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Every minute, night and day, the United States Government collects \$639 and spends \$461.

A wealthy German offered a prize of \$25,000 to any astronomer who will satisfactorily demonstrate to him that the sun, moon or stars are inhabited.

Drill instructors are being appointed by the labor organizations of Australia. The members are buying guns and ammunition. Lively times are expected.

A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of the lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter any one could pull his nose or cuff his ears, and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.

At Cotta, in Saxony, persons who did not pay their taxes last year are published in a list which hangs up in all restaurants and saloons of the city. Those that are on the list can get neither meat nor drink at these places under penalty of loss of license.

Harrison Huntington, the ex-Governor of Wisconsin, who has just died in Milwaukee, commenced his career at that point in 1838 as the immediate business successor of Solomon Juneau, Milwaukee's first settler. The lives of these two men cover the whole history of the great Northwest.

The New York Sun learns that Cornell is going to improve all the roads on the University property, around Ithaca, N. Y., in sections and by different methods, and thus furnish a standing object lesson as to style and cost, of maintenance for the guidance of attempts to improve the roads of the State.

The Treasury authorities at Washington have just had their attention called to the fact that it would be an easy matter to tunnel from a neighboring building into their vaults, remove the coin and ship it down the Potomac. Seven guards now watch the Treasury, and every precaution has been taken to prevent robbery.

The Philadelphia Bulletin is authority for the statement that the phonograph has been employed in New York to report the utterances of monkeys, scientific men have become convinced that their chattering is a language intelligible among themselves. Their phonographed talk has been repeated to the animals with startling effect, and they have endeavored with their long arms to draw out the ape concealed in the instrument.

The New York World declares that the population of the agricultural districts is less than it was ten years ago, the gains having been made in the towns and cities. But the mortgage indebtedness is increasing at the rate of \$8,500,000 per year, and the loss in farm values since 1880 is estimated at \$200,000,000, or an average of \$7 per acre for the single State of Ohio. There are States where the proportion shows a still worse condition of affairs.

The Prince of Monaco having secured a wife with \$600,000 annual income has made up his mind to be good and have no more gambling in his spacious realm after the present lease of the Casino is run out, April 15, 1892. But the enterprising managers of the tables have made arrangements to reproduce the entire establishment, theatre and all, in Andorra, the little republic in the Pyrenees on the border of France and Spain. Already \$4,000,000 of the capital stock has been taken up in Paris.

South Carolina, like most of the Southern States, continues to be made up," notes the Boston Transcript, "mainly of rural communities. There are but twenty cities and towns in the State that have more than 2200 inhabitants. Charleston, with 54,955 inhabitants, has a long lead over the second city, Columbia, the capital, which has 15,358 population. Charleston has gained 4771 in the last decade, while Columbia's population is 5317 larger than it was in 1880. These two cities contain more than half the urban population of South Carolina."

Professor Lombroso, a student of criminals, says that out of forty-one anarchists whom he studied in the Paris police office, thirty-one per cent. showed the criminal type of features. Of forty-three Chicago anarchists the percentage of wicked faces was forty, and that is about the percentage obtained from the professor's researches among the political criminals of Turin. Regicides or murderers of presidents, such as Fieschi, Guiteau, Nobbling and historic evil-doers like Marat, had nearly all the criminal cast of features. Nobbling, Guiteau and Booth, in the specialist's opinion, had hereditary tendencies to crime. Certain socialists, like Karl Marx and Lassalle, are exempted from the doctor's classification, as their features are noble, but their such men do not favor anarchism.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

All the bells of heaven may ring, All the birds of heaven may sing, All the wells on earth may spring, All the winds on earth may bring.

Golden bells of welcome rolled, Never forth such notes, nor told Hours so blithe in tones so hold.

DOWN IN A STEAMSHIP.

My father was a rich man when I left New York. His partner's only daughter was to be my wife when I should return.

I was a student in a Vienna hospital when I received a cable from home that the old house had failed. It proved to be an honest failure and both families were beggars.

