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The United States have for each 100 miles of railway twenty locomotives, seventeen passenger cars and 714 freight cars.

In the production of iron ore Michigan ranks first. Her product is nearly one-half of the total of the entire country.

Some of the richest gold and silver mines in the world are in Japan. From them ore to the value of \$250,000,000 has been extracted.

Gatling has succeeded in adding an electric appliance to the gun which bears his name, which makes it possible to fire that weapon 5000 times a minute.

The National Bank of Italy, like the Bank of England, manages the finances of the Government. It is a practical monopoly and has branches in every large city.

Officers and soldiers of the French army will henceforth have a metallic plate fastened to their collars for identification. A similar scheme is being considered for the benefit of miners.

The New York Recorder avers that Kansas farmers have reaped more wealth off the earth's surface in grain than has been dug out of its interior in precious metals in the same time in all the States and Territories west of her.

The wool crop of California for 1892 is given by Thomas Denigan, Son & Company, at \$2,521,000 pounds. The heaviest yield during the past decade was in 1883, when it reached 40,848,690 pounds. The crop has not since that date fallen below the yield of last year, except in 1891, when it was but 29,013,476 pounds. The crop of the present year is expected to exceed that of 1892 by some millions of pounds.

Some experiments in military ballooning have just been made in France. Five balloons were released from the Esplanade des Invalides in Paris; the aeronauts in charge having been previously instructed to pass over a radius of twenty miles of country supposed to be held by an enemy, and then to descend as closely as possible to Combs la Ville. One of the balloons descended within a mile of the desired place, and two others at a point somewhat more distant from it.

Reports from the recruiting station of the United States Army in Boston and from the recruiting station of the Marine Corps in the same city show that at both stations an unusually large number of men have presented themselves the present summer as recruits. It is suspected by the New York Tribune that the closing of mills in New England and the discharge of thousands of workmen have led to the enlistments. The recruits also present of a better class than usually present themselves.

The farmers of Saratoga County, New York, regard the golden rod as a nuisance, exceeded only by the Canada thistle. It fills the meadows, chokes out the grass and ruins the pasturing. That the "pesky stuff" had value was unknown until a man recently arrived from New York and cringed with several agriculturists for the purchase and shipment of the flowers. He is to furnish boxes especially made to preserve the golden rod's freshness during its seven hours' journey cityward, and hopes to reap a profit from sales on the street and at the florists' stands.

The American Agriculturist observes: "In nearly every county one or more fairs are held each autumn. Farmers and their families should endeavor to spend one or more days of these annual gatherings. There is certain to be something of great interest and benefit to every branch of farming. In fruit or vegetables, if anything of merit is observed, find out the name and price, test it for next season. Follow the same with grain or other products of the fields. Talk with the producer, if possible, and obtain valuable points or hints that will aid in future labors. Look over the improved breeds of stock, and decide whether a thoroughbred animal could be used in your neighborhood with profit. The machinery and implements will receive their share of attention. You will usually meet many of your friends, and make new ones, and thus add another link to the evidence of why you should attend the fairs both local and State. Take something with you to exhibit, and whether you obtain a premium or not, you have aided in the display and success of the exhibition, and in the future, by this course, be more deeply interested."

WHEREVER YOU ARE.

Wherever you are this time of year, O, my lost love, who was false as fair, When the cry of the whippoorwill falls on your ear, And the moon has seen the air, I know you must think of the night westwood Under the sycamores tree alone, While our veins ran riot with life's warm flood, And my heart made its passion known— You must think how I called you my love, my own, Wherever you are,

Wherever you are on nights like this, Like sweet in your gall, or like gall in your wine, You must taste that clinging and tender kiss, That first mad kiss of mine, How timid you were, and how fond you were! How you trembled and clung 'twixt your love and fright When you heard a bird in the sycamore stir, And I gathered you close and tight! God! but it must all haunt you to-night, Wherever you are,

Wherever you are, you must recall How the young moon rose as I held you there— How I watched a star from midday fall, And my wish took the form of a prayer, "Whatever you ask will come true," You said, with that smile that ensnared all men; And yet you were speaking a lie, you knew— And I never shall pray again You must think of the wrong you did me then, Wherever you are.

