FOREST REPUBLICAN.

More that one million Federal sol-diers of the well War are still living.

It is interesting to learn that Arizons Is as large as Great Britain and Ireland

"Soup, Soap and Salvation" is the concis; motto in the rooms of the Baltimore Free Sunday Breakfast Associa-

In the new Maine town of Rumford Falls, where not even a log hut stood a year ago, a \$10,000 residence is building and 700 men are at work upon mills and other structures.

The report of the Society of Friends in England shows an increase in its membership of 221 over last year, bringing it up to a total of 22,287. There are now in Great Britain 340 "moct-

The Victoria Government finds itself compelled to reduce the bonuses paid for the export of butter. Last year as much as \$150,000 was used for this purpose, six cents per pound being paid on all butter that realized over twenty-five cents in the English warket.

Few cities ever get started-"laid out," as it is commonly called-as they should be. They get in shape by mere chance and that, explains the Chicago Herald, is why they are so frequently mimhapen. New York City has fewer alleys than any other city in the world, notwithstanding it is one of the largest,

"London requires some women to act as sanitary inspectors," is the opinion of Dr. Corner, Medical Officer for Poplar. With the help of efficient women working among the poor, he thinks epidemics might be nipped in the bud. Glasgow, Scotland, already has six women inspectors, who are doing an admirable

Certain gentlemen of large ideas announce that they intend building an air line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. "To those of ideas somewhat less magnified," comments the San Francisco Examiner, "the raising of the necessary \$700,000,000 might seem in the nature of an obstacle, though attention is not called to the fact with any view to discouraging enterprise."

Imports of wheat into Great Britain during the fiscal year just closed have amounted to nearly 180,000,000 bushels. This large quantity is in excess of the present requirements of the country, and the result has been that the price of this thin and shabby slippers.
"Prepare what?" he growled. grain has fallen lower than ever known previously. It is believed that 160,000 .-000 bushels will be needed to supply the deficiencies of the coming year.

It seems to the New Orleans Picayune that another expedition to rescue Emin Pasha is in order. Dr. Stuhlman has written a letter from Tabora stating that Emin is at the south end of Lake Albert Nyanza, almost at the mercy of the Arabs, whose revolt has spread from the Congo Free State into the German territories, and that he is waiting for assistance to get away. It is not stated whether Stanley will go to his assistance

British newspapers are discussing carnestly the question of closkrooms in churches, referring to the absence of, and absolute necessity for, facilities for disposing of wraps, hats and overcoats. Some churches in the country have wire hatracks beneath the seats, and a few have wire bars for overcoats and wraps on the backs of seats. One church in Chicago has regular opera chairs and the attendant conveniences. A cloakroom seems to the New York Tribune to fill a long-felt want, for there does not appear to be any good reason, these days, any way, why a man or woman should not be as comfortable in a church as in a

At a recent meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, B. W. De-Courcy related an interesting experience while acting as Supervisor and Bridge Engineer of a railway. He had to use one of the three-wheel velocipedes ranning on the railway, frequently employed by the maintenance of way officials, and as his track ran through a number of narrow cuts, he happened one day to think over the best thing to do should he meet an engine. He decided that the only way out of this trouble would be to jump and at the same time overset the velocipede to the right. A trial of this plan showed that it could be carried out without injury. The value of this study was apparent some time after, when Mr. DeCourcy was running out with his foreman to inspect a bridge and met a locomotive shead of time in a rock cut about zightsen feet deep. He threw himself to the right and jumped at the same time, catching the small wheel and Her eyes were large, gray, just now very throwing his back against the rocky side of the cut. It was done so quickly that the engineer thought he had run over the men and so reported at the station. I young.

THANKSGIVING DAY! With grateful hearts let all give thanks, All lands, all stations, and all ranks: And the cry comes up along the way,

For what shall we give thanks to-day!

VOL. XXV. NO. 31.

For peace and plenty, busy mills, "The cattle on a thousand hills." For bursting barns, wherein is stored The golden grain, a precious hoard: Give thanks!

