FOREST REPUBLICA of God's goodness to feel unto Him our ry own unto the ratchful provities were in attendance at the afternoon meeting, the program of which was a great help to all members of the society.

The evening session at 7:45 was largely attended. President T. E. Armstrong of Tionesta Endeavor, presided. The music was a special feature of the meeting, convems; solo, "Ave Maria," Mrs. Brokaw :

I am the seat, "Tarry With Me,' Mr. and Mrs. I am the seals there with Me, Mr. and Mrs.
As one holds les Smith; violin solo, Warren H.
Hold it fast wit. Rev. Lawrence Selzer of TitusWatching the conOut of my bosom twas the delegate sent by the
Back to my depths u to the State convention at
The earth is a helples, very interesting report of
I am the he address by Rev. I. W. "he address by Rev. J. W.

I am the sea. When I dre, "Deepening the Spirit-Blossoms and verdure foll tirring appeal to the And the land I leave grows?"
For the wenderful race of man of most excellent And the winds of heaven wall answorkers. At the While the nations rise and roign a delegates and Living and dying in folly and pain, delegates and While the laws of the universe thundreheon in the vain.

what is the folly of man to me?
I am the sea. I am the sea. The earth I sway;

Granite to me is potter's clay;
Under the touch of my careless waves
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves;
The iron cliffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and slit to sand,
And beach-grass bloweth and children play
In what were the rocks of yesterday; It is but a moment of sport to me-I am the sea.

I am the sea. In my bosom deep Wealth and wonder and beauty sleep; Wealth and wonder and beauty rise In changing splendor of sunset skies, And comfort the earth with rains and snows, And comfort the earth with rains and slows. Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose. Flower and forest and child of breath With me have life, without me, death. What if the ships go down in me?

I am the sea.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson, in the Happy

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

No invention, we think, ever caused quite so much talk as the telephone. -Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher-"What animal attaches himself to man the most?" Johnny-"The—er—er bulldog, ma'am, Pittsburg Bulletin.

"Little pitchers have long ears." 'True; but it wouldn't matter so much if the big pitchers hadn't such very

"Drink to me only with thine eyes?"
The poet was a sage, I wist.
The things one drinks with but one's eyes
Are least expensive on the list!

—Harper's Bazar.

Fair Visitor—"I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand?" Mr. Palette—"About

"Mother," said she, in the careless language of a dying world, "doesn't like you a little bit."

Slightly Different Only. "Now, really," said the Thoughtful Man, "did you ever see a woman who

'No," said the Nonsensical Chap, "but I have seen a woman stop a car

by looking at the conductor."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. A Wise Professor.

"Now, Professor," said the young man with musical aspirations, "I want you to tell me exactly what you think of my voice.'

'No, sir," was the emphatic reply. "I see through you. You were sent

Algernon-"Yes, dear; and I re-member so well how kind and encouraging you were, and how easy you made it for me, after all."—Harlem

Hobkins-"My brother bought sheel here last week, and you said if anything broke you would supply a new part.

you want?" "I want two deltoid muscles, a new

set of knuckles and a knee-pan."

"There's just one thing about a banquet," said Browning, as the fifth ourse was brought on, "that I don't

'What's that?" asked a man across the table.

After the Wedding.

two years for fear I wouldn't get

"And now?" "Why, now, when I think it all over, I can't help kicking myself for being such a fool as to worry."-Chi-

The Oldest Ship.

on the Thames, near London. did not return for 109 years, when she again reached her birthplace from Greenland with a cargo of kryolite. Soon after she reached London, and was sold to a man who made a coal

A Caterpillar's Appetite

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. XXX. NO. 29.

Set love against love, every deed Shall, armed as a fate, recoll; You shall gather your fruit from the seed You east yourself in the soil.

Each act is a separate link
In the chain of your weal or your wee.
Cups ye offer another to drink
The taste of their dregs ye shall know.

