The frog industry is growing. A statistician enumerates "fifty-seven frog farms now in successful operation" in various sections of the coun-

The Queen's Jubilee produced at least one good poem, observes Harper's Weekly. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" is edifying both to the ear and to the spirit.

A correspondent of the Hartford Times says that a lather of tar sosp applied to the face and hands, and then gently rubbed off, is a sure protection against mosquitoes.

One hundred Paris detectives went on strike recently; they objected to one of the inspectors, and to being obliged to keep the run of travelers when they leave hotel and boarding houses, as they had all they could do to watch them when they arrive.

Large farms, nuless all their acres are made available in some way, are burdens instead of blessings. The assessor takes in all the acres, and the taxgatherer is quite as exacting. Hence, to make all the acres pay their way, with something over for the farmer's purse, is to be in the middle of the road that leads to goal of success.

Mainz has decided to celebrate the birth of Guttenberg on Midsummer Day, 1900, in order not to interfere with Leipzig's celebration of the same event in 1899. As the exact year of the inventor of printing's birth is not known, the difference of a year or two in the observation of the 500th anniversary will not shock historical ac-

The co-operative movement has reached such proportions in Scotland that Dundee butchers have pledged "ourselves to support only those livestock salesmen, dead-meat salesmen, auctioneers, dealers and others who refuse to have any dealings, directly or indirectly, with co-operative societies, and not support any person who deals with such society in any way, or who deals with any retail butcher who declines to sign and support this resolution." The attention of Parliament has been called to the boycott.

The librarian of the public library at Kansas City, Mo., says that for a year there has been a greater call for works on Alaska than for books on any other country or section of the globe. She has supplied the library, she says, with everything trustworthy she could procure on the country during this time, wondering all the while what had aroused so much interest in that country in Kansas City. Readers, she says, have studied writings on the "habits of the people in Alaska, read the Government reports on the Territory, and given especial attention to routes to the Yukon country. .

Says the New Orleans Times-Democrat; One of the lacks of the age is pleasant fiction. Vapid fiction we have in large quantities, but there are few novels which are at the same time pictures of life and pleasant ones. A book to-day is seldom called "strong" or "important" unless its tone is gloomy, even despairing. Hopelessness, in most of these cases, does not seem to arise from experience or conviction, but gives the impression of being only a popular literary pose. The idea is abroad that a work of fiction ought to be a bitter and painful dose, and that it would not be fulfill-Ing its purpose if it proved "an anodyne" to anyone who wished to forget his suffering.

The Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph is authority for the statement that comparatively few people have any idea of the importance of the bituminous coal industry in the United States. Says this newspaper informant: "Since 1893 it has led in point of market value the mineral products of the country, the value of the output for his dear young widdy's a'most disthe calendar year 1896, according to the report of the geological survey, being nearly \$115,000,000. For several years prior to 1893 pig iron was the most valuable mineral product, the total for 1892 being \$131,000,000, while the value of bituminous coal for the same year was \$125,000,000, Since 1887 there has been a steady decline in the price of coal, while the output has steadily increased. The 137,640. 600 short tons produced in 1896 sold for less money than the 118,000,000 tons produced in 1891. Pennsylvania leads all the States in the Union in the production, its output for last year having been 49,100,000 tons, valued at \$35,000,000; but this was a million tons less than for the preceding year. West Virginia apparently supplanting the product of this State, the production of our neighbor increasing 1,500,-000 tons, and aggregating nearly 13,-000,000 tons, valued at \$8,336,000."

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Into the fields both young and old
With gay hearts went;
The pleasant fields, all green and gold,
All flowers and scent.
And first among them old man Mack,
With his two grandsons, Harry and Jack—
Two caker boys whose feet kept time
In restless fashion to this rhyme:
Share the scatter and lead the bank

Sharpen the scythe and bend the back, Swing the arm for an even track; Through daisy bloom and nodding grifus Straight and clean must the mower pass There are tasks that boys must learn, not

Tasks on the harvest and having ground,
By wood and brook,
When I was young but few could bring
Into the fleid a cleaner swing;

But you must take my place to-day, Cut the grass, and scatter the hay. So sharpen the scythe and bend the back, Swing the arm for an even track; Through daisy blooms and nodding grass Straight and clean must the mower pass.

