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There are fewer Roman Catholics, proportionately, in Sweden than in any other European country—only 810 out of a population of 4,744,000.

There are about 2000 persons in France who are set down as Anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

Officers in the Bavarian army henceforth will not have to fight duels when challenged if they are opposed to the practice. A great relief, indeed; but the world were they to satisfy "honors" marries the New Orleans Pleasura.

A Spanish matador recently wrote to a London paper to protest against the English habit of denouncing bull fights as cruel. He said the bulls were always killed in a humane manner, and as for the horses, it was a work of compassion to put an end to their existence!

The State of Washington is engaged in the task of reclaiming 1,000,000 acres of desert land within the State limits. In order to render the soil fertile it will be subjected to a thorough process of irrigation. For this purpose a canal 150 miles in length will be constructed within the next few months. Only a part of this immense tract will be irrigated at once and if the plan succeeds, as it is no doubt will, it can be very easily extended. At present the land is useless, but when fertilized it will support something like 8500 families.

A curious parallel can be instituted between the President-elect and his predecessor, James K. Polk, notes Messrs P. Handy in the New York Mail and Express. McKinley and Polk both sprang from the dominating Scotch-Irish race; both served in their State Legislatures; both entered Congress young, Polk at thirty, McKinley at thirty-four; both served the same length of time, fourteen years, and they were both Chairmen of the Ways and Means Committee, and the revenue policy of their administration became Speaker of the House. McKinley hardly missed Polk after retiring from Congress, and became Governor of his State, and thus they had precisely the same legislative and executive experience before being elected to the Presidency.

Sixteen years have elapsed since the famous Lord Beaconsfield passed from the scene of his earthly career, and yet the great English statesman is still without a biography. In view of the excellent position which Lord Beaconsfield occupied for so many years as Prime Minister of the greatest Nation on earth, it is strange that no one has arisen from among the number of his surviving associates to perform this service to his memory. Aside from doing honor to the illustrious dead, however, it seems that a life of the great leader should be written as a contribution to the history of England. Unless the volume makes its appearance soon many interesting incidents which ought to be incorporated in the story of his life will be overlooked and forgotten. Had Israel been an American, observes the Atlanta Constitution, there would doubtless be in existence at this time no less than a dozen biographies of him, and the fact that England has waited so long to put the narrative of his career into tangible form emphasizes a marked difference between the two countries.

The whale has been described as a large ambiguous animal with no hair all over it; but according to report, the remains of the whale have been discovered in the fields of Alaska which show a preponderance as copious as those displayed by the relics of the Siberian mammoth sometimes found incased in icebergs, which have preserved them from primeval ages. The story lacks confirmation, like the one recently put about that a North Pacific whale had swallowed Captain Warren, of Southampton, Long Island, promptly rejected in view of the registered official measurement of the average cat-o'-fish gullet, showing that it was of insufficient calibre to take in suitable zeeman and barely large enough to admit his compass and sextant. The anatomy of the animal in Biblical times, according to the record, gave it a nuptial receptivity, but modern sentiment is opposed to the idea of making the case of Jonah a precedent, as the testimony of science is opposed to giving the whale a truly overcoat. Both narrations are probably fanciful, belonging in the category of ordinary fish stories, which are intended to amuse rather than convince. Only mariners believe them, even when they are decked out in all the signs of plausibility, as these can in no wise aid to be.

WINTER JOYS.

When the window pane is crusted With a fairland of snow, And the wiser Of the sillows Has shut off his blighting blow. Has the morning's gold has basted Like a blow on the swamp, From my cot, Boy, boy, Xmas Lily with Persian pomp, Oh, my spirit's bright and sunny, And joy's echoes in me wake, When I pour the shining honey On the Buckwheat cake.

Oh, the frosty air is bitter, And the peevish's eyeballs shine, And the chicken, Zero-stricken, Rouses upon the horse's spine. Oh, the snowdrifts gleam and glitter With a gleaming, glaring glit, And the sparrow, To his marrow, By old Boris is hit, Yet I listen to him chirrup In the huddle and the brako While I pour the maple syrup On the Buckwheat cake.

