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As the uncontrolled master of the Bussian Treasury, the Czar is the richest man on earth.

The creditors of the man who claims * that advertising doesn't pay are apt to Bind that he doesn't, either, remarks

New York City, according to a religious journal of the town, spends about \$21,000 daily for milk and \$140,-000 for other beverages.

Mr. Stump, Commissioner of Immigration, in his annual report, doubts if there has been any increase in the foreign-born population of this country since 1893.

A writer in the Windsor Magazine says that "even Mr. Gladstone, that greatest of all sticklers for official reticence, held that a Cabinet Minister might impart secrets to his wife and his private secretary.

Governor Pingree, of Michigan, says: "If the railroads would cut off their free posses, do away with their lobbyists in the Legislature, discharge their high-priced attorneys, discard their 1000 mile tickets and permit all persons to ride at the rate of two cents a mile, they would earn more money and be in better favor with the public, from which they derive their support."

An interesting suggestion is made by a correspondent of the New York Horald, who says that in England, when one has a large number of letters or circulars to mail at one time, he need not be at the trouble of affixing a stamp on each one of them, but may carry them to the postoffice, pay the post te due on the whole and pass them in. No postage stamps are affixed, explains Harper's Weekly, but the flice simply stamps them "Paid" and they are forwarded. The Herald's correspondent thinks this British usuage is worth imitating, and Postmaster Dayton agrees with him, considering that it would be a convenience to business men, though it could not be adopted without action by Congress.

In N. S. Shaler's "American Highways," published by the Century Company, the author says that the people of the United States have been a very patient people, or little conscious of the "sore tax" inflicted on them by bad roads. If we are getting to be now impatient, the author warns the public not to act hastily as to means | self get rid of the inconvenient Luke. of ordinary communication until we and built. "Those who have the betterment of our American highways at heart should do all in their power to guide, direct, and even restrain the present movement toward their improvement, so that enthusiasm may be guided by a business sense to the end that we may attain a system of ways properly related to the needs of the country." No road ought to be built without study, and topographical, geological and climatic conditions must be considered. Practical considerations would not, of course, permit a road to be built where there was no use for it, but a desiral highway might be constructed through try which would oust too mud to build or to keep in repair.

Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Association, has recently compiled some interesting statistics with regard to women's progress the world over. She chronicles, among other things, the fact that women have about succeeded in gaining admission to the General Methodist Episcopal Conference, and that they have been specessfull in preaching the Gospel in all but the Episcopal and Roman Catholic sects. With respect to education, Miss Willard says: "Out of 451 colleges and universities in the United States only forty-one are closed to women. All the others are now coedu-Mional, and, besides, women have 148 schools of the higher educational standard, with 30,000 students. Onefourth of the fellowships of the University of Chicago are held by women, cleven Sistes and fourteen colleges or universities being represented. Three women fellows have given instructions in the university this year. Of 400,000 teachers in the United States, forty-three per cent. are wemen; in England the proportion is even greater. There are 128,955 womon teachers in England. In Bussia there were 500 applications for the 150 vacanules in the entering class for the higher course for women at the university of St. Petersburg at the recent examinations. Politically, the progress of women is even more marked. Twenty dve Stotes have given the educational belief to women; one, Kantas, the municipal, and Wroming, Colorado and Utab have made them

THE BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL

Thou half unfolded flower With fragance-laden heart, What is the secret power That doth thy petals part? What gave thee most thy hue-The sunshine, or the dew?

Thou wonder-wakened soul! As Dawn doth steal on Night On thee soft Love bath stole, Thine eye, that blooms with light What makes its charm so new-Its sunshine, or its dew? -Robert Underwood Johnson, in Century.

HIS LAST CALL.

LARGE winter



party in a house on the jilt?" Thames is no

irgs may be imagined when she discovered that her brother had invited plighted her troth, but the poor man to whom for nearly a year she had been secretly engaged.

