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George W. Cable says that the American literary taste is rising.

In Algeria, North Africa, twelve million acres of barren land have been reclaimed and planted in vineyards.

One of the finest possibilities of university extension in the United States, argues the Washington Star, is in the aid it will give to ambitious workmen.

The number of students now registered at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, is 2691, the largest number ever attending any American institution of learning, and leading Harvard by twenty-eight.

Charles A. Berry, a prominent railroad man of St. Louis, Mo., believes that the time is not far distant when railroad colleges will be established, as the railroad business requires as much technical knowledge and skill as law or medicine.

Secretary of War Elkins has amended regulations so as to confine the enlistment in the United States Army of boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen years to the grade of musicians or to learn music, and then only to fill a known vacancy.

The opening of the graduate course in philosophy at Yale to students of both sexes is an important step in the higher education of women. It will certainly lead to similar privileges at other universities which have hitherto denied degrees to women, predicts the San Francisco Chronicle.

The poultry products of the United States last year amounted to nearly \$200,000,000; no less than 16,000,000 dozen eggs were imported at a cost of nearly \$2,500,000, while the annual importation for the past four years has been \$2,216,326. With these facts before them, marvels the New York Independent, some still call poultry raising a trifling occupation.

What the New York Independent calls "a most timely article" appeared recently in a Japanese vernacular paper, lamenting the strong inclination which young men display toward political life. Men without any aptitude for politics waste their energy in discussing current questions. Such persons are urged to turn their attention toward some other sphere of action equally important and noble. Such advice is greatly needed by the young men of Japan to-day, and a careful following of it would conduce to the future safety of the country.

Says the Louisville Courier-Journal: "A good deal more gold coin would be in circulation if it were not for the fact that many persons hoard small amounts of it, though they are no more benefited by this saving than if it were silver or paper. These hoarders are chiefly women, many who keep every gold piece they find in the pockets of their husbands and hold on to every one that comes to them in any other way. It is just as well that this should be so, as hoarders of much money prefer paper to any kind of coin. The ladies may as well keep their gold pieces out of circulation as long as possible."

Protection from the contagion of leprosy is becoming a serious source of concern in Louisiana. A young lady, connected with one of the old Creole families of Louisiana resident in her ville, recently died of the disease at the hospital for lepers in New Orleans, to which she had been brought barely a month ago. Cases of leprosy, it seems, are not uncommon in the parish of Therville, and there it was the girl, who was only twenty years of age, contracted the loathsome disease. Local treatment was of no avail, and as a last resort she went to the hospital in New Orleans, where her case was found to be past human relief.

Several farmers near Wapakoneta, Ohio, have been made the victims of two very smooth fruit tree men through a very ingenious scheme. A well dressed man, driving through the country selling fruit trees, would stop at a farmer's house. While there he would be taken very ill and ask the farmer to hand him a bottle of medicine out of a grip, which, however, the latter would not find. He would then ask him to go or send somebody to town for a prescription, giving him a fountain pen and a fruit tree blank on which to write the prescription, and as the medicine was of such a nature as to require the purchaser's signature the unsuspecting farmer would sign it. Just here stranger No. 2 makes his appearance from the opposite direction, going to town. He stops for a drink of water, and as he is coming back at once and is visiting in the neighborhood, he is asked to take the prescription to town. Shortly after he has gone No. 1 finds his medicine, recovers, and goes to town. In a few days the farmer has a note to pay and the prescription never comes back.

TWO CITIES.

Side by side they stand, Two cities two, But a breath of land Between them lies; Above, the self-same skies, Serene and blue.

One is full of strife And all of woe, Quick with restless life; The other fair, Yet of its joy, or care, No one may know. Never word doth pass, Nor any sign; Its streets are soft with grass; The light winds blow Like murmurous voices low Amid the pines.

And a silence falls, Profound and deep; Though the soft heart calls In its despair, No answer comes to prayer For those who weep.

I know not which is best, Whither to dwell— Life's strife, or Death's calm rest; Not I, who stand One side this breadth of land; I cannot tell.

—Henry C. Wood, in Frank Leslie's.

ALL DOLLY'S DOING.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

HE yellow sky barred with lines of dark cloud, the ground tightened like a mask of iron—a windy March sunset—this was the time. The old nursery at Peak Hill, lighted by the flicker of a wood fire—this was the place. Two girls, seated on a dilapidated rug, hugging their knees and staring disconsolately in the blaze—these were the persons present.