I entered what I supposed was not the office where my old competitor was manager. I did not see him, but he must have caught sight of me. I was surprised with the promptness with which I was told to go on board the C—, and something would be found for me to do.

Two days out I was called to the captain's own room, insulted with the charge, at first politely put, of being a stowaway, and finally stung to madness bitter enough to obey silently when the officer said: "If you really don't want to steal your passage, go report to the engineer and shovel coal."

This I did. My experience I want to describe. It is common enough to hundreds of poor scamps this moment all over the seas. But, God pity them, they have not the tongue to tell, nor, perhaps, always the sensibility to feel, what their life really is.

Dizzy already with the tossings of the sea I staggered down those series of iron stairways till I stood at last on the ship's lowest deck. Behind me were the vast bunkers of coal that glistered from a million eyes when the furnace doors were opened, and then faded out of sight. Before me the huge billows rose, not silent, but roaring monsters, so hungry that the toiling pygmies who fed them jumped to their tasks till the sweat rolled from their bare backs. The heat was, to one descending from the pure breath of the Atlantic, something fearful. I was dressed in my ordinary attire, and even an overcoat at that, so precipitate had been my action. The smell of baking lubricants and red hot iron, the dead air, poisoned with coal gas and bilge water odors, the dust, despite all showering, but most of all the sudden transition from white light to blackest darkness, momentarily proceeding, as this and that furnace door was opened and shut, almost felled me to the ground.

shuffling and steam piping. To a landsman, that endless maze of mighty machinery is at first simply awful. It sobers one, this awful, ceaseless throbbing of the monster's heart, the deep breathing of the steam chests, the sigh of the creature's spirit as the pistons make one move and yet one more heroic-thrust turning the crank shaft.

Each time, as the piston slowly starts, it seems as if it must be the last, and infinite fatigue prevail. But no, it goes on, night and day, motion, motion, motion. Don't let me tire you, reader, but I do wish I could express to you something of the solemn impression that began to seize upon me, crawling like a fly after Ed, the oiler. Then the hiss, the scream, the little sighs and moans of here and there a jet of truant steam, almost human sounds, issuing from the jungle of polished steel!

"She's a tiger, she is!" cried Ed. "Look out!" I heard that kind exclamation frequently as we went our rounds. There were others doing the same work, but I became a chosen attendant of my cat-like friend. He had a sprained elbow and I helped him professionally. He got my story. We were intimate two or three days, and I record it with honest satisfaction, for Ed B— was a genuine man.

It was one day off the Banks that we stopped. The chief got a notion that the shaft was not sound, and the next voyage it proved so, for a hair line along and around that huge polished arm of power turned out an incipient fracture. But it was on investigation decided this voyage that there was nothing wrong. Still, there we lay on the breast of the swell for more than two hours. Ed came to me and said: "Now she's still the second engineer thinks we might go into the pit and clean out the waste and oil puddles. I don't like it, doctor, when she's got steam on. What if she turned her crank, eh?"

The brave boy went jumping down, however; down, down, till he stood directly under that massive crank, which had stopped at the half turn over his head. The reader will understand that the space allowed for the crank to make the full circuit round below was only sufficient for the iron to sweep through. Into that now empty space Ed was preparing to step. It was dark as a grave, and about a grave's dimensions. I held the torch above his head. Men working by torchlight in that place resemble lumps. We were good natured lumps, however, and, though very cautious, were chatting cheerfully enough.

"I never like this job at sea," resumed Ed, "nor any time, except when the last pound of steam is out of her, two or three days at dock." "But the engineer knows we are here," I replied. "Yes, he ordered me down—and there's no need of it—and he don't like me." Ed got off between his breath, bending to his perilous work in the pit. "Heaven, man!" I exploded, catching at what I thought was his meaning. "That would be murder!" "Hush, doctor! Not that, not that! But if I had refused to come, as he thought I would, don't you see he could break me—that is, discharge me when we get into New York."