"You don't mean to say you've asked Luke Maitland!" gasped Grace, on hearing the unwelcome tidings.
"And why shouldn't I?" growled

Tom, aggressively; "he's as good a sort as any fellow I know; there are

told him about your engagement to be thoroughly your own." old Smithson—you should have seen him, Grace—I thought the poor chap was going to faint!; What fools

men are!"
"What brutes brothers are!" reflected Grace; then, with a caressing tone she seldom wasted on Tom, "if you really think poor Luke is fond of me, wou't you put off his visit, dear? It can hardly be agreeable to him to

coming it's not my concern—it's his Luke, with a laugh. The laugh was such an uncanny one and the look on

Grace sighed with an injured martyr expression and resigned herself to the inevitable. The inevitable was disagreeable-it usually is, but she could and fairly took to her heels. see a way out of it. She would her-

ures in the glass, and a certain wise the drawing room near to her brother, ady, but she could neither eat nor old proverb presented itself obtru-

"It is best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new,' sighed the young lady; then, apostrophizing the mirror: "What a fool

twenty when she engaged herself to "poor Luke"; she had been very fond then of the handsome young fellow, but this fondness had not blinded her low I think of it—Luke's a regular pretty eyes to the main chance, and bookworm." And off went the enershe had only promised to marry him getic youth. on the condition of absolute secrecy.

Luke was a struggling novelist, and if his struggles continued to be fruit. room all rose in alarm, for it was plain less and his novels publishless, Grace to see that semething had happened. argued, with an acumen that did credit to her head at least, that it would be easier for her to accomplish his mouth hung open, his whole frame a brilliant marriage if she were not shook. hampered by a public engagement to such an ineligible as Luke.

Luke Maitland was poor. He had more heart than head; he was credu- his face with his hands. lous, dreamy, absolutely impractical; his views of life were absurdly impossible; he practiced what he preached, and he presched-over the heads of his fellow-men. How could such a man ever hope for success or happiness. Such a man as this was like wax in the hands of Grace Furnival.

The guests arrived late, and Miss Furnival's toilet was a protracted one. When she entered the drawing room Luke Maitland stopped abruptly in his conversation. He stood, white and trembling, his sunken eyes fixed on the glistening white vision advancing

toward him. Though Grace might feel uncomfortable she was equal to the occasion "So pleased to see you, Mr. Mait-lard," she said. "Such ages since we

her was an ordeal for both Luke and a; even Tom felt uncomfor-table enen he saw his friend's misera-face, and the mouth twisted up in that ble face, and wished he had cancelled awful grin-' invitation, while an instinctive feeling that something was wrong hung upon the spirits of the other

When the feast was over the ladie rose, Luke Maitland opening the door, land's death and the terrible manner and as Grace passed him he whispered of it was a severe shock to her. She in her ear, under cover of a sudden was ill for many weeks with a kind of quarrel for precedence between the

"I must see you to-pight-tell me where and when-"At 9-in the library," was Grace's

up her handkorchief, Luke Maitland waited half an hour delayed. in the gloomy, book-lined room before Grace joined him. She closed the door carefully behind her, drew a chair close to the fire, shivering and spreading out her hands to the cheerful blaze, for it was the 17th of February and the night was hitterly cold.

Luke leaned against the mantelpiece and looked down at her, at her glorious pile of chestnut hair, at her finely cut features and pretty white hands. His lips trembled—he could not trust himself to speak.

"Well," said Grace, glancing up at him, "what do you want to say to me? her turn. I can't stay here long."

Luke steadied his shaking lips with

an effort. "I want to know the truth-I want dence!" to know if you are still the woman I have worshiped or if you are some-thing else, a different being to what I

lave ever imagined you."
"Would you mind descending to my
level and common prose, and telling me exactly what you want to know in plain English?" said Grace mockingly. "In plain English, are you engaged to Edward Smithson as well as to me? rambling old In plain English, are you a heartless

Grace looked at him curiously. "I answer 'yes' to both those queslightful thing tions. Call me as many hard names as the ab- you like; I deserve them."

stract, but if there was silence for some moments. A wintry moon was shining fitfully upon the thick snow outside; the wind selected one, or there happen to be a handkerchief from his pocket and the conse- passed it across his wet forehead. quences may be extremely disagreeable. was a white silk handkerchief with a Perhaps Miss Grace Furnival's feel- blue border, the initials "L. M." conspicuously embroidered in each cor-ner. Grace's eyes rested on it for a to Walworth Court not only the rich moment, and a little flush of color lamp in the ceiling, leaving the carcame into her pale cheeks. Luke riage in darkness; any face outside the saw it and smiled.

