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The total income of the Church of England is about \$1,000,000 a week.

Nearly 400 tons of mail matter are handled daily by New York letter carriers.

Brigandage has greatly increased in Spain because of the poverty prevailing among the country people.

The marriage statistics of every country show that widowers are more prone to marry maidens than to take widows.

London's debt was increased last year by \$6,000,000 and now amounts to \$150,055,000. The revenue of the city for the last fiscal year was \$23,165,000.

Joaquin Miller says that there is no danger that the giant trees of California will be exterminated, as you may find small sequoias in almost every dooryard in the State.

The ways of Providence, R. I., are strange to the Philadelphia Ledger. A number of the city's unemployed who were put to work on city improvements, have struck, rather than work ten hours a day.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has decided that it is best that clergymen should not take part in criminal investigation. He declined to swear the Rev. Thomas Cony to serve on the Grand Jury at the Berkshire Assizes recently.

Ferris, the man of the World's Fair wheel, offered \$40,000 a year to the projectors of the new Manhattan Building, on Broadway, in New York City, if they would build a tower on it and give him the elevator rights. The Manhattan will be the tallest and ugliest building in New York, alleges the Chicago Herald.

There is no such thing as "next Senate," and so long as the Constitution lasts there never will be. The Senate of the United States is an eternal body. It never dies. It is today exactly the same assembly which met for the first time in 1789. Every second year it undergoes a change of membership, the terms of one class of members expiring. But that change neither ends the old body nor makes a new one.

Edingham B. Wilson, of Brooklyn, has discovered somewhere on Long Island a perfect mine of Indian arrow heads. He keeps the secret of the location to himself, and, according to the New York Mail and Express, is obliged to keep a sharp lookout for inquisitive spectators, who would like to follow him when he starts out to make a collection. Mr. Wilson has been offered a large sum for the arrow heads he has already in hand, but the offer was refused. When the collection reaches 3000 heads it will be the most extensive in the country.

Rev. Christopher Dovidat, pastor of a Lutheran church at Oaksho, Wis., has expelled a printer from his church for being a union man, declares the New York Press. He says unionism is against the commandments of God. "To strike is taking advantage of the capitalist, and this is against the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal.' Further, you shall honor your employer the same as a child honors its parents. God made rich and poor. God will not let a Christian starve. Those people who are suffering in the cities are not Christians." Mr. Dovidat believes that the workmen should take what they are offered by the capitalists and thank God if they can get anything at all. If they can't get work it is God's will.

The mining craze seems to have struck some portions of Georgia and Alabama pretty hard. A score or more of new gold mines have been opened in these States within the last three or four months, notes the St. Louis Republic, and a good many old ones are being worked as they were never before. George Huntington Clark predicts in the Manufacturers' Record that in the immediate future the gold fields of Georgia are going to surprise the old doubters as much as the development of Southern iron did. The richest gold mines of that State are as yet untouched, he says. Georgia's gold belt covers a strip of country from twenty to forty miles wide, and extending across the State from northeast to southwest, embracing about 7000 square miles. It runs into Alabama and spreads out over some 3500 square miles more in that State. Georgia's mines have so far produced over \$10,000,000 worth of gold and silver, or more than those of any other Southern State except North Carolina.

Seventy years ago there was one homoeopathic physician in the United States, where now there are 30,000.

It has been figured out that the cost of the United States Senate, an expense borne by the people of the United States, is \$8400 a day.

Edmund Yates says that Queen Victoria offered to make Mr. Gladstone an Earl or Mrs. Gladstone a Peeress in her own right; but the Grand Old Man declined.

The Arizona people are indignant at the stories of their lawlessness, which have been published recently. They are reported by the New Orleans Picayune to say that such reports are false, and that if they can catch the newspaper man who started them they will lynch him out of hand.

The Baltimore Manufacturers' Record reports that there are now in the North 406 cotton mills, with 2,768,879 spindles and 62,052 looms; capital invested, \$97,000,000, as against \$21,976,000 in 1880. In 1860 there were in the South 161 cotton mills, with 667,854 spindles. North Carolina has the largest number of mills.

The death of Publisher Monro in New York shows to the San Francisco Chronicle that the vermiform appendix is playing an important part in the surgery of the period. The danger that results from the lodgment of seeds of fruits and berries in this useless part of the anatomy cannot be too strongly impressed upon all, and especially upon those who have the care of children. Grape seed, in particular, should not be swallowed by those who have any regard for their health.

