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Thirty years ago Berlin was smaller than Philadelphia, and now it is larger by half a million.

Queen Victoria is the owner of sixty pianos. It is urged in extension, however, that she doesn't play any of them.

One of the renations that is denied to the rich, declares Life, is the indescribable thrill the poor man feels when he buys something he can't afford.

The chief proof reader of the London Times is a master of seven different languages, and can say rude things in all of them when the condition of the copy affords sufficient provocation.

Sir E. Watkin, the railway magnate, says that the most costly piece of railway line in the world is that between the Mansion House and Aldgate stations in London, which required the expenditure of close upon \$10,000,000 a mile.

In France wagon tires vary from three to ten inches in width, usually from four to six, depending upon the weight of the load. "Were such tires compulsory in America, the present good roads movement would receive a tremendous impetus," exclaims the Scientific American.

Bread riots in Madrid and other Spanish cities have an ominous significance to the New York Mail and Express. They mean that too many of Spain's breadwinners have been taken away from the farms and sent away to fight hopeless battles in remote and rebellious colonies.

According to the annual report of the Civil Service Commission there are now 87,107 Federal places on the lists of the classified service, while of the 91,610 places as yet unclassified 68,725 are fourth-class positions which the commission is anxious to bring within the scope of its operations.

For several years, according to the New York Independent, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut have been filling up with foreign populations, including the French Canadians and Irish, who are Catholics and swell the membership of that church, which now leads in number of communicants, though not in population, the Protestant churches combined.

It was out in Kansas that a man recently tickled former Senator Ingalls back of the neck, relates the New York Telegram. In any other State than Kansas such an act probably would have been considered familiar rather than eccentric. A Kansas Probate Court jury came to the conclusion that it was even worse than eccentric, for the members adjudged the Senatorial tickler to be insane.

Ambassador Uhl, at Berlin, sends some German commercial notes to the State Department which show how effectively the Empire is reaching out for foreign trade all over the world which has hitherto belonged to other nations. It appears that Germany is second only to the United States now in Guatemala and Nicaragua, and last year took more than half the latter's coffee export. Having ended her customs war with Spain, Germany is now getting a good share of Porto Rican trade, but is still debarred from Cuba by the insurrection. In South Africa and South America the same success is met, but the most successful effort is that being made in Japan, where Germany has already reached second place, while the United States is fourth.

The official enrollment of the Christian Endeavor Societies of the United States discloses a membership of 2,386,745. There are now over 47,000 societies; 231,000 of the young people connected with these organizations united with the different churches during the last year. Since 1889, they have received a grand total of 1,048,235. The efforts of these young people have not been confined to distinctively Christian work, the missionary and good citizenship movements having received special attention. This shows most efficient training on the part of their leaders. February 24 marked the sixteenth anniversary of this remarkably effective organization. Rev. Dr. Clark, the father and founder, has been abroad for some time in the interest of the movement. Through his efforts the young people of Germany have been enlisted in the work, and he is now in India pursuing his mission. When sixteen years ago Dr. Clark organized the first Christian Endeavor Society in Portland Me., nobody had any conception of the possibility of a far reaching spread of its influences even such as it is.

HOPE'S MESSENGER. A poet sang a song to the night. For but one reason, that he needs must sing. And through the darkness, like a ray of light. His simple song went slowly wandering. It passed the mansions of the rich and great. And none within its plaintive music heard. It passed where mighty monarchs sat to state. But not a soul was by its music stirred. At last it found a woman, bent in tears Above a bier, whereon her dead child lay. Its music softly crept into her ears, And to her stricken heart it seemed to say: "Arise, fond mother, do those tearful eyes, And look no longer downward in despair, But upward lift thy gaze unto the skies; For, lo! thy darling's angel dwelleth there." —Lionel Ferris Hill, in Leslie's Weekly.

ON THE PUMPKIN VINE.



ANKITT and Davisville are connected by the N. & D. Short line, a spur of the Great Central system, the main trunk of which runs through Davisville. Among its patrons the N. and D. is commonly known as the "Pumpkin Vine" because some one had once said that the train went about as fast as a pumpkin vine grows in wet weather.

