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WEST REPUBLICAN

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We build more schools, colleges and free libraries than any other of the civilized lands.

Kleptomania must be set down as one of the aristocratic diseases, and the Chicago Board of Health should be notified.

The bicycle is now being blamed in part for falling off in subscriptions to foreign missions.

Munich and Vienna, supplied with mountain water, average only seven miles from the head of the Danube.

The most "electric" village in Europe is Dorochee, in Belgium, where a plant has been put in operation according to plans drawn by Professor Schontges, of Ghent.

The announcement that D. L. Bondy has left \$500,000 left him by the will of J. N. Harris, a New London (Conn.) Bank President, to use as he thinks best, brings up the not generally known fact that for twenty years or more this revivalist has left smaller large sums given and left larger sums given and left larger sums given and left larger sums given.

The first two-thirds of 1896 are \$1,000,000 bushels less than for the same time last season, asks the American Agriculturist.

"I see that you admire my young friend," said Madame, when the two were chatting aside.

"She is adorable! such a union of grace, beauty, and sweetness I have never seen."

"You must be a very acute observer to discover her angelic qualities after being only five minutes in her company. But perhaps you have heard something of her history—though I don't know who can have told you."

"I have heard of her, Madame."

"You have heard nothing in her credit, I fear," she remarked, shaking her head significantly.

"The ladies are in the salon," Marie told him; "there is a visitor with them, a friend of Madame's, who has just arrived."

"Very good," he answered absently.

"The old bachelor's cheeks were flushed, and his heart beat fast as he approached the door of the sitting room."

"Let me go, sir; don't you see that Mme. Everard looks quite scandalized?" she exclaimed, glancing at Mme. Everard, whose face expressed the most unqualified despair.

"It is at you, then, not at me!" he declared.

"Make my compliments to the ladies, and say that as they have a visitor I will not intrude this evening," he said, and walked away.

"I think he is charming, charming," she replied, with a droll imitation of his manner.

"In fact, Rouse, you have made a conquest. He can't be much over fifty. It is the prime of life for a man. He is rich, good natured, and good mannered; occupying, it appears, a responsible post under the Government—let me tell you, Renee, that such a match is not to be despised by a girl in your position."

"Perhaps not," she continued mildly; "but as I happen to be already engaged to Maurice Delannay—"

"Did you not tell me that the engagement had been broken off by his people three years ago?"

"Yes—but not by himself. He would have married me in defiance of them, but I told him that I would not be his wife till I had fulfilled my task and cleared my father's name of the stain of dishonor."

"And you think he will wait for you?" her friend questioned, with a cynically compassionate smile.

"I am sure of it. Work, wait, and trust, that is my motto."

"As she crossed the Pont Neuf next day Renee passed for a moment to drop a contribution into the leather wallet of an old, wooden legged soldier, familiarly known to Parisians by the soubriquet of Pere Joyeux."

"Coins of any sort were not very plentiful with Renee."

"My little lady, you have given me a silver piece; did you know?"

"Yes, I have no coppers. Is it not a good one?" she asked.

"Quite good, and a new one, too! I shall keep it for luck," he replied, and he broke into the tune of "Monsieur et Madame Denis."

"Renee found herself humming the refrain of the foolish old song as she went her way. Her heart thrilled with the longing to see Maurice again; to hear once more the dear, familiar voice which to her was the sweetest music the world could give."

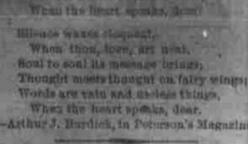
"Renee!"

"She paused with a start at the speaker. It was Maurice himself."

"Renee, don't you know me?" he questioned.

SILVAIN'S SECRET.

BY MARY E. PRICE.



MONSIEUR SILVAIN, who was a bachelor, occupied rooms in the Rue Vivienne, on the second floor, and below him was his neighbor, Mme. Everard, the widow of a Colonel. The lady's rooms were generally silent, but one day M. Silvain, as he mounted the stairs, heard the voice of a soprano singing "La Normande." The gentleman rang the door of the stage. His curiosity was awakened. Mme. Everard received him.

"I fancy that the musical has not escaped your notice," said the lady. "The singer is the daughter of an old friend of mine. There was an introduction, and M. Silvain paid his respects to a beautiful young woman."

