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Mexico is seriously considering plans for building a navy.

The assessable personal property in New York City is set down at \$1,500,000,000, but only about one-fifth of that amount is actually taxed.

W. H. Mallock declares in the Forum that Scott and Dickens are not only read by many people, but they are read by more people to-day than they ever were before.

In the consular district of Piedras Negras, Mexico, there is not a single American commercial house. Trade is entirely in the hands of Mexican, French, German and English houses.

Augusta, Ga., will realize in 1893 from her canal, in water rents from the people and amounts paid by the factories for water power, at least \$90,000 or 4 1/2 per cent. on \$2,000,000.

The Boston Transcript declares that American engineers have every reason to congratulate themselves over the fact that several large bridges on the line of the Transandine Railway, in South America, were built by American companies in the face of English competition.

A "culinary academy" has been formed among the leading cooks of Paris. The members are thirty in number, and they meet once a month in an establishment in the Passage Saulnier, under the leadership of a cook attached to one of the most celebrated restaurants in Paris.

According to one estimate the total value of the crops of the United States during 1892 was \$3,000,000,000, of which the largest item was \$750,000,000 worth of wheat. The animal products, including meats, dairy products, poultry and eggs and wool, are placed at \$965,000,000 more.

The San Francisco Examiner relates how a St. Paul (Minn.) man has had his gold plate attached by a dentist for debt. This not only interferes seriously with his dining, but he cannot even gnash his teeth in disapproval. The only teeth he has have the misfortune to appertain to the gold plate sordid.

The fame of Kentucky as a horse-breeding centre has penetrated even to far Japan, a number of fine animals having been purchased there by an agent of the Mikado's Government, which leads the Chicago Times to remark that it pays to get a reputation for a specialty established for a given district. Then buyers come direct to that market.

The Philadelphia Record is horrified to know that two thousand people become insane in New York every year owing to the noise and confusion incident to life there. There are no statistics at hand, retorts the New York World, to show how many are made insane by the dullness and monotony of village life in Philadelphia. "People who move there from the cities are said to die off rapidly."

France lost a valuable citizen a few days ago, says the New Orleans Picayune, in George Hachette, the publisher, who between 1867 and 1878 brought out 1000 volumes. Every work he believed useful for instruction he published regardless of financial considerations. He had the monopoly of railway station libraries, and exercised over them a supervision which was equivalent to a vigorous censorship, but it was an enlightened censorship, and those who protested against it had little sympathy from men of education.

The eight-hour-a-day proposition for domestic servants and various other schemes for getting the British Parliament to interfere between servants and employers, which have been urged by the London Domestic Servants' Union, have failed to make even a favorable impression in a critical examination before the Royal Labor Commission. The commission gave a long hearing to a representative of the union, but the case fell to pieces under questioning. The impracticability of the eight hour idea applied to domestic servants was very clearly demonstrated. It also appeared that the union itself was very weak, and that the vast majority of domestic servants seemed to be well treated and quite content. The investigations showed that the servant is far better off in regard to facilities for legal redress than is the employer. The union had a proposition to substitute a system of paying servants "in kind" but its representative was "not quite prepared to suggest a system to take the place of money wages." The conclusions arrived at by the Commission so far are that the relations between employer and domestic servant must be of a give and take character, and any interference by the Legislature would do more harm than good.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE HEART.

Oh, the rosy days of childhood, How blissfully they sped, When not a charm had vanished, And not a wonder fled! The year was full of promise then, The tongue was full of praise— But I think the cup is sweeter now Than in the childish days. Oh, the laughing world of childhood, Of ignorance and ease! The lightest touch could quicken, And the least pleasure please; Yet the upward paths are dearer, With all the thorns they bear. Than a garden of a hundred flowers When Ignorance is there! Oh, the beating heart of childhood— That little heart of show, That doubt has never entered, Nor sorrow has brought low! Trust me, not all the rapture Its eager life can span Can shadow forth the perfect love That warms the breast of man.—Dora Read Goodale, in Harper's Weekly.

A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION.

LUKE MARPOD was neither better nor worse than the general run of mortals, and Mrs. Sarah Marpod, his wife, was, as the world goes, a very fair sample of a woman. Luke Marpod was a farmer, hence Sarah Marpod was a farmer's wife; both hard-working, unsophisticated people, conscientiously pursuing the straight path of life, while, on the other hand, a little keener insight into human nature and its motives might have shielded them from many a blow, and materially aided their right economy.