By MAY ROBERTS CLARK.

fences are conspic-The wagon trail of hot July dust bent

to the harmony of nature, and wavered to and fro like a pick, be thankful for second choice."

river. A bird rising from the sear "Miss Bessie is lucky to get anybuffalo grass wheeled a wide orbit up thing," broke in the agent. and up, and out of sight. In cue vast God had drawn the mighty sweep of the far-reaching horizon, and had arched above if the limitless vault

faint whimper of the wind among the satisfied. Still, she was slow to get grasses, whose bending blades gave over her disappointment. the one sign of motion. Over all this "I can't help it, Aunt Mirandy," wide desolation the sun was scorching she said, months afterward. "I feel

feature of the landscape imessed her; it was too familiar. Nor sat calmly upright, singing joyously as mad because he built so close to us. she went an old hymn that her mother loved:

Probably he hadn't been from home before and was lonesome."

"How firms a foundation, ye saints of the

Where her trail joined that which led to Hammerville, she met old Daddy Dolan. The encounter was no surprise, for they had seen each other as mere dots in the distance. Their greetings were very cordial, for com panionship is most appreciated in

"'Pears like yer mighty pert to day," chirped old Daddy.

"Pert is no name for it," laughed back the girl. "Why, Daddy, I'm eighteen to-day, and I'm on my way to take up a homestead. "Well, well!" he drawled, smiling masons, 44 women plumbers, 1 woman

do you want a homestead fer?" 'Oh, I ain't getting it for myself, really. It's for father. He clerks down at Cosgrove. Of course couldn't throw away his job to come

out and get one for himself.' 'Does yer dad know about yer taking this claim?" broke in the eager

"He know?" she answered, happily. 'Of course not. That's the best of it, He'd never dream I was well enough. was sick last winter, you see, and so

so much. Once there were five be sides me, but they took sick one after another and died. That's expensive. Clerking at Cosgrove doesn't make a princely living. Father is as patient as he can be, but he can't clerk for-

"But you'll have to live on it, Bess," worried the old man, "an' that ain't

temptuously, "that's nothing! Behas been regarded as a relic of a subtween me and you, Daddy, the claim next to Aunt Mirandy's hasn't been Aunt had it in mind when she built her house right on the line. I'm going to put a lean-to against her dia to-day as it was before the Governhouse, but on my own land. We will ment closed the mints. When the live together, don't you see? Isn't it

jolly?"
"Well, that ain't so bad," admitted Daddy, with relief. They went to the land office together

The agent looked up with a smile as they entered. "Daddy, you wretch, what makes you always bring such weather?" he jeered, affectionately. Then he turned to the girl. "Do you want a homestead, Miss Bessie?'

want the claim next east of Aunt

The agent's face fell, "It's too bad, Miss Bessie," he said, regret-fully, "but that claim was taken yes-

"A boy named Watson. He came of age just one day ahead of you."
"I thought—it was mine," she fal-

The agent looked at Daddy uneasily "Don't cry, sissy!" said the old man, thumping her kindly, but heavi-

find ye something better. There, 'But then I can't live with Aunt

"Oh, hush now!" purred old Daddy.

The girl swallowed a lump in her pease their lonelines.

some landscapes throat, and smiled dismally at her the straight lines comforter, while the agent hunted and the angles of carefully through the records. "I've got it!" he announced, cheer

nons features, but fully. "Next east of the one you the bare Nebraska wanted! You will be near your aunt, prairie was, not and if you want anything sudden, you many years ago, a can run up a signal."

> had better make out the papers. "That's grit!" sighed old Daddy, rith relief. "When ye can't get first with relief.

her part of the country, and land is going like hot cakes."
"Well, I am thankful," answered Bessie, "and I am real grateful to It was a lonely land of vague dis-tauce, unbroken silence, oppressive smiled back upon them as she left stagnation. The one sound was the with such a bright face that both felt

is talk of a railroad running through

my claim."

"I know how you feel," answered did the heat seem intense; she took it the aunt, wearily, 'and it ain't Chrisas a matter of course that the air tian. He didn't go to do you any unshould be sweltering in July, and she kindness. I was sorry, that you got

"He needn't have left home at all if he didn't want to," retorted Bessie, looking away from her aunt out comforting. John Watson was too Instead of a sod hut, he

and actually built one of lumber. mouths a school beyond Hammerville.

long years for her title. Aunt Miranda noticed the girl's

leave your own homestead.

slowly to her impatient niece, "this lean horses, still hitched to the ain't a claim any more. I proved up strangers' emigrant wagon.