W. B. Muller, of Omaha, says the eight hour day "would bring about increased consumption, a display of productive activity, a higher intellectual and moral development of the toiler and a wider demand for the more artistic products of our factories and workshops. It would stimulate inventive genius, develop better and grander civilization and bring about an almost fabulous increase of national property and wealth. The general struggle for a reduction of the hours of labor is a struggle for a better civilization, a struggle for work for willing hands who should be employed."

"Is it not nearly time that some restriction was put upon the disposition of surgeons in this town to slice open their fellow-creatures in the interest of the complaint called appendicitis?" asks New York Life. "That late absurd and lamentable operations have cost the lives of useful citizens, will strengthen our opinion, which begins to be pretty generally current that appendicitis is epidemic in the minds of the metropolitan surgeons, and that human life would be safer in New York if the operation was forbidden except by order of a court. The public knows altogether too much about appendicitis, and the doctors altogether too little. Two-fifths of the genuine cases result from scars in the patients, and one or two more fifths of all the cases exist only in the imaginations of the surgeons. The cure of such legitimate cases as are left is not worth what it costs. Appendicitis is played out. The invention of the operation for it has changed a very rare malady into a common and dangerous disease."

Harold Frederic, who is a close observer in English politics, is of opinion that the resignation of Mr. Gladstone is due not to the fact that his eyesight is failing or to the fact that he is growing feeble, but to the fact that he has been losing influence with his own administration. The theory is that his cabinet was out of sympathy with him in many things and went its own way regardless of his wishes. Rosebery was becoming more of a power than the Grand Old man, and so the latter dropped a hint of retirement after the manner of Bismarck, and, like Bismarck, was surprised to find that there was no clamor against his going. In other words, Gladstone is represented as being edged off the stage by his young men. The danger in his retirement does not lie so much in the loss of his personality, powerful as that is, as in the loss of that peculiar thing called leadership. Rosebery or any one else can be made the official head of the ministry and the leader of the liberal party; but no one can inherit the general confidence of the party and its sympathizers throughout the world in Gladstone. This is a great source of power which he cannot transmit. The new leader will have party discipline to support him, but he will have to create party sentiment and popular sentiment.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

Wherever I am led by fate, In regions wild and desolate, Or in the hurrying crowd, more rude And alien far than solitude. One blessed truth in shine and storm, Consoles my heart and keeps it warm; One tender soul, through good and ill, Remembers, holds, and helps me still.

In mountain gorge, on treeless plain, In weary wastes unblest by rain, Or selfish cities, lonelier far Than wilderness and desert are, One face is ever by my side, My shield and guardian, friend and guide; A face that none but I can see— The face of her who thinks of me.

Though miles on miles stretch wearily Between that faithful heart and me, I know its unforgetting grace Can bridge all distance, time and space, Can send a blessing from afar However wide my wanderings are, And be, wherever I may stray, My fire by night, my cloud by day.

I spread my blanket on the ground, Remote from human sight and sound, And as my senses swim to sleep Amid the silence wide and deep, The wind by which my cheek is fanned Seems like her kind, caressing hand, And in each wandering strain, I see The face of her who prays for me.

O tender light, ah, softer yet! O watchful eyes, do not forget! O helpful heart, my strength renew, And keep me safe, and hold me true! O gentle face, still kindly beam, Sustain my soul, inspire my dream, Be near and always near and far, My hope, my guide, my polar star!" —Elizabeth Akers, in Worthington's.

THAT VITAL CLEW.

GILBERT STANTON lived in chambers in White's Inn and was reading for the bar. Wild, who justified his name, was an old college acquaintance who had attempted several things in life and failed in all. Gilbert had not seen him in several years, when Wild turned up at his chambers and announced that he was "stone broke."

Stanton reproached Wild for his dissipated habits, and declined to render him any assistance. Raymond Wild was hot blooded and high words ensued. The quarrel was at its height when Mrs. Morton, Gilbert's old landlady, who had been completing her morning duties in another room, closed the door of the chambers and passed out. Shortly afterward the tempers of the two men cooled. Wild apologized for some offensive remarks he had made, and they shook hands. Gilbert now promised to do his best to help his old acquaintance, and invited Wild to remain an hour while he went to keep an appointment.

