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Philadelphia has 23,000 more women than men.

The Chinese postal service, which is slow and crude, is controlled by many private companies.

According to life insurance statistics the average of man's life has increased five per cent. during the last twenty-five years.

Lord Dunsraven values the English "pleasure fleet" at \$50,000,000, and says it finds employment for six or seven thousand men at sea, besides those on shore.

A woman writer for an Eastern publication attempts to explain why so many rich American girls marry titled foreigners. It is, she says, because the young society men of this country ape foreign manners, and the girls prefer the genuine article to the imitation.

The Rural New Yorker says: The day is coming when every milk dairyman will be compelled by law to have a veterinarian examine his cows regularly and give them a character for health. Why shouldn't we know there is health in our milk as well as wealth in our fertilizer?

It is a curious fact, muses the Chicago Herald, that the father of Alexander Graham Bell once devised an alphabet of "visible speech" to represent all the sounds of which the human voice is capable, and that his son, from teaching deaf mutes, should have enlarged the possibilities of sound almost to infinity.

A food enthusiast has arisen, who says that the banana is the universal food and clothing of the human race. He claims that before long bread, muffins, porridge, soup, pies, and sausages will be made out of bananas. Besides that, an indelible ink can be made out of the skin, and a beautiful cloth can be made out of the fibre.

Says the Boston Transcript: "Few geographers mention the district in the South known as the 'Poor Man's Belt.' It is a tract of country generally very sandy and producing little timber save the long leaved pine. It begins not far south of Richmond, Va., and extends along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts into Texas. Its length is not far from 1800 miles, while it is from 50 to 150 miles in width. The soil is poor, but the forests produce not only lumber in abundance, but also large quantities of pitch, tar and turpentine. It got a bad name during anti-bellum days because no cotton was raised in it, but since the South is beginning to look elsewhere than to the cotton field for its wealth, the 'Poor Man's Belt' promises to become one of the richest parts of the Southern States."

One of the most remarkable schemes of the day, in the opinion of the New York World, is the plan of Sir Cecil Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony, South Africa, to build a telegraph line from the Cape to Egypt. Sir Cecil, it is said, is now on his way to Cairo to look after details, and the project, chimerical as it may seem, has been endorsed by many public men in England. Sir Cecil's proposition takes the British fancy, because his telegraph is intended chiefly as the first thread upon which a great British empire in Africa is to be strung. It is believed in England that the Germans will yet get out of Africa and leave their extensive possessions on the east coast to the Union Jack. Then England will have the unbroken right of way from the Cape to Cairo, by the way of Zanzibar and the district of the Great Lakes.

The Society for the Protection of Birds appears to be making headway in England. According to its second annual report, which has just been issued, the number of members has increased from 1200 to 2500. There is evidently plenty of work for them to do if they wish to preserve birds of bright plumage from the annihilation threatened by the demands of fashion. It appears that even the goldfinch is in danger of extinction. The fashion of mounting whole birds on hats and bonnets has been peculiarly fatal. What the society is anxious to bring about is the extension of the wild birds protection act, the operation of which begins too late and ends too soon in the year to be of much practical benefit. The report points out that it is not only the direct slaughter of birds for which fashion is responsible. There is an enormous demand nowadays for real winter berries for the purpose of feminine adornment. As a result a good many birds which escape the snare of the fowler die of starvation for lack of their natural food. Artificial berries last longer than the real and look just as pretty, while the manufacture of them would provide employment for many destitute women.

THE SWEET, SAD YEARS.

The sweet, sad years, the sun, the rain, Alas! too quickly did they wane, For each some boon, some blessing bore; Of smiles and tears each had its store, Its checkerboard lot of bliss and pain.

