# The Forest Republican

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# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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German iron now finds its way into India, Australia, South America and even Great Britain.

Vital statistics of Massachusetts show that in that State women are much longer lived than men.

The statement that the population of Kansas to-day is 100,000 less than it was in 1890 is probably within the

Pamine, floods and rebellion in China, it is estimated by the Rev. Timothy Richards, cause the death of 3,000,000 annually.

It is said that the fees of the United States Marshal of Oklahoma last year amounted to \$250,000. That office is five times as good as the Presidency.

A sharp observer notes that unmarried women will never own to more than twenty-two, and marriageable men make a sticking point of thirty-

The Atchison (Kan.) Globe man notices that "when a woman takes up literary pursuits the number of canned goods on her grocery bill steadily increases,"

The Portland Oregonian is much concerned that after all that is done to discourage it the migration of Northern farmers toward the South continues unabated.

Mexico is said to produce anything that can be raised in any other country. So varied is the climate that in the same State can be raised any product of the tropics and of the polar region.

Edward Simmons, the artist who designed the decorations for the new Criminal Court building in New York Oity, rejects the idea of blind justice, and has depicted that deity with both eyes open, holding her scales in one hand and the American flag in the

The Chicago Times-Herald thinks some uniformity should be introduced in the prenunciation of Iowa. It is variously spoken in Congress. "I-owah," "I-oway" and "I-owy," with the accent on the first syllable: "I-o-wy" and "I-o-way," with the accent on the second syllable, and "1-n-way," with the accent on the third syllable. None of these is correct. Senators Allison and Gear and

The conference of mutual accident insurance companies of the United States, which assembled in Boston recently to discuss the bicycle rider as an accident risk, has finished its deliberations. The results are disastrons to the bicycle riders. The following resolutions were unanimously passed: "Resolved, That the use of the bicycle should be covered by additional cost or a reduction of the amount of death and indemnity benefits, and it is recommended that this be provided for by either of the following methods: 1. The adequate increase of premiums to cover the added risk; or, 2. The classification, an occupation of bicycle riders in a class twice as hazardous as the preferred risk. 3. That benefits by accidents by bicycle riding be specifically reduced. 4. The including of bicycling under the policies to be covered only by specific permits at an extra premium." The next thing to come, suggests the New Orleans Picayune, may be the refusal of life insurance compances to take risks on the lives of bicycle riders.

Perhaps the most curious incident growing out of opposition to railway monopoly is found up in Minnesota. A farmer named Bines, who owned nothing in the world but a quarter section of mortgaged land and a spayined team of horses, suddenly concluded that the country was being ruined by railroads, and that the farmers must build a road of their own. He started out. The farmers did not have any money with which to subscribe for stock, but they pledged so many days' work on the road. Others made a gift of the right of way. Still others went into the woods and cut out the ties. Farmer Hines was much ridiculed when he started his agricultural road, but he has stock manfully to his task, and now the chances are the road will be actually built. He has 150 miles of right of way, pledges for the earthwork, ties enough to cover the line, and is now in New York negotiating bonds for the rails and rolling stock. The road will run for Duluth west through the Red River Valley into North Dakots, opening "up a new section of country. That is what an American farmer with a spavined team and faith

MY MITTLE WORLD,

My little world-it lies away O'er mendows musical with May, Past pleasant fields where wild doves wing And birds breast-deep in blossoms sing, And morning glories climb and cling. And there love's banners are unfuried; Love reignoth o'er my little world.

I pray you, mark in fields and glens The ourly-headed citizens! On every brow the morning glows, And every pattering footstep knows The way to white realms of the rose! And still their steps, where'er they be, Make pathways to the heart of me,

And lo! in fireside lights serone Her gracious majesty, the queen! Bhe weareth love's own diadem; Her gentle hands no jewels gem, But love bends low and kisses them. Swootheart and mother-friend and wife, Queen of my world and of my life!

Pars with me to my little world! The sleepy citizens are curied. And cuddled now in snowy cots: The twilight shades the garden plots, But not these sweet forget-me-nots! For they are smiling in their dreams, And on my world the morning beams!

