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Korea is becoming almost as erratic and turbulent as a South American Republic.

The great exodus from Canada to the United States has become a party issue in the Dominion.

Building ground comes high in London. Lately a plot of fifty-seven square yards in Lombard street sold at \$6500 per square yard.

The Director of the United States Mint estimates, and believes his estimate to be within the mark, that the world's production of gold for 1895 will amount to \$200,000,000.

The great decrease in the percentage of diphtheria mortality in New York City for 1895, as shown by the Board of Health statistics, is a strong argument in favor of the anti-toxino remedy.

The failure of several water-power electric plants from dry weather suggests to the Atlanta Constitution the necessity of a small steam power in reserve in case of works using nearly all their available water power in ordinary dry seasons.

Chinese rainmakers dress a dog in comic attire and carry it through the streets, in the belief that the laughter excited will cause a pleasant frame of mind among the gods and induce them to end a drought. The Chinese claim that their rainmakers are as successful as the American and far less expensive.

A French scientist has recently discovered a means of increasing the illuminating power of ordinary coal gas about fifteen times. The increase is accomplished by supplying a small but constant current of air to the flame. A tiny electric motor is fixed in the body of the gas lamp which is a diminutive ventilator. The motor is run by a current supplied by a couple of small accumulators. The flame has a remarkable brilliancy, and lamps have been constructed on this pattern with an illuminating power of 800-candle power.

The young King of Spain saw his first bull fight the other day, announces the New York Tribune. His mother, who has a horror of the brutal sport, postponed the event as long as possible; but even she was unable to override the ancient court precedent that prescribes attendance on bull fights as part of the education of a Christian monarch. The little chap viewed the sport without betraying any enthusiasm, and departed without rewarding the successful matador, in accordance with custom. And some Spaniards, therefore, fear that he may bring discredit on his order and race by taking a stand against the National sport when he grows to man's estate.

Spain now has in Cuba an army of 60,000 men. This is a force greater by 10,000 than the whole British army in India. The entire population, white and colored, is only four times as great, and its proportion to the number of whites capable of bearing arms is about that of one or two. Rarely does history record an instance where a country so small has been invaded by an army so great, and when it is remembered that the Spaniards control the whole administrative and industrial machinery of Cuba, and that they have the more or less effective sympathy of a not inconsiderable local party, the New York Times thinks their lack of success is a startling commentary both on the military skill of Spain's Generals and soldiers and on the merits of the cause for which they are supposed to be fighting.

The New York Independent publishes one of the most remarkable discoveries ever made in American history. It is nothing less than the oldest document in existence of the period of the Dutch settlement of New York. It is a long official journal kept, in the winter of 1634-35, by Arent Van Corlear, one of the leading men in the colony, who made a visit to the villages of the Iroquois confederation, consisting of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Seneca Indian tribes. This journal, which has lain lost in a garret in Holland for two hundred and sixty years, has been found by General James Grant Wilson, and brought to this country, and the translation shows it to be of extraordinary interest for the history of the region between Albany and Utica, which was then wholly held by Indians. The conclusion of the journal consists of a list of Indian words with their translations, making the earliest Iroquois vocabulary known, the publication of which is delayed till another week.

IN THE FIELDS.

The reapers—they are singing in the fields of golden grain, And a merry song arises on the mountain and the plain; And it's ho! for life and living, for no blessing heaven denied, And a song of glad thanksgiving goes in music to the skies!

The reapers—they are singing, for the harvest smiles to God, Where the heavenly benediction gave the color to the clod; There is gladness in the morning—there is gladness in the night; For the corn is hanging heavy, and the cotton fields are white!

The reapers—they are singing, for the summer days are past, and toil is crowned with plenty, and with sweet reward at last! And it's ho! for life and living, for no blessing heaven denied, And songs of glad thanksgiving go in music to the skies!

—Atlanta Constitution.

EFFECT OF A STORY.