"Hasty pudding and milk!" said Dolly Peak. "That isn't much of a supper. For my part, I think Arthur is lucky to be detained in town to-night. The bank managers can't, in ordinary decency, offer him anything less than sandwiches and coffee. I wish I was a bank clerk."

"Do hold your tongue, Dolly!" said Margery. "Do you suppose it isn't as hard for me to be poor as it is for you? When I am the oldest, too, and the one that ought to be out in society! It's enough to drive one frantic to be invited to the ball at Skipton Court, and not to be able to go!"

Margery sprang to her feet and began talking swiftly up and down the floor, her black hair gleaming in the firelight, her thin hands clasped. Dolly eyed her, half in sympathy, half in curiosity.

"Perhaps," said she, tentatively, "if you had a dress fit to wear, and could go, some one might fall in love with you."

Margery smiled a scornful smile. "Stranger things have happened," said she.

"Margery—" hesitated Dolly. "Well!"

"Don't people hire dresses sometimes?"

"Yes, if they have the money and the opportunity, and no particular sense of dignity. Do you think I would wear a hired dress?"

Once more Dolly hugged her knees. "Margery," said she, "it sometimes seems to me as if the world were out of joint. Our world, I mean. Here we are, as poor as Job's turkey or a church mouse, or any other of those proverbially poor things. What business have we to live in a big house like this, with only old Rebecca to take care of us? What business have we holding our hands while our brother is working hard as a clerk, to maintain us?"

"Because Arthur wants us to live like ladies, in the house where our parents and grandparents lived before us!" said Margery, curtly. "Because we can't do anything else."

"Don't ladies ever work, Margery?"

"Dolly, don't ask such foolish questions. Of course they do—sometimes."

Just then old Rebecca came in, bringing a lighted lamp. She drew the faded muslin curtains, put a fresh log of wood on the fire, and limped out again.

She was very old, but she had waited on these girls' mother before them, and still liked to keep up the semblance of attendance.

"They're ladies," said Rebecca, proudly, "every inch o' them. Look at their white hands. Look at the way they carry themselves."

Half an hour afterward, Margery roused herself from a fit of abstraction, to find that she was alone.

"Why, where has Dolly gone?" she asked herself.

And in the same moment the door flew open, a sudden gust of perfume freighted the air, and Dolly came in, with a candle held high above her head like Lady Macbeth, a roll of old drapery under her arm, and a basket of delicious white-and-yellow narcissus in her hand.

"Where have I been?" she repeated. "Why, everywhere! Up garret, down into the old green-house, into the land of the possible and impossible! Smell these flowers, Margery!"

read about the girl who went to a party in her great-grandmother's wedding dress. Girls in stories always discover dresses packed away in old sandal-wood trunks in garrets, so why shouldn't we? And I went up stairs and had a regular rummage.

"Dolly, what a goose you are!" "Just am, Margery. Of course there was nothing there but cobwebs and little bright-eyed mice, and old rags that the ragman's great-grandmother would have been ashamed of. But I found this old cream colored silesia ball of the mahogany chest of drawers. It'll make better curtains for this room than yonder faded morning things. Oh, Margery, how pretty those narcissus flowers look in your hair. Sit still a minute—only a minute!"

She draped the pale yellow stuff artistically over Margery's tall shoulders; she fastened it with a knot of deep gold narcissus; she showered the other flowers in a yellow drift upon the jetty braids of her black hair.

"Margery," she cried, gleefully clapping her hands, "what a lovely straight profile you have! I shall turn artist and paint you, and call you 'Springtime.'"

Margery uttered a sudden exclamation which made Dolly whirl swiftly around, and there, to her infinite embarrassment, stood her brother Arthur, the young bank clerk, with another gentleman—Mr. Somerset, of Skipton Court.

"Is it a tableau?" said that young man, smiling, "or a full dress rehearsal?"

Margery flung off the pale yellow draperies—the narcissus stars raised down on the shabby carpet at her feet.

"It's only Dolly's nonsense," she said, with a glance of smothered indignation at her sister.

"Oh, but what a pity to spoil the effect!" said Somerset. "Such lovely flowers! My sisters are besieging the florists to get just such blossoms for the ball decorations. Speaking of the ball, Miss Peak, we are determined that you shall reconsider your refusal to come, because—"

And Dolly, going from the room, in conscious disgrace, lost the rest of the sentence.

Down in the kitchen—the only other room in which there was a fire—there ensued a lively discussion between old Rebecca and her young lady.

"My dear sweet, could the ancient sermons, 'you can't!'"

