The convention of the Oil City and Vicinity Local Union Christian Endeavor

Societies, held in Oil City Friday after-

noon and evening of last week, at the

the largest and most entermining meet-

ings ever held by the Union, says the Blizzard Delegates from all the socie-

ties were in attendance at the afternoon

meeting, the program of which was a

great belp 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, consisting of a selection by the orchestra, an-

'ems; solo, "Ave Maria," Mrs. Brokaw : am the seals "Tarry With Me," Mr. and Mrs.

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

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of snonymous communications.

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 ment 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 ovils.

New York City maintains a free-leethre bureau under the Board of Education, and now it is proposed to open theatres in the crowded tenement distriots 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 envalier wears a wig with a bald spot on top, on which is painted in big, black letters an advertising announcement 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 firenon, 19 women hunters, guides and sconts, 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 nasons, 44 women plumbers, 1 woman well-borer, and 1 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 circumference, is described as an Adamless Eden where men are scarce and women plentiful. In May last the bark Nocantum, 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 arew 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 celebrated for Cyclopsan masonry which has been regarded as a relic of a submerged continent.

The rupee is coined as freely in India to-day as it was before the Government closed the mints. When the 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 rupees, 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 threat-

ening for any interference which is

not absolutely necessary. It is prob-

tioned by a Government.

FOREST REPUBLICAN of God's goodness to REPUBLICAN of God's goodness to stell the control of the

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

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

Set love against love, every deed shall, armed as a fate, recoil; You shall gather your fruit from the se You east yourself in the soil. For life is a mirror. You smile, And a smile is your sure return. Bear hate in your heart, and erowhile All your world with batred will turn.

Each act is a separate link.

In the chain of your weal or your woe.

Cups ye offer another to drink.

The taste of their dregs ye shall know.

throat, and smiled dismally at he

had actually built one of lumber.

She understood, further, that he had secured a chance to teach for six

months a school beyond Hammerville.

Soon he could be paying on his home-

stead, while she must wait through

long years for her title.

Aunt Miranda noticed the girl's discontented face, and broke the ai-

lence. "I don't believe you deserve

I'm going to move across and live

with you in your new home to-mor-

ain't a claim any more. I proved up

"No. I wanted you to act for your

self. I thought it would make you

more womauly. I must say you have

been real brave about the work and

The next day "that horrid Watson boy" came over and helped them move.

He was very quiet and obliging, and

enough for both. When he was about

to leave, she thanked him profusely for his kindness.

would think of taking his homeste

getting awful anxious."

they were in such an out-of-the-way

During the next six months, how

ver, the growing rumor of the rail-

"Seems to me you're awful unjust,

Bessie. Can't you forgive him for be-

can hold a grudge for nothing. Seems

like you ought to understand him bet-

"Oh, that's nothing," he answered,

to notice Bessie's cool-

"It's too good to be true," said

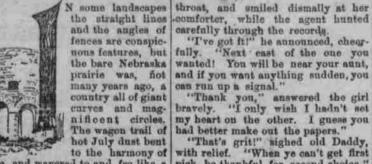
it, Bessie," she said, quietly,

mut, auntie?

never seemed

ic nach de la light de light d HER NEIGHBOR'S "CLAIM."

By MAY ROBERTS CLARK.



to the harmony of nature, and wavered to and fro like a river. A bird rising from the sear buffalo grass wheeled a wide orbit up and up, and out of sight. In one vast curve God had drawn the mighty sweep of the far-reaching horizon, and had arched above it the limitless vault

tance, unbroken silence, oppressive stagnation. The one sound was the faint whimper of the wind among the grasses, whose bending blades gave the one sign of motion. Over all this wide desolation the sun was scorching she said, months afterward. "I feel the said of the relentlessly, when a young girl came riding slowly down the dusty trail. No feature of the landscape im-

and the heat seem intense; she took it as a matter of course that the air should be sweltering in July, and she sat calmly upright, singing joyously as she went an old bymn that her mother loved:

"I know how you feel," answered the aunt, wearily, "and it ain't Christian. He didn't go to do you any unkindness. I was sozry, that you got mad because he built so close to us. Probably he hadn't been from home

"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 sur-prise, for they had seen each other as mere dots in the distance. Their greetings were very cordial, for com panionship is most appreciated in widely scattered communities.

"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 down into the girl's glad face. "You don't look more'n fifteen. An' what 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 he couldn't throw away his job to come out and get one for bimself."

"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.

I was sick last winter, you see, and so they sent me out to Aunt Mirandy's claim to get better." "Does yer dad like farming?" queried the old man.

"Oh, he just longs to get back," answered the girl, "but he never could get money enough shead. He has worked hard, too; but we children cost I couldn't bear to leave you, auntie." to much. Once there were five besides 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 can be, but he can't clerk for-Now you see why I'm taking a "But you'll have to live on it, Bess,"

worried the old man, "an' that ain't an easy job."