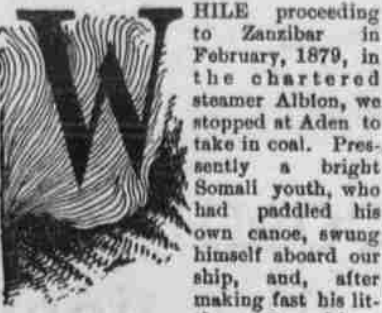
Although it lulls me and I wane, Yet cannot I the wish restrain That I had held them evermore, The sweet, sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain That long within the mind has lain, I keep repeating o'er and o'er, "Nothing can o'er the past restore, Nothing bring back the years again, The sweet, sad years."

—Rev. Charles D. Bell.

DUALLA.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.



While proceeding to Zanzibar in February, 1879, in the chartered steamer Albion, we stopped at Aden to take in coal. Presently a bright Somali youth, who had paddled his own canoe, swung himself aboard our ship, and, after making fast his little craft with a lanyard, accosted me with, "Want a boy, sir?"

"No." "Me good boy, sir. Do anything." "No, thank you." "I hear you go to Africa, and want men. I been to America, been fore the mast, been coachman, been butler in Brooklyn, with Mr. Hines. I'd like to go with you, sir." "Why, you are quite a prodigy! How old are you?" "Seventeen, sir."

I now examined him closely. He was tall, shapely, comely, intelligent young man, with curly silk hair and a look of "quite ready for anything" about him. "Well, what wages do you want?" "Anything you like to give, sir. Dollar, two dollar, three dollar a month. You find out yourself by my way what I worth. If I'm no good, no money."

"Why, you are extraordinary; I'll give you ten shillings a month, and we shall see afterward. Eh?" "A-w-right, sir."

And upon these terms Dualla, the Somali boy, entered my service. For several months I did not pay much heed to him. There had been no occasion for any exhibition of superior ability or courage. I observed, however, that on Sunday Dualla attracted every eye by his splendor and variegated colors of his dress. One time he would resemble a young Genoese dandy, another day he would astonish us by a rich Mussulman attire, the next he would emerge from his cabin in a Zanzibar, in tarboosh and khamis, but always exceedingly trim and clean. Still we had several smart young Zanzibaris, who, though not such favorites as Dualla, were, nevertheless, favorites for their intelligence and dash, and as yet there was no chance for promotion.

One day new rifles were served to Company No. 1. They were taught how to manipulate them, and how to disconnect their parts. Finally a target was set up at a point blank range, and a prize was offered to the best shot, and in order to show the Zanzibaris what good shooting was, five European officers were requested to step forward and exhibit their skill. But, to my shame, not one white man hit the target. Dualla was called upon. Straight as an arrow he stood a second and fired, plugging the target near the center.

A few weeks later while engaged on the highway for the wagons, I wished to make an "indent" for provisions on the Main Depot below, and asked the commissariat officer how many rations he had distributed that morning. He took out his note book and turned the leaves over backward and forward so often that at last I got impatient and said: "Do you mean to say you do not remember how many rations you are daily serving out?" "I'll tell you directly, sir." I waited pen in hand for another five minutes. My time was valuable; every minute was precious.

"Here, Dualla," I at last cried. "Tell this gentleman how many rations he served out this morning," never suspecting that he did know, but as an indirect chaff at the commissariat. "One hundred and forty-eight, sir. One hundred and forty-eight pounds rice, one hundred and forty-eight pounds beans," he replied. "How do you know," I asked, astonished. "I help weigh them, sir." "That will do, thank you." At Stanley Pool an officer requested the loan of our new steel barge that he might proceed up river and visit his friends at the next station. The steel boat pulled twelve oars and, completely equipped and launched on the Upper Congo, had cost us about \$800. It was lent with an injunction that on his return he should draw her up carefully on the beach out of harm's way and padlock her chain. The Lieutenant faithfully promised, went up river, and on coming back reported himself and assured me of the security of the boat.

the cove, lifted the boat clear of the strand, and receding toward the terrible vortex, had borne her away with all her equipment aboard.

