THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

Is published every Wednesday, by

J. E. WENK.

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building

ELM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa.

Terms, - - - $1.50 per Year.

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXIV. NO. 47. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1892. $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	10 00
Two Squares, one year	15 00
Quarter Column, one year.....	30 00
Half Column, one year.....	50 00
One Column, one year.....	100 0

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.

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The railroads of Australia, with the exception of two small lines, are owned by the Government.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that the United States have, since their existence, formally declared war but once.

Argentine is being tempted. A French syndicate is said to have offered the Government $50,000,000 for a ten years' monopoly of the sale of matches and tobacco.

A plea of insanity was set up as a defense for a prisoner before a British court on a charge of felony, but it did not save him from being sent to penal servitude for three years, during which time the judge said it would be possible to thoroughly investigate the plea and make sure that it would hold water.

The San Francisco Chronicle concludes that the belief in the contagious character of the grip must be pretty strong in England, when steps are taken to avoid marching through an infected district. It is easy to believe that the affliction may be epidemic in certain quarters of London, but it is hardly possible that the disease would menace people merely passing through them.

To-day the beet-sugar industry is acknowledged to be the leading agricultural industry of Europe, declares Frank Leslie's Weekly, contributing largely to its revenue, increasing the value of its real estate, reducing interest, giving employment to thousands of skilled and unskilled employes, causing millions of dollars to be paid to them for sugar that is sold to other countries.

In Ohio last year, says the State Labor Bureau, twenty-two million dollars' worth of material was converted by the factories into 211 million dollars' worth of product, paying nearly fifty-four million dollars wages to 105,000 employes of all grades, equal to $513, average, each. This was for 294 days, average, work each, equal to $1.73 per day of, average, 9.7 hours, or nearly eighteen cents an hour.

The insurance men of Chicago have resolved to insist that no more buildings shall be erected with a height greater than one and a half times the width of the street, and that insurance rates on higher buildings hereafter erected be so great as to be practically prohibitive. For office buildings an exception will be made and a height of 120 feet allowed, which will give room for eight or nine stories. Whether the insurance men will succeed remains to be seen, but they have the support of the fire department, and of many leading men in the city.

The San Francisco Examiner remarks: "The Government of New South Wales has determined on rain-making experiments. To judge by the American experiments the most successful rain-maker is the imaginative correspondent who accompanied the Dyrenforth expedition. The floods of rain that that young man brought down (on paper) as the results of explosions that never occurred were the most remarkable of the year. The United States could do a graceful act by offering the New South Wales Government the use of the correspondent, and thus enable our Australian cousins to save their powder."

The recent loss of an eye by Prince Christian von Schleswig-Holstein, through the bad aim of his brother-in-law attempting to shoot a bird, recalls some similar misfortunes. Napoleon I, while hunting pheasants in Fontainebleau, shot out the eye of the most genial of his marshals, Nicholas Massena, Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Essling. Massena, however, was even a greater courtier than general, and immediately declared that the shot had come from the gun of Marshal Berthier. Berthier at once declared himself the cause of his comrade's misfortune. This diplomatic attempt to shield the Emperor greatly pleased his Majesty, and he rewarded both marshals with favors and presents.

It is not only in the United States, learns the New York Post, that defaulters continue to live luxuriously on small incomes without exciting suspicion. Herr Piufsich, who committed suicide the other day, after robbing the Budapest (Hungary) Savings Bank of $500,000, had been stealing right and left for years. He bought an estate, built a magnificent chateau upon it, entertained guests in princely fashion, subsidized a theatre for the amusement of himself and his friends without a penny of honest money to his credit outside an exceedingly modest salary. And yet nobody thought of suspecting him or examining his books, although he was cashier of the establishment. When he shot himself, and the truth came out, everybody was profoundly astonished. A clearer case of directors who did not direct could scarcely be made out.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If Fortune with a smiling face
  Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
  And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve—if grieve we must?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who wronged us own their faults,
  And kindly pity, pray
When shall we listen and forgive?
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But if stern Justice urge rebuke,
  And warmth from memory borrow,
When shall we chide—we dare?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
  Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But if our debtor fail our hope,
  And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again
  His genial smile display,
When shall we kiss his proffered lips?
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But if he would indulge regret,
  Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep—if weep we must?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys,
  The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them,
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
  And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon if they appear
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

—Charles Mackay, in Boston Journal.

