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FOREST REPUBLICAN

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The latest romance of gold discovery comes from Nicaragua, where it is asserted that the old mines of the Aztecs have been found.

England is said to be moving in the direction of an imperial viceroyism to hold her colonies closer together by means of trade relations with the mother country.

The mines of the world last year produced a value of \$1,876,000,000, of which \$700,000,000 was in coal. The United States is credited with \$600,000,000, or about one-third of the total.

Farragut and Porter were the only two American naval officers to hold the rank and title of Admiral. "The rank will probably not be revived," opines the New York World, "until we have another war."

Says the Philadelphia Record: When William Penn laid out Philadelphia he didn't lay out that in the year 1890 Philadelphia manufacturers would furnish locomotives for a railway in the Holy Land to draw trains from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

The surviving Union Generals who commanded departments during the Civil War are: General Banks, Buell, Butler, Rosecrans, Sigel, Lew Wallace, D. N. Couch, C. C. Augur, J. M. Palmer, N. J. T. Dana, J. J. Reynolds, H. G. Wright, G. M. Dodge, Schofield and B. F. Kelley.

Robert Bonner is authority for the statement that in 1856 there was not a horse that trotted a mile in 2:30, and not over twenty horses in the country in the 2:30 list. The great change which has occurred during the intervening years, notes the American Spyman, is indicated by the fact that during the past year almost one thousand horses were added to the already very large number who had covered a mile in 2:30. The greatest record thus far made was in 1885, when Maud S. reached the wonderful speed of a mile in 2:08 1/2.

The railroad statistics of the United States furnish no end of interesting figures to those who care to investigate them. Nearly one hundred and sixty thousand miles of road are in actual operation, and these roads employ about three million people in various capacities. During the last year \$1,000,000,000 was spent in railway freights, and, figuring upon a basis of 62,000,000 population, this would make \$16 for every man, woman and child in the country. This sum would pay the national debt, or supply free education to all the children in the country for a long period.

The Sandwich Islanders believe, declares the Chicago Herald, that Kala-kaua was poisoned by the doctors and they feel very bitterly toward Colonel Baker, a friend and companion of the King in his illness, who, they think, should have made sure that the medicines administered to him contained no poison by first taking a dose of them himself. This was a duty due to Hawaiian royalty which the Colonel failed to perform, and though some very good reasons for it may be apparent to others, he will never be able to show the Sandwich Islanders why he should not have taken the alleged poison himself and saved the life of the King.

The proof of the adage that where there is a will there is a way to break it is seen in some statistics in a Boston legal journal. They show that in the United States last year 4000 wills were contested, 2400 of which were broken. Large as they seem, there is no reason, confesses the Chicago Herald, to doubt the accuracy of these figures. The contested will case has become a familiar feature of every Probate Court, and the lawyers in setting aside wills has become proverbial. Even the will of so subtle a lawyer as Mr. Tilden was successfully contested. The situation is an unfortunate one for the man of wealth. At his death he can neither take his riches with him nor be certain that they will be distributed afterward in accordance with the behests of his will.

Has the ancient city of Moscow, Russia, gone down to its knees to the Merchant Jermokoff? This is the question now agitating Moscow society. It seems that a subscription for a certain charity was being raised in Moscow, and of the million rubles required there was a deficit of 800,000. The Mayor bethought him to make an appeal to a rich merchant of his acquaintance for the required sum. He did so; the first time in vain. But on another visit the merchant said: "Go down on your knees and beg me to give you the money." "And why not?" returned the Mayor. Like Lady Godiva, he sacrificed his pride and gained the money for the town. And now society is much concerned to know if his honor was lost, and casuists are arguing on both sides of the question. Moscow has got something to talk about.

IN EARLY SPRING.

Bright days are with us, lengthened and serene. The clouds grow mellow, and the forest bath Its budding pleasures; yet of Winter's death Some drear memorials here and there are seen. For, though the wind no more breathes frosty-keen, It often floats the old leaves in our path, Or sighs along some unwarmed aftermath, To mind us of the rigor that hath been, O thou my Joy, Spring of my Wondrous Year! Forgive, if in thy presence aught of grief Remains from that dead time ere thou wast here. Now, surely, such gaudiness shall be brief; For thou wilt set my feet where flower and leaf And soft new sward blot out the stubble here. —Edith M. Thomas, in Scribner.