"Nonsense," she answered, con temptuously, "that's nothing! tween me and you, Daddy, the claim months allowed by law, you keep off next to Aunt Mirandy's hasn't been the jumpers." taken. Aunt had it in mind when she built her house right on the line. I'm going to put a lean-to against her seemed absurd then that any one ouse, but on my own land. We will live together, don't you see? Isn't it

Well, that ain't so bad," admitted farther on laud was still plentiful. Daddy, with relief. They went to the land office together. The agent looked up with a smile as they entered. "Daddy, you wretch, The last claim in the neighborhood was what makes you always bring such weather?" he jeered, affectionately. Women heard of distant claims that were being jumped.

want a homestead, Miss Bessie?" "You guessed it!" she answered, John Watson would come home, "com-joyously. "'I'm eighteen to-day, and plained Aunt Miranda. "His six

want the claim next east of Aunt months was up yesterday, and I'm The agent's face fell. "It's too "He will look out for himself," rebad, Miss Bessie," he said, regrettorted Bessie. "He never lost a min-

fully, "but that claim was taken yes- ute after he came of age to get that "Who took it?" she asked, breath-

"A boy named Watson. He came ing successful? of age just one day ahead of you." I thought—it was mine," sh tered, turning white. "I-I-wanted | ter when you know that he is working | Bessie, timidly.

The agent looked at Daddy uneasily. "Don't cry, sissy!" said the old man, thumping her kindly, but heavi- blank and lifeless, under the morning ly, on the pack find ye something better. There,

"But then I can't live with Aunt

"Oh, hush now!" purred old Daddy. "What you want is a free farm for yer You sin't afeard to live alone long, as if the houses had found toys ably the first case on record where out here; there's always good neighcounterfeiting has been tacitly sanc-

The girl awallowed a lump in her pease their lonelinese.

here side by side year in and year out."

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

An hour later she was slowly

again. Before she realized it Bessie was singing:

'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the

When she rode into town, she sudlenly forgot the music. On a corner she overheard two mentalking. "Yes, wanted! You will be near your aunt, and if you want anything sudden, you can run up a signal."

"Thank "Next east of the one you one was saying, "he is going to jump John Watson's claim this afternoon."

For one brief, mean minute Bessie was glad. "It are a bit of the one you one was saying, "he is going to jump John Watson's claim this afternoon."

"Thank you," answered the girl told herself. The next minute she bravely. "I only wish I hadn't set was ashamed. "Aunt Mirandy was

my heart on the other. I guess you had better make out the papers."

"That's grit!" sighed old Daddy, with relief. "When ye can't get first pick, be thankful for second choice."

Her heart was touched with pity as "Miss Bessie is lucky to get anything," broke in the agent. "There
is talk of a railroad running through
is talk of a railroad running through her part of the country, and land is not going to be mean any more."

After a moment's consideration, she

going like hot cakes."

"Well, I am thankful," answered Bessie, "and I am real grateful to both of you for your kindness." She smile back upon them as she left with such a bright face that both felt satisfied. Still, she was slow to get of coincidence, she met old Daddy over her discovering the satisfied. again where their trails joined.

"Oh," gasped Bessie, "you are the very man I wanted!" Then she made "you are the 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." cluded, "and I'll tend to the rest." Daddy looked down at her with ad-

miring eyes. "You're a regular ole brick, you air!" he insisted, with rough gallantry. "Oh, go along!" laughed the girl, with a prod at his horse that sent the

Probably he hadn't been from home before and was lonesome." "He needn't have left home at all before and was lonesome."

"He needn't have left home at all if he didn't want to," retorted Bessie, looking away from her aunt out through the tiny window at her neighbor," a laim. What ahe saw was not supported by the bor's claim. What she saw was not comforting. John Watson was too prosperous. Instead of a sod hut, he trail," explained Bessie. "I'll be back to-morrow."

The good aunt gasped as the door jarred shut behind her niece. "Well, that beats all! Ole-Mis' Simpson must be sick again. Bessie's got a good heart, an awful good heart—except toward that Watson boy." Aunt Mi-randa shook her head sadly, and went back to her backing.

An hour later, in passing the window, she stopped to glance at the two companionable houses. Her glance became a stare of amazement. She couldn't believe her eyes. She put

"You?" gasped the girl. "But you John Watson's house! Smoke came appeared. With them had gone John's out of the chimney, and a long row of plow and the family washing that Besleave your own homestead."

'You see, dear," she answered slowly to her impatient niece, "this lean horses, still hitched to the strangers' emigrant wagon.

"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. home!" moaned the poor woman.

But Bessie had more important work than comforting Aunt Miranda. When she climbed into John Watson's through a window, she took a brief "I've got to make 'em think ome one is living here," she thought, rapidly. "I wonder what would seem most natural?"