For orchards bearing rosy fruit, For yielding pod and toothsome root, And all that God declared was good In hill or dale, or field or wood:

For water bright and sweet and clear, A million fountains far and near, For gracious streamlets, lakes, and rills That flow from everlasting hills:

For summer dews and timely frost, The sun's bright beams, not one ray lost, For willing hands to sow the seed And reap the barvest, great indeed: Give thanks! For hearth and home-love's altar fires-

For loving children, thoughtful sires; For tender mothers, gentle wives, Who fill our hearts and bless our lives: Give thanks?

For heaven's care, life's journey through, For health and strength to dare and do, For ears to hear, for eyes to see

Earth's beauteous things on land and sea: Give thanks! _M. A. Kidder.

BESSIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY KATE M. CLEARY.



MOST diffident and modest knock it was, Perhaps because it was so very diffident, so very modest, irritated all the more the peculiarly alert nerves of Mr. Godfrey Kirke,

"Oh, come in,

come in!" he cried. An elderly woman entered the room. She had a small, pale withered face; a kind face, though, pleasant, gentle. She was dressed in a worn dark gown. The net fichu, crossed over her slender shoulders, was clasped by an old-fash-

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving-eve," she said; "I wished to know if I might prepare for the day after."

An originally handsome apartment, this in which the old man sat, and it had been handsomely furnished. Now both the room and its belongings bore the mark of creeping poverty, or extreme penuriousness. The master of the house, seated by the center table, seemed to share the character of the room. He, too, had been handsome once. Now he was expressive only of age and indigence, from the threadbare collar of his limp dressing-gown to the tips of his

Why a turkey, sir; or a pie, or-or a bit of cranberry-sauce, sir-"

He looked so fierce, her words died in her throat.

"Turkey! And where do you suppose I can get the money to spend on turkey? And pie! To make us all sick, and bring doctors and doctors' bills down on me! And," with a snift of disgust, "cranberry sauce-the skinny stuff! No, Mrs. Dotty. A bit of bacon and some bread will be good enough for poor folks like us-good enough.

His housekeeper, for that was the un-enviable position Mrs. Dotty occupied in Godfrey Kirke's household, resolved to make one last appeal.



"OH, COME IN, COME IN!" HE CRIED.

"But I thought perhaps on account of the child," she began.

"The child-the child!" he repeated rascibly, "I'm sick of hearing about Indignation made Mrs. Dotty quite

bold for once.

"She's your own granddaughter, sir. That's what she is.

"Well, I didn't ask for her, did I? never wanted to adopt her. What right had her mother to make such a poor hand of herself by marrying Tom Barrett, and then come back to die here, and leave me her girl? Eh? She's an expense, I tell you; that's all. An ex-

"The Lord help us, but he's getting worse than ever!" murmured the woman, as, with a bang that was downright disrespectful, she slammed the door behind

"You-you, Miss Bessie!" She started, as she looked up, and saw Bessie Burrett standing so near her. She was a slim, brown-haired little thing, of about seventeen. She was clad in an illmade gown of coarse maroon cushmere. sorrowful. Her lashes and brows were quite black. The delicate features had a pinched look, and the pretty lips were turn. paler than should be the lips of one so All forenoon it rained. Toward even-

"Yes; and I-heard." "Oh, don't-don't mind, dear!" said Mrs. Dotty, soothingly, putting a hand that looked like wrinkled ivory on the

girl's arm. "He is just a cross, soured, lonely old man." "I do mind!" Bessie passionately cried. "Oh, I do! I sha'n't stay here! I sha'n't

be an expense to him any longer. I will go away somewhere!" She broke down in a fit of bitter

"Now, Miss Bessie, dear, you mustn't cry that way; you really mustn't. I loved your mother before you, and I love

But the poor, little, old comforter was

almost crying herself.
Years before, the Kirkes were the people of wealth and position in that part of the country. But one trouble after another had come upon the house. First, the wife of the master died. Maud, the daughter, married a man whose only crime was poverty. He was a frail, scholarly man, quite unfitted for a flerce struggle against adverse fortune. He fell ill and died. A year later his wife followed him, leaving their child to its grandfather, Godfrey Kirke. To the latter had come the final blow when his only son Robert, his hope and pride, had run away to sea. Then in the house, which since the death of the mistress had been a cheerless and dreary place, began a rigid reign of miserliness and consequent misery.

