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ternational mug for yachts, may try for the big one-the Defender's cup.

This country exported \$24,000,000 more of breadstuffs during the year ending June 30 than during the same period of last year.

If the votaries of the wheel continue to increase in number, Puck thinks it will simplify matters if the stray pedestrian will ring a bell as he approaches the crossing.

Though Italy leads the rest of Europe in suicide, as well as in homicide, Russia is ahead of her in the proportion of professional men, especially doctors, who commit suicide.

The story of the fortunes of T. H. Rogers, one of the new Sheriffs of London, reads as if the scene were laid in America. He began to make shirts years ago in a small room in London, where he cut the garments out himself, and now he employs 1800 persons in that business.

An old lady, such as would have delighted the heart of the Emperor Napoleon, has just been discovered at Bodmin, Cornwall, England. She is the mother of seven boys, all of whom are serving in the British army. She has recently been in receipt of a portrait from the Queen and a check for \$50 as an appreciation of her service to the country.

Max O'Rell has no use for the Anglo-Saxon new woman. He declares her to be, "the most ridiculous production of modern times, and destined to be the most ghastly failure of the century." He says she wants to retain all the privileges of her sex and secure all those of men besides. "She will fail to become a man," Max kindly assures us, "but she may cease to be

A circular of the Section of Foreign Markets, Department of Agriculture, compares our imports and exports for the past three years. The figures show that we exported of agricultural products \$75,000,000 less in 1895 than in 1894 and \$246,000,000 less than in 1892. That shows why we are short of money. The deficit in receipts is mainly due to the shrinkage of prices, the quantities exported remaining about the same. As against this we oi \$87,000,000 more than in 1894.

The heavy and somewhat ancient ordnance in use in Norway and Sweden are to be replaced very shortly by armaments of more modern manufacture. For this purpose a sum of \$1,-000,000 will probably be expended on field and machine guns, and the order will, it is expected, be placed with an English firm. In any case, this order may be regarded as a merely preliminary installment of extensive purchases, as a decided tendency has manifested itself throughout the Scandinavian peninsula in favor of modern methods throughout. There is to be a thorough overhauling in both Norway and Sweden, and a long list of contracts may be looked for by British manufacturers. It is worth mentioning that all the old rifles which were recently collected for disposal have just been sold at an average price of less than seventy-five cents.

Harper's Weekly says: It is some months since newspaper readers all over the country began to read of the remarkable effectuality of the elevated railroad pillar opposite No. 5 Fulton street, in Brooklyn, in killing and maiming inoffensive citizens. This pillar, it seems, forms one of the supports of the Fulton street terminal of the Kings County Elevated road. It stands between the tracks of the Fifth avenue trolley line, at a point where the crowds from the ferry board the surface cars. The pillar is so near the track as to brush off with certainty and despatch any person standing on the foot-board of a passing car. Since the 1st of January twentytwo peop'e have been crushed between this pillar and moving cars. Two of them have been killed, and a large proportion of those hurt have been badly injured. The pillar has been so much talked about, and its destructiveness is so notorious, that it had come to be known as Death's Pillar, Strange to say, nothing had been done about it until the 11th of July. It smashed a man's head that day, and the Fifth avenue trolley line concluded it would be necessary to take extra precaution So now every car stops when it gets to that pillar. That trolley cars should be allowed to run amuck egainst an iron piller in a civilized American city for six months, with such a resulting tale of death and injury, is an amazing and incompre hensible thing.

Canada, having secured the little in- THE DOORWAY OF THE ROSE, that is an individual who travelet with his friend in the cheery signs THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE, Over the doorway of the rose

Wandered a Jellow banded hee, If the lips of noon Were to hum a tune. They would bum that drowsy melody, That same low, resonant chant that he

lang there in the sweetest flower that blows fast aslesp lay the birshing rose Lulled by the notes of that monotone, Even the dancing feet

Of the zephyrs fleet

Stood still at sound of that murmurou That note next higher that slience, blown

tiong the tubes where the honey flows. Forth from the doorway of the rose

Flashed the wings of the laden bee, Yet, if you will You may bear him still, Never from nature's harmony Is lost one chord that may well agree, the does not forget the song she knowe. -Curtis May, in Bachelor of Arts.

STOPPING AN EXECUTION.

