the Dunns Sandy Rea would listen in silence while John explained his invention. Then Sandy would look at the drawing on the ironing board, stroke his grizzled beard and scratch his bald head alternately. He seemed to be in a daze at times, but one morning he electrified the invalid and his nervous mother by rising and striking his palms as he exclaimed, "I see it now! Work! It's sure to work, man. Once the iron starts in there, no power can stop it. All we want now is a mill to try it in. Your fortune's made, Jack."

"Heck!" he exclaimed when he explained to his wife the value of John's idea. "There's been a deal o' talk o' the future o' the Dunns, an' while this one, an' that one has been plannin' an' nothin' came of it, here is God's goodness shinin' throo a bit o' brown paper on his mother's ironing board."

"But," said his wife anxiously, "are you quite sure his plan is right? There's many a fine thing on paper, but when it comes to the work—" "Work? Huts! All the fools 'll be sayin' now, 'Why didn't some one think o' that long ago?' I'll din the ears o' the owners till they give it a trial."

And he was as good as his word. Thanks to Sandy Rea's persistence, a mill owner was prevailed upon to construct a furnace and machinery adapted to the purpose. In return, he received an interest in the patent. In due time the new plant was erected. It seemed ages to the inventor, but experienced iron workers regarded the completion of

the machinery in the time consumed remarkable. In less than three months, everything was ready for the trial of the new machinery. All the iron workers in the mill were on the tip-toe of expectation when the day appointed for the test approached. "What if it doesn't work after all, mother?" Jim said. Mrs. Dunn lifted a hand warningly and looked at John, who had laid aside his drawing with a sigh. His manner was strange, nervous, and his mother was solicitous. He was unable to sleep.

"I heard what Jim said," John answered sadly, but he did not meet the look his mother bestowed upon him. "If it fails, Jim,—well, there's the other patents to fall back on. But I guess I'll have to wait a good while before I can go to the springs in Germany."

Fourteen months' confinement had not taken the spirit out of the brave fellow. "If it works at first, I'll be surprised, Jim, not because it ought not to work, but, you see, if I ain't there, why there's two or three little things might make a great difference. It's pretty tough, siting here 'caged'—there was a tinge of bitterness, the first his mother's quick ear had detected in his tone since he was carried in lifeless to her—"and my patient going to be tried." He said to himself if he had the means how soon he would have devised artificial locomotion. He counted on the invention to pay for Jim's schooling. Jim was very bright, and a universal favorite. Who knew, John asked himself, what Jim might not accomplish in a profession? Then, if there was half the money in it he thought there was, it would enable his mother to try what a change of scene and variety would do for her.

"If the machine does not do all we expect, we'll just have to wait, Jim." But John Dunn's voice trembled as he said it. "It's best not to be too sure—at least at the first go-off, you know. We have all counted too much on it maybe."

There was a pathos in his voice that moved his mother as she had not been when she thought him dead. She turned aside asking herself bitterly why her son should be deprived of the pleasure of witnessing his own invention. She would be there, and Jim. The brothers talked of little else now. The eventful day came. The new invention was carefully scrutinized by the curious, the progressive, the well-wishers of the inventor, and the secret and avowed sceptics. The last were clearly in the majority. They were prepared to demonstrate the impossibility of the success of the invention. They quoted approvingly; and a few expressed their surprise that the owner of the mill should surrender valuable time to the test, besides incurring expense. The mill owner administered a stinging rebuke to these carpers. "I take pleasure in furnishing such aid as lies in my power to all who are endeavoring to improve recognized meth-

ods, while I count it a privilege to contribute my time and means to the development of new methods and new processes."

The evening was well advanced when John Dunn heard a step on the pavement he well knew. All that weary afternoon he had beheld men, women and children hurrying up and down the street. The majority bore bundles and packages; some were loaded down with bundles; children scarcely able to walk—mere "tots" tottered along, chirping like young birds, beside the men and women they clung to. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry, and why not? To-morrow was Christmas.

John Dunn's heart suddenly sunk. Sandy Rea's firm, deliberate step was no longer heard. The step paused at the entrance to the stairway. "He brings me the news, or Sandy's hand was on the window; he was on the point of raising it; he wanted to shout down to Sandy, then he checked himself. It may be failure. It will keep."

