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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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Canada has about doubled its railway mileage in ten years.

One child in every five in the northern half of the United States dies before it has lived a year.

The number of fires in London has increased fifty per cent. since 1882; twenty-five per cent. of the fires occur in uninsured premises.

The Farmers' Review says that the United States produce 300,000,000 pounds of wool per annum and use twice that amount.

The New York World cites as an instance of the vastness of the insurance business that the premiums paid in Louisville, Ky., alone this year amounted to \$1,000,000.

The aim of the University Settlement Society of New York is to aid the citizens of a neighborhood, "without infringing on their self respect," and no patronizing airs are assumed.

Twenty million dollars is the estimated worth of flax products imported into this country last year, and our farmers are said, records the New York World, to have destroyed 1,070,000 tons of flax straw.

A joint committee of the two houses of the English Parliament has reported electricity a suitable and efficient source of motive power, and recommended that electric railway construction be encouraged throughout England.

What is now North Berwick, Me., was known as Doughty's Falls thirty years ago. A postscript clerk says that occasionally letters are even now addressed to Doughty's Falls, and that he has had one such in his hands within the last month.

The Chicago Herald is astonished that although the United States is a country possessing immense timber tracts, it appears that it imported wood and wood products to the value of \$21,772,185 in 1891, and in the same time exported similar articles to the value of \$44,811,004.

A woman voted at the recent Parliamentary election at Birmingham, England. Some question arose as to the validity of the vote, but the mayor and town clerk agreed with the Liberal agent that as the lady's name had somehow got upon the register the returning officer had no option but to receive her ballot.

Says the Galveston News: "The people of the United States are thoroughly organized in one way or another. It would not take a week to convert these standing armies into very active and effective armies ready for battle. The organization begins with political parties and runs all the way down to amateur baseball clubs."

It costs \$105 per ton to transport dry goods from New York to San Francisco by rail, the time being from twenty-two to twenty-six days. The same goods, if brought via Panama, part rail and part steamer, pay \$34 per ton, the time being about forty-five days. By clipper ship round the Horn the same goods can be laid down at a cost of \$20 per ton, the time being about eighty-five days.

The Secretary of the Treasury has requested the Secretary of State to instruct the United States consular officers everywhere to refuse to certify invoices of goods on and after September 1st unless the merchandise is invoiced after the metric system. This action is taken on information received from the consuls at Paris and Lyons, who say that the "auro" system of measurement now in use in France on invoices of goods intended for the United States, facilitates frauds on the Custom House, and that the metric system would greatly simplify commercial transactions and facilitate a comparison of invoices and prices.

A man up from Venezuela, where they have been cutting one another's throats in a revolutionary matter, says of that unhappy country's warriors: "Palstia's ragged regiment wasn't in it with the soldiers down there. They are the hungriest looking creatures you ever saw. I've given peanuts to them on the street. They wear linen breeches and an undershirt, and when they come into town they wrap their blankets around them to cover their nakedness. They carry old flint-lock muskets. There are a few Remingtons and Winchester, but mighty few. They have machetes. A machete is a sort of big butcher-knife without a point. It is about three inches wide and thirty inches long, and pretty heavy. They cut wood and kill snakes and enemies with machetes. Some of them have shoes, but the most of them wear a leather sole with a strap across the heel and toe. The bare heels and toes stick out."

WE BUILD THE LADDER.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true, That a noble deed is a step toward God, Lifting the soul from the common sod To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet, By what we have mastered of greed and gain.

By the pride disposed and the passion slain, And the vanquished ill that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust, When the morning calls us to life and light, But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray, And we think that we mount the air on wings.

Beyond the recall of sensual things, While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men! We may borrow the wings to find the way.

We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray, But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;

But the dream departs and the vision fades, And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,

And we mount to the summit, round by round.

-J. G. Holland.

THREE AGAINST TEN.

AN EPISODE OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.



ROUND a bend on the Oklawaha, just at sunset, there appeared a dug-out paddled by two stalwart fellows in a sort of homespun uniform, while a boy dressed as an officer sat in the stern. Five minutes before the crocodiles and cranes, water turkeys, bitterns and herons had had the black, oozy river all to themselves as it sluggishly made its way through the swampy palmettos and cypress.

The boat bumped along slowly, striking against cypress trees and fallen tree trunks. The paddlers looked anxious for the chance of finding a comfortable camping ground was growing slighter before young Will Loring began to be sick of his occupation. He had left the camp eight miles away without orders and taken two of his company with him to do Indian scouting on his own account.

