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Official statistics show that Colorado has over 20,000 square miles of coal and the products of 1890 was 3,000,000 tons.

The London County Council has decided to purchase such of the London street railways as have a purchase provision in their charter.

The Supreme Court of North Carolina holds that a railroad company becomes liable for punitive damages in willfully failing to stop for passengers at a regular station and cannot escape liability on the ground that there was not sufficient room in the train if it appeared that by reasonable diligence it might have provided extra cars.

An American lawyer, who is also an English barrister, says that it is money thrown away to subscribe to any fund for employing counsel to obtain a new trial for Mrs. Maybrick, because after a criminal conviction in Great Britain the procedure of new trial or appeal is utterly unknown to English law.

It is stated that within a short time an entirely new mode of using the current of rivers having no waterfall, when the current runs from three to ten miles an hour, with a depth of two to four feet, will be brought out. The proposed scheme involves the use of a new water-wheel, which, it is said, will practically and effectually settle the question of utilizing the natural current of rivers and will be especially advantageous in power transmission for mining districts.

Says the Atlanta Constitution: "Humor has its fashions. The funny men of the past generation do not please the readers of to-day. Mark Twain realizes this, and he is trying to strike a new vein. The Danbury News man, Bill Nye, Eli Perkins and a host of others have found their popularity waning, and they are working hard to adapt themselves to the change in public taste. Their failure is inevitable. The average humorist has only one career. When the public drop him he is at the end of his row."

The fox that lost his tail in a trap afterward explained to his brother foxes that it was fashionable to go tailless, and he suggested that they should follow his example. Something like this appears to have happened in the comet world, observes the Chicago Herald. When Biela's comet appeared in 1872 it was found to have been split in two and to have lost its tail. Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, in California, has now discovered a tailless comet, which would indicate that Biela's erratic traveler had been more successful in setting the fashion than was Esop's fox.

It is reported from Russia that the Czar is both enraged and depressed by the official corruption which could no longer be concealed when the famine set in. He was under the impression that there was an ample reserve of corn in the village magazines, but it was impossible to keep him deceived on this point, and his Ministers were compelled to tell him, at last, that not only had the contents of the village granaries been sold, but that the military granaries had been depleted also in the effort to cover up these pecuniary misdoings. His enlightenment upon this subject is said to have filled him with indignation as to the actual condition of the military stores, and to question the truth of the reports of the amounts of ammunition, forage, clothing, food, etc., in actual existence. Being naturally a man of timid disposition, this uncertainty is likely to make him anxious for peace, and, in this way, the famine may prove a not wholly unmixt evil.

Our agricultural colleges deserve the favor and hearty support of our farmers, declares the New York Observer, for, taken as a whole, they are doing much good to the cause of agriculture. There are some individual schools that as yet have not fallen wholly into line with what should be the main purpose of their existence, but that is no reason why all should be condemned. The report of one of these colleges now before us shows that thirty-six per cent. of all its graduates are practically engaged in farming, while four per cent. are engaged in the other industrial pursuits for which the college fitted them, and seven per cent. are Presidents or Professors of other agricultural schools. Thus forty-seven per cent. are engaged in the line of work for which the college especially trains. We doubt if many technical schools can show as good an average. And it is to be presumed that time passes a larger number will be engaged in agriculture, as many of the

WITH A LAUGH AND A JEST. Even as a shadow Over waving grass, As an image straightway Faded from a glass, With a laugh— And a jest— Young Love doth pass. As it ever endeth With a tear or sigh, An empty world it leaves And an empty sky. Why— With a laugh and a jest— Bid Love Good-bye. —New York Truth.

A QUESTION OF SANITY.

BY CAROLINE S. VALENTINE.

Early in the summer of '87 I started for Longvue by the sea. I was completely run down, having applied myself too closely to business. Although I had made several hundred thousands in lucky ventures on 'change, my nervous system was injured, and the money did not give me much pleasure.

After trying several physicians without relief, I concluded to run over to Longvue. There was an excellent sanitarium there which was quite renowned for its cures. The moment I saw the place I liked it, and felt convinced that I would leave it a well man. The sanitarium was a large, handsome building, surrounded by beautiful grounds. The front yard was full of bright flowers and shrubs, which gave a cheerful aspect to the place.

