

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXIV, NO. 32. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, DEC. 2, 1891. \$1.50 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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...	15.00
Two Squares, one year...	15.00
Quarter Column, one year...	10.00
Half Column, one year...	20.00
One Column, one year...	100.00

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.

Germany is determined to "make a fine showing at the World's Fair."

The Rothschilds are predicting that France alone will have to pay America nearly \$40,000,000 in gold for wheat this year.

A frost insurance company is being formed in France, and it promises to be a successful venture. It is estimated that the loss to agriculture by frost in France is about \$15,000,000, and the company will insure against this.

A part of the \$15,000 annually appropriated by Congress for agricultural experiments in each of the States is applied in Michigan to determine whether or not the light, sandy pine barrens of the northern part of the State can be cultivated profitably. Thus far, asserts the New York *Post*, experiments do not justify the State authorities in advising farmers to occupy these large tracts for agricultural purposes.

According to the San Francisco *Bulletin* the census report will show these figures concerning fruit trees in California: "Of almond trees there were during the census year 336,464 bearing trees and 405,464 not bearing; of fig trees, 140,778 bearing and 234,390 young trees; lemon, 32,137 bearing, 124,252 not bearing; orange, 523,490 bearing, 1,641,400 not bearing; olive, 299,411 bearing, 253,843 not bearing."

A remarkable career in the teaching profession was brought to a close a few weeks since, learns the *Boston Transcript*, by the resignation of Miss Lucy D. Bliss from the principalship of the Plain Primary School, Stockbridge, Mass. Miss Bliss began teaching in town when sixteen years old and taught continuously, with the exception of one year, for about fifty-four years. Three generations of Stockbridge have begun their school life under the instructions of Miss Bliss.

The Nashville (Tenn.) *American* publishes a summary of the cost per day of keeping convicts at some of the principal penal institutions of the country. The daily average cost in twenty-two prisons is 45 65-100 cents. The cost at the Virginia Penitentiary, which has 905 inmates, is the lowest, being 18 75-100 cents. Albany Penitentiary and Sing Sing Prison come next in the order of cheapness, the State of New York being at an expense each day for each convict confined in them of about thirty cents. The cost at the Nevada State Prison in Carson is ninety-seven cents per day, the highest in the list.

The carp may now be considered a New York fish. The Mohawk and other streams of Central New York are full of carp, some of them weighing as much as fourteen pounds. During the last nine years the Kirkland Fish Stocking and Protection Society has placed 383 German carp in the ponds and streams of the town of Kirkland, N. Y. The Secretary of the Society in a recent report says: "We have demonstrated that carp can be successfully propagated in this country, and with proper care can be made a valuable source of revenue to the cultivator and a cheap and dainty article of food for all classes." A giant carp was taken through the ice of the Mohawk above Utica last winter, and the mill-ponds in the valley where young carp have been placed are already affording excellent sport.

Shipowners are much concerned about the report of General O. M. Poe, of the United States Engineers, that the waters of the great lakes are becoming lower every year. The following figures for five years show the gradual fall: June, 1886, Lake Huron was 583.13 feet above the sea level; June, 1887, it was 582.38; June, 1888, 581.79; June, 1889, 581.04; June, 1890, 581.01; June, 1891, 580.40. The month of June is taken because the water is then at its highest. In February the minimum depth is reached, and the shipowners expect to see many exposed places in that month next year. They ate, of course, more troubled about the rivers emptying into the lakes than about those waters themselves. The Sault Canal now shows a depth of fourteen feet four inches only, and at Grasse Pointe, the entrance to the Detroit River, many vessels have grounded this season on account of the low water. In the old days of shallow boats and flat-bottomed steamers the plummet was still used, but now that their places have been taken by vessels with deep holds, the state of the water is a matter of grave consideration. General Poe says that the rainfall in the lake country during the last five years has been below the normal, and that this accounts for the low water in the lakes. The shipowners, who have great bodies of water by which to be reassured, are hardly reassured, and are wondering whether it is to build

