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FOREST REPUBLICAN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$10.00; Two Squares, one year, \$15.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$3.00; Half Column, one year, \$5.00; One Column, one year, \$10.00. Legal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

Robert Bonner does not think the trotting mile will reach 2:05.

It is said that the general use of the typewriter has greatly injured the ink business.

One hundred years ago there were in the South 54,398 colored people to every 100,000 white people; to-day there are but 41,476.

The large yield and high price of wheat will, it is estimated and expected, make this season's crop in the two Dakotas equal to those of the five preceding years. This will give the farmers five years' income with one year's expense.

Although the summer of 1891 was exceptionally cool, murders and suicides were unusually numerous, a fact, that maintains the New York Commercial Advertiser, that throws some discredit on the old theory that heat provokes to crime.

A steamboat line will begin running in a few weeks between Chattanooga, Tenn., and St. Louis, Mo. The business men of Chattanooga are delighted at the prospect, which means a reduction in freights to that point. Within fifteen days \$1000 each were subscribed by 107 of Chattanooga's citizens as a guarantee fund. The trip of the steamer Herbert a few months since over the same route, made in the interest of Chattanooga merchants, demonstrated the entire feasibility of the scheme, as the Mussel Shoal Canal made the worst part of the river navigable, and below that the voyage was perfectly easy.

The American Wool Reporter sees the solution of the deserted farm problem in New England in the rising of sheep. "Many of these deserted farms," it says, "can be bought from \$5 to \$15 per acre, and there are clusters of them where 1000 or more acres can be secured in a body. These farms can be stocked with grade Shropshires and Southdowns costing at from \$5 to \$8 per head, but these breeds of course should not be run in flocks of more than thirty to forty head each. We have recommended Shropshires and Southdowns because of their superior mutton qualities, and because they are hardy and early to develop. The Hampshire and also please, perhaps equally as well, and furnish most toothsome mutton. The New England mutton raiser is not only favored with sweet feed among the limestone and granite ledges and in the green valley of his domain, but is also additionally favored by a close proximity to the best markets in the country, where early lambs need never to hunt a buyer and where prices for prime mutton are always good."

The eastern shore of Maryland has been so little disturbed by immigration, remarks the Chicago Herald, that the region numbers comparatively few surnames, so that at various times it has been necessary to resort to odd but very ancient devices to distinguish between men bearing the same name. The commonest device is the patronymic by which two men bearing exactly the same Christian and family name are distinguished from the other by the addition of "of William," "of Thomas," or "of John," as the case may be, the meaning of the phrase being "son of William, Thomas or John." Another device once commonly employed was to couple with the name an adjective to indicate some physical peculiarity, as "long" to indicate a tall man, "black" to indicate a dark man or "red" to indicate a ruddy man. Occasionally the distinguishing word is uncomplimentary. "Devil" is not an unusual prefix to the Christian or surname of a man having a reputation for vice or recklessness. A man bearing one of the best known names in Maryland carried to his grave this prefix.

The agent of a commercial bureau who has been through nearly fourteen counties in western Kansas, for the purpose of obtaining information on which to base a judgment of the business conditions of that part of the country, reports that that portion of Kansas is enjoying the most prosperous era in its history. The banks, he says, are in excellent condition; their deposits are increasing, and they are not using much Eastern money, large amounts being received from farmers who are paying off mortgages and have money on deposit after doing it. The abundance of the crops this year is such, he declares, as to make up for the losses sustained by the farmers in previous seasons. According to his observation the chief difficulty they have to contend with is the lack of threshing-machines to handle the wheat. But the farmers do not let this trouble them much as they are disposed to hold the grain for higher prices, believing that by next February they can get \$1 a bushel instead of sixty cents, which is the present price. The prosperity of the farmers is having its effect on retail

THE WORLD AND LIFE.