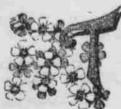
You'll find that out — n other things than cutting hay, I make no doubt.

So be sure through the nodding grass Straight and clean with your scythe to

pass;
It is far better than any play
To mow the grass and to toss the hay.
So sharpen the seythe and bend the back,
Swing the arm for an even track;
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass
Straight and clean must the mower pass.
— Detroit Free Press.

NOT TO BE DONE

米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米



ful confes-Bion .. mine, John search. Spindler, Yard, and about was

For a long time I had been on the my professional pride I had vowed to me. More than once I had pounced down upon them in their haunts, and all vanished like magic and I being unable to produce proofs, the chief whom I desired most to con-

This naturally gave me considerable annoyance, and with some heat I ejac-"You've escaped me this time,

Jim Bradley, but I'm not John Spindler if you do the next!" "When you catch me, hold me!" he grinned "How dare you malign an

innocent man?" "Innocent! then the evil one is not so black as he is painted," I retorted. Well, it was nearly nine months before I again ran down Jim and his gang; then I detected them in a low, wretched street near the city road. The house they used was kept by an

old Irshwoman. Having watched the house till I was sure of my game, I went to Scotland Yard, saw the chief, reported my news, got some men, and on one dark, gusty winter's night made a

swoop upon them. Leaving the police I had brought at a little distance, I knocked at the door. Getting no answer, I stepped back and looked up at the house. It was dark as pitch, save a faint glimmer in the first-floor window. As

returned I felt certain I saw the blind of the lower room move. Trusting, if I was being inspected, that the darkness had concealed my identity, I repeated my summons, when, after the old landlady, bearing a flaming tallow candle.

"Did you knock afore?" she said, peering feebly at me. "Sure, I'm just as deaf as a post, yer honor, and don't Who do you want?" hear a bit.

"One of your respectable lodgers, Mrs. O'Brien," I answered, entering the passage and putting my foot so as to prevent the door closing. "Thanks, old lady, I won't trouble you fur-Giving a preconcerted whistle, my men came rapidly forward.

"Oh, the perleese! oh, holy St. Patrick! have mercy upon a lone widder woman! Oh, good jintlemen, what's the matter, sure?" shrieked the hag. Paying no heed to these ejaculations placed one policeman on guard, and

with the others sprang up-stairs. Reaching the landing I found all dark, save a faint glimmer which issued from under the door in front of I tried the handle. It was

"We have caught him this time!" whispered exultingly, for I had caught the sound of Jim Bradley's voice. "I have examined the house well, and there is no means of egress either by the roofs or the windows. They are trapped. Open, in the Queen's name!

"Hullo, is that you, my dear Spindier?" cried Jim from within. "Happy to see you, I'm sure! Remember what 'Hold me when you catch me, old boy! The thing is to trap your

"I will take care of that, Mr. Jim, I rejoined. "Open, or we shall break "Oh, plaze, jintlemen-dear, good

jintlemen, for the love of the saints, don't make a noise. There's a poor sowl jist partin' this life up-stairs, au tracted. Sorra a one of ye jintlemen hev any pity. Don't terrify the colleen nor the partin' sowl who, sure, has trouble enough."

"Silence, you old crone!" I exclaimed, "and fetch a light, or I'll have you arrested as an accomplice. With a regular howl of disappoint-

ment she hobbled away, declaring she'd do anything for us, imploring pity for a poor, lone woman and compassion for the partin' sowl up-stairs. We didn't wait for her return. Aware

no one could pass us on the stairs, and addition.' believing Jim might be trying to destroy the moulds, we put our shoul-ders against the door and drove the lock from the box. I had prepared for the light to be

extinguished and a rush made. I was disappointed. Jin sat com-posedly at the table with another man,

playing cards. 'Hullo! you don't stand on ceremony, John, my friend, "he remarked, laughing. "I thought every man's house was his cantle."

"So it is, Jim, until he makes it a shield for law-breaking," I answered, be get every day."

'Prove your words, my mau.'

"Please yourself, and take the con-Scotland went on with his game.