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

"When my ship comes in," runs the young man's song,
"What brave things shall I do
With the strength of my wealth and the joyous throng
Of friends stout-hearted and true?"
He watches and waits "neath storm and sun
By the shore of his life's broad sea,
And the days of his youth are quickly run,
Yet never a sail sees he.
"My ship has gone down" in sober strain
Sings the man, and to duty turns.
He forgets the ship in his toil and pain,
And no longer his young hope burns.
Yet again by the shore he stands grown old
With the course of his years well spent,
And gazing out on the deep—behold,
A dim ship landward bent!
No banner she flies, no songs are borne
From her decks as she nears the land;
Silent with all her masts and torn
She is safe at last by the strand.
And lo! To the man's old age has brought
Not the treasures he thought to win,
But honor, content and love—life wrought,
And the cries, "Has my ship come in?"
—M. A. DE W. *Hesper's Weekly*.

MALCOLM'S IDEAL.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.
"She must be tall, Bab; she must be graceful as a willow branch, with eyes of midnight darkness, classic features, hair like the raven's wing."
Bab, who was stirring cake, looked up at the deep window-seat that separated the old-fashioned kitchen from the garden beyond. Seated there, swinging one foot idly, sat Malcolm Hoyt, describing the future Mrs. Malcolm as she existed in his youthful imagination.
"Well!" Barbara said, presently, after a glance from the tall boyish figure and frank, handsome face, to a small mirror that reflected her of burnished bronze, the true Auburn, and numerous freckles. "Well! Tall, dark, classically featured. Any other perfections?"
"Accomplished, of course. She must dance like a sylph, sing like a nightingale, draw, play on the piano."
"Make cake!" suggested Bab, vigorously stirring her batter.
"Why, no—Mrs. Hoyt will not need to make cake, I think. Not but what it is very jolly to know how," he added, hastily, "but Mrs. Clark might resent any invasion of her especial department."
"Yes, I see," said Bab, dryly. "You don't want your wife to be a kitchenmaid."
Malcolm blushed furiously; and he was not quite twenty-one; and had not forgotten how to blush.
"I don't mean that at all," he said, and then laughing heartily, added, "don't you think we are talking considerable nonsense, Bab?"
"You don't know," said Bab, slowly. "You say your father wants you to marry, and as you are in quest of a wife, you might as well have some idea of what you would prefer."
"Just like choosing a necktie," said Malcolm, "though I think I should feel more interest in the necktie. By the way, what is your ideal, Bab?"
"I haven't considered," said Bab, bending her face low over the pan into which she was pouring the cake.
"Nonsense!" said Malcolm.
"As if a girl ever lived to be eighteen without an ideal!"
Then Bab violated the truth with a faring voice, and bright eyes, for she said:
"My ideal doesn't sit on kitchen window-sills and talk nonsense, at any rate."
"You don't know what he might do under sufficient provocation," said Malcolm, teasingly. "I have seen Steve Hale look longingly at my perch within the last ten minutes."
"Stephen Hale!" cried Bab, scornfully, and lifted the pan to carry it to the rear beyond, where the fire was lighted in summer.
Her heart was swelling with indignation. She was only a farmer's daughter, she told herself, and Malcolm Hoyt was heir to a magnificent estate and fortune, college bred, and could marry in aristocratic circles. But to think she could look at Stephen Hale, her father's "help," a man who could not read! It was insulting, little Barbara thought, and she took an unreasonably long time to adjust the cakepan on the oven-rang, and pile on fresh wood in the stove.
"Good-bye!" shouted a cheery voice, greedily. "I'm off to the postoffice, but I'm coming to tea to eat some of that cake."
"I've a great mind to scorch it," thought Bab, spitefully. "I would too, if it wasn't father's favorite."
"I do believe she is fond of Steve," thought Malcolm, as he swung himself into the saddle. "She blushed as red as a peony when I mentioned him. I suppose it would be what my father calls a suitable match, but she's a thousand times too good for him. Why, she's as good a Latin scholar as half our college fellows, and she sings so beautifully, that it is a burning shame she has had nothing but a concertina to accompany her voice." Then his reverie took another turn, and he thought: "I wonder if father is ill!"
It was the nineteenth century, and Malcolm was an only child, denied no indulgence from his infancy, but he never thought of his father as the "governor" or the "old man." His mother was but a memory, for when he was five years old, her golden-haired beauty was hidden under the daisies. He liked to think his great, blue eyes and crisp, blond curls were like those in his mother's portrait, but imagination was more potent than actual memory in recalling her.
"I wonder if father really is ill!" he thought, jogging along slowly. "He seems so anxious to have me settled. And that means married. He seems to think I will weary of distant home, if I have no family ties to bind me there."