"Madame said, 'She is a very adventurous and independent young lady, M. Silvain. When her father died three years ago, leaving her to face the world alone, she adopted music as her profession, and, not being appreciated in her native place, Rouen, came up to Paris—'

"And she will be famous some day," remarked M. Silvain, "and maybe she will find a more congenial happiness through marriage."

"If you consider marriage equivalent to happiness, M. Silvain, pardon me for saying how it is you are still a bachelor."

"Madame, I must plead that it is not my fault, but my misfortune. Constantly occupied in my—ah!—official duties, I have had no leisure to think of matrimony, but I hope—"

"Your official duties?" the widow interrupted quickly. "Then you have a post under Government, M. Silvain?"

"—Yes, I have occupied my present position for a number of years, Madame. Do not let my presence prevent you from finishing that charming song, Mademoiselle."

"I see that you admire my young friend," said Madame, when the two were chatting aside.

"She is adorable! such a union of grace, beauty, and sweetness I have never seen."

"You must be a very acute observer to discover her angelic qualities after being only five minutes in her company. But perhaps you have heard something of her history—though I don't know who can have told you."

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"I am glad no one has taken his place," Renee said softly, after a moment; "it would seem almost like desertion. I fancy I can still hear the sound of his violin!"

Maurice looked down at her tenderly.

"Yes," she concluded, with a happy smile; "I stayed on for a night, but joy has come with the morning!"

—New York Times.

WISE WORDS.

We are apt to be most attracted by those characters in fiction which as neighbors we would hardly dare associate with.

Amateur theatrical performances will never be popular so long as performers insist upon having audiences attend them.

It is a good deal easier to go without dinner when you have the money in your pocket to pay for it than when you have it.

There are lots of people even now, who would not object to the burlesque of vices if they were allowed to select the witches.

A man always shuffles around and looks uncomfortable when his wife talks about things that happened on their honeymoon.

The needle is true to the pole; but that is only natural. That which has never been reached is always apt to be an object of desire.

Very often when we think we are impressing people with our smartness, we are only making a reputation for being disagreeable.

Some smiles are like the radiances of certain apples, which is owing to a centipede or other creeping thing, coiled up at the heart of them.

After all a man's household goods have been carted around the streets on the neighbor's horse as though the neighbors had taken an unfair advantage of him.

The woman who fuses and scolds and slaps the children for an hour before Sunday-school time is often the same one who sits in the parlor all the evening with blinds up and plays hymns on the melodeon.—The South-West.

The Color of Bread.

"Some housekeepers are as much interested in the color of their bread as they are in the other qualities of the flour used by them," observed an extensive baker, "and are consequently anxious to know the exact color the bread will be when made from the flour they buy. My experience is that the color of the loaf will give to bread the best ascertained by placing a flattened ball of dough made therefrom on a piece of colorless window glass and allowing it to stand twenty-four hours. By then looking at the bottom of the ball of dough through the glass on which it rests, the exact color will be seen. This is the test given by the Commissary Department of the army to officers whose duties are to buy flour which is to be used by the army. It is perfect in its character, and is so simple that he or she who runs a bread mill can do it. I do not care much about the color of bread, but many do, and these aesthetic tastes have to be gratified. When flour makes 'pretty bread' it always does so at the expense of other things, and many of the best qualities of the wheat are taken from it, of the things that make bread firm and elastic, so that 'pretty bread' is not exactly the best for food after all."—Washington Star.

Primitive Methods of Milling.

The early methods of coining money were exceedingly imperfect. The metal, having been brought to the required standard of fineness, was melted and cast into small bars, which were reduced into thin plates under the hammer. Square pieces cut from these plates were rounded at the ends and then by means of rule dies—one fixed like an anvil to a block and the other held like a punch—the round lump of metal was flattened and coined at the same time. The difficulty of thus placing the two dies exactly opposite suggested occasional improvements; but it was not till about the sixteenth century that the forge and hammer gave place in France and England to the mill and screw, a method by which the bars were reduced to their proper thickness by rolling and the pieces were coined by the pressure of a screw. In the British mill screw presses impelled by steam are still used, while in the United States, in not local districts, it was a life just suited to me. I could be a gentleman at times—as M. Silvain, I had not as many friends as Silvain as I had as Pere Joyeux. I loved you as a daughter when you first put money in my hand. But there is more than that."

Renee kissed the butt man.

"The false beard and the wooden leg made all the difference to some—but not to you. Yes, yes, yes, again," and with the ghost of his former gallant manner he raised Renee's hand to his lips. Renee was sobbing.

