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Of every 1000 Europeans 262 are Russians, 130 Germans, 116 Austrians. 107 French, 106 English, 84 Italians, 48 Spanish, 17 Belgians, etc.

The investment in good roads made by Staten Island will pay for itself many times over in a very few years, predicts the New York Sun. The Let us live, my dear; let us live and level population is already increasing rapidly.

Li Hung Chang is said to have been greatly impressed by his interview We only see heaven in Love's glad eyes: with Bismarck, particularly with the ex-Chancellor's suggestion that the best way to reform and up-build China would be upon the basis of an army, Oh, the earth below, and the heaven above even if it comprised no more than 50,-000 men.

This shows up well for American liberality, Dr. Wolf, of the University of Heidelberg, tried in vain to raise sufficient funds to buy a new photographic telescope for the institution. Miss Lorillard Bruce got over the difficulty by presenting a new instrument, which is said to be even larger than that which she presented to Harvard.

If Schopenhauer were living he would be delighted to find that while Hegel, the supreme object of his contempt, is falling into oblivion in Germany, his idol, Kant, is coming more and more to the front. Not only has the Berlin Academy of Sciences decided to issue a new, complete edition of his works, but a new periodical devoted to Kantism is to be brought out, Professor Vaihinger being the

Speaking at a meeting in London in support of the unity of the Englishspeaking world, Sir Walter Besant, the well-known novelist, declared that he did not believe that Canada, Australia, and the other great colonies would neighbors, when he knew that they continue the fiction of dependence upon Great Britain for any great length of time. They will go their way with the best wishes of Englishmen and become republics with the friendliest feelings toward England.

The public school children have adopted the following "State flowers" for their respective commonwealths: Alabama, Nebraeka and Oregon, the golden rod; Colorado, the columbine; Delaware, the peach blossom; Idaho, the syringa; lows and New York, the roso; Maine, the pine cone and tassel; Minnesota, the cypripodium or moccasin flower; Montana, the bitter which his mother would never need. root; North Dakota, the wild rose; Utah, the lego lily, and Vermont, the red clover. In addition, Rhode Island and Wisconsin have adopted a State tree, the maple baving been selected by both.

The gross blunders about the United States and its people, once so common in even the best informed English newspapers, are rarely met with nowadays. Once in awhile we hear something about the "State of Albany," and occasionally that the Indian savages threaten Chicago, but as a rule English editors avoid serious errors, though they sometimes make laughable ones. Of this latter character is the following, which the Chicago Times-Herald clips from the Westminster Gazette. It certainly ought to have a startling effect wherever it is read: "One of the most curious colonies that have ever been established on the American Continent is, we learn from the London American, about to settle in North Dakota. It is a colony of drunkards. Twenty-one drunkards and their families are about to move from Indiana to take up their abode upon the virgin soil of North Dakota. They say they will establish a 'model drunkard colony.' Already they have purchased 2000 acres of land, and each family will receive an allotment of about fifty acres. The colony will be watched with much interest. It begins operations this month. Very likely all the colonists will want to start saloons, and the question arises, who will be ready to till the soil?" We fancy, comments the Times-Herald, we can see John Bull elevating his eyebrows at this paragraph and exclaiming: "What a very remarkable people!" The joke, if there is one in this amusing mistake, is on our esteemed fellow citizens, the Dunkards, who are neither tipplers nor drinkers, and look not upon the wine when it is red. A colony of Dunkards from Indiana have recently established themselves in North Dakota, a fact that was stated in the Times-Herald a month or two ago. It was the misreading of this piece of news by our English contemporary that made them out a "colony of tipplers." They are, in fact, a religious sect of German origin and are nicknamed Dunkers or Tunkers-"dippers"-because of their

mude of baptism, They call them-

selves "The Brothren." .

A SONO OF LOVE.

The earth below, and the heaven above: Let us live, my dear; let us live and love; We know not all that the blue skies mean, But the beautiful lilles loll and lean; And here is the sunshine, and meadows

green,
And rivers with silvery ripples between:-The earth below, and the heaven above:

The earth below, and the heaven above: Let us live, my dear, for a breath of love; We know not the meaning of stars and

nkies-We give him our sorrow-our songs and our slehs.