-Ella W. Wilcox, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

BY LOUIS L'ARZELLE.

HERE was one sentence that Deacon Chandler had never omitted from his prayers since he was converted and began to pray in the little wooden church on the hill. It was this: "Send to Thy servant, O Lord, some great opportunity for doing good."

Strange as it may seem, his prayers had never been answered. The seasons rolled around with their accustomed regularity and brought increase to his flock and plenty to his storehouses, and as yet nothing unusual had happened. Still the worthy man prayed on until "Deacon Chandler's opportunity" had come to be almost a byword with not a few of the younger members of the congregation. And when he arose at each meeting, and with bowed head uttered the familiar petition, his eldest son, Tom, away in the back part of the room, was mimicking his father, to the intense amusement of a few unruly boys who were his companions.

Tom Chandler was a bad boy. There was no denying that. Tom's mother was the last one to admit it, but even she was forced to own sorrowfully that "Thomas was a little wild." Deacon Chandler in his own family laid down the strictest rules, and they were fearfully followed by all except the eldest, Tom, who was incorrigible. He chafed under the home restraint, and his natural wildness found vent in various petty misdemeanors, which soon won for him a bad name in his native village. In vain his mother besought him to mend his ways; in vain his father placed him under closer restraint and visited upon him more dire penalties. It was no avail.

One night Deacon Chandler entered his home with a stern look on his face that boded no good for whoever the culprit might be. His wife looked up from her sewing as he entered. "Where's Tom?" he said shortly. "I don't know," was the reply. "Why—is anything the matter?" Before he could reply the door opened again and the subject of their conversation came in. He was a tall, well-built boy of eighteen, but his youthful face was already marked with the lines of dissipation and in his handsome brown eyes there was a devil expression that spoke volumes to one who understood it.

"Well, sir?" was Deacon Chandler's greeting to the intruder. "Well?" came in insolent tones from the boy, who remained standing. "You are found out." The stern tones of the father rang in the mother's ear like a death-knell. "You may as well confess." "There is no need if you have found me out," replied the boy defiantly. "Perhaps you would like me to tell. Are you proud that you and your gang have been detected stealing fruit from Mr. Dean's orchard, and that unless I settle you will be arrested? Can you offer any excuse for removing the gates from half a dozen houses in town and making a bonfire of them in my orchard lot?" Mrs. Chandler looked hurriedly up at her son.

"Oh, Tom, it isn't so? Say it isn't so," she implored. But he was silent. Then the deacon continued: "I shall settle to save your brothers and sisters from disgrace, but from this night you are no son of mine. I disown you." A slight pallor spread over the boy's face as he opened his lips to reply. "All right, father. If you had dealt more gently with me I might have been a different boy now. I own that I took the apples and helped to burn the gates. But there," he burst out suddenly, "what does it matter? I won't stay to disgrace the family any longer, I've been ready to go for some time." And he glanced around the comfortable room contemptuously. When he finished speaking a mother's hand was laid on his arm and a mother's voice, pitiful in its sorrow, said:

"Don't go, Tom. Your father don't mean it. He is very angry because you make him so much trouble. Ask him to forgive you. I am sure he will if you will only try to be a better boy."

"Never!" sternly interrupted the deacon. "He is no son of mine, and my house is no longer his home. Go! Do you hear?" "You need not tell me twice," returned the boy. "Good-bye, mother, I'm going," and before they realized it the eldest son had passed out of home life forever.

After that life went on about as usual at the Chandler farm. The deacon still offered his accustomed prayer, only there was no Tom to make fun of him, for since that night Tom Chandler had not been seen. Deacon Chandler was still waiting for his opportunity and still wondering, too, how a chance so earnestly desired was so long withheld. Others all about him were doing great things toward building up the kingdom, yet search and wait as he would, nothing ever came in his way.