JANIE'S ATTEMPT.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"I'll not come back till you call me, Miss Lang!" "Then, I fear you will be a long time in coming, Mr. Atchison!" Then the young fellow whacked the old fence beside him so fiercely with the stick he had picked up as he came to the trying place that the catbird in the lilac tangle just over the fence jumped out of her nest with a squawk of wild fright and went blundering away in the gathering dusk, while the wielder of the stick turned his back upon the girl and trudged down the hill with unnecessarily heavy steps.

"Miss Lang! 'Mr.' Atchison! The catbird, who had witnessed many a meeting at the old gate since she began her nesting in the lilacs, has never before heard the young people address each other with such ceremonious exactitude.

It had been "Janie" and "Phil" till the catbird, perhaps with some of the instincts of a match-maker, has grown complacently accustomed to their meetings. The young people had had occasional "tiffs," to be sure, but never before such a quarrel as this.

Phil Atchison looked back as he tramped away, and Janie took her short little curls and hurried toward the house.

"Phil is so—so commonplace, and—" There was a little catch in her murmur as she told herself so, in spite of the fierceness with which she forced herself to believe that she was glad it was all over between them.

Perhaps Phil was commonplace. But it was only of late that Janie had discovered it. It had not been so very long ago that she had thought his honest face something very much better than commonplace and his homely talents more than ordinary.

There was much of the inventor about this young fellow, who was continually pottering with some novel contrivance of his own conception, and but a little while ago Janie had proudly regarded him as destined to accomplish great things.

But that was before her inspiration had come to her, showing her, as it gradually opened her eyes to her own possibilities, how commonplace Phil really was. To be sure, he was an inventor—as far as intent went, at least—but as yet he had never succeeded in accomplishing anything in particular, and probably, she decided, never would.

Besides this, he was intensely, almost disgustingly, practical. Janie loved poetry, particularly the kind that waivered more or less distantly about unrequited love and such sad themes. But Phil cared little for it, even, upon the night of the quarrel, going so far as to snort contemptuously at one of her most soulful and wailful selections.

Phil was all well enough in his way, but there was little of the heroic about him, unless, indeed, it might have been in the reckless way in which he placed himself in the power of some of his experiments.

When she broached a part of it Phil had promptly scoffed at her inspiration and his skepticism, or at least lack of sympathy with her ambition, had been a prime factor in bringing about the separation. Slow-going Phil, outside of his inventing, had no yearning beyond the having of a commonplace little home, with Janie as its little mistress. This prospect had seemed very alluring to her till the coming of her inspiration had whispered to her that she was worthy of better things and that she was capable of attaining them.

She wanted—well, she hardly knew definitely just what she did want, but it was something that the prospect of being the mistress of a quiet little home no more than its predecessor—fantasy, failures, all of them. And—

And so matters went on from bad to worse till the quarrel was followed by the parting and Janie and her ambition were free of slow-going Phil and his commonplace plans.

She smothered the pang in her heart as she hurried toward the house in the gloaming. There was little now to prevent her making the attempt at which she felt so sure of succeeding. Phil would have no chance to object. The indulgent, unworried old aunt with whom the orphan girl lived and who would have thought it nearly the correct thing and made out feeble objection if Janie had proposed an excursion to Peru, and did not put a veto upon the proposition that she but half understood. And, two days later, when Phil Atchison, with a very transparent excuse upon his lips and a hope for reconciliation in his heart, called at the little cottage in the lilac tangle, Janie had come to make her attempt.

Then Phil was angry in good earnest and inquired no more. Why what right had she to—? Then he remembered that she was no longer his promised wife and went back to his inventing, resolved fiercely to mind his own business and smother his feelings, and a discouraging job enough he found it.

