## ine Forest Republican

Is published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK.

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building BLM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, . \$1,00 Per Year. No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Ourrespondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

## FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXX. NO. 11.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1897.

Flora, even arter they went away from here. A girl like you can't be too careful who she goes with."

Leah was silent, but she shelled

There are times when advice

seems to produce a directly opposite effect of what is intended, and Mrs.

Halliday's words only served to strengthen the girl's resolve to have

"I shouldn't wonder," added the old

oman, with a sly smile, "if George

Annis were to come up this way Fourth o' July, arter me and father's gone." Still the peas rattled into the pan

like a miniature fusilade of artillery

"And I don't see as there'd be any harm in your askin' him to stay to din-ner," added Mrs. Halliday. "He'd be

"I don't want any company!" burst out Leah. "If he says anything more to Mr. Halliday, ask him not to come.

"Why, child, what's come to you?"

Once more, my merry girls and boys,
"Tis Independence Day;
And cannons boom and joy-heils ring,
And veryone is gay.
And Young America again
Hears Uncle Sam's brave story,
Of how we won our freedom, and
Flung to the breeze Old Glory.

down, and Mr. Halliday called out to

me that he had the money with him.

wasn't quite safe to leave it, with only

-nike this fellow." And he contempt-

nously pushed discomfited Ferguson

And the two together, in some pic-

In an Off-Hand Way.

cried the little boy's fingers as they

the lighted firecracker in the minister's

Little Johnny-"Yes, dad. It was

the biggest one I had, and it didn't go

The Versatile Small Boy.

At other times the cat he'd take
And to the floor he'd tack her;
Then Johnny used to take the cake,

Brown-"I'd like to have my little

y's life insured." Manager—"Come around after the

Fourth and I'll talk with you about it."

His Last Fourth.

He stuffed his cannon, for he meant To searc his little brother. He never knew which way he went, And he'll never see another.

"Get a move on, there!" impatiently

-"So you are sorry you put

so," said Mrs. Halliday.

giant eracker.

boy's fingers did so.

cracker.

Leah never looked up nor spoke.

sort o' company for you.

I'd rather be alone."

away faster than ever.

her own way for once.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

In the milleunium you will be able to press a button and discover your missing collar button, predicts Puck.

The Baltimore Sun is asking its readers for the names of the two most worthy Marylanders to be honored by statues at the National Capitol.

The record for rapid building in Chicago, which until recently was held by the Fisher Building, has been broken by the Fair Building, whose nine steel stories were put up in twenty-nine days.

The Baltimore American thinks it about time that that city were putting up another monument, and thus live up to the name, other cities being in danger of stealing a march on the "Monumental City."

The Presbyterian Church is the only religious body which has ministers and churches in every State in the Union, and by the statistics or 1896 consisted of 7573 congregations, 6942 ministers and 943,716 members.

From a business and, indeed, many other standpoints, one of the most important decisions recently handed down by the United States Supreme Gurt was that rendered in the case of the United States Government against the Bell Telephone Company, says the New York Independent. The main contention on the part of the Government was that the delay of thirteen years in granting the patent applied for in 1877 was the doing of the company, but the court found that the Patent Office was solely at fault. The decision has the effect of continuing the control of the telephone by the Bell Company for seventeen years from 1891.

The Kansas City Journal tells how Miss Ethel Hoskinson the other day started from Corning to Seneca to take the examination for teachers. Reaching a stream which had been swollen by the floods, her horses and buggy were washed away. She kept her head, however, and the horses manged to swim out on the other side, ter floating quite a distance down the sam, though all the time the buggy so far below the surface that the or came up to her armpits. Once the bank she drove hurriedly into neca, borrowed some dry clothes from an acquaintance, ran over to the courthouse, took the examination, and

triumphantly bore off a first-grade cer-

Englishmen jealous of their coun try's honor deeply feel the disgrace of the Jameson raid, and would go to great lengths to undo the unfortunate deed. The Westminster Gazette, of London, says: "We cannot help thinking that the item 'moral and intellectual damage' in the little bill which President Kruger has just presented has got put on the wrong side of the account. For it is this country which has had all the kicks and no ha'pence in consequence of the raid. But in any event it is the chartered company whic' has to pay, and we suggest as esting problem-if the com-