PERHAPS it was partly her fault, or may be it was all his fault. Anyway, they had just had a quarrel, one of those unpleasant little affairs in which neither one nor the other will give in or acknowledge being in the wrong, but thinks it the duty of the other, equally blameless participant, of course, to first say, 'I am sorry.'

And it was their first quarrel, too. Then he falls back on the old resort and says, 'I am going to the club.' He gets his hat and coat and is about to open the door to step out when she half repents and asks him not to go, but to stay at home with her, 'at least one evening in the week.' But he is either obstinate to her appeal or does not hear her, for he closes the door with a bang and leaves her alone, to return, perhaps at midnight, perhaps at dawn. Then she takes the usual course, throws herself on a lounge and cries.

He goes directly to the club. There he meets a few of his friends and they sit down for a smoke. Thus they sit for perhaps half an hour, when the entrance of a rather fat individual seems to create quite a commotion among the smokers. He is besieged on the right and left to come and join them in their smoke and Robert Langdon wonders who this rather stout individual who enjoys such popularity can be. 'Major Hunt, one of the most capital story tellers we have had for some time,' answers one of his friends, in reply to a laughing query from Langdon. 'Wait until you hear one of his stories; you will think so, too.'

'Major, this is my friend Langdon.' The Major has hardly made himself comfortable before he is asked to tell one of his stories, and after a while yields to the entreaties of the crowd and begins: 'There is not an army post in the country, or in the world, which has not some little romance interwoven in its history. But one which I especially remember is one in which the faithfulness of women, as I will call it, played such an important part as to fix the story in my mind forever.'

'It was about five years ago, at a Western fort, that this incident happened. We had there a young private who came, I believe, from the somewhere. I never did find out exactly where he came from, and I have even forgotten his name now. He seemed to be an indifferently sort of a fellow, rarely joining the rest of the men in their larks, and keeping pretty much to himself. He was a handsome young man, too, nearly six feet tall, if I remember correctly. It was his mysterious manners which made me wonder what he did with himself during his spare moments—that is, when his time was not required by Uncle Sam. We tried in vain to find out all that we could ever learn of him was that he was always in his mess room during these intervals, and his companion privates there said, 'He reads and reads all the time,' that's all. Army life did not seem to agree with him very much and we could not see why he ever entered into it. Still there was no one in the fort with nerve enough to ask him the questions he was so anxious to have answered. He was the one mystery of the fort. Perhaps you will wonder why we officers should take any interest in a common private, but before I am through you will see who that was.'

'What was also a mystery to us was how he had managed to become well acquainted with the quartermaster's daughter to be seen occasionally walking with her. Her name, you must remember distinctly, is Genevieve Hattie. She was the belle of the fort. I do not believe to this day that there was hardly a man in that fort at that time who would not stand even Indian torture if she had so wished—but don't be alarmed, gentlemen. No such thought would ever have entered that girl's mind. And then she was very beautiful. Perhaps this had something to do with it. Those among us who had been sick had special reasons for feeling grateful to her, for as soon as she heard of a case of sickness she seemed to be out-patient and needles until she received consent from her father to nurse the sick one, whether he was officer or private. In truth, her kindness and charity towards all made soldiers out of half the men in the fort, and the other half were dead in love with her. 'Now to get down to the story. One day there came the announcement that the Indians had gone on the war-