In spite of hard work they advanced slowly in the acquisition of home comforts. Disappointments and misfortunes accumulated with pitiful rapidity and froze the fountains of domestic happiness. Before marriage the happiest of couples, they looked with sanguine hope to the future, not expecting great rewards, but trusting in Providence and loving each other fervently. They never had a lover's quarrel and the idea of post-nuptial disagreements dawned not upon their youthful imagination. A comfortable home, contentment and love was all they bargained for; all they sought, and surely fate might yield this to any one who means well and thinks honorably.

Thus they thought, and thus they expected it would be, but the path of life runs continually into the dark. What jagged rocks may pierce the feet of the traveler on this highway no one can foretell. We can only judge by the light of the past, and to people of limited experience this light is a line so narrow as not to reveal the rocks and thorns on either side.

Luke Marpod was simple, honest and narrow-minded. Mrs. Marpod was simple, honest and narrow-minded also, and perhaps the trouble lay in this very uniformity of tastes and temperaments. Luke's little farm was mortgaged at the outset, and the few hundred dollars that Sarah received from her father disappeared in a twinkling and left no trace or footprint. Their first season was a bad one; crops were general failure and weeds and creditors arose on every side.

The neighbors, who always liked Luke's conscientious good nature, began to look askance at him, for they saw the tables turned, and paradoxical as it may appear, found it much more convenient to be Luke's creditor than his debtor. As time passed without bettering their condition and creditors became importunate, Luke and Sarah took to brooding over their troubles and anxiously finding fault with the ways and means of the other, which might never have led to anything serious had the second year's crop proved a good one and helped to make up for the deficiencies of the first.

This, however, was not the case, for, whereas, the year before the drought had baked the soil and scorched the growing blades of wheat and rye, the second year it began to rain in April—a very good prognostication, everybody thought, of a bountiful harvest, but Plover, having other aims in view, refused to recognize limits and give the farmers time to plow and sow. Through April, May and June the rain poured down incessantly, day after day, until at last all hopes were abandoned and the Marpods entered upon their second year of infelicity.

Luke, who began to think that the cause of all his troubles lay in his marriage, was such enough one day to hint the same, and received a retort from his spouse that roused his latent dignity of marital lordship. Words were exchanged, and the result of their first pronounced disagreement ended by Luke's slamming the door behind him, and going hastily across the lot after the cows. That night he whipped the dog for letting the brindle heifer escape through the bars into the cornfield, had trouble with the same member of the bovine genus at milking time, and rose wrathfully to his feet after extricating the cow's hoof from the milk pail, to swear an unmistakable oath for the first time in his life. Then he beat the animal and made such a hubbub that Sarah came in hot haste to remonstrate on his brutality.