So the time went on for eight or ten years, until one day Deacon Chandler awoke suddenly to the fact that his wife was slowly dying. His love for her was one of the things that no one doubted, and when he noticed how pale and thin she had become he spoke to her at once in an unusually anxious way. "Is there anything I can do for you, wife?" he asked.

"No—I don't know as there is," "Is there anything you want?" Her eyes filled with tears. "Shall I tell you?" she whispered. "Yes—do." Sadly and firmly she told him, then the whole pitiful story.

"I want my boy. I want Tom to come back to me. He was my first-born, and I cannot forget how I loved him when he was a baby in my arms. Yes, and when he grew to be a boy I loved him still, and my love could have saved him. But you—you were so hard and cold with him. Conscious of your own virtue, you could not pity his infirmity and bear with him, as I would have done. No, hear me out," as he would have spoken. "You have always prayed—prayed to the Lord for some opportunity to do some great good, and when it was here, in your own son, you neglected it. You might have been more gentle; you might have led him out of his evil ways, but you would not, and all these years my heart has been aching for a sight of my son—my eldest born."

The words came sharp and fast now and ended in a smothered sob. The deacon was surprised. Never before had his wife questioned his wisdom or censured him for what he did. But the mother love so strong in her had welled up and filled her heart to overflowing, and she must be heard. Her words had their effect, too, for Deacon Chandler saw, as he had never seen before this, his mistake and a hypocrisy of the fervent prayer he had so often breathed out to His Heavenly Father when he was an unmerciful—nay, even cruel parent. How he had prayed for an opportunity of doing good, and when it came let it pass—threw it away willfully. He was a man of few words, and those he spoke now carried healing balm to the heart of the woman who had so loved her wayward boy.

"I have been wrong, wife. Can you forgive me?" "Oh, freely!" she answered him. He read in her wistful eyes the unspoken wish and answered it. "I will find our boy and bring him home," he said.

"And no matter how sinful he is or how he has fallen you will bring him home to his mother?" "I will." And she was satisfied. To those who wish to learn all things are plain, and Deacon Chandler traced his son, by constant effort, to a small Western city. Of the fact that he was there he became convinced, but could learn nothing more. A week found him standing in a railway station of the city of C., inquiring of the by-standers if they knew Thomas Chandler.

"Know Thomas Chandler? Waal, I reckon I do," drawled one loafer who was warming himself in the sun. "Can you tell me where I can find him?" asked the deacon. "Waal, I kinder reckon about this time or day he's ter be found over to the Senter House." Having learned where the Senter House was, Deacon Chandler walked slowly up the main street of the well-kept western city. How should he find Tom? He in fact, from the manner of the man with whom he had just talked, that his son was still the wild young man he had turned from home so many weary years ago. But it did not matter. He had promised the mother—and then was not here his opportunity? He would see his son at any cost.

man away to a private parlor and closed the door. "Don't you know me, father? I would know you anywhere."

"Yes—but it's so strange," gasped the old man. Tom laughed good naturedly. "Oh, you mean that I am not what you expected to find? Well, hardly, judging from early indications; but, father—I must say it—and the man's eyes grew moist—"all that I am I owe to mother."

"God bless her, Tom," heartily responded his father. Then after a pause, "Can you forgive me, my son, for my harshness?" "There is no more for me to forgive than you," returned his son. "I have lived all these years to learn, and I think I may safely say now that I am an honest man. This house is mine—and, God willing, I mean in the future to be an honor and not a disgrace to the old home."

So, after all, Deacon Chandler's opportunity was a wasted one, for now there was no need of any effort on his part in his son's case. The opportunity had come to him in his son's youth and he had neglected it. As it happened, everything had turned out right, but the chances for that had been so few and for another and more painful one so many that he could only thank God that he had taken into his own hands the most successful working out of Deacon Chandler's opportunity.—New York Mercury.