Oh, I watch the dumpy possum, As he wags his tail in glee, While he's rooting, Or a-scooting, To escape the frieze. With his nose a frozen blossom Both the small boy now appear At the gateway, And he straightway Months of snow the deadly phere. And I see the man who passes On his ear that snowball take, While I pour the rich molasses On the Buckwheat cake.

—R. K. Mankittrick, in New York Journal.

THE BANK MYSTERY.

JUDGE, I've come to ask if you'll tell me what no one on earth don't know but me; 'bout that bank mystery. 'Yes, I'll tell you, I'll sit down. A fine fire feels good on a night like this. 'Faint often such as I have a chance at this kind of comfort and luxury. 'What do I know about the bank mystery? Land sakes, Judge, time they opened the bank that day ten years ago and found the bank vault broke into and the safe blown up and not a dollar gone, I could have told it all. The people of Tiverton ain't done talking and wondering 'bout it yet, and there ain't never been no one livin' as could tell what it all meant but me. 'I bought some papers—here they are, Judge—where it's all written down and I can swear to it if you like. I don't want them never used, though, unless I die and something comes up as would make it best for my family to know, though there's things in it I'd rather die than have 'em know. If it's all the same to you, Judge, I'd like to tell it to you. Seems I'd get rid of a load and would be happier and die easier feelin' I'd spoken it all out to one livin' human. 'You'll be glad to listen? 'That's good of you. I knowed you was a kind man and a just one; that's why I come to you. No, thank you, I don't smoke; I put all that money away for me wife and children. 'Do you hear that storm? Outside seems like all the evil powers was let loose. You can't judge 'bout it here. It comes kind of muffled like through those thick curtains and it don't shake this great house as it does some. 'It's this kind of night as makes men huddle together, Judge, and plan how to get rich and have due things such as the likes of you. I've been thinking all; I know. I've felt as if I had as good a right to 'em as anyone and I was bound to have 'em, too. I warn't brought up to no trade nor nothin', and I ain't never seemin' to fail, I took to the other. 'Yes, Judge, I started out in life a thief and a robber. I prospered fairly in a small way, and no one didn't catch up with me for some time. Then I joined a gang for anything. Lord, but it was fascinating! It was like drink; I couldn't give it up and I couldn't get enough of it. I was in prison and out then, the old story, till I married and begun to have little ones. 'Then, Lord knows what helped me—something did—and for the sake of my wife and children, I broke loose from everything and came here, where no one didn't know me, to start over again. I had some money and opened the restaurant just opposite the bank. 'Long as I didn't read the papers I got on well; but let me see them and I'd hunt through 'em for the robberies and I'd be crazy for a while, aching to be in it all again. Seem 'bout my old pals gettin' in trouble didn't make no difference. 'Time came, though, when I begun to enjoy life differently, and to feel myself more respectable. The love for the old life began to get till I could read it without gittin' all fired up. I thought then I was all right. 'Then they came here, part of the gang I'd belonged to. First I knowed of it was when I was in the restaurant. I 'spioned they weren't here for no good and it most took my breath away. They knowed 'as quick enough, too, and nothin' wouldn't do but I must join 'em. I was the very man they wanted, I could help 'em and I was bound to 'em. 'Twas the biggest thing they'd undertaken yet; the bank. They'd come on to examine the