Fare with me to my world, and rest There where the Love is sweetest-best: No shadows dim its walls of light, No clouds drift o'er its morning bright Whose rosy rays bring heaven in sight! Enter from thorny ways and sad, And kiss the Queen's hand, and be glad! -F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

### AN AVERAGE MAN.



OTTER was in love to do about it. He was full of meaning. tack. Indeed, he every eligible in town. felt sure it was. He reasoned to

had not been so anxiously careful to Cotter went up the rickety stairs conserve his attitude toward them. which led to the abode of culture, with tions which they would accept as leading up to serious things, without attracting the notice of hissister-in-law, and inviting the consequent rain of his hones.

Cotter could not tell what tactics his sister-in-law employed to keep him still a widower, but he knew they were efficacious. She never said anything to him; she employed herself entirely with the party of the second part. Any number of times in the years since he began to "take notice," he charming, and who had displayed just charming, and who had displayed just that piquant spice of consciousness, "I don't want anything to read, I ways believes. "Those other the members of the Iowa delegation when in his vicinity, which can agree that "I-o-wah," with a little ac-cent on the first and emphasis on the final syllable is the only right thing. tion which he called interest. One by one he had seen them grow chilly, indifferent, and commonplace, after the blight of an interview with his sister-in-law. And now that he wasas he told himself-honestly in love at last, he lay awake nights thinking of ways in which he could lead up to a declaration and yet leave Mrs. Shears

> If any man has tried to keep a eret in a town of ten thousand inhabitants, he knows how hopeless a task

Cotter had before him. It may sound strange to say that Cotter had never been in love before, although he had had a wife; but it only sounds so because it is an unconventional thing to put on paper. He had married at twenty-three-or, more properly speaking had been mar-ried, being passive in the matter. He had been a lanky, rather shy young man who had never had a home in his life, and who knew nothing of the ways of women. He was a serious fellow, to whom vulgar dissipation meant nothing as a temptation, and who lacked the vanity to read the innocent advances of young girls. So until he met Miss Clinch he had hardly known a woman. She was thirty, small, compact, with curls, sympathy, a lisp, and arched eyebrows that gave her an expression of childish wonder. She treated Cotter as though he were head and shoulders above any other man; and the sensation being new to her words. his simple heart, he drank it in like a

Miss Clinch, under her semblance of youth, was wearily reminding herself that it was "now or never." charms had never been those that appealed to maturity. Men like young girls, but they like them in a natural state of bud, giving promise of luxuriant bloom; not as stunted little roses. At thirty, with Miss Clinch, it was a boy or nobody, and Cotter was at her band. Heaven knows, his conquest was easy! She married him in less than six months; before another year she was dead, having done Cotter no particular harm, and leaving a not un-

casant fading memory behind her. It is a wise provision of nature which makes so many men the victims of a youthful passion for a wo man older than themselves. She educates them, keeps them free from entanglements, and lets them go, with open eyes and their eye teeth cut entirely through; but in the freemasoury of femininity the clder woman who married the boy is a traitor and a 'cat," and when the inevitable arrives, and the boy, grown a man, re-alizes that he has been tricked out of How that skittish colt of the doctor's the prize of life, she gets the scorn bolted at the engine on the bridge? instead of the sympathy of her sex. And you nearly sawed his head off—'To keep him from climbing jute is bad enough to fit her fate. But your buggy! Yes, and I remember happily Mrs. Cotter died, leaving how he pitched me" - "into your lap." in himself can do when he sets about it tess fortunately—the legacy of a sis hirs. Hitt was about to say, but she years.

est Miss Clinch, was a power in the community. She managed all the "He is out on the farm now." church , fairs and mothers' meetings, regard. She always spoke of him as tucked themselves under his mustache. "Do you remember the picnic at credit for his prominence. In the the island, when we rowed home in fifteen years between twenty-four and | the moonlight, andthirty-nine, he had never been able to throw off her yoke. He had established meek little Mr. Shears in his bank-for Cotter had grown rich fore I could get it off? in these passing years—and was edu-

through the maples at the lady moon sailing by his window. "Till ask Lucy her with it then."