Janie's idea of the advantage offered by the city had been gathered from various unreliable sources, and her going was cheered by the fancy that fortunes there were to be had almost for the taking. She could paint a little—buttercups and violets on saucers and plaques and the like—and fancied, poor child, that she was destined, if not for a great artist, to at least make something of a name and fame for herself.

Her pretty little daubs would not sell. But Janie, though sorely disappointed, was not conquered, and she set herself to work and painted other pretty little daubs, which did scarcely better than their predecessors. One sold, after several days, and the little girl chirped up wonderfully for a time. It was slower work than she had anticipated, but with perseverance she would win success after awhile. Rome was not built in a day.

And so she struggled on. Economize as one will, board and other necessities will eat up one's savings and Janie saw the little store of money she had brought with her decreasing day by day. And still the little daubs did not sell.

Then, when at last she knew not which way to turn, she secured a chance to color photographs for a miserable pittance per dozen.

No, Miss Lang was not in, the landlady informed him. She had probably gone to look for a new abiding place, as she was about to leave her present quarters upon the morrow.

Was Miss Lang enjoying good health? Well, now that she thought of it, the landlady was moved to confess that for some time the young lady had appeared to be sort of fading and failing.

What was the matter? The landlady could not say. A woman with the cares of a shabby genteel lodging-house, a worthless husband and valueless children could not be expected to find time to pay more attention to her patrons than to know that they paid their dues promptly and did not make way with the furniture.

When did she expect the young lady back? She could not say. Maybe, now that she thought of it, Miss Lang would not return at all. She had been given warning to vacate the room and might have done so already. There was a letter on the table addressed to a Mr. Philip Atchison. It might possibly—

"That's me!" interjected the visitor, with much promptness and profound contempt for the restrictions of grammar.

Five minutes later Phil Atchison was reading the letter in the dreary little room.

Such a pitiful, disconnected, tear-blotted letter it was! And when the visitor had read it through he rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes and there were other and fresher tear spots on the page.

"When you read this, Phil, dear, dear Phil," the letter said, "my struggles will be done. I've tried so hard, Phil, but it was no use. The battle is almost over, and when it is done, you can lay me among the lilacs. And oh, dear Phil, forgive the wrong I did you, dear Phil. Oh, if you could only come to me now. I am so tired, so tired and hungry. Come to me, Phil! Come—"

There was a catch in the young fellow's voice as he spoke: "Her struggles will soon be over one way or the other! Well, I am glad my inventing wasn't a failure at last! And the golden harvest it is bringing me shall be devoted to making Janie, little Janie, happy if I find her alive!"

"He started to read on again. "Oh, Phil, come back to me! Come—" The door opened just then and Janie entered. Her step was less weary and her eyes were more nearly happy. A good supper will do wonders for one.

"Janie, little Janie!" "Dear Phil!" "You called me and I have come!" "Forgive me, Phil! I—" And then she was half smothered in his protecting clasp and knew that her struggles were over at last.

"And now you can see all of the great bright world you desire," said the young fellow, somewhat later. "I don't want to see it!" the girl returned, holding him fast with her thin little hands. "I don't want the great world or anything but that quiet little home of which we used to plan, and— and you, Phil!" —New York Mercury.

Sunbeams Will Sing.

A wonderful discovery has been attracting the attention of scientists. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum or rainbow. A disk, having slits or openings cut in it, is made to revolve and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it and fall on silk, wool or other material contained in a glass vessel. As the colored light falls upon it sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. If the vessel contains red waxed and the green light flashes upon it loads sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sound at all. —New York Journal.

The Indians Made Maple Sugar.

That maple sugar has been made by the Indians from a remote time, according to Henry W. Henshaw, is shown by their language, their festivals and their traditions. They collected the sap in birch-bark vessels, and evaporated it by throwing hot stones into the reservoirs. They ate the sugar with corn, and boiled venison and rabbits in the sap. Sometimes the pure sugar was their only diet for a month. —Trenton (N. J.) American.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Veneers are cut by electricity. Asbestos is supposed to have a great future as a lubricator for machine bearings.

Berlin, Germany, has refused to grant any franchises for electric street railways. The telephone between London, England, and Paris, France, is to be opened on March 1; charge for three minutes' conversation, \$2.