"Shut up; mind your business, will you?" shouted Luke, as he hurried the milking stool after the cow and chased her around the yard. The same evening Mrs. Marpod, concluding over the loss of milk, gave vent to her indignation at her other half's carelessness, and the quarrel was renewed with vigor. These first storm clouds in the domestic atmosphere soon cleared away, but each had discovered the other's lack of infallibility, and accordingly, while Luke lost a little of his manly pride, Sarah lost also in gentleness of disposition. For more than a month all went well, but aggravating things will happen, especially during harvest time when reapers and mowers are constantly getting out of repair. Luke one day went to cut wheat in a field from which every stone and stump had been carefully eradicated. The sky was lowering and he wished to finish before a storm. Around and around the field went the horse, faster and faster fell the grain before the sickle. Luke's blood was warming with hope, when suddenly, smash—chunk—chunk went the machine and the horses were jerked violently back upon their haunches. The big cast iron seat hurled Luke clear across the sickle-bar into the grain. Scrambling to his feet he found that a sad accident had happened. A large stone had been lifted to the surface of the ground and left for removal. He had forgotten all about it, and hence a serious loss of time right in the busy season. It took several days to obtain repairs, and in the meantime the rain came on apace, leveling the wheat to the ground and causing great damage. Luke became gloomy, and Sarah could not help speaking regretfully of the loss her husband's forgetfulness had incurred. Everything was propitious for a quarrel and the quarrel came. Mutual recriminations became frequent and seldom did a day pass without unlovable scenes between the two Marpods. The neighbors began to make comments. Gossip took occasion to coo to Luke and Mrs. Marpod respecting the unreasonableness of her spouse, and, seeing her take their sympathy kindly, grew bold enough to betray all the rash things Luke had been guilty of prior to his marriage, acts which ought to have been buried long before in the graveyard of oblivion, so extremely remote was their connection with the present. Poor Mrs. Marpod! She took them to heart and at the next opportunity hurled them at the head of the astonished Luke. He owned up to everything, not even trying to soften his wife's too serious interpretation of his escapades, as he might easily have done, for the sinfulness was more against conventional than morals. He was in no mood to extenuate, and declared coldly that he didn't "care a cent about it" and that he "would do the same thing over again for all of meddling neighbors and ill-natured wife." Life gradually lost its charms for the Marpods. Through perpetual clouds and storms they pursued their gloomy pathway to the grave. Sarah had begun to think seriously of preferring charges against Luke for cruelty and praying for a divorce, when an event happened that temporarily dismissed the idea from her mind and made Luke more solicitous and tender. A little girl was born to them, and because it was in the spring time of the year they named her Flora. She came like a ray of sunshine to brighten the hearts of the parents and show them their dependence on each other for happiness, but by the time Flora was able to toddle around by herself and lip the names of papa and mamma the parents had resumed their old fault finding habits, and having once resumed them they were not long in regaining their former facility in the use of sarcasm and taunts. Luke in the first place found fault with the mother's method of nursing and declared it a miracle if Flora did not prove a weak, sickly child. He was sure that so much fussing would engender a frail constitution, yet as she grew older she seemed so strong and robust as a child ever is that breathes pure, country air. On the other hand, Mrs. Marpod declared that Luke's example was enough to contaminate the family, and that seeds in so young a mind would some day bring sorrow upon their heads. "Mercy on me, man!" she would shout, "don't touch that child with those dirty hands of yours. If you don't know how to be civilized, you had better not try to bring up children." One day, after a quarrel had been brewing between the parents for some time, they came to an understanding that something must be done at once. They seemed tacitly to agree that the time had come for them to separate forever. Dispassionately they sat down to discuss terms, and to an outside party all evidence of ill-temper had passed away. There was no question as to the division of property. Luke was willing to do more than Sarah wished, but regarding little Flora both were keenly sensitive. After discussing the matter for some time they agreed to hitch up the team and drive to town to see Lawyer Hobbes. Not wishing to go before a court, they decided that Mr. Hobbes should draw up all necessary papers and arbitrate as to the possession of the child. By this decision they were willing to abide. So, with Flora on the seat between them, they drove to town. In sad and faltering accents they told Mr. Hobbes how matters stood. Mr. Hobbes, a benignant gentleman, with long, white locks that had never been put to shame by a single mean act in all his life, and whose heart was as tender as a child's, tried to remonstrate, but both Luke and Sarah were sure that the old life would be revived and that it would be better to separate kindly; and in this they stood firm; so Mr. Hobbes, much troubled, entered upon the business. Little Flora listened with open-eyed wonder throughout the discussion. At last she seemed to comprehend, and the tears coming to her eyes, she toddled to her father, and grasping his coat in her tiny hands, lapped plaintively: "I want to stay with you, papa," and then turning, she ran and burying her face in her mother's lap she sobbed out: "I love you and want to stay with you." Mrs. Marpod's eyes swam with tears, Luke's lips worked convulsively, and Lawyer Hobbes brushed something from his eyes. Raising her head, she laid her face against her mother's cheek and murmured: "I love you too, I want to live with you too."

"The little girl is right!" he cried, emphatically.

"She ought to live with both. Luke, confound your pate, you've got a good wife to be proud of; and you, Mrs. Marpod, have a husband to be proud of; and by gosh," cried Mr. Hobbes, becoming red in the face and striking the desk a heavy blow with his fist, "I'll have nothing more to do with it. I tied the knot when I was magistrate, and it looks as though you had lost confidence in me." Flora ran to him, and smiling eagerly through her tears, cried out: "Yes, yes; I want 'em both." That settled it, for Luke rose to his feet, and taking Sarah's hand in his murmured: "I'll 'low that it's been all my fault, and if you'll forgive me I'll never get mad again." Mrs. Marpod, on her part, protested that it was she who had been to blame, but Lawyer Hobbes scolded both and sent them home as lovingly as possible. Flora, who is now a handsome young lady, has a slight remembrance of the event mentioned, but just the tenor of it she does not recollect. She would not believe us were we to tell her how serious that trouble was, so great has been the revolution.—Chicago News.