When Gilbert Stanton returned he mounted the stairs to the door of his chambers, but did not immediately enter. He stood for a few minutes on the landing, considering what course he should adopt with regard to the man inside. As he leaned against the door, smoking a cigarette, he was startled by a loud explosion inside.

He hastily unlocked the door and went in. Stretched upon the floor was Raymond Wild—dead! The evidence at the inquest was simply this: The police, when called in, had found the dead body of a man, identified as Raymond Wild, with a bullet wound in his head. A revolver was also discovered which Gilbert Stanton had admitted was his, and the contents of one chamber had been discharged. Mr. Stanton had said: "The man committed suicide. I was not inside the chambers at the time." William Carey, a solicitor's clerk, deposed that he was looking out of the office window on the ground floor when he saw Mr. Gilbert Stanton enter the building, and heard him run up the stairs. About five minutes afterward—certainly when ample time had elapsed for Mr. Stanton to enter his chambers—he heard the explosion. Eliza Morton, Mr. Stanton's landlady, had admitted the deceased on the morning in question, and noticed when leaving that the two gentlemen were "having some words." His defense was that Wild had found the revolver during his absence; that he was standing outside the door of his chambers, as we have described, when the shot was fired; that although they had quarreled they were on pacific terms when he went out, and that the deceased had left a written confession of his own guilt and Gilbert's innocence. But where was this written confession? Gilbert Stanton declared that he found it on the bed room mantelpiece, but during the excitement of the hour had mysteriously lost or mislaid it. He had searched everywhere for it, but without avail. He distinctly remembered that, after examining the body, he placed the paper on a small table in front of him, and glancing out of the window, saw a policeman in the quadrangle. He at once decided to call the constable and ran downstairs to do so, leaving his door ajar. On his return the paper had disappeared, and he never saw it afterward. The most diligent search had failed to discover it.

"Now, Mrs. Morton," said Edith as they stood alone in the chambers,

"this is a matter of life and death. That piece of paper must be found."

"Yes, miss," was the landlady's commonplace reply. "First of all you must please answer very carefully some questions I shall put to you. Did you on that day destroy any paper?"

"No, miss." "Have you destroyed or removed any since?" "Not a scrap, miss. You see there ain't no fire this time of the year, and the little cooking I does is all done on the gas stove." Everything was being turned upside down and inside out, when Edith suddenly stopped. "Do you remember whether the windows were open on that day?" she asked.

"Yes, miss; Mr. Stanton always used to 'ave 'is window open." "Well, just open them as they would be if they were here." The woman did as she was bid. Edith then placed a piece of paper on the table where Gilbert said he had laid the confession, the door leading into the bed room and the entrance door having first been opened. There was considerable draught, and the paper trembled on the table.

"Perhaps there was more air on that day," said Edith. "I will substitute a lighter piece of paper." This she did, and almost immediately it was caught by a current, and it fluttered across the room. As it fell on the floor they were startled to see a little kitten spring from the open doorway and pounce upon the paper, rolling over and over with it in her teeth.

"Lor, miss," suddenly broke in Mrs. Morton, "now I remember! When the gent shot 'isself I was working in the 'ouse opposite, and came back to see what was the matter. That little kitten belongs to the party in the next set, and when I came up to the landing she was playing just like that with a bit o' paper, which she runs away with and leaves on the stairs."

"Yes," said Edith, in breathless eagerness. "Well, paper about the stairs looks so untidy, miss, so I picked it up and—" "What did you do with it?" "I threw it in the pail with the other rubbish."

For the second time the contents of the pail was emptied by the landlady and carefully examined. It was absolutely certain that the paper was not there.

Edith sent the landlady home, shut herself in the solitary chambers and began the hunt afresh. Next morning she returned to her hopeless task. Mrs. Morton she had relieved from further attendance, and was walking up and down the chambers in thought when there came a knock at the door. It was the landlady herself. "I know where that bit o' paper is, miss! I stays a bit in the kitchen—just to see if I might be of any use, you understand—and while I was waiting I puts a new candle in the candlestick. Them 'nines' is rather small for the candlestick, so I takes a bit o' paper out of the pail to make it fit. Come into the bed room, miss. Why, it's gone!" "I was here late last night and I burnt the candle very low—and the paper took fire!" "And you burnt it, miss!" "Only slightly, I remember. I blew it out, threw the paper away and put in a new candle that I removed from the piano. I threw it under the grate. Thank heaven, we have found it at last!"