Hitt!" And then he closed his eyes A look of disc and went to sleep.

Now there is an unwritten law in Clarksonville that no man shall call on | that, I suppose?" a married woman alone, and that no married man shall call at all. When in the course of human events it be comes necessary for a citizen to ring a neighbor's door bell, the person who answers it stands in the door with an inquiring air, waiting to be told the caller's business. That it might be social in character is out of the question. So Cotter had to wait two or

three days before he saw Lucy Hitt. Mrs. Hitt was a widow in the last with the pretty called at her home, every woman on Chase on Minetta kin the delicious piece of news. Cotstart and his spring had been street, and he hardly knew what man in town, and his lightest move Two or three minutes later, when

The Clarksonville library was partly supported by charity. As there were himself that the others could have ing, the ladies of the town took turns been nothing but been nothing but in acting as ilbrarian, and the fancies, because he Mrs. Hitt's day was not long in coming. He had not lain awake at night won- a year's subscription in his hand, and dering how he could pay them atten- sat down opposite Mrs. Hitt at the green magazine table, where he could

mouth which had no severity of lines,
"What can I give you?" she asked
politely, when she hal entered his
"I'm not a bit like th 'Art in Lace Making,' or Lombroso's 'Female Offender'? Those are our new books. Sally Rice wanted to read one, and Dr. Smith the other, as they are had seen girls whom he had found stockholders-" She waved her hand

> want to know what Mrs. Shears says o a girl to make her give me the cold

Mrs. Hitt looked at him, her blue eyes growing wider, and a tinge of red stealing its way to the top of her rounded cheek, where two or three golden freekles lay,

"Why do you ask me? How should I know?"

"Because," Cotter said boldly, "you were one of the girls. When you came here visiting Mrs. Dr. Smith on Rice

"You? Yes?" Mrs. Hitt's color deepened as he hesitated. He thought how pretty she was when she blushed.

"Oh, well-you know. nearly half my time hanging about after you, until you gave me to understand that you liked Tom Hitt better." "And you think I preferred Tom because Mrs. Shears -" she began indignantly.

"No, I do not. Now be reasonable. to see you, and asked you to drive of hers, and you never were the same

"Why did you think it was some-

"It wasn't only you, but-"
"Innumerable others. Who were they? I should like to know who else istened to Mrs. Shears. It will tickle my sense of humor to imagine them listening to-what she told me." And

"What was it?" "That was a long time ago."
"Maybe it was," Cotter said; "but to look at you, it might have been

yesterday. He looked at her rather closely, as if to make sure of his words. The table was only two feetlwide. She had been just eighteen when she called down upon her head the confidences of Shears, and Cotter had not had a good look at her since. It is not cusmary for young men to look very closely at married women in Clarksonville; and Tom Hitt had been an in valid for a long time, and had kept his

As Cotter looked at her now he re is hands as he let his memory carry him back over those twelve years. His wife had been dead three years then; to boarded with Mrs. Shears, and toy was actually the first young girl | Kansas City Star. had ever known very well. A new light came up from the corners of his black eyes, and his voice grew confi-

"Do you remember how I met you? "To keep him from climbing into

ter-in-law to keep her memory green.
Mrs. Shears, who had been the eld-me home," she went on lamely.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. "I bought that colt," Cotter said.

There was silence for a moment, Her rather aggressive nose was carried triumphantly, not only into, but and storekeepers called sociably from through, the affairs of everybody, and curb to curb. Cotter drummed on the Cotter was by no means least in her table with his fingers, and smiles

"Our skiff stuck fast on a sand-

"And I had to carry you ashore be-Mrs. Hitt laughed, but the white cating her boys, taking upon himself the good natured obligations of a brother. And Mrs. Shears exercised ing straight into her eyes, with an exher sisterly prerogative by keeping pression that made her uneasy, went on, "I was choking over—the chokable words, when that skiff stuck. I them!" Cotter said as he doubled his pillow under his hot head, and looked through the maples at the lady moon sailing by his window. "I'll ask Lucy her with it then."