The onward rushing stream of life Engrossed his every thought. The turmoil of the day, the strife With which man's breath was wrought, Made up existence to his mind; The world was all in all. He was a captive—passive, blind— To struggle or to fall. Such was his thought; he never knew What force beyond it lay. Until across his path Love threw A ray, sunlit ray. He drank its warmth, and then it seemed To glow he who raised the work; And sweeter than he ever dreamed Before his life unfurled. —Flavel Scott Miles, in Harper's Weekly.

DORA.

Duncan Holmes (soliloquizing in street car)—I don't believe in love at first sight, but I believe in fate. Ten minutes ago I was on my way down town with the fixed intention of going in that direction and no other, yet here I am riding up town, with not the vaguest idea of stopping anywhere. What induced me to change my mind so suddenly? I have never done such an erratic thing before. What lovely, lovely eyes she has!

Conductor—Change cars for Thirty-fourth street ferry. Duncan—Shall I change cars? Perhaps I'd better. A voice outside—Bananas! Ten for a quarter! Put 'em up in a bag for yer!

Duncan—No, I'll stay where I am. It is true, I saw Sissy Tomkyns in this car as it passed me, but I would never run three blocks for the pleasure of talking to him. Much more likely to run the other way. He is an unmitigated nuisance—every one knows that. I was immensely relieved when he got off the car. Voice at the window—Ten for a quarter!

Duncan—And then I got this seat directly opposite her. How fortunate! Was there ever such a face? And such beautiful hair! The old lady must be her grandmother—no, I don't want bananas. We were so near her when we were hanging on that strap together that she heard every word we said. I could see that plainly. That's Tomkyns's one virtue, he gives a person such opportunities for being brilliant. (Car goes on.)

Voice in distance—Ten—quarter—bag for yer! Duncan—It's fate, that's clear. It is a little dark in the tunnel, so now I can look at her without her knowing it. I have never seen such a pretty profile nor such a lovely smile. And what a soft, sweet voice she has! I would listen to it all day. The old lady seems to be a sensible sort of party. Why does she not drop her fan or her handkerchief, or do something to give me a chance of making myself useful?

Conductor—New Haven depot! Duncan—Nearly every one is getting off the car. A little trip in the country would be agreeable, perhaps. No, I'll stay in town and go up the avenue. What is the old lady saying to her now? Something about the streets? Old Lady—We must not go too far up, Dora. You will have to ask the conductor. (Looks round anxiously.) Duncan (raising his hat)—Can I be of any service, madam? Old Lady—Thank you. I want to know where number—Fifth avenue is. Duncan—I am not quite sure, but I will ask the driver. (Goes out on front platform.)

Small Boy in the street—Look out for de dog! (Car stops and frightened car runs in.) Small Boy (gleefully)—There he goes! Mad dog, mad dog! (Ladies passengers scream and rush out the other door.) Dora—Don't be frightened, grandma. Wait for me; you will fall, grandma! Conductor—Well, I never seed such a stampede. Passenger (to Duncan)—The young lady dropped her cape. There she goes; you can catch her. Duncan (taking it and rushing out)—Fate is with me!

Duncan Holmes (smoking in his room)—What a race I've had all the afternoon with that fur cape! I distinctly saw her and the old lady getting into a cab, and I ran blocks and blocks to catch them. There was such a crowd in the avenue that I could hardly keep the cab in sight—I knew it by the blue curtains at the back. At last it stopped; I came up breathless making my best bow; the door opened and two gentlemen got out. There were two cabs with blue curtains, and I followed the wrong one. What a dilemma I was in. I was determined to find her before an advertisement for the cape appeared in the paper, for I would not relish going to her as if to claim "twenty dollars reward." I turned the cape inside out in hopes of finding some clue to the owner, and in the little pocket was a slip of paper with three memoranda written in a delicate, running hand: "Notepaper, milliner, Chabry's slippers. How I envied Chabry's slippers, whoever he might be. Her brother, I thought, and she was going to order his slippers—a good, kind sister. There was nothing else in the pocket except the handkerchief. I have kept it as a souvenir. There can be no harm in such a theft as that. Some day, when we are both old, I shall hunt her up again and give it back to her, and we shall laugh together over the mad-dog episode. There is melancholy satisfaction in the prospect. It is a pretty little trifle faintly embroidered in blue, with her name in one corner—Theodora; a sweet, stately, name, just suited to her. This shall never leave me until I give it into her own hands. When that time comes my hands will be wrinkled and shaky and my hair white, her blue eyes will be dim with years and her voice cracked—well! what is the use