"Ah, you recognize it—the hand-kerchief you embroidered for me only a year ago! It has lasted longer than your love." He put it carefully back into his pocket.

"Grace," he said, fixing his dark eyes on hers with a wistful look that sort as any fellow I know; there are only three things against him—he's you think I am taking this very easy; poor, he's high-shouldered, and he is much too fond of you." the blow has paralyzed me—my brain seems stunned—but if it will be any consolation to your vanity to know that last?"

"Because I met him yesterday and there's something white round his throat—a handkerchief, I think. Ah, he's gone—good heavens! he must have jumped off—he'll be smashed."

But Mr. Smithson's horried speculations as to the fate of the mysterious

The young man's words were a trifle melodramatic; they reminded Grace of speeches out of his own novels, and she gave a light little laugh.

"I hope you will enjoy your honey-moon," he went on; "you needn't be afraid of my creating disturbances and opening Mr. Smithson's eyes-I shall start to night on a long journey-on It can hardly be agreeable to him to be here at the same time as dear Ed-ward." a long journey," he repeated, fixing his eyes on Grace's with a singular expression, "but don't be afraid, "Dear Edward be blowed!" was you will see me quite soon enough Tom's vigorous remark. "Luke is my friend, and I'm not going to incall on your husband; yes, I terfere with him; if he doesn't mind shall make a point of returning," said such an uncanny one and the look on the young man's face so very strange

She did not feel safe until she had Perhaps it was hardly surprising that Grace looked at her handsome feat-She did not feel safe until she had who was playing a game of cards with the guests. Suddenly he asked:

"Anybody seen Luke Maitland? Do you know where he is, Grace?

trophizing the mirror: "What a fool trophizing the mirror: "What a fool I've been to get myself into this mess! I've been very weak not to break with I've been very weak not to break with minutes. "No, he's not there. Where minutes." I've and here gone

This time he returned almost immediately, and as he burst into the Tom's face was white-horrified, his hair was standing erect on his head,

"What is it?" oried Grace, "Oh, Tom fell into a chair and covered

"It is too awful! he gasped; "too horrible! Poor Luke! Oh, my God! can't forget his face. Grace shook him almost fiercely

"Why can't you speak plainly, Tom? "Dead as a doornail. But somebody

go and fetch a doctor. Somebody go and cut him down"—a strong shudder shook him-"I-I couldn't stop there I-I can't look at it again." "And how-how-?" Grace's dry lips could not frame the question.

"Hanged himself," answered Tom, looking up with horrified eyes; "hanged himself behind the door with the very embroidered handkerchief I saw in his hand at dinner to-day-his initials in all the corners; expect some woman gave it him. Did you see his 'the head hanging on one shoulder, face, and the mouth twisted up in that

"Hush," said a friend, quickly; 'hold your tongue, man-your sister's fainting ! Grace Furnival was a cold and some-

what heartles woman, but Luke Maitland's death and the terrible manner her marriage with Edward Smithson. She wished to delay it until July twelve month, but this her lover would prompt reply, as she stooped to pick not hear of-it must be that year or not at all, and the marriage was not

As the "happy pair" drove from Paddington to Visionia (their honeymoon was to be spent on the Riviera) Grace noticed that her husband cast many glances out of the window.

"What is it, Edward?" she asked; "what are you looking st?"

"I was enly looking to see if that fellow is still following us-I suppose he thinks we are going to a private house and wants to help with the boxes. He's been after us ever since we left Paddington,"

Grace looked out of the window in "I don't see any one, Edward."