AMERICAN PEARLS.

Not all the pearls come from the Arabian seas or from the South Pacific Islands. A considerable supply is derived from a mussel found in a number of American rivers. When De Soto made his expedition westward from the Florida coast he found that the Indians possessed an abundance of pearls that were particularly prolific in these pearl mussels. They are also found in the rivers of Texas and other States. Sugar River, in Wisconsin, recently attracted much attention on account of its pearls. Although most of them are white, they are found in various colors, such as purple, pink, golden yellow, bronze, green, gray, black and all the intermediate shades. Some combine two colors, as a deep metallic purple, over which plays a lovely pink-red light that seems almost to stand out from the surface of the pearl. Another will be of a rich gray tint, with green reflections. Still another is black with dark purple. In brilliancy of lustre and fairness of texture they cannot be excelled. In variety and richness of color they surpass the Oriental pearls. Quite a number have been sent to Europe, where they have found a ready market at good prices. Single specimens have sold at \$2000 and more. When a number of these pearls are arranged together in a brooch with small diamonds to throw out their colors the effect is superb. Something over \$100,000 worth were found on the banks of Sugar River within the limits of one small township last summer. — *New Orleans Picayune*.

The Cowboy's Quirt.

St. Louis sends out every year about 30,000 whips of a peculiar character known as the quirt. No one but a cowboy, a wild Westerner or Mexican has any use for such an article, but away out on the plains it is indispensable, as it answers the purpose both of a whip and a life-preserver. A quirt is a solid leather whip, with the handle loaded with shot and so heavy that the thickest skull will yield to a blow from it. Missouri holds a practical monopoly in the manufacture of this curiously named article. St. Louis makes the most and others coming out from the State Penitentiary at Jefferson City. At least 350,000 leather whips are made in St. Louis or near to it, and it is often asked where they all go to. As a matter of fact, this city stands almost alone in this manufacture, for while light buggy whips are made in various places, leather whips are not made in large numbers outside of Missouri, although there are factories in New York, Philadelphia and West Virginia. One reason why St. Louis holds the fort is that this is one of the cheapest markets in the world, and instead of buying tanned leather the plan here is to buy green hides and literally make the whips out of raw material. — *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Hearing One's Self Speak.

"It is a singular thing," says a physician, "that a man does not hear his own voice exclusively through his ears. The prevalence of throat deafness is a proof to the laymen of the connection between the ears and throat, and this inability to hear one's self speak just as others hear is another instance. In some people this peculiarity is very marked, and in my case, if I speak into a phonograph and let the machine grand out the sounds again, I don't recognize the voice at all. In regard to singing, the varying ability to hear one's self with the ears plugged up with cotton makes itself evident, for while one member of a chorus will only hear the blending harmony, or discord, another will hear little beyond his or her own voice, and makes occasional bad breaks in consequence. I know a man who used to sing a very far baritone, but whose voice is now only adapted to the weakest falsetto. Yet he doesn't realize the change, and I believe he honestly thinks he sings as well as ever. This apparent impossibility may be a dispensation of Providence to prevent men with exceptionally ugly voices being driven to suicide." — *Chicago Herald*.

Fairies in All Countries.

Below I give a list of the names by which the fairies have been known in the various countries: Fairies, elves, elle-folks, fayes, urchins, oopies, oil-mads, oil-women, dwarfs, trolls, horses, nisses, kobolds, duendes, brownies, knockos, stromkarts, fates, wights, undines, nixies, salamanders, goblins, hobgoblins, ponks, banshees, keepies, pixies, peris, djinns, genii and gnomes. — *St. Louis Republic*.

The Earth and Man Compared.

