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They are proposing to pension teachers in England.

Crime is rapidly increasing all over Argentina. Statistics show that it has more than doubled during the past two years.

The School Board of Auburn, Me., has decided that it takes six children to make a school, and they intend closing up all schools having less than that number.

A California man offers to give, without charge, to the city of San Francisco a flow of water amounting to 100,000,000 gallons daily and bring it about 120 miles from the forks of North and Middle Yuba Rivers. His only condition is that he should have the privilege of leasing for a period of twenty-five years the horse power to be developed from the water.

A novel method of meeting the chinch bug pest is being adopted in Minnesota, where these insects appear in such large numbers as to destroy the crops. There is a disease known as entomophthora, which is deadly to the bugs. Several hundred of them are caught, inoculated with it and turned loose. These give it to others, and in the consequent epizootic the bugs disappear.

A controversy is raging in St. Louis about the identity of the last surviving soldier of the Revolutionary War. The facts seem to indicate, concludes the Atlanta Constitution, that this obscure individual was John Gray, who died at Hiramburg, Ohio, March 28, 1868, and who lies buried there in an almost unmarked grave. He was 104 years old at the time of his death, and was a Continental soldier when only sixteen years old.

More than eight thousand persons—the exact number is 8180—committed suicide in Paris in 1891. The proportion is twenty-one to every 100,000 of the inhabitants, and the increase over 1881 is twenty-five per cent. What has caused the enormous percentage of increase in self-destruction in ten years, wonders the New York Mail and Express. Apparently life is no harder and its condition no more discouraging than they were ten years ago.

Says the Boston Herald: "The country taverns are reported to be getting a good deal of custom from bicycle riders this summer, who make long journeys into the country, put up for a day or a night, and then keep on or return home. Any town in the rural districts that has good roads is sure to be benefited by this sort of custom, and in time it will more than make up for the losses which the country hotels and boarding-houses are likely to experience on account of the prevailing business depression. Let the town authorities bear in mind that good roads are the prime requisite for encouraging this business, however."

One of the most commendable pensions granted by the British Government during the past year, was that of \$500 to Miss Lucy Garnett in recognition of her literary merits and to enable her to prosecute her researches in Oriental folk-lore. Other notable worthy pensions bestowed during the year were one of \$370 to the widow of Professor Minto, and one of \$250 to T. Adolphus Trollope's widow. The ladies, indeed, fared very well, Miss Margaret Stokes receiving \$500 for her researches into early Christian art and archaeology in Ireland, and Mrs. Cashel Hoey \$250 for her novels. The Rev. Richard Morris, to whom every student of early English literature and philology is indebted, receives \$750.

The English, who are trying to anglicize Egypt, are very much annoyed by a recent decree of the young Khedive to the effect that the Arabic language must be used in all branches of the curriculum of the Government schools. The study of this language has always been required of every pupil, and they attain considerable proficiency in it, in order to pass the necessary examinations, but under the present order it will become practically the vernacular. The English consider this a long step backward, and say that all the text books on the modern arts and sciences are in the languages of Europe, and that all attempts to teach them in the Arabic have resulted badly. This, perhaps, was due to the fact that the teachers were not so familiar with the language as they might have been. At all events, no one can blame the Khedive for using all the means in his power to keep alive the National institutions and feelings of his people. Egypt is almost a British colony now.

A Western geologist says that Kansas can raise wheat for another thousand years before exhausting the necessary properties of the soil.

The Greek style of building, modified to modern needs, has been most successfully used in Paris, where many palaces are seen of this construction.

A New York music dealer says that the composer of "After the Ball" will make \$100,000 out of his song. Many other authors of popular songs have made nothing because they failed to take out copyrights.

Some time ago an Iowa cyclone followed the route of a railroad for several miles, and now, the Chicago Herald learns that there is a theorist on deck who proposes to steer these storms, by means of rails laid and wires strung for the purpose, into open sections of country where they can spend their force without damage.