"No. I wanted you to act for yourself. I thought it would make you "I could stand it better if Bessie was more womauly. I must say you have home!" moaned the poor woman.

The next day "that horrid Watson boy" came over and helped them move. He was very quiet and obliging, and ness. Aunt Miranda was gracious enough for both. When he was about for his kindness.

"Oh, that's nothing," he answered, display. good-naturedly. "You can keep an eye for my claim while I'm gone. I start for my school to morrow, and if I am emigrant wagon. She knew her hour absent a day or so more than the six months allowed by law, you keep off Then she watched, and it

the jumpers." They parted in good fellowship, laughing at the idea of "jumpers." It A frowsy, bratish-looking man seemed absurd then that any one thrust his head beyond the wagon would think of taking his homesteadthey were in such an out-of-the-way place. Strangers were scarce, and toward Aunt Miranda's deserted sod

farther on land was still plentiful. During the next six months, however, the growing rumor of the railroad attracted people to the vicinity. The last claim in the neighborhood was taken. Now and then the two lonely women heard of distant claims that

were being jumped. "I do wish to the land's sake that "You guessed it!" she answered, joyously. "I'm eighteen to-day, and plained Aunt Miranda. "His six ing to hide her relief. months was up yesterday, and I'm getting awful auxious."

"He will look out for himself." retorted Bessie. "He never lost a minute after he came of age to get that homestead.

"Seems to me you're awful unjust, Bessie. Can't you forgive him for being successful? It beats all how you can hold a grudge for nothing. Seems yourself!"
like you ought to understand him bettered, turning white. "I-I-wanted | ter when you know that he is working

Her voice died out wearily. looked across the prairie that lay, blank and lifeless, under the morning ly, on the back. "I reckon we kin sunshine. A wistful look came into her eyes as her glance rested on the two little houses huddled so closely together in their desertion and deso- Look at the work that has been spent lation. For months their only visitors had been snow, rain and wind. Sometimes their pa llocks banged all night steal it because you could do it legally. You ain't afeard to live alone long, as if the houses had found toys out here; there's always good neigh- which they could ratile turough the made an insolent answer as she went long winter hours of darkness and ap-

"Jes' look at them two houses!" ex- on Watson's land, but on that ot claimed Aunt Miranda, at last, which Aunt Miranda had complete "Pears like they couldn't get along without each other, no way. An'suppose they acted as unneighborly as on do to John Watson? It's a shame, time Bessie's worries were over. Bessie, and you have both got to live here side by side year in and year out."

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 3, 1897.

"If you have finished your sermon," the girl answered, crossly, "I guess I'll go down to Hammerville for the

An hour later she was slowly Before she realized it Bessie was singing:

denly forgot the music. On a corner she overheard two men talking. one was saying, "he is going to jump John Watson's claim this afternoon. For one brief, mean minute Bessie

country all of giant curves and magnificent circles. "Thank you," answered the girl told herself. The next minute she was ashamed. "Aunt Mirandy was my heart on the other. I guess you right," she thought, soberly; "it isn't Christian. She stood still in front of the post-

office and thought of John Watson. Her heart was touched with pity as she thought of his hard work and his "I don't know what I can mother. do," she thought, woefully, "but I am not going to be mean any more."

prairie at such a headlong gait that hose who saw watched her with real oncern, and prophesied a sunstroke. As if some fate were playing a game of coincidence, she met old Daddy again where their trails joined.

Daddy looked down at her with admiring eyes. "You're a regular ole brick, you air!" he insisted, with rough gallautry. "Oh, go along!" laughed the girl,

with a prod at his horse that sent the old man hastily on his mission, Aunt Miranda looked up as the girl burst into the house, and snatched a loaf of bread from the table and filled through the tiny window at her neighbor's claim. What she saw was not trail," explained Bessie, "I'll be back

to-morrow." The good aunt gasped as the doo ad actually built one of lumber.

She understood, further, that he that beats all! Ole-Mis' Simpson must had secured a chance to teach for six be sick again. Bessie's got a good heart, an awful good heart-except Soon he could be paying on his home-stead, while she must wait through randa shook her head sadly, and went

discontented face, and broke the silence. "I don't believe you deserve
it, Bessie," she said, quietly, "but
I'm going to move across and live
with you in your new home to-morrow."