a million to the Transvaal and intellectual damage, ought to be paid to England damage? A German cony remarks that a similar feeling moves even the most jingoistic English papers. They abuse the Boers to find an excuse for a deed which, in their hearts, they regard as inexcusablo." The "war-chest" of Germeny is kept

in the fortified ofty of Spandau. Here,

states Youth's Companion, is deposited

gold coin equivalent to thirty million dollars, instantly available for military The is understood that Great n and France are even more richd, although neither of these na its treasure in a "warn the other hand, has very little, and her people are taxed to the verge of starvation that that litthe funy be kept untouched. Russia has been a chronic borrower, partly to supply a fund of which no one outside of diussia knows the extent. It has in asserted, possibly with some exration, that Germany could put million men into the field, fully mipped, within ten days after hosities began. On a war footing, the Horman, Russian and French armies would number, each, more than three officen men; the Italian and Austrian about two millions each. To support such multitudes would soon empty any "war-chest," A country like Ger-

many, whose public debt is only about ten dollars per capita-Ital's debt is almost eighty dollars for each inhabitant-could resort to taxation, and by various means withstand a long strain at it staggers imagination to dwell upon the burdens that protracted war would lay upon the unhappy subjects of the bankrupt nations.

Come on, fellows, here are rockets That will set the skies aglow, And a load of Chinese crackers

Stop with all this argyfying.

Toss your balls and things away,
For I'm bent on jubilation
And on nothing else to-day.

You may tell me things are murky,
And it ain't no time for fun—
That there's lots of trouble brewing,
And a lot of work undone;
But, consarn it all, mates! croaking
Neither makes nor saves your hay.
If my bird had been a raven,
I'd have never seen to-day.

I'd have never pulled through forests
Where the redskin only yelled.
I'd have never sot my banner
On the heights the brown bear heid.
Through starvation, cold and darkness,
I'd have never fought my way,
To a p'int, I rather reekon,
I kin blow awhile to-day.

See where I have stretched my fences, See where I have cl'ared my land, See where once the red deer herded,

My silek, growing cities stand.
See where now my budding harvests
Not beneath the warm wind's sway.
I can tell you'l have worked, friends,
And Cascan to take a day.

For high over cloud and tempest
My intropid cagle files;
Thar's no thing above my banner
But God's blue and starry skles.
I was never one for bragging,
But I'd simply like to say,
Let a rival match my record,
And I'll dine on crow to-day,

So whoop-la, hurrah! come on, boys, Leave the grannles home to ekeer. Come, bring out your guns and rockets, For the glorious Fourth is here. Shout and cheer, and toot and whistle, Blow and pop, and blaze away, Huzza to the hull creation, For it's Uncle Sam's birthday!

said Mrs. Halliday, in surprise.

Leah made no answer. She was thinking of Ferguson's flashing black eyes and square chin.

Which ethical fact Leah was not suf-

osier than any pink gown could be.

poses, and loved them with a timid.

brimming, seething life that other

the rubber works, had seemed delight-

ful company up to this time, but now

side Mr. Dave Ferguson, black-mous-

was troubled and upset. Leah scarcely

serenely happy, like one of the twit-

vague sense of wrong and discontent

helped Leah shell the peas for din-

George Annis, the head carpenter of

said she.

of the summer night.

shrinking devotion.

her rural charms.

and went up to her room.

anywhere, or see anything!"

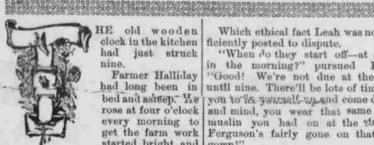
'It was Flora Plimpton.'

"It needs to be washed and ironed,

ficiently posted to dispute.

THE \* FOURTH \* OF \* JULY.

BY RELEN PORREST GRAVES.



HE old wooden clock in the kitchen had just struck Farmer Halliday

had long been in until nine. There'll be lots of time for bed and asteep. He you to its yourself up and come down; rose at four o'clock and mind, you wear that same pink every morning to muslin you had on at the station. Ferguson's fairly gone on that pink started bright and gown!" early, and his old wife was just rolling up her knitting-work to ascend the

stairs-a mild-face woman with a white-frilled cap and a brown calico gown. While out in the dewy star light by the gate Leah Linton stood, leaning her elbows on the fence and talking with a showily-dressed young woman of about her own age. "Never seen the city?" exclaimed

Flora Plimpton, echoing Leah's last words. "Never—seen—the—city? Well, ,I declare! I don't believe there's another girl in Tauhasset that could say that! You're too deliciously green for anything, Leah Linton!" In the soft, metallic starshine Leah

felt herself crimson to her very temples, with a sense of being somehow put in the wrong.
"No," she admitted; "I-" "Leah! Leah!" called Mrs. Halli-

day's gentle old voice from the win-dow. "Time to go to bed?" "I'll be there in a minute!" Leah called back.