And a red rose is born for each red rose that

Let us live, my dear; let us live and level

Let us live, my dear, in the lonely lands, For a kiss, a tear and a clasp of hands; For whatever blessings a soul may miss, There is nothing in heaven as sweet as this Love's kiss, Love's lingering, first sweet kiss With the earth below and the heaven above And a life, my dear, that is lived for love!

THE TRAMP.

7 LL health, com-Now charity in

> others. So William, who had seen "better days, vated a manly degree of indepen-dence, for the love of it, would have died-and

lovely Mary die, and he folher the same day-rather than petition his proud and wealthy were aware of his helplessness, yet kept back their alms, waiting, not an opportunity, but a solicitation, to do

Henry, their only son, aged twelve, brought up as he had been, accus-tomed to little and expectant of less, how did he know "pap" and "mam"

He had always been accustomed to that pinched, cadaverous look; he had often held his mother's thin hand between his eyes and the fire, and seen

But he had never seen such wild expressions upon his parents' faces as that evening when he came home from

floor, the other on what passed for a bed; their eyes were staring blankly, cold and clammy; their lips were apart, and when Henry spoke they did farmer by his willingness and thor-

He knew nothing of death, save that

Poor boy I his heart knew no grief; he knew nothing but poverty, misery, hunger and toil. Born to his condition, irresponsible for his existence, indeed you may prepare for the never yet awakened to the responsibilities of entity-oh, what experiences, bitter to the dregs of bitterness, awaited this child of misfortune! it all

"Pil tell Squire Johnson; I b'lieve they are 'swung' like Leo was," he father's fine Durhams, which pitched said to himself, as he started toward their two-miles-off, though nearest neighbor.

He, as children ofttimes do, had Knowing that poor Leo had been hanged, and now seeing them stiff, cold and silent, he reasoned as he

"Squire, they are swung-pap is,

"Now, boy, none of your simpering impudence! If you want anything, tell that; if not, go on home!";

"I say, squire, they are 'swung,' like Lee was, and I can't make 'em talk, or wake 'em up; they are cold, and their eves are open, and-"They are dead, then," said little

Thomas Johnson. Squire Johnson, moved more by curiosity than by pity, mounted his horse and rode down to William Charlton's, finding the lad's story only too

This, then, was the mute appeal of the dead to charity. These people and said :

"This boy, Henry, may stay with live. my gardener for a few days, and then he must hunt work."

Squire Johnson put this cry into the soon went to meet his daughter and mouth of Henry Charlton and started her angel mother.

But before he died he did not forget

winter had already been heralded by the principal heir. his white errand boys-the hoar-frosts of the middle latitudes.

Night had passed; another clear, on the sons of men, ushering in anwith dazzling delight and unfelgned truly "hunting work." happiness; to others, with only black

evening before, to break the chilly air lass small, though about nineteen targets: "What's the matter with and to prevent the frost from gather- years of age. and to prevent the frost from gather- years of age. ing upon his body, crept the wasted | Something in the girl's face seemed | new 1"-Judge.

pallid brow and cadaverous look, be-spoke that all the elements of man-hood were wanting in that hollow "Do you wish to sell your baskets?"

Had his past life, from early boyhood, been such as to have given nature but half a chance, the vigor of both body and mind would have chal- eat since yesterday evening, and I am lenged the admiration and won there-

conducive to a vigorous growth either He had "hunted work," and faith-

fully, too, ever since Squire Johnson had started him out a tramp. ally, too, ever since Squire Johnson "I'll buy all of your willow," he said. "Come, get in here, you and After his few days stay at the gardener's, that worthy informed him that he must "hunt some employ-

Whither was he to go? His weak looks and attenuated form were a barrier to his being employed.
"You can't stand it to work," they

So it was, day after day, and probe boy had trudged along, traveling miles and miles, kicked and cuffed, receivant morning, down to the miles and miles, kicked and cuffed, receivant morning, down to the miles and morning and morni

He stepped out from the haystack, looked toward the town in an undebined with fated cided way, for he had begged at every Tom in Squire Johnson's hill orchard, stack he had passed the night.

some places is not by a good deal corn," he thought, "to pay for break-what it is in fast."