A Race With a Waterspout.

The British steamship Amur, Captain Rouse, from Calcutta, dropped anchor off Gloucester, N. J., on a recent night and her outward appearances foretold the thrilling experiences she had with the elements. When on the southern edge of the gulf stream, the steamer had an escape from destruction by a waterspout, which fortunately passed under her stern not many yards from the ship. The first seen of this monstrous disturbance was in the shape of a heavy cloud on the horizon directly to the windward. But as it drew near it appeared as though it would overtake the ship and send all on board to the bottom. It was a desperate struggle to get out of its way and the ship already in a disabled condition, the engineer stood by with the engines wide open, realizing it was a race for life. Nearer and nearer the dangerous water column drew to the ship, but by the time the nose of its approach met the ears of the crew the ship had gotten north to a place of safety. It passed the Amur's stern with a deafening noise. It quickly passed and disappeared. The same evening the wind freshed up and by midnight was blowing a gale, the ship driving directly under the waves and sweeping from her decks everything movable. The tarpaulins on the hatches were washed away, ports were sealed and boat coverings torn away. A tremendous sea from the northeast still continued and decks were started through the immense pressure brought about by the great quantities of water that was being continually shipped. Everyone on board were more or less injured through the ship's terrific rolling, and Captain Rouse pronounced it the worst passage he ever experienced.—New Orleans Picayune.

Antiquity of the Saw.

The saw is an instrument of high antiquity, its invention being attributed to either Daedalus or to his nephew Perdix, also called Talos, who, having found the jaw of a serpent and divided a piece of wood with it, was led to imitate the teeth in iron. In a bass-relief published by Winckelmann, Daedalus is represented holding a saw approaching very closely in form to the Egyptian saw. St. Jerome seems clearly to allude to the circular saw, which was probably used, as at present, in cutting veneers. There are also imitations of the use of the centre bit, and even in the time of Cicero it was employed by thieves. Pliny mentions the use of the saw in Ancient Belgium for cutting white building stone; some of the oolitic and cretaceous rocks are still treated in the same manner, both in that part of the Continent and in the south of England. In this case Pliny must be understood to speak of a proper or toothed saw. The saw without teeth was then used just as it is now by the workers in marble, and the place of teeth was supplied, according to the hardness of the stone, either by emery or by various kinds of sand of inferior hardness. In this manner the ancient artificers were able to cut slabs of the hardest rock, which consequently were adapted to receive the highest polish, such as granite, porphyry, lapis-lazuli and amethyst.—Scientific American.

Danger in Feather Spring Rifles.

Army authorities are in great fear that the new magazine rifles now in use in the British army will be the cause of the death of many soldiers, because it goes off so lightly that a man, after being struck, may in the death spasms pull the trigger and shoot some of his comrades, or that even the moving of the body may discharge the weapon. It is therefore ordered that two men shall be detained from each company to follow the line in action, and when a man falls to immediately remove the magazine from his rifle and carry it away. The opponents to the use of the new rifle say that this looks to them to be a very clumsy arrangement and one likely to counterbalance the rapidity of firing gained by the use of these feather spring weapons.—New York Press.

The Duration of a Dream.

Those learned and scientific gentlemen who have gone into the subject declare the longest dream hardly last a few minutes. The following instance lends support to their view: One evening Victor Hugo was dictating letters to his secretary. Overcome by fatigue the great man dropped into a slumber. A few moments afterward he awoke, haunted by a dream, which, as he thought, extended over several hours, and he blamed his secretary for sitting there waiting for him instead of wakening him or else going away. What was his surprise when the bewildered secretary told him that he had only just finished writing the last sentence dictated to him.

BREAD FOR ALL WHO ASK.

A DAILY EARLY-MORNING BAKERY BEFORE A NEW YORK BAKERY.

Human Wracks Stuffing Past a Big Bakery Door in Lock Step for Stale Loaves—A Weird Spectacle.