If it were possible for man to construct a globe 800 feet in diameter, and to place upon any part of its surface an atom one-fourth thousand three hundred and eightieth of an inch in diameter and one one-hundred and twentieth of an inch in height, it would correctly denote the proportion man bears to the earth upon which he dwells. — *St. Louis Republic*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A pneumatic shoe sole is new. Sydney, New South Wales, has a 12,000,000 electric light.
A company has been organized at Grand Rapids, Mich., for the manufacture of paper matches.
Many metals, such as gold, silver and platinum, are now caused to volatilize by means of the electric current.
Concentric wiring for electric work is rapidly gaining ground, it being regarded as safer for lighting purposes than the two wire system.
The new system of transmitting power by means of compressed air, which was recently tried in O'Connell, showed a loss of but thirteen per cent. in the daily output.
The recent losses by fire in the cargo of ships carrying cotton has shown that cottonseed oil, when held in the cotton on the outside of the ball, rapidly oxidizes and generates spontaneous combustion.
A disinfectant which combines cheapness with general worth is found in permanganate of potash. One ounce will make a bucketful of disinfectant. It is a crystal and can be kept in this state until ready for use.
The Cambria Navigation Company, of Waco, has recently built for one of its coal pits a ventilating fan which is claimed to be the largest ever constructed. Under favorable conditions the fan will deliver 500,000 cubic feet of air per minute.
As an antidote for a consumptive tendency cream acts like a charm, to be used instead of cod-liver oil. Also aged peopple, invalids, and those who have feeble digestion or suffering from dullness as well as growing children, will be greatly benefited by taking sweet cream in liberal quantities.
An ingot of nickel steel weighing more than twenty-five tons has been cast in the Homestead Steel Works, and it is to be rolled into a single armor plate for the United States monitor Monterey. It is the largest of the nickel steel ingots yet cast in the mill, but an effort is to be made to cast an ingot to weigh more than fifty tons.
France is fortunate in possessing 1102 mineral springs, of which 1027 are turned to account, and Algeria has forty-seven in use. Of the total in France 319 are sulphurous, like that of Amelie-les-Bains; 354 are alkaline, such as Yichy; 135 are ferruginous, for instance Orezza, and 219 are of various sorts, some containing common salt, others sulphate of sodium, and a third group sulphate of lime.
A California physician has invented an attachment for gas burners to stop the flow of gas automatically when the gas is blown out. The device accomplishes its purpose by means of the expansion and contraction of a liquid in a hermetically sealed receptacle, so that when the gas is extinguished the contraction of the liquid operates levers which control a safety valve, thus closing and shutting off the gas.
The Prussian Government has made a report upon its buildings struck by lightning between 1877 and 1886. There were 53,502 buildings used for official purposes in Prussia; 264 of these were struck, or one-half of one per cent. per thousand annually. Of the total number, fifteen only were fitted with conductors, and only one of these escaped injury. Generally the conductors were found to be either dangerous or useless. In six they were not touched.

Mops Used as Trampets.

A man can be more politely insulted in Paris than in any city in the world. A gentleman who undertook to speak in public there recently expressed himself in such a low tone of voice that the audience were unable to hear him. He was lecturing upon a geographical subject, and copies of a map about three feet square had been generously distributed.
Presently one of the audience rolled his map in the form of a very long attenuated lampholder, inserted the small end in his ear and turned the other end toward the speaker. It was rather a ludicrous performance, but not a laugh was heard among the polite assemblage. In two minutes, however, every map in the audience was turned into an ear trumpet, and the speaker saw himself confronted with a sort of mammoth porcupine, whose nearest quills almost touched him. He at once spoke louder. — *New York Telegram*.

A Strange Fish.

The receding tide left a fish entangled in the weeds at the head of Cache Lake, at Dixon, Cal., one day last week, and it was captured, but the most experienced fishermen in this vicinity cannot say positively to what species it belongs.
It was apparently a young fish and weighed eight or nine pounds. The muzzle projected over the mouth, the nostrils were situated on the underside of the muzzle, the gill openings were lateral—in fact, so much of its description tallied exactly with that of a young shark. It also has a double row of teeth and a long black tongue. No one thereabouts seems to know whether or not a shark has a long tongue or ever visits fresh water. — *Sun Francisco Examiner*.

Gorgeous Palace of an Empress.

The Empress of Austria's new palace at Corfu has cost six hundred thousand dollars. The bill for the wood carvings in the Pompeian suite of seven rooms, amounted to fifteen thousand dollars. It may be hoped that the Empress will be more satisfied with this abode than she was with a villa she built a few years ago in the neighborhood of Vienna, for after it was finished the gift openings were in the place, and has never lived there, although upwards of four hundred thousand dollars had been expended on the house and grounds. — *Once-a-Week*.