A look of disdain swept the blush out of Mrs. Hitt's face. "It took dozens of times before you swoke to

"Not exactly dozens-"And" — furiously — "you would have married dozens of girls if she had

let them alone, I suppose?"
Cotter leaned across the table and took her hands. "Lucy," he said, 'would you have married me if she hadn't meddled.

The stiff bosom of Mrs. Hitt's lavender shirt waist heaved once or twice. and her sailor hat bent down until Cotter couldn't see anything but a stages of mourning; and if Cotter had pink lip twisted under the clutch of white teeth; but a hot drop splashed girl who was stay- the block would have put on her bon- on his thumb, and brought him ing with Mrs. net and gone to tell her most distant around the table as if he were an auto-

thought that this was full of meaning.

In the mean time, the pretty girl what did Mrs. Shears say to you, tack. Indeed, he every eligible in town.

"You know-I married Tom," she began resitatingly.
"Yes!" he said impatiently. Tom

did not seem to belong here. "I-would you like it now, if I-if been nothing but in acting as librarian, and fortunately anybody were to tell you that I kept all of Tom's things by me and kissed his photograph good night, and—"
"No." Cotter's voice was cold.

Lucy went on rapidly. "Do you remember the story of the bride who cried and explained that she couldn't look full into her face. It was a pret-ty, pleasant face to look into, with little fluffy tendrils of red gold hair he couldn't be sorry his first wife died; pushed behind the small ears, and a and if he wasn't that made him too

"I'm not a bit like that!" "Know this," Cotter said solemnly; "I never knew what love was until I knew you; I never loved any woman

but you. Lucy looked at him. As a sage long ago discovered, whatever a woman may doubt, that statement she al-

"Those others?" Figurents of my imagination. held both his; hands, and coked into his face, with hers against

his coat. "I knew it," she whispered, "when you came in and asked that question. I think I always knew that you would

Cotter was standing where he could see out of the window. The numpkin phaeton was going by, with the pretty girl from Minetta street sitting by Mrs. Shears and looking rather unhappy. For the thousandth part of a second Cotter had a sinking of the heart. It was all up again! Mrs. Shears was telling that girl that he kissed his wife's picture good night. He gave a "st" of indignant amusement; and then he remembered, and looked happily down into Lucy's face.

-Munsey's Magazine.

# Continental Currency,

Several attempts were made to have But I do know that Mrs. Shears went the Continental currency funded of redeemed, but without success. The with her in that old pumpkin phaeton | Continental Congress had no power to tax, and, being accustomed to paper issues as the ordinary form of money, naturally turned to that expedient. The outpour of currency began in 1775, and \$9,000,000 had been is used before it began to depreciate. In 1776, when the depreciation set in, Congress adopted stringent measurer to sustain the bills, but at the end of 1778 the value of a paper dollar had she laughed rather loudly to prove fallen to sixteen cents in the Northern States and twelve cents in the South. In two years more its value had fallen to two cents, and before the end of 1780 it took \$10 in bills to make one cent in value. It is hardly necessary to add that the currency soon ceased to circulate. It was then that the expression, "not worth a continental," was adopted as indicative of absolute absence of value. - Boston Cultivator.

# Refuse! His Parole.

James Johnson, a lifetime convict in the Indiana State Prison at Jeffersouville, has relused a parole from the Governer, saying he is not guilty of murder, the crime charged, and will accept nothing less than an uncondius need that she had been the first. Itional pardon. He was sentenced in little tingle ran along the backs of 1893 for killing Leslie Fell, but claims it was done in self-defense. It is the only case on record where a parole was refused by any prisoner, as it is practically the same as a pardon.—

# The Turnish Needle.

A carious needle with a polished triangular eye large enough to carry strips of beaten gold and for use upon embroidery of linen was once shown to an American woman in Constanti-The particular interest attaching to the needle was the assertion its owner that it had been in the postession of his family more than 300

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

Dropped Into Slang-A Lamb-Justice-in It, But Not of It-A Little Goes a Long Way, Etc., Etc. She held a daisy in her hand

She held a daisy in her hand
And plucked its perais one by one;
As fair a picture was shethen
As e'er was shone on by the sun.
The rude young man, who, unawares,
Approached her, nearly had a fir,
To hear her rosoleaf lips ennunCiate: "He loves me—loves me nit!"
—Indianapolis Journal.