And then they could hear the sash

"Such a stuffy old place!" said Flora, elevating her eyebrows. "And yet you tell me they've got money?"
"Nine hundred dollars in gold eagles," said Leab, with a certain pride in her accents. "I saw Mr. Halliday counting it out yesterday. He drew it from the bank to buy the mountain wood lot, and the lawyers are delaying the title longer than he

expected."
"I should think he'd be afraid of its being stolen," tentatively observed

"Oh, it's locked up in the old Dutch cabinet, safe and sound! Besides, no-body knows but what it is still in the Dave Ferguson Il come up after you. bank. But really, Flora, I can't go on this excursion with you Fourth of Leah, and vanished into the darkness July," she added, regretfully.
"You can't go? And why not? Oh,

Leah, you must go! Mr. Ferguson will be so disappointed if you aren't there. I can tell you, Leah, he's fairly raved about you ever since he saw you at the station, the day he came down to see me. I should be quite jealous if I hadn't another fellow in my eye. He says he won't go if home. you don't, and you'd hate to spoil the excursion, wouldn't you? Why can't their equal, to all intents and pur

"Mr. and Mrs. Halliday have ar ranged to spend the day with their married daughter up in Beverly," said Leah, dejectedly. "They always go every Fourth of July."

'Oh, the selfishness of old people!" said Flora, indignantly. "And leave you poked up here alone, when there's ing to see the world, to mingle with an excursion boat stopping at Tauhas-set Dock, with a band and awnings and ber, to drink a draft from the cup of all, and you never were on an excursion in your life! Oh, I don't wonder it's enough to make anybody cry!" as a big tear-drop or so coursed down Leah's cheek and splashed on the sweet-brier leaves below. "Look here, Leah! It's a shame you never should

go anywhere or see anything-"
"They're not s-selfish!" sobbed Leah, an instinctive sense of justice rising up in her heart. "The are just as good to me as they can be, and I love them dearly. But they don't like me to mix knew why. Hitherto she had been much with the young folks hereabouts. They're mostly trifling and no account, you know, in the factory and down at the rubber works-"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Flora Plimpton. "What's that but sheer selfishness? Leah, you shall go! Now listen to me! Once get 'em fairly started off with that old rattle-trap of theirs, with the one-eyed horse"-she laughed jeeringly-"and then you come down to the dock and wait for us. I'll see that I'll see that the boat don't go off without you."

Leah drew a quick breath. "I never was on a steamer in my life," said she. "But, Flora, I hate to deceive them."

"Where's the odds?" airily demanded Miss Plimpton. "You've got to deceive people sometimes if you want to

George Annis was a nice-looking fellow enough, but George had no style. "Style" was one of Flora Plimpton's favorite words.

all!" said George, hotly. "It's David the property of the factory till, three years ago, and slipped off to Canada—only he wore a heavy to canada—only he was dressed like full of sweet summer hazes, musical a working man, and now he's maswith the trill of birds, and sparkling querading as a gentleman, with a silk

with dew.

Leah could scarcely wait for the old farm wagon to drive off before she be- Plimpton girl. They work in couples." gan her own toilet, frizzing her hair to look like Flora's tangled tresses, and The drawer of the old Dutch cabinet adjusting the newly-laundered pink had been forced open. It was empty! muslin gown to imitate, as nearly as She clasped both hands over her possible, the prevailing fashion.

heart.

"When do they start off—at seven in the morning?" pursued Flora. "Good! We're not due at the dock Her heart beat restlessly; the color came and went nervously on her cheek; and even after she was standing at the dock, with the house-key in folks up on Haddon Hill, as I came cheek; and even after she was stand-ing at the dock, with the house-key in her hand, she began to think that the time never would come for the excursion boat to steam around the curve of He decided at the last minute that it the wills.