"Hush," he interrupted gently; "what better fortune can I have than to save your life and secure your happiness? Renee, you will find a parcel in my desk, directed to yourself. I restore your gift, dear—as I meant to have done—if I had lived. There is no obstacle now between you—and your lover. God bless you both. How dark it grows—and cold! Do not be sorry for me, dear—I am quite content," he continued, with a tranquil smile.

"Quite content," he repeated; and with the smile on his lips he died.

On the afternoon of their wedding day, before starting on their journey into Normandy, Renee and Maurice crossed the Pont Neuf once more, to pay a last visit to Pere Joyeux's old haunt.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Love's Sacrifice—On With the New—His Explanation—An Ingenious Youth—Accommodating, Etc.

He squandered \$10 for tea, you see—Her joy in the gift was immense—But little she dreamed that his dinner would be Three backwaters that cost him ten cents.—Chicago Record.

ACCOMMODATING.

Tenant—"If you don't have that roof patched we will be drowned out." Landlord—"I'll send you down half a dozen life preservers. Anything else?"—Detroit Free Press.

HIS EXPLANATION.

"He made ducks and drakes of his money." "Yes? And those promissory notes of his?" "Deceits!"—Chicago Record.

AN INGENIOUS YOUTH.

Freddie—"What do you want to catch the fly for?" Little Johnnie—"Sister has just made herself a glass of lemonade, and I'm awfully dry."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

ON WITH THE NEW.

She—"I was madly in love with you in those old days." He—"And have you fully recovered?" She—"Oh, yes; I have a bicycle now."—Truth.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

"It is said we shall all pass away as a tale that is told." "That sounds all right; but tales that are told don't pass away—they are forever being told over again."—Chicago Record.

METHOD IN HIS MANNER.

"Yesterday I heard you denouncing baby carrying on bicycles as murder, and to-day you were urging Newpope to carry his. How odd!" "Not at all. That kid has a drum and lives in the next flat."—New York Journal.

WHAT CAUSED HER WOES.

"I am expressly sorry, Mr. Smithers," she said, "to learn that when you called the other day I gave you a cold." "Oh, that's all right," he said, with a forced effort to be cheerful. "No, it isn't," she sobbed, "the dear little fellow has been ill ever since."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A CLEVER TRICK.

He—"As our engagement is cancelled, of course you will return that diamond ring?" She—"Mr. Styles, on said I was a peach the day when you gave me this ring. Well, if I am, I am a peach of the diamond variety. Therefore, I'll keep the diamond."—Boston Transcript.

ON THE WEDDING TRIP.

"You can't both ride on a single ticket," said the conductor sharply. "Oh, I guess we kin," answered Josh, with perfect confidence, as he threw his arm around his blushing companion. "If you'll look at this here ticket you'll see that me and Marthy's just been made one."—Detroit Free Press.

SOMETHING LICKABLE.

"Henry!" "Yes, your excellency?" "The Cubans have issued a set of postage stamps. You may have noticed something about it in the public prints." "I have, sir." "I suppose Weyer is glad those stamps have been issued." "May I inquire why, your excellency?" "Well, he can lick them, you know?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

NAMES EXHAUSTED.

Wheeler—"Everybody says that Blackmore has invented the best bicycle yet known. But he can't put it on the market." Grider—"Can't? Why? Unable to find capital?" Wheeler—"Oh, no. He could get it ten times over any day." Grider—"Can't get a patent?" Wheeler—"Patent already secured." Grider—"Then what is the matter?" Wheeler—"Nothing to call it. All the names are used up."—Tit-Bits.

THE BATTLE OF THE BULLDOGS.

There was a tremendous note in Colonel Lezio del Stobbio's voice. "Your excellency," said he, "I fear me that the jig is over!" "What," corrected Captain-General Weyer, his nose burning white with anger, "think thou I care for aught that those mousetraps of yours may do? or that because a few filibusters from the United States have joined the insurgents my heart sinks? Well, I guess not! Victory shall yet be ours!" "Generalissimo," answered Del Stobbio, sally, "it is evident you have not been apprised of the latest misfortune which renders our cause almost hopeless?" "Speak," the head butcher of all the Stobbios cried.

"All our writing material was purged last night."—Chicago News.

Adventures of a Rooster.

Chilwood, Oregon, has a rooster which came there on the pilot of a railroad engine, a since his arrival has behaved properly, but before his advent there had made two prolonged stops in his progress along the line of the railroad and had run with a flock of sheep and then with a herd of cattle.