of thinking of it! I don't believe in fate, but I believe in love at first sight. Ah, me! James is staying a long time. I told him to ride both ways. What a mercy it was that I did not carry out my first plan of applying for information at the house in Fifth avenue to which they were going. I should have looked a precious idiot. I had made up my mind to relate the car incident in an off-hand way and to describe the two ladies, particularly the old one, her soft, white hair and grey eyes, and all that, but any one, at least any woman, would have taken infinite pleasure in enlightening me. I think my lucky stars that I did not go there, but received another inspiration when within five yards of the house. I took one more look at the cape and saw that it was quite new and had the maker's name inside the collar. I dashed over to the elevated, caught the next train, rode down town, and reached the furrier's shop just as it was closing up. The proprietor was very obliging, called up his men, had the matter looked into, and informed me that a cape similar to the one I showed him had been made a week ago for a Mrs. Charles Botan. Married, unmarried—Theodora! He gave me her address. I shall leave on Saturday and join mother and the girls in Switzerland. Here is James' well!

James—It's all right, sir. The lady described the cape exactly, so I gave it to her. She was very much obliged to you, and the gentleman gave me five dollars, sir. Duncan—Yes; very well. Now I want you to pack my small trunk. I am going to Europe. And, James, about what age is—er—the gentleman, Mr. Botan? Did he seem to be a feeble, delicate-looking sort of man at all? James—No, sir. I took him to be about thirty-six or seven—a little older than yourself, sir. Duncan—Yes. Now go. Fate is against me!

Duncan Holmes (in his married sister's drawing-room two years later)—It was certainly a strange coincidence, to say the least. Soon after reaching Geneva I saw in a New York paper the death, "suddenly," of Charles Botan, at the address to which I had sent the fur cape. Two weeks ago I came home, and while attending an afternoon tea, here at Margaret's, saw sitting in a corner, dressed in black, Theodora. I went to my sister and whispered, "Who is she?" "She!" returned Margie, "in black? Oh, that is Dora Botan. Poor dear! she has only just left off her crape. You must meet her; she is charming." In another minute we were standing before her. Margie said, hurriedly, "Dora, this is my brother, Duncan Holmes. You have heard me speak of him," and then flew off to greet a new-comer. Ah, what a delightful half-hour I passed talking to her, listening to her voice, and looking into her eyes! She is not much changed, though sadder than she was, and I fancied once that she had a dim recollection of me, but that is hardly possible. She did not speak of the fur-cape incident nor of her husband. I have met her twice in the street since then, and last Sunday I went into church with her. She promised me she would be here this evening, and she kept her word. (His sister shows Dora in.) Dora—I am early, I see. Good-evening, Mr. Holmes; are we the first arrivals? Duncan—No; there are several persons in the next room, but it is very comfortable here. Dora—I have not been anywhere for so long that I feel quite strange. Duncan—Yet, a musicale is not a formidable affair. Have this arm-chair, and I will take this one. Now, I want to tell you a secret.