situation, knowing that Mr. Durkee, the new mill owner, would make a big payment soon and the money for it would be in the bank here. If there warn't anything else, that would be a haul, a haul worth havin', and no bean' here decided 'em. 'I do think the devil brought all his friends and relations with him that night to tempt me. I forgot how to go to sleep, and just couldn't stay in bed. I wonder I warn't in tatters by mornin' with the devil tuggin' at me as he did and tryin' to keep me out of the room where my sleepin' children lay. 'Yer see, then bank people come over to my place for lunch—best part of the time, and they all knowed my little people, and the mill people knowed 'em, too. My oldest boy worked in the mill and they'd been as kind as could be when he sick. Christmas time they're good to him, too, and there warn't a bank officer but had remembered my little people, even to the watchman. Seemed like robbin' my own people, somehow. I's bound not to inform on the gang, and they's bound ter rob the bank; but I cursed 'em in my heart for comin' just when I was gettin' rid of the old life for good and all. 'Twas awful! 'Well, Judge, you know how them robbers over the bank was used to start a new daily paper. I made 'em swear solemn as my name warn't to appear nowhere. I'd plan it all out and give 'em points and be on hand at the last, but I had to be cautious. 'They found out when the money was to be paid and 'greet on the night before for the robbery. I had it all mapped out for 'em where and how they was to loosen up the boards of the floor in their room above, so we could break through and lower ourselves into the vault when the time come. Then yer see we'd only have the safe to get into and the great iron door between us and the watchman. 'Everything was ready, and I was pretty sure the money was paid. 'Do you hear that storm now, Judge? 'Twas like that ten years ago to-night, dark as Egypt, with the rain and wind a perfect hurricane; a terrible night; the kind of night for any sort of crime. The men chuckled to themselves. 'Twas for sure this time, and they'd all be on the way to comfort and safety before day. I ain't never seen 'em so excited. Nothin' hadn't gone wrong and nothin' couldn't now. 'We had sentinels stationed round to give the alarm, but there warn't much danger on a night like that. 'We had planned so as to have open the doors of the safe ready to blow open when the watchman went down cellar to see to his fire. I knowed the time of night he did so, seein' his way often from my house across the way through the window of the bank; but to make sure we stationed a man where he could give the signal at the proper time. With the watchman downstairs and we shut in that vault, with solid masonry below us, 'twarn't in the range of possibilities for no human to hear. 'Twas planned that when we broke the ceiling me and one of the others was to go down first with the lanterns and tools and get the door ready for Jim Groogan, the leader of the gang, to come down, and use the dynamite and be on hand to take the money. 'It was just the night for such a piece of work, and after I had examined to see if all was safe, knowin' the dangers better than the others, we broke through the door and lowered the ladder, and there we was—right in the vault. 'Twas well for me I'd hit it right for my life warn't worth much if any of my plannin' failed to work. 'Tom Doolan in a hurry went down first and when I was half way down he started back, sayin' in a hoarse kind of whisper. 'Who called me? 'No one, you fool,' said Jim. 'Then,' he said, and he ran past me on the ladder, 'some one is down there. Twice I heard some one say: 'Go back, go back.' 'We'll gag him,' said Jim, and me and him went down and turned our lanterns round, lookin' everywhere, but there warn't no one there. 'What's the matter with the fool?' growled Jim, and went back and tried to send him down again, but he just wouldn't go, so Jim cursed him and come himself, and he and me begun to get the safe door ready to blow up. 'That's a thing as takes time and care, Judge, but we went at it with a will and never a word. It was so still you could almost hear your heart beat, when all of a sudden come a smothered cry like a woman's. We stopped work and looked at each other, Jim's face white and scared. 'What was that?' he said. 'I often hears 'em on the street like that,' said I. 'That warn't on the street; it sounded close by,' said Jim. 'We couldn't hear nothin' outside in this place.' 'Nonsense,' said I, 'don't you make a fool of yourself, too, and spoil all, and I went to work again. 'I could see how his hand trembled for a while and then got steady again. 'That must have come through the room upstairs,' he said presently. 'Quiet, though; it soundd so close.' 'Then we worked on and there warn't nothin' more to be heard. Rest of the gang might all have been dead men, for all the sound they made, and we didn't say nothin'; and so the night went on. 'At last we had it all ready, and were only waiting for the signal to blow it up and then—money enough to make us all rich. 'Tain't such as you can realize the excitement and the strain of such a moment. To know it's all there, ready, and then to have to wait! He's easter walkin' over red hot coals. It's all right to go on and work, but to stay still and only overhear and listen gives a man the shivers. 'Presently Jim caught my arm.