"You?" gasped the girl. "But you
can't, auntie? It won't be safe to
leaves ware own homestead."

At daybreak next morning the little
party at Watson's looked out for their
disagreeable neighbors. They were
nowhere in sight. Perhaps they had
at last become convinced of the real
situation. At all events they had disout of the chimney, and a long row of
leaves ware own homestead." family washing was already banging on

"Oh dear! oh dear!" wailed Aunt "O Aunt Mirandy, you never told Miranda. "His claim is jumped, and I can't do anything!" She sat down, limp and lifeless, and began to cry.

most natural?" She hastily built a fire, and then took every cloth that she could find never seemed to notice Bessie's cool- and hung it on the line, for it was washday, Monday. When she added her own apron and sunbonnet, to give to leave, she thanked him profusely the line a domestic air, she allowed

She had almost finished dusting had come, and drew a long breath hours before the wagon reached the

A frowsy, bratish-looking man "Is that Watson's place?" cover. growled, with a jerk of his thumb house.

"Oh, no," answered Bessie, with a lump in her throat, "that belongs to

empty one belonged to Watson. We are going to move in, any way." "All right," answered Bessie, try

The man clambered down from the wagon, followed by a sharp-faced woman and several disagreeable-looking children.

frame," suapped the woman. The man looked from one house to the other. snarled back, "but you can see for

Bessie, timidly. "Reckon there is, sissy," retorted the woman, "when sech as you gits on to the good land and gobbles it up.

The sallow, hard-featured woman

ownership. The family moved in and took possession. The law would make short work of ejecting them, and for a

"Oh," she thought, wearily, "if that troublesome Watson boy only come home and look after his own property!"
She longed for the society of her

aunt as she had never done before, but there was no way to get to her. Each ging down the trail, as she had done a year before. Nothing had altered in the chaugeless landscape. Even the mood of the former time came back guileless soul would betray the secret. Aunt Miranda's, light shone clear from the home window, and that was some comfort. Bessie drew a chair to the door, and prepared for a night's vigil. She feared that her neighbors might suspect the truth at any moment. If they did, they would move upon Watson's land and assert posses sion, and there could be nothing left for

her but surrender.

It was a hot, thick night. The doors and windows of the two houses stood wide open. Bessie heard her disagreeable neighbors grumbling and quarrelling. When at last they went to bed, the silence was refreshing.

Perhaps the heat and stillness made the tired girl drowsy. Before she knew it she was dozing at her post, though it was still early. A sudden rap at the door recalled her to duty. Her heart rose in her throat as she sat listening in the darkness. The rap was repeated.

"Who's there?" she asked, faintly. For a moment no one answered then a woman's voice replied in a polite "company" tone, "It's me, Miss Mirandy King." Bessie threw the door wide open.

"O auntie!" she gasped; then stopped abruptly, and looked at the two peo-All of the little group were petrified with astonishment. Aunt Miranda was the first to find her voice. "What

are you doing here, Bessie?" she de-"I—I'm just holding down John Watson's claim," faltered the niece. Those people in your house came to

"God bless you, dear!" said a gentle voice. "I'm John's mother." The young man was last to speak Even then his voice was husky. "I thought we were homeless," he said, slowly, "but you have been our salva-tion. You see that man made out the

papers before he left town. All he needed was possession.' They were so relieved that they all tried to explain at once why John was late, what Daddy had done, and how Aunt Miranda had escorted the Watsons over to get the furniture from the

strangers. Probably no happier gathering ever assembled. At daybreak next morning the little

sie had hung out to dry. "Good riddance!" commented John gratefully. "I think we have come out of this mighty cheap. And you saved us, Bessie. Say, that was heaping coals of fire on my head. I al-

ways felt as if I'd kind of jumped your "You needn't feel that way any more. I've got all that out of my heart at last," said Bessie. "Yes, yes!" cried Aunt Miranda. 'That's what folks always gain by

forgiving and being generous—their own hearts feel good and light inside 'em."-Youth's Companion.