THERE is a weird scene every morning, while the tired city is fast asleep, at Broadway and Tenth street, which tells in eloquent silence of the depth of human woe and misery. It is probably known, but not always remembered by persons who have loving families, cheerful homes, downy beds and well-stocked larders, and who live in an air of luxury, that there is a half-starved army in this city against which the doors of organized charity are closed. It lives—no one knows where, and it comes out on the streets, like rats from a hole, after dark, seeking food and everything that it can devour. It is only the night workers who see the big city when the lights are turned low who catch a glimpse of the starving army, and the sight is not pleasant. It was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning of the other day. The wind came piping with a North Dakota chill through East Tenth street, and nearly ripped the tattered clothing from an old man who came stumbling along Fourth avenue with a feeble step. He stopped at the Tenth street corner. The lamplight showed the skin peeping through his clothes in many places. He sank a little deeper into his rags after a quick glance up the street and moved slowly toward Broadway. "Just wait for a little while," said Policeman McConnell to a reporter who was on his way home after his night's work, "and you will see the strangest gathering that you ever looked at in this town." The old man kept moving until he reached the bright light which shows cheerfully from the windows of the Vienna Bakery, midway on the block. He looked wistfully at the scene of good cheer within, then leaned against a lamp post with head bowed low, violently trembling from cold and hunger. "He's the first on the line," said McConnell, "and he's not missed the honor for over a year." The policeman's remark was vague, but in a little while the explanation came. The solitary tramp soon had plenty of company. Men with want and poverty stamped on every feature of their gaunt faces and every shred of their eloquent rags turned into East Tenth street from Fourth avenue and Broadway. They came singly and in groups, and fell in behind the first arrival. At 3 o'clock the line extended around in front of Grace Church, and there were over 200 men standing closely together, waiting, apparently, for some signal to march. It was a silent crowd. There was not a word spoken above a whisper. Some of the men were drunk and hardly able to stand, but they were held in place by their comrades in misery. One fellow dropped on the walk and rolled into the gutter. No one disturbed him. Not even the policeman.

There was a flutter of excitement along the line as the doors of the bakery were thrown open with a loud bang and several bakers in white caps and aprons rolled a half dozen big boxes filled with bread on the sidewalk. The bakers handed out the bread to the men, and the line moved slowly along with the shuffle of the lock step, well known, apparently, to many of the gang. To every man was given a loaf of bread a day old. There was more than enough to go around and some got two loaves. The long wait in the open air seemed to have added an extra pang to the hunger of the men, and almost every one took aavenous bite from the loaf as soon as it reached his hand. They acted like hungry wolves in sight of prey, and many of them the dry bread appeared fit for a king's feast. Some sat down on the curb, broke off large chunks of the loaf and fairly crammed it into their mouths until every morsel of it was gone. Others, after a few bites, stowed the bread away among the rags which covered their bodies, and a few hurried away without touching it at all. In fifteen minutes the street was deserted and no sound was heard save the merry song of the bakers as they piled up big stacks of bread for their customers with the feeling that steals into the human heart when a good act has been performed. "That's the best object lesson," said Policeman McConnell, as the last bundle of rags moved away, "which I can bring a man to if he wicks at it. Most of these poor chaps come here night after night, and many of them have had no twenty-four hours. The gang is made up of ex-convicts who have lost even the desire to steal, and drunks who have reached the bottom of the ladder. Among the latter are men who have been in good circumstances, and there is one who about ten years ago owned a large wholesale grocery in Washington street. This charity is a godsend to them, and it's all the decent treatment they get during the day. They are kicked and shunned by everybody, seek shelter wherever it can be found, and most of them will wind up in Potter's Field. No questions are asked here if these men are worthy objects of charity. They are all half starved and drunks without homes, and thieves have to eat as well as any one else. Although they are a hardened lot there has not been the slightest disorder on the block during the years that they have been coming here."—New York Recorder.