The rolling stock consists of an engine, a passenger coach, a mail and express car and four freight cars. Early each morning the train leaves Davisville, saunters across the fields to Nankitt, then back in time for dinner; in the afternoon the same program is gone through with, the Pumpkin Vine getting back to Davisville like a schoolboy afraid of the dark. It is some nineteen miles between the towns and by strict attention to business the four trips are generally made in twelve hours. The conductor, Abe Rogers, acts as a brakeman; it increases his pay and gives him exercise.

The N. & D. is paralleled almost its entire length by the old State road, and boastful young men are wont to match their coats against the battered pony engine as it puffs along on the other side of the fence. Truth to say, any plug can distance the locomotive as it bumps over its grass-grown track. There is a story told of a hunter who once got aboard the Pumpkin Vine with his gun and dog. When he saw a quail or a prairie chicken he aimed from the window; if he brought down his bird the dog would leap off, find it and jump on the rear platform. People who are fond of flowers step off, gather a bouquet of Florida's paint brush and prairie pointers, take a short spurt after the crawling train and clamber on again.

On May day the Pumpkin Vine stood at the Nankitt station, a building of about the size and architectural pretensions of a cigar box. It was warm for the time of the year, the perfume of crab blossoms drifted in through the open windows of the coach and the passengers sprawled about in the lounge brought on by the first heat. A group of Swedes jabbered together in a corner, wagging their yellow beards over the misdoings of one Peter Olsson of their people. Several Nankitt lawyers were on their way to Circuit Court and Tom Hargrove, sat on the arm of a seat, swinging his feet and talking to old Squire Phinney, a local J. P. A traveling man came in, tugging at two valises. He snuck into a seat and wiped his forehead. "Awful weather," he sighed.

The conductor helped lift a cultivator into the baggage-car, then he went to the door of the waiting room and shouted "All aboard" to the cannon stove. "All aboard," he said again on the platform, waved his arm to the engineer and hopped on to the rear platform. The whistle blew and the trees and barns began to slide slowly backward. A young man and woman ran around the corner of the station. "Stop that train!" the man yelled to the conductor. They ran down the track and before the conductor had done anything the girl had swung herself up on the rear platform and the man had followed. They stood looking at each other with palpable relief. "It's dangerous getting on a car in motion," the conductor said sternly. "You don't get no damages if you're killed."

"I know, but we had to make it," the man said when he had the breath to spare. "We thought you wasn't going to stop it." He had an honest, sunburned face, his clothes were of broadcloth, his new boots creaked and his paper collar was somewhat the worse for the heat. The girl had the beauty of seventeen—color, without feature or soul. She had adorned herself in a multitude of bows and bangles and saw the world from under the eaves of a huge white hat. They entered the car with the consciousness born of being in love. "Looks like a bride and groom, doesn't it?" Tom said carelessly to the squire. "Hallo, that's Hink Barlow."

up and looked out of the window. "It's him," he exclaimed excitedly. "He must 'a' saw us get on." Tom looked toward the road and saw a man standing up in a buckboard like a Roman charioteer, shaking his fist and apparently hurling opprobrious epithets at the train. "We can't stop this here train now," they could hear the conductor shout, "for we've got to be in Davisville by 1.30." It was then 10.30. "I'll beat your old cow, then," the man yelled back in derision. "Toll 'em I'll meet 'em at the Davisville depot."

"Confound it," said Hink, "I wish he hadn't seen us get on." The girl began to cry. "What's the row? Who is that fellow?" Tom asked. "Why, you see, Mr. Hargrove," Hank replied, "he's Mary's brother and he's took a full notion that she shouldn't marry me—says our Bill cheated him swapping watches. Mary ain't eighteen till July and I've got to get back to Iowa to cultivate my corn and so her mother said for us just to slip away and get married with out letting Darley know. We come to Nankitt this morning. I got my license and we was going to the Baptist preacher's when we seen Darley coming. We was near the depot and so we jest skited and got on this train—and he must 'a' saw us."