What Every Man is Worth.

An interesting exhibit at the National Museum shows the physical ingredients which go to make up the average man, weighing 154 pounds, says the American Analyst. A large glass jar holds the ninety-six pounds of water which his body contains. In other receptacles are three pounds of white of egg, a little less than ten pounds of pure glue—without which it would be impossible to keep body and soul together—431 pounds of fat, 81 pounds of phosphate of lime, one pound of carbonate of lime, three ounces of sugar and starch, seven ounces of iron, 130 of phosphorus, and a little ordinary table salt. Divided up into his primary chemical elements the same man is found to contain ninety-seven pounds of oxygen—enough to take up, under ordinary atmospheric pressure, the space of a room ten feet long, ten feet wide and ten feet high. His body also holds fifteen pounds of hydrogen, which, under the same conditions, would occupy somewhat more than two such rooms as that described. To these must be added the minerals and thirteen ounces of pigments. The carbon in the corpus of the individual referred to is represented by a foot cube of coal. It ought to be a diamond of the same size, because the stone is pure carbon, but the National Museum has not such a one in its possession. A row of bottles contain the other elements going to make up the man. These are four ounces of chlorine, 34 ounces of fluorine, eight ounces of phosphorus, 34 ounces of bromine, 24 ounces of sodium, 21 ounces of potassium, 130 of phosphorus, two ounces of magnesium and three pounds and thirteen ounces of calcium. Calcium, at present market rates, is worth \$300 an ounce, so that the amount of it contained in one human body has a money value of \$18,300. Few of our fellow citizens realize that, they are worth so much intrinsically.

A Chip of the Old Block.

A Trinity professor and his young son were dressing together one morning not long ago when the father thought he saw a chance to inculcate into his son a few good ideas. He looked out of the window and saw the small boy who lived next door to them working hard in the garden, and this was his opportunity. "Henry," he said, "look at Walter Jones working out there in the garden. He's been up since 5 o'clock this morning, milked the cow and brought the milk over here. Now, there's a boy for you."

The boy mused for a minute or two, then looked up at his father and said: "Papa, do you see Mr. Jones over there? He's been up since 5 o'clock working hard in the garden, planting corn and peas. Now, there's a man for you." And the professor as he tells the story says there was just a twinkle in his son's eye.—Hartford Post.

About Some Rare Gems.

The Sultan of Turkey has an emerald of 300 carats set in a handle of a dagger. He has the richest collection of gems and regalia in the world. There is a twin crystal of emerald in St. Petersburg seven inches long, four broad and weighing four and one-half pounds. The diadem of the Russian Emperor Anna contains 2536 large diamonds and a ruby valued at \$400,000. The cutting of the Kohinoor occupied thirty-eight days with steam power and cost \$40,000. The Regent required two years and cost \$25,000. After the first discovery of the Brazilian diamond mines, 1146 ounces of diamonds were shipped to Portugal in one year, and the price fell to \$5 a carat. Shorn Hair Keeps on Growing. Mrs. S. E. Credle, the clever keeper of the boarding-house in the Howard building, on South Front street, has a curiosity—a lock of hair that has grown to several times the length it was when severed from the head. It was sent to her by a friend two years ago, and was then only about 11 inches long. Since then it has grown constantly and is now over a foot long. It is in vigorous growth and has a five lock.—Newbern (N. C.) Journal.

THE TOOTHsome POMPANO.

A FINNY MORSEL THAT TICKLES THE CALIFORNIAN'S PALATE.

It Came Originally From Japan, But is Caught Now On the Pacific Coast—Three Ways of Cooking It.

WHAT are pompano, anyway? To begin with, pompano in California are like the snakes in Ireland. There are no pompanos. The real pompano, the genuine, simon-pure article, only swims in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. The delicious little finny morsel that is sold in San Francisco fish markets under that name is really the stromateus similimus, or "butter fish," but there is a thousand times more appetizing than the real article, and whether you call him pompano, butter fish, stromateus similimus or similia similibus enturter, he's the finest little fish that ever sizzled over a fire of hot coals or followed the sloop on a menu card.