A LEAP-YEAR STORY.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It was a very small house in the heart of a crowded city, and yet, small as it was, three families made a home there. The first floor, and the one that brought the most rent, was occupied by James Saunders, retired sea captain, who was supposed to possess a gold mine, at the very least, and who had undoubtedly "feathered his nest" well in many years of prosperous voyaging.

The basement floor was distinguished by a sign over the door, and a shop window, wherein were displayed the wares of a grocer—George Davis—on a very small scale, a grocer who bought by the basket and box, and sold by the half peck and pound.

Upstairs—there was only one story above the first floor—Nanette lived with her mother, Madame Hillien. Nanette had been ten years in America, and was employed by a milliner, who made good use of Nanette's nationality when her customers suspected her of being anything but a French milliner. Madame Hillien was yellow and wrinkled and wore an old sacque of dingy colors over a black silk petticoat, and a cap of elaborate construction over very rough, gray hair. Nanette was a clear brunette, with eyes black as sloes and soft as velvet, cheeks like the heart of a crimson rose, teeth like pearls, and the triggest little figure ever balanced on two pretty feet. With scant means and her French tastes Nanette was always well dressed. Her print gowns fitted her to a nicety, her hair glossy and abundant, was always arranged becomingly, and there was never anything tumbled or soiled to mar Nanette's toilette.

Two men, at least, adored Nanette; George Davis in heart-sick silence; Captain Saunders with the audacity of wealth and position.

Captain Saunders sent always to Madame Hillien such preserves and fruits as opened wide the eyes of the favored few invited to partake of them. He had always a friend in port, just arrived from Italy, from Cuba, from Liverpool, from China, from any point where the long arm of commerce pushes her vessels; and these friends would always have foreign dainties to tempt the gold from the purse of the generous captain. It was whispered that fabrics only suited for feminine wear, jewels, fans, trinkets also came to the captain's room, but of these he said nothing. Boxes of oranges, jars of ginger, boxes of macaroni, tempting morsels from all lands were carried up the flight of stairs to Madame Hillien, but of India muslins, Canton crapes Pon's silks, rings and bracelets the captain said never a word.

Still the face of George Davis grew longer and paler day by day, as the sight of his rival's prosperity was forced upon him. It was true that Nanette loyally purchased every pound of tea and peck of potatoes at the grocery in the basement and presented her cash with the smile of an angel. True, too, that she never passed the grocer without a smile and sometimes a little blush.

For the grocer was only three-and-twenty, with a blond beard and eyes as blue as a patch of summer sky, while the captain was nearly sixty, with grizzled red hair, a skin like mahogany, and eyes of no especial tint, unless it was sea-green. But the captain had a long bank-account, and could woo gallantly and loudly, while the grocer only spoke with his eyes, and wondered vaguely how long two could live upon profits that were half starvation for one.

"She is so pretty!" the poor young fellow thought, with a sigh; "no wonder she likes to ride with the captain in the Park, while I am tied to the counter and cannot even afford to hire a boy to roll in the barrels. I could not send a basket home if a customer asked it."

But fortunately the customers were of that class that never trust a market-basket out of their own hands. Still, as they were very exacting as to the largest measure for the lowest price, that balanced the matter.

It was not a very flourishing grocery store, for the goods were of the cheapest description, and the profits were very small; and often when the stock had to be replenished, George Davis wore patched shoes and the shabbiest of clothes.

"It would delight my heart," Nanette said once to her mother, "if I could once get my two hands in the linen-closet of Monsieur Davis and repair his collars and cuffs. They are frayed. Oh!"—with uplifted hands—"how they are shabby!"

"You had better look at something else than the cuffs of Monsieur Davis," said Madame Hillien, severely. "In my country maidens do not look at young men."

"But, mamma, when I must look at him every day how can I but see him? Do I not buy of him sugar and tea and all that we have to eat?"

"If you were wise you would not be compelled to buy food in a little store like that. Listen Monsieur, the captain, has told me that if he marries he will buy the whole house. Ah, think of a whole house!"