Though it appeared hopeless we should ever hear of the boat again, four several trippers of messengers were dispatched in as many directions across country to warn the natives down river and offer rewards for her recovery; and I set off with Dualla and another toward the Great Cataract of Kintano, over the hill of Leopoldville.

On reaching the summit overlooking the cataract, Stretch, one of the young attendants, with his sharp eyes, detected the boat about midstream, stranded upon a reef, the lower part of which seemed to hang over the edge of the roaring cataract. With my glass I could see her like a tiny speck compared to the mile-wide river. Above the reef the puissant Congo was treacherously placid, but we, who had so often crossed it two miles above the station within view of the gulf, had often occasion to dread its terrible velocity, and below the reef it was all a scene of remorseless fury, a countless series of tossing waves and spray crowned crests, and here and there veritable towers which were no sooner formed than they seemed to be swung bodily into the air, to be followed by others. The eye was fascinated by the wild picture of tremendous strength and furious rage which the Great Cataract furnished at this view of it. One could gaze at it for hours, for its suggestion of ceaseless passion, power and its awful engulfingness, while its hoarse roar is in its volume accompaniment to the watery horror.

I sat down and studied the river above the reef. From our side the boat was quite seven hundred yards, and about one thousand yards from the opposite bank. The low rock on which the boat was probably fifty yards in width, and rose about a foot above the water, and by one of those surges caused by the vicinity of the cataract and shifting currents the boat had doubtless been swayed aside and rested in what appeared to be the beginning of a groove or a channel. Various plans were vaguely formed for saving her, but were dismissed, owing to the imminent danger. A foot rise in the river would also sweep the boat over the reef into certain destruction.

We returned to the station. At our beach were a paddle steamer and a canoe. We set a mark by driving a peg at the water line, and resolved to wait and see whether the river rose or fell. Twenty hours later the river had subsided six inches. I went back to the hill of Leopoldville. The boat was higher out of the water, the reef was larger and extended further up the river in a low gray tongue of rock. That was one great comfort. On the third day the river had subsided several inches more; the reef was still larger. Dualla was by my side, and looking at the river I conceived a plan which I suddenly revealed, saying that, "If I were younger and had not so many responsibilities on me I could save her. I have had I that could be trusted for a delicate task as this! And if a single life were lost I should never forgive myself. Yet if I had a man who could remember instructions and obey them to the letter that boat would be in our cove in a short time."

"Can I do it, sir?" asked Dualla, as though I had been addressing him. "You, who! I was thinking of a daring young officer who could learn his lesson by heart, and act accordingly. What could you do?" "I could try, sir." "No doubt you could try, my boy; but it wants a head as well as a bold heart here."

"Well, sir, I do not see myself how anybody could get to that boat. I think she is already lost, for she is only five yards from the cataract, and long before we could get to the reef we should be over the falls, as the current flows like a flying arrow. But how do you think, sir, any one could get there?" "Well, the thing is easy, provided one was sure of his crew. I would take that new coil of Manila rope which is in our store room and which is 500 yards long, and I would tie the one end of it to our steamer anchor. I would then choose the best canoe men in the camp, man our canoe at the beach, strike out boldly for the centre of the river from our cove, and when I saw that the boat and reef were directly below me I would steer straight toward them. When about two hundred and fifty yards above the reef point I would drop my anchor and pay out the hawser half its length. The other half, after making fast at the bow of the canoe, I would pay out along the length of the canoe, make fast at the stern, and then the best man should swim down to the boat with the other end of the rope and make it fast to the ring bolt at the boat's bow. Then the rest of the crew would float down by the rope to the reef, and all hands, after putting an oar under the bow, would roll the boat up bit by bit over the reef until she was afloat. All the crew, except the steersman, would then haul themselves hand over hand to the canoe, and when all were aboard would haul the boat abreast of the cataract. Then I would transfer all the crew, except the steersman, into the boat, and, pulling up boat and canoe until the anchor was near arip, send everybody in his place with every oar out and ready; then, at a word, lift the anchor into the boat, and away we would fly for this shore, and we should fetch up well above the Cataract. Do you see? What do you think of that, Dualla?" "Oh, I can do that perfectly," cried Dualla.