BY VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH,



T the time of which I am writing I was about thirty-five miles north of Londertaking; in fact, I was writing a novel. I had en-

gaged myself to get the work is question completed by a certain date, and in order to do so I found myself compelled to throw over all other or mpatian for the time being. I know very few people in the office. or six weeks thad approach seen anyone to speak to

So engressed was I with my task that I had no time to read the newspaper, and wee quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. The only relaxation? allowed myself was a good brisk walk tato the country every afternoon. With this exception I had hardly stized from my house, except to run up to London once or twice for the purpose of visiting the docks, and making cartain technical investigations concerning them. This I did, as a good portion of the novel I was working at was about the life of docksurroundings in the vicinity of Roth-

It was a little after eight o'clock one evening in April, that I finished the second volume of my work. It was with great satisfaction that I wrote, and with a considerable flourish, too. the words: "End of Volume the Second." I generally worked up till ten or eleven, but it was useless doing any more that night; so I put on my hat and well outside the town. As I hurand coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped may, that this would also prove a imported goods in 1895 to the value into the street than a boy accosted me fruitless errand, for the last train to with a bundle of papers under his Silkminster was the 8.30 p. m., by arm, and the request: "Buy an which I have mentioned the postmas evening paper, sir?" I bought one, ter always traveled. Silkminster, I put it in my pocket, and resumed my walk.

It was a fine night, and I went some little distance, reaching home a little after half-past nine. My landlady had brought in my supper, and as my walk had given me an appetite, it was with tion. Of course, it was all shut up and no small pleasure that I viewed a goodly joint of cold beef waiting my attack. I took off my boots and put on my slippers. Then I sat down and did ample justice to my cold repast.

I had laid down the newspaper on the table when entering the room, intending to read it during supper, but my appetite had got the better of ary craving for intelligence, so it was not till I had lit a pipe and subsided into a cosy arm-chair by the fire that I unfolded the sheet of printed matter. I looked at the "leader." Something about a new "Greek Loan." didn't interest me. I skipped through the little items of news and hurried jottings, and summaries peculiar to our evening papers. Presently my eye was caught with the following paragraph heading :

'IMPENDING EXECUTION OF THE CLINFOLD MURDERER."

There is a morbid fascination for wost people in an execution, and so, to read the paragraph.

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. The Fenthurst - is now in everybody's to a brilliant green. The express was mouth, still persists in his plea of in-

Here I become deeply interested. The name of Fenthurst was most fa- dark and I stumbled over and over miliar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good fifteen years my senior roar ahead, and in a few seconds could and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow, who had emigrated to South Africa early in life, and who was generally supposed to be With a groan I ejaculated, working at the diamond mines. Could | late!"

this be the same man? I read on. "It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evi- of the track, looking grimly through lence was brought to bear upon Fen- the darkness. It resembled a our thurst. The murder took place in a armed gallows with a man hanging house on the outskirts of the small town | from it ! For a moment I thought it of Clinfold. It was proved that Fen- must have been a fearful fancy con is 30,000,000 feet of waste lumber. thurst was in the habit of frequenting jured up by the thought of Fen Renfrew's premises, and that appar-Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected there on the ly I remembered that this strang evening in question. He was seen looking apparition was none other near the place soon after the crime than a mail tag suspended from a post was committed, and several other -in fact, part of the apparatus by proofs of a strongly condemnatory which a train going at full speed picks character were also laid against him. up the mails. The express train that He has persisted from the first, how- was coming had a postal car attached ever, in maintaining that he was ab to it. From the side of the car a strong sent from Clinfold at the very time rope net would be laid out, catching the murder took place. This was the bag I saw suspended before me. about 7 o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning the train in a somewhat similar man from London, where he had been ner, there ought to have been a mar spending part of the day; only one on guard. I afterward found he had

with him as far as P-- and entered into conversation with him. Adver tisements have been inserted in al the papers by Fenthurst's legal advis ers, for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate, there seems but small chance of an alibi being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed on February 6. Since his condemnation the murderer

has been confined in Silkminster jail,

where his execution will take place." Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I leid the paper down. I was the missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered, early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My lendlady didn't even know but that I had been for rather a longer walk than usual. I had entered inte conversation on the return journey with the only other occupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which were paint ed the letters "C. F." I remembered all this distinctly. In order to make living in seclusion sure I snatched up my diary, and in a small town quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6. There was the entry: "Ran up to town in afternoon don. I was en- Inquired concerning material for gaged in rather a Chap. vii. Saw B — for half an hour. large literary un- Returned by 6,24 train."