"There is nothing here, miss," said the woman on her knees. "The grate is quite empty! You can take my word for it, that paper's bewitched."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Underground photography is advancing. By using a microphone, you can hear a fly walk. Steel rails, it is said, average 130 tons per mile, iron 145. San Antonio, Texas, is said to be a very desirable resort for consumptives.

The Pennsylvania Railroad locomotives between Jersey City and Pittsburgh burn \$40,000 worth of coal daily. Dr. Quintard, of France, has invented a delicate surgical instrument for gauging the trembling of nervous people. A retired French naval officer has invented a rifle which is capable of firing two kinds of explosive bullets at once. The Kansas University is excavating a tunnel under its various buildings through which all of them will be heated.

The New York Health Board has declared consumption a communicable disease and announces a vigorous plan of procedure to prevent its spread. Sewing machines driven by electric motors have been fitted up in a large costume establishment in Paris. The current is obtained from the street mains. The meteorological stations in Japan, of which there are forty, are being connected together by telephone. Thirteen stations are already in communication.

Kansas capitalists talk of piping natural gas from Needles, where it was recently discovered, to the zinc fields of southeastern Kansas and southwest Missouri. A powerful telescope may reveal as many as forty-three million stars, of a number of which the light takes two thousand seven hundred years to traverse the intervening space. Coffee is intoxicating if taken in sufficient quantities, though differing in its effects from alcoholic stimulants. The nerves may be paralyzed in a degree approaching delirium tremens.

M. Dufosse, a French savant, declares that fishes can talk. They can, he declares, produce certain sounds at will by the vibration of certain specially designed muscles. These vibrations are caused by a little air bladder, which is alternately distended and exhausted. The timber line in the Rocky Mountains runs as low as 9500 feet and as high as 12,400. It has been observed that on the south slope of Mount McClellan, in Colorado, pines two feet in diameter and thirty feet high live and increase in size at an elevation of 12,400 feet. The winter at that elevation is long, the cold is intense, and the snowstorms are of terrific violence.

The Massachusetts State Board of Health concludes, from investigations of artificial ice, that artificial processes of freezing concentrate the impurities of the water in the inner core of the portion last frozen, that the impurities are least if distilled water is used, that the number of bacteria in artificial ice is insignificant under the prevailing methods of manufacture, and that the amount of zinc found in ice is insufficient to cause injury from its use.

The person whose name will go into the book that will some day be compiled on "Curiosities Respecting Human Beings" as the "Elephant Man," died in a London hospital in the early part of the year 1890. The poor fellow was afflicted with two of the most terrible diseases known to the physicians and surgeons—overgrowth of the bones and tumorous excrescences of the skin. Two enormous bony outgrowths developed on his forehead, and later on the bones of the upper jaw, nose, right arm and both feet grew to gigantic proportions. The skin disease caused great flapslike masses of flesh to hang from different portions of his body, particularly from the face and head. The nose was the facial feature upon which the disease seemed to have taken special note, the overgrowth of bone, flesh and skin causing it to hang down so as to give the man a very repulsive, elephantine appearance. Just before his death, the head, which had been increasing in size with wonderful rapidity for about four years, attained such proportions that the neck could no longer hold it erect. During the whole of the last year of his life he slept in a crouching position, with his hands clasped around his legs and his enormous head resting on his knees and arms.—St. Louis Republic.

Some Costly Banquets. There are some costly banquets recorded in the world's history, and one supper, given by Aelius Verus, footed up nearly a quarter of a million dollars. One dish at the table of the Emperor Heliogabalus, cost \$200,000. Cleopatra's banquet to Antony was a sumptuous affair, and the queen took a pearl ear-drop worth \$50,000, dissolved it in strong acid, drinking the health of the triumvir, saying, "My draught to Antony shall exceed in value the whole banquet." When Queen Elizabeth visited the exchange in London, Sir Thomas Gresham pledged her health in a cup of wine containing a precious stone crushed to atoms, worth \$75,000. In 1877 the Empress of Brazil presented to Queen Victoria a dress made from spiders' webs. The web was made by the huge yellow spiders of Brazil, the fiber being large, of a bright orange color, silky, and possessing an exquisite luster. Its value or cost of manufacture is unknown, but it ranks as one of the curiosities of the world.—St. Louis Republic.

ROMANCE OF COTTON SEED.