Putting my men on guard, I began how it came to examine the apartments. I sounded the walls, groped up the chimneys, tried the flooring

No, not a sign; while Jim Bradley's track of a gang of coiners which in utter indifference, I own, perplexed he said, "the fellow you call Bradley "Done again!" I muttered, when I

heard a heavy step in the room above. "Who's that upstairs?" I asked. "You should know yourself by this time," answered Jim. "I can only say "I fancy that"

vict fairly laughed at me and my that confounded Irish hag is always screechin' as a chap's a-dying, which ain't much concern of mine, as long as he keep hisself to hisself, and don't groan too loud. 'Igh, low, game, with-out even the Jack, Phil," he added, to his companion, putting down his

> The sick man's a ruse, perhaps, thought L "Come, lads," I said aloud, "we'll

go up!" Regardless of the old woman's entreaties not to disturb the poor "dyin' sowl," we mounted.

The back attic was as bare as bare could be. When I was about to enter the other, the door opened, and a grave-looking, respectablly dressed man crossed the threshold.

"Hush," he said, in a low tone. "May I asked the meaning of this disturbance? It is most unseemly and out of place! The poor fellow in here has but a few moments to live. His unfortunate young wife is distracted." I looked keenly at him.

"If it isn't an impertinent question, sir," I asked, "pray who may you be?" "Who am I?" he smiled. "I am "I am Doctor Alexander, of Jude street, close by. Now, in my turn, who are you?

I instantly acquainted him with my

"Humph!" he said, drawing me a place once or twice, but I own I have had my doubts of its respectability. We medical men see strange scenes. Still I don't fancy the poor woman and her husband have had any connivance with the people below. He is a bricklayer. Though, of course, in such bearers, matters, you are the best judge. Such "Nons persons are capable of all manner of tricks. It is, of course, your duty to make certain. Only, in case you are wrong, be gentle with the wretched I'll go to him!"

wife and mother. Come in."
We entered. The room was almost devoid of furniture, and barely supplied with the commonest necessaries

of existence. At one side was a miserable mattress laid on the floor, and stretched on it

was the dying man. Kneeling by him, her head bowed down to his, her black hair streaming over the tattered patchwork covering, was the young wife weeping bitterly, as she pressed her baby to her bosom I'm not hard-hearted, and the sight took me back, especially the countenance of the husband, upon which the hue of death had already settled.

I was following the doctor when, abruptly, he leaned forward, then, drawing back, placed his hand on my

"I thought as much," he whispered; 'all is over!" The words were scarcely audible

yet they reached the wife's ears. I shall never forget the scream she Starting up on her knees, she over the lists under the initial A gazed wildly in the face of the dead, then shricked, turning appealingly to

"Oh, no no; not dead! Don't tell ne that! Not dead! Oh, Tom, Tom dear Tom; speak to me-speak to

Then casting herself on the body, she went off into violent hysterics. "Poor thing," said the doctor, raising her. "Pray, my good fellow, take her to a chair while I close the poor man's eyes.

That done, he rejoined me. "You want to search the room," he bine. "It's a pity that this should have happened at such a time, but duty is duty. Pray do yours quietly

poor woman recovers. Her trouble is enough without any Duty was duty, yet I felt like s hard-hearted, mean-spirited cur as I dead husband, but the doctor, the

performed mine, and professed to save lacked my usual acuteness, for more than once the disciple of Galen aided me in my suggestions. Nothing, however, came of it.

could not find a trace.
"Yet," I said, "I'd take my oath the dies are in this house, and it's to be done. one hundred pounds in my pocket if I "Then I most decidedly should try," said the doctor. "That sum is not to

twisted into a kind of rope, can suspend as much as 329 pounds upon one end and not be injured.

"No, and I'll keep a watch in this THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. house till I've found them. "In this room?" he asked.

FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

She Was a Bird-In Modern Parlance-

The charming damsel had no appetite;
Her health was delicate, her mother said;
But at the table she put out of sight
As much as would have two longshoremen fed.

went, The landlord frowned and bit his lips, said

Dead Easy.

hear your baby sister cry?"
"Why, that's easy—everybody in
the block can."—Truth.

In Modern Parlance.

hind him, has he?"

keep quiet."

put this book.