path and that the men should be got in readiness to leave at almost any moment to hunt down a band of roving bucks, who were thought to be in our neighborhood, before they had much chance of robbing and killing the settlers. One morning the command came, and a troop of cavalry was detailed to go out, and, if possible, bring them in. The matter had now taken quite a serious turn, for the few bucks who had started the depredations on a small scale had been joined by the others, until several hundred of them had gone on the war-path in dead earnest. It happened that the mysterious private's troop was the one detailed to go out first on a sort of a reconnoitering trip, and if on investigation it was thought necessary to send out more men they were to return for reinforcements. 'It was a busy scene at the fort that morning. Soon the bugle sounded, the men leaped into their saddles and moved up to the gate of the fort. It was a proud moment for the men who composed that troop, for it was their first actual expedition after the enemy. Then came the sound of the bugle again and the men were off, with the cheers of their comrades ringing in their ears. 'We in the fort had many anxious hours that day and night, wondering how the expedition would turn out, though we little thought that there would be any serious results. They would probably return, we thought, with the whole band of redskins as prisoners. We had no idea that the red raps would dare defy them or much less fire on them on the only day of the night a terrible snowstorm set in, however, and we kept anxious watch to see if they would give up the chase on this account and return to the fort. But no. The night passed away and dawn still saw no trace of the men. The storm seemed to become more furious with the advent of day, and the blinding flakes made it impossible to see many feet outside the fort. Then misgivings regarding the safety of the men began to take form. We had no almost forgotten the Indians, and our only thoughts were of the men and how they would manage to return to the fort in this terrible storm. About noon there was a lull in the wind and snow, and couriers were sent out to see if any trace of the troop could be found. They might be wandering a few miles outside the fort, we thought, unable to find their way in. The searches returned, however, after a fruitless search, saying that it was impossible to find any trace of them, not knowing exactly where to look for them. The ground, of course, having been covered by the snowstorm, their departure, it was impossible to follow in their tracks. 'About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, however, we were rewarded in our watch by seeing a dark mass off to the west, and as it drew nearer a shout went up from the watchers, as we discovered our missing troop. 'When the men rode into fort again they were plied with questions as to what they had done during the terrible storm. But the queries were cut short by the announcement that they had been pursued by at least three hundred Indians, who had poured bullets into the little troop for a while, and that one man was missing altogether. Then for the first time we noticed that many of the men were covered with blood. They had not been out of the fort five hours, they said, when they were attacked by a band of redskins most unexpectedly, for they had no idea that they were so near the fort. They seemed to have been waiting for them, and the private who was cut off by half the band, while the rest kept up a fire on them from ambush. They managed to get out of it without the loss of any men, however. A hot fire had been kept up on both sides while the retreat lasted, and several on our side had been wounded, and, as some of the men insisted, the Indians had lost quite a few to the happy hunting grounds. They at last gave up the chase when the storm set in. The 'mysterious private' was missed when the troop emerged from a strip of woods about twenty miles from the fort. He was wounded during the fight, and had evidently given up the fight from exhaustion. While the men were telling this we stood about and wondered what would be done to find the poor fellow, who had now undoubtedly passed into another world. 'The storm had again commenced with seemingly added fury, and we realized what a dangerous undertaking it would be for anyone to set out with the intention of going to see what had become of the man. We returned to our quarters after hearing no end of narrow escape stories from some of the privates, to await orders from the commandant as to the next move. 'We had all given up the idea of going after the body by nightfall—that is, all but one. 'Before my time for arising the next morning there came to my ears the loudest cheering, mixed with shouts, that I have ever heard in all my lifetime. I hastily dropped into my clothes and ran out to see what was up. Near the gate I saw almost the entire population of the fort, so it seemed to me, most of them engaged in cheering and shouting over something. Before I reached the crowd it parted and two persons rode toward me—the 'mysterious private' and Genevieve Hattie. As she passed me, standing almost glued to the spot with surprise, she called out, 'Pleasant morning, Major,' just as though she had come in from a morning's pleasure ride. 'That girl had actually ridden out of the fort at dawn to find that young scamp, who did not seem to be hurt at all—save for a few scratches such as the rest of the troops had received. She had met him, fortunately, riding toward the fort, or God knows what