A lineman who received an electric shock in Louisville, Ky., has become insane and believes that he is constantly pursued by an electric ghost.

It has been recently ascertained that the resistance of bricks to crushing force varies from 5000 to 22,000 pounds per square inch, according to quality.

Drapers and others showing window goods liable to lose color by fading are advised to put yellow-colored glass in their windows, as the bleaching is caused by the white rays of the sun's light.

Yachtsmen who do not like the black tar in their deck seams can now get it white, a white pitch having been invented that can be run into the seam hot and which will then stand the sun's heat in any climate.

An English engineer has designed, and is now manufacturing, a portable cross-cut saw; that is, a large two-man saw, that can be folded up into small compass. It is really a flexible chain of saw-teeth riveted together.

Experiment has proved that, if a delicate piece of lace be placed between an iron plate and a disk of gunpowder, and the latter be detonated, the lace will be annihilated, but its impression will be clearly stamped on the iron.

Photography is being used in the Paris (France) morgue to determine, if possible, identification of the deceased. A photograph on a large scale is taken of the hands and put on exhibition. Persons are frequently identified either by scars of injuries or marks of various kinds which indicate the probable occupation.

A meteorite, resembling granite, recently fell near the mouth of Pistol River, in Curry County, Oregon. It weighs something over 400 pounds and imbedded itself several feet in the earth. Parties who saw it went to dig it out, but found it so hot nothing could be done with it. After it had cooled it was removed, and will soon be placed on exhibition.

Some nickel-steel plates recently tested at the Carnegie Works, in Pennsylvania, the specimens being cut from a three-fourths inch plate, gave excellent results. The elastic limit is said to have been 59,000 to 60,000 pounds, and the ultimate strength 100,000 and 102,000 pounds. The reduction of area was twenty-nine and one-half per cent. and twenty-six and one-half per cent. respectively.

One of the highest aims of an expert fireman should be to keep the largest possible portion of his grate area in a condition to give radiant heat the largest possible part of the day. This may be done as follows: When using anthracite coal, by firing light, quick and often, not covering all of the incandescent coals; when using bituminous coal, by coaking it very near the dead plate, allowing some air to go through openings in the door, and by pushing toward the bridge wall only live coals; when slicing, to open the door only far enough to work the bar.

History Depicted on Fans.

In this country a fan can scarcely have any more serious definition than an elegant adjunct to the toilet of a lady. But in Japan even the commonest variety represents a deep political significance, and even in the present day, according to a London paper, fans have occasionally to be suppressed for much the same reason that a Western newspaper has been confiscated—for being a vehicle invented to sow ill-feeling and contempt for statesmen or officials by means of cartoons and epigrams.

On examining an ordinary bamboo fan it must not be supposed that it is a mere creation of the artist's fancy. Those queer little men and women, to our eyes the face-similes of each other, represent to the Jap well known historical or romantic characters. Those impossible looking landscapes on the reverse side all depict localities around the capital, famous shrines and pilgrim goals, at once recognizable by any traveler in the country.

A collector of Japanese fans of ancient date finds himself in possession of a complete history of the times, for before the newspaper was established in the land, the fan to a large extent supplied its place. There is no doubt, as an instance of this, that much of the ill-feeling displayed in Japan against foreigners some thirty-six years ago was due to the extensive circulation of fans bearing outrageous caricatures of Western life and manners.

Dream of an Onyx King.

According to William Cooper, the Mexican onyx king, there is enough onyx in Mexico to last about a decade and then it will become an extinct material, unless mines are discovered elsewhere. Such a great demand exists for onyx, both in this country and Europe, I cannot supply with all my mines, he said. I keep hundreds of miners at work quarrying onyx, and yet I cannot now supply the demand. No man now would think of erecting a fine house without having the interior decorations largely composed of the finest onyx. A certain millionaire who is building a house on Fifth avenue intends to have a grand stair-way of onyx, which will cost something like \$300,000.