Dora—A secret, Mr. Holmes? Duncan—Yes; and to restore to you a piece of property of yours which accidentally came into my possession two years ago, and which I have feloniously retained and concealed until now. Oh, you need not think this a joke, it is solemn truth. Have you forgotten it? Dora—Have I forgotten what? Duncan—That we met two years ago, you and I. There is recollection written in your eyes, but you do not quite place me. Dora—I thought I had seen you before and heard you talk. Only yesterday I was thinking— Duncan—Of me? Thank you. Now listen. I came uptown to-day in a street car, and as we reached the tunnel I heard a familiar voice which gave me a thrill of delight. The words I said were unpolitic and commonplace: "Bananas! Ten for a quarter. Put 'em up in a bag for yer!" In an instant I seemed to see you sitting opposite me, a sweet-faced old lady at your side. She asked me where No.—Fifth avenue was. Do you remember now? A hunted dog ran through the car and you vanished from my sight. What is the matter? There are tears in your eyes. Dora—Yes; I recollect it all. It was only few weeks before my great, great sorrow— Duncan—Oh, pardon me. I did not mean to grieve you so. Hark, the music is beginning. Shall we go into the other room? Dora—No, thank you; we can hear very well. Are you fond of music? Duncan—Yes; very. That fellow plays well, too. Dora—I am so glad you thought dear grandma had a sweet face. It suited her character exactly. I nearly died when I lost her, and now I am quite alone. Duncan—Is she dead? I am shocked to hear it. I had no idea you were in mourning for her. (Aside.) Where on earth is Botan, then? Dora—Your face shows you are grieved. Thank you. I remember that you were very kind that day. (Singing begins.) That is a fine voice, but I very tired of the song. Are not you? Duncan—I do not know it. Dora—Not know "Marguerite"? Duncan—Yes, yes; of course! Pardon me, I was thinking of seeing you else. I am glad we are not to have

another verse. It is time I restored the rest of your property to you. This handkerchief has been all over Europe with me. Dora—Did I drop it in the car? But, no; you have made a mistake. It is not mine. Duncan—Not yours? I found it in the pocket of your fur cape, and it has your name. Look—Theodora? Dora—Indeed you mistake. My name is Dorothea. Duncan—I do not understand. Did not my servant go to your hour in Seventieth street? Dora—No; he could not have done so, for I have always lived in Madison avenue. Duncan—But he saw your—your—Mr. Botan. Dora—Who can you mean? I have no brother, and my father has been dead for ten years. Duncan—But do you mean to say you did not lose your fur cape that day? Dora—Mr. Holmes, I assure you I never had one. I begin to understand now. The lady who sat next me in the car had one on her lap. Duncan—I see; I see; I was on a wild-goose chase. But tell me, what is your name? Margie called you Dora Botan. Dora—Here is my visiting card in her card-basket—look!

Duncan—Miss Dorothea Boughton—Miss Dorothea Boughton! Miss! Well, well, what an absurd mistake I made! Was there ever such a stupid! Sissy Tomkyns herself could not have done worse. Let me explain from the beginning. Dora—Hark! A duett. (Tenor sings.) "For one brief space we met, I looked on thee and loved, and loved thee!" Duncan—That is just my case. Dora—It is not polite to talk during the singing. Duncan—For two years I have loved you hopelessly, Dora—Dorothea. What say you? Dora—Hush—ah! Listen! (Soprano sings.) "Look, look in mine eyes And ask, and ask no more!" —Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Thought a Hole Through a Board.

A celebrated electrician stated that he could easily "think a hole through an inch board," and by connecting a drill so that it could be actuated by the current produced, he actually did it. A. E. Dolbear, writing on this subject, says that the experiment, far from being new or impracticable, was carried out in this country more than twenty years ago by Dr. Lombard, of Harvard College. A thermopile was connected with a delicate astatic galvanometer, and a person selected for the test. The individual was placed in a reclining position and the thermopile touched his head. A certain place was found where the temperature changes in the skull were more quickly apparent than elsewhere, and the instrument was fixed at that place. So long as the subject remained mentally passive the galvanometer needle remained at zero, but as soon as a word was spoken to attract his attention, the needle would at once be deflected, though no muscle was moved. A noise outside, a door opening, or any incident that would cause concentrated attention, would have a marked effect on the needle. It is now proposed to measure the relative strengths of various efforts, as, for instance, working out problems in mental arithmetic or geometry, reading English, Latin, German, or any other language, in all of which processes it will be easy to ascertain by the movements of the needle the respective degree of effort made by the person experimented upon.—Boston Transcript.