"And now he's going to Davisville to stop you?" Tom queried. "Yes—and he'll beat us, for that boy he's driving an outfit any horse around here." "Well, he can't prevent her from marrying you, can he?" "I guess he could—he's my guardian," Mary said, lifting her face already swollen with tears. "Then, anyway, if he meets us and says I must go off with him I just know I'll do it. I won't want to leave Hink but I always do what Darley tells me."

Tom wondered that any man should want to marry a girl with so little "backbone"—so he termed her timidly—but he kept this reflection to himself, knowing the ways of bridegrooms and their unreasoning fondness. "Perhaps we can get the conductor to hurry up the train," he suggested. That proposition was collecting fares in his shirt sleeves but wearing his cap to give an official air. "Can we go a little faster, Abe?" Tom said, as he gave up his ticket; "this gentleman would like to beat that buckboard man to Davisville. Runaways," he whispered in conclusion.

The conductor frowned, punched the ticket, then stuck it in Tom's hat band. "We can't go more'n nine miles an hour," he answered. "We've got strict orders not to kill no steers nor horses and I they're jest everlasting on this here track. But we'll try to keep that smarty on the State road in sight," he ended, vindictively, for the insult of miscalling his train a cow riddled in his bosom. "When we stop at Sage I'll get off and tell the engineer."

Sage was a station where a grain elevator reared itself about the surrounding corners and where a weather beaten platform served as depot. By the time the train reached there everybody in the car knew the story of the runaways. At Sage the Swedes clattered out and the conductor ran to the locomotive and told the engineer to "go a little faster." The passenger could see the man in the buckboard clipping along the road about a quarter of a mile ahead. "He's bound to beat you," Tom said, drawing in his head after a survey of his rival. "Hain't you better get off at the next stop and try to get a farmer to drive you back to Nankitt? You say you have your license?"

"Yes," Hink answered, despondently, "here it is." He drew it from his pocket and handed it to Tom. "If we did get off we mightn't find anybody willing to take us back." "That's so," Tom responded. He ran his eyes over the license—a new idea came to him. "Would you let Squire Phinney marry you?" he asked. "He's there on the front seat. It will be legal if it's done before we reach the city line." "You can bet I'm willing to marry if Mary is," Hink answered, joyfully. "I never thought I'd be married by a squire," she said, "but I guess it's all right, for then I won't have to go back with Darley." She wiped her eyes, patted her back hair and smiled at her lover.

The squire consented to perform the ceremony, although he said he "disremembered all the quinks in the service, not having his book." "But I'll make a stager at it," he remarked, "and it will hold in law." "All right," said Tom. He led the bride and groom into the aisle, both looking very warm and timid. "Don't be bashful," he consoled; "we're all friends here." The passengers crowded around the wedding party and the conductor put on his coat in honor of the occasion. While the squire wiped his brow in preparation, Tom looked out of the window. Mary's brother was bowling along in a cloud of dust. "We've fixed him," he whispered, gleefully, to the traveling man. Squire Phinney mumbled through the marriage ceremony, making noises in his throat when he forgot the words. Hink said "Yes" so loud that he was covered in a wave of confusion, but Mary peeped out her assent in the voice of a canary. "I pronounce you man and wife," the squire said as the train rumbled up at the second station. After the congratulations were over the bride and groom had a drink of ice water from the cooler and then sat down on the back seat where they could hold hands unobserved.

As the train neared Davisville expectation woke on every face. Tom felt a pleasant thrill at the prospect of trouble. As they swung around a curve they could see a lay horse and a buckboard tied to a post behind the depot. "He's there!" Hink cried. "Let me go out ahead of you, Hink," Tom said as the train stopped with a final jar. The other passengers filed out and grouped themselves where they could see what happened. Mary's brother came up close to the car steps, his forehead was drawn into deep creases and he held his whip in his fist. Tom came out, closely followed by Hink and his wife.