A JAPANESE AMUSEMENT.

WRESTLING IS THE LEADING SPORT OF THE EMPIRE.
A Contest Between the Typhoon and the Stone Giant in Yokohama—Excitement Among Spectators.
Wrestling is the leading sport in Japan. In the big cities the wrestling ground is square and surrounded by two rows of galleries. Women occupy the upper tier, the ring is the outer two feet in diameter and raised about two feet above the ground floor. It is strewn with sand and surrounded by a double embankment of bags of straw. It is covered by a roof, decorated with lanterns and flags and supported by four slanting red pillars.
A contest between the Typhoon and the Stone Giant in Yokohama was witnessed recently by a correspondent of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. The wrestlers were accompanied by friends and several coolies carrying lacquer boxes containing the costumes for the ring and toilet articles. They are famous wrestlers and were dressed like noblemen. While undressing they talked together in a friendly manner, smoked cigars and drank imported beer. The ring costume consisted of large silk handkerchiefs with fringed edges tied around the loins. They were immense fellows—solid, broad and muscular, but not tall. The Typhoon was about four feet and seven inches in height, and the Stone Giant was a little more than five feet. Both had straight, thick, jet black hair dressed in the old-fashion style, and the barber had great difficulty in fixing the hair firmly at the nape of the neck. When noblemen, who patronized them, entered the dressing room they jumped up, making the joints crack and stretching their limbs.
At the sound of a drum on the tower at the entrance to the grounds the wrestlers put on velvet aprons and several belts, tokens of former victories. With pendant arms, preceded by the four judges and followed by a file of other wrestlers and several attendants, they entered the enclosure and marched around. The spectators had reached a high pitch of excitement. They shouted loudly, clapped their hands, and wrapped on the balustrades with their fans. After the parade all seated themselves around the ring, the opponents facing each other. Each of the judges stepped to one of the poles and squatted down. The attendants placed a bucket of water and a vessel containing salt on the top of the embankment. The wrestlers took off their aprons and belts, jumped into ring and struck many athletic attitudes that caused applause and enlivened the betting.
Refreshing themselves with a drink of water and a pinch of salt, they squatted on the sand, facing each other as a kind of salutation, and then rose with their arms extended and their fingers bent to catch hold of each other. Then they began to stamp the ground and repeatedly rushed at each other to get a firm grip. Stone Giant's only endeavor during the whole fight seemed to be to press down his opponent by his weight, and to knock him out of the ring. But the dark olive body of the Typhoon always managed to struggle away from the lump of flesh that threatened to crush him, and he tried to improve his grip at every opportunity. At last he seized his opponent by the leg and made him hop backward. The spectators roared with laughter. They had got near the embankment. Stone Giant once more threw himself on the "dwarf," as he called him, angrily, and almost succeeded in bouncing him over the line. The two judges nearest them stood at the line, for as soon as one stepped over it the match was over.
Typhoon became enraged, but all his twisting, wriggling, pushing, and other tricks were of no avail against the 239 pounds. So they fought for twenty, thirty, forty minutes. Typhoon was getting tired. Several times he was pressed to the ground, and it became more and more difficult to hold each other, as they perspired freely. During all this time their movements had looked somewhat theatrical; it seemed as if they had learned to pose for and exaggerate every situation of the combat. But now they were in dead earnest, and they wished to come to a close. For an instant Stone Giant lost his foothold, and Typhoon, getting all his strength together, lifted him up from the earth and hurled him over the embankment. It was a marvelous acrobatic feat.
The judges rose and the manager pronounced Typhoon to be the victor. The spectators got up from their seats, shouting, and threw presents into the ring. He bowed and bowed again, putting both hands on his knees. Many scraps of paper came flying down from the tiers in which the presents of sums of money were announced and the addresses where he could send for them. Attendants picked them up and Typhoon marched off with his suite.

Mummified Indians.