"But I can!" said Dolly. "But you mustn't, Miss Dolly!"

"But I will!" cried Dolly, with a stamp of her ill-shod foot.

"You're a Peak, dearie, of Peak Hill."

"But you're not, Becky. Dear Becky, good Becky, if you put on the old sleighing hood and blue spectacles, no one will know you. And poor Margery! You will—you must!"

The soft kisses on Rebecca's cheek, lip, brow, were enticing beyond everything. She felt herself yielding.

"La, child," said she, "don't stifle me! If I must, I must!"

The next morning Margery Peak sauntered down to the old greenhouse.

"If the flowers are really there," said she, "I may as well pick them and send them to Skipton Court. It'll be a neighborly thing to do, and—Why, where are they! Dolly, I thought you said—"

In the middle of the old place stood Dolly in the attitude of a tragic muse.

"They've all been picked and taken away in the night," said she, dramatically—"every one!"

"Goodness me!" cried Margery. "Who ever heard of such a thing! Who can have done it?"

"Of course," sighed Dolly, "the door is never locked. Any one could have done it."

The night of the ball at Skipton Court arrived. Ooze more the sky glowed yellow as the sweet spring jonquils themselves, and the wind howled down the chimney of the nursery. Once more Margery sat on the old rug, thinking sadly.

"Margery!" breathed a soft voice.

"Dolly, are you there?" cried the elder, with a start.

"Yes, I'm here. Listen Margery. When we were children, don't you remember how we used to play at 'Making Believe?' Well, let's make believe now. Suppose we had a grandmother, like the story heroines, and she had a wedding dress; would you like it to be like this?"

She shook out the clouds of a soft, white tulle dress, threaded with woven gleams of gold, and knotted up here and there with bunches of yellow narcissus. Margery sprang to her feet ecstatically.

concluded the other half of the delicious captivity. When she came home, early in the windy spring morning, Dolly was sitting up for her, drowsy but smiling.

"Well!" cried Dolly, rapturously. "Do you know, Margery, I've been dreaming in front of the fire here! And what do you guess I dreamed! That Louis Somerset asked you to be his wife!"

Margery's sweet, flushed face drooped on her sister's shoulders.

"It wasn't a dream, Dolly," she whispered. "It was the truth, and I think you must be a magician!"

"One needn't depend much on the magic art," said sagely Dolly, "if one keeps one's ears and eyes open. I knew he was in love with you long ago. Oh, how sweet the flowers smell!"

"Poor things!" said Margery, caressing the drooping petals; "they are all withered. He took one of them, to keep forever he said. I shall always love narcissus after this! And to think, Dolly, dear, that this was all your doings!"—Saturday Night.

A Great Apple Orchard.

The Wellhouse orchard of Kansas is becoming known the world over. This orchard is a piece of good, well drained soil, about one thousand feet above sea level. The trees were planted in trenches rather than in holes, the trenches being made by plowing out furrows nearly or fully ten inches in depth. Trees are thirty-two feet apart, east and west, and twelve feet apart, north and south. Corn was planted between the trees while young. After the trees have come into bearing the ground is sown to clover. This is cut down every year when the seed is ripe. The tool used in the operation is a home made rolling cutter, consisting of a stick of timber twelve or fifteen inches square and ten feet long. The corners are dressed off so as to form an octagon, and eight knives, running the whole length, are inserted, one at each corner. This stick of timber is fastened in a frame, and revolves in it when pulled over the ground by teams, its own weight being sufficient to chop up the clover and chance weeds. The trees are all low headed, trained in pyramidal form, with limbs starting out about one foot from the ground. This is best, as the bodies of the trees must be protected from the fierce sun rays, otherwise they will be scalded and ruined. An ordinary hen trap is used for the rabbits, which are very plentiful. Most of the insect enemies are destroyed by spraying with London purple. Almost five-sixths of the fruit thus grown can be reached by the pickers while standing on the ground. In the packing house the apples are carefully assorted by hand. Three and even four grades are made. All unfit for other use are left in the field or fed to the stock. The yield on the 225 acres in 1880 was 1594 bushels; in 1890, 79,170 bushels. The Missouri pippin is the best yielder, followed by wine sap, then by Ben Davis, Jonathan, and lastly by maiden's blush and Cooper's early. The last named is not profitable. The most fruit and most money has been obtained from the Missouri pippin, but the trees are becoming exhausted and fruit small. Ben Davis is now the leader. The expenses up to the time that the trees came into bearing (in 1883) aggregated \$20,352, or about thirty-five cents per tree. Rent of land is not included in this, however.—Western Stockman.