At the end of two months I was completely cured, but I lingered, for Longvue was more to my liking than a gay resort. The sea had a strong attraction for me, and I took daily walks on the beach. At first a half-mile in one direction was enough to satisfy me. I would wander along until I found a sheltered nook, and lie there dreamily looking at the waters for hours.

One day, it was the first of August—I remember the date perfectly, as it began a new era in my life—I started out for the beach early in the morning. Feeling unusually vigorous, I walked farther than ever before and rounded a point I had never passed beyond. To my surprise I beheld a large building, something similar in architecture to the sanitarium. Never having heard of such a place I was naturally curious to find out something about it. It was not far off, and I walked on until the entrance gates were reached. Then I discovered that the windows were all barred, and concluded it must be an asylum for the insane.

I had never had a desire to visit such a place before, but my idle fancy bade me open the gates and enter the grounds. As I touched the gates I found them locked and I shook them until a bell, fastened on the inside, rang loudly. An elderly man appeared, turned the key in the lock, and looked at me. I asked if visitors were admitted. He motioned me with a courtly wave of his hand, and bade me enter. I said I did not wish to see any hopelessly insane or violent patients.

The janitor directed me to a door in the west side of the building, saying that the patients I would see in the main sitting-room were all quiet and harmless. Entering the room indicated, I glanced around rather uneasily. A number of women were sitting quietly in their chairs, looking toward the end of the room. Good pictures were on the walls, flowers and papers on the tables. At the far end of the room stood a grand piano. Some one was playing a few soft notes as I entered. I had not noticed the musician until my glance fell on the piano. Then I started in surprise as my eyes beheld the loveliest woman I had ever seen.

A cloud of golden hair was caught up and coiled on the top of a perfectly shaped little head. Her figure, though slight, was exquisitely moulded, and her every movement betrayed grace. I could not see her face, as her back was turned to me. As I stood gazing at her, waiting impatiently for her to turn toward me, she struck the keys a little louder and began to sing. I listened entranced, for the notes that came were sweeter than a lark's song. I had heard the great Patti and most of the world's renowned singers, but the voice of this unknown girl moved me as none had ever before.

The patient's began to move here and there around the room, some regarding me with curious looks. Seeing me standing there, Sibyl—I already dared call her that in my heart—approached me. She smiled, and the smile lifted the sadness from her face, and bade me good-morning. Young as she was—not more than twenty—I could see by the ease of her manner that she had been accustomed to the best society. She asked if that was my first visit to Longvue Hospital. I noticed she avoided the term "asylum," and felt it was because the insane have often a violent dislike for that word.

I answered that it was my first visit, and complimented her on her singing, saying that words could not express the pleasure it had given me. She accepted my praises very serenely, and said it was her own gift. Then she turned the conversation to the piano, which was a very fine instrument with remarkably pure tones. I felt an almost uncontrollable desire to know more about her. She was seemingly sane at the moment; perhaps she had only occasionally spells of madness, or a distressing monomania. I felt sure she could never be very violent.

"Have you been here—long?" I felt myself a clown and stupid fool, as I asked the question. Her great, brown eyes looked at me in an odd, surprised way. "Oh, no; just a few weeks. I shall not stay much longer," she said with a sweet precision of speech. "Do you know," she said, coming a little nearer to me and speaking almost in a whisper, "I sometimes fear if I stay here much longer I, too, shall lose my reason and be like these unfortunate beings."

Poor girl! She imagined those around her insane—herself sane. She imagined she had only come on a visit, instead of being incarcerated there for an indefinite period. I almost wept for the pity of it, but I answered her soothingly, and talked of the grounds which were laid off in winding walks that extended in every direction around the building. "Do you ever walk out alone?" I asked.

"Certainly," she said, seemingly surprised. "You do not suppose I spend all my time here, do you? I should prefer if I did not get out and spend part of the mornings and evenings alone." I remembered then that the fences were very high, the gates massive and securely locked. There could, of course, be no danger in allowing the patients a little liberty, if they had no tendency to harm themselves or others.