"What will George Annis think if a slip of a girl like you in the house, he comes there and finds it all that up and maybe villainous tramps around and vacant?" she thought, with a species of strange exultation.

Hush! The sound of drum and horn and piercing fife, the flutter of bunting, the roar of paddle wheels! The boat was here at last, and the cur. I see Billy Locke coming down first object she took note of was Flora the turnpike, and I'll get him to stop Plimpton, waving a handkerchief from at the constable's. Wasn't it lucky the guards. "Come on board!" shouted Flora, was prying the old drawers open with

looking red and excited. "Dave his jimmy?" Ferguson ain't here yet. He'll get on next landing. Hurry—hurry!" that she could not draw a free breath
But in her haste Leah had dropped until the burglar was taken off by the

the house-key, and stepped out of the fussy village constable and his assistthrong to pick it up from the trampled ants in an open farm wagon. With the sight of its gleaming brass last, she made an open confession of wards, a sudden thought flashed into all her backslidings to George Annis'

her mind. The money in the old indulgent cars. Dutch cabinet at home! Why had she never remembered again?" said she, timidly, lifting her that? How had she proved so faith-less to the trust the old people had "Leah," said he, quietly, "I never less to the trust the old people had

tacitly imposed on her? She lifted a pale, remorseful face to fore. Do you know, dear, that I came here to-day to ask you to be my wife?"

"I-I can't go!" said she, huskily. There's something I've forgotten. nic fashion, cooked a dinner that seemed to them like nectar and am-"What nonsense!" screamed Flora. 'You'll be too late!" brosia, and when the old folks returned on the edge of the dust, they

"All aboard!" yelled the stout man in the blue-and-gold uniform at the were engaged.
"I sort o' thought it might happen



The drum rolled out, the fifes shricked joyfully, the paddle wheels plashed again, and the bright flags floated away, while Leah fled tumultuously back through dew-dripping he appeared tame and countrified be- thickets and long stretches of steeped mendow. The money! the money! It seemed tached and scarf-pinned, who had

deigned to east a gracious glance upon as if her light feet were weighted-as if every pulsing, sunshiny second were All her little system of existence an hour. The money! the money! In sight of the old house, she stopped aghast. The west window wide open, its veil of climbing tering robins in the thicket; now a Michigan roses torn rudely away, a wooden bench drawn up close to it, as took possession of her as she entered if to serve as a step to some one who the house, drew the ponderous bolt, desired to effect unlawful entrance. From the inside she could hear vague

ton says," she thought. "I never go combat, then a heavy fall. "Who was that talking over the hoarse that at first she did not recog-gate with you last night, Leah?" Mrs. nize it for George Annis, "I've got you Halliday asked, the next day, as she now!

"It is quite true what Flora Plimp- muffled sounds, as if of hand-to-hand

She rushed frantically in. "George-George, what is it?" she

"I wouldn't set too much store by With a clothesline which he had that girl, Leah, if I was you," counsalted from a peg behind the door, selled the good woman, reaching for George Annis was binding the arms of another handful of the emerald pods. a man who lay pauting and pale on the "The Plimptons always had a bad floor—the arms of Mr. David Fername, and I never heard no good of guson. a man who lay panting and pale on the SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Paper belting for machinery is being made and used in Germany. An Oshkosh (Wis.) firm is success fully making binding twine of marsh

Liverpool has the largest fire engine in the world—equal to throwing 1800 gallons a minute and a stream

The Athens check factory is to be operated by electricity. This is the first cotton factory in Georgia to use electricity as a motive power,

Natural gas is fast going. J. D. Weeks has just made a report on the supply and its decline for the National Labor Bureau in which it appears that the supply has fallen a half in seven

Fair-haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly. The an-cient Jews were a fair-haired race; now they are, with few exceptions, dark. So it is in a lesser degree with the Irish, among whom 150 years ago a dark-haired person was almost un-

The suggestion is advanced that perhaps the ultimate field of acetylene will be in the lighting of lighthouses and on board ships. Its compactness and the ease with which it can be stowed away in the form of carbide and ease of generation of the gas, together with great brilliancy, and point to its adaptability for this purpose.

The "stopping" qualities of the Lee Metford rifle, now in use in the British army, has been the subject of Leah hurried into the other room. much comment ever since the Chitral campaign. The bullet used was there found of very little use in stopping the rush of a determined body of fanatics. This will not be the case in "Don't be frightened, Leah," said future, it is stated, as a new bullet has been invented, the quality of which are said to be undoubted.