Pigeons in Journalism.

The Edinburgh evening papers have a trained service of carrier pigeons for use at race meetings, football or cricket matches, shooting competitions, etc., and in out-of-the-way districts where there is no telegraph or telephone within easy reach they are often very useful. They are housed in quarters specially erected for them on the flat roof of the office, the devices including an ingenious trap arrangement and electric bell. When a reporter desires to use the pigeons he leaves word the night before with the person in charge of them. This is very necessary. When they are to fly far on any particular business it is better that they should be only lightly fed in the morning. The pigeons—two or four, as may be required—are caught in the morning and placed in a comfortable wicker or tin basket, like a small lunch-basket, with compartments. The reporter, when he leaves the office, carries the basket with him. He also provides himself with a book of fine tissue paper, "flimsy," and a sheet of carbonized paper, "a black." He writes his report very legibly and compactly, so as to put as much on a page of "flimsy" as it will possibly hold. Then he rolls the "flimsy" neatly up and attaches it to the leg of the bird by means of an elastic band. Or he may send two pages of "flimsy," one on each leg. The pigeon, being released, makes straight for home.—Times-Democrat.

Misunderstanding.

A great deal of unhappiness in home life comes from misunderstanding the people one lives with. Each of us is more or less affected by the personal impression of a conversation, incident, or episode. The way it strikes us is very apt to push quite out of sight the way it may strike another. In consequence we misinterpret moods or attribute to our kindred motives which have never occurred to them. The quiet manner is taken to mean irritation when it is simply weariness, or impulsive speech is supposed to spring from anger, when it may have its origin from embarrassment or indigestion. At all events life would be smoother in many a home if everybody would endeavor to understand his or her neighbor in the home, and if everybody were taken at the best and not at the worst valuation.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An average locomotive costs \$10,000. Iron has been rolled to the thinness of 1-1500th of an inch. A new method to utilize coal dust has been successfully tried. Antimony is found extensively in Portugal, the largest beds being situated near Braganza.

An electric flying machine was recently made to rise to a height of seventy feet and fly about 400 yards. The French make paper umbrellas, rendered wholly waterproof by gelatinized bichromate of potassium.

By the use of the camera, with powerful telescopes a new and very large crater has been shown upon the moon's surface. A French electrician has gotten up a device by which he can send 1500 typewriting words per minute over a single wire.

The sturgeon is toothless and draws in its food by suction, but the shark has hundreds of teeth set in rows that sometimes number ten.

A seamless steel boat made from one piece of metal by hydraulic pressure promises to be very desirable. It will last a great while and cannot leak.

The largest locomotive yet built in Europe was recently sent out of the Hirschau works in Munich, Bavaria. It is forty-six feet over all and weighs eighty-four tons.

Telescope steel masts or rods are to be used in lighting the public squares in Brussels, Belgium. The object of this system is to preserve the beauties of the parks in the daytime.

The effective range of the modern magazine rifle is not less than a mile, and the maximum range not less than two miles. There is danger from ricochet up to a distance of a mile.

As heat resistants we may mention asbestos, plaster-of-paris, uncalcined gypsum, sand, clay, ashes, charcoal, soapstone, pumice stone, chalk, infusorial earth, mineral wool, rock, wool.

The majestic is the most economical coal burner of any of the Atlantic flyers. She burns but 220 tons a day, shows 19,500 horse power and makes an average of over twenty-three miles an hour.

Electricity is playing an important part in the working of heavy guns, ammunition hoists, and winches in the French Navy. New ships are being fitted with electric appliances in lieu of hydraulic gear.