"What is it?" said Farmer Mild-"Want to chop wood, ch? Well, yes, some of your stripe asked dren. Delia, will you act to do that same thing, one morning last week, and when I went into my

That was a year ago. breakfast, he ran off with my axe."

sad, pathetic pleading, and being thus | united. moved, turned the stream of Henry's life into smoother channels forever.

"John, bring this man a basin of water, soap and towel. Come into step, while they are always better for the porch, I will try you. I will give her coming.—Saturday Night. you something to eat, and plenty to There was a vein of kindness in

the farmer's tone, which almost made Henry think he was dreaming one of those haunting dreams which only those subjected to great hunger "When did you have as much as

seething sauges, with other substan-

be careful for a few days."

Henry soon increased in health and spirits, as much from the farmer's kindness as from being bountifully History, of Belgium, writes:

planted in his youthful mind the principle of doing thoroughly whatsoever he undertook. So Henry pleased the oughness in his work.

It is needless to trace his progress he had seen poor Leo, the dog, hanged in the farmer's favor; suffice it to say to save even what the poor dog ate; that he was soon the trusted foreman and now they locked like Leo did. Jacob Mildman.

"She is very seriously hurt, sir-

These were the words of the doctor, pronounced over the still, deathlike body of Belle Mildman, who had been Twas better that he did not realize galloping over the fields, when her red nubis, flopping in the breeze, had attracted the attention of one of her suddenly at her horse from out a dense thicket.

The horse, coming to such a sudden halt, threw Miss Belle over his head substituted the cause for the effect, into the very horns of the enraged

This served as a taunt to the enraged beast, which now rushed madly upon her, pawing and stamping her lithe form into the yielding soil.

Young Charlton, who was passing near by, flew to Belle's rescue, when the animal pitched at him so unexpectedly that he was terribly gored before his trusty revolver had done

its work. Poor Charlton was now unable to walk, much less take care of unconscious Belle; but the field hands in an adjoining inclosure, being attracted by the firing, came and bore the in-

jured persons to the house. Miss Belle was so horribly tramped that she died, and Henry came near following her; but nature, aided by the best nursing, combined with the best medical skill in the State (for Mr. must be buried. The squire notified Mildman spared no expense for him some of his poor neighbors to attend who had risked his life for that of to the affair, and he'd foot the bill, Belle, triumphed, and after six weary weeks they announced that he would

But Jacob Mildman did not long survive his daughter -- the shock was And this is the cry of the tramp, "I too much for his naturally weak con am hunting work," and proud, rich stitution—and he, the last of the name, too much for his naturally weak con-

Henry. In his will, after a few minor It was antumn, and the approach of bequests to servants, Henry was made

spending a few years in Europe, Henry commotion in the gravel fifty yards came back to Mildman homestead; away, but "bull's-eye!" was called. crisp, frosty morning had dawned up and thinking how best to invest his The Governor tried again, and again accumulative surplus, he resolved to the flying gravel in the foreground other glorious day, fraught to some found an asylum for those who were and the cry of "bull's-eye" in the dis-

blush of blooming manhood, so far as al, that he instantly warmed toward age was concerned; but the wan cheek, them, resolving not to take them to

he said, by way of opening the conversation. "Oh, sir, if we only could sell one! Poor Uncle Jonas has had nothing to

so tired of being ordered away from spect of his fellow-beings.

But Henry Charlton had enjoyed none of these favorable circumstances must be Delia." "Uncle Jonas!" thought Henry. "It

Fellow experiences, as well as fellow celings, make us wondrous kind, though Henry was kind by nature.

need never wander any more. Half dizzy with joy, the dull, heavy yes of the maiden sparkled with deight as she whispered a few hasty words to the old man, who nodded

Two years later, Henry Charlton

Delia, I am the little Henry who used to play with you and your brother house on the previous evening, re- away down in Virginia. You have placed William ceiving only a few cold buckwheat and Mary Charlton upon the hands of charity.

Now charity in the house of the farmer, by whose my own Delia two years ago, when I brought you here.