Little more than a year before he had been a schoolboy, playing soldier in the streets of St. Augustine with other youngsters. When the Seminole War of 1835 broke out, sweeping with a wave of fire and massacre across the State, he ran away from home and joined a company of volunteers. His daring and coolness at the battles of the Withlacoochee and Alapaha, in connection with the social importance of his family, had given him his epaulets at an age when other boys of the same years were still in terror of the schoolmaster's birch.

"Well, Lieutenant," drawled one of the men as he peered wearily into the depths of the dark cypress arches, "we're in a 'orrid fix, I reckon. If we keep on we'll run plum into a nest of ten Injin devils, dead shore."

Both the soldiers were Crackers, bred in the woods and swamps, good shots and skillful hunters, though thin, slouching figures were not ornaments to a dress parade.

"Keep on paddling," said young Loring in low tones, but with an air of sternness, which did not set well on his smooth face and mischievous black eyes, "and await my orders." Then feeling that he had asserted his authority, he continued with a burst of boyish confidence, "I tell you what it is, Scraggs, we'll have to get back to that hammock, about a mile up the river, where we can find pine knots to cook supper; don't you think so?"

"You think so?" "Bless you, Lieutenant, d'y'e hanker to lose yer skelp! No supper to-night but a drink of swamp water, and a chew of raw bacon. I'll bet there's a hundred of red varmints in two miles on us."

"You're not afraid, Scraggs, are you?" said the youngster with a lordly air; "a fellow who can bore a potato tossed in the air at a hundred yards with a rifle ball, ought to have plenty of spunk."

"A little more skerry than I war forty years ago," answered the Cracker, with a twinkle in his eye. "Howsoever, as much of my inches do, I reckon I've got as much 'lar grit as most on 'em."

This talk had gone on in half whispers. The darkness was increasing every minute. The boyish officer in spite of his airs was evidently uneasy, for his eyes shot continual glances ahead and on both sides into the swamp, as the dugout glided at a snail's pace. They were nearing another bend in the stream, when through the tangle of leaf and vine there was a red gleam like a huge firefly.

Without waiting orders Scraggs fired the boat back with a powerful paddle, and turned to his officer with eyes almost starting from their sockets, shaking his head in warning.

"Injuns, injuns, Lieutenant Will, a dozen on 'em," he whispered. "I seed the hind end of two canoes jess round the bend. There must be a hammock war they're camped. They're jess war

through estio, an' are stampin' out the embers. Sh— don't talk. It's work the old scamp tricks they're up to, see-in' we're hyar and can't get away very easy. But by Jiminy, my skelp kinder crawls as if 'twould not be that to-morrow mornin'."

Young Loring nodded, and the paddlers cautiously forced the boat fifty feet through the mouth of a black arch into the heart of the swamp. Hidden here they were nearer the savages than before, and could hear their movements.

It soon became clear that the party of Seminoles had no purpose of leaving their camp that night, and no suspicion of white men close at hand. One by one they dropped asleep, and their slumber chorus, which sounded not unlike the grunting of the alligators in the swamp, was music to the prisoners squatted in their gloomy covert.

Three hours had passed, and the growing light that silvered the lagoon outside of their retreat proved the moon well up over the tops of the trees. "Now is our time," whispered Scraggs, "to get outer this hole and paddle up stream for a landing place and vamous back to camp."

Lieutenant Loring answered not a word. His boyish mind was deep in thought—a daring thought which thrilled him with excitement.

If he returned to camp as he left it there was sure to be sharp reprimand, perhaps a court martial for absence without leave. The excuse that he was an irresponsible lad would alone save him, and at that fancy his heart had waxed not with shame. But to go back on conqueror and hero—ah! that was worth risking his scalp for.

"Are ye asleep?" whispered Scraggs again. "No," was the reply; "I am going to take these redskins back to camp with me. So, Scraggs, you two join with your hair on, for it will soon be in peril."

The men jumped as if they heard the whizz of Seminole lead. "You see it would be a shame to sneak back empty handed. We can't exactly take their scalps, but we can take themselves as a present to the General."

The Indians are fast asleep. We'll paddle up and take their canoes. Then I'll land on the hammock, you know, and pick up their rifles. Then in the morning we can order them to surrender on peril of being shot down, for we shall have loaded guns, and they'll have none."

The two Crackers groaned over this piece of youthful strategy, but Scraggs responded: "All right, Lieutenant, I s'pose we've got to die some time."