The brother took a better hold of his whip. "You young hound!" he cried. Tom smiled as if he thought this was for him. He waved his hand toward the young couple, "Mr. Darley Macey," he said, snavely, "I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. and Mrs. Barlow and—"

"You lie, and I'll horsewhip you, too," the man shouted, brandishing his whip. "No, I don't," Tom retorted. "They were married on this train. Ask any of these people." He indicated the passengers. Squire Phinney stepped forward. "I married 'em," he said, with a chuckle, "while you was joggling along the State road about half a mile ahead." "Darley stepped back. "Well, I wash my hands of the business," he said, suddenly. "Mary, are you going back to see your mother before you go West?"

"Yes, me," Hink answered, as he took the reins and a triumphant look of reprieve. Darley turned away with a great Squire Phinney felt that he had played a strong part and thought to round out the whole by a joke of his own manufacture. "Good horse of yours," he called, "you ought-a train him for the race track." "He got here before the Potato Vine, anyway," the man growled, forgetting the name of the railroad of love.

"Well, young man, there's more'n one way of winning a race, and the equire retorted, in a triumphant look of reprieve. The passengers laughed at his sally, and then dispersed. Hink and Mary went back into the car, deserted now save for the conductor, counting his change on the front seat. They went to Iowa the next week and the romance of their wedding gave place to the pros of farm life. Squire Phinney, however, never tired of telling of the time he and Tom Hargrove made a wedding on the Pumpkin Vine and what he afterward said to the enraged brother.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.

In an Emergency. Painting the gam with iodine is one of the best remedies for toothache. If your iodine is too strong from age dilute it with a little alcohol. Candy should not be stirred while boiling, and the flavoring should not be added until the candy is cooked. Granulated sugar is best for almost any kind of candy. Two things always to be remembered when cooking oatmeal are these: It should always be cooked slowly, as it then has a sweeter and better flavor. Oatmeal should not be stirred when cooking, as this tends to make it pasty. To determine if milk has been adulterated stick a bright steel knitting needle into the liquid and then draw it out. If the milk clings to the needle and drops from the end it is pure, but if the liquid runs off quickly the milk has been mixed with water. A piece of tissue paper twisted and pushed into a bottle after it has been washed will absorb every particle of the moisture and leave it as clear as crystal. In trying this allow one end of the paper to protrude above the neck so it can be pulled out easily.

Latest in Flying Machines. Leonard E. Clawson and Adam Beck, two business men of San Francisco, Cal., believe they have solved the problem of aerial navigation. They have just made application for patents on their device. Their machine, now in process of construction, consists essentially of four rods, each twenty feet long, parallel to each other, working on ball bearings in a well braced framework supporting the motive power and steering apparatus below. On each of these rods are a series of double wings constructed of a steel wire framework, over which silk is stretched. These are so arranged in relation to each other that when one wing is rising open, the other is descending closed; thus half the wings are at every instant pressing downward while the other half are rising, but not pressing upward. Should the motive power fail for any reason the entire wing surface instantly forms a parachute. A machine twenty feet long and with a bearing surface six feet wide, it is believed, can be made to raise a weight of 600 pounds, one occupant also supplying the power.—New York Advertiser.

A Mouse's Quarter Century Run. A wheelman hung his bicycle from the ceiling of his cellar and not far from a swinging shelf on which food was kept. A mouse jumped from the wall onto the tire of the front wheel, evidently hoping thereby to reach the shelf. The wheel started and mouse naturally ran toward the highest part of it. It was able to stay on the top of the tire, but couldn't get enough of a foothold to jump to the wall. When found next morning the mouse was very much exhausted, though still running. The cyclometer showed that it had traveled over twenty-eight miles.—Albany (N. Y.) Express.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Sentiment and Frugality—That's All —A Domestic Use—A Bright Groom—Proof Positive, Etc., Etc. Each day his roars as surprises. Come, if he know, the stupid thing, That in two months at present prices He'd save enough to buy a ring! —Lilla.

THAT'S ALL. "He's a poet, isn't he?" "Oh, no. He merely writes verses for a valentine publisher."—Life.