The practice of placing the green boughs of the eucalyptus tree in sick rooms is growing in Australia. They not only act as disinfectants, but the volatile scent has also a beneficial influence on consumptive patients.

Smoke is finding its champions in England, notwithstanding the efforts made to prevent its diffusion in the atmosphere. It is claimed that the carbon in the smoke is a powerful deodorizer, and as such, is a blessing rather than a nuisance.

By means of a powerful jet of compressed air a German engineer drives dry cement down into the sand or mud at the bottom of a stream, so that the water immediately fixes the cement and it becomes like solid rock, suitable for foundations.

An American machine which will successfully work out the fibre of sisal from the plant has produced a boom in that industry never realized with the English machines heretofore used. The new machine does not cut the fibre, and the product leaves the machine ready for the market.

After the passage of an electric storm there is quite an appreciable amount of ozone in the atmosphere, so much so that its presence may be frequently detected by exposing a piece of blotting paper, previously dipped in a solution of starch and iodide of potassium, when it will be turned blue.

The French are now painting their water vessels a dull, sulphurous gray, exactly the color of smoke as it rises from chimneys. They say this color has the advantage of being as illusive and indistinguishable in fogs and sea mists and darkness as during the smoke of battle. It is more baffling in the search light than any other tint.

A five-inch shaft was recently fired through the cellulose belt of the Danish cruiser Hepla, entering the bow in the port side, and coming out on the starboard side. The Hepla steamed for three hours at a speed of sixteen knots per hour. The cellulose is reported to have proved so effective that at the end of the three hours the water-tight compartment through which the shot passed contained but two feet of water. During the run the water rose high above the shot hole. Cellulose is a water-excluding substance.

A Rare Book.

The Carnegie Free Library in Allegheny, Penn., has become the fortunate possessor of a copy of Audubon's "Birds of America," the gift of Mrs. William J. Alexander, of Monongahela. The work is one of considerable rarity and of great value, copies of the original edition of 1844 selling at from \$2500 to \$4000. It is not generally known that the great naturalist's daughters live in old homestead near Audubon Park, overlooking the Hudson. They were once possessed of considerable wealth, but it was lost through unfortunate investments, and they are now in somewhat straitened circumstances. Some of the big handsome plates from which Audubon's monumental work was printed are preserved in the Museum of Natural History in Central Park.—Boston Transcript.

Rain Doesn't Follow Battles.

A great many people are of the opinion that battles are generally followed by rain. It may surprise them, therefore, to be told that a distinguished writer in Science proves that out of 2390 battles of the Civil War only 158 were followed by rain at all, and that often was but little more than a shower.

A TRIUMPH OF SURGERY.

LAYING BARE A CHILD'S SKULL TO CREATE A MIND.

The Wonderful Operation by Which an Imbecile Was Transformed Into a Rational Being.

Can you think of an operation that would create a mind? Can you conceive of the meaning to humanity of a discovery that would transform a congenital imbecile into a rational being? Such an operation was the one I was privileged to see.

The patient was a child about one year old. Of good parentage and of healthy bodily growth, aside from the fact that its skull was that of a new-born child, and it had hardened and solidified into that shape and size. The "soft spot" was not there, and the sutures or seams of the skull had grown fast and solid, so that the brain within was cramped and compressed by its unyielding bony covering.

The body could grow—did grow—but the poor little compressed brain, the director of the intelligent and voluntary actions of the body, was kept at its first estate. Even worse than this, its struggle which caused distortion and aimless or unmeaning movement. The arm and leg turned in, in that helpless, pathetic way that tells of imbecility. In short, the baby was a physically healthy imbecile—the most pathetic object on this sad earth. Upon examination, the surgeon, a gentle, sweet-natured man, whose enthusiasm for his profession—for the relief of suffering—makes him the object of devotion to many to whom he has given life and health, and the inspirer and final appeal for many a brother practitioner, discovered what he believed to be the trouble. Led by that most uncommon of all things, common-sense, he believed that this little victim of nature's mistake might be changed from a condition far worse than death to one of comfort for itself, and to those who now looked upon it only in anguish of soul.