A recent discovery that practical men as well as scientists approve is the complete transformation of wood into gas. The product has a power four times greater than that made from bituminous coal. Its value lies in adaptability as a motive power, which can be applied to the produc-tion of ceramics, in glass manufacture, for Bessemer hearths, and like industies. Rich in carbonic oxide as it is, the gas is available for the manufacture of oxalic acid and other chemicals, and, it is said, at a very considerable saving in cost.

How General Polk Was Killed. George L. Kilmer, in a war article Leah was like her lover-she felt headed "Rest in Scattered Urns," published in your paper to-day, makes a statement which I feel ought to be corrected. In speaking of the Confederate General Polk (Bishop Polk) But when the coast was clear at he states that he was killed near Atlanta by a shell aimed and fired by General Sherman. This is not true. I was standing by the gun from which "You'll never want to speak to me the shot was fired that killed General Polk, and know that General Sherman was not present. The battery, the name of which I do not recall, was in position on the left of our brigade, on loved you so dearly in all my life bea hill overlooking a valley, on the op-posite side of which was another hill covered with trees. While talking to the sergeant in charge of one of the guns, an officer approached and directed the attention of the sergeant to a group of what appeared to be Confederate officers at the edge of the woods of the hill opposite, and ordered him to give them a shot. The sergeant sighted his gun and fired. The result was a great commotion and scattering. Somebody had been hit. Next morning we discovered it was General Polk. held a match down to the reluctant The shot struck him in the upper arm, plowing its way through the chest, and cutting him almost in two. This "Oh, come off," snarled the giant occurred on Pine Knob, not far from And in another moment the little Kenesaw Mountain. On our advance the next day I visited the spot and saw the stump of a tree against which Gen-

> his blood.-C. Laux, in the Los Augeles Times. Peculiar Horned Orange

> eral Polk was leaning at the time he

was shot. The tree was covered with

The Chinese are very fond of mon-

strous forms of fruits and flowers, and any departure from the normal form is usually cherished and highly valued. In their gardens they have numerous forms of monstrous oranges-some will produce fruit with points like flugers. and are known as the hand orange. Another form has a long horn projecting from the apex, and are known as the horn orange. Another variety, which botanists have known by the name of Citrus aurantium distorium, bears a fruit in the resemblance of a cluster of sea shells. To one ignorant of the laws of vegetable morphology, these spells of wandering from the normal type are very mysterious; but when it is understood that all parts of the orange, as well as other fruits, are made up of what would have been leaves or branches changed so as to constitute the various parts of the seed and yes sels, and that a very little difference in the degree of life energy will change them into various different parts that come to make up the fruit, and the mystery in a great measure is solved. There are few branches of botany which give the lover of fruits and flowers so much pleasure as the study of morphology. - Meehan's Monthly.

Those who are familiar with the lines of Samuel Wilberforce, Oh, would I were a cassowary on the pinins of Timbuctoo, of Timbuctoo,
Where they eat the missionary, prayer
book, Bible, hymn book, too!

Have regarded this famous city some what as a myth. But the French reached it about three years ago, and it is a remarkable instance of France out-stepping England in a race for ter-Under French influences the city is becoming a great centre of commerce. Unfortunately the climate is unhealthy, but vigorous steps are being taken by the French Government to improve its sanitary conditions.

TO BY:LOW LAND.

RATES OF ADVERTISING!

One Square, one inch, one insertion. \$ 100
One Square, one inch, three months. \$ 300
One Square, one inch, three months. \$ 500
One Square, one inch, one year. \$ 1500
Two Squares, one year. \$ 3000
Quarter Column, one year. \$ 3000
One Column, one year. \$ 3000
One Column, one year. \$ 100 00
Legal advertigements ten cents per line such insertion.

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

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

Job work—cash on delivery.

My little dears, the star-lamps
Are lighted overhead
To guide all sleepy children
From the land of Go-to-Bed,
On a most delightful journey;
Oh, you'll all be glad to go
To that pleasant, pleasant country
Where the dream-flowers grow
[You'll find a good steed waiting,
So mount and give command,
And trot away, and trot away
To By-Low Land.