"Nonsense, my lad; you would forget every word I said, and then I should lose you; for no boat can live in that cataract."

"No, sir; I feel I can do it; and, if you leave it to me, it will be done."

"Very well, then; but take your time and think of it. Take all day and think of it. The river is falling steadily and the rainy season is over. Now, I should like to hear first whether you can remember what I said." And Dualla, with his wonderful memory, repeated the operation word for word as I had described it. After that Dualla was left to himself for the day, and when I retired for the night I had heard no word.

The next morning, while I was taking my bath, I heard a great shout in the station, and looking out of the window, I saw the Zanzibaris rushing frantically to the beach. They were shortly after seen marching in procession to my house with Dualla hoisted high, and seated like a hero on their shoulders. At the door I met them, and, gravely taking off my cap, said, "Good morning, Mr. Dualla." Dualla leaped smartly to the ground, and saluting, said, "The boat is at the beach, sir."

"Thank you, Dualla; there are three cheques for you, for \$25 each. One is from Lieutenant —, who was the cause of the great danger you have been put to; the second is on behalf of the International Association, for saving their property; the third is from myself, for your bravery."

Out of the jaws of death, Out of the mouth of hell, Thank God!" Dualla performed many other brilliant feats, but after six years' service with me on the Congo he had \$4000 pounds in Bank of England stock and a complete kit. He subsequently took service with Captain James in his expedition through Somaliland, and later was employed by Mr. G. S. Mackenzie, of the I. B. E. A. Company, in East Africa, at a salary of \$18 per month. He is the same Dualla who is mentioned so often and so creditably in Captain Lugard's dispatches as having assisted him so loyally and so cleverly in his negotiations with the Mahomedans of Uganda.—Pall Mall Budget.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Metal money is bacteria proof. London omnibuses are to be lighted by electricity.

It is twelve years since Pasteur began his notable experiments in germ culture. The atmosphere, if compressed, would make a sea thirty-five feet deep around the globe.

A case of bleeding through the sound skin is the subject of a European medical report. The moon, whether full or not, has not the slightest effect either upon food, the weather or the mental condition of insane persons.

The English Board of Agriculture has classed glanders and farcy as one disease, and any animal suffering from which is to be slaughtered at once.

Statistics in London show that in that city the consumption of gas is steadily increasing, notwithstanding the more general adoption of electric light.

Some of the English pumping engines perform work equalling the raising of 120,000,000 gallons one foot high by the consumption of 100 weight of coal.

Experiments with bi-sulphide of carbon show that it will destroy all stages of the insect known as bean weevil eggs, larvae of all sizes, pupae and adults.

The moth has a fur jacket and the butterfly none, because the nocturnal habits of the moth require it; the diurnal movements of the butterfly do not.

The Queen of the Belgians has just ordered two or three phonographs, the purpose of which is to record her majesty's extempore compositions on the piano.

Comparison of results of the sunshine recorder at Greenwich, England, for fourteen years, shows that throughout the year the average daily amount of sunshine is little more than three hours.

The first hospital in America devoted exclusively to the treatment of dogs was opened December 30th, as an adjunct to the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Compressed air for cleaning cars is used on the Union Pacific Railroad at its Portland (Oregon) shops. The air, under a pressure of fifty pounds per square inch, is delivered from a flexible hose with a small nozzle, and is used as water would be.

Ice one to two inches thick will bear men. Two inches thick is estimated fit to bear infantry; four inches thick to bear cavalry or light guns; six inches to bear teams with moderate loads or heavy field guns; eight inches teams with heavy loads.