IN IT, BUT NOT OF IT. "Willie doesn't seem to have had as

ood a time as the rest of you boys. "Why is that?" "Y'see, we had our fun with Willie!"

Chicago Record. THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY. "Well, Doctor, is there anything

the matter with my foot?" asked Jones.
"My answer," replied the Doctor,
"is in the negative."

He had taken up the new photog-raphy.—Pick-Me-Up. HANSAS REPARTEE.

"Did you fall?" said a man, rushing to the rescue of a woman who slipped on the icy pavement, this morning. "Oh, no," she said, "I just sat down to see if I could find any four leaf clovers !"-Atchison Globe,

A LAMB. Clerk-"What can I do for you, madam?"

Mrs. Sweetly-"My husband told me this was a bucket shop, and I thought you might have some cheap wash tubs for sale."-Philadelphia

THE DIFFERENCE, Biggs-"I am so stout that I know exercise would do me lots of good." Tams-"Then why don't you get out and shovel that snow off the walk?" Biggs-"That's not exercise; that's work."-Truth.

LITTLE DEARS. "I hear you spent Sunday up at Watkins's.

"Has he any children?" "He says so; but it's my private opinion it's a menagerie he's got."-Harper's Bazar.

SMOOTHING IT OVER. Susie-"Say, auntie, dear, you're an old maid, aren't you?"
Aunt Emma (hesitatingly)—"Certainly, Susie; but it is not nice of you to ask such a question." Susie-"Now, don't be vexed, auntie;

I know it isn't your fault." A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY. "Stammering is an awful affliction,"

remarked the young woman. "Still it has its advantages, remarked the society young man. "Fellow doesn't need more than two or three ideas to keep him talking a whole evening."-India appolis Jour-

A NECESSARY TRIP. Miss Newwoman-"I will have to go to the city to-morrow and make

some purchases."
Miss Strongmind—"Can't you get what you want here?" Miss Newwoman-"No, there isn't a gent's furnishing store in town."-

A PRACTICAL ANSWELL

"This is leap-year," remarked the maiden, timidly, "and I am disposed to avail myself of my sex's privilege. Mr. Tillinghast, I love you. Will you be mine?

"But can you support a husband?" asked Mr. Tillinghast, anxiously .-Judge.

TUSTICE.

Willie-"I was kept in to day for throwing a plug of paper at another Mamma - "And wasn't that perfectly

Willie-"I don't think so, mamma when I missed the boy by a foot."-

FOR PROPRIETY'S SAKE. Niece-"Auntie, dear, Mr. Maler,

the artist, has asked me for my photo. He wants to make use of it for his last picture. Ought I to send it to him?" 'Yes, you can do so, but be sure to enclose with it a photo of your mother or some elderly lady. It would be highly improper to send your photo by itself!"—Tit-Bits.

"You remember Mary Simmons, who married Will Finnix chiefly on account of his super-nest appear-

"Yes. What has become of her?" "The poor thing has to stay at home all the time to see that there isn't a speek of dust visible about the bouse when he gets home."—Cincinnati En-

A WELCOME EPISTEE. She-"There must be good news in

He-"Why, it's from Cousin Bob. He just writes to say that it isn't convenient for him to pay me that money he borrowed." She-"I don't see anything in that to make you look so pleasant."

He—"But he doesn't ask for any

nore."-Puck.