The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just eleven o'clock. Hurriedly ! dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first im-pulse was to rush to the telegraph Then, with dismay, I rememtown where I was living, and for five bered that it was shut for the night after 8 o'clock, and that the postmaster took the 8.30 train to the large town of F-, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in charge of a caretaker, and returning by an early train the

next morning. It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and a ser-geant in our little town), but what could they do more than 1? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely 'routine" manner in which they se about an inquiry, and it would not do to trust them. I was in despoir.

Madiy I threw on my hat and rushed and if I had aroused the caretaker he couldn't have wired; besides, all our wires went first to F-, and, as 1 off after 8 o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the postoffice ried along, I thought, with fresh dismust mention, was nearly 150 miles

Should I wait till the morning antelegraph? I remembered that the office did not open till eight o'clock . I had, by this time, reached the sta all the lights were out, except those is the signal lamps for the night express. It was now half past eleven.

there no hope? Yes. At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline light within. I looked at my watch the down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal box, and compel the occu pant to put the signal against it and It was a desperate game, but only get that train to stop for an in stant, and all would be right. By get ting into it I could reach Silkminster in the early morning, and what care I for any action the company mig! take if I saved my friend's son? the signalman refused to put back the levers, the strength born of despera tion would enable me to master him and relax them myself. All thi flashed across me in an instant, and yielding to this feeling, I proceeded clambered over the railings on the side of the station, and found mysel

Even as I reached the rails a semi phore signal that was near me let fal wretched man, whose name-Charles its arm, and the red light changed in signaled! Would there be time? dashed along over the rough alcopertoward the signal box. It was very again. I had cleared about half the distance when I heard the ominou distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head lamp bearing toward me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed With a groun I sinculated, "For

At that instant my eye fell upon ghastly looking structure by the sid-

As a bag would be deposited from witness, he says, could prove this, and left his post and gone to have a chal smptied down my back."

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. The train that was bearing down, and which would reach me in one minute, should pick me up with the mails! I grasped the idea of the thing in a second. If I could hang on to that bag so that it came between me and the net, it would break the force of the shock, and the not would receive me as well as the bag. For-tunately I am a small man. The bag bung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. It did not take me half a minute to do all this. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. I shall never forget the row of lighted carriages passing about a foot away from meoser even than that, I suppose-and I hanging and watting for the crash to

And it came. There was a dull thud whir and a rush, and all was dark. When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt-sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a hand-

"Where are we?" I asked.

They turned round. "Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one them. "Now, perhaps, you'd give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you that, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar-bone broken. lied it up a bit. Now, perhaps, you'll speak out; and look here, if we find rou've been dodging the police, don't you go thinking you'll give 'em the slip any further. The mail van ain't a refuge of that sort."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They wouldn't be-lieve it at first. Luckily, though, I had put the evening paper and my diary in my pocket, so I showed them paragraph and the entry. They

civil enough then. "Well, sir, we shall be in Silkminster about three, or a little after. I hope you'll be able to save the poor beggar. You most excuse our turning out. I ran in a mechanical way to the postoffice. Of course, it was shut- you will be to rest you relf."

They piled a quantity of empty mail-bags on the floor and navie me a rough shakedown. Before he went to have said, all communication was shut his work again, the other one said; "What a pity you never thought o, a better way out of the difficulty than

coming in here so sudden-like. "There was no other way."

"Yes, there was, sir."

"What was that?"

"Why, you should have got the signalman to telegraph to Silkminster, ac could have done it all right." What an idiot I had been after all

However, I should be in time to stop the execution.

A little after three we drew up at Silkminster station. There was a policemen on the platform, and I at once old my story to him, the result being that we drove round to the jail and insisted upon seeing the Governor. Of course, he was deeply interested in Was what I had to tell him, and at once made arrangements to stop the execu-tion. The Home Secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately, he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of his figure standing out against the of auxious suspense, a reprieve was

"Well," said the Governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Feuthurst or yourself, for you have both had a narrow escape.' Little remains to be told. I goon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in a train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable until about a fortnight afterward the real murderer was discovered and captured. Carrie friends, and although I was fearful) shaken and upset for some weeks after this adventure, I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails. -Strand Magazine.

American Paper Abroad.