A few minutes later Ed sent me aloft for an extra mop of cotton waste. I was to hurry, for we knew not what minute the captain might go ahead. I remember I had secured the waste, I was picking my way along the engine of little ladders and platforms. Far below, through the shadows, hung from occasional gas jets the sleeping monster, like a nickel plated spider, lay prone, and it seemed to be exploring its viscera like some daring pathologist. Away below me in the light of his torch Ed reminded me of a midget.

Suddenly the going struck from the pilot house. God help me, I can hear it yet! I was near the engineer's landing. Quick as a flash I was on the engineer, and like a tiger I caught at the wheel which he was turning to let on steam. "Man! B— is in the crank pit!" But I was too late. She gave one turn, at least. Then the scoundrel or fool, I don't know which, yielded to me and we stopped her. But such a cry as came echoing up from the very heart of the engine!

"Thank God for that second cry," I fairly sobbed, as it floated up. Then sprang away and down. Ed lay senseless on the arm of the crank, as if the engine had stopped in pity and held him out to us. He had fainted with pain only, for the sprained elbow had been broken. How he escaped heaven only knows. Now this is the curious part of my story. Less than a year after, when she was cold and lying at the docks without a pound of steam, that engine killed this same engineer. It must have been in the middle of the night. What he was doing down in her no one knows. A list by cargo and tide must have moved the machinery a half a turn and crushed him. Ed B— says that engines have souls, but seafaring men cherish queer notions. —New York Press.

Married the Family.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Marmoreine hairless plaster. Electricity is to revolutionize mining. Many of the big paper-mills have turned out paper belts said to be superior to leather.

The juice of a half lemon in a teacup of strong black coffee, without sugar, will often cure a sick headache. The skin of a boiled egg is the best remedy for a boil. Carefully peel it, wet, and apply to the boil; it draws out the matter and relieves soreness.

When your face and ears burn so terribly bathe them in very hot water—as hot as you can bear it. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application. The compounding of locomotives will soon be gone into on a large scale, and triple expansion engines will soon be adopted in the larger manufacturing establishments.

The breaking weight of a bar of iron one foot long and one inch square is 5781 pounds. A piece of seasoned hickory of the same dimensions would break at 270 pounds. A Philadelphia company recently made a fly-wheel which weighs 180,000 tons. It is twenty-five feet in diameter, eighteen inches thick, and twenty-eight inches wide. It will be operated by a 3000 horse power.

Borers of the city artesian well at Fort Worth, Texas, are of the opinion that the drill will soon penetrate a huge volume of boiling water, as the temperature increases with every few feet they go down, and at last accounts was 121 degrees, at a depth of 2900 feet. Chasta has proved that a parasite growing on plants of the Strychnos genus contains neither strychnine nor brucine. The mistletoe growing upon the oak does not contain the blue tannin of the latter, but exclusively a green tannin. In like manner other parasites are shown not to absorb the peculiar principles of their hosts.

Neuralgia in the face has been cured by applying a mustard plaster to the forehead. For neuralgia in the head, apply the plaster to the back of the neck. The reason for this is that mustard is said to touch the nerves the moment it begins to draw or burn, and to be of most use must be applied to the nerve centers, or directly over the place where it will touch the affected nerve most quickly. Sarno, a German chemist, finds nitric acid last in annual plants, and more or less in nearly all families of plants. A singular observation is that where plants formerly supposed to be root-parasites, and now called saprophytes, are connected with certain bush roots. Such roots have no nitric acid. For instance, the cancer root is only found under beach trees, and yet no connection exists between the beach and this plant. These roots ought not to have any nitric acid, if Sarno is right.

For many years a spring of dirty water ran from the house of a certain M. Korotneff in the heart of Sebastopol, and caused the proprietor much trouble. At times the spring would cover the best street in the city with mud. Of late the city has become a public nuisance and the spring authorities compelled M. Korotneff to build a small reservoir around it and lead off the muddy substance by sewer pipes. But as soon as this was done it was discovered that the substance in the new reservoir was pure naphtha. For the last three months since the discovery was made nothing has been done to utilize this wasting treasure.