A Good Pocket-Knife.

The costliest pocket-knives manufactured for sale are retailed at a store in New York City, which sells nothing but knives. There are 1500 different kinds on exhibition in the window, ranging in price from five cents to \$25. The \$25 knife is the costliest known. The outside plates of its handle are solid gold, and it contains two small blades only, a nail file and a miniature pair of scissors. There is a little hook in the handle by which it may be attached to the watch chain. The sales of the \$25 knife are very slow.

A Poet's Definition of Poetry.

Whether sung, spoken, or written, poetry, says E. C. Steedman in the Century, is still the most vital form of human expression. One who essays to analyze its constituents is an explorer undertaking a quest in which many have failed. Doubtless his tool may be rusty, but he sets forth in the simplicity of a good knight, who does not fear his fate too much, whether his desert be great or small.

In this mood seeking a definition of that poetic utterance which is or may become of record—a definition both defensible and inclusive, yet compressed into a single phrase—I have put together the following statement:

Poetry is a rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul.

Helpfulness of Wives.

Hundred of fortunes that have been ascribed to the industry of men bear upon them the marks of a wife's hand, declares Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. Bergman, the artist, was as lazy as he was talented. His studio was over the room where his wife sat. Every few minutes all day long, to keep her husband from idleness, Mrs. Bergman would take a stick and thump against the ceiling, and her husband would answer by stamping on the floor, the signal that he was wide awake and busy. One-half of the industry and punctuality that you witness every day in places of business is merely the result of Mrs. Bergman's stick thumping against the ceiling.—New York Observer.

THE ROAR OF GREAT GUNS.

THE ORDEAL OF SOLDIERS WHO SUPPORT A BATTERY.

The Effect of a Terrible and Continuous Cannonade Upon Man, Beast, Bird and Fish.

THERE are two field batteries—twelve, six and nine pounders in all—firing as rapidly as they can be loaded. The reports blend into a roar, and you must raise your voice as if a hurricane was howling about you. You are not impressed, but rather aggravated and annoyed. There's a snap to each report like the cracking of a great whip—a spiteful sound which reminds you of a dog yelping at your heels with his yelp-yelp-yelp!

There is no more trying situation for a soldier than to be lying down in support of a battery. He is only a few yards in front of the guns, and he not only feels the full force of the concussion as communicated to the earth, from the "kick" of the gun, but he reports itself seems to strike the spinal column and travel up to the back of the head. Then, too, there is the fear of shells exploding prematurely or of grape or canister, "dribbling" to cause wounds or death, and it is a positive relief to see a column of the enemy break cover for a charge. The roar of the guns does not linger for hours after, as is the case with mud and shrapnel, but you find your nerves on edge, and your temper spoiled for a day or two. The men who lay in lines with a battery firing over them probably endured more mental suffering than the enemy at whom the guns were pointed. The fire of great guns is terribly trying for the first few minutes, but this feeling gradually gives way to one of awe and sublimity.

There is something terrific and appalling in the comparison—that you would speak in whispers if the roar could suddenly cease. You are an onlooker; if assisting to work a gun, physical activity would take away from the mental strain. When Admiral Porter got his twenty mortar boats, each armed with an eight and a half-ton mortar and a thirty-two pound rifle cannon, at work against the forts below New Orleans, and the big guns in both forts had opened in reply, there was something akin to the sound of heaven and earth coming together. The mortar shells weighed over 200 pounds a piece, and the rush of them through the air made one's hair feel as if it crawled. The venomous hiss of a big skyrocket was magnified thousands of times, to be followed by a crash which seemed to split the sky open into cracks and crevices.

When the firing had continued until all reports had been merged into one steady roar there was little short of an earthquake on land or sea for ten miles around. The earth shook as if a great steam hammer was pounding it a few yards from your feet. If standing near a tree, you could feel the roots letting go of the soil with a sound like bugs crawling over dry leaves. On the water great waves rose up here and there to show where the earth, forty feet below had been disturbed. In the Mississippi River itself huge catfish leaped about the surface in fright and pain or flatted and were carried along with the current, gasping for breath. Out on the blue water air bubbles as large as dining plates floated to the surface and burst with a snap, and fish of all kinds exhibited the greatest confusion and alarm.