I resolved to watch for Sibyl and talk with her alone during her walks. I felt positive that her mind was not deep-seated. I determined to return to the sanitarium and search through the doctor's private library—to which I had free access—for books on insanity. Every day I would try to see Sibyl and study her case carefully, and perhaps by devoting myself heart and soul to the work I might be able to find a cure. I lingered at the asylum nearly an hour. She was so charming and lovely, and talked so sensibly and entertainingly, it was hard to leave her presence.

At last I went away, assuring her that I would see her quite soon. The brown eyes took on a look of surprise again, as if she wondered why I, a perfect stranger, should be so interested in her. But she answered me kindly and I left her. There was no peace, however, in my breast. I thought only of Sibyl's sad fate as I wended my way along the hot sands, and I sent up a silent prayer that the Ruler of all would help me find some way to deliver my little princess from the thralldom of insanity.

I knew I had left my heart in her keeping, and come what might, I would love her. My sudden passion was indeed so great that I felt willing to take her as she was, if no cure could be effected, and knowing nothing of her antecedents or former life. I hastened homeward, secured the desired books from the library, shut myself up in my room, and began to read. I read steadily until the shades of evening dropped, like a veil between the printed words and my eager eyes. I felt I had a clue; but I was strangely weary, and my head ached terribly. When the physician dropped in to see me before bedtime he found me lying unconscious on my couch. The rapid walk along the hot beach, following my excitement, and the strange things I had read, were too much for me.

I had a severe nervous attack that confined me to my room for a week. In the meantime I heard nothing of Sibyl. Did she think of me and wonder why I did not come? I longed to know. Often I tried to speak to my physician about her, but words refused to come. I had formed a theory in regard to her malady, and at last questioned him about it, as if it were only an imaginary case. "Did he think such a case incurable? Could the insanity be transmitted to posterity? My heart glowed with joy when he answered no to each question. I forgot that I knew absolutely nothing about Sibyl's malady—that my theory was based on supposition only. Buoyed up with hope at the doctor's words, I started out as soon I was able to walk to the asylum. I was scarcely strong enough for the effort, but could restrain myself no longer. The face of Sibyl was constantly before me—her image was enshrined in my heart. When I reached the gates, and the lean usher admitted me, I gazed eagerly around, hoping that Sibyl might be walking in the grounds. I had formed no plans, but I expected to reveal my love in some manner. A little cloud came over the brightness of the day when I discovered that she was not out-doors. To tell one's love in a room where twenty pairs of curious eyes may be watching you is not just what an ardent lover desires. But, I regretted, I entered the sitting-

room of golden hair, was not drawing melody from the keys of the grand piano. I looked there instinctively at first, then my eager eyes looked around the room. But Sibyl was not there. A nameless terror seized me. Had they confined my poor darling in a solitary cell, or, worse still, might her tender body be lying in one of those cruel cribs? I shuddered at the thought.

The middle-aged woman was sitting with the patients, and was evidently a nurse. At this moment she saw me and approached. In the terror and confusion occasioned by my fears for Sibyl I seemed to lose the faculty of speech. All I could do was to seize her hand and say, "Sibyl," and look at her imploringly. "Miss Sibyl has gone," she answered, betraying no surprise, although she must have felt it at my emotion. "Gone!" I groaned, and sank into a chair.

The woman regarded me with wondering pity in her eyes, but said nothing. Presently I roused myself. "Did she escape, or did her people remove her to another asylum?" I asked, hoping that she would answer the latter half of my inquiry in the affirmative. For, dreadful as was the thought of the poor girl being shut up in an asylum, the thought of her wandering around in the cold, wicked world alone, with none to protect her, was far more dreadful. The nurse gazed at me, a look of mingled horror and amusement upon her face.

"Did you—you surely didn't think her one of them?" she cried, waving her hand in the direction of the patients. "Why was she here, then?" I demanded, stupidly staring at her. "Dr. Holcombe, our President, is Miss Sibyl's brother. When she came home from abroad, after finishing her education, she came here to visit him. Her brother and herself are all of the family that are left, with the exception of one aunt. When Miss Sibyl was here she felt so sorry for the poor unfortunates she did all she could for them, singing and playing for them by the hour. But being with them so much did not agree with her. She grew melancholy, and Dr. Holcombe declared she must go away. She didn't want to go, but he insisted, and sent her to their aunt at Saratoga."