The famous staircase of the famous "peacock" mansion in England, beside this grand Corinthian stairway of translucent onyx, I expect to see a solid edifice of onyx in this city. It would stand longer than the Coliseum. —New York Herald.

A SMUGGLER'S PARADISE.

HOW CHINAMEN GAIN ACCESS TO THE UNITED STATES.

White Men Smuggle the Orientals on Dark Nights From Vancouver to Washington—The Prices Charged.

Looking at the map one may see that the northwest corner of the State of Washington is torn off, and the space thus left is filled with water, dotted with an archipelago. The island of Vancouver fits partially into the gaping corner as if it had been torn out by some gigantic convulsion. The tatters and debris of the rest form the archipelago. Our national interest centered in that corner long ago when that portion of the boundary was in dispute, and the tension of a war feeling was only relieved when a foreign arbitrator settled the boundary, and gave us the island of San Juan, the most important in the group. The city of Victoria confines nearly all the population on that corner of Vancouver island; and the city of Vancouver is the main settlement on the British Columbia shore; and on our borders are such little places as Whatcom, New Dungeness and Port Angeles, in the State of Washington. Port Townsend, on Puget Sound, is the principal American town near by, and the headquarters of the scanty force of customs officials who are supposed to guard against the smuggling, and who are entitled to the presumption that they are doing their best in this direction. Victoria has only 20,000 population, Vancouver fewer still, and the islands only here and there a house. Deer abound upon these islands, which are heavily timbered, and the waterways are them filled with the forest of such things as at all, except the smallest craft, outside the main channels. It would be hard to imagine a more difficult region to police, or a fairer field for smugglers. Old London itself has scarcely a greater tangle of crooked and confusing thoroughfares than this archipelago possesses, and these waterways are so narrow and sheltered that mere oarsmen can safely and easily travel many of them. It is a smuggler's paradise.

Those who transport the Chinamen are all white men. The resident Chinese act as their confederates and as the agents of the smuggled men, but do no part of the actual smuggling, that is to say, the boating. The great smuggling is of opium. The introduction of the Chinese themselves is of small account, so far as the defiance of our laws is concerned, as compared with the introduction of opium. Yet that extensive business also is carried on by white men. The Chinese cannot pass to and fro as white men can, therefore they leave the traffic to the whites.

These white men are of the class one would expect to find in such business. A Government employe in Victoria told me that I would be "surprised to know what important and respectable persons were connected with the smuggling," but as he gave me no further enlightenment, and as I failed to obtain any proof that any number of so-called respectable men profited directly by the business, I did not and do not believe that there are many such. Those who do the smuggling of the Chinese are unprincipled and reckless characters. They make their bargains with the Chinese whose business it is to arrange for the carriage of their countrymen into our country. The boats employed are small sail-boats, and quite as small steam launches. When the owner of one of these boats has secured a sufficient number of Chinese to make the venture profitable, if it succeeds, the journey is made at night, without compliance with the law, which requires vessels sailing after dark to display lights at their sides. At times the contrabands are landed near Port Angeles or New Dungeness. San Juan Island, within our border, is only twelve miles from Victoria, and has a few Chinese resident upon it. At times Chinamen are carried there. Once there they can cross to the mainland with more freedom, and with a possibility of obtaining testimony to the effect that they are and have long been domiciled on American soil. The smugglers charge \$20 to \$25 for landing each Chinaman on our coast; \$20 is the ordinary and usual charge. Wherever the Chinamen are landed they find either men of their own nationality to secrete them, or white men awaiting their arrival, and ready to take them to some Chinese quarters. Once on land the danger of arrest is greatly lessened, and after a newly-smuggled Chinaman has made his way to one of the larger towns or cities near the coast, his fear of detection by our Government vanishes entirely. —Harper's Magazine.

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"THE INVISIBLE."

The red men, whom we so despise And proudly try to civilize, Are wiser in some ways by far Than we and all our teachers are.

We preach the after-life, and range Through nature's round of countless change, And search the hopes and fears of man To prove that we shall live again.

We only half believe, at best Our faith stands not the greatest test, For when our friends depart, we weep More than those who do but sleep.