"But we are comfortable in three rooms."

"Bah! We live! But comfortable? You have no sense, Nanette! Twice already has the captain spoken to me. You will lose him."

"Let him go! I have my work and we have five hundred dollars in bank. Why should I marry an old horror like that?"

"He is not horrible."

"No, you are right. He is kind and good, and I am sorry he will love me when I cannot love him."

"But, why?"

"Ah, why?" said Nanette, shrugging her pretty shoulders. But she ran away then and began to concoct a marvelous omelet for supper, singing in a loud, clear voice, so that her mother could not make her hear from where she sat in an inner room. Why? Never a word of love had the young grocer spoken, though his honest eyes told his adoration; but Nanette knew that she always had the choice of the market set aside for her, and there was always a little overweight of all the choicest things in her basket.

But the attentions of the captain soon became a burden; not because of his persecutions, but because Madame Hillien became fretful and exacting on the subject. It was all foolishness on Nanette's part, and no modest girl refused the husband her mother offered her, she said.

But Nanette had been too long in America, though she was but twenty-two, to give up her freedom of choice for any old French custom.

"Here girls choose their own husbands," she said.

And Madame Hillen screamed:

"You would offer yourself to him?"

"Not so bad as that, mamma, though this is leap-year," said Nanette, for 1888 was but a week old.

"Leap-year! Ah, you are a bold girl!"

But Nanette was not bold, and her tender heart was sore over her lover's silence. He was her lover: of that she was sure; but he was poor, so very poor, and needed a wife to help him grow rich. How she could help him! How she would save in house keeping, and make his clothes last twice as long, and tidy up the rooms the open door showed to be so forlorn. She was a true woman, this little Nanette, longing to give loyal service where she gave loyal love. But he would not speak.

"It is already two years we have been in the house," Nanette thought, "and I know he loves me."

Something wonderful happened just at this time. There was an old uncle in France, a close-fisted miser, who had refused often and often to help his widowed sister by so much as a pinch of salt, and he died, leaving to Nanette a sum that made ten thousand American dollars.

It fairly stunned the little milliner. To be so rich as that, when—and here a choking sob came into her throat—when the man she loved had not a good coat to his back, though he worked faithfully to earn one. Nanette grieved over her access of fortune as much as she rejoiced. She shrewdly suspected the cause of George's silence, and knew that this legacy would be another bar between them. Already her mother was talking of moving into a better neighborhood and more commodious apartments.

The captain had offered his congratulations rather ruefully appreciating the weight of this new phase of affairs.

"I was sure of the mother," he thought, "but now I am not so sure."

It was dusk when he rattled the key in his own door, and did not see a tall figure near him, until a familiar voice in the darkness, said:

"May I leave the keys of the basement with you, captain?"

"Hey, what? You are going away?"

"Yes, I am going away," said George Davis, very sadly. "I hope you will be very happy."

"Oh, you do! Pray, what is there to make me especially happy, just now?"

Then George flashed out:

"If such a woman as Nanette were going to marry me, I should not ask that question," and something suspiciously like a sob ended the sentence.

"Who told you I was going to marry Nanette?"

"Madame Hillien."

"Then she told a—ahem!—she made a serious mistake. Nanette has refused me distinctly on separate occasions. So the way is open to you."

"Ah, no! I am so poor, so very poor, you see. I have no capital to start anything, and I can only scratch out the barest living. And now this money has come. No! I will go away! You see I love her so much, I cannot stay any longer. My heart is breaking."

Odd confidences! Well, yes; but I think it must have been the dark that opened their hearts to each other. They were such honest, child-like hearts, both of them, to belong to great, bearded men.

I am quite sure the dark was unanswerable for what followed. George was standing leaning against the banister, when he said:

"My heart is breaking!"

Suddenly there was a little soft rustle above him; then he felt two arms steal round his neck, a soft cheek touch his, and into his ear stole a whisper:

"Don't go away or you will break my heart, too!"

The captain's door opened with a jerk and shut with a bang, but I do not think those two at the foot of the staircase heard it. What did they say! Ah, who can repeat the rapturous speeches of one; the shy whispers of the other.