In Norway a law provides that no person shall be permitted to cut down tree suless he plants three saplings in tin place.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is said that by the aid of Roentgen's X rays one can see the heart

Among the children of Paris wet nurses the average mortality is seventy-seven per cent. The skull of a human being is spt to

become thin in spots over the sections of the brain most exercised. Very few people know the sound of When they hear it

in a phonograph they are much sur-Pennsylvania engine No. 2106 is said to have run 250,000 miles with-

out once being taken to the shops for repairs. Sunlight is superior to artifical light because its action upon the eye is equable and unvarying, hence it

may be used long without fatigue. In the year 1598 there were only four kinds of hyacinth, the single and the double blue, the purple and the violet. At the present time there are

many thousands of varieties. The electric railroad will be in eration between Washington and Baltimore by next August. It will be operated by trolley, has no grade crossings, and an extraordinary rate

of speed is expected. "Gold steel," which is being manufactured at Sheffield, England, is an amalgam of aluminum and bronze. It takes a good polish and is easily kept bright. It is used for knives and forks, but the knives do not hold an

During 1894, 1315 patents relative to electricity were granted in Great Britain, the United States and Germany. Of these 1130 were British, being one-twentieth of all British patents; 1704 were American, and 481

were German. An electrical road for rural freight traffic is being constructed from St. Louis to Morse's Mill, thirty-five miles distant. Along the route there are now nine post offices, six flour mills and twenty-six stores or factories that transport their purchases and sales by

There is a spider in New Zealand that usually throws coils of its web about the head of its prey until the wretched victim is first blinded then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jurgle you come across most perfect skeletous of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

The Edson cure for consumption is being experimented with in the State Prison, at Auburn, N. Y., on some of the convicts. A large percentage of the deaths of convicts is due to phthisis, and the practical demonstration of the worth of Dr. Edson's discov-ery would be a boon to the prisoners.

The timidity of fish afforded one of many interesting discussions at a recent reunion of the Piscatorial Society. It was remarked that the big gun practice on the seacoast, while it moon, can't you?"—Somerville Jourwould cause lobsters out of sheer | nal. fright to east one of their claws, would drive millions of fish into other

waters. Dr. Sannders, an eminent specialist and a member of the Health Board of London, is a great believer in the value of the electric light. He claims that electricity is a great moral power; that it protects humanity better than the philanthropist, and, by purifying workshops and the factories, the sanitary laws are carried out with much less friction.

# Even Silk is Adulterated,

Some "improvements" in the treat

ment of silk are announced. Ordinarily silk is "weighted" by depositing tannate of tin on the fiber; the mate rial receives a bath of tannio acid and then another of perchloride of tip, s repetition of this being made until at increase of the weight amounts to from fifteen to twenty per cent. be youd which it is not considered safe to go in the case of silk intended to be dyed light shades or to be bleached. Recently a German inventor has brought forward a process in which silica is the weighting agent. In carrving out this method three steps are described. First, the silk, raw or in any stage of manufacture, and either before or after dyeing, is worked for an hour in a bath of perchloride of tin; then, after squeezing and wash ing, it is worked in a warm solution of water glass or soluble silicate of soda for about an hour, followed by washing, having also been previously passed through a solution of phosphate o The operation may be repeated again and again, with no harmful effect on the fiber or on the subsequent dyeing, and in five operations the silk may be increased in weight some 100 to 120 per cent. The silk is now soaped, and, if already dyed, is cleared in an emulsion of olive oil and acid. -Detroit News-Tribune.

# New Use for an Artesian Well,

Artesian wells are in use in some parts of the West to give power for conning electric light and power plants. At Chamberlain, South Dakota, last week a new, big, artesiar well, sunk to supply power for the electric lighting of a town, was put into service, and the results are highly satisfactory. The water is forced brough a three-inch nozzle onto Pelton water wheel, which runs the dynamo, giving power for 275 32candle-power invandescent lights. There is power sufficient for twicz

# A Blind Bicyclist,

J. O. Perry, of San Francisco, wh is stone blind, rides a bicycle, and is said to be an expert. Over unaccustomed roads he has to have snother wheelman with a bell before him as a guide, but in his regular routes he rides alone and unattended, and habut few accidents.