Bessie broke from her friend and ran

upstairs and into her own little bare room. There was no fire in the grate, though the day was cold with the penetrating damp of a wind from off the She went to the window and stood there looking out across the flat brown marshes, to where the waters tossed, greenish and turbulent. "A horrid day," she said, with a

shiver, "but it can't be worse out than

She put on a short old Astrahan jacket, a little felt hat and a pair of much-mended cloth gloves. Then she went quickly down and out.

The dusk, the dreary November dusk, was filling the room when the old man, plodding over his accounts, laid down his pencil and rang the bell. Mrs. Dotty responded. Mr. Kirke kept but one other servant (if Mrs. Dotty could correctly be termed a servant), and she absolutely refused to enter the protesting presence of her master.

"Yes, sir," The meek housekeeper withdrew. Ten minutes later she brought in a tray on which were tea, bread, butter, two cups, two saucers and two plates. Kirke poured out his tea, shook a little of the sugar he was about to use back in the old silver bowl, added carefully a few drops of milk and cut a slice of bread.

"Butter has gone up three cents in the last week," he said. "I can't afford to use butter." So he munched his bread dry, with s

sense of exaltation in his self-imposed penance. He would not open the poorhouse-door for himself by using butter. But, somehow, the rank tea tasted ranker than usual. Surely the bread small circle that the lamplight illumined seemed singularly dense. What was wrong? What was missing? What was different? He paused, his hand falling by his side. The child-as he and Mrs. Dutty had always called her-the child was not here. She used to slip in so quietly, take her seat, and when her meager supper was over, glide away just Yes, little as he noticed her, she was generally there. He rang the bell sharply.

"Where is she?" he asked Mrs. Dotty, when she popped in her mild old head. There was no need to particularize. Mrs. Dotty cast a swift, searching look

"Isn't she here?" Without waiting for a reply, she turned and ran up the stairs to Bessie's room. There she knocked. She opened the door, went in. The room was empty.

Hastily she descended the stairs.

"Sha is not in, sir." "Where is she?" "I don't know, sir." Impatiently Godfrey Kirke pushed his

chair back from the table. "You ought to know; it's your business to know. But it doesn't matter -it doesn't matter in the least. Down to Hanna in the kitchen went for his life. Mrs. Dotty.

"Did you see Miss Bessie?" "Yes'm. Passin' westward a couple of hours ag 2—yes'm." 44Oh!

Mrs. Dotty breathed a relieved sigh. Bessie had probably gone to Rose Dever's house. The Devers lived almost a mile As a storm was blowing up she would most likely stay there over night. About ten o'clock Mr. Kirke's bell again tingled out. Again Mrs. Dotty appeared before him.

"Has the child come in?" "No. sir. "Do you know why she went out?"

"I suspect, sir." "Well, speak up," "She overheard our conversation to

What of it?" "Nothing of it," with a very angry flash from very faded eyes, "except that she vowed she would be an expense to

"She did, ch?"

"She did." "Well," grimly, "I hope she won't!" The child had a sulky fit. She was probably at the house of some neighbor. She would return when her tantrum had passed off. All this he told himself. Still he sat in his lonely room till long Here he is!" after midnight, listening, listening When he finally went to bed it was to roll and moan till daylight, in the vague

wretchedness of unhappy dreams.

Noon—the noon before Thanksgiving eve,-came, went. Bessie did not re-

ing the rain ceased, and a fog, a chill,

smoky, blinding fog, began to creep up father. And I chanced to find my little from the Atlantic. "If you don't mind," said Mrs. Dotty,

making her appearance with a shawl over her head, "I'll just run over to Devers" think! She tells me Charlie Nelson and see what is keeping Miss Bessie." wants her—" "Do!" he answered.

She had spoken as if the distance were not worth considering, but it was quite a ourney for her. When she returned she ooked white and scared.

"She isn't there -hasn't been." "Hark!" said Godfrey Kirke, holding op one lean hand. "That is only the carrier with the

"Ask him if he has seen her?"