"I daresay he's hanging on to the back of our cab-like his impru-

The subject was dismissed and the man forgotten for the moment, But two days later, when Mr. and Mrs. Smithson were comfortably catablished in a luxurious coupe on the night express from Paris to Marseilles, Grace was startled out of her sleep by hearing her husband exclaim:

"There's that man again!" Grace opened her eyes sleepily. "Where?" she asked.

"There, hanging on to the doorhis face against the window. Good God! how did he get there? He'll be killed.

"It must be the ticket collector," said Grace. "With the train running at full peed? No-impossible!"

"Is he still there?" gasped she. "Yes, of course; are you blind?"
"I can't see him," said his wife, straining her eyes into the outer dim-

"Can't see him? Why, he's there all the time, as large as life."
The little blind was drawn over the

visible, but Grace could see nothing. See gave a little shudder. "You must be ill, Edward-there is nothing there. Tell me what he is

like."
"I can't see distinctly—his head his shoulder. seems hanging over on his shoulder,

the discovery that his wife had fainted. The husband and wife made the Con-

tinental tour. "Who's your high-shouldered friend, Mrs. Smithson?" asked an American acquaintance one day as they watched the rouge et noir tables in the gamb-ling rooms at Monte Carlo. "I never see you and your husband without him, and yet the strange thing is I've never seen his face or met him by himself.

Grace faltered out some answer and changed the conversation; but the American was not to be silenced, for presently he looked round, started, and said, with interest in his voice; "Why, he's there now-just behind

make out his face-it seems to be twisted on one side and it's half hidden by a handkerchief. Good gracious, Mrs. Smithson, are you ill?'

you-queer looking fellow! I can't

sleep; her cheeks grew white and sunken, her eyes hollow.
"I must take you back to England, Grace," said her husband, but she

shuddered and begged to stay abroad till the spring.

Grace sat by the window and looked out across the moonlit gardens; it was Grace Furnival was only one-and- can the fellow be? He can't have gone a bitterly cold season at Monte Carlo; the snow lay on the ground, and the wind growled fitfully through the evergreen oaks. There was a fire in her sitting room, but Grace shivered and drew her cloak closer around her. She rose and went to the table for a A little calendar was lying there; she glanced at it—the seven-teenth of February. It was the anniversary of Luke Maitland's death! She shook from head to foot and glanced furtively over her shoulder, half expecting to see some dreadful thing, but there was nothing there. But an awful feeling of terror was on her. She opened the door and went out into the corridor, thinking she would call the maid on some pretext. In the room opposite her own there were loud talk and laughter and the lively popping of corks. The sounds reassured her; she felt less cut off from humanity and half ashamed of her fears-she would go back again. She pushed open the door, but it resisted and felt curiously heavy under her trembling hand; its action seemed impeded by some heavy weight. She pened it, however, and it swung back behind her, closing loudly under the sudden impetus. Some dark object was hanging on the door; with a heart that had almost stopped beating, Grace stood and looked. It was a dark, dimly-seen figure, the head hanging over upon one shoulder; s faint ray of moonlight touched the face-it was the face of a dead man. face, Gould, with the moonlight on it? A white handkerchief was tightened un-I shall never forget it," gasped Tom- der the blackened throat, the eyes started forward in a blind, glassy stare, the mouth was twisted in a ghastly grin. It was the face of Luke Maitland as Tom had described it. When Mr. Smithson came in half an

hour later he found his wife rigid and unconscious. He, too, saw the awful figure hanging on the door; the glassy eyes seemed staring into his; there was a horrible malignity in the distorted grin. He gazed, fascinated, then a moan from Grace drew his eyes nervous fever, and when she recovered away. When he looked up again the the first thing she did was to put off figure had gone. Luke Maitland was never seen again; he had made his last

But his revenge was complete, when, after months of illness, Grace at last recovered her reason and health, What greater vengeauce eculd he have desired on a pretty woman.-New York Times.

It cost Teanessee \$1,526,241 to take care of her schools, and \$1,500,000 to; take care of her oriminals in 1896,

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE

FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS Plaint of the Housewife-Impossible -A Friend in Need-Had Given All-A Cruel World, Etc., Etc.