might have become of that brave girl in the snow. It surprised me a little to see her so happy after such a dangerous undertaking. But that was, of course, natural then, as I did not know what had passed between them on that ride. 'During the absence of the young fellow one of his comrades had cheek enough to examine his effects—to find out who he was and notify his relatives of his death, so he said, but as I believe, to see what the duce it was that kept him so busy during the evenings. But the big stories the man expected to tell of what he found are still untold, for he found 'only a lot of books, principally law books, newspaper clippings of testimony in trials and a lot of other useless trash,' as he expressed himself. What the duce the fellow was doing with these was more than he could imagine. Then a great light burst upon me. Imagine a private in the service of Uncle Sam giving up all the pleasures of army service—very few there are—for the sake of studying law, and you have a fair idea of what he was doing. 'The Indians were rounded up afterward and subdued. They were soared, I guess, by what they had done, and—' 'What's the matter, Langdon, not going already, are you? The story did not effect you so seriously, did it? Why, man, I actually believe there are tears in your eyes! 'Well, no—but I really have to go now. I have an appointment at home and I've got to go now, or I am liable to be late.

Whether Robert Langdon had an appointment at home or not, does not matter much. Sufficient is it to say that he did go directly home, where he found his wife on the lounge, just where she had thrown herself as he left to go to the club. A sob greeted him as he approached her. 'Genevieve, can you forgive me? It was all my fault, and if you'll forgive me, I'll never do it again.' She turned up her tear-stained face to him and he bent over and kissed her, wondering how he ever entered into him to be so cruel. 'No, it was not your fault, it was mine. I actually drove you to that horrid club, when I know you don't care to go there.'

'Well, we will not fight about that just now. Do you remember Major Hunt at the fort? I heard him tell a story at the club to-night—a story of how a young girl at a Western fort, a few years ago, rode out into the snow to rescue a man who had got lost from his troop, and how she brought him in safe and sound. Shall I tell it to you? I remember it, word for word.'

'No, you need not, and if you're not going to stop your everlasting talk about that I am just going to get angry again; now!' He stopped.—Chicago News.

Transplanting Teeth. Among the wonders of modern surgery there is nothing more remarkable than the transplanting of teeth. Some years ago a dentist on the Pacific coast erected a sensation by extracting a tooth from the jaw of one person and inserting it in the jaw of another. Since that time the operation has been repeatedly tried, but with not altogether satisfactory results. At least twenty-five per cent. of the cases have failed of success. Considering that the experiment is in its infancy, this is encouraging. The method is to select the tooth required for the purpose, pains being taken that it is of just the size and shape to fit the space of the new jaw. The crown is severed from the root, which is then deprived of its perimentum and shaped to suit the operation. A thorough cleansing of the nerve canal is next in order, then the apex of the root is filled and hermetically sealed with a tiny platinum tube carefully fitted into the nerve canal. After the most careful course of antiseptic treatment the socket is prepared to receive the new root, which is secured in place and so covered that it is safe from shock and pressure. After about six weeks, or when the union has taken place, provided the operation is successful, a porcelain crown is attached to the root and the patient has a fine, strong and natural-looking tooth.—New York Ledger.

A Babe Born Fond of Bicycling. A lady in Reno has a baby less than a year old which has inherited a peculiarity. The child has been very cravvy and appeared to be constantly cravvy something. One thing after another has been given to it and every means known to professional nurses was used in an endeavor to satisfy this craving. 'The mother is an expert bicyclist and is very fond of riding. It was remembered that before the birth of the child she had an almost irresistible desire to take a spin on her wheel, and it was thought likely that the child had been marked in this respect. About two weeks ago a basket arrangement was attached to a bicycle, the child put into it and given a ride of a mile or two. A change was immediately noticeable in its condition, and daily outings of this character have resulted in a complete cure of the little one's peevishness, and the child has rapidly gained strength and flesh under this treatment.—Reno (Nev.) Gazette.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Over seven thousand varieties of microscopic sea shells have been enumerated by naturalists.

The perfume of the uning flower is said by some naturalists to have an intoxicating effect on small birds. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens its leaves and flowers at 8 o'clock in the morning and generally closes again by 4.