FINE CHOICE OF WORDS. Editor—"I see you have written an article on the boarding-house." Assistant—"Yes, sir." Editor—"Re-lash, isn't it?"—Truth.

JUST THE TROUBLE. "Yes, I've been hunting for him all day. He seems very much engaged, lately." "He is; and both girls have found it out."—Pack.

AUDIENCE SUPPLIED THE EGGS. The Villain—"We made a bad mistake last night. In the barnyard scene we forgot the eggs." The Comedian—"Yes, but the audience didn't." —Cleveland Record.

ENOUGH. She (at the masquerade ball)—"Do you think my costume becoming?" He (with enthusiasm)—"Yes, indeed; but you would be lovely in any disguise."—Harper's Bazar.

A DOMESTIC USE. "It is certainly wonderful how much science can do for us." "Yes; Mrs. Frontrow has learned to hypnotize her baby, and she didn't miss a club meeting the whole week."—Cleveland Record.

ENTANGLED. "Husband, I think Mr. Woozle is very much in love with our Clara." "Has he proposed to her?" "No, but he stole her photograph—taken at three weeks—out of the family album."—Chicago Record.

GROUND FOR THE ACCUSATION. Papa—"I ought to have that young fellow arrested for trying to get money out of me on false pretences." Ma—"Why, he's coming here three or four times a week pretending he's in love with Maud."—Pack.

END OF THE HONEYMOON. She—"I'm sure you love me no longer. Now do not deny it. I can see the change in you. I'm no fool. You should have married somebody stupider." He—"I couldn't find one."—July.

NOT DISCOMFID, ANYWAY. "Certainly," rejoined the Circassian girl, "we are sold when we are married, and it doesn't take six months or a year to find it out, either." And the beautiful barbarian glowered back at her sister of civilized estate.—Detroit Journal.

A BRIGHT GROOM. New Irish Groom (to feed store)—"Send me up two bags of oats and a bale of straw." Voice from feed store—"All right. Who for, sir?" Groom—"The horse, ye blamed fool, ye."—Punch.

PRISONER. Counsel—"Well, after the witness gave you a blow, what happened?" Prisoner—"He gave me a third one." Counsel—"You mean a second one." Prisoner—"No, sir; I landed him the second one."—Fau.

ILLEGAL. The Court—"What is your age, madam?" The Plaintiff—"Must I answer?" The Court—"You must." The Plaintiff—"Why, Judge, I thought people didn't have to testify against themselves."—The Green Bag.

PROOF POSITIVE. Realty Agent (exhibiting flat, beamingly)—"To prove to you that the walls are perfectly sound-proof I have just run over into the next flat and told the gentleman there to play the piano." Mr. Flatleigh (wearily)—"Yes; my wife and I heard you telling him to play very softly."—Punch.

HE CUT NO ICE. "I can get you a job at cutting ice if you want it," said the member of the Association for extending Assistance to the Worthy Poor. "I'm much obliged," said Perry Patette, "but seem as how I don't cut no ice socially, I guess I might just as well keep it up along other lines and not bust me reputation."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Medicinal Spring in Indiana. The water of a spring near Richmond, Ind., is said to have rare medicinal properties, and the black mud found about the spring is alleged to have caused many wonderful cures during the past few months. Mr. Reed, the owner of the spring, makes no charge whatever for the water or mud, and hundreds of gallons are taken away each month by citizens of Richmond. There are a number of prominent people who attribute their complete cure of rheumatism to the use of this remarkable water, and to the application of the mud upon the afflicted parts.—Chicago Chronicle.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Röntgen ray photographs were admitted as evidence in a Denver (Col.) court recently. Colored photographs taken at a single operation are shown by Dr. Joly, of Dublin, Ireland.

A great international congress of science will be held at Dover, England, and across the channel at Bologna, France. Professor Amos E. Dolbear, of Tufts College, an eminent electrician, predicts that it will be possible ere long to flash signals to Mars by means of great searchlights.

A new source of true gatta percha, capable of adding 100 tons a year to the world's supply, is reported to have been found in a creeping plant growing in French Soudan.