She blushed when he said "my Delia," but was too confused to speak. He went on :

"You know Tom used to play preacher, and marry us beggar children. Delia, will you act your part

That was a year ago. Now little Jacob Mildman Charlton sits in a nice "Oh, let a starving man do some-thing for his food!" said Henry.

Farmer Mildman was moved by the a tramp turned away from that house

Mrs. Delia Charlton pays frequent visits to the Mildman Asylum, and all the inmates seem to know her cheerful

"Rarisal Guns."

Travelers in passing through the delta of the Ganges, India, have occasionally heard dull, subdued sounds, not unlike the reverberation of distant artillery. As these sounds have been heard when it was positively you could est, young man? You must known that no artillery practice was being carried out, this mysterious. The smoking "fatty pones" and phenomenon, which is known as the "Barisal guns," has given rise to much curiosity and speculation. A similar her this, bony fingers turned to tials, so bountiful on the farmer's threads of jelly, and her hands were board, did seem, indeed, to justify phenomenon occurs in two different countries in Europe, regarding which the countries in Europe, regarding which. countries in Europe, regarding which, in a letter upon the subject to Professor G. H. Darwin, M. Van der Broeck, conservator of the Museum of Natural

"I have constantly noticed these ounds in the plain of Limburg since 1880, and my colleague of the geological survey, M. Rutot, has heard them very frequently along the Belgian coast, where our sailors call them 'mist pouffers,' or fog dissipators.

"The keeper of the lighthouse at Ostend has heard these noises for several years past; they are known near Boulogne, and the late M. Houzeau speke of them to my friend M. Laneaster. More than ten of my personal acquaintances have observed the fact. "The detonations are dull and dis-

tant, and are repeated a dozen times or more at irregular intervals. They are usually heard in the daytime when the sky is clear, and especially toward evening after a very hot day. The noise does not at all resemble artillery, blasting in mines, or the growling of distant thunder.

M, Van der Broeck attributes these noises to "some peculiar discharge of atmospheric electricity." M. Rutot thinks they are "internal to the earth." and might be caused by "the shock which the internal fluid mass might give to the earth's crust." Similar unexplained noises have

been heard among the Dartmoor Hills, England, and in Scotland.

A Dog Fights a Bee.

A swarm of bees caused considerable excitement among podestrians over in Jamacia last Friday. It was a big awarm and alighted in a big tree near the Long Island Railroad depot. After buzzing about for awhile they settled, but a big bulldog, owned by one of the residents in the neighborhood, happened along, and one of the innocent honeymakers, who was evidently in a bad temper, flew into the canine's direction and alighted on the brute's back. A lively but short scene then followed. The way that dog jumped and tumbled about the ground as the bee continued to sting made people suppose that he had gone mad. The dog finally succeeded in locating the troublesome insect, but the tussel had made the latter so furious that he continued to bite long after there was not enough left for even a coroner to recognize .- New York Recorder.

Credit to the Wrong Shooter.

Ex-Governor Flower went down to Creedmoor one day to see the boys shoot. He was persuaded to try his when fully convalescent, after at the distant target. There was a This he did, and one day, while rid- Governor handed the ride to a young despair, disappointment and death.

From beside a hay stack, whose friendly shelter he had sought the blind basket-maker, led by a niece, a calling to the man who examines the

form of a young man just in the first familiar, and she looked so pretty, with A FIFTY-TWO MILE SLIDE! THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

A CALIFORNIA WATER TOBOGGAN THAT BEATS THE WORLD.

Passengers In a V-Shaped Boat Make the Trip on a Trestle in About

FRESNO (Cal.) letter to the Chicago Tribune says: What would the people in the Northern States, who find delight in coasting hills a quarter mile long, or who go into eestacy at shooting down a toboggan slide, say to a ride a la toboggan down a slide fifty miles long? There are several places in California where such an experience may be had. The ride is not only an uninterrupted constant slide for forty or fifty miles from start to finish, but it is as thrilling, risky and rapid as any one might wish. Think of riding in small craft in a great trough from thirty to 100 feet in the air from a lofty mountain crest down through forests, across canons, around precipices and crags, over cattle ranches, orchards and vineyards, and amid very picturesque scenery ! Consider the fascination of traveling in four hours down a watery toboggan slide from the snow-elad and icy peaks of the tallest Sierras to a valley as balmy as a May morning, and amid vegetation as fresh and luxuriant as in midsummer. Nowhere in the broad world may such an experience be du-