Queen Victoria has given orders for extensive decorative repairs to be carried out in Holywood Palace, and the office of works is now engaged in cleaning and restoring the ceilings and walls of Queen Mary's audience chamber and supper room and the adjoining corridors.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The glow worm lays luminous eggs. Banana flour has been produced in small quantity in some parts of Australia. Nutmegs in the quantity of two or three drachms will cause both stupor and delirium. Oyster shells laid on the hot coals in a stove or range will loosen clinkers on the firebrick, so that they may be easily removed. It is stated by an actor that the electric lamp used as footlights is harder on the eyes of the performers than either gas or candle light. Numerous experiments to determine the best fire-resisting materials for the construction of doors have proved that wood covered with tin resisted the fire better than an iron door. The main elements in the make-up of the world are oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, chlorine, carbon, fluorine, phosphorus, silicon, sulphur, aluminum, calcium, copper, iron, lead, potassium and sodium. Oysters come nearer to milk than all most any other common food material as regards both the amounts and the relative proportion of nutrients, the food values of equal weights of milk and oysters being nearly the same. It is somewhat singular that, notwithstanding the great advances made in chemistry and metallurgy, no other more satisfactory alloy has yet been discovered for coating and other purposes than the alloy used 800 years ago. The best lighted city in Europe is Milan. American machinery only is employed in its two central stations. A curious feature of the system of distribution is that the wires, instead of being carried on poles, are suspended from the brackets under the eaves of the houses. In summer at Paris the Seine delivers to the two parts of the bridge Pont Neuf about a hundred cubic inches of water every second, moving with a force of 3500 horse-power. Every hour 360,000 cubic metres of water pass under the arches of the bridge, or 8,640,000 cubic metres in a day. A Roman has offered King Humbert a novel instrument of warfare. This is a projectile, which on being shot from a cannon and striking an object will produce a luminous disc of 100,000 candle power, and thereby expose to view an enemy's position by night at a distance of from three to four miles. A miniature thunder factory has been constructed for the science and art departments at South Kensington, England, which, it is believed, would give sparks thirty inches long, but no Leyden jars have been found to stand the charge, all being pierced by an enormous tension. M. Bourdelle, Chief Engineer of French lighthouses, has perfected a system by which he can project a force of 2,500,000 candles by means of four lenses instead of twenty-four, as previously, and by a novel system of rotation make the "flash" every twenty seconds. This, the inventor claims, is the finest result yet achieved anywhere. Electric light baths are among the latest inventions. The necessary parts of such a bath are a cabinet which will inclose the entire body except the head, and fifty electric lamps of sixteen candle power, or 110 volts, arranged about the body in groups, with a separate switch for each group. The light is thrown on a section at a time, making the patient frisky and browning the skin like an ocean bath. C. C. Jennings, formerly Superintendent of the Brush Electric Light Company of Buffalo, N. Y., has patented a system of telephonic communication, by means of which barbed wire fences can be utilized between railroad stations, farmers' houses and large ranches. The patent involves the use of a portable transmitter or telephone, which can be attached to the barbed wire at any point, and by which messages can be received or sent to railroad stations or other places at which there are regular telephones. Has a Finger-Reducing Patent. The Patent Office has granted a patent on a device worthy of the ancient Greeks. It is a system of finger-tapering and joint-reducing bands. The idea is to make thumb-shaped bands of thin and pliant aluminum in sets of various sizes to fit the fingers and thumbs, and by wearing them at night gradually produce the slender and tapering digits so much admired by the fashionable half of the world. The aluminum bands are provided with rings which are crowded down on the outside so as to compress the fingers and drive the blood back to any desired state of diminutiveness. The letters patent do not state whether the use of this new device is attended with pain or not. It is said these bands have been thoroughly tested by several of the best known women of fashion in Washington and New York, and they speak of them in the highest terms of praise. The leading merchant in cosmetics and toilet articles in Chicago is forming a stock company to buy the patent and boom the finger taperer at the World's Fair. The patentee says his idea will go like wildfire, as have so many other inventions to produce beauty, and he thinks his patent is worth at least \$50,000.—Chicago Herald.

Immense Dining Hall for Students. An immense dining hall for students, to be known as the Mensa Acadamica, was opened in Vienna, Austria, the other week. In it 2000 students can dine together. The intent of the institution is to enable students to eat together at a minimum cost, instead of being compelled by reason of their small means to obtain their meals in cheap and low resorts. The privileges of the Mensa Acadamica are restricted to regular subscribers, and the rates are for dinner, \$2.50 a month; for breakfast and dinner, \$3.25, and for breakfast, dinner and supper, \$4.75 a month.—Chicago Times.