#### A MOTHER'S SONG

She's the awastest of the girls, An' I'm kissing of her curls, or they're fallin' like a shower o'er my

An' I've never seen the skies That were bluer than her eyes or a blossom that is sweeter than my blos-

Rock away, rock away, Where the sleepy people stay,

the birds an' all the fairles are amingin':

ock away while the dream-bells are a She's the sweetest of the girls,

But there ne'er was moon as bright As my darlin's curls o' light,

for a sweet rose that is sweeter than my blossom! Bock away, rock away,

Where the sleepy people stay, took away where the poppy-biossoms are swingin': Bock away, rock away, Till the breakin' o' the day. Rock away while the dream-bells are a-

-F. L. Stanton.

After a woman has tied up a bundle there is no string left in the house.

"Am so glad you had the dector; did he relieve you?" "Yes; of \$20."

—Boston Courier.

when the rustic Congression put it out, -The Capitol, Washington,

Dr. Pills-"Who was the most suceasful of all the girls who were study-

Harper's Bazar. man, "I don't see why a woman was not born with the capacity for swal-lowing excuses that she has for ice

Lawyer (a few years hence)—"Make your mind easy. The jury will disa-gree." Prisoner—"Sure?" Lawyer "I know it. Two of the members are man and wife."—New York Dispatch. "You are the only doctor who ad-

vises me to stay at home. All the others say I ought to go a winter re-

"I suppose they have all the Bort." patients they want."-Fliegende Blact-Disappointed Guest-"I thought

Tribune. She -"He whistled as he went for want of thought. Of course it was a boy. You wouldn't find a girl whist-ling for want of thought." He—"No;

used to make for me!" She-"And I wish I could get some good clothes dianapolis Journal.

"I hardly know whether to marry her or not," said the count; "her father is in the clothing trade." "There is money in clothes," said the duke. "There isn't any in mine," said the count. - Indianapolis Journal. First New Woman (at the club)-

What makes you so blue?" Second

their knitting all day, and cry about my treatment of John."-Philadelphia Record. "Laura," said the fond mother, "what are the intentions of that young man you are permitting to call on you so often?" "Never mind that, mother," answered the maiden; "I know what

Round Table. "Waiter," said the guest, "I'm a little afraid of this milk. Haven't you any boiled water?" "We can boil you some, sah," replied the waiter, but the milk is all right. We use nothing but artesian well water here, sah."-Chicago Tribune.

He-"But of course you will forget me." She-"Nonsense; I shall think of you when you are gone." He-"Oh, shall you?" She-"Yes; there

door with my singing?" He was without hope, although he smiled. "My child," he sighed, "your singing would keep almost anything from the door, but the wolf is pretty nervy, you know."-Detroit News-Tribune.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent young Dallas lawyer, "Take into consideration the children of my unfortunate client." "But he has no children," interrupted the District Attorney. "Then, gentlemen of the jury, will you consign to a living tomb a man who has no children and who is the sole support of his wife?" -Taxas Sifter.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: 

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

Rock away, rock away. Till the breakin' o' the day,

An' I'm kissin' of her curis, For they're lyin' like the moonlight on my

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

-Atchison Globe.

"I am blowed" as the gas remarked

Now the timid, doubting sifter,
By Professor Roentgen's art,
May, before he speaks, discover
If she has a marble heart.
—Indignapolis Journal.

ing medicine with you?" Dr. Squills "Miss Ketchem; she got married."-"For the life of me," said the young

cream."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ardent Lover-"If you could see my heart, Belinda, you would know how fondly-" Up to date Girl (pro-ducing camera)-"I intend to see it, Hiram. Sit still, please."- Chicago

she wouldn't whistle; she'd talk."-Indianapols Journal. He-"Oh, dear ! I wish I could get hold of some good bisenits like mother

like father used to buy for me."-In-

Ditto-"My father-in-law has come to stay with us, and John and he sit at

my intentions are."-Cincinnati Enquirer. Teacher - "George, what excuse have you for being late?" George-"Only a far-fetched one." Teacher-'What do you mean?" George-"The onductor of the car carried me several blocks past the school."-Harper's

fore, the longer you are gone, the longer I shall think of you. Won't that be nic ?"-Boston Transcript, "Papa, can I keep the wolf from the