Well-meaning man has seldom said The thing precisely that he ought, le slights her dainty home-made bread And suavely flatters what she bought. —Defroit Free Press.

A PRIEND IN NEED, Brown-"I haven't a friend in the Jones-"You can make one; I need five."-Puck.

IMPOSSIBLE, Barker-"Dufferly ought to go and soak his head." Gruff-"Humph! He couldn't get

anything on it."-Truth. Bambury-"I hear that Stimpton is Did he leave his wife much?"

Mispah-"I suppose so. He always left her as much as he could while he was alive."—Boston Transcript. THE VILLAGE HUMORIST.

Tomkins-"The royal baby has not ived long, has it, Simkins?" Simkins—"Be it dead?"
Tomkins—"No, but it has not lived ong. Good morning."-Sketch.

HAD GIVEN ALL. Lawyer (investigating client's story) "Now, you must keep nothing from

Client-"I haven't. I paid you every cent I had in the world for your 'ee."-Tit-Bits.

IMAGINATIVE AND OTHERWISE. Quilldriver-"The high salaries of the new journalism make me think of

New York's tall buildings." Wilson—"Tall buildings?"
"Yes, there are so many stories about them,"—Truth.

A FINANCIER.
Soiled Hooks—"If I live a few years longer I expect t' die a rich man. Seldum Fedd-"How yer goin' t'

Soiled Hooks—"W'y, look at de money I'm savin' by not buyin' soap." -Judge.

Daughter—"On! papa, what a shocking thing! I read that a young girl was made crazy by a sudden kiss." Father—"What did the fool go crazy

Daughter-"What for? Why, for more, I suppose."

THE GENESIS OF A NAME, "Why," asked the daughter with

the dreamy eyes, "why do they call it the honeymoon, mamma?"
"Because," answered the mother with the drawn lines about her mouth, "because it is a sort of sweet lausey,

I suppose."-Cincinnati Euquirer.

THAT'S DIFFERENT. "Who's making all that racket out thera? I want some chance to read and think."

"It's me as is singing," snapped the autocrat of the kitchen; "and what of "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought

it was my wife."-Detroit Free Press. A CRUEL WORLD. Weary Willie-"Yes, poor Slobsy

iost heart completely an' committed suicide. He couldn't stan' dis cruel, heartless world no longer. Flowery Fields--"Everybody against him, I suppose?"

Willie-"Yes; everywhere Weary he went folks wuz offerin' him jobs.'

THE FIRST STEP.

"I wish you would tell me," said the kind old judge to the lady burglar, "how you came to adopt such a dis-reputable profession. How did you

"Your honor," replied the miserable woman, "my first step was to go through my husband's pockets while he slept. After that the descent was easy."-Life.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

"It's strange how some men are always fortunate," remarked Mr. Snaggs. "Now here is that man Jones. so uniformly fortunate that he is called 'Lucky Jones.' He was such for breach of promise and the jury awarded the girl \$75,000." "I don't see how he was lucky in

"You don't, ch? Why he escape marrying her." -Texas Sifter. REPARATION. John Butts, Sr. - "I want to leave

that case," interrupted Mrs. Snaggs.

my property to my two sons-one-tenth to my youngest son, John Butts, and nine-tenths to my eldest son, Royal Chesterfield Chauncey De Peys-Family Lawyer-"H'm!-do you

think that's quite fair ?" John Butts, Sr .- "Yes ;-I want to make some kind of reparation to Royal for allowing his mother to give him such a name." -- Puck.

"Thank heaven !" muttered the poor

girl who was serving as the heroine of paper novel. And yet she had apparently little for which to be thankful as she crawled into her pallet of straw on the floor in

the corner of the room. She was very, very poor. And yet she was thankful.