Before she had finished my heart felt as light as if it would leave my body and fly to Saratoga to greet my love. "If you want to know anything more about Miss Sibyl I'd advise you to go to Dr. Holcombe and talk to him." The nurse evidently understood the affair with a woman's ready intuition. "Thank you, I will," I replied. I slipped a bank note of such goodly value in her hand that her eyes opened to their fullest extent in delighted surprise. "You will never speak of my mistake," I said, and left the room to find the doctor, taking her promise with me. To my relief he was young and friendly in his manner. I told him my story, confessing all—my sudden great love for Sibyl, which had become a part of my life, and the absurd error I had made. He laughed at me a good bit in a friendly way, but said my mistake was perhaps natural under the circumstances. After I had told him about my family connections and my standing in business circles, and we discovered we had several mutual friends, he sat down at his desk and began to write. After a few moments he brought me a letter. It was addressed to "Miss Sibyl Holcombe, Saratoga Springs, N. Y."

"There," he said, in his genial way, "this will introduce you into Sibyl's good graces, I think, if you are not in them already." I wrung his hands and tried to express my thanks, then hurried back to the sanitarium to pack up. As soon as possible I presented her brother's letter to Miss Holcombe. She was more lovely and attractive in the midst of the gay throng than at Longvue. I devoted myself so assiduously to her that before she left Saratoga at the end of the season for her aunt's New York home I had her sweet promise that she would be mine.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

Improved Fruits of the Future. In comparing the earlier descriptions of fruits with modern accounts it is well to remember that the high standards by which fruits are now judged are of recent establishment. Fruits which would once have been esteemed excellent would to-day be passed by as unworthy of regard. It seems probable that the list of seedless fruits will be materially lengthened, provided our experimental horticulturists make use of the material at their command. The common fruits which have very few or no seeds are the banana, pineapple, and certain oranges. Others mentioned by Mr. Darwin as well known are the bread-fruit, pomegranate, azarolo or Nonpallus medlar, and date palm. In commenting upon these fruits, Mr. Darwin says that most horticulturists "look at the great size and anomalous development of the fruit as the cause and sterility as the result," but he holds the opposite view as more probable—that is, that the sterility, coming about gradually, leaves free for other growth the abundant supply of building material which the forming seed would otherwise have. He admits, however, that "there is an antagonism between the two forms of reproduction, by seeds and by buds, when either is carried to an extreme degree, which is independent of any insipient sterility."—Popular Science Monthly.

A Mercury Mine. The San Antonio Express says that the discovery of a mine of quicksilver is reported in the mineral region of Texas, known as the Llano district. The metal, it says, flows from a spring that flows from a fissure in the rocks on a hillside, and is found in considerable quantities.

Adulterated Honey. "They are now making honey out of sugar, mineral acids and water. It both tastes and smells like honey, and is said to be wholesome. The time seems to be when many articles of food will be made up of strange substances."

THE WONDERS OF ALASKA.

LOVELY GARDENS IN THE MIDD OF VAST FIELDS OF ICE.

Fields of Luscious Fruit Along a Glacier's Edge—Experiences of an Exploring Party. Strawberry vines and mosquitoes seem to be equally plentiful in the neighborhood of Mount St. Elias, according to the testimony of Mr. Israel C. Russell, who has just returned to Washington from that region of eternal ice and snow in Alaska, where the highest peak in North America rises to an altitude of 19,000 feet from a glacier 1000 square miles in area and as big as all those of the Alps put together. Along the edge of the glacier, all the way from Icy Bay to Yakutat Bay, there extends a strip of green coast which is covered with luxuriant vegetation. Strawberry vines cover the ground for miles, and the verdant fields are reddened as far as the eye can reach with luscious fruit, which compares favorably in point of size and flavor with the finest grown in temperate latitudes. There are huckleberries, too, and "salmon berries," which are something between blackberries and raspberries, but of giant size, measuring nearly two inches in diameter. All the lowlands are carpeted with violets, buttercups, yellow monkey flowers, and other wild blossoms. Here and there, in the midst of the vast ice fields, are the loveliest gardens watered by the melting snow.