Mrs. Dotty went into the hall. Almost instantly she returned. "He has not. He says there is the body of a young woman at the town

"What!"

Godfrey Kirke leaped from his chair, "He says that the body of a young girl was found in the East Branch to-day. Godfrey Kirke sank back in his seat. Mrs. Dotty smiled a hard little smile to herself as she closed the door and went away. She knew how many friends Bessie had. She shrewdly suspected if she were not found at one place she would be at another; and she was maliciously and plea antly conscious that she had given the hard-hearted old man

genuino scare. Long the latter sat where she had left Thinking. For the first time in years he was thinking, sadly, seriously, rightful place, looked so proud and solemnly. Than sgiving-eve! In his wife's time the house used to be gay and cheerful on that night, so filled with com- snowy, shining silk, thinks this is a fort and bright anticipations, so odorous with the homely fragrance of good things in the kitchen, so delightfully merry with the brisk bustle attendant on the morrow's festivity. Now it was desolate, dreary, darksome with depressing and mutterable gloom. Whose fault was it? His! decided Go'lfrey Kirke, as savagely relentless to himself in this moment as he would have been to another. His!



HE HAD THE WEAPON IN HIS HAND.

when his devoted wife had drooped and died under his ever-increasing arrogance, dictation. His! when Maud married the first man who offered himself, to escape from her father's pretty rule. His! when Robert ran away to escape the narrow plate, and pour about a quart of hot obligations and unjust restrictions laid upon him. Hist when the child his dead daughter had left him could no longer endure his brutality, or accept the ply frequently with the mixture from him the scant support he so gradgingly gave. His fault-all his! In those lonely hours the whole relentless truth dawned upon him, as such truths will dawn, in most bitter brilliance. He cooks.

He looked around the dim, shabby room. He looked at the dying fire in the grate. He wondered of what use would be to him now his twenty-thousand in bonds, his eight hundred acres of meadow land, the money he had out at interest. He rose in a dazed kind of way, a shadowy purpose taking definite-ness in his mind. He wished he had been better to Besse; he wished-but what was the use of wishing now? There could be but one satisfactory answer to all his self-condemnation. A shot from the revolver in the drawer yonder, that he had always kept in readiness for possible burglars. He rose. He moved toward the table. His figure cast a fantastic shadow on the wall. The tears were streaming down his cheeks. might be thanksgiving for his death, though there could never have been any

He had the weapon in his hand. He started nervously. Was that Bessie's voice? He turned, dropping the revolver with a clatter. Yes, there she was, not three feet away, fresh, fair, damp, smil-

"It is the queerest thing," she said, coming toward him as she spoke. "I felt-badly-yesterday, and I went over to Mrs. Farnham's to see if she could get me work. I met Mrs. Nelson, and she asked me to go home with her. Dicky was ill, and she wanted me to stay over night. She sent you a note. At least she sent the boy with it, but he lost it, and only told her so this afternoon. As soon as I knew that I started home alone-although Dicky was no better. "Yes?" said Godfrey Kirke. He was istening with an unusual degree of in-

"And to-night, when I was almost here, (Nelsons' is quite two miles away, you know), I got lost in the fog. Her graudfather regarded her m amazement. What made he paie cheeks bright? What excitement had

blackened her gray eyes? "And-a pentleman who was coming here found me, and-and brought me Please thank him, grandpa.

With an incredulous, gasping cry, Godfrey Kirke retreated, as a big brown, muscular fellow came dashing in from "Robert!"

Then they were clasped in each other's

sil'm back from the sea for good,

niece Bessie lost out there in the fog. A young lady, I vow! And I was thinkig of her as a mere baby yet! Just

"No? Well, Charlie is a fine fellow. He can have her-a year from to-day.' So now you know why the Kirke homestead is dazzling with lights and flowers, and why it resounds with laughter this Thanksgiving; why old Godfrey



"HOBERT!" "FATHER!"

wears a brann-new suit, and a flower in his buttonhole; why Robert, in his pleased; why dear, busy little Mrs. Dotty beams benignly; why Bessle, gowned in ovely old world after all; why Charlie Nelson is so blessedly content, and why in each and every heart reigns suprementanksgiving.—The Ledger.