Thirty miles away the roar was like that of a gale sweeping over a pine forest. Horses and cattle sought to hide away, birds flew about uttering cries of distress, and dogs pointed their noses toward the sky and howled dimly. Birds and fowls felt the air and earth waves long before human beings did, and their actions were so queer as to become alarming. The coming of the roar to those afar of was preceded by a jarring of the earth, and the water in wells circled around as in a whirlpool. The wildest species of birds left the woods and thickets and came flying about the houses, and rabbits deserted their burrows and sought the companionship of domestic animals. The thunder storms of a score of years combined could not have rent the heavens nor disturbed the solid earth as that cannonade did.

If the beginning was painful and exasperating the ending was something to be remembered for its grandeur. One mortar after another, one great gun after another, was silenced by order. The reverberations had traveled through air and earth and water a distance of fifty miles. They now seemed to return back to the guns. The rent and riven skies kept up a constant moaning and complaining. These sounds gradually died away, as a man in pain finally drops off to sleep. The earth resumed its solidity again, the sun shone forth in its old familiar way, and the bank of clouds piled up in the west and tinged with gold all along their lower edges seemed proof to the eye that the world still stood as we had lived in it the day before those monsters awoke and destruction as the price of the silence.—M. Quad, in St. Louis Republic.

How a Lion Attacks.

An Englishman from Bombay, India, says that the popular pictures of lions bounding at their victims misrepresents this animal's mode of attack. Like other fierce animals the lions as a rule endeavor to avoid the sportsman until wounded, when, like the tiger, they charge with a coughing roar. When he does attack you, the lion goes at great speed close to the ground and kicks you off your legs. He speaks from his mouth, as he has killed many lions, and was nearly killed by one that he had wounded. He was dreadfully lacerated, but says that the lion's claws and teeth did not hurt his flesh so badly as he supposed they would. The really painful part of the operation was the crunching of the bones.—New Orleans Picayune.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An average man breathes about 29,000 times in a day.

A process has recently been discovered for making flour of bananas.

When a belt gets saturated with waste oil, an application of ground chalk will soon absorb the oil and make the belt workable.

A tricycle to be propelled by electricity and to run at the average speed of ten miles an hour has been patented at Washington.

Bismuth melts at a point so far below that of boiling water that it can be used for taking casts from the most destructible objects.

Steel is now being used in the manufacture of fence posts. This is an innovation on the old cedar method, and promises to meet with extended use.

The Midland Railway in England has now running between St. Pancras and Bedford trial trains fitted with a hot water apparatus, supplied from the engine, for heating the carriages.

Electricity has now been put to many uses, the very latest being the working of a machine which it was said will revolutionize the art of stone carving. The inventor is a Colorado man.

It has been proposed to make the upper half of war balloons of very thin steel, and the lower portion of ordinary balloon material, the whole so constructed as to hold hydrogen instead of ordinary gas.

The descendants of a single wasp number as many as 30,000 in one season. November is the fatal month which kills them all off, except two or three females, on whom depends the perpetuation of the race.

No animal has more than five toes, digits, or claws to each foot or limb. The horse is one-toed, the ox two-toed, the rhinoceros is three-toed, the hippopotamus is four-toed, and the elephant and hundreds of other animals are five-toed.

Sheet-iron kites, to enable a vessel when in distress during a storm to communicate with the shore, have been suggested. It would be a curious experiment. Of course, sheet-iron can be made as thin or thinner than writing paper.

In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily, but wastefully. It is careful in selecting the few forest trees which it likes for their bark or foliage. But it will tear down branches and leave half of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large portion.

Lettuce is a sleepy vegetable. It has narcotic properties in the milky juice that exudes when it is cut. The properties of this fluid are analogous to those of opium, but without the latter's disagreeable after effects. The rapid growth of lettuce in a cold frame diminishes too much of its juice.

The hop vine is said to be sinistrous because it twines with the motion of the sun, that is, from right to left. Beans, morning glories and all other species of climbing plants, with the exception of one of the honeysuckles, are dextrorse, turning opposite to the apparent motion of the sun, or from left to right.

After you have become tired of paying a tool-maker to forge and grind up tools, you will try to cast iron tools made out of old car wheel iron and aluminum alloy composite, in either a cupola or crucible furnace. They will take a greedy bite and not get discouraged; and will not require grinding so often as steel tools.

Electricity for Health.

The value of electricity in hastening the growth and maturity of certain vegetable forms, and in causing out the vivid colors of flower, promises to be supplemented by a value more directly useful to humanity. When Pasteur proposed to bring young animals up on sterilized milk and food he opened the way to the idea that the water supply of cities could be improved, and be made perfectly harmless, by applying the death-dealing agency of electricity to millions of injurious germs floating in it.