And on each marble slab we write Some legend of the spirit's flight, Last, passing by, we might forget That is who died is living yet.

The Indian, with a single phrase, The ghost of doubt and terror lays, And lifts the veil of curtain spread Between us and the so-called dead.

He knows no "dead" just for a space His friends have faded, form and face, Through Nature's strong and subtle spell They have become "invisible."

We are too fine and wise; we need Much less of logic and of creed. Oh, let the untamed forest child Teach us his credence undelled!

Let us no longer say "Our Dead," Nor think that those we love have fled. They are "invisible," as we Shall close our eyes some day, and see. —George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In times of financial panic, even words fail.

Did they write Hog Latin with a pig pen!

A domestic tyrant—General Household.

A reliable trade mark—Hardened hands.

Aptly named—The "Cornerstone" of the Stock Exchange.—Puck.

Beauty is but skin deep, and frequently it hardly gets below the powder.

"Jay Gould is a very silent man." "Yes, but then, you know, his money talks."

"An' plwy d' yeas call yer stove an Injun ranger, Pat!" "Faix, beca's it's a good heater."—Puck.

Why are colts like rich men's sons? Because they won't work until they are broke. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

Never judge an insurance company by the quality of the blotting paper it gives away. —New York Continent.

Let who will make the country's laws, Yes, can her ballads, grave or funny; Here most of us would serve her cause, Content in helping make her money. —Life.

You can't tell how valuable a girl's affections are until you are sued for blighting a set of them. —Martha's Vineyard Herald.

Student—"Did Stanley discover the African Pygmies, do you gather?" Professor of Gamma—"Yes; he and Herodotus."—Puck.

A loss of street laborers is looking around for that "fine Italian hand" that he has read about, and offers to make him a fornicator.—Puck.

Slangy Aristocrat—"I see by your smile that you're stuck on my joke." Editor—"Yes, I would be if I accepted it. Good day." —New York World.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I am going to catch me a man," she said. "Can't you hear him, my pretty maid?" "I'm fishing, sir, for a man," she said. —New York Star.

Grin—"See a dog fight?" Barit—"No; the dogs only stood off and yelped at each other." Grin—"Ah, a bark mill, as you might say." —Buffalo Express.

Good: Professor to one of his pupils "When Alexander was as old as you, he had already conquered the world." "But you said he had Aristotle for his teacher!" —Pittsburg Blotter.

Cumso—"They say Brown has a very poor memory for faces." Banks—"And he has. Why, the other day he looked into the mirror and asked his wife whose reflection it was he saw." —Bury Bee.

The head and the heart in the game of love, Must play its separate part; But we'll pardon a girl a cold in the head, So long as she's not cold in the heart. —Philadelphia Times.

"Don't you ever go to see comedies?" inquired Miss Laura. "No," said Miss Irene. "Laughter produces wrinkles." And Miss Irene went on reading the "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's. —Chicago Tribune.

I know that by my boot straps now I can not lift her. But once a little red-topped pair, Which first in boyhood I did wear, Much elevated me! —Puck.

"I am quite pleased with my son-in-law," said old Mrs. Pickadaw. "My influence over him is great. Ever since I have been at his house he has staid down town at work until 10 and 11 o'clock at night." —New York Herald.

Wife—"You don't tell me that Professor A. has been struck dumb?" Husband—"Yes, last night. And he was master of seven languages." Wife—"Is it s' possible. And he has struck dumb in all seven?" —Texas Siftings.

Cholly—"Heath about Chappell? Supposed to be dead, you know, but came to life in his collar. Queech, queech, queech." Dolly—"Aw, not so very queer. They had put the dead boy into an American-made, albatross, don't you know." —Indianapolis Journal.

An unfortunate man has obtained access to rich Baron Rapphaca. He depicts his misfortunes, his misery, in so moving a manner that the Baron, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, calls to his servant: "Jea! Put this poor fellow out into the street! He is breaking my heart!" —Paris Epigrams.

A large quantity of arms imported into the Congo State, Africa, by the Dutch Rotterdam Company, have been disposed of to Arabs in the interior, and they are recommencing their slave raids on the native population.