Prince Henry of Orleans, who is not of much account in most things, has shown wisdom in advising the scions of French royal houses to assist in the colonial development of France, since they can but add confusion to confusion if they take part in politics. It was upon his advice that the young Duke of Uzec went on the Congo expedition, which proved fatal to him.

If half the stories told of him are true, Lord Cromer, the British diplomatic agent in Egypt, is an original individual. He divides his leisure time between lawn tennis and Homer in the original Greek. During the recent Egyptian crisis Lord Cromer ordered the Khedive to dismiss his prime minister within twenty-four hours, ordered troops from Malta and Aden in case of an emergency and then went out and played tennis until sunset.

The paucity of American-born sailors in the United States Navy has excited a great deal of comment, observes the Chicago Herald. A record of the seamen serving in the navy since the establishment of this system shows that not more than four per cent. of the lads who are graduated from the apprentice training system continue in the service of the United States. The records further show that of the 7250 seamen allowed by law in the navy, less than one-half of those who enlist at the receiving ships are native born Americans.

The interesting fact is shown in the emigration and immigration returns of Great Britain and Ireland last year that, while the native population is leaving in hundred of thousands for this country and the British colonies, there is a considerable influx of immigrants into the United Kingdom, coming for permanent settlement. Last year 210,942 British and Irish left their home, the great majority, 150,039, coming to the United States. In the same period 22,137 aliens from the continent of Europe arrived in the United Kingdom "for permanent settlement."

Western railroad officials say that this year's corn crop will be 300,000,000 bushels larger than last year's; that the oat crop 50,000,000 larger; that the wheat crop will be only 100,000,000 bushels smaller; that the hog crop will be 4,000,000 larger and that all roads will have vastly more to haul than in 1892-93. State Secretary Mohler has issued a special report on the corn prospects of Kansas. He puts the area at 6,296,000 acres, only 600,000 under the wonderful area of 1889, when the yield was 278,000,000, and that the condition this year promises a yield exceeded only by 1889.

The New York Post remarks that "Few people have any conception of the pressure for pardon which is brought to bear upon every Executive. Governor Stone, of Missouri, has at least 500 applications before him, and declares that it is not an exaggeration to say that one-half of his time is absorbed in listening to such applications, which are presented by mothers, wives, daughters, lawyers, friends from every part of the State, singly, by two and three, and often in larger delegations. Most of these applications he has to refuse, only nineteen having been granted during the first six months of his term; but it is easy to accept his plea that 'an undue proportion of my time is consumed with these matters, and the strain upon nervous vitality resulting from the pathetic incidents connected with them is very exhausting.' It is obvious that some change ought to be made, either by the establishment of a Board of Pardons or otherwise; for it is absurd that half of an Executive's time and strength should be exhausted in considering petitions that he will set aside the findings of the courts."

HOW TO LIVE. So should we live that every hour, May die as dies the natural flower. A self-reviving thing of power. That every thought, and every deed, May hold within itself the seed, Of future good and future need.

AN INTERRUPTED VERDICT.



THE lights were turned low in the courtroom, and about them slowly circled the foul, heavy air, adding to the dimness. Judge Greengoods had gone to his dinner, having announced his intention to return at 9 o'clock.

It was not long, however, that he was summoned sooner by the agreement of the jury. The District Attorney had packed away the papers that had seen their day in his green bag, and, arm in arm with his assistant, had strolled away, pausing now and then to whisper a caution to a bailiff, and to receive in return more or less authentic information. The prisoner had been led over the covered corridor—another Bridge of Sighs—into the jail, to await his fate in the cell where murderers were always kept, as the great iron ring in the center of the floor, for their better securing, attested. His counsel had accompanied him to the doorway, and then had turned into the office to have a smoke and a chat as to prospects with his friend the Sheriff.