Convicts Off for Siberia. The Moscow correspondent of the London News says: "To-day I witnessed the departure for Siberia of the first batch of convicts this season. They stood in marching column at the railway station, surrounded by a guard of about 100 soldiers with drawn swords. At the head came the worst class of convicts, about 200 in number, all having leg fetters. The dress was gray with a yellow diamond on the back. The by-standers threw money to them to enable them to purchase comforts on the journey." Bright Thoughts and Merry. Frank R. Stockton tells with great good humor, many years ago, he invented a dish and got \$2 for the invention. It was while he was sub-editor of the Fourth and Home, a weekly paper of which Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge was the editor. He had contributed to every department save the household department. This put him on his mettle. So he handed in a receipt of his own concoction. Mrs. Dodge accepted it, and paid for it at the current rate—\$2. The dish is called "Cold Pink," and here is the receipt: Take all the white meat left over from the Thanksgiving turkey, and chop it up very fine. Pour a thin cranberry sauce over the cold meat. Mix well, put it in a china form and set it away to get cold. When cold, serve it. It makes a delightful dish. But alas! as Mr. Stockton himself remarks, there is never any turkey left over from the Thanksgiving dinner. —Epoch.

Custer's Last Sword. The sword which Custer used in his campaign against the Lodians, and which he lost with his life in the battle of the Little Big Horn, as now in the possession of a Chicago man. It battered blade is as flexible as whalebone, and it looks as though it had been through many a hand-to-hand encounter. It is covered with innumerable designs of drums, flags, cannons and other implements of warfare. —Indianapolis Journal.

Canning Crabs.

A thriving industry at Hampton, Va., is the canning of hard-shell crabs, which was first begun in the year 1878. About the 1st of April the season for these crustaceans opens and continues until June. During that month and July the crabs are found with spawns and unfit for canning purposes. Then in August the work begins anew and from that time until about the 1st of November the canneries are kept very busy.

The crabs are caught chiefly with trot lines and nets. Best triple is used for bait and each line is attended by one man in a light skiff. The average daily catch per man in Hampton Roads is from sixty to seventy-five dozen, although 250 dozen catches have been occasionally reported. Large boats go out every day and collect the crabs from the fishermen. Upon arrival at the cannery the dead ones and spawners are thrown away. The others are placed in open work cars and conveyed to a wooden steamer having a capacity of 250 dozen into which a car is rolled. Steam is then turned on and the crabs cooked until they turn red, when the car is rolled out and the contents shoveled into baskets. These are delivered to men technically termed "strippers," who remove the shells, small claws and entrails. These men pass the cleaned portions to a force of women and children called "pickers," who take out all the meat and place it in large pans. The large claws are crushed and the meat deftly extracted. As these pickers receive but from two to three cents a pound, it naturally follows that they must be quick and agile workers. The most rapid pickers can generally prepare about twenty-five pounds a day, but the average is about sixteen pounds.

The hand parts and other refuse are dumped into sheet-iron barrels, placed in scows and sold to the neighboring farmers for fertilizing purposes. The upper shells, which the strippers remove, are carefully cleaned and used as receptacles for deviled crabs, being packed up and sold with the cans containing the meat. After being weighed, the crab-meat is taken to the "fillers," who pack it in one and two-pound cans. Each pound can is estimated to contain the meat extracted from thirty-eight crabs. In order to prevent spoiling in the cans, the contents must be very thoroughly cooked, and consequently after being sealed these receptacles are placed in boiling water for half an hour. Then they are taken out and vented by piercing a small hole in the top of each and immediately resealed. After this they are given a final hot water bath, in which they remain for two hours. Another process consists in placing the cans in a strong solution of chloride of lime water. Upward of 11,000,000 crabs are thus canned each season in the Hampton establishments, and find a ready sale in all parts of the United States. —Detroit Free Press.

Jack Tar's Plea in His Own Paper.