Fatal Flirtation.' "

ment."-Life.

lem Life.

gest apple?"

"So he has burned the bridges be-

She-"Oh, James, how grand the

sea is. How wonderful. I do so like

He-"So do I, Elizabeth, Please

Where It Belongs.

America by an Englishman?"

Assistant Librariau-"Where shall

Librarian-"In the fiction depart-

A Seaside Inference.

Gazzam-"They got married, did they?"-Harlem Life.

A Timely Diet.

Doctor-"For dinner take forty

Timid Patent-"Would it be dan-

gerous to add a piece of meat and some vegetables?"—Fliegende Blact-

"Isn't there some sort of a relation-

"Oh, yes, indeed; he was the first

ship between Madge and Mr. Dash-

man she was ever engaged to."-Har-

His Advantage.

Mamma-"Who is to have the big-

Georgie—"Me!"
Dot—"No, me! Georgie was eatin'

apples two years 'fore I was born."-

There's Many a Slip.

ead to irreparable disaster.

my hat to her."-Judy.

ways coming up to time.

"Explains what?"

'Ha! that explains it."

Grump-"One false step in life may

Spooner-"I know that well. I oved a girl who thought mea hero un-

"I wish you girls would be a little

more punctual. I make a point of al-

"Why time flies."-Pick-Me-Up.

He Knew.

"Two hours of sleep before mid-

"Fiddlesticks! Two hours' sleep

after one is called in the morning is

Told the Truth.

It Proved Effective.

"How in creation did you manage

o get the big policeman to sleep, doc?

We tried everything known to medical

Simple Remedy.

Mamma (severely)—"Daisy, you have been at my workbox again! I'm

afraid that everything I tell you goes

Daisy (aged five)-"Well, mamma,

why don't you 'top one of zem up?"-

Capitol, Though Labored.

meaning of the terms capital and la-

If a boy coasts down a hill, that's capi-

tal. If another boy rides the bicycle

Safe.

up, that's labor."-Fun.

Teacher-"Do you understand the

Boy-"Yes, sir; I know what it is,

in at one ear and out of the other.

Free Press.

"I just stationed a couple of fellows

"See here. That horse you sold me

better than all the others."-Judy.

night is better than four after that

Mrs. Gazzam (reading the news-

"Here's an article about 'A

Impressions of

"Bertie, you cruel boy, how can you

-Boston Courier.

ference-A Timely Diet-Two Volces-

Dead Easy-Very Close-He Knew, Etc.

"No. I sin't quite made of stone," I rejoined, a bit hurt. "But I shall inspect all who go out or come in." 'Quite right, and I wish you suc sess, for there's no telling the suffer

ings these coiners occasion. We then descended and the doctor left, after telling the old Irishwomat he would call as he went home on the parish undertaker and give the neces sary orders for the juneral. Well, I needn't lengthen out m;

I rented the parlor (by compulsion) of the landlady and established a watch night and day upon who and what went out and entered the house Jim Bradley came and went, o course, unmolested, and chaffed moccnsiderably when we met, while with

What did it mean? I also made a call now and then or

his room whenever I pleased.

out the slightest demur he let me visi'

"I intend to, I hope; so you will just the widow. consider yourself my prisoner while I Poor thin Poor thing, she was always crying and so meek and full of grief as she noved about the room where her cofdetective, sequences," he replied, and carelessly fined husband was, for she wouldn't eave it, that the sight was pitiable. The medical attendant dropped in

"Well, practically. He has sprin-kled tacks along the road."—Truth. ace to inquire how I got on, and shook his head on hearing of my want of success. "I fear if the dies are really here. to hear the roar of the oceau.

is too deep for you. "Not if I know it," I said. "I have applied at headquarters for permission to make a better search, and I'll take

"I fancy that's the most likely place. What is that?" he asked. "Only the undertaker's men," I said, putting the door open. ''It's the poor fellow's faueral to-day."

"Indeed! Ah, they hasten these matters with the poor. Just at the moment the wretched offin and its bearers passed along the passage, followed by the weeping widow leaning on the old Irishwoman.

They were the sole mourners.

The doctor respectfully removed his hat, and we looked in silence until it had gone by.