There are plenty of grizzly bears in the vicinity of Mount St. Elias, but Mr. Russell did not find them very dangerous. He says that his encounters with them reminded him of killing pigs. Of brown and black bears he saw and shot a great many. The expedition met with enough perils, however, to satisfy the most adventurous geographical explorers. Nearly all of the climbing had to be done up steep walls of ice and snow by cutting steps. At almost any time a slip would have precipitated the party down the frozen precipices thousands of feet. On one occasion they were descending when they found that an avalanche had carried away the steps which they had made in going up. The impromptu staircase was destroyed for 800 feet, and they had to lower a man by a rope to chop out another, there being no other way of getting down. Such accidents as these were not uncommon. Avalanches were continually falling, rushing down the slopes with the speed of railway trains and with a roar like thunder that could be heard twenty miles away.

One night about 12 o'clock the party was passing over a bad place in the Agassiz glacier. Two men were in the lead, drawing a sled. Suddenly they disappeared from sight, having fallen into a fissure in the ice. Luckily they were caught upon a projecting ledge at the depth of about twenty feet, else they would never have been seen again. They were hauled out with ropes. The next day, in the same neighborhood, Mr. Russell chanced to look behind him and saw that the ice field over which he had just passed was gone, leaving an enormous hole of unknown depth. Another time one of his men tumbled into a crevasse, and was only saved by the pack fastened to his shoulder, which interrupted his progress through a twist in the frozen tunnel that had yawned for him.

The Agassiz glacier is one of the four great glaciers which, together with about a thousand small ones, flow out from the mountains at the north to the mighty Malaspina glacier, pouring their streams of ice continually into this vast frozen sea. This glacier of Malaspina, from 1500 to 2000 feet thick, is interesting not merely because of its enormous size, but also by reason of the fact that it is the only one now in existence of the same type as the glacier which formerly covered all of this continent as far south as Philadelphia and St. Louis, leaving traces that are visible to this day in scratches on the rocks. Where the land in that region is bare of ice the vegetation attains an almost tropical luxuriance, and the Arctic jungles are well impassable to the explorer. One of the chief obstacles encountered in threading them is a plant known as the "devil's club," which grows to a height of ten or fifteen feet, its stems running along the ground for some distance and then turning upward. Every part of its surface, even to the ribs of the leaves, is thickly set with spines, which inflict painful wounds, and, breaking off in the flesh, cause festering sores. In the Lucia Glacier occurs a most interesting feature, in the shape of a glacial river which comes out from a mountain through an archway of ice, flows for a mile and a half in plain view, and then is lost to sight in another tunnel. Where the stream emerges finally is unknown. No explorer has as yet been bold enough to enter the tunnel and drift through, after the fashion of Allan Quatermain and Umulogopos. The greatest risk in such an undertaking would be from falling blocks of ice. At the mouth of the tunnel there are always confused noises and rhythmic vibrations to be heard from the dark recesses within. The air is filled with pulsations like deep organ notes, and it requires but little imagination to transform these strange sounds into the voices and songs of inhabitants of the nether world. It used to be supposed that Mount St. Elias was a volcano, and sea captains sailing on the Pacific have often believed what they imagined to be smoke issuing from its summit; but this is a mistake, and it is probable that the alleged smoke was really avalanche dust blown upward by the wind.—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Cars are started automatically. Weldless steel chains are here. Some insects are in a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth. A French beekeeper has experimented with his bees as carriers of dispatches. The average length of life is considerably longer in England than in France. Recent calculations show that the sun's light is 600,000 times that of the full moon. Some naturalists assert that a rattlesnake placed in a circle of half ash leaves and half hot coals will cross the coals rather than encounter the leaves.