The dugout left its covert and glided silent as a shadow into the open stream. A few strokes brought them in full sight of the Indian camp. The island where the savages lay was well shadowed by the trees, but their forms could be dimly seen stretched on the earth. Silently the little party detached the two canoes and towed them to a secure position, where they fastened them to a cypress tree fifty yards from shore.

As the boat approached the shore on its second more dangerous mission, young Loring slipped off his boots and stepped into the ooze, regardless of moccasins and rattlers. Scraggs and his comrade covering the advance with leveled guns, felt their stout hearts quake as their boy leader crept in among those sleeping figures of bronze.

A stumble or the snapping of a twig might make the difference of life and death. The lad moved as if he were a cat. The coarse hammock grass, armed with minute thorns, cut into his flesh, but he scarcely felt them. The sleeping redskins lay partly in the moonlight and partly in the shade of the trees which rose in the center of the hammock, each one with his rifle by his side, the fierce copper face chiseled as if in metal.

Had the Indians disposed of their guns as the whites do, by stacking or resting them against a tree, the task of securing them would have been less risky. But they had kept their arms within reach, and some even had their tomahawks loosened from the belts as if for instant use. The Indian rarely sets a guard at night, unless in the immediate presence of an enemy. Here in the depth of a great cypress swamp, impassable to troops, a surprise would seem impossible. Yet even now the cunning and suspicion of the race had not forsaken them.

The nerves of the young officer were strung to the highest tension. One by one he stealthily lifted the rifles from the earth till he had what he could carry. These he bore to the low bank and passed to the men on guard in the dugout. No word was exchanged. Again he returned to the dangerous sleepers, a distance of about a hundred feet from shore, for a second load. A brawny savage tossing in his dreams gave a fierce grunt and threw out a hand, which touched the young thief's ankle as if to clutch it. The moment thrilled him with all the agony of discovery, but he stood stock still waiting for something further.

It was a false alarm, but cold sweat poured from his face. Another of the savages had his hand on the stock of his gun, and the piece had to be gently slid from under his fingers.

Again, the third time, he went back to complete his work. The moon was now high up in the sky, and poured a flood of light on the little island. The recumbent Indians were cut out like monstrous silhouettes against the ground. The boy's swimming head warned him that his strength couldn't last much longer. But he resolutely went at his task, though his throat felt as if squeezed by an iron grip. He had gathered the last handful, when one of the red men in his dreams raised himself on his hands and set with chin resting on his knees. The moonshine flickered on his face through the quivering foliage, and his sunken eyes appeared half open, following his white enemy. The wretched Scraggs, too, observed this movement, and his tanned cheeks turned waxen, as his finger was about to

his rifle-trigger. But he waited, and the savage sleeper made no further sign. At last the work was done. The ten minutes had seemed a year. The lad staggered to the boat, staggering as if with an ague. "I must speak," he panted, "or I shall yell. I thought twice I'd have to whoop or go into a faint. But, Scraggs, I pulled through, didn't I! Help me in."

"Wall! You've got the guns, shore," said Scraggs, "and drat my skin if the biggest bully in Jessup's camp would a done it."

No time had been lost while Scraggs was relieving his mind; the dugout was skimming out into the stream with lively paddle strokes. The plan was boldly executed in the morning. With the coming of light the Seminoles discovered the robbery of their weapons and rushed to the edge of the swamp with frantic yells, brandishing their tomahawks. But the marauders were far below the throw of axe or knife, and sat with leveled rifles.

Then came a shrill voice, demanding the Spanish the instant surrender of the little Seminole band, for at that time nearly everyone in Florida knew something of this language. After considerable parley the red men agreed to throw their knives and tomahawks into the marsh. They were taken aboard in pairs and their right wrists tightly fastened together with stout strips of Scraggs's homespun shirt. The dugout towed the canoes up stream, while the young officer sat in the stern and guarded the captives with loaded pistols.

So the daredevil returned to camp the same afternoon, and instead of a rowing he was covered with praise and honor by General Jessup and his little army.

This boy afterward became a distinguished General—Major General William W. Loring—who led armies in the far distant East as a Pasha in the service of the Egyptian Khedive, as well as in this country. But in his long career he never did anything more daring and heroic than the feat planned and executed by the boy of fifteen, the substantial facts of which were told me by the General himself.—G. F. Ferris, in St. Louis Republic.

Uses of the Umbrella.