The child's skull was laid bare in front. Two tracks were cut from a little above the base (or top) of the nose up and over to the back of the head. One of these tracks was cut on each side, the surgeon explained, because it would give equal expansion to the two sides of the brain, and because it would cause death to cut through the middle of the top of the head, where lies "the superior longitudinal sinus." He left, therefore, the solid track of bone through the middle, and cut two grooves or tracks of bone, one on either side, where nature (when she does not make a mistake) leaves soft or yielding edges by means of which the normal skull expands to fit the needs of the brain within.

The trench made displaced or cut away one-quarter of an inch of solid bone all the way from near the base of the nose to the back of the head. In the middle of the head on each side a crosswise cut was made, and one inch of bone divided. Another cut was made on either side, slanting toward the ears. This was one and a half inches long. The surgeon then tenderly inserted his forefingers, pressed the internal mass loose from the bones which it adhered and pushed the bones wider apart. This process widened the trenches to one inch.

The wound was now dressed with the wonderfully effective new aseptics, and the flesh and skin closed over. The operation had taken an hour and a half. There was little bleeding. The baby, was, of course, unconscious during the entire time. Oh, the blessings of anaesthetics! And now comes the wonderful result of this bold and radical, but tender and humane operation.

The baby rallied well. In three days it showed improved intelligence. In eight days this improvement was marked. From a creature that sat listless, deformed, and unmindful of all about it, it began to "take notice," like other children. From an "it," it had been transformed into "he." It had been given personality. It ate and slept fairly well.

On the tenth day the wound was exposed and dressed. It had healed, or "united by first intention," as the doctors say; and again one can but exclaim: "Oh, those wonderful aseptics! dressings! It had united without suppuration. It was a clean wound, cleanly healing.

One month after the operation the feet and hands had straightened out, and lost their jerky, aimless movements. The child is now a child. It sets and thinks like other children, laughs and coos and makes glad the hearts of those who love it.—Boston Transcript.

A Splendid Herd of Elk.

Reader, what would you have given to have seen, as I have, a band of 230 bull-elk all collected together on a beautiful piece of green grassy turf at an elevation of nine thousand feet! Here was a sight to make a man's nerves tingle. This was the largest band of bulls, by actual count, that I have ever seen, though my cousin and partner once saw, in the fall of the year, including bulls, cows and calves, fifteen hundred. This was on the memorable occasion when the only elk ever killed by any of my men gave up his life, and we have all concluded that this particular elk was frightened to death, for though three men shot at him and each was confident he hit him, they always asserted afterward that no bullet mark could be found on him.—Scraper.

Forests and Pure Air.

A Parisian scientist, while testifying to the greater purity of the air in the vicinity of forests, does not attribute the cause to a great richness in oxygen, the quantity of the latter being the same in the atmosphere of woods as in plains, but to the absence of those agents which vitiates the atmosphere of towns. When forests are not surrounded by marshes, a well-treed region is next to exempt from epidemics. Versailles is a case in point. It is surrounded by a screen of forests; epidemics are unknown, yet the city is a most wretched water-hole.

A HAUNTING THOUGHT.

If the wind is the breath of the dying, As ancient legends say, What better soul, defying, Sweeps down the storm to-day? What fruitless, mad regretting Uttered that lingering wail? What life of war and tempest Is spilled upon the gale?

If the wind is the breath of the dying, Across this sea of light, What saintly soul, replying, Goes out to God to-night? Whom does this moonlit zephyr Uplift on its white breast? What spirit, pure and patient, In raptures seeks to rest? —Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The tramp's style of expression is never labored.—Washington Star. Jagsen says it's a long loan that has no returning.—Elmira Gazette.