The sailors of the United States flag-ship Philadelphia publish a little paper which is called "The Philadelphia Triton." A good paper it is, too. The whole edition is issued at Port-au-Prince. The editor makes one proud to be an American, and shows that the intelligence of the days when the Constitution sailed the seas with 300 New England freeholders on her triumphant deck have not been followed by decadence. Among other articles is one which should commend itself to the Naval authorities. It is as follows: "In a number of ways Jack is not as comfortable in the modern ship as he was in the old navy, or in other words these modern improvements are a good deal to be desired. First, the modern ship is not as roomy or so comfortable as the old sailing ark of a quarter of a century ago. "Of necessity Jack's work is not as clean as in the old ships, but still his pride is just as great; his ship is his own private yacht; he owns her while attached to her, yet no provision is made for cleaning himself after compartment or double bottom work. Much less a bath tub. In a number of foreign men-of-war clean bathrooms are shown both for firemen and crew. "Could not even a couple of shower baths be fitted in the new ships, especially the larger ones, and then we would laugh at hard work, for in the morning, and when in the tropics, our 'showers' will refresh and cool us off and we'll be ready for more work."

This coming as it does from the sailors themselves, should have weight. —New York Tribune. A Curious Name Combination. "What is a name?" has been a question sufficiently unanswered to still remain a subject for discussion, but what is in two names should have a double interest. If you don't think so, take two names as well known as any in American history and look at them. They are the names Lincoln and Hamlin. Of course, there is nothing peculiar about them as they stand, but set them different and observe the result. For an instance, place them thus: HAM LIN LIN COLN. Read up and down and then across. There is something in that, isn't there? Now, again: ABRA—HAMLIN—COLN. Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and names combine as these do? —St. Louis Republic.

The Queen of Spain has umpired the Columbia-Venezuela boundary case entirely in favor of Colombia. The artists of Nuremberg and Paris have long been famous for their manufactures of toy-soldiers of lead. The art dates from the Seven Years' War, and was developed under the influence of the enthusiasm aroused by the career of Frederick the Great. Much pains are taken with the sketches of the intended figures, and eminent artists are willing to supply the models. Certain fixed rules have to be adhered to in designing the figures. In colors, deep tints must be avoided, and gaudy hues preferred. The artists must be acquainted with the military costumes of the period to which the soldier they represent belonged. Anachronisms in this matter are fatal. Molds of slate are used for the plain figures, and of brass for those in relief. The figures, having been cast, are taken out and trimmed; then handed over to the women, to be painted; and then to other women, to be packed in wooden boxes. —Popular Science Monthly.

Norway's Headman. In Norway an expert executioner is requisite, although his services are seldom needed. August Claeson is now an old man, and has held the office for twenty-four years, with occasional assistance. The laws of Norway are still harsh in terms, and were harsh in practice not many years ago. Old man Claeson can remember that, at Trondhjem, about twelve years ago, a preacher named Jansen, convicted of murdering his child, stood in the pillory all day, with his right hand cut off, and had his head cut off at sundown. Now, however, the punishment is decapitation, without the barbarous exhibition that used to precede it. The death penalty is so seldom resorted to in Sweden and Norway that it is practically obsolete. —St. Louis Republic.

HORSE FLESH FOR FOOD.

HIPPOPHAGY IS PRACTICED IN VARIOUS PLACES.

Parisians Convert Horse Flesh Into a Savory Dish—Eating Equine Meat in South America. Alfred Trumble says in the Epoch that his first impression of horse flesh as an article of diet was that it would have suffered no harm had it been fatter. It is of a darker color than beef, and of a tougher fibre, coming nearer to game in quality. In fact, as a dinner given by an enthusiastic hippophagist in London, at which all the meats were horse of various dressings, I sampled it as venison and as bear-meat, and found the deception plausible; and I have been credibly informed that at many Paris restaurants, horse flesh is actually served as venison; so my experience with it may be even wider than I am aware.