Charles H. Peck, the New York State botanist, claims that thirty new species of fungi have been found during the year. Of the fifty-nine edible species illustrated in his annual report, he states that at least forty have been used as food by him. "The more I experiment in this direction," he further says, "the more firmly I am convinced that the number of really poisonous or dangerous species of mushrooms is very small."

Millions of Quail. There surely will be an exodus from some sections of the world take up its line of march for the Mohawk Valley in Yuma County. The children of Israel were at one time fed by the number of quails that flocked around them and manna from heaven. If they were in Mohawk Valley to-day they could do equally as well. The quail literally cover the ground, and can be caught by hand. Those who are profiting by catching them and shipping to San Francisco catch more than they can bag. Hundreds of dozens are shipped daily by express. They have used up all the lumber for boxes and have about used all the barley sacks in the county shipping them in that manner. The children make from seven to twenty dollars a day catching them, and their numbers do not seem to diminish. Similar reports of their numbers come from Agua Caliente and Gila Bend, and their slaughter goes daily along. You fun-loving sportsmen, the world over, if you want to have a genuine good time shooting quail now is the time to get pleasure.

There are millions upon millions of them, and no let up to their numbers. When a band is routed the sound of their wings is simply deafening, resembling a distant thunder roll. There is no telling what a Yuma climate will not next produce.—Yuma (Arizona) Sentinel.

A Great Philanthropist. The new Peabody Institute, recently dedicated at Danvers, Mass., was necessarily built of wood, but as long as it stands it will be a very worthy memorial of the gift of the philanthropist to his native town. George Peabody was born in Danvers, February 18th, 1793, and died in London, November 4th, 1869. In 1856 he donated \$10,000 for an institute in his native town, and in 1866 he endowed it with \$40,000, but unfortunately the original structure was burned in 1890.

The present structure cost but \$28,000. The architecture is colonial, and the dimensions are fifty-two feet in width and ninety-two feet long. It stands in a beautiful park, which is bordered by Sylvan and Pond streets and Peabody avenue, and is finished in fine woods, with the usual rooms of such a building, as library, main hall, etc. The latter has a seating capacity of 1100, with a large stage fitted up with scenery for plain theatricals.

The library has shelves for 30,000 volumes, and the reading room adjacent is a very cozy and pleasant place. In one room hangs the portrait, six by ten feet, of Mr. Peabody, which was saved with great difficulty when the original building was burned. Its cost was \$1500. The structure is designed for library, museum, social hall and general gathering place for the Danversites.—New York Advertiser.

CAPTURING THE CATARACT.

NIAGARA FALLS IS "HARNESSED" FOR MAN'S BENEFIT.

Equal to 1,000,000 Horse-Power—More Than One-Tenth of That Amount Will Soon Be Available.

FOR more than fifty years, says a Buffalo letter to the New York Press, the dream of engineers has been to "harness Niagara."

Well, the dream has come true. Niagara is in harness. To be sure, the trace chains have not yet been hooked to the whiffletrees of industry, but the collar and hames, the bridle and bit are in position and ready for the strain when it shall come. The greatest cataract of the world has been subdued, and if, in knowledge of its captivity its roar is more sullen than of yore when it existed only as an insurmountable obstacle to navigation and a wonder for sightseers to grow solemn over, the smiles on the faces of capitalists, the new jingle in the pockets of residents of the village of Niagara Falls, and the complacent prophecies of the Buffaloian that ten years hence "Chicago will not be in it, sir; no, sir, not on your life," are attestations.

It is estimated that the total power of the great waterfall is equal to that of 15,000,000 horses. To any one who has seen its mighty volume this does not seem absurd. The present scheme will only utilize less than one-hundredth of that vast wasting force, but it may be stretched in the future to as great a length as may be made useful.