ONCE DESPISED, IT NOW DIVIDES KING COTTON'S THRONE. Formerly Cast Away as Refuse, All But the Dirt is Now Utilized—Its Many Uses.

SOME of the most marvelous and thrilling romances are such as pertain to actual business life, and recount the achievements of wonderful men, even along purely financial lines. For instance, the pen of a master might be worthily employed in writing the romance of the cotton seed. There is a rebellion in the family of King Cotton. A few years ago he held undisputed sway and his youngest son, Cotton Seed, was considered a very insignificant and comparatively worthless member of the family, his only merit being his ability to propagate the royal stock. Now it is quite different, as the youngster has developed unsuspected good qualities, and is making rapid progress toward displacing his father in the affections of the people.

Five years ago, when the Southern planter gathered his cotton and sold it, he paid very little attention to the seed. He saved enough of it to raise his next year's crop, and, if convenient, kept a few bushels more to feed the milk cows around his farm. Sometimes he carted off a few wagon loads to dump on an old field as a fertilizer, and often he refused to haul it away from the gin at all. The amount that rotted around such places was immense. When any was sold, it commonly brought five cents a bushel, provided the farmer was not ashamed of taking anything for such a commodity. Even three years ago, in many sections of the South, eight cents for a bushel of cotton seed was considered a good price. This year the price was often as high as twenty-five cents, and occasionally reached thirty-two. When cotton itself sells at six cents or seven cents per pound and seed at the prices mentioned the farmers begin to feel as if they would like their cotton to be all seed. As it is, the seed not unfrequently constitutes one-fourth or even one-third the value of the whole crop. So important a matter has it become that to-day one single company—the American Cotton Oil Company—has \$40,000,000 invested in handling cotton seed products.

The seeds themselves are of an irregular oval shape, measuring perhaps a quarter of an inch in their greatest diameter. They are unappreciated-looking little bodies, and are covered with short white, hairy-looking fibres. These last are cotton staples that the gin has not picked quite clean. A Northern man might have difficulty in guessing what the seeds are. Bite one of them in two and you find a white, pulpy substance, tasteless and nearly odorless. How so many products and such different ones can be gotten out of such a seemingly simple body is a mystery. Perhaps nowhere else do we find so fully illustrated the principle of utilizing waste products. Not a single particle of seed goes to waste. When a ton comes to the mill, the three or four gallons of oil extracted from it weigh about twenty-seven cents a gallon. There are 350 pounds of hulls, worth \$4 a ton; 750 pounds of wool, at \$2 a ton; twenty pounds of linters cotton, at three cents a pound, and about 108 pounds of dirt, for which there can hardly be said to be any real market. Cotton seed men are said to lie awake at night trying to devise some plan to utilize this dirt, but up to date it continues one item that has proven too much for their ingenuity. If the reader will do an addition sum of these figures he will see that every pound in the ton is accounted for; if he will figure a little further he will find that between \$19 and \$20 is realized on each ton handled. When the raw materials cost \$15, he can judge whether or not it is likely that just at the present juncture the mills are making much money.

The uses to which cotton seed products are put are almost innumerable. The oil itself is used in making soap, other oils, lard, butterine and countless other things. We ship immense quantities to Europe—especially Rotterdam—and bring it back again slightly refined under the name of olive oil and lard. The remainder and other pork men use large amounts in putting up lard. Cottoline is the name of a new product now coming into use as a competitor of lard. Many housekeepers use the oil itself instead of lard and claim to like it. The meal remaining after the oil has been extracted is fed to cattle, and is said to produce excellent results. The hulls are also fed to cattle. Twenty pounds of hulls and ten of meal make a full daily feed for beef steers, and the cattle are ready for market in ninety days. The hulls, furthermore, are now being used in manufacturing paper. Emil Bohn, of Bushman, Texas, has invented a process for so using them, and his ideas may cause a complete revolution in the paper trade. The oil in its crude state is a clear, reddish-brown liquid that looks not unlike a substance frequently carried by men in flasks in their hip pockets. It has a peculiar oily taste and a very independent, self-assertive kind of odor. If one may judge from the odor, cotton seed oil is capable of taking care of itself. Most mills produce the oil only in its crude state, sending it elsewhere to be refined. There is a refinery at Houston, one at St. Louis, one in Kansas City and others at various other places of prominence. The refined oil sells at from six to twelve cents a gallon higher than the unrefined, but, as the work is one requiring expensive machinery and skilled labor, it is not generally attempted by the smaller mills.—Globe-Democrat.