A new device for ringing street car gongs has two projections placed on opposite sides of the car axle, the bell being thrown into contact by means of a foot lever on the car platform. When the car is at a standstill the bell is rung by the pressure of the same lever.

According to the Botanical Gazette, a notable cactus garden has been established at the University of Arizona. It is the intention to bring together eventually all the Cactaceae which are indigenous to the United States, and already more than one hundred species are represented.

It is said that the Chinese wash fine silk in very pure water, and, as ordinary well water is unsuitable, it is purified by putting a quantity of molasses (e. g. Faludino, fresh-water snail) in it for a day. These prey on the organic matter it contains, and thereby act as filters.

A recently patented machine for dyeing cotton or other fabrics consists of a color trough in which a transfer roller covered with a spongy substance is turned by the cloth pressing over it, pressure being brought to bear upon it by means of two heavy rollers, one on either side of the transfer roller.

To facilitate the measuring of a person's head for a hat a new device has a strap running around the crown which can be drawn through a buckle to make the hat larger or smaller as desired, until it fits the person's head, when the size hat wanted is indicated by the number on the strap next to the buckle.

The speculative astronomers have given us some queer calculations and odd comparisons. One of the most curious of these is one in which the relative size of the sun and some of the planets is shown. They tell us that if the sun could be represented by a globe two feet in diameter, the earth would be represented proportionally by a pea, Mars by a pin head and Mercury by a mustard seed.

It Magulies Odors. Among the latest inventions, says the St. Louis Republic, is a machine which will take a liquid that has become rancid, and distill the most delicate and drop of perfume or essence placed on the receiver will, on applying the nostril to the nosepiece or opening, produce an overpowering stench that would in a very short time, if continued, cause symptoms of encephalitis. The instrument can be utilized in nearly every walk of life. To the grocer it will prove invaluable in detecting adulterations of goods. The chemist, druggist and physician, of course can find ready use for it in their business, while it has been suggested that bank paper can be impregnated with a special odor, imperceptible to the ordinary sense of smell, but which could readily be detected by the scentograph, thus greatly lessening the liability of banks to fraudulent operators. It is also claimed for the machine that it will become popular in the homes of the wealthy, for by the aid of its mechanism the atmosphere of a large mansion can be kept constantly permeated with a most delicate and choice perfume at a nominal expense. For hospital and sick rooms its service will prove inestimable. The machine itself is a small affair, about twelve inches square and eight inches high. It is made of wood, and the opening where the nostrils are applied is nickel plated.

Lost—A Family Hyphen. What has become of the hyphen that the Bradley Martins used to employ to glorify their silver above other Martins? They discarded it in England, for hyphenated names, once "the rage," have gone out of style. In lieu of it fashion has taken up again the use of the initial of the first name, giving the middle name in full—as S. Van Busseler Cruger, W. Waldorf Astor, F. J. Oakley Rhineland, etc., etc. To be right up to date the Bradley Martins need a profatory initial.—New York Press.

Vigorous Veterans. A Bath (Me.) man, aged sixty years and weighing 250 pounds, fell three stories on to a pile of iron one day recently, but he immediately got up and climbed back to the loft from which he had fallen. Daniel Clay, of Strafford, N. H., carried a bag of meal weighing 100 pounds a distance of three miles recently on a wicker without putting it down. He is seventy-six years old, and the feat was a test of endurance.—Boston Herald.

Russian Hydrophobia Institutes. There are seven institutes in Russia in active operation for the treatment of hydrophobia. The total number of patients treated between 1886 and 1892 was 14,369, of whom 285, or 1.84 per cent, died. More than 9000 of these were bitten by dogs and of these 0.79 per cent, died, while 621 were bitten by wolves and of these 16.26 per cent, died.

Street Sweepings Utilized. Chelsea District, in London, utilizes its street refuse by separating the rags and paper, which are converted into brown wrapping paper, while the rest of the refuse is burned in the furnaces of the reducing works and the residual is used in brickmaking.