"Dubious," said that functionary, munching on his cigar. "The Judge was again him from the fust, and the jury seed it." The reporters had hurried away with their notes, first arranging for telephone calls when a verdict was reached. High above the Judge's bench ran a gallery. At the end nearest the windows was a door. Before this door sat a court officer, and behind it were the young, and one Knowles, the brother of Patty. This latter had encountered one evening the two elder Barlings at the village tavern, and a quarrel and a scuffle had ensued. It was the following day that a "wildcat" train, of which young Knowles was engineer, was derailed and he thrown from the cab and killed. Thomas Barling was seen running away from the place where this accident occurred. His brothers disappeared, but the detectives, incited by liberal rewards, caused the arrest of the lad, claiming that it was he who had set the obstruction on the track.

His presence, his flight, his terror, certain incoherent words which he uttered on his apprehension, constituted the main points of the case against him. His defense had been necessarily brief, consisting of his youth, good character, and his own story slightly corroborated—that he had been engaged in removing the obstructions, when the "wildcat," of whose existence he had not been aware, came around the curve and struck. But on the question of how he happened to be there at just this time he had remained silent.

Solemnly the great clock in the courtroom beat out the dragging moments. The bailiffs ironed stories and yawned. The clerk scribbled on the back of papers. The crier slept the sleep of childhood and smiled over his reviving scenes. The old woman sat erect, motionless, intent like another Sphinx, awaiting the culmination of burning desires. Perhaps she alone could explain that ancient feud; perhaps when that bosom had been tender and that arm softly responsive to caresses, an injury to her beauty had been the dragon's tooth of this future. Perhaps the past now returned to her: for expectancy hath its panoramas of spent, but not dead, emotions. Certain little Patty, as she saw the grim face growing grimmer, grew faint with dread, for in its lines she read vengeance upon Tommy and woe for herself.

There was a sharp, demanding rap on the door of the jury room. Its drowsy guardian sprang to his feet and unlocked it. There were whispers, and then once more the door closed, the bolt was shot, the sentinel sat at his post. Once more, but with a difference. The man no longer lolled. He was big with the consciousness that every eye was upon him, big in the possession of a secret which he had no right to know. The great clock ticked warningly, for the hours of excitement are moments. It was nearing the time for the Judge's return. The clerk set docket and pen and paper in order. The bailiffs shut windows and opened doors, and turned up lights and took their stations. There was one whose post was by the door at the end of the gallery leading to the jury room, which opened upon the main stairway of the building. The guardian of the jury room was his friend, and, as he passed, whispered a single word. The bailiff stepped to his place and beyond. He leaned over the rail and gazed down into the gloomy corridor. The front door swung open, a dignified form entered. He recognized it, and in an instant another instant Judge Greengoods knew at what verdict the jury had arrived, knew that the solemn words which he had mentally arranged during his walk thither had not been marshaled in vain.

Many sharp eyes had noticed the passing of that single word from officer to officer, and ere the crier had begun his sonorous proclamation, bailiffs and attorneys and Sheriff and prisoner knew that the verdict was "guilty."

about her; her mind in its peaceful slumbers had never imagined anything so cruel! Yet he would be acquitted, how could she doubt, when the jurymen as well as she had heard his frank, simple story and had seen the candor of his beautiful face? Had she not watched them and detected expressions of sympathy, of confidence, or at least two of their countenances? And if these men had once trusted would they dare to condemn? Then, indeed, were not they the murderers who would slay for relief from custody, from fatigue, or from fear of their associates? Oh, a dreadful thing was this law which beclouded the truth when it was so evident! Hadn't Tommy explained that he was removing the obstruction from the track when the "wildcat" so unexpectedly came around the curve and struck it, and was derailed?

Couldn't they understand why he had remained silent when asked how he happened to be there? Surely, any one could see that he had discovered his brother's plot and had striven to thwart it, but was now loyal to implicate them. The idea that Tommy, her gentle, true-hearted Tommy, would connive to slay the only brother of the girl he loved! And yet, when he had refused to answer, the Judge, who surely should be impartial in action as well as word, had swung around impatiently in his chair, and the District Attorney had smiled, oh, so ironically, and shrugged his shoulders and said: "You see, gentlemen. See?"