It is a curious fact, by the way, that the French, who cannot cook a real beef-steak to the Anglo-Saxon palate, can convert the horse into a savory dish. The opportunity for deception puts their culinary art upon its mettle, I suppose, just as if you give them the primest green-turtle out of the West Indies, they will spoil it in the pot, while from a calf's head, some veal scraps and the stock kettle, they will make you a mock turtle soup to deceive anyone but a London alderman.

Every day, at early morning, noon and evening, in Paris, you will see poor people gathering at certain shabby cookshops in the quarters of Belleville, Montmartre, the Batignolles and others of the sections outside the Boulevards, where poverty houses thickest each armed with a tin pail, a pitcher or something else calculated to carry liquid. These receptacles are duly filled with thin but savory broth, called from horse, steaming catfishes, and which costs only a cent or two a quart. I have drunk this bouillon, and found it nourishing and good. It is made of the bones and scraps of horse-meat after the choicer pieces are sold to the cheap restaurants, and the very essence and marrow of the meat are in it, for the boiling is kept up until the bones are fairly honeycombed and the meat reduced to shreds like bits of twine. This broth provides the principal animal nourishment for the average laborer in the gay city. He adds to it a few vegetables, thickens it with bread, and, it having as the cook-book might say, been "seasoned to taste," makes a palatable and hearty meal.

Once upon a time, before the Argentine was griddled with railroads, a little party of us set off in the saddle to cross the Pampas to the fertile plantations of Bolivia. Coming to the end of a long day's canter, we also came upon a camp of curious half savages of whom we had heard, but whom I, at least, had never made acquaintance before. A couple of them were carving veritable chunks out of the carcass of a horse, whose hide was pegged out on the grass to dry. These great morsels of meat, half roasted, without salt, in the embers of a fire of twigs and turf, constituted the feast to which the Gauchos welcomed us. It was hearty eating, though the cookery could not compare with that of Paris, and it was the only meat our rude hosts knew. They lived by the horse and of the horse as well as on his back. His hide went to the traders to clothe them, and his flesh went into their bodies to render them worth clothing; and no one who has seen them running down their gambo, with their long lariats tipped with leaden balls, will doubt that it was healthily feeding, however deficient in epicurean charms.

I do not wish to be understood as disdaining the roast beef of Old England, which, as we all know, mostly comes from the United States nowadays, nor even as preferring the product of the stall to the product of the pasture; but I can affirm, with a good conscience to wards my digestion, that there are less salubrious dishes served at soldier board than those which nourished us at the Honest Man. As for the savor, doth not our old friend Brillat-Savarin tell us 't is all a matter of the cook and the appetite?"

The Tin Soldiers of Nuremberg. The artists of Nuremberg and Paris have long been famous for their manufactures of toy-soldiers of lead. The art dates from the Seven Years' War, and was developed under the influence of the enthusiasm aroused by the career of Frederick the Great. Much pains are taken with the sketches of the intended figures, and eminent artists are willing to supply the models. Certain fixed rules have to be adhered to in designing the figures. In colors, deep tints must be avoided, and gaudy hues preferred. The artists must be acquainted with the military costumes of the period to which the soldier they represent belonged. Anachronisms in this matter are fatal. Molds of slate are used for the plain figures, and of brass for those in relief. The figures, having been cast, are taken out and trimmed; then handed over to the women, to be painted; and then to other women, to be packed in wooden boxes. —Popular Science Monthly.

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LETTING DOWN THE BARS. Fair Jane stands near the woodland where The bars lane joins the field; The cows are grazing at her call, Their treasure white to yield. The sun is sinking through the trees To give place to the stars, And to the task the mation bonds Of letting down the bars. Young neighbor John, of manly mold, But timid as a quail, Clings o'er the fence and gains her side And helps her move the rail. Her warm blush tells a tale; but fear From speech his tongue detains Till eyes meet eyes, then of his love Her glance tells down the bars. O woodland's breath and meadow's breeze, And soft eyed kine and birds! Know ye the rapture in your midst That cannot flow in words? Nor wish for wealth, nor thought of fame, Nor aught the moment mares; These guileless souls find all their world While letting down the bars. —New York Advertiser.