So convinced are the officials of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad of the value of creosoting ties that they intend to erect a plant for that purpose. A valuable antiseptic soap is made by adding twelve parts of sulphate of copper to eighty-eight parts of any good soap. It will readily heal sores and scratches and is devoid of any irritating action. With steam at the full boiler pressure of 120 pounds the engines of the new screw ferryboat Cincinnati, making 100 revolutions a minute, have indicated 1016 horse power, giving a speed of fourteen miles an hour. The new Maxim flying machine will be propelled by a light screw making 2500 revolutions per minute. Its suspending power will be a kite 110 feet long by forty feet wide. The motive power will be a petroleum condensing engine.

Recent observation throws doubt on the existence of the so-called fudge of metals. Two large iron links, one used for forty years in a suspension bridge at Kief, Russia, and the other kept in store since the building of the bridge, were tested together, and were found to be of partially identical strength. When the atmosphere contains eighty-five per cent. of moisture it is saturated. The amount of humidity is calculated on the eighty-five per cent. scale, so that when we are told that there is seventy-five per cent. of humidity it does not mean that the atmosphere is only ten parts away from saturated, but that it contains seventy-five per cent. of the humidity necessary so saturate it. The degree of delicacy which has been attained in the application of the radiometer for measurement of radiant heat—viz: from the candle, a fire, the sun, the moon, the stars, or anything else which radiates heat in space—is pronounced marvelous by scientists. A single illustration of this power being afforded by the fact that a really appreciable effect is produced on that instrument by a candle placed two miles away. A kind of bituminous rock which is found in several places in California is being extensively used for street-pavements in that State. These pavements are very like the asphalt pavements in New York and other eastern cities, such as that in Wall street. The only difference between the two materials is said to be that asphalt is a manufactured article made of bitumen and sand, while the rock has practically the same elements naturally combined.

An Apple Orchard Twenty Miles Long. In the wild district of Hawaii, between Hana and Haku, during July and August the most beautiful and largest apple orchards in the world can be seen. The Wilderness of Koolan, as the district is called, contains a forest of native wild apple trees, countless in number, stretching from the sea far up the mountain sides. The trees vary from forty to fifty feet in height, and in the harvest season, from July to September, are loaded down with fruit, some white, but mostly red. A person standing in the midst of this orchard can look around him for miles up the mountain and toward the sea, and the only thing in view will be one vast grove of apple trees literally red with ripe and ripening fruit, the branches of the trees bending to the ground with the bounteous harvest. The crop of this extensive apple orchard which nature planted in the solitary waste would fill a fleet of ten steamers. The orchard stretches over a country from five to ten miles wide by twenty miles long, and many of the larger trees bear at least fifty barrels apiece. The fruit is delicious for table use, and will appease both thirst and hunger, but as yet no one will take the trouble to make any commercial use of the apples. When ripe they will not keep more than a week, but they make excellent jelly and jam, and simply for the lack of a little American enterprise millions of apples are permitted annually to fall to the ground and rot.—Chicago Tribune.

The Bicycle as a Courier. The bicycle is coming into favor in military circles and its use is being seriously considered for couriers in place of the horse. The horse has to be watered, fed and rested; he may become sick or restive, and the noise of his galloping, his size and his proneness to neighing are great objections, as betraying the whereabouts of the courier to the enemy. On the other hand, the bicycle is less tiresome to the rider. Its pedal motion rests the knees. It requires neither water, feed nor rest; so the rider may push to the top notch of his own endurance without thought of his steed. It can be taken across streams easier than the ordinary horse. It is small and noiseless and will run until worn out. It is considered that one man on a bicycle would outdistance relays of cavaliers at thirty mile intervals for 300 miles. An important consideration is whether the bicycle can carry food enough for the courier, and another point which would have to be definitely settled by a series of contests is the kind of man to be enlisted in a bicycle corps—whether he should be light and slim and cavalry soldier, or a large and powerful man, and a man of the

A LITTLE MAID.

I used to know a little maid, A blossom fair, With eyes as laughing, brownish shade, And lips that seemed for kisses made, And finer than an old brocade Heritilian hair. Her form and smiles she threw on all Like an expert, And though but ten years old, and small, A host of couriers she could call. To hold her fan, her glove, or shawl, The littlest! I used to be her willing slave, Ah, happy lot! She scolded, did I misbehave? 'Twas turned at once and quite forgave, Because she had some boon to crave, The cunningest!