Several journals of London, England, are now printed on white paper made in the United States; a New Hampshire paper mill is supplying white paper to a Scottish publishin; house, while the Freeman's Journal, Dublin, Ireland, has contracted with an Ottawa (Canada) paper manufac turer for its regular supply of news paper. Australia also uses Americar paper. The American continent must over be the leading factor in the world's supply of white paper. paper mills of the future must be coated within easy reach of the great spruce forests. A single paper pulp mill in the State of New York uses wood daily. Its annual consumption

Had to Keep Coo.,

A Massachusetts Congressman who cas on board the train which was wrocked at Hydo Park, Mass., last fall, says that when the shock came, one of e passengers was pitched over several eats just in time to receive the con lents of the water-cooler, which tipped over and soaked his clothing with ice water. A highly excited passenger rushed up to him and told him to keep "Go away," caid the wet man "I am the coolest man in the car. have just had two buckets of the water SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

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

A Lover's Tale-A Spell-Binder-His Views-A Sad Case-Protection From Harm, Etc., Etc.

She heard my suit,
And then in coyness blushed,
And in a whisper hushed,
Acknowledged that my passion grand
Had caused her dear heart to expand,
And bld me ask her father for her hand,

He heard my suit,
And then in fury tore
About the room, and swore
That my presumption was immense,
Though backed by little common sense,
An bid me, ere he threw me out, go hen

-Philadephia North American.

She-"Young Spilkins appears to be a man of extensive views. He-"Yes, to be sure. He's a kodak

A SPELL BINDER.

"People seem to pay a great deal of attention to Pilker's opinions on poli-

"Yes; he has such a deep, bass voice."—Chicago Record.

PROOF AGAINST TEMPTATION. Mrs. Brown-"Mrs. Smith is a wonan of remarkable strength of mind."

Mrs. Jones-"Is she?" "Yes. She never buys anything she doesn't want."-Life.

NOT IMPOSSIBLE. Jones-"Think an absolutely truthful man can be a successful diploma-Smith-"Oh, yes-in the absence of

Young Lawyer-"Why do you take hat case when there's nothing in it?"

aternational complications!

Old Lawyer-"Nothing in it? Blunt paid me a big retainer and I'm charging him \$50 a day during the trial," PROTECTION FROM HARM.

"Weren't you awfully frightened, Bladys, when the cyclone struck so lear?" "Oh, no, dear; George had his arm wround me the whole time."-Detroit Free Press.

A SAD CAST. Little Mendicant-"Please, sir, give ne a nicket.'

Benevolent Clergyman-"Have you Little Mendicant—'No, sir; I am an orphan by birth."—Texas Sifter.

ONE LONG HONEYMOON,

She-"It seems rather hard, dear, that you can't afford to take me on a wedding trip.

"But, darling, you will never know the difference. In the little flat I have angaged it will be just like living in a Pullman car."—Life.

ONE ON THE OLD MAN. Mr. Chaffle-"Johnnie, your mother complains that you are disobedient,

Phat's got to stop. You must obey your mother." Johnnie-"Not much. It's you who have to obey her. It isn't me that's married to her."—Texas Sifter.

DECLINED.

"For your birthday, Johnnie, I'll make you a present of the licking you have earned by your bad conduct during the past week.

"Well, pa, if I have earned that licking it belongs to me, anyhow. There is not much of a present about that,"-Texas Sifter.

PROBABLY.

Jones (just introduced) - "I suppose you don't remember me, but I was once a witness against your side in a certain trial, and I remember that you cross-examined ne with the greatest

The Lawyer-"Is that so? Perhaps your testimony was not material."

NOT A CASE OF "ROOM FOR ONE MORE." Aunt Prue-"If you tell lies, Dicky, you will go to the bad place.' Dicky-"Does everybody who tells

Aunt Prue -- "Yes, Dicky, they all

Dicky - "Then I guess I ain't afraid much. It must be overcrowded now.

WHOM TO CONSULT. Doctor (to patient)-"What ails

Patient-"Indeed, I don't know. only know that I suffer." What kind of life do you lead?" "I work like an ox, I eat like a wolf, I am as tired as a dog, and I sleep like

"In that case I should advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon."-Texas

ENCOURAGING LITTLE BOEBY. Little Bobby's Mother-"Bobby broke one of those pretty vases of mine to day, Philander. Little Bobby's Father - "Therascal!