A huge rattlesnake has for fifty years peen known to live in the cliffs of Jennie's creek, Johnson County, and many attempts have been made to capture it. One day last week a cow belongberself one brief moment to grin at the ing to Dan Davis, who lives in the neighborhood, was bitten by a snake, and by marks in the sand and weeds in the pasture field Mr. Davis concluded at once that the cow was bitten by this huge rattler, and offered \$25 to any ene who would kill it. One of Mr. Davis's farm hands armed himself with two 38-caliber pistols and followed the trail about a mile to a cave in the cliffs. Climbing a sapling overlook-ing the mouth of the cave, he remained there between three and four hours, when the monster appeared. hunter fired nine shots into the snake before he killed it, and on measuring it it was found to be eighteen feet long. Its body in circumference measured twenty-nine inches. The rattles on its tail were two feet long and eight inches broad. Citizens of sixty and seventy years of age who live in the they heard people talk of a monster snake inhabiting those cliffs, and signs of the reptile have been seen every few years .- Louisville-Courier Journal.

Out in Redlands, Cal., they have been cutting grain this season with a harvester that is truly a mammoth of its kind. It has a cutting-bar over "They did say so," he fifty feet in width, cuts the grain, threshes it, ties it up in sacks, and turns out hundreds of these sacks an hour. In going a mile this machine reaps nearly ten acres, and does more work than our grandsira, with his cra-dle, scythe and flail, could in a whole season. - Indianapolis News.

Drummers are to be a part of the

olice force in Paris hereafter. When riots are feared, a drummer or drum-mers are to be placed at the command of each police commissioner and inspector. The beating of the drum by any of the men will be considered equivalent to the reading of the "Riot

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Lovely Progress-A S cial Dictator-Suspiclous-Rebuffed-Speculation-Slightly Different Only-Vanity Reproved-Re-membrances - Getting Talkative, Etc. When first I kissed sweet Margaret

She blushed rose-red, And sternly said "You mustn't! Stop!" Last night I kissed sweet Margaret; She blushed rose-red, But only said "You mustn't stop!"

A Social Dictator. "Mrs. Zoozelbaum seems to be a reat power in this neighborhood. Is she so intellectual?" "No, but she owns three preserving kettles,"-Chicago Record.

Suspicions. Governess-"Why don't you eat your consomme, Bertie?" Bertie-"Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook papa discharged, and he said she was in the

Reluffed. Maria—"What did your father say when Lord De Liverus asked him for your hand?"

Miss Specie-"I believe papa re ferred him to a charitable association of which he is a member."—Brooklyn

Knew Her Weakness. "The trouble with your wife, Mr. Spudds," said the physician, "is lack of exercise.' "What can I do for it?"

"I would put in a telephone, and then she will be kept busy delivering messages for the neighborhood."— Vanity Reproved. "You see, my dear," said Mr. Younghusband to his wife, trium-

phantly, at 3 o'clock the other morning, "the moment I begin to sing to baby she is quite quiet." "Yes," said his wife; "she is easily frightened, poor little thing."-Tit-

Speculation.

"I wonder," pondered the young man all privately, "whether she dis-likes me enough to abstain from calling at the house after we are wed?"-Indianapolis Journal.

was homely enough to stop a clock by looking at it?"

here by my enemies to get me arrested for profanity."—Washington Star.

Wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal)-"I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me, how painfully embarrassed you were.

Dealer-"That's right. What do

Getting Talkative.

"After it's all over, you know, you've got to go home."-Chicago Daily

"Why so thoughtful?" asked the 'Well," replied the groom, "I've ust been thinking how I worried for

cago Post." The oldest ship in the world enaged in active service is the bark True Love, now used as a coal hulk was built at Philadelphia in 1764 and is 133 years old. When launched the True Love was the largest boat the Delaware River had ever floated, being ninety-six feet eight inches long. She sailed away from Philadelphia and

barge of her. A caterpillar in the course of a month ill devour 6000 times its weight in food. It takes a man nearly three months to eat a quantity of food equal

"What is this telegraphy without wires?" "Well, when I was young they called it 'making eyes at the girls,' "—Chicago Becord.

long tongues."—Harper's Bazar.

as difficult to understand, ma'am, as it is to sell."-Detroit Free Press. Watts-"Can you furnish me a parrot that uses pure English?" Dealer

—"I can't exactly guarantee the purity of this one's English, but I can assure you that he is perfectly grammatical."