Originally the pompano, as we call him to save trouble, came from the Japanese coast. A little school of them strayed too far from shore and got caught in the great Japan current, the gulf stream of the Pacific, and eventually brought up in Monterey Bay. How long ago this took place no one knows, but it was not until 1870, or thereabouts, that the fishermen began to find stray pompano in their nets. Only a very few at first, but California seems to have suited the Japanese stranger, and the number has been steadily increasing from year to year, and now they are only forty cents a pound.

When the Monterey fishermen began to catch them first each man caught so few it hardly paid to sell them. So a sort of cooperative scheme was adopted. All the pompano caught on Monday, no matter by whom, became the property of Giuseppe, to have, to hold and dispose of at the highest market rates. Tuesday's catch went to Felipe. The pompano "learner" on Wednesday became the property of Luigi. Thursday Antonio had his innings, and so on, each fisherman in time being entitled to the entire catch of all the fish. This system served a double purpose. Each fisherman, when his day came, had enough pompano to insure a good profit on the sale and it kept prices at one figure, as it did away with competition. All that is past now. Every one catches enough fish to market for himself, and pompano can be had for 37½ cents a pound.

Although the pompano supply still comes from Monterey and Santa Cruz, the toothsome little fish is caught at other points, but these are either too remote or the supply not sufficient to make it pay to market them. From Santa Barbara and Santa Monica the good news comes that down there, too, the price of pompano is steadily falling and the supply is increasing. At Santa Monica the new wharf that the railroad has thrust a half mile or more out to sea seems to have penetrated into the "stamping ground" of the pompano. They swarm around the end of the wharf, and the Santa Monica summer girl abandoned everything, even flirting, for the fascinating sport of pompano fishing. They bite readily, and there is not only the fun of catching them, but the subsequent and greater joy of eating them afterward.

Pompano should be cooked in three ways—broiled, in the pan or en papillote. Done the first way they are delicious. After the second fashion they are better still. But en papillote—well, words fail to convey any adequate idea of the epicurean joy of eating pompano en papillote. The latter method of preparing the fish is simplicity itself. The pompano should be placed in the pan and cooked as usual until they lack but a few brief moments of being done. Then remove them from the pan and wrap them quickly in white paper thoroughly buttered, each fish in a separate sheet, place on the fire for a moment more, and then—well, if any one doesn't know what to do then, codfish balls would be too rich for him.—San Francisco Examiner.

Process of Making Postage Stamps.

Every part of postage-stamp making is done by hand. The designs are engraved on steel, 200 stamps on a single plate. These plates are inked by two men, and then are printed by a girl and a man on a large hand press. They are dried as fast as printed and then gummed with a starch paste made from potatoes. This paste is dried by placing the sheets in a steam fanning machine, and then the stamps are subjected to a pressure of 2000 tons in a hydraulic press. Next the sheets are cut so that each one contains 100 stamps, after which the paper between the stamps is perforated, and after being pressed the sheets are filed away. If a single stamp is injured the whole sheet is burned.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A New Story of George Washington.

Here is a new story of the Father of his Country. Washington's head gardener was a man from some European kingdom, where he had worked in the royal grounds. But coming to America, he left his wife behind. Home-sickness for his "quid" woman's face soon began to prey on him, and Washington noticed the anxious eye and drooping spirits of his servant. Finally the man went down to the river and declared his intention of shipping to the old country, when who should come up and lean over the side of a newly-arrived vessel but his wife. The kind-hearted General had secretly sent for the woman, and she unfortunately surprised her loving husband in one of his fits of despondency.—Philadelphia Times.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

There are electric railways in New Zealand.

A Paris medical journal declares jaundice is, or can be, cured by eating nutmegs and lettuce and lemons.