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Erasures on account-books are sure signs of a bigger scrape coming.—Puck. When a man fights in his mind he always comes out victorious.—Athenian Globe. When one denies his own statements he is practicing much self-denial.—Dallas News. Assignment is the moral aesthetic that relieves a man from payin'.—Washington Post. Mr. Crosby—"I tell you before I go that I want beef for dinner, and when I get home what do I find?" Mrs. Crosby—"Fault, every time."—New York Sun.

He (accepted)—"Ah, what happiness! Now I can call you mine, love!" She—"Ah! You haven't got through with your interview with papa yet."—Texas Siftings. A Sad Case: Mrs. Murphy—"An' sure, Mrs. O'Brien, did your poor man die away, rest his soul?" Mrs. O'Brien—"In due time, Mrs. Murphy. It nearly kilt poor Pat to die."

Jack Jimpton—"You are the apple of my eye, dear!" Cora Bellows—"And you are the peach of mine." "Why the peach?" "You are such a perpetual fallure."—New York Herald. Mr. Oldgrad (Class of '60)—"Ah, this is our class picture. Ah, old boy, we were younger then than we are now." Mr. De Gree—"Yes, and knew a great deal more."—Brooklyn Life. "How will I enter the money the cashier skipped with?" asked the book-keeper, "under profit and loss?" "No; suppose you put it under running expenses."—Philadelphia Times.

They say that a woman cannot reason, but as long as she has her faculty of intuition she seems to get along all right. Besides, she can usually get a man to reason for her. —Somerville Journal. There may not be any royal road to wealth, but there is a royal road to learning. When a man gets rich the world is willing to regard everything he says as the utterances of a sage.—Somerville Journal. She—"I am afraid that bell fingering means another chair." He (impertinently)—"You know there is such a thing as your not being at home." She—"Yes; and there is such a thing as my being engaged." Genius may be merely a capacity for hard work, but it is hard to make the neighbors believe that there is any genius about the young woman who practices the scales four hours a day.—Indianapolis Journal.

Emersonia Dorchester—"Ollivina Holmes is not the merest girl I thought she was." Russellina Waldow—"What has occurred?" Emersonia Dorchester—"I noticed to-day that she was wearing her winter spectacles."—Athenian Circular. Prudence—"Why did you hurry around the corner when you met Briggs a moment ago?" "Afraid of him!" "Why?" "Yesterday he paid me back a dollar he borrowed six months ago, and I'm shorter than usual this week." —New York Recorder. "And what," asked the young woman who is sometimes facetious, "is the rank of the individual who brings up in the rear with a bucket and a tin cup?" "Oh," replied the member of the militia, without hesitation, "he is a lemonade de camp." —Washington Post.

Alice—"I met Minnie Remue to-day, and she showed me the engagement ring that Horace Fledgely gave her." Gwen-dolin—"Is it a pretty one?" Alice—"You remember the one he gave you and me?" Gwen-dolin—"Let me think. Oh, yes!" Alice—"It's the same ring." —Jocelyn's Circular. They took the Fitzburg from Boston to Troy. At the Falls the brakeman thrust his head in at the door and seemed to interrogate—"Hoopstick? Hoopstick?" Alfred Luffus looked inquiringly around the car, and discovering no object in need of a physician's care, appealed to his father—"Papa, who is sick?" —Pharmaceutical Era.

A small Bath schoolboy, who had been sent home by his teacher because his sister had the measles, was noticed by that teacher at the next recess playing with the other children in the school yard. "Johnny, didn't I tell you not to come to school while your sisters had the measles?" "Yes, but I am not going to school, I only come to play with the boys before it begins." —Bath Times. A candidate was being examined by four professors. Feeling extremely nervous his memory failed him several times. At last one of the professors growing impatient, thundered out: "Why, you cannot quote a single passage of Scripture correctly!" "Yes I can!" exclaimed the candidate. "I just happen to remember a passage in the Revelations: 'And I lifted up my eyes and beheld four great beasts.'" —Dreadnought Dispatch.