Dr. W. Mesco, of Penitentiary, Oregon, who is the guest of Dr. Calvin J. Morrow, of this city, has with him a couple of mummified bodies of an Indian found by him on Long Island, an island in the Columbia River, which was used as an Indian burying ground in centuries gone by. One is the body of an aged aborigine all twisted and gnarled. He was probably fifty or sixty years of age when he died, and has the appearance of having died of starvation, which probably accounts for the preservation. The other is that of a child, who was probably about eight years old. Physicians who have examined the bodies cannot account for the preservation of the bodies, as there is no evidence of the bodies, and the mummies in which the feet of the old Indian are encased seem to have escaped the ravages of time even better than the body. — *Leavenworth (Mo.) Intelligencer*.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better Always to hope than once to despair; Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter, And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you; Providence kindly has mingled the cup; And in all trials or troubles, beothink you, The watch-word of life must be, never give up!
Never give up! There are chances and changes Helping the hopeful a hundred to one; And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest, Is the stout watch-word of "Never give up!"
Never give up! Though the graps-shot may rattle, Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst; Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up! If adversity presses, Providence wisely has mingled the cup; And the best counsel in all your distresses, Is the stout watch-word of "Never give up!"
— *Martin F. Twiss, in New York Weekly*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Benjamin Franklin was the original lightning calculator.
Crops that grow by the electric light — Wild oats. — *Boston Journal*.
"Ask popper," said the fire-cracker fane when a match was suggested.
That money talks I don't deny; To me it always says, "Good-bye!" — *Puck*.
It is odd enough that burglars take such risks in a safe opening. — *Baltimore American*.
The head waiter reminds one of matrimony. He is a high mental, it will be remembered.
A stingy man can be relied upon to keep everything but his promise. — *Elmira Gazette*.
"Capital punishment," as the boy said when the school-mistress seated him with the girls. — *Bazar*.
A man finds the poorest companionship when he "entertains a suspicion." — *Washington Star*.
Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place. — *Achison Globe*.
Stranger (brightly) — "Fine day!" Chronic Grumbler — "Ye es—locally—probably raining somewhere." — *Puck*.
Now is the time when the small boy of the family is caught poaching on his mother's preserves. — *Baltimore American*.
All animals have their good points, but for abundance of the same none can compete with the porcupine. — *Texas Siftings*.
It isn't so much that a man objects to pay the debt of nature; it is nature of the debt that trouble him. — *Boston Transcript*.
The peacock may not be inclined to gossip, but he loves to spread a highly colored tale about the neighborhood. — *Elmira Gazette*.
A man can always keep himself in good credit so long as he doesn't ask for it. Paste this in your hat and dodge the fatal request. — *Puck*.
"If I were only in politics," mused the car-horse as he started up the hill, "what a lot I could do with the pull I have." — *Baltimore American*.
"I don't look like a very formidable fellow," soliloquized the hoarsest milk dealer; "and yet I've made lots of bigger men take water." — *Life*.
Blinkers — "Hello, Winkers. I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune." Winkers — "No-o; I married a fortune with an independent woman."
Mudge — "I hear that Timming's girl has induced him to give up his cigars." Yabsley — "If'n't! That's more than any of the boys could do." — *Indianapolis Journal*.
People who are constantly saying "what is due to society" often forget altogether what is due to themselves, to say nothing of what is due to the butcher and baker.
"Sir," said the tailor, "my suits talk for me." "But, my dear sir!" exclaimed the customer, "can you expect me to believe statements made out of the whole cloth?" — *Baltimore American*.
He — "You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money." She — "Quite true, but it takes money to buy them." — *Boston Budget*.
THE BALD MAN REMEMBERS.
I love the crisp, cool autumn days, They fill my soul with gladness, For then in peace I go my ways What not a fly on me.
— *New York Herald*.
Old — "Remember my son, to always keep your expenses within your income." Young — "Got a better plan than that. I propose bringing my income up to my expenses." — *Indianapolis Journal*.
"Dingus is a man of expensive habits, is he not, Shadobird?" "Yes, Dingus's habits show I have been acquainted with him here east me \$150, without counting a cent for interest." — *Chicago Tribune*.
He — "I wish you would sing that dear old song, 'Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Thy Flight.' Sweet Girl — "I might wade mother up by singing; but I will turn the clock back if that will do." — *New York Press*.