Even the strictest vegetarian believes it is meet that he should eat.—Boston Courier. We have hair-dressing parlors, and why not hair-drawing-rooms?—Boston Gazette.

The "balance of the season" is what troubles paterfamilias.—Boston Commonwealth. "No, Gubbins, you will never be a brain-worker." "Why not?" "Haven't got the tools."—Danville Democrat.

There's one good thing a bad boy won't take, and that is good advice.—Richmond Record. The dear hunting season has been transferred from the beach to the drawing-room.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

In the world of fashion every old hen has her set. And they manage to hatch out a good deal of mischief.—Texas Siftings. The barber who will invent a style of whiskers which the wind can't blow through has a fortune awaiting him.—Buffalo Express.

"So you live in Chicago?" "Yes." "Are you interested in the fair?" "Of course, I'm engaged to three of 'em at present."—Cape Cod Item. Some one says "poets are declining," this is evidently a mistake. Every poet will tell you that it is the editors who are declining.—Richmond Recorder.

The young man who says "Thank you!" when the girl he has promised to be his wife says it in words.—Somerville. He took the coin they gave him. Its looks he could not trust; He raised it to his lips with care— 'Twas thus he bit the dust. —Washington Star.

Mrs. Prendergast (in disgust)—"You call these shades alike! Is there anything you can match?" Mr. Prendergast—"Yes, Pennies."—Kate Field's Washington. "Father," asked a boy, "why do they call this place the Exchange?" "Because, my son, it is where we exchange money for experience."—Boston Bulletin.

He (seriously)—"Do you think your father would object to my marrying you?" She—"I don't know. If he is anything like me he would."—Brooklyn Life. If some people were to do unto others as they would have others do to them they would not have a single moment in which to look out for themselves.—Dallas News.

"You had better go get a 'hipple,' said Mrs. Elder to her daughter; "it is your last chance." "You think this is the copy of last resort, do you, mamma, ask'd the girl."—Detroit Free Press. Editor-in-Chief (to managing editor)—"I understand that James has resigned." Managing Editor—"James has abdicated, sir, not resigned. James, you know, was office boy."—Jury.

The husband was railing the news at night, And his wife said, "Tell me, pray, How many ballistics were aimed outright Who made assassinations to-day?" —New York Press.

"H'm—that young man of yours—is he worth anything, financially?" "Why, yes, papa. He is worth at least \$35 a week to the store, he says, though they only give him ten."—Indianapolis Journal.

Jinks—"White would be a good to start a church." Finkus—"So?" Jinks—"He has sisters enough among our leading families to start a good-sized congregation."—New York Herald.

Miss Pearl White—"I wish you to paint my portrait." Dobbin—"I'm sorry, ma'am, but I can't do it." Miss Pearl White—"Why not?" Dobbin—"I never copy other paintings."—Cincinnati Gazette.

First Jeweler—"Do you sell that new house of Upson, Down & Co?" Second Jeweler—"No longer; I sold them some large bills. They paid promptly at maturity, so I stopped."—Jeweler's Circular.

Visitor—"I have often wanted to visit a lunatic asylum, but I suppose there is none in the city." Resident—"No, but we've got a Board of Trade. (Proudly) Come along. It's in session. It will do just as well."—Boston Herald.

First Youth (at railway depot)—"Traveled far?" Second Youth—"Not yet, but I expect to before I stop. I am going west to seek my fortune." First Youth—"I just got back. Load me a dime, will you?"—Kansas City Journal.

The small boy always looks with envious admiration at the drum major leading the procession with his gait-headed baton and his big bearskin hat, but the little fellow with the earnest in the back row of the band gets the bigger pay.—Somerville Journal.

"Can I read your paper?" asked the man in the rear seat. "I don't know whether you can or not," replied the Boston man ahead of him, "but you may try if you choose," and it took the breakfast the news agent and the conductor to separate them.— Toledo Blade.