BEHIND THE MASK.

Life is not what it might have been, Nor are we what we would! And we must meet with smiling men, And part in careless mood, In cells of sense subdued, A little lurking secret of the blood— A little surging secret ranking keen— That makes the heart its food.—Owen Meredith.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Out and dried—Hay. The Irish Sea—"Ray." Trying work—Experimenting. A race across the Atlantic—The English.—Life. Hard pressed for money—The productions of the Mint. Many a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.—Texas Sittings. Even the highest-priced surrogates will give cut rates when asked to.—Philadelphia Record. The office boy who was taken on trial was let go because he proved too much of one.—Puck. Contrary as it may seem, it's the tailor who makes sales, and the tailor who makes tales.—Life. The man who salts away money does not thus prevent his heir from being "too fresh."—Truth. The stereopticon man is never blamed as a turncoat, although he is continually changing his views.—Puck. Don't judge hastily. What may seem to be very ordinary drum-majors are often leading musicians.—Elmira Gazette. Mr. Hownow—"Miss Pensee, what is your opinion of the coming man?" Miss Pensee—"That he is very, very slow."—What's O'ld. Imogene—"Oh, stop your flattery, or I shall put my hands to my ears." Alonzo—"Ah, your lovely hands are too small."—Fun. The chrysanthemum is a most worthy flower; but, for the best of reasons, the verse-makers fight shy of singing its praises.—Puck. Now, children, you must very good to-day, for your father has hurt his hand, and if you are naughty he cannot whip you.—Fliegende Blätter. Some folks not only count their chickens before they are hatched, but also spend in advance the price of the prospective eggs they are to lay.—Truth. There was one New York hackman, the other day, who failed to overcharge his customer, but he died on his box before he got to his destination.—Truth. The boy stood on the burning deck— But who could blame him, please, The price of coal had gone so high It was either this or freeze.—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Judge—"Did your wife pick a quarrel with you?" Victim—"No, she don't seem to have much choice about them; any kind suits her."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. First Girl—"He said your hair was dyed." Second Girl—"That is false." "I told him it was false, and he said that was worse than dyeing it."—Philadelphia Record. When a girl gets so she can play music in which she crosses her hands, she stops referring to it by name and title, and calls it a little thing by Batoven."—Atchison Globe. "There is one thing sure," said the editor, who was reading the new reporter's long article, "you are in no danger of being troubled by a shortage in your accounts."—"Washington Star." "I'll be heard in the world," said his mother. "He'll be heard, it is easily to tell." And he was, quite boyish any other. When his college class met at its fall. Tommy—"Paw, what is a special providence?" Mr. Figg—"It occurs when some other fellow is the victim of a misfortune that would otherwise have happened to yourself."—Indianapolis Journal. "How do you feel now?" asked a Texas lawyer of his client, a condemned murderer, who has just been reprieved. "As playful as a child, my boy." Lawyer (slapping him on the back)—"Ah, I see you have just skipped the rope."—Texas Sittings. Idaho's Precious Stones. Collections being made in Idaho afford unusual opportunity for studying the geological and mineral production. The exhibit for Custer County contains a beautiful specimen of onyx. Indians are that an agate belt exists in the county. Sapphires have also been found there, one lot of which sold for \$1400. But recent efforts have failed to produce one for the exhibition. A sample of rock has been received from Lewiston, the exact character of which has not been determined, but which appears to be a variety of jasper. This specimen cuts glass more readily than the diamond, and is so hard that ten minutes' grinding on an emery wheel has scarcely any effect on it. It is variegated in color, with pink and green tints. It is quite small, and efforts are being made to secure a larger one. The value of the rock is not known. The variety of opals will be very large. There two mines in Latah and one about forty miles from Boise City. They are the genuine fire opals, and are said to be of a very superior quality. Petrifications are very numerous in this State. The chief specimen in this department is a sample from the petrified forest in Custer County, near Challis. This distinctly shows the bark and wood of a conifer, a species of pine. The stump from which it was taken is fourteen feet above the ground, twelve feet in diameter at the top, and fifteen at the base. The bark is six inches thick. It was discovered about five years ago.—New York Times. The walls of Babylon are said by Herodotus to have been 350 high and 100 feet thick at the base.