"The advantage of a bed on the floor," she murmured, as she lapsed into a sweet slumber, "lies in the feeling of security it brings. A man cannot possibly get under it."-Puck.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL,

Hambug has a house of paper. All true internal parasites are blind. eing very safe and without necessity

A street railroad operated by gas engines is being experimented with in Harber, the great authority on fish,

says that every square mile of the sea is inhabited by 120,000,000 funy crea-Incandescent electric light globes

cannot be stolen from a new lamp ocket recently patented. A key locks the globe in the socket. An analysis of the California olive-

oil made at the experiment station at Berkeley proves it to contain as much nutriment as roast beef, pound for pound. M. Henri Moissan, in the course of

his lecture the other day before the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, illustrated his teaching by making a diamond. By using the electric light during

the daytime Professor Bailey produced lilies fully two weeks before the plants grown under the natural conditions An authority on deaf mutes says that the ratio of deaf mutes to hearing

is one to each 1600, according to which there are about 40,000 such persons in the United States and about 1,000,-000 in the world's entire population. What is claimed to be the most

powerful locomotive in the world has just been completed at Liege. At a rial trip a speed of forty-six miles an iour was attained with a load of 100 trucks, each containing a dead weight of twelve tons. Fish in aquaria turn on their side,

or in other ways at times indicate a diseased condition. If they are taken out and placed in a vessel of salt water -they will usually recover. They should remain in the salty water about twenty-four hours.

A New Jersey man has invented a new trolley pole which does away with one trolley wire on a double-track road, the connection being made with the side of wire, instead of the under surface, thus allowing two cars to pass each other without the interference of

The project of building a power nursery at Niagara has been revived, and it is proposed to form the Electric Nursery Plant Company, with a capital stock of \$10,000. A two-story tal stock of \$10,000. A two-story brick structure 300x60 feet is to be erected in the northern part of the city, and space and power leased to small concerns who do not care to build a factory of their own.

Treatment of Chilblains.

The medical expert of the European edition of the New York Herald discusses the treatment of chilblains proposed by M. Montmollin, a Swiss physician. This treatment is very simple, consisting in washing the hands four times a day from fifteen to thirly minutes in a tepid solu-tion of tannin in water, 1 to 100, and twice in soap water for fifteen minutes. He claims that the chil-

blains can thus be cured in two weeks. But, simple as this treatment is, few people who suffer from chilblains can afford to spend two to three hours a day for a fortnight in the manner prescribed by Dr. Montmollin. Our foreign medical correspondent proposes a more expeditious and apparently an equally efficacious remedy.

He says: "For a long time now I have had good results from prescribing a mixture of almond paste, mustard powder and tannin, for washing the hands, and a saturated solution of pierie acid in water to be applied twice a day to the swollen and even ulcerated skin. With the first mentioned compound the sensitiveness to cold is awakened, and consequently greater eare is taken in protecting the extremities against changes of temperature, while with the latter the chilblain becomes less

"This treatment, which is really efficacious, is very simple and extremely easy to earry out."

Dunces Sometimes "furn Out Well," "The school life of men does not asually indicate, what they will be-come," said H. Q. Davies, of Indian-apolis, at the Riggs. "It is said that Indiana's favorite statesman, Oliver P. Morton, was a very dull boy at school. But what called the subject to my mind was that a certain caudidate for a State office, who I see was elected, was a schoolmate of mine. He was the butt of ridicule then, slovenly, uncouth, lazy and stupid, He went into the practice of law, has achieved distinction as a lawyer, and prominence as a politician. I have just heard of the brightest boy in the school I attended, and he veloped into an all-round loafer and dead beat. It set me to thinking, and taking the averages of my classmates the half below the average have succeeded far better than those above.

--- Washington Star. It Cuts Diamonds,

It has always been supposed that all the substance that would prove of sufficient hardness to be used in carving diamonds had been discovered, but a French scientist, M. Moissau, found a new compound which is infinitely more hard than the diamond, than anything which has previously been heard of.

The new discovery is called boron carbide. It is jot black and resembles zeopnite to a considerable extent. It is not found anywhere, and nature foes not make this combination unaided. It is brought about by heating boric acid and carbon in an electric furnace. Its cheapness has caused it to find favor already among the jewelers of Europe, and one or two specimens of the new compound have reached New York.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

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OPEN THY HEART.

Admit Isto thy silent breast! The notes of but one bird, And instantly thy soul will join In Jubillant accord.