The sterilization of water sources by means of electricity may be far in the future, but the fact that the work is practically demonstrable is sufficient to show that great advances have been made in the direction of solving the question of water supplies in cities. Not less important is the agent in destroying life in the sewers of the cities, and in the great mass of garbage and waste which settles around every city, the sole cause of threatening diseases. As another peculiarity of the powerful agent is that it has results upon the general health of people similar to those of the sun. In crowded quarters of the cities where the sunlight is seldom admitted, electric light is far more conducive to health than any other mode of lighting. It is still a mooted question whether it cannot be made to force growth in the individual as it does in the plants and flowers of the hot-houses where the light is applied night and day.—Yankee Blade.

Total Eclipses of the Sun.

Every year there must be two eclipses of the sun, and there may be five. There are partial eclipses, however, except in the comparatively rare cases in which the moon passes nearly centrally over the sun's disk and produces a total obscuration of his light. Since the invention of the spectroscopic in 1869, there have been barely a score of total eclipses, and a number of these could not be observed because the belt of totality fell at the earth's polar region or upon the ocean. The belt of totality is a narrow strip—never more than a hundred and seventy miles wide—where the point of the moon's shadow falls upon the earth. Total eclipses rarely occur, therefore, at the same point of the earth. At London, for example, there has been an eclipse since the year 1140, except that of 1715, and there will be none during the next century.—Century.

REAGINED.

Like the notes that stir and die When a harp string snaps in twain, Like a fading sunset sky After driving wind and rain, Like a sound within a shell, Like an odor in the air, Like an echo in a dell, Like a star, remote and fair, O my child, thou art to me, And thy soul is linked to mine, As the pale moon draws the sea, Or the sun lifts up the vine.

In the passion of my tears, In the blindness of my grief, Through the melancholy years I eschewed the sweet relief, And I stretched my yearning hand Through the dark, to clasp thee near— But to bind me in the bands Of an ever-haunting fear, I smiled on those beside me, And I dreamed I did thee wrong, And dreamt thou might deride me For sharing joy or song.

Now thy face comes back to me, All free from fear or stain; A brighter image of thyself, Triumphant over pain, I sought it not, for needless, I nursed my own despair; And so I hold it thine— Of reality most fair, No picture could unfold it To any stranger's eye; 'Tis like a winter shining Within a starlet sky. —Good Words.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A tall tale—The Gessler story.—Life. The rabbit-hunter is a hare-brained fellow.—Rocheater Post.

Outside of diplomatic circles the fish-ery question is almost purely one of veracity.

The time when a woman has no mercy is when she gets a mouse in a trap.—Ran's Horn.

"My ideas," insisted the architect, "were all right. I am the victim of misconstruction."

It is an aggravation for a hungry tramp to find only a fork in the road.—Texas Siftings.

Teacher—"Hans, name three beasts of prey." Hans—"Two lions and a tiger."—Texas Siftings.

One trouble with the world is that so many have more reputation than character.—Ran's Horn.

The physician is the man who tells you you need change and then takes all you have.—Elmira Gazette.

The man with a "splitting headache" ought to get a job at making rails.—Binghamton Republican.

"I hear Cholly Simpkins is sick. Have you had any intelligence from him?" "Not a gleam."—Chicago Tribune.

The only way to win in an argument with a woman is to walk off when you have stated your side of it.—Atchison Globe.

Mr. Gurley—"Are your family related to the Scaddess, of Philadelphia?" Miss Scaddess (haughtily)—"No; they are related to us."—Life.

Edith—"Lord English said my image was photographed on his mind." Ethel—"Yes, photographs are usually made on blanks."—Yale Humorist.

Fair, rosy cheeks had Kitty Grimes. Bright eyes and open brow. She jumped the rope 3000 times— She isn't jumping now. —Chicago Tribune.

Bagley (at church fair)—"Let's go up and have that pretty girl tell our fortunes." Brace—"Not any; what's the use? Don't I know I'm broke?"—Graphic.

Sharpson—"Old fellow, you look seedy. It is time you had a new suit." Phlatz—"I know it, but my tailor refuses to—h'm—to renew the modus vivendi."—Chicago Tribune.

"Very pretty surter," he remarked. "Yes," she replied, "I don't wonder that people write about the shades of evening. I had no idea that there were so many different shades of that they matched so nicely."