FATE.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart And speak in different tongues and have no thought Each of the other's being, and no heed.

And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands Shall cross, compassing track, defying death; And all unconsciously shoo's every act And bend each wandering step to this one end, That one day out of darkness they shall meet.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life So nearly side by side that should one turn Ever so little space to left or right, They needs must stand acknowledged faces to faces.

And yet with wishful eyes that never meet, With groping hands that never clasp, and lips Calling in vain to ears that never hear, They seek each other all their weary days, And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate. —Susan Mear Spalding.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Doesn't her singing appeal to you?" "Well, it does seem in need of help."—Truth.

If you are looking for trouble tell a woman that her new wrap is unbecomingly.—Atchison Globe.

Mr. Dadeley (during the shampoo)—"Ah! I say, no good fella, you will shake me brains out!" Barber—"No danger, sir."—Judge.

Friend—"Why is it that there is so much dyspepsia in this country?" Doctor—"My theory is that we have too many cooks."—Pack.

Diner—"Isn't that a pretty small steak?" Attendant—"Yes; but you'll find it will take you a good while to eat it."—Boston Transcript.

"I understand your football eleven has lost several members." "Oh, none to speak of; only a half dozen ears or so."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mamma, I saw a dog to day that had only three legs." "Weren't you awfully sorry for him?" "No; he had one more leg than I had."—London Tit-Bits.

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

"Sardonic encouraged me to offer my picture. He intimated that it ought to be exhibited," said the artist. "What did he say?" "He said it was a sight."—Washington Star.

"If I have my coming-out party at the same time as Daisy Innet's, mamma, not a society reporter will come." "We might advertise our supper an hour later than hers."—Punch.

Smith—"You told me your friend sang like a bird. I think he has a horrible hoarse voice. How can you say it is like a bird?" Jones—"Well, the bird I meant was a crow."—Judge.

"I don't know," cried the excited feminine voice in the darkness, "whether you are my husband or a burglar, but I'm going to be on the safe side and shoot."—Detroit Tribune.

"I am a plain man," said Bloughly, "and I believe in being practical. I love you and I want you to be my wife." "Well," replied the fair one, "how much are you worth?"—Philadelphia American.

She—"It is true that I have broken the engagement, and that I still have your ring, but do you know why I retain that ring?" He (resembling) "The theory, I suppose, that the victor belongs to the spoils."—Truth.

Proprietor—"Why did you not give that gentleman the roast chicken he asked for?" Waiter—"I know my business. I gave him something cheaper, so's he would have some money left to tip me with."—Standard.

"Yes," remarked the proud father, "he's the finest baby the neighborhood has ever seen. My wife says the same thing." "Are you going to make a musician of him?" "Oh, it's altogether too early to decide that. His hair hasn't begun to grow yet."—Washington Star.

Young Wife (wishing to please)—"Now, dear, what dress would you advise me to wear for the concert this evening?" Ford Husband—"Well, I think an accordion skirt, with a brass band round the waist, and puffed sleeves, might fit the occasion."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Teacher—"As an example in fractions, suppose a man kept a butcher's shop and a customer called for five pounds of meat, and he had only four to sell. What would the butcher do?" Johnny (a butcher's bright son)—"Keep his hand on the meat while he was weighing it."—Standard.

"Ah, a new drama," repeated the playwright. "About how decent would you like it?" "Oh, from one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and twenty volts," answered the manager. People were by no means as easily shocked as formerly, and art had governed itself accordingly.—Detroit Tribune.

He—"When I was in the West the last time I had a very narrow escape from a burning hotel. I was awakened by the smoke, and with not a minute to spare rushed down the fire escape." She (breathlessly)—"Oh, what did you have on?" He (visibly embarrassed)—"Ah—hmm—a very lively hustle, miss."—Cardiff Western Mail.

Street Sweepings Utilized. Chelsea District, in London, utilizes its street refuse by separating the rags and paper, which are converted into brown wrapping paper, while the rest of the refuse is burned in the furnaces of the reducing works and the residual is used in brickmaking.