Flumes by which cut lamber or logs may be floated from the forests primeval and the sawmills on the spurs of the Sierra Nevada range down to the valley below are common on this coast from San Diego 'to 'Vancouver. They are built upon huge trestles and vary in height from ten to 100 feet, depending upon the level of the country traversed. the flumes are V-shaped, the water flowing through All and is a yard deep at the deepest part. When in operation the flume is gorged for a week at a time with lumber, which is fished out at the valley terminus of the flume and sorted and piled ready for use. The longost flume is in Northern California. It is sixty-four miles long, and cost \$430,-000 where lumber is cheap. A new lumber flume was recently finished in Fresno County. It leads from the immense pine forests on the mountains, 7000 feet above sea level, down to the San Josquin Valley, at the little town of Collis, near Fresno. In other words, the flume starts amid the perpetual snows and ice of the Sierra and terminates amid raisin vineyards and apricot orchards of the semitropic San Joaquin. Stephenson Creek, in the mountains, supplies the flume with

The flume boats in which the rapid journeys are made down the flumes are simple. They are made the shape of the V-boxes of the flumes. The upper ends of the boats are closed by a board nailed scross, but left open to let out the water when it splashes over the sides of the boats. Short boards are laid across for seats, depending upon how many persons are to make the journey. A carpenter can make one of these boats in half an hour. The boat is meant for only one journey. None is ever hauled back for an-

other voyage. Half a dollar will buy enough lumber for the boat, and a man is a poor carpenter indeed who cannot make his own vessel. The trip is made with little danger-at least in this Fresno County flume. The principal trouble is that when once started there are comparatively few places where one can stop. The current is generally so rapid that it makes landing impossible, and the voyager can only sit still and let the boat run.

Fastidious Pike.

An Englishman is in straits because the young ducks are all being caught and caton in a loch at Pitgeveny, Elgin. He writes to the London

"I am just broken-hearted because the pike are eating all my young ducks. We shoot them, catch them, and kill them all the year around by fair means and foul, three or four every day, and some have young ducks in them. In one was a young black headed gull, a young duck, and the toes and skull of another; in another were two small ducks and two small coots. There are thousands of young coots on the loch, but the

brutes of pike prefer the ducks." Fish are notorious eaters of ducks, and what is the Englishman's mistortune has been the luck of many a tisherman for bass, pickerel and trout. A live young bird tied to a hook, not impaled, cast gently on a still water of an Adirondack stream, has raised many a trout "as big as hand saws," and resulted in the death of a tew, but the boys who used birds as bait are not usually skillful enough to land the big ones. A small bird is as good as a young field mouse for trout bait, and that is saying a good deal, as any woodsman will admit.

Ill-Used Horse Kills Himself,

Hundreds of employes in the yards of the American Steel Barge Company. at Superior, Wis., witnessed a singular occurrence. A bony, played-out old bay horse walked into the shallow water in the slip known as Howard's Pocket, and slowly moved father out into the deep water, unmindful of the shouts and missiles of the spectators on the shore. When in about three feet of water the poor animal cast one wistful look around, then deliberately put his head under water and held it there until life was extinct. In a short time after this the owner, a peddler, appeared upon the scene and al-most committed suicide himself when he learned of the astonishing deed of his four-footed servant. The horse, it is said, had been poorly for and overworked. -Chicago Times Herald.

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

Lost in the Shuffle-In a Bleycle Shop -His Exact State of Health-The Instalment Plan, Etc., Etc.

Up from the cradic came a wail, At first a pensive coo,
Into a weird, vociferous wall
Of mournfulness it grew.
His sorrow, in a vein prolix,
He struggled to reveal,
"My fathor's talking politics; "My father's talking politics;
And mother rides a wheel.
They say I'm cross, I'm simply sad
At being slighted so.
I wish the baby-carriage fad
Could somehow get a show,
How can you blame one in my fix
For setting up a squeal?
By father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel."