The effect of this great enterprise may not be as great as the sanguine remark of the Buffalo man who has been quoted would imply, but it will be very great. Of course many of the manufacturing interests which will be attracted by cheap power will gather in the little town which hovers on the brink of the cataract, and which has in the past been notable principally for its big hotels, its clamorous cabbies and its Indian bazaars. But a plan has been devised whereby the power will be electrically transmitted to Buffalo with comparatively small loss, so that this city will undoubtedly come in for many of the pudding's plums. The village of Niagara Falls itself has gone wild with a boom almost Western in its enthusiasm.

The first attempt to utilize the water power of Niagara Falls was made by Horace A. Dey, who in 1850 built the old Hydraulic Canal running from above the rapids to what are now known as Shoelkopf's Mills on the brink of the cataract. This canal discharges its water into wheelpits only sixty feet deep, which in turn discharge at a point more than 130 feet above the level of the river below the falls, so that more than three quarters of the possible force is wasted. The old Hydraulic Canal gives in all only about 6000 available horse power.

The new method is the same principle differently applied. A canal has been cut from above the rapids as in Dey's plan; but it runs only a short distance before it reaches the pits, which are 120 feet deep. A sheer fall through great pipes is thus obtained, which is nearly as great as the height of the falls.

Thus far the work was comparatively easy. The fun came in giving the water a vent from the bottom of the wheelpits. This was accomplished by the construction of a great tunnel through solid limestone rock, from the wheelpits to below the falls. The water abstracted from the river thus flows for a short distance through the canal, then takes its big tumble through the pits down to the turbine wheels, and then flows through the tunnel to the river's lower level.

This tunnel is 8713 feet long, twenty-eight feet high and eighteen feet broad, in semi-circular form. It is bricked up along its whole length, an undertaking which has consumed 13,000,000 cubes of baked clay, and which, had it been done by a single bricklayer, would have occupied his entire attention for twenty-four years. It was thought to be a better plan to employ 7000 men in its construction, however, and they have managed to dig it and line it in a little less than three years, having kept hard at it day and night. The total cost of the enterprise so far has been a trifle of \$2,500,000.

With the wheelpits already finished or under way, the plant will develop a minimum of 120,000 horse power. This would be more than sufficient to run seven of the largest steamships afloat, and steamships are not easy things to run. It is highly improbable, however, that the power from the falls will be utilized in ocean navigation.

But if the dreams of the projectors of this big enterprise come true, some things almost as remarkable as that would be as likely to occur. Its promoters have been devoting almost as much attention to studying how to transmit the power as they have to studying how to develop it.

In order to increase the power it will be necessary only to dig new wheelpits. The canal and the tunnel are big enough to hold water for 1,000,000 horse power, and that is what the company places its maximum capacity at. Of course there are sneers, but the company has Niagara Falls and the engineers on its side, and seems likely to come out ahead.

They Eat Dog. It is said that dogs are slaughtered at Munich for gastronomic purposes in large and increasing numbers. They are openly sold in markets with no attempt at disguise, and there is an increasing demand for the meat, which is openly bought and served at table just as any other meat. It is said that the custom of eating these animals was introduced into the Bavarian capital by the Italian laborers who have settled there in large numbers.—New Orleans Picayune.

The historic chateau at Grey, France, has been sold to a rich manufacturer for \$500,000. It was once the home of Voltaire.

THE SONG OF THE ICE.

Sing ho! sing ho! for the skater, oh! For the flying feet and the winds that blow!

For the blood, that runs to the cheek, to glow Like the western sky!

Sing ho! once more for the flying boat! And the great long cracks in our icy floor! And the tree tops that wait of the sad no more.

Of the days gone by! Sing ho! sing ho! as we glide and go Where the pines on the edge of the shore bend low, Over the ice, and the stream's still flow As in times gone by!

Sing ho! once more while the pine tops roar With a song that they sing to us o'er and o'er As the old sun walks through the great red door.