The case which had occupied the Aberdeen Oyer and Terminer for the past week, was, as the District Attorney had said in his opening, "awful in its simplicity and directness of its proof." At the further end of the county, amid the arid sand plains, the Barlings and the Knowles had occupied adjacent farms for many years. The railway ran in front of their dwellings, and the young men had grown up half farmers, half linemen, glomming from the two occupations livelihood and recreation. There had been a constant feud between the two families, sprung from some forgotten trivial cause, but enhanced into bitterness through paucity of daily intercourse.

There were three Barling boys, of whom Thomas, the defendant, was the youngest, and one Knowles, the brother of Patty. This latter had encountered one evening the two elder Barlings at the village tavern, and a quarrel and a scuffle had ensued. It was the following day that a "wildcat" train, of which young Knowles was engineer, was derailed and he thrown from the cab and killed. Thomas Barling was seen running away from the place where this accident occurred. His brothers disappeared, but the detectives, incited by liberal rewards, caused the arrest of the lad, claiming that it was he who had set the obstruction on the track.

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Patty knew it, too, for she had watched that guardian at the door as if he held the portals of her happiness. Patty knew it, and a great sob swelled in her heart and hardened into a resolution. In this moment of extremity, when human and Divine powers had condensed against him, she would be by her old playmate's side to comfort, to sustain, to bless! She looked at her grandmother. That expectant gaze had not yet changed into triumph. "I will go a little closer, so that I can find out," she said, and the old lady nodded an eager approval.

Down the narrow stairway along the wall came the jury—swagging, hesitating, stuttering. Patty leaned against the little door of the railing which divided the courtroom, thus separating the goats of spectators from the sheep of the bar, and studied the faces as they passed. Stolid, immovable for the most part; but there were two that seemed worried and dubious, and they were the faces of the two men in whom she had put her trust. Oh, coward! Why had they not preserved the courage of their convictions or why had they put themselves in a position where faint-heartedness is a crime?

The jury took their seats, these two men in the places which they had occupied during the trial, Nos. 7 and 8 in the rear row, directly between the foreman. From the anteroom came Tommy, and sat by his lawyer alongside of the table in front of the Judge's bench. How pale he was, but how quiet, how stern! Was it possible that those lips which had ever curled in smiles could be so firm? Why one might be afraid of him, that is, one who did not love him as she did! Patty brushed a tear from her cheek as she gazed; it seemed as if he were already dead, and that it was his cold gray shade that now appeared.

"Call the roll, Mr. Clerk," said Judge Greengoods, and, as that functionary obeyed, each jurymanswered "Present"—complacently so, too, excepting Nos. 7 and 8, who looked as if they wished very much they were elsewhere. No. 7 was a tall, slender, bent young man, awkward and bashful, who was perpetually blushing, either because people were looking at him or because he imagined they were. He also stammered. No. 8 was a short, thick-set, aggressive-looking old gentleman, very deliberate in action, slightly deaf, but ever ready to slay any one who imputed such a defect to him. Consequently, No. 7 dropped into a pool of stuttering, where he hopelessly floundered, and No. 8 shouted "Here" some time after the clerk had noted the attendance.

"Stand up," said the clerk to the prisoner. And Tommy arose and stood with folded arms, a fragile yet intrepid Ajax defying the lightning. But, oh, it was dark about him; if there might be but a single ray of sympathy, then he could endure. The clerk's office at the little gate was naturally more interested in the proceedings than in his duty. He moved forward, and Patty slipped within the rail.

"Let the prisoner look upon the jury; let the jury look upon the prisoner," continued the clerk. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" The foreman dropped his hat and folded his overcoat and struggled to his feet. In that silent instant of suspense there was a fluttering sound, and Patty flew to her old playmate's side. She threw one arm about his neck, and stood with the other extended toward the jury box like a guardian angel performing her mission. She gazed at the jury with a light of love, and Tommy bent his head and kissed her tremulous lips. "We have," answered the foreman, "we find the prisoner—"

"We find the prisoner—"

"We find the prisoner—"

"We find the prisoner—"

Attorney with an oratorical swing. "Never. I have a duty, sir, a sacred duty that I owe to the people of this great commonwealth which sustains me."