"Does his insanity assume a violent form?" inquired the physician. "No, sir," responded the relative in charge of the unfortunate man, "but he's always helping himself to a handful of something or other whenever he passes a pea-nut stand. He imagines he's a police man." — *Chicago Tribune*.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better Always to hope than once to despair; Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter, And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you; Providence kindly has mingled the cup; And in all trials or troubles, beothink you, The watch-word of life must be, never give up!
Never give up! There are chances and changes Helping the hopeful a hundred to one; And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest, Is the stout watch-word of "Never give up!"
Never give up! Though the graps-shot may rattle, Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst; Stand like a rock, and the storm and the battle Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up! If adversity presses, Providence wisely has mingled the cup; And the best counsel in all your distresses, Is the stout watch-word of "Never give up!"
— *Martin F. Twiss, in New York Weekly*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Benjamin Franklin was the original lightning calculator.
Crops that grow by the electric light — Wild oats. — *Boston Journal*.
"Ask popper," said the fire-cracker fane when a match was suggested.
That money talks I don't deny; To me it always says, "Good-bye!" — *Puck*.
It is odd enough that burglars take such risks in a safe opening. — *Baltimore American*.
The head waiter reminds one of matrimony. He is a high mental, it will be remembered.
A stingy man can be relied upon to keep everything but his promise. — *Elmira Gazette*.
"Capital punishment," as the boy said when the school-mistress seated him with the girls. — *Bazar*.
A man finds the poorest companionship when he "entertains a suspicion." — *Washington Star*.
Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place. — *Achison Globe*.
Stranger (brightly) — "Fine day!" Chronic Grumbler — "Ye es—locally—probably raining somewhere." — *Puck*.
Now is the time when the small boy of the family is caught poaching on his mother's preserves. — *Baltimore American*.
All animals have their good points, but for abundance of the same none can compete with the porcupine. — *Texas Siftings*.
It isn't so much that a man objects to pay the debt of nature; it is nature of the debt that trouble him. — *Boston Transcript*.
The peacock may not be inclined to gossip, but he loves to spread a highly colored tale about the neighborhood. — *Elmira Gazette*.
A man can always keep himself in good credit so long as he doesn't ask for it. Paste this in your hat and dodge the fatal request. — *Puck*.
"If I were only in politics," mused the car-horse as he started up the hill, "what a lot I could do with the pull I have." — *Baltimore American*.
"I don't look like a very formidable fellow," soliloquized the hoarsest milk dealer; "and yet I've made lots of bigger men take water." — *Life*.
Blinkers — "Hello, Winkers. I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune." Winkers — "No-o; I married a fortune with an independent woman."
Mudge — "I hear that Timming's girl has induced him to give up his cigars." Yabsley — "If'n't! That's more than any of the boys could do." — *Indianapolis Journal*.
People who are constantly saying "what is due to society" often forget altogether what is due to themselves, to say nothing of what is due to the butcher and baker.
"Sir," said the tailor, "my suits talk for me." "But, my dear sir!" exclaimed the customer, "can you expect me to believe statements made out of the whole cloth?" — *Baltimore American*.
He — "You say you love me, but cannot be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money." She — "Quite true, but it takes money to buy them." — *Boston Budget*.
THE BALD MAN REMEMBERS.
I love the crisp, cool autumn days, They fill my soul with gladness, For then in peace I go my ways What not a fly on me.
— *New York Herald*.
Old — "Remember my son, to always keep your expenses within your income." Young — "Got a better plan than that. I propose bringing my income up to my expenses." — *Indianapolis Journal*.
"Dingus is a man of expensive habits, is he not, Shadobird?" "Yes, Dingus's habits show I have been acquainted with him here east me \$150, without counting a cent for interest." — *Chicago Tribune*.
He — "I wish you would sing that dear old song, 'Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Thy Flight.' Sweet Girl — "I might wade mother up by singing; but I will turn the clock back if that will do." — *New York Press*.
"Does his insanity assume a violent form?" inquired the physician. "No, sir," responded the relative in charge of the unfortunate man, "but he's always helping himself to a handful of something or other whenever he passes a pea-nut stand. He imagines he's a police man." — *Chicago Tribune*.

THE GREATEST LONG DISTANCE BICYCLE RIDING RECORD.

The greatest long distance bicycle riding record is 745 miles in fifty-four and one-half hours.