"Poor—poor thing!" my companion remarked, with a sigh; then, giving me his card, and asking me to call if? proved successful, he went away. Well, the hours crept by, and the silence of the house began to surprise

ne. Bradley had gone out early, and hadn't been home since. My assistant came in about eight, but neither the widow nor the laudlady returned. I waited and waited. Eleven o'clock struck.

I began to get suspicious.

Had I been done? I turned hot and cold; then seizing the candle, darted upstairs. Bradley's room was as usual; but the attie-the sight of it made me feel ready to drop. "Done-cleverly done!" I cried waving my candle around.

business. He looked serious and in-been duped! I had been the victim of ensibility and a clever trick! til I fell down a coal hole when lifting

little aside; "I have only visited this and there, where the coffin had stood, There was the mattress, ripped up was a hole in the floor, where the plank had been removed. That had been the place of concealment,

But where were the dies? Wherewhy in the coffin, of which, no doubt, the dead man had been one of the "Nonsense!" I ejaculated. "The

man must have been dead! It isn't likely he could deceive the doctor-s kind-hearted fellow, but a keen one;

Leaving my assistant in charge, hastened to Jude street, with his card in my hand. The red "danger signal" indicated the house, and, knocking, I asked to

see the doctor. The servant, showing me into the runs away, kicks, bites, strikes and surgery, went in to summon him. tries to tear down the stable at night. In a few moments he appeared—that You told me that if I got him once I s, a gentleman appeared; a gentleman wouldn't part with him for \$1000." out sixty, with silver gray hair. "Well, you won't."-Detroit Free "I beg your pardon," I said; "it is Doctor Alexander I wish to see!"

"Alexander! My name, sir, is Lindsay, and I am the only professional man in this house—nay, in the street. There must be a mistake." "Impossible!" I cried. "See, sir.

here is his card." "Humph!" I have never heard the name in the neighborhood," he remarked, perusing it. "Wait a mo ment-if you will allow me I will

Taking down one or two thick volumes from the bookshelves, he rap "No," he said. "As I thought-his name is not here. I fear the title of Pick-Me-Up.

'doctor' must be assumed, and he is not a certified medical man. I then told my story.
"Sir," remarked Dr. Lindsay, unable to suppress a smile, "I fancy you have not only been duped by a

dying man, but also by his medical attendant.' And so it proved. The whole had been a clever trick-

from the widow to the doctor and "May I kiss you, Miss Tenspot?" asked young Mr. Huggins. 'parish" funeral. Nevertheless, I might have remained in doubt to the last, had not my "pride "Have you ever kinsed a ore?" asked the young lady. of place" been so wounded that I did not rest until I had tracked Jim Brad-"Never!" asseverated the young ley again, and this time succeeded in "Then you may kiss me. I draw capturing him and his gang, and nong which I not only discovered the young, disconsolate widow of her

greatest rogue of the lot, as it was he "Where will Frau Moyer go now who, under his gentlemanly appearthat both her daughters are married. To her son-in-law's house in Frankance, circulated the spurious coin. To my satisfaction, I saw them all furt or to that of her other son-in-law sent off for a considerable term in Portland, with small chance of a "One wants her in Stuttgart and the ticket-of-leave. I was not, after all,

other wishes she would go to Frank-"What dutiful sons-in-laws!" A note of the Bank of England, "I beg your pardon. The one in

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Wells says that the annual dewfall of Great Britain is equal to 21,161, STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE

Dr. Max Schlier, of Berlin, has de-monstrated that by the use of Rontgen rays one can see how sounds are pro-Where It Belongs - A Seaside Induced by the voice in singing. Professor William Crookes, of Lon

don, is authority for the assertion that to count the molecules in a pin-head space at the rate of 10,000,000 per second would require 150,000 years. The longest continued cataleptic

"I eat no more than would a bird," laughed sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1892, the patient she, But when she rose and from the table having remained absolutely uncon scious for four and a half months. A ton of Atlantic water when evapor-"I guess an ostrich was the bird she ated yields eighty-one pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, seventy-nine

> more than twice as much-187 pounds to the ton. An American scientist has recently discovered a new microbe which is particularly destructive to the tissues of

pounds; the water in the Dead Sea

the human body, and the most striking peculiarity of the creature is that it is nearly all mouth. Petroleum ether has proven to be

adapted for low temperature thermometers, as it is still in a semi-liquid condition and capable of further contraction at the temperature of the liquefaction of air-310 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