—Cleveland Leader. Little Ciarence (after thinking deepy)-"Pa!" Mr. Callipers (wearily)-Well, my son?" Little Clarence— "Pa, why is it two-headed girls are so scarce when two-faced men are so com-

mon?"-Harper's Bazar. "I ain't goin' out on a tandem with dat Susie Mellon girl again, no, sah."
"Whaffer?" "Kase when her toes ain't collidin' with the handle bah, her heels is plowin' gutters in de ground!" -Cleveland Plain Dealer. She-"Tell me truly, now, is your

heart wholly mine?" He-"As nearly

as it is possible, I being a loyal patriot. George Washington, you know, is first in the hearts of his countrymen,"-Boston Transcript. Mother (in horror)-"O John! Don't you see what baby is doing? He is sucking all the paint oft that monkey on the stick!" Father (deep

n his paper)-"Oh, that's all right! It only cost two cents."-Puck. Smythe-"I wonder what idiot originated the phrase, 'There's no accounting for taste?' Tompkins-Smythe-"Because I'd like to get at him! I've just been accounting to the milliner and modiste for my wife's taste!"-Brooklyn Life.

"Say, old man, just suppose I had

the choice, would you advise me to

marry an ugly girl with money or a pretty girl without money?" pretty girl without money, by all That would give you the певря. name of having money yourself."-Detroit Journal. Visitor-"What! He is three months old, and you haven't named him yet?" Mrs. Wheeler-"No. You see it's this way: I want to name him after my bicycle and John insists on naming

him after his. I guess we will have to compromise and name him after the wheel mother rides."-Puck. "So I have won the wager," he said, joyfully, "and the ten kisses are mine. I will take them at once." "George," said the beautiful girl, with a noble, generous light in her eye, "I am not the one to drive abard bargain with you. Let us call it nine At ten o'clock the ninety-nine."

score was past the hundred mark.— Detroit Free Press. First Burglar-"It's no use tryin' dat place t'-night. De man an' his wife went in 'bout an hour ago, an' I heard him tell her he'd buy her a di'mond necklace tomorrer.' Burglar-"What's dat got t' do witit?" First Burglar-"Pleuty! She won't be able t' sleep fer t'inkin' 'bout it, an' he won't sleep fer t'inkin' how he's got t' pay for it."—Pack.

The new steamer invented by a Canadian lawyer, with which he expeets to revolutionize lake and ocean travel, is composed of an inner and outer steel cylinder. Provided with 150 horse-power the outer cylinder is rolled across the water with great speed, while the inner cylinder, which carries the passengers, remains pendant. In two days the inventor expacts to revolve his craft from New York to Liverpool.

Water and Tobacco. If a tin of water is placed at night

in the room where people have been smoking, the usual smell of stale to-

## The Forest Republican

Is published every Weders lay, by J. E. WENK. Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building

MLM STREET, TIONESTA, PA. Terms. . 81.00 Per Year. No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solidie I from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany com-

Official reports to the Kansas Board of Agriculture show that the farmers of the State received \$37,789,678 for meat animals killed or sold during the year which closed March 1, 1897. This was an increase of \$1,197,621 over the preceding year.

According to the annual report of Captain Young of the Fourth Cavalry, who is acting as superintendent of the Yosemite National Park, there is less trespassing there now than in past years. Sheep and their herders are the worst evils.

New York City maintains a free-lecthre bureau under the Board of Education, and now it is proposed to open theatres in the crowded tenement distriets of all Greater New York, to be supported by appropriations from the city government and conducted under the auspices of some board kindred in nature to the Department of Educa-

A new way of advertising has appeared in Paris. Ladies along the boulevards are surprised to see a magnificently dressed man walk up to them, make a profound bow, and depart without saying a word. The mysterious cavalier wears a wig with a bald spot on top, on which is painted in big, black letters an advertising ancouncement of some kind.