- Washington Sinr,

IN A DICECLE SHOP, "Where's your repair department?"

"What's the matter with your "Wheel's all right, Matter's with

HIS EXACT STATE OF WEALTH. Mamma—"Don't you feel well enough to go to school?" Bobbie—"No, mamma; I just feel well enough to ride my bicycle."— Harper's Bazar.

THE INSTALMENT PLAN. "Now, I'm engaged at last; it took Mr. Carrington three nights to pro-

"Is he so bashful?" "Not at all; he stutters."-Chicago

OVERSTOCKED. "Is there much poetry sent in to the editor?" the caller asked of the office boy.

"Poetry?" replied that intelligent young man. "The editor has poetry to burn."-Omaha Bee.

Great drope of perspiration stood on the young man's brow.

"I have it!" he exclaimed suddenly, as a way out of his perplexity seemed to open before him.
"But no!" he added despairingly a

moment later. "That will not do, He rose and walked to the window. The gay, thoughtless multitude passing and repassing outside, intent upon its own pleasures and oblivious of the suffering, the headache and the desolation that blight so many human lives, seemed merely to mock his mis-

ery and deepen the gloom that pervaded the apartment. He turned away from the window with a groan, threw himself into a chair, learned wearily on the little

table in front of him, and buried his face in his hands. "I cannot! Oh, I cannot!" he murmured in a broken voice. "I give it

He was a campaign poet, trying to find a rhyme for "McKinley and Hobart."—Chicago Tribune.

HOW HE KNEW THE TIME. Patrick was lying in bed in a hos-pital. He had been brought in a few days before after a severe fall from the top story of a building on which he had been working. With all his suf-fering he never lost his cheerful spirits, and livened up many of the other patients with his bright remarks and short stories. The doctor hap-pened along, and asked him how he

"Fairly well, doctor; this right leg of moine is a very ungrateful spalpeen consitherin' that it wuz only broke in wan place whin it moight have been smashed in a dozen."

"How did you fall, Patrick?" I asked. "Did you lose your head?"

"Faith, no; sure it was me footin' "What time did it happen!"

"Well, oi wuzn't so sure before I fell, but I wuz thinkin' comin' down that it was near dinner hour, an' oi was convinced of that same as oi passed the second story, fer oi saw the people in there atin' dinner."-Harper's Round Table.

MODEST REQUEST.

"I don't ask you to remove your hat, miss," plaintively spoke the little man in the seat behind her, "but if you will kindly refrain from wabbling your head I will take it as a favor. am used to the high hat, but I am not accustomed to the wabble, and it confuses me and obstructs my view of the gentleman in the orchestra who performs on the kettle drum."

"Thank you, miss, I don't mind the high hat, but I confess the wabble did bother me a little. Ever so much obliged. I can see him quite distinctly

"I beg you won't apologize, miss. It was entirely inadvertent on your part, I am sure, and-" "If you say another word I'll call

"Bless you, miss, that will not be necessary! I am acquainted with all the ushers. Any of them would be glad to oblige me by asking the gentleman who operates the kettle drum to move a little to the right, so as to give me a better view of him, but I can see him with perfect ease, now, thanks to your having quit-"

"Usher!" "I'll call him for you, miss. Here, "I am entirely capable of calling

him, sir! I am going to ask him to bring the manager of the hal!!" "I assure you, miss, that will not be necessary, either. The manager is my

son-in-law. He will merely instruct the asher to-ab, thanks !" For the young woman, trembling with indignation, had removed the hat. - Chicago Tribune.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion...\$ 1.00
One Square, one inch, one month... 3.00
One Square, one inch, three months... 5.00
One Square, one inch, one year..... 16.00
Two Squares, one year...... 16.00
Quarter Column, one year...... 50.00
Half Column, one year....... 50.00
One Column, one year......... 100.00
Legal advertisements ten couts per line each insertion.

Past laughing brook and pebbled stream. That leap from mead and manle crest-Upon the wave's maternal breast Where shadow-children lie and dream, My paddle wakes, upon the lake's Calm face, the phantom of a smile That ripples back upon the track My bark hath fallowed for a mile.

CANOE SONG.