A Canadian experimenter preserves wood from the boring beetle by soaking it two or three months in a saturated solution of lime. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company will use crude petroleum from the Los Angeles oil fields as fuel for a number of their locomotives.

One legal unit equals 1.0112 British Association units; hence, to transform resistances expressed in British Association units to legal ohms, the numerical values have to be reduced by about one-tenth per cent.

It is reported that a vein of iron ore has been discovered in Midland County, Michigan, lying from a few inches to a few feet under the surface, running for a distance of one and one-half miles before coming to the end, the vein being eighty rods in width.

In the case of muck, as it comes to the refiner, the color is so pungent and unpleasant that those who have to examine the pods in which it comes have to wear cloths over their mouth and nose, and in some cases inhalation of the odor produces bleeding at the nose.

Behring's law says that the blood and blood serum of an individual which has been artificially rendered immune against a certain infectious disease may be transferred into another individual with the effect to render the latter also immune, no matter how susceptible this animal is to the disease in question.

Among the latest foreign rivals to cordite is 'normal powder,' which is manufactured in Sweden, and which, its owners say, is more reliable than cordite. They offer to bear the expense of competitive trials between this and all the best known rifle powders in Europe. They claim also that by 'normal powder' remarkably even velocities and low pressures are obtained.

The cotton thread used for the filaments of incandescent lamps is parchmentized before carbonization by passing it slowly through a solution of sulphuric acid two parts, water one part, and finally washing it in water until every particle of the acid is removed. The parchmentized thread, after drying, is reduced to a uniform diameter by drawing it through dies, after the manner of wire drawing.

Acme of Ingratitude. A well-known auctioneer, interviewed in London recently, tells this story: 'We had the conduct of a sale of the library and effects of a gentleman well known in his day for his speculations and his varied career as their result, and the usual crowd attended the auction. The first day's sale passed without any incident, but in the second day's proceedings a remarkable incident occurred. Just before the first lot of the books was offered a gentleman walked into the room and asked the auctioneer if he could purchase the library in its entirety, so that the books should not be disturbed. There could be no objection to this as the library had been previously valued, and its price was named by the auctioneer. The would-be purchaser drew his check for the amount and the library was his—for a few minutes only, for he said, 'I am unknown to the man whose books you have just sold, and I wish you to hand them back to him with my card.'

The gentleman who made this generous gift was an engineer and contractor, and a member of a firm of world-wide celebrity. Some years afterward I met him on Brighton Pier, and reminded him of the circumstance. He then told me, to my astonishment, that the recipient of the books had in no way acknowledged the gift, which, to say the truth, was more remarkable than the generosity of his benefactor.—New York Mail and Express.

Brought Them Back. A New York man bought his own despised horse back at an auction sale not many months ago, and now a tale to match it comes from London. A man with a passion for good bargains in second-hand furniture failed to secure a wife who shared it. When the house got so full of relics that there was no room for more, she selected a few pieces which she thought would not be missed and sent them to an auction room to be sold. The evening of the day of the sale came, and with it a return of all those pieces and a few more. Her husband had happened in on the sale and, not recognizing his own furniture, bought it over again at a bargain which made the terms of the original purchaser sink out of sight.—Detroit Free Press.

An Enormous Steamer. The Westmeath, a new freight steamer recently launched at Wallsend, England, is a wonder in ship architecture. She is 465 feet long, fifty-six feet beam, 34 feet moulded beam, and has a carrying capacity of 10,500 tons dead weight of cargo, or 14,500 tons by measurement. The engines are triple expansion, with 189 pounds pressure. The bottom is double, and the construction is a system of oil-st tanks. It is supposed that the vessel is practically unsinkable; but there have been so many accidents and failures in this line that even the most sanguine believers in water-tight compartments have grown skeptical.—New York Ledger.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Fashionable Attitude—One More Victim—Knowing Its Danger—Lady of the House—'Are you familiar with all kinds of work?'—Weary Willy—'Yes, mum; I'm into it.'—Pack.