And we were just as chummy then As chums should be. Often do I remember when She wished that I were only ten, I Because, she said, she hated men— All men but me! But time passed by, and year by year We both have aged. She's now eighteen, or very near, A reigning belle, calm and severe; Then, too, what makes it seem more queer, She is engaged. Sometimes I wonder if she thinks Of days when she And I were mates in childish jinks, Ah, no! she's now a froren spinx; And she's engaged, the little minx, Engaged to me. —Sun S. Stinson, in Munsey's Magazine.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A hollow mockery—An echo.—Life. Boney men are not easily rattled.—Columbian Post. The rain-makers ought not to be discouraged. Their aim is high.—Rochester Post-Express. Only eleven per cent. of flowers emit a perfume. The other eighty-nine per cent. omit a perfume.—Binghamton Express. Chinese doctors make a reduction in their charges when the patient is old. It doesn't take so much medicine to kill.—Texas Sittings. "Who goeth a-borrowing goeth a-sorrowing!" but he is in a cheerful state of mind compared with the man who goeth a-lending.—Puck. Demosthenes put pebbles in his mouth to cure his defective utterance. Even to this day people find it a difficult job to speak Greek.—Puck. We have noticed that the cheaper the trousers a young man has on, the more for he puts on the collar and cuffs of his overcoat.—Advertiser Globe. Hackett—"How is your wife getting on with her dress-reform movement?" Sunette—"Immense. She has two new dressmakers."—Clark Review. It is not until a man goes on a quest for a hired girl that he fully appreciates the immense proportions of the woman question.—Baltimore American. It may be true that some are not as black as they are painted, and it's equally a fact that others are not as white as they are whitewashed.—Philadelphia Times. "So your son has been starring as an actor, Mr. Cashouster?" "Yes." "Do tell me all about him. Who is supporting him?" "I am."—Baltimore American. Hogan—"I have known McGinnis for forty-five years." Grogan—"An' sure, so have I." "Ah, get out wid yeh! He's no ninety years old at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

History repeats itself; and so long as fellows can make money by writing new lives of people who are too dead to kick their biographers we may expect to see the histories repeated.—Puck. Topples—"There goes a fellow who tackles the high sea for a living." Van Cure—"He don't look like a seafaring man, does he?" Topples—"He ain't; he is a crack terror."—Brooklyn Citizen. "In your essay," said the pretty schoolma'am to Freddy Gaswell, "you say the horse has six legs. How do you make that out?" "The horse has four in front and two behind," explained Freddy.—Pittsburgh Chronicle. Miss Tomax—"Oh, you're such a bad boy. What shall I do with you if you don't mind?" Freddy—"Do what Mr. Van Jay did to sister." He said he would kiss her if she didn't mind, and I guess she didn't, for he kissed her."—Brooklyn Citizen. A conductor (on north side car)—"Tree cents more, ma'am, for de kid." Lady—"Three cents! Why, they don't charge me anything for this boy on the cable road." Conductor—"Well, de cable don't eat oats! See!"—Chicago Tribune. Timmins—"Er—Is Laura Figg a girl of any education?" Simmons—"I suppose so. Why?" Timmins—"O, I caught her looking into a volume of my poems, you know, and she remarked that she was 'conning the fancies of my imaginary brain.'"—Indianapolis Journal. "Am I to understand," said the young man, bitterly, as he arose to go, "that all is over between us?" "I am afraid that is the case," she said, calmly, a slight tinge of Jersey City haughtiness in her voice. "Then," he answered, briskly, reaching for his hat, "you have told me at just the right moment. I have ordered a new winter overcoat, and I will just have time to countermand those pockets under the arms."—Cleveland and Parsonist. Rodney Bates is a sportsman of more enthusiasm than experience. He had good luck once in his last summer while fishing up in the Maine woods, and his joy overflowed in a telegram to his wife like this: "I've got one. Weighs seven pounds and is a beauty." In reply came the following, signed by Mrs. Bates: "So have I. Weighs ten pounds. It isn't a beauty. Looks like you." It was more than ten words, he forgave her.—Boston Post.