Thanksgiving Roast Pig.

Take a choice fat pig six weeks old, not younger, though it may be a little older. Have it carefully killed and dressed, and thoroughly washed. Trim out carefully with a sharp, narrow-blade. knife the inside of the mouth and cars, cut out the tongue and chop off the end of the snout. Rub the pig well with a mixture of salt, pepper and pounded sage, and sprinkle it rather liberally with red pepper, and a dash outside, too.

Make a rich stuffing of bread crumbs -corn bread stuffing is de rigeur for pig, though you can put half of one and half of the other inside of Mr. Piggy if somebody insists on loaf bread stuffing. If you use corn bread, have a thick, rich pone of bread baked, and crumble it as soon as it is cool enough to handle, sea-son it highly with black and red pepper, sage, thyme, savory marjoram, minced onion-just enough to flavor it, and pleaty of fresh butter; moisten it well with stock, cream, or even hot water. Stuff the pig well and sew it up closely. If you have a tin roaster and open fire,

the pig will be roasted by that much better. If you have not, put the pig in a long pan and set it in the oven, and leave the stove door open until the pig begins to cook, gradually closing poor, so that the cooking will not be water in the pan with the pig when it is put on the fire. Have a larding-mop in the plate of flour and butter, and mop while it is roasting.

If a roaster is used, set it about two feet from the fire at first, but continue to move it nearer and nearer as the pig Baste it frequently with the dropped his head on his hands with a water in the pan betweenwhiles of mopping with flour and butter.

To be sure the pig is done, thrust a skewer through the thickest part of him; f no pink or reddish juice oozes out it is done, and ought to be a rich brown all over. When the pig is done pour the gravy in a saucepan and cook it sufficiently. This will not be necessary if the pig was cooked in the stove oven The pig's liver may be boiled in well saited water, pounded up, and added to the gravy, which should be very savory and plentiful.

The pig should be invariably served with baked sweet potatoes and plenty of good pickle and sauce, either mushroom r green pepper catsup, for despite his ess, roast pig is not very safe eating without plenty of red pepper .-

An Informal Repast.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Brown, "you yould like me to wear a new dress at this Thanksgiving dinner you are going

"Can't afford it," growled old Brown. 'As long as you have the turkey well dressed you will pass muster."-Judge.

The Thanksgiving Tursey. As Thanksgiving Day waiks down this way The strutting turkey is ill at ease; "I'm poor as the turkey of Job," says be; "Tough and unit to eat, you see; I gobble no more of my pedigree, Lest some poor fellow should gobble me; And a turkey lower I. I think I'll be. And a turkey buzzard I think I'll be,
For the present, if you please.

—Binghamton Republican.

Cause for Thanksgiving.

Sunday-school Teacher - " Willie, ave you had anything during the week be especially thankful for?" Wilhe-"Yes'm, Johnny Podgers prained his wrist and I licked him for he first time yesterday."-Burlington

A Thought For the Season. le in whose store of blessings there may b

Fommy's Dream on Thanksgiving Night



SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A doctor has launched the theory that the best method of inducing a flow of thought is to lay the head flat on the

Dr. David D. Stewart, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, claims to have discovered that hydronapthol is a

tant from each other 300 miles and upwards, and yet none of the ten has either atitude or longitude.

Londoners seriously discuss the adantages of placing a achorl of crocodiles in the Thames, to act as scavengers, and thus purify the water.

anatomist, is responsible for the theory that small-headed idiots are a retrograde movement toward the monkey type. A post-mortem examination of the

brain of a Missouri pauper showed that it weighed 144 ounces, or more than three times the weight of the normal A microphone device has been invent-

approach of distant vessels by making audible the noise produced by the motion of their propellers. The latest cure for obesity is to par-

duce the weight of the most obese person to a normal condition. If a man who weighs 168 pounds were proportionately as strong as a fly

would be able to push along level ground a weight equal to 131 tons. Chemical action formed a stone in the stomach of La Marshale, the famous hurdle jamping horse of Paris. He died,

the real nature of the disease. These twitchings have led to the delusion that

many patients have been buried alive. Aside from the honey stored by the busy bee the Rhode Island Experiment Station expresses the belief that the in fluence bees and insects exect in the proper fertilization of the flowers of fruits and vegetables is of far greater

importance than is generally allowed. Fossil remains of the huge animals that inhabited the plains of Eastern Oregon hundreds of years ago are found in the placer mine above Prairie City. huge tooth several inches across the crown was picked up a few days ago, while early in the summer the immense skull of some ancient species of animal