"There, there!" interrupted Judge Greengoods, "of course, of course. I dismiss the jury and continue the case until the next term. The prisoner is remanded without bail. Adjourn court, Mr. Crier, and with a very decided expression contorting his regular features "his honor" hastened away to his club.

The Sheriff led his prisoner away. The lights were turned out and the great building was left to the ghosts of sorrows and the echoes of sobs. And little Patty driving home with her wrathful grandmother dared smile through her tears.

But before the next term news came of the violent death of the elder Barling boys in a foreign land and of their prior confession and assertion of their brother's innocence. The grim jail yielded up its captive, and the cell where murderers had been chained knew his guileless nature no more. Impotent rage increased the weight of years until they crushed the grandmother into her grave. The feud between the two families was buried with her, and over their joint farms Patty Barling now presides as a happy mistress.—New York Times.

WISE WORDS. Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. Self-respect—that cornerstone of all virtue. There is no malice like the malice of the renegade. The absence of temptation is the absence of virtue. No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one. No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life. Out of clothes, out of countenance; out of countenance, out of wit. The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show of equipage. As soon go kindle fire with snow as seek to quench the fire of love with words. What is becoming in behavior is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming. Be thou the first true merit to befriend; his praise is lost who waits till all commend.

It is vain to trust in wrong; as much of evil so much of loss, is the formula of human history. He who observes the speaker more than the sound of his words will seldom meet with disappointments. A politician weakly and amiably fitted is no match for a politician tenaciously and pugnaconically in the wrong. Men seldom, or rather, never, for a length of time and deliberately rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.

An Incident in Edison's Early Life. In telegraphy, operators are taught; receivers must be born. Equipped by nature and training, Edison gave up the newsboy life, in which he had earned in four years \$2000, the greater part of which he gave to his parents. Now began his migratory career as a telegraph operator. Many ups and downs were his. Often he was cold, hungry, and shelterless, for the insatiable impulse to experiment to the neglect of his duties kept him continually out of work. One day he reveled in the praises his ingenuity evoked; the next, he was dubbed "Lunatic" and turned adrift.

Perhaps his most ingenious boyhood feat was performed during an ice jam that broke the cable between Fort Huron in Michigan and Sarnia in Canada. The river at this point is a mile and a half wide. The ice made the river impassable, and there was no way of repairing the cable. Edison impulsively jumped on a locomotive and seized the valve controlling the whistle. He had an idea that the blasts of the whistle might be broken into long and short sounds, corresponding to the dots and dashes of telegraphy. In a moment the whistle sounded over the river: Toot, toot, toot, toot—toot, toot—toot—toot—toot—toot. "Halloo, Sarnia! Do you get me?" "Do you hear what I say?" No answer. "Do you hear what I say, Sarnia?" A third, fourth, and fifth time the message went across, to receive no response. Finally, the operator on the other side understood. Answering "toots" came cheerfully back, and the connection was established.—St. Nicholas.

Cured by Laughter. Laughter has often dissipated disease and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature. We are told that the great Erasmus laughed so heartily at a satirical remark that he broke a tumor and recovered his health. In a singular treatise on "laughter," Joubert gives two similar instances. A patient being very low, the physician, who had ordered a dose of rhubarb, countermanded the medicine, which was left on the table. A monkey in the room jumping up, discovered the goblet, and having tasted, made a terrible grimace. Again putting only his tongue to it, he perceived some sweetness of the dissolved manna, while the rhubarb had sunk to the bottom. Thus emboldened, he swallowed the whole, but found it such a nauseous potion that, after many strange and fantastic grimaces, he ground his teeth in agony, and in a violent fury threw the goblet on the floor. The whole affair was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into repeated peals of laughter, and the recovery of cheerfulness led to health.—New York Ledger.

WOULD WE RETURN?