And of course you-"No. He came right to me and told me the truth about it." "To encourage him in doing right I told him he might have two pieces of pie at diuner. "You took the proper course, Mi-

'I am glad you approve of it, Pail-"Yes. Bobby will come and tell

you the truth again to-morrow.' 'I am sure he will !" "Yes. To-morrow he will come and tell you he has broken the other vase." iffully,

Experiments made at Paris by Dr. Bertillon have proved that kleptomanis is easily cured by hypnotic suggestion. A prize of \$20 is hereafter to be offerred semi-annually to the surgical in erne of the Boston City Hospital

skillful and humane manner." Various nostrums are proposed for the extermination of the army worm, but the majority of them seem to have the knack of destroying the plants themselves, root and branch.

'who edministers other in the most

Superintendent D. W. Crafts, of the gas company of Northampton, Mass., has found by experiment that a refuse from the gas works known as "spent lime" is very effective in exterminating the army worm and similar pests. According to a Singapore paper sixty per cent. of the cholera patients taken to the pauper hospital have been cured by hypodermic injections of strychnine, while fifty per cent. were saved in the general hospital by other treatment.

The newest thing in the way of aeronauts is the proposal of Professor W. W. McEwan, of Jackson, Md., to ascent to a height of two miles by means of a rocket. This is not a suicide scheme, as the professor will provide a parachute to assist his descent.

Egyptologists are engaged in considering a scheme, presumably emanating from the Egyptian Government, for the preparation of a comprehen-sive and descriptive catalogue of an-quirer. tiquities of Egypt in the possession of all the public museums and private

collections throughout the world. A case of complete and immediate relief from the effects of ivy poisoning is reported in the Medical World by Dr. W. L. Shanks. His patient was swollen from head to foot, but in an hour after bathing in a solution of sodium hyposulphite was attending to business as if nothing had happened.

It is said that an Ohio driver has an ingenious electric contrivance for shooting speed into a tired horse. It is claimed that this battery was used for the first time in turf history at the recent Akron (Ohio) meeting. There has been some talk about it and some protests against its use on the ground of cruelty.

The Evolution of a Tornado. Usually it is in the afternoon, be-

tween the hours of two and five, after

a warm and moist day, that the omin-

ous tornado clouds begin to form. For

two hours before the breaking of the storm the sky may have the peculiar scalloped appearance given it by the ball like masses of vapor, or there may be a warning of only half an hour be fore the clouds become suddenly stirred to violent agitation. A vast commotion is taking place on high; there seems to be a panie among the Like great monsters black masses advance heavily but rapidly, sending out dire threats and warnings in jagged lightning flashes. Fleecy clouds beneath them race madly along way and that, as if terrorized and nucertain where to flee. The light grows less and less until houses are dark and men running for shelter seem like black phantoms. Everything is very quiet; the leaves on the trees are stirring slightly and tremulously, in strange contrast to the vast movement and excitement overhead. There have been a thousand rapid changes among the hurrying clouds; now a supreme one comes. Off in the southwest, near the horizon, the clouds seem to rush together and drop from the sky in a black mass that sends out a great streamer to the ground. Hailstones and great drops of rain begin to fall, and with flashes of lightning and a grinding roar the thing comes rushing on. Tall trees in its path shoot suddenly upward; houses collapse, and their roofs and furniture soar aloft unill this demon cloud becomes laden with impediments. But it quickly tires of these toys of its fury; it hurls them violently aside and comes tearing on as if wild with insatiable rage and a desire for greater victims, buildings of stone burst as if undermined with dynamite when it reaches them. The water in rivers mounts in a monster wave, and stanch vessels are left capsized and foundering. The tornado's duration at a given point rarely lasts over ten minutes, and frequently not over two or three; at the end of this brief period it has gone raging and roaring on. But they have been long and eventful moments,-Demorest's Magazine.

An Educated Horse,

There is a horse in Philadelphia whose business is to draw a collection wagon over a postoffice route in the middle of the city which knows the location of letter boxes as well as its driver, the postman. There are a number of these boxes near together on Broad street, just below Chestnut -too near together for the postman to bother about driving from one to the other. He is saved all trouble of leading his horse, however, by the intelligence of that animal, which as soon as the postman alights at the first box walks off to the second and patiently waits there for his master.

Gulleries are becoming fashionable in England, large tracts of land in suitable spots being abandoned to the birds, on which they may build their nests. If it is true that gulls' eggs can by coloring and chemicals be palmed off on the public for plovers' eggs, it is possible that the birds may be protected for commercial reasons as well.

One Melodious Goose.

Henry Giles, farmer of Lytham, England, is the owner of a black Egyptian goose which has a voice like a canary bird. Every evening at duck the goose twitters and trills most beaueach insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarierly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advances.

Job work—cash on delivery.