THINK OF THE BUTTERFLICK! 'We had some lovely grape butter in the country.' 'Do you know now they made it?' 'Oh, churned the juice, I suppose!'—Chicago Record.

A SUFFICIENT EXPLANATION. He—'I don't see why you need blubber so, even if Charley has gone away.' She—'Don't you see I'm quite unmanned?'—Farper's Weekly.

A LOVELY MORNING. Teacher—'What excuse have you for being late?' Truthful James—'Me watch was stole by a highwayman; an' it took me half an hour ter kill him an' git it back!'—Pack.

GOING HIM ONE BETTER. 'I began life without a cent in my pocket,' said the purse proud man to an acquaintance. 'I didn't even have a pocket,' replied the latter, meekly.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

NO DISGUISE. Husband (admirably)—'There's no use trying to disguise the fact, you are smarter than I am, my dear.' Wife (complacently)—'The fact, my love, has never been in disguise among those who know us.'

TOO SENSITIVE. 'I don't eat any more at Snagg's restaurant.' 'Why not?' 'I complained of the steak yesterday, and he told me to bridle my appetite.'—Detroit Free Press.

PINK DELICACY. She—'He is a man of the finest delicacy of feeling, I don't care what you say about him.' He—'That's so. He only touched me for a quarter when he might have made it a dollar.'—Detroit Free Press.

OF THE WORLD. Higgins—'Do you think the earth is round?' Wiggins—'Blessed if I know. Judgment from my experience with the people who live on it, I'm pretty sure that it isn't square.'—Detroit Free Press.

HIS BEING DIVISIO. 'Bankins is worth millions,' remarked one of the clerks in the tax office. 'And yet I'll bet anything he will be on the delinquent tax list as usual.'

A GREAT RENUNCIATION. Sally Gay—'Miss Oldgal had a terrible battle between pride and inclination last night.' Dolly Swift—'How was that, dear?' Sally Gay—'Why, it was her thirty-first birthday, and old Jack Gidlyboy wanted to kiss her once for each year, but she took only twenty.'—New York World.

A GOOD TURN. Drummer—'I've done a big day's work to-day; have taken orders for over \$5000 worth of goods.' Bill Collector—'Who are the parties?' Drummer—'All to Skinner & Slow-say.'

HIS WIFE'S DOGS. 'Mabel,' said her father, after Mr. Stalate had left, just in time to catch the last car, 'that young man owns stock in the gas company, does he not?' 'Yes.'

'And he is also heavily interested in the coal trade?' 'I believe so.'

'Well, hereafter he must be reminded that his departure is due at 10 p. m. I am convinced that his devotion to you is not disinterested.'—Washington Star.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM. Her Father (appearing suddenly over the wall)—'Ah! young man; it's you, eh? Did my daughter promise to meet you here?' 'The Young Man (seared into telling the truth)—'Yes, s-s-s, sir. She promised to meet me here a quarter of an hour ago; but—but—I haven't seen anything—of—her.'

Her Father (angrily)—'That is just like a woman, for all the world! They have no respect for an engagement, whatever. You just stand here, and I'll go back to the house and find her.'—Pack.

THE BEST WORLD STILL.

It's a sad old world when there don't shine, But there ain't no use repinin'; There's a bright, sweet spot, where the roses twine, An' love when the sun ain't shinin'.

An' the winds may blow, An' the frosts may kill; It's the best old world In the country still!

It's a cold, cold world when the silver's gone, But there ain't no use bewailin'; The seas run high, but the ships sail on, An' the sailors sing with the sailin'.

An' the winds may blow, An' the lights may kill; It's the best old world In the country still! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A minister of war—The army chaplain.—Pack. 'I will take some of this material—but will it work well?' 'Oh! it is indestructible—unfading—everlasting—it will wear till you pay for it!'