Would we return? If once the gates which closed upon the past Were opened wide for us, and if the dear Remembered pathway stretched before us clear To lead us back to youth's lost land of last, When on life April shadows lightly cast, Hallowed the old sweet days of childish far With all their faded hopes, and brought an after The far-off streams with which our skies were glaucous? Did these lost streams which wake the soul's and yearning But live once more and wait our returning, Would we return? —Robert Burns Wilson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Good luck is the best nerve food. In at the death—The heir-apparent.—Truth. A model young lady—The one who poses for an artist. Jagsen says he has no objection to a foreign air if it is disinfected.—Elmira Gazette. Antiquity is the thing which we are going to be a thousand years hence.—Ran's Horn. The woman who vows that she has "waited for an age" never confesses to it in her years. Hope is the smiling personage who presents us with a bill-of-fare when we haven't a cent in our pocket.—World's Fair Puck. Landlord—"You should always pay as you go, young man." Impertinent Boarder—"True, but I don't intend to go for six months yet."—Boston Gazette. "When I was young we prepared students for life; now we prepare them for examinations, is a bit of truth from Jules Simon.—Medical Record. If all things come to those who wait, Then wide must be the range Of things to come to those who stop In dry goods stores for change. —Buffalo Courier. Mr. Foster Tightfist—"Say! I'd let no have that five I loaned you last night, will you?" Mr. Spender—"Man alive, I haven't had time to spend it yet."—Brooklyn Life. Late reverend singing "There's No Place Like Home" always stop their melody just before they get there and creep upstairs in their stocking feet.—Boston Transcript. He—(maliciously)—"It is only the female mosquito that annoys people." She—(musingly)—"I notice that you take a great delight in mashing them."—Indianapolis Journal. Skiggs—"Must be something interesting. What is it?" Skaggs—"Long account telling how a man was robbed on a car." Skiggs—"Humph! Wagner or Pullman?"—Buffalo Courier. Charley—"So, Jim, you were extravagant enough to pay \$20 a dozen for your handkerchiefs. Don't you think that was a good deal of money to blow in?"—Columbus Spectator. "One of you boys has been stealing raisins again; I have found the seeds on the floor. Which one of you was it?" Tommy—"It wasn't me; I swallowed the seeds in mine."—Tit-Bits. Tommy (at the Fair)—"Mamma, what makes all the guards wear straps under their chins?" Mamma (tired out)—"I think it is to keep them from asking questions."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. He—"What kind of a story did that tramp tramp up to get his breakfast?" She—"None at all." He—"He'd seen a good many babies, but our Teddy was head of them all."—Chicago Inter-Ocean. Teacher—"Now, Tommy, if you were a man and had \$2000, and you wanted to buy a house worth \$10,000, what would you do?" Tommy—"I guess I'd try and marry some woman with \$8000."—Texas Sittings. Drill Sergeant (to recruit)—"I've told you forty times that you must stand up as straight as if you had swallowed a ramrod. Instead of that you appear to have swallowed half a dozen Turkish scimitars."—Texas Sittings. He—"Is there anything I can do to prove my affection so that you will not doubt it?" She—"There is. Marry my sister. She is older than I, and mamma is determined to not let me marry till sister is disposed of."—Indianapolis Journal. Mr. Wickwire—"I notice that Jules Verne is sixty-six years old and has written just sixty-six books." Mrs. Wickwire—"Well, that is not so many. He only had to write at the rate of one book a year to do that."—Indianapolis Journal. Doctor—"What you need is more exercise. What business do you follow?" Patient—"I am a bricklayer." "Humph! I shall think you would get all the exercise you required, but your symptoms indicate that you are of a sedentary disposition." "Well, you see, Doctor, I work by the day." "Ah, that explains it."—Texas Sittings.

Length of the World's Days. At Stockholm, Sweden, the longest day is 18 1/2 hours in length; at Spitzbergen it is three and a half months. At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has 19 hours. At Hamburg, Germany, and Dantzic, Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At Wardburg, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption. At St. Petersburg, Russia and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Toronto, Finland, June 21 brings a day and nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length. At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours; at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.—Chicago Herald.