Now another step, still more familiar to John's sharpened senses, fell on his ear; the light springing step of his brother Jim. It, too, halted strangely as it neared the entrance to the stairway.

"Why do they stop there?" the invalid asked himself, as a lump rose in his throat. "It must be bad news, or Sandy wouldn't stand there. Jim couldn't keep back." Then he began to ask himself, "If it fails?" repeating it again and again, and involuntarily, unconsciously, he supplemented it with Sandy Rea's refrain, "The Lord will provide," until query and answer were linked strangely together, and a tear dropped on John Dunn's hand.

Now another step approached—his mother's step. It came very slowly; he fancied it was more deliberate than usual. Yes, it meant failure. Now they were talking in subdued tones. It was all over then. They were deliberating how to break the news to him. John Dunn leaned forward, covered his face with his hands, and softly cried. Then he checked his tears and wiped his cheeks resolutely. He would put a brave face on it for his mother's sake. It was hardest upon her after all. A step—the step that was now rarely out of his hearing was on of the stairs. He pretended to be looking out of the window when she entered. There were tears on her eyelashes. She looked at him so tenderly as she closed the door softly and approached him swiftly that he felt like crying out.

"There! Don't speak mother. I've been repeating it over and over, 'The Lord will provide' some way."

Then the door was opened suddenly, and Jim bounded in, followed by Sandy. "I'll bet—why, look at him, Mr. Rea!"

"I'm crying with joy, John," said Mrs. Dunn. "If Mr. Rea hadn't held me back, I'd been first to tell you," said Jim with sparkling eyes. "There are few men as thoughtful as Mr. Rea," said Mrs. Dunn. Sandy waived the compliment aside by saying, "Did your mother tell you the best of it?"

"I have told him nothing. Mr. Cole offers ten thousand dollars down for the half interest, and agrees to provide the plant."

"Jem," said John suddenly, "I'll make you an architect now—that's what you are born for. What makes you look so sober, Sandy?" "I was just thinkin', talkin' about the future. It's no so long since we were puzzlin' our brains about providin' for ye. Now good luck has come, I'm takin' the lesson home to myself along w' other things. 'The Lord will provide.'"

Christmas Romance and Fads.

Swipes—"What did Santer Claus bring yer, Misery?" Misery—"Oh, I got a brand new warm overcoat and a pair o' dandy pants, and a lot o' candy and s'm'other little things. I can't just remember. Whatju' gitt?" Swipes—"Oh, I got a sealskin cap an' some warm cloze as goes on under these, an' fourteen dinner tickets, an' lots o' candy an' things. Now, Misery, straight—w'ad yer gitt?" Misery (voice just a little shaky)—"Say, Swipes, I hugged up my stockin' all right, and, do yer know, I never got a bloom'n' thing!" Swipes (also shaky as to voice)—"Nor me, neither."

Mistletoe Merriment.

There are no cornus on the mistletoe. A green Christmas makes a lean planter. When the Christmas tree gets "dressed up" it looks spruce. Some of the children put their Christmas stockings on the limbs of the trees. When the Christmas greens come into the market you may be sure that the holy days have come. It is better that light articles only should be put on the Christmas tree. That's why candles are used for that purpose. It is more blessed to give than to receive, but this doesn't apply to the little exchanges made on Christmas Eve in the dimly lighted parlor under the mistletoe bough.

THE PLAZA OF SANTIAGO.

PICTURESQUE SCENES IN A CHILIAN CITY.

A Charming Spot Filled With Shade Trees, Fountains and Flowers—All Traffic Concenters There.