The perfume of single flow'r Inhale like breath of God, And in the garden of thy heart A thousand buds will nod,

Toward one star in heaven's expanse Direct thy spirit's flight, And thou will have in the wide world My child, enough light. -Johanna Ambrosit;

HUMOR OF THE DAY,

What a funny feeling it must give a widow the first time she laughs after her husband's death. Atchison Globe. The reason the woodman didn't "spare that tree" was because he wasn't that kind of a feller,—Texas

"Wool is crawling up again," as the farmer said when he pulled down his flannel shirt and tucked it in.—Texas

"I understand why the Japanese consider it artistic to put just one flower in a vase." "Well, why is it?" "It sells more vases."—Boston Jour-

"You are weak," said a widow to her son, when he remonstrated against her marrying again. "I am so weak that I cannot step-father." - Texas A Texas editor says: "We never

could understand why so much shot should be wasted in killing birds while so many young men part their hair in the middle."—Texas Sifter. He-"Noodles tells me that when walking with him last night you were fishing for compliments." She-"Poor Noodles; I'm too old a hand to

fish in shallow waters."-Detroit Free Father-"Well, May, how would you like to have a little brother?" May-"If it's just the same to you, papa, I'd sooner have a little white rabbit with pink eyes."-Collier's

Weekly. The Irish Lecturer-"The superior-ity of the old architecture over the new is beyond question, for where you find any modern buildings that have lasted as long as the aucient ones, -Tit-Bits. Lanks-"What kind of a chicken is

this, Mrs. Hungerford?" Landlady-"A Plymouth Rock, I was told at the market." Lanks-"H'm! What is the difference, if any, between this and the common flint variety?"-Puek. "I am writing a play which cannot fail to be a great success," said Foyer, "What is its chief features?" "In the

last act the comedian who has perpetrated all the chestnuts dies a miserable death."-Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "How is it that you are always in debt? You should be ashamed of yourself," "Come, now; don't be too hard on a fellow. You would per-

haps be in debt, too, if you were my place." "What place?" to get credit,"-Odds and Ends. Blagson-"You ought to stay at home and take care of that cold," Graymore—"I suppose I ought, but I can't spare the time." Blagson—"If you don't you may get laid up." Gray-more -- "Oh, in that case I'd find time to attend to it." -- Roxbury Gazette.

Edith-"Is it true that one has to kiss the Bible when ones takes an oath in court?" Aunt Mary—'In some States, I believe," Edith—'Then that's what Harry Prince must have meant when he said he knew me like book. He wanted to kiss me."-Bos-

ton Transcript. "Take my word for it," said one gentleman to another, "the new woman only comes from one county. "Which is that?" asked the other, "Middlesex." "Ah! why so?" "Because she has not yet become a gentleman, and is certainly not a lady." -London Spare Moments.

The Oyster Still Plentiful,

"There may be an end to the oyster business some time," remarked au old oysterman, "but it won't come for many years yet. The oyster beds of Chesapeake Bay alone are 3000 square miles in extent, and while the ovsters there are probably not as plentiful as they were some years ago, there is still a good supply, notwithstanding the number dredged yearly. Of late years the supply has been very considerably increased, owing to the millions of small oysters dredged off the coast of the Carolinas, and planted in the Chesapeake Bay to grow. When too salt to eat. In several years, however, it loses its flery and very salt taste and soon increases in size. Though oysters are plentitul all along Lond Island Sound, and good, too, yet the great supply is taken from Chesapeake Bay, the annual yield of which is over 30,000,000 bushels."-Washington Star.

Private Swimming Tanks, Swimming tanks are now being

placed in the basements of many manions on Fitth avenue, New York City. Big houses that possess these luxurious bathing annexes frequently hold merry swimming parties, which are said to be fashionable. The fad is especially popular among the ladies, and "bathing hops" will probably be fore the end of the winter season antinished mansion of C. P. Huntington, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, contains a gargeously constructed Turco Russian bather, larger by far than any other private bath in the city, perhaps in the world. It occupies almost the entire basement floor. The most magnificent bath rooms in the world are said to be in the homes of rich Gothamites,