"An umbrella is one of the most useful articles that a man can carry with him," said Lamar J. Saunders from Jackson, Miss. "One can use a dozen different ways. When the sun is shining hot, or when it is raining, a man without an umbrella must either remain indoors or suffer. As a weapon of defense there is nothing better. You can keep a man at his distance with one better than you could with a stick. You remember what a conspicuous part the umbrellas played in the tragedy at Honesty the other day in the hands of the infuriated woman? Next to a shotgun or a pistol there is no more dangerous weapon."

I remember one time I was in a hotel that caught fire in the morning. The guests were awakened by the stifling smoke and noise. My room was on the second floor and by the time I had slipped on my trousers the fire had gained such headway that all avenues of escape were closed. But there was my umbrella and a window and the rest was easy.

"Another time I was walking through a pasture when a bull with his eyes ablaze with fire made for me. I kept my senses, and when he got within about fifty yards of me I ran towards him, opening and closing the umbrella as fast as I could. The bull wheeled around and ran from me faster than he ever ran before in his life.

"And for frightening dogs I had rather have an umbrella than an arsenal."—St. Louis Republic.

Reversible Snakes in India.

A snake not often heard of, at least in America, is the liver-colored snake with two heads, or perhaps they should be called mouths, though it does not have two mouths at the same time. They are reversible mouths, occupying the opposite end every six months. It lies with the two ends crossed in each other, as with folded hands. Every six months the change of the seasons reverses the functions of the two ends, the head becoming the tail and the tail becoming the head. The mouth at one end opens and closes up all but a small opening, while the opposite end becomes the mouth for the next six months.

A friend of mine in India who told me about this remarkable snake said he refused for a long time to believe that the functions of the two ends were reversed every six months, but one day he found one of these snakes in the jungle and carried it home, where he had a physician examine it. The results were the physician confirmed the stories of the creature, and my friend was skeptical no longer. I learned no other name for this singular reptile than that of "the liver-colored snake."—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Cooking With Ice for Fuel.

The generally accepted theory of the cooking of meat relates to the application of heat; but Dr. Sawickovsky has called attention to the fact that almost precisely the same chemical and physical changes can be accomplished by the exposure of animals to extreme cold. Indeed, the sensation experienced by touching freezing mercury is very much that of a severe burn.

Then the experimenter referred to applied his method to the preservation of meats, first by subjecting them to a temperature of thirty-three below zero, Fahrenheit, and then sealing them up hermetically in tin vessels. Animals and substances which had been so treated and for some time kept in these boxes, on examination proved to be extremely palatable, and, being partially cooked, required very little heat to prepare them for the table.

An establishment in Hungary is now engaged in the preparation of meat by this method on an extensive scale.—New York World.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Cooking by electricity is increasing. The drone bee's eyes each contains 1800 mirrors.

The common caterpillar has 4000 muscles in his body. Artesian borings have recently proved to be very successful in the Sahara Desert.

A steam launch has just been built which makes a mile in two minutes and one second.

A London firm finds a windmill the most economical means of securing the motive power necessary to run a dynamo.

It has been computed by competent authorities that a single cubic foot of ether there are locked up 10,000 feet of energy.

It is calculated that in London nearly 100,000 tons of sulphur are produced annually by coal consumption and thrown into the air.

Recent experiments in France on the velocity of propagation of electric waves give a mean velocity which is almost exactly that of light.

The best way to clean wells and cisterns of foul air is to throw down a peck of unslacked lime. The heat so caused carries out the foul air with a rush.

Experiments made by a Hungarian physician on animals seem to show that permanganate of potash acts as an efficient antidote in acute phosphorus poisoning.

According to Dr. Haasen, the red in flowers is a single pigment soluble in water and decolorized by alcohol, but capable of being restored by the addition of acids.

The dynamo is replacing the battery to such an extent in telegraphy that its use will, it is thought, be universal in a few years. It is both cheaper and more efficient.

Investigations of rain drops lead to the conclusion that some of the large drops must be more or less hollow, as they fall when striking to wet the whole surface enclosed within the drop.

Many of the small lakes of the alkali and saline regions of California, Nevada and other parts of the world are saturated and deposit their salts when any of the water is removed by evaporation or when salts are added from the inflow.

A watch for the blind is among the newest inventions. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand reaches a given hour the peg for that hour drops. The sightless owner, when he wants to know the time, finds which peg is down and then counts back to twelve.