Santiago, Chili, with its steeples and towers and its wooded hill of Santa Lucia, lies toward one end of a broad plain, hemmed in by mountains which are always visible. The plan of the town is the usual rectilinear chess-board arrangement of uniform cuadras, or blocks, with a grand central square, and an avenue, or alameda, of overarching trees. On one side of the plaza are the cathedral and the Archbishop's palace; on the other the Municipalidad, or town-hall, as we should call it, and the postoffice; and on the two remaining sides portales, or arcades, with shops on the ground floor. The architectural monuments of the plaza call for no special commendation, excepting the Postoffice, which is conveniently arranged on a North American model, and served by obliging ladies and by male clerks, the latter as morose and obstinate as postoffice employes in Latin countries generally appear to be. The plaza is the centre of all the movement of Santiago, the terminus and starting-point for the tramways, the great station for hackney-coaches, the fashionable evening promenade, when the band plays in the music kiosk. All the features of this movement are interesting to the visitor. At any hour of the day, from early morning until late at night, the observer will find there something to note, something to reason about and speculate upon. How pleasant this plaza is to what an important role it plays in the life of the town! and what a pity it is that the builders of Anglo-Saxon towns in new countries do not profit by the wise precepts of the old Spaniards, whose first care was always to provide their cities with lungs, breathing-grounds, and agreeable meeting places, that formed, as it were, the common hearth around which the citizens gathered both for pleasure and for business—the continuation, in fact, of the old Roman forum! The plaza, the cathedral, the town hall, the Governor's palace, representing the church, the municipality, and the central authority, invariably form the center of the Hispano-American towns, and invariably you will find some effort to make of this spot a point of entertaining resort. Even in the smallest village of Spanish South America there is always a plaza, planted with trees and furnished with benches, for the accommodation of the citizens, the mothers, and the nurse maids; for the plaza is not only the promenade of the grown up persons, but also the play ground of the young folks, who, however, amuse themselves in a quiet and orderly manner, having none of those boisterous games and violent exercises which are needed to develop the conquering muscle of the Anglo-Saxon youth. The plaza of Santiago is of fine proportions, and rendered very charming by the shade trees planted around it, and by the small but luxuriant garden and trellised walks around the central fountain, which in summer plays amidst a brilliant mass of perfumed flowers carefully protected by iron railings; and a vigilant policeman, who locks the gates at ten o'clock, so that the garden and its blooming riches may not be carried away surreptitiously by night. As I was informed by an Irish lady who has had thirty years' experience of Chili at the head of a charitable institution for orphan girls. "The vice of the country is thieving. Protective measures are therefore necessary."

In the daytime the plaza is visited only by a few people of the lower classes, who sit on the benches to rest or to loaf. Other people cross it diagonally on their way to and from different parts of the town. The coachmen wait for customers for their two-horse landaus and barouches which stand around the plaza—a select few presenting a marked contrast with the ordinary broken-down, rickety, and dirty Santiago street carriage, drawn by a pair of miserable horses, and driven by a disreputable and stupid human being, who sits under a hood in front of the coach. The traffic in the streets around the plaza, besides the tramways and cabs, consists of carts drawn by three horses or mules harnessed abreast, and one of them ridden by the driver, armed with an active whip; teams of four bullocks lowering their heads under the heavy yoke, and preceded by a man carrying a long bamboo goad, who pricks the beasts with a bucolic dignity that Virgil forgot to analyze; men riding on horses or mules, and wearing ponchos, and very wide-brimmed Panama hats with broad black ribbons to tie them under the chin; Cholo cross-breed women with a parting at the back and two long braids of coarse black hair hanging over the shoulders; Cholitas and Chilenas wearing the universal morning attire of South American women, both of high and of low degree.

The barattiles are a great feature of the plaza. They occupy the spaces between the arches of the arcades or portales, and consist of booths and stalls which, when closed at night, with their shutters, look like big cupboard set against the wall. In these booths are sold cigars and cigarettes, toilet articles, toys, mercery, flowers and fruit, while the other side of the arcade is lined with regular shops. In the blocks adjoining the plaza are some handsome passages full of shops, where French, German and English manufactured articles of all descriptions are displayed for the temptation of the fair sex.—Harper's Magazine.

A woman first established in the sale of Hessian the wool weaving industry which is now so lucrative to the natives. Four hundred women are employed in spinning, dyeing and weaving the cloth so appreciated now for tailor-women and general costumes and wraps for the service.

Fresno County, Cal., has 50,000 acres planted in vines.