—New York Sun.

COSTLY.

The other night I sat me down into a meal of love. First two sweet loaves from eyes quite brown Placed me in heaven above.

Then came a course of dainty tories: Two hand clasps on the side, Some slices direct from torrid zones Borne on a devoted tide.

A good big hug done to a turn These dainties followed after, And then to make our spirits burn, The wine of rapturous laughter.

The sweetest dishes should come last, Time epicures assent; We had, to crown this rich repast Some kisses for desert.

But, Oh, the price I paid for this The dearest meal to me! It was indeed expensive bliss— It took my liberty.—Tom Mason, in Detroit Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Wiley—"Tell me something good for a joke." Driley—"Point."—Boston Traveller.

You can make lots of hoaxes sometimes by admitting you are wrong when you are not.—Life.

"What is meant by saying that a man is convalescing?" "That he has outwitted his doctor."—Truth.

Lady (admiring gifts at wedding)—"Ah! these are the souvenir spoons." Maid (indignantly)—"No, indeed, mum! They're solid silver."—Judge.

Yabsley—"The traitest test of a man's friendship is his willingness to lend you money." Mudge—"Oh, most anybody will lend money. The real test is when you strike him for a second loan."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mamma," said little Mary, "what does amen mean?" "It means that you join in with what has been said, dearie; that you approve of and believe it." "Oh, yes, I know," said the little girl. "It's the opposite of nit!"—Harper's Bazar.

Minister—"You said you knew that I was coming, my little man? Now, how did you know?" "Tommy—'Cause ma told me I sat for more than one piece of cake at the table she'd pound the blame liver out of me to-night."—Cleveland Leader.

More Room: Young Mrs. Pitts—"The Trolleybus has such a jewel of a hired girl. Their floor is actually clean enough to eat off." Young Mr. Pitts—"By George, that ought to be right handy when he has to carve a duck."—Indianapolis Journal.

A friend called on a worthy divine, who had been offered a bishopric. The daughter of the house met him at the door. "Is your father going to accept it?" he inquired. "Well, the young lady replied demurely, 'father is praying for guidance in the library. Mother is packing upstairs.'"—Tit-Bits.

"I don't think that Panzer is a sincere writer," remarked one young man. "You think he doesn't mean what he says?" "Yes," "Well, I know better than that. I saw something that he wrote the other day, and I'm sure he meant every word of it. It was a request for a loan of \$5."—Washington Star.

"I shall have to give it up," remorsefully ejaculated the Scotch minister, when, having buried his bad in a bunker, he momentarily abandoned himself to language which would have been deemed incorrect by the General Assembly. "What's the good?" asked the sabbid, who could hardly believe his ears. "Na! na!" rejoined the other. "I mean the meastriy."—Household Words.

Arctic Owls in the Northwest.

Peregrine falcons over the Northwest are making the arrival of arctic or snowy owls, which were mentioned in the Oregonian a week ago. They have been seen at many places all the way from the boundary line to the California line, and taxidermists are being kept busy mounting specimens of this visitor from the arctic regions. One paper says: "This owl travels southward with the ducks, the companion it is generally found with." Owls and ducks do not travel together unless the duck is inside the owl. The ducks come down from the North every winter, but the snowy owl does not migrate unless the winter north is unusually severe and his food supply is shut off. The last time these birds were seen here in numbers was in the hard winter of 1881-2.—Portland Oregonian.

Peculiarities of Viper's Blood.

The opinion has prevailed among scientists that the viper which resists inoculations of its own venom was exempt because it was accustomed to the poison. They have found that the blood contains the same poisonous qualities as the venom itself, and from this drew the conclusion. But it has been discovered that in addition to the poison the blood contains another substance that neutralizes the toxic principle. To ascertain the effects of heat upon the poison, a portion of viper's blood was heated to 538 C., and maintained at this temperature for a quarter of an hour. Guinea pigs inoculated with this blood not only did not die but were proof against inoculation of fresh blood, which would, if at first applied, cause instant death.

"Magwump" Defeated.

"Magwump" has been officially defined and classified by a Pennsylvania court. An editor called a man a "magwump," and the man took offense and had the editor arrested. The matter came before Judge Dunham, of Wilkesbarre. In his charge the Judge said that "magwump" meant "a respectable Republican inclined to kick over the traces." The editor was discharged.—Savannah News.