A new alloy for use in the manufacture of wire sheets and castings has been introduced by a New England firm. The wire made of this material resembles ordinary copper wire on the outside, has a pinkish white tinge at the surface of fracture, and is very strong without losing much ductility.

There is still a chance for invention in electric railway controlling switches. The awkwardness of regulating a car's speed by a brake which turns one way and a rheostat crank which turns the other is evident. Sooner or later a lever arm or some similar device will replace some of the confusing number of crank motions with which manufacturers at present equip their cars.

The color of the water of the Mediterranean Sea varies considerably. During storms it is deep green and sometimes brown, and when calm of a deep blue. In the Bosphorus and among the archipelago it is of varying tints, in some places being of a liquid blue gradually entering into a brighter green, and in others assuming a blue so deep as to almost approach a purple.

Rubber Tires for Carriages.

The success of rubber tires on bicycles has frequently led to attempts to increase the comfort of buggy and carriage riding by fixing tires on to wheels, but in the majority of instances the attempt was not a success, as the tires either came off or wore out in a very short space of time. Since, however, pneumatic tires have displaced the solid ones on bicycles, the attempt is being renewed, and buggies and other vehicles are likely to be seen on the boulevards in large numbers before long as noiseless and free from vibration as bicycles. Carriage builders believe there is an immense amount of money to be made out of vehicles with rubber tires on the wheels, and they are likely to keep on experimenting until they finally succeed in producing the desired article.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bees and Clover Heads.

Each clover head is a compound aggregation of flower spikes or tubs, the whole number averaging about sixty-five. Each of these contain sugar not to exceed the five-hundredth part of a grain. Therefore the proboscis of a honey bee must be inserted into 500 of these clover tubes before one single grain of honey can be obtained. Think of the labor involved in the mighty task of collecting one pound of such sweets. There are 7000 grains in a pound, and as honey contains three-fourths of its weight of dry sugar, each pound of clover honey represents the insertion of the bee's proboscis into not less than 2,500,000 clover heads.

The Horse in a Fire.

Few know that it is characteristic of the horse to become frenzied when surrounded by fire. No appeal to his intelligence is of avail during the efforts made to remove him from the presence of flames. He is terror-stricken, and seems to be in the same condition of mind as most human beings are when in a panic. It is therefore useful to know that by a very simple expedient the horse can be easily managed in case of fire. All that is necessary to do is to put a saddle on him, and he can be led without the least difficulty from his stable.—Our Animal Friends.

Unique Way of Catching Seal.

Mr. Dyer, who lives on a small island near Seven Hundred Acre Island, Islesborough, Me., has a unique way of catching seal. He takes a pole seven feet in length, to which are attached a number of common fish hooks with lanyards several feet in length. The hooks are baited with a herring. This contrivance is anchored and buoyed, the seals being just below the surface. The seals in swallowing the herring become hooked and are caught. Mr. Dyer has taken a large number in this manner.—New York Post.

"THE PETRIIFIED FOREST"

THE WONDERS OF CHALCEDONY PARK IN ARIZONA.

Thousands of Mighty Trees Turned to Solid Stone—Myriads of Precious Gems—An Enchanted Spot.

M. C. HOVEY describes in the Scientific American a trip to Chalcedony Park in Arizona.

He says: From the very start the road was lined by specimens of agatized wood. Now and then a petrified log, or solitary stump, were hangers of what was to be seen further on. The term "park" is a misnomer; for there is no natural park here, nor has the hand of man done anything but to shatter the marvelous relics of dateless antiquity. The people of the vicinity always speak of it as "the Petrified Forest."

But that again is misleading; for there is no forest, whatever there may have been fifty centuries ago. It certainly seems as if the place ought to be made a National park, and should be both better protected and more easily accessible. As it is, the enchanted spot lies at the mercy of vandals, the only precaution against spoliation being a railroad rule against shipping specimens from it in bulk.

How shall the Chalcedony Park be described? At first one gets the impression that it is a small affair, of perhaps fifty acres. Then he says that it must be a hundred. And after riding over its amazing ruins for many hours in succession, he concludes that the area includes a thousand acres; and finally he hardly questions the bold estimate of Mr. C. F. Lumms that the extensive forest now hardened into stone formerly covered "hundreds of square miles;" and accepts without dissent the assertion of Mr. G. F. Kunz, that there may here be seen at a glance a million tons of precious stones. A matter-of-fact visitor might say that the scene reminded him of a vast logging camp, where the lumbermen had tossed the huge logs from their sleds at random, and then had gone away, leaving them to become rain-soaked and moss-grown. The trees when standing were fully two hundred feet high; for even now their prostrate trunks measure, when unbroken, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. The peculiarity already hinted at is that these mighty trunks are as regularly severed into sections as if the work had been done by a cross-cut saw. The lengths vary from disks like cart wheels to logs twenty or thirty feet long, or longer. Twigs are found an inch through, and trunks ten feet thick. They lie at every angle; parallel to each other, and at right angles; singly and in great groups; down in gulleys and perched like cannon on hill tops.