FAREWELL.

I say farewell, but with a sense Of something more than confidence That it is not the dismal word, Which, overgrown with gloom, is heard Where tears are shed, where people part The pieces of a broken heart. And things like that—the dreadful kind, Which shake the soul and mar the mind.

To me, farewell is touch of hands, A parting on the golden sands. A look to eastward, where the light Shall rise to drive away the night Of separation, which must fall In chilling shadows on us all. To me it does not seem the end Of what has been for friend and friend, But through its severance I see Beginning of what is to be. A promise of the future, when The hands which parted, clasp again. These are the sunbeams, which dispel The shadows, when I saw farewell. —W. J. Lampton, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A well-known chop house—The washboard.—Truth. A man who drives away customers.—Texas Siftings. The reasons of the talkative mortal are mostly sound.—Dallas News.

Revised Proverb: One man's mess-out is another man's hoodoo.—Truth. An egotist is a man with a preponderance of I in his constitution.—Puck.

A broken engagement is, perhaps, in other words, only a drawn battle.—Puck. Boarding-house coffee is sometimes like the quality of mercy; it is not strained.—Truth.

A woman can usually keep in the fashionable swim if she has a duck of a bonnet.—Puck. If "bread is the staff of life," 't is plain that bread-and-butter's a gold-headed cane.—Puck.

First Actor—"What are you doing now?" Second Actor—"Me friends."—Detroit Free Press. Cleanliness may be next to godliness; but it takes lots of advertising to make soap go.—Puck.

The times are becoming so hard that with many swells the trolley-ho has to give way to the trolley-ho.—Puck. It is a humanlike trait that the rooster always thinks he knows most about cackling.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Business is business, unless the customer happens to be a lady, in which case it becomes strategy.—Oil City Blizzard. Forbearance generally ceases to be a virtue about the time it begins to pinch the party of the first part.—Milwaukee Journal.

Every man has his opinions, but in many instances he picked them up where somebody else dropped them.—Galveston News. Man has been so cruel to woman that it is certainly remarkable that he has never boned her for his rib.—Galveston News.

If a woman wants a welcome when she gets home she should leave her husband with the baby when she goes.—Atchison Globe. Waiter—"De usual steak, sah?" Regular Customer—"No, I am tired to-night. Bring me a plate of hash."—Indianapolis Journal.

The most radical unbeliever in superstition is apt to find putting another man's name to a bank check a sure sign of trouble.—Buffalo Courier. Judge—"Why did you commit a second theft after you had just been acquitted of a first charge?" Prisoner—"So that I could pay my lawyer."—Halo.

Billad—"Did the editor send that joke back to you?" Shuhite—"Yes." Billad—"That's funny." Shuhite—"The editor said it wasn't."—Detroit Free Press. "Yes, sir, money talks; that is certain." Biggs—"Well, then, I'd like to hear a little something from that \$10 that you have of mine."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Professor—"How long should a man's legs be in proportion to his body?" Mr. Lowland—"Long enough to reach the ground, sir."—Yale Record. One of the queer things about juvenile humanity is the fact that the boy who has the measles is invariably the one whose society is most coveted.—Washington Star.

A Reminder: Porter—"Dear Herr Baron, would you be so kind as to put it down in writing that you haven't given me a tip this time, else my wife will think I've gone and spent it."—Rensselaer General-Anzeiger. Jillson says that with all due respect for the old proverb, when the average servant girl gets through with a piece of valuable bric-a-brac it is generally too late to mend.—Buffalo Courier.

What a beautiful thing is thought, said she. A boon it is to myself and Jim. I sit and think and I'm thinking of you. And he sits and thinks I'm thinking of him. —New York Press.

"I see you don't carry your beautiful gold-headed cane any more." "No, I'm reducing my running expenses." "How is that?" "The tips come higher to the waiters."—New York Herald.

"See here," said the citizen, as he put a stubby finger down on a copy of the paper. "Dis here item says dat I got a contract workin' for de State."

"Well," said the editor, "we understand that you had been awarded a certain contract." "So I has, and I want you to say as in de nex' paper. De way it come out, widout sayin' 'wot de contract' was, about half my friend's will 'tink I been sent to de pen."—Indianapolis Journal.