'Say, I thought I heard voices, did you?' he whispered. 'The men upstairs,' I said. 'Soundd down here. Have your pistol ready.' 'I took my lantern and went round the vault again carefully, and then held it up to examine the walls. Then I shook my head. There warn't no way we could hear no one. 'It's the queerest place I ever was in,' said Jim, 'and, by Jove, I'll be glad when we are out of it. Why don't that signal come? Suppose there's any hitch? I swear I hear voices again.' 'Just then come the signal and Jim begun to apply the dynamite; but his hands trembled so and his eyes looked so wild and excited his own wife wouldn't know him. 'The money, the money,' he whispered, 'we must have it now.' 'We'll get out of the way just in time and then out came the door. 'The inside door, quick,' said Jim, but the explosion had made that fall inside, and we could just lift it out. 'Have the bag ready,' said Jim, as he leaned forward to haul out the great piles of bank notes and silver we could see by the light of the lanterns. 'Hands off, or you are a dead man.' 'I was a voice that would most have waked the dead. I dropped my bag and Jim drew back his hand, caught hold of me with a grip like iron, and we began to go slowly back to the ladder. 'The combination is all right; we have them now, they can't escape us.' 'We were half up the ladder when we heard the click, click of the lock, and as we drew the ladder after us we could hear the rasping of the hinges of the iron door. 'Fly, fly, for your lives; we are discovered,' said Jim, as he went round to warn the men; and in the darkness and the wind and the rain they went away and I ain't never seen one of 'em since. I heard, though, at when they found there warn't no one there and the bank people didn't know nothin' 'bout it till the next morning, they just believed as the bank was haunted, sure. 'Do I know what it was, Judge? There ain't no one else as does know, that's sure. 'Tain't much after all. 'Yer see, playin' round with the little ones, I found as I could make 'em hear all kinds of noises anywhere I wanted, and people cryin' and laughin'. It was fun for them and I often done it; ventrioloquizin' I believe you call it; but that night's the last time. Yer see, none of the gang didn't know 'bout that, and I don't keer ever to have 'em know it now. I saved the bank without my informin' and that's all I care for. 'No, no, Judge, the bank don't owe me nothin'. You'll take care of the papers? Thank you. I'm obliged to you for listenin', too. It kind of makes me feel easier. 'No, no, thank you, I won't stay and take no more of your time. Don't get up; I can find my way out. 'What's that you say, Judge? You honor and respect me—? And the bank—Land Judge, twarn't me; 'twas my wife and children saved the bank, and I'm proud of 'em—proud of 'em, and be in hand to take the money. 'It was just the night for such a piece of work, and after I had examined to see if all was safe, knowin' the dangers better than the others, we broke through the door and lowered the ladder, and there we was—right in the vault. 'Twas well for me I'd hit it right for my life warn't worth much if any of my plannin' failed to work. 'Tom Doolan in a hurry went down first and when I was half way down he started back, sayin' in a hoarse kind of whisper. 'Who called me? 'No one, you fool,' said Jim. 'Then,' he said, and he ran past me on the ladder, 'some one is down there. Twice I heard some one say: 'Go back, go back.' 'We'll gag him,' said Jim, and me and him went down and turned our lanterns round, lookin' everywhere, but there warn't no one there. 'What's the matter with the fool?' growled Jim, and went back and tried to send him down again, but he just wouldn't go, so Jim cursed him and come himself, and he and me begun to get the safe door ready to blow up. 'That's a thing as takes time and care, Judge, but we went at it with a will and never a word. It was so still you could almost hear your heart beat, when all of a sudden come a smothered cry like a woman's. We stopped work and looked at each other, Jim's face white and scared. 'What was that?' he said. 'I often hears 'em on the street like that,' said I. 'That warn't on the street; it sounded close by,' said Jim. 'We couldn't hear nothin' outside in this place.' 'Nonsense,' said I, 'don't you make a fool of yourself, too, and spoil all, and I went to work again. 'I could see how his hand trembled for a while and then got steady again. 'That must have come through the room upstairs,' he said presently. 'Quiet, though; it soundd so close.' 'Then we worked on and there warn't nothin' more to be heard. Rest of the gang might all have been dead men, for all the sound they made, and we didn't say nothin'; and so the night went on. 