But one thing Nanette said at last, as they went arm in arm upstairs to confront Madame Hilien

"You will not tell anybody, will you, George, that I proposed to you, though it is leap-year?"

"Never!" was the emphatic reply.

Madame Hillien cried and laughed and was none too well pleased; but, after all, she loved Nanette, and so she gave George her hand at last, and a motherly greeting.

But the strangest part of all was yet to come for the captain made Nanette a wedding present of all the finery he had purchased especially for her, and then offered his hand and heart to Madame Hillien. He bought the whole house too, and a brandnew grocery-store was started next door with a portion of Nanette's money. The neighbors "always knew" it was the widow the captain was courting, and it would be difficult to say which household is the happier, that of jolly Captain Saunders and his wife, or that of honest George Davis, grocer, and pretty Nanette.—The Ledger.

The Private and the Bear.

Private McNamara, of the Fourth Cavalry, stationed in the Yosemite National Park, got leave to go hunting, and went over to Devil's Gulch, the roughest canon in the country and the best hiding place for big game. McNamara had good luck, and killed about a dozen gray squirrels, which he slung to his belt. He had turned homeward, and was picking his way through fallen timber, when a grizzly arose from behind a log about fifty yards away. McNamara raised his carbine and fired. The bear howled and started for him, and McNamara felt in his belt for another cartridge, but none was there. He had fired his last shot.

McNamara realized that he had to trust to his legs to get him out of that scrape, and he turned and ran faster than he ever sprinted in his life. But the bear was the better runner, and gained rapidly. The dangling squirrels impeded McNamara's action, and as he ran he tried to get rid of them. He pulled two loose and dropped them, and the grizzly stopped to investigate. Bruin found them good, and he ate them in two gulps and resumed the chase.

McNamara dropped some more squirrels and gained several yards. He repeated the trick until he had a good lead, and then he unhooked his belt and dropped all that were left. and when the grizzly finished the lot McNamara was out of sight across the river and getting his second wind for a long run home.—New York Sun.

Sand-Storms of the American Desert.

As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours in enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few in fertile lands ever dreamed of. The Arabian simoom is not deadlier than the sand-storm of the Cororado Desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express trains cannot make head against it—nay, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crests of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine, white sand that those fearful gales scoop up by carloads from the plain and lift on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snow drifts to blockade trains there; but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand. Man or beast caught in one of those sand-laded tempests has little chance of escape. The man who will lie with his head tightly wrapped in a coat or blanket and stifle there until the fury of the storm is spent, may survive; but woe to the poor brute whose sweet feet cannot bear it betimes to a place of refuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose and throat almost past endurance.—St. Nicholas.

Peculiar Pair of Eyes.

"I labor under the peculiar inconvenience of having a right eye of normal power and a short-sighted left eye," says James Shaw. "The numerals on the face of a clock five-eighths of an inch high are visible to the right eye at twelve feet distant, but in order to discern them as clearly with my left eye I require to bring that organ of vision as near to the figures as eight inches. On looking at my gold chain hanging on my breast in daylight and with both eyes, the chain, colored yellow and toward the left, is perceived by the right eye, while a steely-blue chain, another, yet the same, is perceived about an inch to the right and a litttle higher up."—Chicago Herald.

Steam and Magnet.

The researches of Strouhal and Barus have shown that with long-continued heating in steam, magnets lose from twenty-eight to sixty-seven per cent. of their power. If, after this, the magnets are remagnetized and again exposed to the action of steam, only a very slight loss of magnetic power is found to take place. Repeated steaming and magnetizing are therefore recommended for securing magnetism in hard steel.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Germanium is worth sixty times its weight in gold.

A light steel telegraph pole has been patented by a Wisconsin man.

To extinguish an oil fire, bran or any kind of mill feed will be found effective.

An Athens (Greece) student asserts that Hippocrates and Galen used antiseptic dressings for wounds.

Sixty gas motors were shown at the last Paris (France) Exposition. In 1863 only three were exhibited.

A telephone wire has just been completed between Melbourne and Adelaide in Australia, a distance of 500 miles.

A curious fact, common to England, France and Germany, is the special severity of the grip epidemic at the seaside.