The paddle keeps a rhythmic sweep And reeds are bent with merriment Upon the zepbyr's tale intent. By maple hollow, lane and wood, And June's field-flower sisterhood.

The sun has set, and moon hath met The twilight's kisses manifold; And in the West the day doth rest On purple pillows fringed with gold. Past taporing firs, where stars seem swung Like ghosts of fairy lanterns hung. -Charles Gordon Rogers, In Outing.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"Miss Edgerton reminds me of a delicate piece of china." She— "Hand-painted?"—Detroit Free Press. Ella-"Did Fred propose last night?" Stella-"I really don't know; I fell asleep about 1 o'clock."—Town

"Did he look like a bicyclist?" "Oh, dear, know; not in the least. Why,

he could stand up straight with no perceptible effort."-Chicago Post. "What a heap of style Jimmie Watson's wife throws on." "Oh, yes; Jimmie started a bicycle repair shop last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When the government runs the railroad And woman the affairs of state, The trains that went at 5 o'clock She'll mark down to 4.58.

"Half a loaf is better than none," remarked the clerk, when he learned he was to get only one week's vacation instead of the two he had counted up-

overhead?" Egbort-"That's the man in the flat upstairs trying to keep the baby quiet so his wife can get a little She-"Is it not a love match. Both

Bacon-"What's that terrible noise

are wealthy and their families have arranged the marriage." He-"I see; a golden wedding fifty years ahead of She-"Do you know anything worse than a man taking a kiss without asking for it?" He -- "I do." "What,

for instance?" "Asking for it without taking it." Lucy-"Mamma, may I go over there to the bridge?" Mamma-"Why do you want to go over there, dear?"

Lucy-"Oh, just to gargle my feet in the brook. She-"Did you hear if it was any mprovement to Jennie See's health since she began to ride a wheel?" He -"I learn that she is falling off rapid-

ly."-Buffalo Times. It is not the proper thing to say that a man will make a good husband. It is the wife who makes the good husmade article. - Boston Transcript.

"We cannot find a place to go this mmer." "What's the trouble?" ammer." We want a summer resort from which we won't have to write home that we sleep under blankets."-Chicago Rec-

way home in a crowded car last night. Joax-"What was the matter with your other foot?" Hoax-"Another man was standing on that."-Philadel-

Patrice-"The other night, when we were out with our bicycles, Henry said he would kiss me when we reached a lonely spot." Pationce—"What did you do—scream?" "No, I scorched.". -Whim-Whams. Country Resident (to peddler)-

dler-"All right, sir; but first, won't you allow me to sell you a good whistle?"-Tid-Bits. Professor in English (to young man) -"How would you punctuate the following: 'The beautiful girl, for such she was, was passing down the street."" Student-"I think, professor, I would

"Got away out of here now, or if you don't I'll whistle for the dog." Ped-

make a dash after that beautiful girl.' -Woonsocket Reporter. Mamma-'I don't like the idea of that young Harris hanging around Jenny so much. He hasn't a cent except his little salary." Papa-"You needn't worry. They are both too busy talking about bicycles to have any time for love making."—Indian-

apolis Journal. A gentleman was assisting at a bazar by reciting now and again dur-ing the evening. He had recited once or twice, and the people were sitting about chaffing, when he heard one of the committee go up to the chairman and whisper: "Hadn't Mr - better and whisper: "Hadn't Mr - better give us another recitation now?" Whereupon the chairman replied: "No, not yet; let them enjoy them-solves a bit longer."—Tit-Bits.

An Indian Present to Royalty, The Indian present to the Duke and

Duchess of York, in commemoration of their marriage, has at last arrived in London. It consists of a magnificent casket mounted upon and upheld by four miniature elephants. casket, which is of solid silver, is thirty-one inches long and about twenty-two inches wide and three feet in height. It is exquisitely embossed and bears arms, views and figures emblematical of India. Upon the lid is engraved the following inscription: Presented to their royal and imperial highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York by the European and nativo communities in Calcutta and the province of Bengal, in commencration of their auspicious marriage on the 6th of July, 1893." The casket is of great weight, and is regarded as a su perb specimen of Indian silver work.

Marriages and death notices gratts. Marriages and death notices gratts. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.