The color of certain shrimps and crabs and also the color of their eggs are known to vary greatly with the surroundings. Those living in green sponges are much larger, lay vastly more eggs, which are also a little larger, and the shrimps are green or yellow, and the large claws are always orange-red, while those of the brown sponges are red,

and eight ounces of powdered pumice stone; mix well and use with a flaunel, letting the mixture dry on the article to be c'eaned; then polish with leather.

"One of the queerest railoads any where in the country," said Rev. D. S. Banks, of North Ontario, "is a novel line that runs from South Ontario up to North Ontario, in San Bernardino County, California, where I live. The line is seven miles long. A span of stout mules draw the car up over the road. There is nothing singular about that, but it comes in on the return trip.

'The seven miles are on a tilt all the They ride there in as self-satisfied a way

nect the two. "The way they get the mules aboard is this: There is a little truck under the car, and it is pulled out, becoming slid out the intelligent animals make

San Francisco Examiner.

"Did you ever notice the curious dif ference in the sexes which is shown in the way a man or a woman fixes a date? remarked a gentleman to a lady the

"You ask a man when such and such ago'; or 'It was so many years after ! was married'; or 'The year after Toddy was born,' and so ou.

"Yes," replied his companion, "I

THE ECBOLINK,

e paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

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One Square, one inch, one insertion... 100 One Square, one inch, one month... 800 One Square, one inch, three months... 500 One Square, one inch, one year... 1000

Two Squares, one year. 15 00
Cuarter Column, one year 30 00
Half Column, one year 500 00
One Column, one year 100 00
Legal advertisements ten cents per line

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must

Across the stretch of marshy plain The suppeams flesh and quiver, Among the ranks of ripening grain And blooming brakes of rusting cans By many a winding river, Upon whose low and sadgy brink The blithe and bright eyed Bobolink

Sings "Chuck! Chack! Tweedlo-dee!

Glad and free—glad and free! Chack! Chack! Tweedle-des-so!" The sea wind pilfers many a gem-Among the dewy rushes,

Come with met You shall be

Upon her lithe and graceful stem. The queenly star of Bethlehem Droops, bathed in crimson blushes; The sluggish waters rise and sink And time thy song, ob, Bobolink! Hark! "Chack! Canck! Twandle-dea! Fame nor fee-troubles me!-In my glee-glad and free! Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dee!

Through interlecing boughs that bar The woodland's mystic bosom Among you shadowy depths afac Shines like a newly fallen star

A bright magnolia blossom, Near where the wild deer comes to drink From some clear pool the Bobolink Chants "Chack! Chack! Tweedle-lee! Fair and free-wool and tea-Turf and tree-for thou and me-Chack! Chack! Tweedie-dee!

The g'int upon thy sheeny cost, The splash of gold and searlet; Who would suspect such tender note Should echo from the dusky throat Thou young Bohemian variet? The bashful stars be ;in to blink, Tis vesper time, sweet Bobolink! Ah! "Chack! Chack! Twiedleslee! Come with me-so happy we-Sorrow free-our dreams shall be-Chack! Chack! Tweedle-dec-re

-M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Journal. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A fire escape-Insurance. -Puck. Better off-The man who is forced to de a rail .- New York Journal.

The victim of lynch law is usually very high strung. - Chicago Inter-Ocean. The rain always falls on the just when the unjust has walked off with his um-

brella .- New York Journal "Did you know his business had run down?" "I supposed so. I heard he was going to wind it up."-Nast's Weekly. A man's friends never find out just how big a fool he can be until he gets up to his neck in politics. - Ram's Horn. The man who always stops to think what he is going to say seldom says exactly what he thinks, -Somerville Jour-

"I wonder why the Mediterranean is so blue?" "You'd be blue if you had to wash the Italian shore."—Life's Calen-

"As terrible as an army with banners" has no reference to a political parade, although the banners are terrible enough. New York Herald.