TO TELL THE AGE OF A HORSE

To tell the age of any horse. Inspect the lower jaw, of course. The six front teeth the tale will tell, And every doubt and fear dispel. The middle "nipper" you behold Before the colt is two weeks old; Before eight weeks two more will come; Eight months the "corners" cut the gum. The outside grooves will disappear From middle two in just one year. In two years from the second pair; In three, the "corners," too, are bare. At two, the middle "nipper" drops; At three, the second pair can't stop; When four years old, the third pair goes; At five, a full new set has grown. The deep black spots will pass from view. At six years from the middle two; The second pair at seven years; At eight, the spot each "corner" clears. From middle "nippers" upper jaw, At nine the black spots will withdraw. The second pair at ten are white; Eleven finds the "corners" light. As time goes on the horsemen know The oval teeth three-sided grow; They longer get, project before Till twenty, when we know no more. —Spurs Moments.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Always ahead—The cranium. Brick are sometimes thrown with intent to kiln.—Washington Star. "Papa, what made Latin a dead language?" "It was talked to death, my son."—Life. "Is Budd an anglo-man?" "No, he's just a plain, ordinary American lunatic."—New York Herald. Since the invention of forks there seems to be very little excuse for a "hand to mouth" existence.—Manly's Weekly. One half of the world don't know how the other half lives; but it is trying to find out just the same.—Pack. When a girl is in love she always thinks the young man is perfect, and he agrees with her.—Somerville Journal. It is a peculiar fact that "the more a man gets the more he wants," and the more he wants the less he gets.—Epoch. "The winter," said the goosie, With sadness in her tone, "Will be both long and cold; I feel it in my bone. —Chicago Tribune. The scientist who claims that the wind cannot be seen evidently has had little or no experience with sight-drafts.—Elmira Gazette. A cross old bachelor of our acquaintance defuses marriage as the medicine which restores sight to lovers' eyes.—Boston Traveller. Diner—"Do you know, sir, that this bird is out of season?" Waiter—"Well, fix it for yourself. There's the pepper and salt."—Judge. Tramps are a good deal like lawyers. After they are admitted to the Bar you often find them slumbering peacefully on the Bench.—Pack. Dealer—"Here is a new cologne of my own make. I call it the 'Dollar Perfume,' because it is composed of a hundred cents."—Manly's Weekly. Shattuck—"How are your bantams growing, Dinwiddie?" Dinwiddie—"Plenty, finely! They are getting smaller every day."—Inter-Ocean. "Imitation is the sincerest flattery" says a shrewd observer of men; but the Treasury Department doesn't seem to care for such compliments.—Manly's Weekly. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the milkman wealthy And the croaker grand. —New York Sun. La Fiancee—"Don't you think a young married couple could be happy on \$1000 a year?" Le Fiance—"Yes, for six months, if it were paid in advance."—Life. "Bunker Hill Monument Pants" is the heading of an advertisement. We never saw the Bunker Hill Monument pant, but the people that climb to the top of it generally do.—Lafayette. "In the scheme of creation," said the religious crank, "woman was an afterthought."—"Yeth," remarked the fishing imbecile, "and taler's been thought after ever thinth."—Binghamton Leader. You'll seldom find a mankin whom The angels kiss at birth, But that the dimples to her cheek She makes to play at hide and seek For every cent she needs. —Chicago Post. "Oh, no; there ain't any favorites in this family!" colloquized Johnny; "Oh, no; I guess not! If I bite my finger-nails I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it's just cunning."—Denver Republican. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said. "And when you will sneeze, my pretty maid?" "Atchoo! atchoo! kind sir," she said. —Binghamton Leader. Druggist (looking through drummer's sample-case)—"Well, I always knew you worked the romance racket pretty thoroughly, but I didn't know you had to carry a box of concentrated lie to keep up the supply of yaras."—Pharmaceutical Era. It has been said That only opposites should wed If that be so Thy future can only be woe; For such thy fate, The work of men will be my mate. —Judge. Hardbake—"And you say you started out this morning with Green for a ten-mile walk?" Searleigh—"That's what I said." Hardbake—"Weren't you tired by the time you came back?" Searleigh—"Oh, no; Green only accompanied me a part of the way."—Brooklyn Life. "Got anything you want sharpened, gents?" inquired the aged puddler with the razor paste. "Yes," replied the smart youth at the desk, near the door. "You can sharpen our wits if you want to, old man." "Got to have something to work on, gents," the old man said, as he looked around the room, shook his head pityingly and walked away.—Chicago Tribune.