And all these myriads of trunks, stumps, logs, branches and tiny twigs are solid stone. And on inspection they prove to be precious gems of almost every known variety. Those that remain intact have been weathered to a dark red, rich brown, or sober black. But time's relentless ax, aided by the geologist's hammer, has made havoc with so many of them that the ground is thickly strewn with their fragments, from rocks like bowlders down to chips and minute splinters, that show their brilliant colors under the fierce Arizona sun with kaleidoscopic effect. At every footfall you tread on gems, some of which might grace a ducal coronet, while the most plain and least attractive would be worthy of an honored place in the finest cabinet. There are no rubies, sapphires nor diamonds here (as has been incorrectly reported), but the amethyst abounds, and the red and yellow Jasper, chalcodony of every hue, the topaz, the onyx, the carnelian, and every imaginable variety of agate. Nor log, nor fragment, is limited to a single kind of gem. Many are massive mosaics of all the kinds named above. The material breaks pretty easily into cubical forms, but it is extremely hard, and takes a brilliant and durable polish.

How Dust Gets In.

When the air around us becomes condensed—shrinks into a smaller volume—it becomes heavier, puts greater pressure on the surface of the mercury and makes it ascend in the tube; then the mercury is said to rise. When the air expands—swells into a larger volume—it becomes lighter, the pressure on the mercury is less, the mercury sinks in the tube and the barometer is said to fall. Therefore every change of height of the quicksilver which we observe is a sign and measure of a change in the volume of air around us.

Further, this change in volume tells no less upon the air inside our cases and cupboards. When the barometer falls, the air around expands into a larger volume, and the air inside the cupboard also expands and forces itself out at every minute crevice. When the barometer rises again, the air inside the cupboard, as well as outside, condenses and shrinks and air is forced back into the cupboard to equalize the pressure, and along with the air in goes the dust. The smaller the crevice the stronger the jet of air, the farther goes the dirt. Witness the dirt tracks so often seen in imperfectly framed engravings or photographs. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, whenever you see the barometer rising, that an additional charge of dust is entering your cupboards and drawers.—Detroit Free Press.

THE EARLY OWL.

An Owl once lived in a hollow tree, and he was as wise as wise could be. The branch of Learning he didn't know could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.

He knew the tree from branch to root, and an Owl like that can afford to boot. And he hooped—until, alas! one day He chanced to hear, in a casual way, An insinuating little bird Make use of the term he had never heard. He was flying to bed in the dawning light When he heard her singing with all her might: "Hurrah! hurrah for the early worm!"

"Dear me!" said the Owl, "what a singular term!" I would look it up if it weren't so late; I must rise at dusk to investigate. Early to bed and early to rise Makes an Owl healthy and stately and wise!

So he slept like an honest Owl all day, and rose in his early twilight gray. And went to work in the dusky light to look for the early worm all night. He searched the country for miles around, but the early worm was not to be found. So he went to bed in the dawning light, and looked for the "worm" again next night.

And again and again, and again and again, He sought and he sought, but all in vain. Till he must have looked for a year and a day For the early worm, in the twilight gray.

At last in despair he gave up the search, and was heard to remark, as he sat on his perch By the side of his nest in the hollow tree, "The thing is as plain as night to me— Nothing can shake my conviction firm, There's no such thing as the early worm."

—Oliver Herford, in St. Nicholas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Brightest light of the century—The electric igloo.—Dallas News.

The man with a pocketful of rocks can afford to throw stones.—Boston Transcript.

The shoemaker is a man who frequently gets "beaten out of his boots."—Statesman.

In baseball it does not follow that the heaviest nine will gravitate to the bottom.—Boston Transcript.

It's only in the order of events that when his best girl shakes a fellow he's rattled.—Philadelphia Times.

His Chance: Edith—"How cheap I feel!" Young Scapely—"Edith, will you be mine?"—Kate Field's Washington.