A few years ago the Belding Brothers, silk manufacturers of Northampton, Mass., sunk a well at their silk works to the depth of 3700 feet without obtaining water.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bedtime is helpful in the case of constipation, and has a most soothing effect upon the stomach.

The mean descent of the Ohio River from the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela to the Mississippi is about 5⅓ inches per mile, the distance being 975 miles.

London (England) streets are now paved with a new compound of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks and laid like wood paving. The especial advantage of the material is its elasticity.

Good peat in Germany furnishes a cellulose which is valuable to paper makers. Besides serving as a wholesome litter for live stock, it is also used to preserve perishable goods. Meat and fish are now packed in peat litter for transport between Trieste and Copenhagen.

By the subjection of ordinary air to a pressure of seventy-five atmospheres, or 1124 pounds, with a condenser kept at minus 130 degrees centigrade, air has been reduced to a liquid form, and the liquid, when allowed to evaporate, produces, it is said, a temperature of minus 200 degrees centigrade. This is within seventy-three degrees of absolute zero.

Shad are of different families, which come from the ocean to the rivers to spawn. The shad of Florida are not the same as those of the Hudson or the Connecticut or the Susquehanna. The same fish come each year to the particular river where they were born, and in their appearance are slightly different. Each river is the home of a separate colony.

A number of magnetic foci have been found in the Alps by Signors Sella and Oddone, the rocks with distinctly magnetic properties being magnetite, serpentine, diorite and syenite. A magnetic rock on Ponta Giufetti showed traces of fusion, as if it had been struck by lightning, and it is suggested that this circumstance has given the rock its magnetic properties.

A tube inserted in the throat of a child suffering from membraneous croup gave relief, but had disappeared when the physician, Dr. J. Bleyer, came to remove it. It was located by passing an electric probe through the larynx, a click being heard in a connected telephonic receiver when the tube was touched. Its exact position being known, it was successfully removed by tracheotomy.

A speaker at the recent International Congress showed by experiments upon school children when three or four sums in arithmetic were given in succession, that each sum showed an inferiority to the previous one, both in correctness and as regards the time in which it was completed. The one faculty employed was gradually exhausted, a fresh piece of evidence showing the necessity for diversity of work.

A Little Heroine.

Maud Hood is only a tiny mite of thirteen, and therefore not capable of doing anything on what the world would call a great scale, but nevertheless her name merits a place in the large "Book of Golden Deeds." There are seven motherless little ones in Maud's home in Lowe Sydenham, all young. Their father, a working watchmaker, has to earn the household bread, and one brother helps in the process by acting as a green grocer's errand boy. Another is an invalid confined to bed and the cares of the household and the oversight of the younger ones all fall upon little mother Maud. While she was attending to the invalid, Arthur, four years old, severely scalded himself by upsetting a teapot at the fireplace. Maud and the elder boy got him into bed and dressed the wounds with oil as best they could. The green grocer's customers were waiting, and the errand lad had to go, leaving his sister in sole charge. She decided that the burned child required better treatment than she could give, so she marched off to the home for sick children to lay the case before them. Yes, they would take him in, but she must get a letter of admission. Where? They gave her the names of several subscribers. Off she went to canvass and was happily successful. How to get him to the house? She borrowed a perambulator, carefully placed the injured child upon the cushions, and wheeled it herself to the institution, where the invalid was at once admitted. All this energy and devotion were of no avail, for the burns were too severe.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sure Way of Drawing a Stopper.

One of the small annoyances of life occasionally is the attempt to draw an obstinate glass stopper. Immersion in hot water for some minutes is sometimes efficacious, but far from always. A sure method is to lock a bureau drawer, tying a cord to handle or key, holding the other end firmly, and over the taut cord run rapidly the neck of the obstinate bottle. In less than two minutes the glass will be too hot to touch and will have expanded all around the refractory stopper, which will fairly fall out.

GROWING CAMPHOR TREES.

EFFORTS TO CULTIVATE THEM IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Tree Flourishes in the South and in California—How the Gum is Extracted From the Wood.