The process of crystallization is be-in studied by Professor van Schroven, who has taken 2800 photographs to show the transfer of organic into inorganic matter. It seems that this fact led to a recent sensational and incorrect report that crystals have been

found to be organic substances. It is desired to prevent the freezing of the Baltic Canal and keep it open for navigation as long as possible. The authorities have, therefore, tried to replace the fresh water by salt Leaving a sluice open near Brunsbuttel during low tide, the salt water entering by the Baltic end of the canal, expels the fresh water through the other end.

A remarkable peculiarity in the law of solar rotation has been reported by Lewis Jewell as a result of spectroscopic work at Johns Hopkins University. The outer and inner portions of the sun's atmosphere are found to have a difference in rotation period of several days, the period increasing as the photosphere is approached. The measures also show much the greater equatorial acceleration for the outer atmosphere, there being little difference at lower levels in the period for different latitudes.

Engaged Thirty Years. A bright example in constancy and filial devotion is afforded in the experience of a couple recently wedded in Liberty Township, Indiana, the newly married pair being Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foreman, who reside on their 400-acre farm near Greentown. In point of age both bride and groom have passed the half-century mark. Though lovers from early childhood and betrothed from youth, the marriage was deferred until now, the engagement covering a period of thirty years, says the St. Louis Globe-Demo-

Young Foreman had a stepmother to whom he was greatly attached and to whom he solemnly pledged support during her lifetime, promising not to marry while she remained alive. Contrary to expectations, the invalid and dependent stepmother lived until a year or more ago. During this long wait of nearly a third of a century the lovers scrapulously observed their vows, toiling on through the years without a thought of disregarding the pledges given the stepmother or breaking faith in any manner whatever. They grew gray, lived frugally, saved their earnings and patiently bided

When death removed the barrier the lovers had accumulated sufficient means to buy the largest farm in the township. The minister first engaged to perform the marriage ceremony died of old age many years ago, and a divine of a new generation officiated at the long-delayed wedding.

A Congress of Young Blood. Never in the history of this country

outside to yell for help."-Detroit have there been so many young men chosen as representatives of the per ple in Congress as were elected to the present house. It is emphatically a longress of young men, as the most casual observer from the galleries will readily note. That these men had to contend for their nomination and election against veteran politicians of and experience is pleasing proof that the people realize talent and statesmanlike qualities wherever found, and that it is no longer necessary for one to have wrinkles and hoary locks before being deemed qualified to compete for political honors. Washington Post.

> Cut Fraternizes With Birds. At one of the grocery stores at Pitman Grove, N. J., lives a cat of more than ordinary intelligence. Besider being an expert mouse and rat-catcher. it frequently finds time to go on snakehunting tours, and always brings home a large serpent, which it lays at its master's feet. While other cats make a specialty of capturing young birds, this cat protects the birds and pun-ishes their feline enemies.—Philadel phia Inquirer.

Will Two Minutes Be Reached? This is the year that, as turfmen have said, will see the record of hurness horses reduced to two minutes for a mile. The pacing record chine within a fraction of the mark a year ago, and it is understood that the trainers of a number of noted horses are determined that the coveted mark Frankfurt wants her in Stuttgart; the shall be reached before the season one in Stuttgart wants her in Frank- ends.—San Francisco Chronicle furt."--Fliegende Biaetter,

each insertion.

Autriages and death notices graffs.

Autilla or year, yaliveriann into collected quarterly. Temporary miverimensents must be paid in advance.

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Legal advertisements ten cents per line

f sing of love that sorrow ne'er has known,
Love that has dwelt with gladness from
its birth,
Love that has made more bright the gra-

LOVE AND JOY.

clous earth,
And given every song a tender tone.
With my heart have I upreared a throne
And set this love thereon with buoyant mirth,
And much that seemed before of little

oft-sunned by it to beauty strange has

That which was I are while is I no more;
The alchemist Love a wondrous change
has wrought,
And in my soul now lurks no base alloy,
I have east off the bonds that thrailed be-

fore; The gold of love hath purified my And Joy my sovereign is, for Love is Joy.