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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Attest—Candor on Canvas—Sterling—An Inference—Possibly—His Experience, Etc., Etc. Small profit if we make our mark, And demonstrate our fitness, Unless, acknowledging the deed, The word should be a witness, —Wood Levett Wilson, in Life. CANDOR ON CANVAS. Cholly—"I lost five pounds coming o'ah." Dolly—"Seestekes." Cholly—"Naw—pokah."—Pack. CANDOR ON CANVAS. Artist—"How do you like the portrait?" "Well, I don't exactly like the nose." Artist—"Neither do I—but it's yours."—Judge. AN INFERENCE. She—"No; I never met her." He—"Then, why do you think she is passing?" She—"I have frequently heard her described as 'kittenish.'" HIS EXPERIENCE. Visitor (in suburb)—"Do you find this a good location for a physician?" Young Doctor—"Not particularly. They all know what to do for malaria, and they never seem to have anything else." POSSIBLY. Dramatist (wearily)—"I tell you if William Shakespeare were alive today he'd find it difficult to get his plays read." Friend—"Shouldn't wonder, considering his 'pseudship.'" A SELFISH POINT OF VIEW. Lady—"But it seems to me you ask very high wages, when you acknowledge that you haven't had much experience." Bridget—"Shure, marm, sin't it harder for me when I don't know 'ow?"—Life. A DEFENSIVE GRACE. Jackey—"But mamma, it's not about what I'm going to receive that it's so hard to be contented." Mrs. Earle—"What is it then, Jackey?" "It's about what I'm not going to receive."—Life. AT THE RESERVATION. The Missionary's Wife—"And will our Laughing Water try to be like her who sisters?" Laughing Water—"Laughing Water is trying. Laughing Water now has her feet cramp'd into macassas that are three sizes too small."—Pack. AN IMPROVEMENT. Mr. Younghusband (reading)—"Ha!—they have finally invented a machine that will photograph sound." Mrs. Younghusband—"Well—what of it?" Mr. Younghusband—"Why, I think the baby would take better that way than any other." TOILET NOTE. "Miss Powderpuff must have a very highly colored imagination," said the young man with the chryseabumem in his coat. "Why?" asked the other with the geranium. "Because she spends so much time in making up her mind."—Detroit Free Press. A RETROSPECT. Pilgrim—"Is this the one o'clock train?" Ticket Agent—"No; this is last Tuesday's ten o'clock express. We're three days late now." Pilgrim—"Well, if I take this, when will I get to Denver?" Ticket Agent (consulting table)—"You will get there day before yesterday evening, according to this table." KNEW THE LINGO. An evangelist who lives in the mission is so devout that he never permits himself to think a secular thought, and his tongue cannot frame a worldly word. The salvation of souls is his single thought, his sole occupation. The evangelist has a very bright little daughter, five years of age. The other day she answered the door bell and found the coal man there with a bill. "Papa is not home," she informed him, "but if you will come in, you poor, perishing soul, mamma will pray for you."—San Francisco Post. CHANGED HER OPINION. Mrs. Hinkley—"I never could bear that Mrs. Darley. She seems to be always saying such foolish things." Mr. Hinkley—"My dear, I agree with you. I met her downtown this morning, and she gushingly informed me that she saw you and your daughter yesterday. When I told her that it must have been you and your daughter she exclaimed so that everybody within a radius of half a mile could hear that she didn't think you could be old enough to have a child so large. Of course, it was all mere gush!" Nevertheless, the friendship that has recently sprung up between Mrs. Hinkley and Mrs. Darley has caused people who know them to marvel much.—Cleveland Leader. THE IMPORTATION OF SPIRITS INTO MEXICO has diminished on account of the increased domestic production. The United States exported to Mexico in May, 1896, over \$500,000 more merchandise than in May, 1895.