A STEADY increase in the price of camphor directs attention to the various efforts that have been made to domesticate the tree of China and Japan in the United States. Several explanations have been given to account for this advance. One theory is that manufacturers of smokeless powder have used immense quantities of camphor, another is that makers of celluloid goods have taken the surplus stock, and more too; a third explanation is that the supply of camphor and the growth of the trees in Southern Japan have decreased of late years. Whatever the cause may be, the fact remains that the price of gum camphor is now double what it was ten years ago.

The cultivation of the camphor tree in this country is no new thing. Ever since the establishment of the Department of Agriculture these trees have been distributed yearly to a greater or less extent. But it is only within the last four or five years that camphor trees have been sent out in large numbers. Mr. William Saunders, Superintendent of the Gardens at Washington, D. C., states that the distribution has averaged 3000 plants annually. Last year something like 5000 plants were distributed by the Department of Agriculture. So it would seem that the high price of camphor has had the effect of redoubling previous efforts to domesticate the tree in suitable localities.

The camphor tree flourishes well in several regions of the United States. It grows to a considerable size and beauty in those Southern States that border on the Gulf. In fact, most of the trees have been sent to Florida and Texas, where they answer a good purpose as shade trees. Thus far little effort has been made to extract camphor from the branches for commercial purposes. Another region where the camphor tree flourishes is in California, especially along the Pacific Coast. Many of the trees sent out there years ago have grown very rapidly, thus, in Yuba County, in fourteen years, a tree attained to a hight of fifty feet. The camphor tree is an evergreen, and, on account of its beauty, it will have its use as a shade tree. Besides the especial advantage of the tree for ornament alone, so botanists say, is its exemption from insect parasites, which in the coast region bother all our indigenous evergreens and stunt their growth.

The camphor tree stands the coast climate as far north as Carolina. Some years ago a large number of trees were raised in the gardens at Washington from seed sent from South Carolina. The seeds are often sown in a garden border, and in the first season will reach to a hight of from eighteen to twenty-eight inches. The plants are raised in the nurseries of the Department. The camphor tree will stand a good frost without injury; no place where the thermometer falls below twenty degrees Fahr. is fitted for the growth of this tree.

The ulterior motive in domesticating the camphor tree in the United States is, of course, with the idea of extracting gum for commercial purposes. The supply of trees is yet too limited to try the experiment on a commercial scale. The Japanese method of extracting the gum from the wood has been described briefly as follows: After a tree is felled it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub or a large iron pot, partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and, heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. From the close-fitting cover over the tub, a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and the oil to pass to the lower compartment. The other compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, and packed in wooden tubs. This is said to be a slow and wasteful method, and, if only to show American enterprise and ingenuity, we might mention that, last year improved machinery for distilling camphor was shipped from Pittsburgh to Hiogo, Japan.

The Department of Agriculture will soon have several thousand plants to distribute among individuals who reside in regions where the trees are likely to flourish, and who may apply for them. Persons who desire to have these ornamental and useful trees would do well to communicate with the Department, and to receive the suggestions of experts on the matter.—New York Independent.

Presidential Beards.

It is an interesting fact that President Van Buren was the only President previous to Lincoln who wore hair on his face, and Andrew Johnson was the only President after Lincoln who wore a smooth face. Since the war beards have predominated. They adorned the faces of Presidents Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Harrison. The element of whiskers, pure and simple was represented by President Arthur, while Grover Cleveland enjoys the distinction of being the only President who wore a mustache without beard or whiskers. Upon taking a summary the following ratio appears: Fifteen Presidents wore smooth faces, four wore beard and mustache, two wore side whiskers, one wore beard and side growth and one wore mustache alone. Aside from the appearance of their faces, with or without a growth of hair, the true embodiment of each nature can readily be read from their countenances. Traits of character can readily be distinguished.—Philadelphia

THE CHICKADEE.

Care keeps its hold with constant clasp,
  Whatever may betide us;
Grief waits the shrinking heart to grasp,
  Pacing, half veiled, beside us.
  But oh, the sky is blue,
    And oh, the sun is bright!
  And the chickadee in the dark pine tree
    Carols his meek delight.

The earth in silent snows is bound,
  Want grinds and pain oppresses;
Life's awful problems who shall sound?
  Its riddles sad who guesses?
  But oh, the sky is blue,
    And oh, the sun is bright!
  And the chickadee in the tall pine tree
    Sings in the cold's despite.