THE LINNET'S BONG,

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One day a sorrow opened wide my door, And while its shadow lengthened on the floor Its sad habitiments of sombre gray Drove all the rosy flame of hope away.

Just then a linnet from the choir of June Poured through the window his costatic tune, As if to make the welcome gospel plain That joy shall triumph over grief and pain.

I turned to find my spectral guest had gone; A fresher giory flushed the fields and lawn; December's gloom hid in the almanae, And nevermore came that sad eatler back. -Joel Benton, in Harper's Bazar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The wasp has one strong point, but

it is not in his favor. A man without enemies may not be much of a man, but he has a soft time

Man wants but little here below, As someone said before, But when he gets it, don't you know, He wants a little more. He is the brightest lawyer who,

when confronted by a cloud of wit-nesses, can further beeloud them .-

Muggins—"Is your son in business?" Buggins—"He's a contractor."
Muggins—"What line?" Buggins—
"Debts."—Philadelphia Record. Homekeep-"Ever drink any of

these substitutes for coffee?" board-"I haven't drank anything else for seven years."-Cincinnati En-"Summer is a rough season on us

parents." "Why so?" "Our daughters, who have been graduated, try to make us talk grammatically."—Chieago Record. "I went to take a quinine capsule this morning, and the blame thing, just as I got it in my mouth, came apart—" "Ab, that was a bitter part-

ing, indeed."-Indianapolis Journal. He-'I am going to pay you the highest compliment a man can pay a woman." She—"This is so sudden." He—"I knew it—can you lend me a dollar until to morrow?"-New York

Wiggles-"There's one good thing about Hicks. He is always willing to admit it when he is in the wrong. Waggles-"I don't think it is a good thing. It doesn't seem to trouble him a bit."—Somerville Journal.

"It seems to me, Mr. Stillson, that your new house is lacking in a ju-dicious use of iretwork." "Well, my wife will fill that deficiency just as soon as she gets her eye on those measly closets."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. "And how is your papa, Eddie?"

"Papa is feeling ever so much better to-day." "I suppose it's the change in the weather?" "No, ma'am, 'taint the weather. Mamma has decided to start for the sesside to morrow."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. First Wheelman-"I always get rattled when I see a woman crossing the street shead of me." Second Wheelstreet shead of me." manpins in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is always sure to

puncture a tire."-New York Mer-"No," said Dismal Dawson, in auswer to the benefactor's question, 'hard times is not the best for our business. Nor yet good times. The times that suits me best is about medium-when the work ain't too plenty, nor money too scarce."-Indianapolis

Fuddy-"Snapshot was showing mo a lot of photographs he has taken. They are only passable, but to hear Snapshot talk you would think them marvels of the photographic art." Duddy-"Yes, Snapshot isn't much of an artist, but then his views are better than his opinions."-Boston Trans-

Malagasy Cookery.

Cooking being an art, every race has a style of its own. The Malagasy, like the gentle Hindoo, knows how to prepare his mess of rice. It is not boiled to a mash, as in England, or as our potatoes are sometimes pulped, but covered with a proper sufficiency of water, it is carefully treated until the grains are swellen fit to burst, and yet remain full, intact, soft and rather mealy. The manior root is an easier dish to prepare. It is sometimes served boiled, as yams and sweet potatoes, and again as a sort of cold porridge. Native coffee they understand how to make, and the aroma is excellent; but ten, alas! you have to look to the browing of that from start to finish if you desire a drinkable cup, Poultry and gome are eaten fresh, and the cooks have a dever and withal cleanly trick of dipping the dead animals in boiling water, which enables them to plack easily and quickly. The preparation for trussing comes later. There is no lack of variety at a Malagusy table, but, all the same, you miss the wheaten flour bread, sugar and condiments, when cloyed with rice, fowls, manioe and eggs. fuel is bunch grass, which, when dried, burns florcely and settles into a glowing ember that gives off a deal of heat. All the cooking is done on earthen hearths, and the roasting, boiling and baking in big iron pots. The grass being slightly aromatic, the odor is as agreeable as that of a hard wood fire. - London Telegraph.

Abyssima's Climate.

Abyssinia, according to M. Marcel, French traveler, has three climates, according to the altitude above too sea. In the low country or valleys banames, dates, indigo, cotton and other tropical plants flourish, clephants, lions, giraffes, zebras and paselles abound. The intermediate zone recalls the climate of Sicily or of Andalusia in Spain. There is good pasture for thocks and herds in the highest to-