Sometimes when you think your neighbor is enjoying himself because he annoys you, he really annoys you because he is enjoying himself.—Pack.

Bellefield—'The Fayes comet is said to be very faint.' Bloomfield—'You would be faint, too, if you had traveled as far.'—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

'This is a hard world,' murmured the young man. 'Yes,' replied she; 'one doesn't realize how hard it is till one falls off a bicycle once or twice.'—Washington Star.

'I'm wedded to art, that, alone, in my heart, Is the passage that always survives.' 'It's a pity,' she sighed, 'but it can't be denied. That some husbands are had to their wives.'—Washington Star.

'And so you have started in to establish a magazine?' 'Yes,' replied Mr. Bullions. 'Do you write for it?' 'You bet I do. I write about seventeen pages a week for it; in my check book.'

Customer—'Waiter, just look at this spoon; it's dirty. Somebody has been drinking chocolate with it, and it hasn't been washed.' Waiter (with emphasis)—'That, sir, is not chocolate; it's verdigris.'—Pitt-Me-Up.

Blobs—'What nonsense it is for the newspapers, in their accounts of weddings, to describe the bride being led to the altar.' Slobs—'How so?' Blobs—'Well, most girls would find their way in the dark.'—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Slopay—'This bill is outrageous. You charge for ten visits and you attended me only five times during my illness.' Dr. Slocum—'Yes; but you forgot my five visits in attempting to collect my bill.'—Philadelphia Record.

Brown (after visiting a sick friend)—'Poor fellow! Did you notice that he was slightly delirious?' Jones—'No; I didn't. He seemed to me to be quite rational.' Brown—'Oh, no! Didn't you hear him say he knew just how he got the cold.'—Pack.

The Editor's Little Boy—'Pop says there was a donation party up at your house last night; what's that?' The Minister's Little Boy—'Why, that's when folks come to your house and bring pie and cake, and eat it all up, and then go home again!'

She—'I understand Mr. Kinks is quite literary.' He—'Not that I ever heard of.' She—'Why, some one told me he wrote for the magazines regularly.' He—'Of course he does. He's our newswriter and supplies the trade.'—Detroit Free Press.

'I'm going to give up my place at this restaurant,' said a Broadway waiter, with a look of disgust on his face. 'Why?' 'Why? Why, because they insist on my eating mushrooms before the customers to show them they're not toast-look.'—Toledo Bee.

'I have half a notion to end my existence,' said the dejected youth. 'I have nothing on earth to live for.' 'Better wait a while,' said the Cummingsville sage. 'After you get to be a few years older you won't want anything to live for. Just living will be considerable satisfaction.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

'Rouben,' inquired Mr. Upjohn, sharply, 'if the gate had been closed all night, as you say it was, how do you suppose that pig got into the stable yard? It could not be climbed through the fence.' 'I guess it must have crept through a crack, sir,' answered Rouben, the coachman, with dignity. —Chicago Tribune.

Teacher—'Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it and killed three, how many would be left?' Polly (aged six)—'Three, please.' Teacher—'No; two would be left.' Polly—'No, three wouldn't. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be flid away.'—Philadelphia American.

'How is business, John?' asked Uncle Allen Sparks, as the Chinese laundryman handed him his washing. 'Not velly good,' answered the Chinaman. 'By the way, John,' mused Uncle Allen, feeling in his pocket for the change wherewith to pay the laundry, 'what is your name?' 'Name Chin Chin.' 'Drop laundrying and try the auctioneer business, John.'—Chicago Tribune.

'There's no use in trying to get away from the solemn fact,' said the dreamy-eyed young man. 'The new woman is a most practical and unselfish creature.' 'What make you think so?' 'I told Miss Bogleigh that she had inspired some of my best poems.' 'What did she say to that?' 'Nothing. She wrote to my publishers for a copy of one of the publications.'—Washington Star.