The great value in astronomy as a science, morally speaking also, is that it tends to make people look higher .--"It is the little things of life that

count," said the man who realized how much noise a ten-pound baby can make, -Washington Star.

"Mudge is still looking for a snap, I "Yes, but he doesn't seem suppose! to have the necessary ginger to make it. -Indianapolis Journal Mother-"Do you know why your pa

called Mr. Blowhard a liar, Tommy!"
Tommy—"Yes'm; he's a smaller man than pa."-Brooklyn Life. There are men with natures so small that, if there is anything in transmigration, they will probably appear as mit-

crobes. - Washington Star. It would do away with a great deal of trouble in this world if the gray was more evenly divided between the inside nd the outside of the skull .- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

sually wait until a guest has repeated all the gossip she knows before admonishing her on the sinfulness of gossipling. Atchison Globe. First Office Boy -- "That dentist in room 48 don't seem to do much bus-Second Office Boy-"Why?"

First Office Boy-"I never hear anybody yelling in there."-Yankee Blade. Publisher-"I wish you would write is a good sea story." "But I have never been to sea." Pul-

lisher-"I know it, I want a sea story that people can understand."-Tit-Bits, He-"Why is it that men are not given to saying spiteful things of other members of their sex as women are!" She-"I suppose it is because they are too busy bragging about themseives, "-

Indianapolis Journal. The Boston girl never hallers "hello" at the mouth of a telephone. She simply says, as she puts the receiver to her ear, of take the liberty of addressing you via a wire surcharged with electricity. -Texas Siftings.

Bertha breaks her doll and It is sent out to be repaired. A few days later Bertha goes to the store after it, but it cannot be found. "Her name is Marguerite," she explains to facilitate the search. - Paris Figaro.

Customer (next Pebruary)-"I want fifty cents' worth of coal, if you please." Coal Dealer-"You'll have to go across the street if you want an order of that

lump."-Chicago Tribune. "So," said the father, "you desire my consent to my daughter's angagement to you." "No," replied Algornon, who spent the summer at the scushore, "we don't want to be engaged. We want to get married."-Washington Star.

He-"I can't make up my mind what to get for my new suit. I want some thing that, as Shake-phere says, will proclaim what kind of man I am. - "Why don't you get some dull ma-torial?"-Clothier and Furnisher.



There are ten places of the earth, dis-

Carl Voght, the celebrated German

od by a Frenchman which will reveal the

take of only a single dish at a meal. This, it is said, will in a few weeks re-

ing beetle of the cockchafer family he

and the stone, a ball nearly eight inche in diameter, is in the museum of a Parisian veterinary. It is suggested that the muscular contraction to which the corpses of cholera victims are subject might give a clue to

was found near the same place.

blue or brown. of sweet oil with halt a gill of turpen tine; stir into this powdered rotten stone till of the consistency of cream; use in the ordinary way. For tin, to three pints of water put one ounce o nitric acid, two ounces of emery powder

A Railroad Toboggan for Mule;

way, although the track does not look like it. So when the car starts back the mules get on and take a ride, the car booming over the whole line by gravity. The mules enjoy it, too. as any other passengers, and the view seems equally as charming. North Ontario, you may know, is situated at the mouth of San Antonio canyon, but there are a lot of magnificent mountains around there. One colony, for they can scarce ly be called towns, is situated on the anta Fe road and the other on the Southern Pacific. It is the seven miles of street railway that con

an adjunct to the regular passenger de partment. The moment the truck is start for it and step up and on. extremely amusing the way they do it and the way they enjoy this ride, authey are great favorites with the people.

A Curious Difference.

a thing happened, and he always answers, 'In the year so and so,' or, 'About 1800 and something'; but the woman invariably says: 'About so many years

have noticed it in myself. I feel that I am getting like the American widow who dated all her farming operation from or before 'The year I planted Jim, which was her realistic way of referring to her husband's burial."---Yauke