You can go by Sleepy Hollow.
That's the shortest route to Take
On the Journey you are going.
From the plains of Wideawake.
You'll be there before you know it;
Shut your drowsy eyes, and lo!
You are in the pleasant country.
Where the dream-flowers grow.
Your good steed's wniting for you,
So mount and give command.
And trot away, and trot away.
To By-Low Land.

Ere you start upon your journey.

I Mother wants a hug and kiss
From each drowsy little darling,
And she softly tells you this—
She'll be lonesome when you've left her,
Though she's glad to have you go
To that pleasant, pleasant country
Where the dream-flowers grow,
Your good steed's tired of waiting.
So mount and give command,
And trot away, and trot away
To By-Low Land.
—Washington Home Magazine?

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Always used up-A sky-rocket .-

Weather-beaten-The Signal Service

"This is surely a cribbed joke."
"Yes; but it must be in its second childhood."-Yale Record.

Mack-"What is your idea of a perfect woman?" Wyld-"One who acknowledges her faults."-Puck.

"I hear young Nollekins has gone into the sculpterin' business." "Yes; but he don't cut much of a figger." Mack-"Why are the Bijou Flats in such demand?" Wyld-"There isn't

a room large enough to get a piano in." -Puck. Teacher-"Plato, what is a farm?" Plato-"A farm, sir, is a body of land entirely surrounded by a fence."-

Barber—"What will you have on your face, sir?" Customer (faintly)— "Erysipelas, I think; it feels that

way."-Judge. "What cowards these men are! Here I am forty years old, and no one has had the courage to propose to me!" Fliegende Blaetter.

The Caunibal-"You are sweet enough to cat." His Wife-"Put. that doctor said you must not eat sweet things,"-Texas Siftings.

"Don't you think your son a little fast, Mrs. Sweetly?" "Far from it. He is so slow that we can never get him to breakfast before noon,"-Detroit Free Press. City Nephew-"T've got a couple o

tickets for to-morrow night; but all the orchestra seats had been sold." Uncle Josh-"Do tell! Will the orchestra have to stand up?"-Puck. Cripple—"Excuse me, sir, but I have lost both my logs—" Passer-by

seen anything of them. Thendquarters."-Standard. Mother-"Dear met The baby has

swallowed that piece of worsted." Father—"That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up."-London Tit-Bits. "Maria," said John, 'you must be

going to have a fearfully big bird on your bonnet." "Why?" asked Maria. 'I judged from the size of the bill, said John, quietly.--Harper's Bazar. "Old Gotrox said he got rich by

saving what other people threw away." Oh, yes. Did he also state that any thing not united down he considered as thrown away?"-Indianapolis Jour-Lightlove-"At last, dear Sophia, we

are alone and I can tell you that I

Sophia-"Oh, please, no-Mr,

Lightlove, don't tell me here." Lightlove-"Why not? There are no witnesses." Sophia-"That's just it!" Wife (bysterically)—"I am sure I cannot be mistaken. Four times is his sleep he has cried out that he put it in the corner pocket. Can it be that he lost it afterward, or is he intention-

ally deceiving me in his sleep?"-"There are men," said the cactus philosopher, "so enterprising that they do business in a dead calm. Now know a man who advertised for intend ing suicides, so that he could get them to buy pistols from his hardware

store."-Washington Times. Mrs. Seldom Singell-"Thanks, Jack; but it wouldn't look well for me to dance. I lost my husband to-day. Jack-"Divorce?" Mrs. Seldom Singell-"No; a real, genuine death. That's honest. I have the undertaker's ce tificate in my pocket."-Judge.

One day a malicious person said to Alexander Dumas fils: "You father was a mulatto, was he not?" Dumas replied: "Yes, sir, my father was a mulatto, my grandfather an African and my great grandfather a monkey. My genealogy begins where yours ends.

"So you say," began the moderately new boarder, "that he speculated on a large scale exclusively. May I inquire what was the use of the large scale?" "Glad to answer you," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "He had to have it or weighing the consequences."-Indianapolis Journal.

"Help! help!" cried the drowning nan, "I am drowning!" "Jove! What an opportunity!" cried the re-porter. "Quick! tell me your sensations, and I'll give you a sendoff in next Sunday's paper." But it was too late; the man had gone down for the third time. - Harper's Bazar.

They who wait to do great things never do anything.

of ir