Doctor E. M. Hale, the climatologist, states that Bright's disease is most common in New Jersey, and least frequent in Virginia.

Experiments made at a cancer hospital in New York have convinced the physicians that the virus of erysipelas injected into cancerous tumors causes them to disappear.

In the museum at Cambridge, England, is the skeleton and stuffed skin of an adult hybrid between a lion and a tigress. This, with several distinct litters by different parents, was born in the same menagerie.

It appears that the camel does a good deal of harm in Egypt, by eating the trees as they are growing up. Already the massive Cairo camel is a type distinct from other camels, surpassing all in its cumbersome, massive proportions.

Some investigations carried out by Doctor Alexander A. Houston, of Edinburgh, respecting the number of bacteria in the soil at different depths from the surface, prove that the micro-organisms become less and less abundant as the depth from the surface increases.

Extensive draught will cause the soil to close its doors, to prevent the evaporation of its bodily moisture and dry up. These little animals are possessed of astonishing vitality, regaining activity after having been frozen in solid blocks of ice, and enduring a degree of heat for weeks which daily crimps vegetation.

The common purslane, which grows anywhere as a weed, produces more seeds than any other plant. One seed pod, by actual count, has 3900 seeds, and as a plant will sometimes have twenty pods, the seeds from a single year's growth may, therefore, number 60,000. There is no instance of similar fruitfulness in any other plant growing in this country.

The Bible fixes the creation of life in successive periods, the creation of the higher order of animals in the last period, and immediately before the appearance of man. According to Moses, the order in which living things appeared was. Plants, fishes, fowl, land animals and man. Science, from a study of fossils in the rock foundations, has independently arrived at the same conclusions.

Telephonometer is the new word naming an instrument to register the time of each conversation at the telephone from the time of ringing up the exchange to the ringing-off signal. Such a system would reduce rentals of telephones to a scale according to the service, instead of a fixed charge to a business firm or occasional user alike. The instrument has been constructed at the invitation of the German telephone department and is to control the duration of telephone conversations and to total the time.

The Oldest Trees.

The Soma cypress of Lombardy is, I believe, the oldest tree of which there is any authentic record. It is known to have been in existence in 42 B. C. There are, however, many trees of which a vastly greater antiquity is claimed. The Senegal baobabs—some of them—are said to be 5000 years old.

The tree of Anandhapura, in Ceylon, is perhaps the oldest specimen of another very long-lived species; it is held sacred upon the ground that it sprang from a branch of the identical tree under which Buddha reclined for seven years while undergoing his apotheosis. This oak is well known to be a long liver, and there are specimens still standing in Palestine, of which the tradition goes that they grew out of Cain's staff. The Hawthorn, again, sometimes lives to be very old; there is said to be one in the old Cawdor Castle of an "immemorial age."

The cedars of Lebanon may also be mentioned, and there are, according to Dean Stanley, still eight of the olives of Getsemane standing, "whose gnarled trunks and scanty foliage will always be regarded as the most affecting of the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem."—Notes and Queries.

In Northern Alaska.

Janena is the most northerly stopping place on the regular Alaska express route, and while it is not sufficiently near the pole to meet the midnight sun, there is time at this season of the year for a good deal of light work. What most troubles strangers is to know when to go to bed. The sun is apparently unwilling to pass and leaves its halo behind. Twilight waits for dawn, or if there is an interval between I have not discovered it. It is not difficult to read ordinary print at 11 o'clock, and sitting on the deck at midnight (the ship keeps San Francisco time) watching the shadows cast upon the smooth water, and the snow-capped peaks at a few miles' distance is not uncomfortable with an overcoat.—San Francisco Bulletin.

TWO MEN.

One was a king, and a wide domain He ruled as his sties had to him A wooden novel, a bed of pain, Belonged to the other one.

The king was ill and the world was sad— But the monarch languished, the monarch died.

The beggar was sick unto death, but he had No one to watch at his low bedside, Then under the minister the king was laid, While o'er him the marbles were piled; But a shallow grave in the fields was made, By careless hands, for Poverty's child.