—Clinton Scollard.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"She used to be so delicate before she took to the wheel." "Well, she's indelicate enough now."-Detroit Journal.

First Tot-"My mamma says, 'If the shoe fits, put it on."" Tot-"My mamma says 'If the shoe lits, take it off-it's too big." -Puck. The Captain (boisterously)- "Come, old man, brace up! What's got into you?" Passenger-"If you don't put

me ashore you'll very soon see. "-Life. Minnie-'In my opinion one wheel is as good as another." Manie "I suppose there is not much differente n rented wheels."—Indianapolis Jour-

""You must get rid of the Oirish po sent, Mike, if you want to gir on. Yet, shure, I was tin years in London before I could git over it meself."-New York Journal.

Style in the Far West: "The Smiths out on lots of style, don't they?"
"Well, I should say! They have individual cyclone cellars up at the Smiths."-Puck. Scientific Methods: Birch-"Riches

have wings!" Pine—"Possibly; but most millionaires seem to have suceeded in clipping them pretty suceasfully!"-Brooklyn Life. "Speaking of runs," observed Me-

thuselah, "I've just scored my ninth

entury," and he cut another notch in his stick and continued to roll down the ages. - Chicago Tribune. "Horseless carriages are getting to e quite common in the East now." Yes; but they are not as numerous

as the voiceless opera singers,"-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. Wadford-"Did you catch anything on your fishing trip?" Bilfer-"No, didn't catch a fish." Wadford-"Say,

Bilfer, that's the strangest fish story I've heard yet."—Roxbury Gazette. After the Slide: He (at the ball game, enthusiastically)-"He's safe!" She (earnestly)-"Oh. I do hope so, but the way he went down! I thought he'd break his neck."-Brooklyn Life. Fiction: "Monster!" she exclaimed.

Her very look meant volumns in the romantic school; in the fletion of the present day it could be adequately disposed of in forty pages. - Detroit Journal. 'Arry-"What kind of people do

you have down here in the season?" Old Salt—"Well, sir, all kinds; some werry common, some real gents and ladies, an' some like yerself, sir, 'alf-and-'alf."—Tit-Bits. The Correct Idea: Weary Willie-'Ef you hed a million dollars, Fields, wot would you do wit' it?" Flowery Fields-"W'y, I wouldn't do nutt'n'

wit' it-I'd jest rest easy and let it do sutt'n wit' me. "-Truth. The Professor's Soliloquy: "Yes, my memory is certainly getting better. Now I remember distinctly enough that my wife told me to tie a string

about this finger. If I only could think what for!"-Judge. A political speaker accused a rival of "unfathomable meanness," and then, rising to the occasion, said, "I warn him not to persist in his disgraceful course, or he'll find that two of ur

can play at that game!"-Tit-Bits. Ruth-"I understand Percy Highlife has stopped trying to trace back his family tree. I suppose the further back he went the harder it got?" Freddy-"Yes-and the further back he went the harder his ancestors got,

too."-Puck. "Papa," said Billy, tearfully, after a playful romp with the good-natured but rather rough St. Bernard puppy, "I don't believe Bingo knows what kind of a dog he is. He plays as if he thought he was a little pug."-

Harper's Bazar. "I hear you are about to build a fine residence," said Mr. Tenspot to Mr. Crewe Doyle. 'Yes, siree," plied the man of newly-found wealth. "It is going to have a piazzaro in the front and a Porto Rico in the rear."-

Philanthropist-"I am surprised that a lady of your refinement and good impulses should wear a dead bird upon her hat." The Offending One-"But then, you see, a live bird would fly away unless it were tied on, and that would be cruel, you know."

Boston Transcript. The Cornfed Philosopher: "There s no doubt," said the oracular and bumptious neophyte, "that the way to a man's affections is through his stom-"And yet," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "it is not man who expects ice cream and such to be bought for him."-Indianapolis Journal.

Human perspiration, if injected into dogs or rabbits, acts like a deadly poison, according to M. Arloing's experiments. Perspiration secreted during hard muscular work has more toxic power than the ordinary kind, while that obtained from subjects who secretion has been checked by cold is