Give me of thy wise hope, dear bird,
  Who brav'st the bitter weather!
Share the glad message thou hast heard
  And let us sing together.
  Tho winter winds blow wild,
    No storm can thee affright.
  Thy trust teach me, oh chickadee,
    Sweet chanting from thy hight.

—Celia Thaxter, in the Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sweet meets—Trysts.

A grip-sack—The doctor's said bags.

Lightning talkers—Fire insurance agents.

You can't trust the letter "S" for it is naturally crooked.—Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.

The dark ages are the ones that elderly spinsters refuse to divulge.—St. Joseph News.

Pump Handle—"How do you feel?" Vacuum Chamber—"Exhausted."—Yankee Blade.

The book that makes the greatest stir in society is the well-lined pocket book.—Texas Siftings.

Most people laugh not when they want to, but when they think people imagine they ought to.—Atchison Globe.

DeSmithers—"Do you object to colored waiters at the club?" Bjones—"I object to green ones.—The Club.

The man who laughs in his sleeve should be relegated to the society of him who talks through his hat.—Puck.

A man's goodness to his wife depends entirely on her ability to make him enjoy being good to her.—Atchison Globe.

It is always proper to call upon the superintendent of the streets to "mend his ways."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

No one can ever tell what a woman will do next. If any one did tell she would be sure to do something else.—Somerville Journal.

The flush upon the cheek of the society girl is not hectic; it is permanent until it is scraped off with the butcher knife.—Galveston News.

It's rumored as a strong proof of nature's disposition to assert itself that few girls learning the violin care to use the chin rest.—Philadelphia Times.

Patient—"Doctor, I fancy, somehow, I've got a touch of the gout." Doctor—"Fancy, my dear sir! If you had, you wouldn't fancy—you'd know."—Comic.

Ethel—"Mr. Hobson and Mr. Hubbell will call this evening, Grace, you know. What shall we do to entertain them?" Grace—"Let's propose."—Boston Post.

The barber is a sort of bellicose individual. He has his little brushes right along, he lathers people, and he occasionally smashes their mugs.—Binghamton Leader.

Miss Ongwee—"I think your charms are simply horrid!" Jeweler—"Yours, miss, are irresistible." Miss Ongwee—"I'll take half a dozen, please."—Jeweler's Gazette.

"Carber is still in trouble. His lawyer now makes serious charges against him." "I thought he won his case?" "So he did, and that's what his lawyer is charging him for."—Lowell Citizen.

Charlie (who has been blowing the cornet for an hour)—"Ned, do you think there is any music in me?" Ned—"I don't know. There ought to be. I didn't hear any come out."—London Tid-Bits.

He—"I am rather in favor of the English mode of spelling." She—"Ye-es?" He—"Yes, indeed. Take 'parlor' for instance. Having u in it makes all the difference in the world." Indianapolis Journal.

Brown—"Yes, he was a brave man—one who could meet death without blanching." Fogg—"I see. The gentleman was in the undertaking profession, I presume; or was he only a doctor?"—Boston Transcript.

Seeker—"You have been farming many years in this section and know the peculiarity of the soil pretty well; what do you consider the hardest thing to raise on your farm?" Meeker—"The money to run it."—Boston Courier.

"Ah," said Chappie jokingly to Miss Keene, "this is leap year, don'cherknow; do you intend to avail yourself of its privileges?" "I really cannot tell what I might do," she said with a smile, "if a man should come along."—New York Press.

Binks—"I don't like to complain about trifles, Mrs. Jingle, but my hash appears to consist largely of fragments of deal board." Mrs. Jingle (the landlady)—"Well, what kind of board do you expect for five dollars a week—polished mahogany?"—Wasp.

She—"Did you succeed in mastering French while in France?" He—"Nearly. I did not succeed in making the Frenchmen comprehend me, nor could I make out what they were driving at; but I got so I could understand myself when I talked."—[illegible]

Lad[illegible])—"Why did leave [illegible] Con[illegible] [illegible]adful wa[illegible] quarrel, co[illegible] [illegible]y to