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Glycerine is derived from the lye left after making soap, which for ages was considered of no use. Dropping or striking a steel magnet, or causing it to vibrate by any other means, diminishes its magnetism. A scientist claims that there are only seventy-two different kinds of venomous snakes in this country. A new hypnotic has probably been found in the Jamaica dogwood. The fluid extract has been found efficacious in dentistry. It is said that dew will not fall on some colors. While a yellow board will be covered with dew, a red or black one beside it will be perfectly dry. A chemical dyeing school for instruction and research has been built at Crefeld under the auspices of the German Government, at a cost of about \$100,000. Aluminum is now used instead of magnesium for "flashlight" photography. The light is said to be equally actinic, while the metal keeps better and burns away more completely. The preparations for the exploration of the South Polar regions by M. de Gerache, a Belgian naval officer, are almost complete. The crew of the Belgica will be chiefly composed of Norwegian sailors and harpooners, but of the three officers holding responsible positions, two are Belgians. Three Belgian scientific men have offered their co-operation, and will accompany the expedition. Rockall, a desolate granite rock rising only seventy feet above the sea, between Iceland and the Hebrides, is to be made an English meteorological station. It lies 250 miles from land, the nearest point to it being the little island of St. Kilda, 150 miles away, and itself nearly a hundred miles from the main group of the Hebrides. Rockall is in the path of the cyclonic disturbances on the Atlantic, and the station there would give timely warning of storms approaching the British coast. At Klatsthal, Germany, a bolt of lightning instantly melted two wire nails 5.32 inch in diameter. To melt iron in this short time would be impossible in the largest furnace now in existence, and it could only be accomplished with the aid of electricity, but a current 200 amperes and a potential of 20,000 volts would be necessary. This electric force for one second represents 5000 horse power, but as the lightning accomplished the melting in considerably less time, say 1-10 of a second, it follows that the bolt was 50,000 horse power. America Rich in Wild Plants. Nearly all our grasses and forage plants are introductions from other countries, and every once in a while some botanical novelty is introduced with a flourish, and predatory rums made on the slim bank accounts of the agriculturist, who comes eventually to find the dearly-paid-for article no better than it should be. The botanists of the United States Department of Agriculture have recently shown that our own country is rich in wild plants of this character, and might add largely to profitable cultivation if only our progressive men could be induced to give them patient tests, so as to improve a little on their wild characteristics. The idea is that some far-fetched article must be acclimated before it can be valuable. The department has recently issued a valuable publication, profusely illustrated, showing that there are over two hundred wildlings or natives of the United States, many of which would possibly prove mines of wealth to those who would intelligently undertake their culture and improvement. The different species of Hosackia, it especially notes as worthy of trial.—New York Independent. Where Horses Are Scarce. "In a good many parts of the South horses are scarce," said L. A. Warner, of Knoxville, at the Howard, "and the work usually performed by those beasts is done by oxen. In fact, the latter are preferred, notwithstanding the slow progress they make. I was in Western North Carolina a short time ago, when I met a man whom I knew to be amply able to afford horses if he wanted them, driving a yoke of oxen and carrying a rifle on his shoulder as he walked by the side of his wagon. I stopped and talked to him, and in the course of conversation asked him why he used oxen instead of horses. 'Why,' said he, 'it takes just a day to make the trip to town with the oxen, and on the way I always kill enough game to cook for supper when I get back home. If I drove horses I could never kill any game. It would take all my time to drive, and I would never see anything to shoot.'—Washington Star. Wears a Doll's Clothes. Samuel Donaldson, of Camden, boasts of the smallest baby in Jersey. She is only five days old and weighs 9) ounces. Her head will go into a teacup without touching the sides. Her hand will about cover a cent. Her feet are on a down cushion placed in a chair. When she first opened her black eyes they appeared like sparkling pinheads. Dr. Frederick Pfeiffer says the mite has every prospect of living. She is as pretty as a French doll, with a wealth of very dark hair. Donaldson is a barber, and his wife is the daughter of Thomas J. Francis. They live at 39 Broadway, and have one other child, a girl of three years. The mother and grandmother had prepared for a larger addition to the family, and the pretty white things they had spent so many hours over were entirely too large. Clothes had to be taken from Sister Ethel's bisque doll to fit her.—New York News.