Of the western sky! —Charles G. Rogers, in Outing.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A chafing dish.—Crows. Cold feet.—Two feet of snow. Creature comforts.—Household pets.

A partial payment.—The favorite's salary. An old-timer.—Your great grandfather's clock.—Troy Press. The editor may enjoy good health, but he is always "in a critical condition."

—Puck. Talk about your transformations! We have seen a square man turn round.—Statesman. Some philanthropic women seem to work everywhere except at home.—Somerville Journal.

Great wit may be allied to madness, but the stupid man need not brag of his superior sanity.—Puck. "Here's another case of kidnapping," said the messenger boy who found a comrade asleep.—Washington Post.

A man may be superior to false social standards, yet it makes him uncomfortable to be cut by his barber.—Puck. A young man never thoroughly appreciates his own insignificance until he attends his own wedding.—Puck.

In Missouri they sell Shetland ponies by the perpendicular foot, and the purchaser has to pony up.—Chicago Tribune. Mincer.—"What brought about all this trouble between Morgan and his wife is his mind unsettled?" Parsons.—"No, it was his coffee."

Mrs. Singer.—"Patti has a diamond ring worth \$5000." Mr. Singer.—"Oh, well, I wager she got it for a mere song."—Jeweler's Weekly. Mrs. Trolley.—"Do tell me, Mr. Kanvass, which is the greatest work of art?" Mr. Kanvass.—"Selling the paintings."—New York Sun.

"Jenny, do you know what a miracle is?" "Yes, ma. Says if you don't marry our new parson it will be a miracle."—Brooklyn Life. Martin.—"How well Miss Greenbough keeps her age!" Mrs. Grider.—"Well, of course! nothing would induce her to give it away!"—Inter-Ocean.

"I really feel that I am a public example of pole-lightness," said the carbon as it was put in readiness for the electric current.—Washington Star. "Our gardener will make a good villain in a melodrama." "Why so?" "Because he is always laying out plots that amount to nothing in the end."—Boston Gazette.

Eleanor.—"Don't you think Miss Noyes plays with great feeling?" Tom (dryly).—"Yes; she does seem to feel about for the notes a good deal."—Harvard Lampoon. On the Ocean Gryhound: Captain Saylor.—"I'm sorry to say, madame, we're delayed. The vessel's broke her shaft, ma'am." Mrs. J. S. (sympathetically).—"Oh, dear! Can't you fix it with this hairpin?"—Chicago News Record.

"The great problem that I have to deal with," said the keeper of the imbecile asylum, "is to find some occupation for the people under my charge." "Why not set them to inventing college yells," asked the visitor.—Buffalo Express.

Old Lady (to chemist).—"I want a box of canine pills." Chemist.—"What's the matter with the dog?" Old Lady (indignantly).—"I want you to understand, sir, my husband is a gentleman." (Chemist puts up quinine pills in profound silence.)—Philadelphia Times. Novel Climbing Device. A French inventor has devised a novel and practical arrangement for use by firemen and others to facilitate rope climbing, and, at the same time, to permit the climber to have free use of his hands. The apparatus consists of two boards joined by a hole passing through both the hinge and the boards, and the extremities of the latter are provided with straps, which can be fastened to the feet of the man using the apparatus. The method of climbing involved in this arrangement is simple. When the feet are attached to the boards are lifted the rope is free, but the moment the feet are pressed down on the two boards the rope is firmly gripped. It is only necessary, therefore, to lift the body with both hands as far as possible, and it can then be held by the hinged clamps until another lift is made. By the use of a belt to hold the body close to the rope the hands may be left free for work.—Fire and Water.

A Curious Spring. Three miles north of Aurora, in Albany County, Wyoming, a stone bluff rises abruptly from the plains to a height of 600 feet. Thirty feet from the ground the rock has a torn and jagged appearance as if it had been struck by lightning. From the clefts thus formed there gushes forth a spring of springs, of magnificent water, the volume being quite large.—American Farmer.