According to the Census Bureau's figures, there are now in the United States 4557 women physicians, without counting 337 women dentists and 2 women veterinary surgeons. There are 2725 literary and scientific women, 1143 women clergymen, 308 women lawyers, 47 women engineers and firemen, 19 women hunters, guides and scouts, 28 women sextons, 279 women watchmen and detectives, 2 women auctioneers, 510 women bankers and brokers, 611 women commercial travelers, 234 women draymen, hackmen and teamsters, 22 women hostlers, 2909 women errand and office boys, 17 women sailors, 83 women undertakers, 117 women butchers, 189 women carpenters, 48 women coopers, 89 women gunsmiths, 130 women machinists, 58 women marble cutters, 40 women

well-borer, and I woman pilot.

There are only two places in the Shaker communities of this country the men are gradually dying out, and the "families," as they are called, are largely made up of females. And Easter Island, a detached spot in the Pacific, only thirty miles in circumterence, is described as an Adamless Eden where men are scarce and women plentiful. In May last the bark Nonantum, which had a cargo of coal for Panama, was wrecked off this island and the crew landed in safety, but information has reached the State Department in Washington that the conditions of the island are such as to promise a happy and prosperous career to those men who wish to marry and settle down. It is not very long ago that a gray-bearded old man and a crew of young men intercepted a ship off Easter Island and invited its sailors to cast in their lot on this interesting island, which has been cele-

brated for Cyclopean masonry which

The rupee is coined as freely in In-

merged continent.

mints were open, more rupees were soined by private coiners than by the Government. The savings of the nalives are made into silver bracelets. rings and other ornaments. When it became necessary for them to turn a part of their resources into money, they did it by employing a native soiner to turn the metal into rupees, It is a country of vast distances, and the natives could not send their ornaments to a Government mint, perhaps one thousand miles away. The native coiner traveled from place to place and but to hut, just like a country tinker. He was glad to work all day turning bangles into rapees, weight for weight, for perhaps one rupee as his reward. And very good rapees they turned out too. They are current everywhere, and nobody questions them. Of course, the practice is illegitimate, and when the mints were first closed the Government tried to put a stop to it, but not with much success. Now it is winked at by the authorities, for the situation in India to-day is too threatening for any interference which is not absolutely necessary. It is probably the first case on record where counterfeiting has been tacitly sanc-

tioned by a Government.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Do you wish for a kindness? Be kind.
Do you wish for a truth? Be true.
What you give of yourse if you find;
Your world is a reflex of you.

And a smile is your sure return.

Bear thate in your heart, and erowhile
All your world with batred will turn.

HER NEIGHBOR'S "CLAIM."

widely scattered communities.

down into the girl's glad face. "You don't look more'n fifteen. An' what

"'Oh, he just longs to get back," answered the girl, "but he never could get money enough ahead. He has worked hard, too; but we children."

"It's too good to be true," said she climbed into John Watson's through a window, she took a brief only known, I wouldn't have hated that horrid Watson boy onits." they sent me out to Aunt Mirandy's

ever. Now you see why I'm taking a homestead. an easy job." "Nonsense," she answered, con-

"Who took it?" she asked, breath

'What you want is a free farm fer yer

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the When she rode into town, she sud-

was glad. "It serves him right," she

After a moment's consideration, she mounted her horse and rode across the

the one sign of motion. Over all this wide desolation the sun was scorching relentlessly, when a young girl came riding slowly down the dusty trail.

"I can't help it, Aunt Mirandy," she said, months afterward. "I feel very man I wanted!" Then she made real ugly toward that Watson boy. It just seems to me as if he had jumped start right away after him," she concluded, "and I'll tend to the rest."

back to her backing. An hour later, in passing the windiscontented face, and broke the si- dow, she stopped to glance at the two

"You see, dear," she answered the line. Before the door stood two

house.

Miss King."
"King?" he snarled. "They told me down to Hammerville that the guess you're a-lying to pertect him.

"Thought they said his house was

The girl's eyes flashed. "This land was taken for a permanent home," she answered, with dignity, "long before the railroad made it of any value. upon it, and money, too! I suppose you thought it would be all right to

to help her husband kick in Aunt Act," or what corresponds to it in Miranda's door. Thus they were not France.

to his own weight.

bacco will be gone in the morning.