But now there are those who profoundly declare, If you opened the tomb and the grave, You could not distinguish, whatever your care, The dust of the king and the slave. —Charles Noble Gregory.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A good all-around man—The man in the moon.

Penury is very often the unexpected wages of the pen.—Puck.

Prosperous barbers are even shaving checks now.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

For a spin on the road the proper thing, of course, is a "top" buggy.—Boston Courier.

A man who is in society and wants to keep in must be continually going out.—Statesman.

Money may be tight, but there's no reason for its getting paralyzed.—Philadelphia Times.

All men are born equal—but some are born more equal to the emergency.—World's Fair Puck.

The fellow who doesn't think at all usually sets up for a free thinker.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Silence is golden, but you have never realized how golden until you have to buy it.—Athenian Globe.

While vacation always begins with a V it always ends with a scarcity of them.—Baltimore American.

Some of these banks are carrying the early closing movement altogether too far.—Baltimore American.

This is the season of the year in which you can get what you do not want for real cheap.—Texas Siftings.

When a parliamentary division ends in free fight both the eyes and nose are apt to have it.—Lowell Courier.

If you want to make sure your advice will be taken have it engraved on your umbrella handle.—Troy Press.

If it could only be put up in bottles "general humanity" would make a fair brand of glue.—Philadelphia Record.

Experiences is a teacher rare And one whom none may sub; Sometimes she works with manners fair, But mostly takes a diat.

The alligator grows as long as he lives. And he sometimes lives as long as ten or twelve feet.—Chicago Dispatch.

"A well-earned rest," said Fogg when he was given the particulars of Stixley's cremation.—Boston Transcript.

Johnnie—"Papa, are despoets happy?" Pappa—"I don't know. Ask the hired girl."—Kate Field's Washington.

Of course the report of the serious illness of Queen Victoria is not true. Her health is pledged too frequently.—Boston Herald.

Proctor—"Well, it's only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Lenox—"Ah, if it were only a step back again."—Vogue.

The Eton jacket is one of the most absurd-looking things in the world—before a pretty girl puts it on.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

The Baltimore police were paid in silver dollars last week. And yet silver dollars for coppers is not a good exchange.—Boston Globe.

Landlady—"Let me help you to the Saratoga chips." Mrs. Newboarder—"No; I'll try the toothpicks. They seem to be of softer wood, I think."

The Elizabethan ruff will be in vogue in the fall and the fellow who attempts to kiss a fashionable girl will "get it in the neck."—Philadelphia Record.

Ale—"Why does Clara speak of George as 'her intended'?" Are they engaged?" Alfred—"No; but she intends they shall be."—Brooklyn Life.

I dreamt I went in marble halls, I felt at ease, with life content, Till fancy brought the haughty calls, He came, alas, to get content.

Bridget—"There's a man at the gate with pigs' feet, mum." Mistress—"Gracious, Bridget, send him around to the dime museum."—New York Recorder.

Beloved—"Papa says he sees no reason why we shouldn't be married." Lover (caustically)—"Then he wasn't pinched in that last deal after all."—Detroit Tribune.

"If there is any more of this oscillatory conviviality," said the little Boston girl at the children's party, much shocked, "I shall withdraw."—Chicago Tribune.

A lady reader wants to know if we believe in cures by "laying on hands." We do, madame, we do most fervently. But a slipper or pin should be better.—Galveston News.

Policeman (to head-wagon man)—"Have you allowed to play any more of your most admirable act?" Signor Montanini—"With the pleasure; what will you sing?"—New York News.

We go to sleep these pleasant nights, Fanned by the cooling breeze, Also toward morning so we're up, An' a street, and a street, and a street.

Mao—"That Miss Jumper is dreadfully masculine in her ways." "What does she do?" Mao—"Oh, I've seen her get off the car before it stopped, without falling."—Chicago Bulletin.