THANKFULNESS.

Let us be thankful. Life is not so long; Past fades the day to night; Half is but heartache; but some flower of song Still lifts its leaves in light. Let us be thankful. We shall one day gain The summit crowned and high; Beneath us leave the lightning and the rain And face the clear, starred sky! —Chicago Times-Herald. HUMOR OF THE DAY. On the Sick-List: Notice in a Swiss pass: "No echo to-day."—Fliegende Blätter. She—"Everybody in the choir detests the organist." He—"Yer; I understand that he is despised as a non-combatant."—Pack. She—"She is doing her best to fascinate that widower. Of course he has considerable means." He—"Perhaps she thinks the means justify the end."—Pack. His View: Brown—"Do you believe in civil-service reform?" Jones (who has failed to pass an examination)—"I do. The questions should be made easier."—Pack. "We must get little Bobby a football mask." "What for?" "He is going down town with nurse, and I don't want him to ruin the shape of his nose on the shop windows."—Chicago Record. "Young man," said a wealthy city man to his spendthrift nephew, "I laid the first foundation of my fortune by saving cab-fares." "I didn't know you ever drove one, uncle," remarked the youth.—Tit-Bits. "Here, what doesthis mean?" shouted Whooply, as he found his youngest riding a broomstick over the top of the piano. "This is all right. Mamma said if I'd stay in I could play on the piano."—Detroit Free Press. The Thing for Him: "Don't you think I ought to take iron?" laughed the big fat man, who thought he would be funny with the doctor. "Certainly; and I would recommend hoop iron."—Detroit Free Press. On the Veranda: "There goes Mrs. Chatwicks. What does she come to Florida for?" "She wants to get rid of her rheumatism." "But why does she bring her three daughters along?" "Oh, she wants to get rid of them, too."—Truth. She—"I's no use, Mr. Slimy; in my present state of mind I would not accept the most attractive man in the world." He—"No, I see you won't; but, at any rate, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has offered himself."—Tit-Bits. He—"You have no idea of the extent and force of my love. I could die for you." She—"Yes, I suppose so; but dear me, what a graveyard I should have if all the men who were willing to die for me had been taken at their word."—Boston Transcript. In the Museum: Aunt Hetty (looking at the Wild Men of Borneo)—"A pity we can't send out more missionaries to civilize them critters. Uncle Josh—"I dunno! If them fellers was civilized, they mightn't be able to git such a good job."—Pack. A Yacht as a Monument. It is reported that the cabin of the old yacht Dauntless, the "floating monument," was entered by thieves, and that many articles of value were taken. Soon after the death, a few years ago, of the owner of the Dauntless, Commodore Caldwell H. Colt, his mother, Mrs. Samuel Colt, of Hartford, had the yacht taken to Essex, Conn., and moored in a cove. The rigging was stripped from the vessel, but changes were made in her interior, and the big saloon and staterooms present the same appearance that they did the last time Commodore Colt trod her decks. This was in accordance with the expressed intention of Mrs. Colt to retain the Dauntless as a floating monument to the memory of her only child. Many offers have been made for the yacht, but she has refused them all, and has announced that never again shall the anchor be raised or a sail bent to the spars. Every summer since her son's death Mrs. Colt has journeyed down from her Hartford home and spent two weeks aboard, accompanied only by her servants and refusing to entertain any callers.—New York Press. How Seeds Are Distributed. The whole subject of the methods by which seeds are distributed is attracting considerable attention just now. It seems almost impossible to construct any general law by which to explain the reason for things in nature. It does seem, for instance, safe to say that wings are given to seeds to enable them to fly far away from the parent tree, and thus extend the area of territory occupied by the species; but in many of the large seed plants—the hicklen, and others, the hollow seeds only are the ones blown away. The solid, perfect seeds remain around the parent tree. This objection to everything again that wings are given to fall on the light, useless material. But this surely cannot always be.—New York Independent. He Fishes With an Ax. The Cheyenne (Wyoening) correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes: Colonel W. D. Fiskett, a rancher on Gray Bull Creek, has a natural refrigerator on his ranch. During the recent eludeck in the Big Horn Basin the ice broke up and gorged a little valley on his place, then froze over solid, imprisoning and freezing thousands of salmon trout. Now the Colonel, who wants a mass of fish, just walks out with an axe and hacks them out of the ice. The gorge gives promise of remaining in its present state for a month or more.