She hastily built a fire, and then took every cloth that she could find and hung it on the line, for it was washday, Monday. When she added her own apron and sunbonnet, to give the line a domestic air, she allowed display.
She had almost finished dusting

good-naturedly. "You can keep an eye on my claim while I'm gone. I start for my school to-morrow, and if I am absent a day or so more than the six when she first caught sight of the emigrant wagon. She knew her hour Then she watched, and it seemed hours before the wagon reached the

thrust his head beyond the wagon "Is that Watson's place?" cover. growled, with a jerk of his thumb Strangers were scarce, and

> lump in her throat, "that belongs to Miss King."
> "King?" he snarled. "They told

me down to Hammerville that the empty one belonged to Watson. iss you're a-lying to pertect him. "I do wish to the land's sake that We are going to move in, any way." "All right," answered Bessie, try-

ing to hide her relief. The man clambered down from the wagon, followed by a sharp-faced womau and several disagreeable-looking children.

"Thought they said his house frame," snapped the woman. The man looked from one house to snarled back, "but you can see for

"Seems to be a mistake," ventured

the dat Daddy measily. Her voice died out wearily. She looked across the prairie that lay, but heavily. Blank and lifeless, under the morning "I reckon we kin mg better. There, and looked across the prairie that lay, blank and lifeless, under the morning sunshine. A wistful look came into mg better. There, and the prairie that lay, blank and lifeless, under the morning was taken for a permanent home," was taken for a permanent home," she answered, with dignity, "long between the railroad made it of any other than our grandsire, with his cradic, seythe and flail, could in a whole season.—Indianapolis News.

Drummers on the Police Force.

Drummers are to be a part of the force the railroad made it of any other. tation. For months their only visitors upon it, and money, too! I suppose had been snow, rain and wind. Some- you thought it would be all right to steal it because you could do it legally,

times their padlocks banged all night The sallow, long winter hours of darkness and ap-

"Jes' look at them two houses!" exclaimed Aunt Miranda, at last.
"Pears like they couldn't get along without each other, no way. An suppose they acted as unneighborly as you do to John Watson? It's a shame, Bessie, and you have both got to live that translations. Without each other, no way. An suppose they acted as unneighborly as you do to John Watson? It's a shame, Bessie's worries were over.

"Oh," she thought, wearily, "if the translations with the translations with the standard of the control of the present the standard of the present the present the standard of the present the present the standard of the present the standard of the present the standard of the present the

only come home and look after his own

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 must stay and protect her adopted year before. Nothing had altered in the changeless 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 mo-ment. If they did, they would move upon Watson's land and assert possession, 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 po-lite "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 demanded.
"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. "P 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 party at Watson's looked out for their disagreeable neighbors. They were nowhere in sight. Perhaps they had on her eyeglasses and looked again. Yes, somebody had moved into situation. At all events they had dissituation. At all events they had dissituation. 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 always 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 been known to live in the cliffs of Jennle's creek, Johnson County, and many attempts have been made to capture One day last week a cow belongerself 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 overlooking the mouth of the cave, he remained there between three and four hours, when the monster appeared, hunter fired nine shots 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. A Mammoth Harvesting Machine.

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

together in their desertion and deso. Look at the work that has been spent riots are feared, a drummer or drumtation. For months their only visitors upon it, and money, too! I suppose mers are to be placed at the command of each police commissioner The beating of the dram hard-featured woman by any of the men will be considered which they could ratile through the made an insolent answer as she went equivalent to the reading of the "Riot long winter hours of darkness and ap-

Lovely Progress—A S clai Dictator—Suspi-cious—Bebuwed—Speculation—Slightly Different Only—Vaulty Reproved—Remembrances - Getting Talkative, Etc. When first I kissed sweet Margaret

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

A Social Dietator. "Mrs. Zoozelbaum seems to be great power in this neighborhood, is she so intellectual?"

'No, but she owns three preserving kettles."-Chicago Record.

Governess-"Why don't you eat your consomme, Bertie?"

Bertie-"'Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook papa dis-charged, and he said she was in the soup."—Puck.

-"What did your father say

when Lord De Liverus asked him for vour hand?" Miss Specie-"I believe papa referred 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."—

"You see, my dear," said Mr. Younghusband to his wife, triumphantly, at 3 o'clock the other mornng, "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. "Mother," said she, in the careless language of a dying world, "doesn't like you a little bit."

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

"Now, really," said the Thoughtful Man, "did you ever see a woman who was homely enough to stop a clock by looking at it?"

'No." said the Nonsensical Chap, "bui I have seen a woman stop a car by looking at the conductor."-Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

A Wise Professor.

'Now, Professor," said the 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 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 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 Life.

What He Wanted. Hobkins-"My brother bought wheel here last week, and you said if anything broke you would supply a

Dealer-"That's right. What do 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

"What's that?" asked a man across the table. "After it's all over, you know, you've got to go home."—Chicago Daily

course was brought on, "that I don't

After the Wedding. "Why so thoughtful?" asked the

"Well," replied the groom, "I've just been thinking how I worried for 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."-Chicago Post."

The oldest ship in the world enaged in active service is the bark True Love, now used as a coal bulk on the Thames, near London. She 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 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

A Caterpillar's Appetite. A caterpillar in the course of a month will devour 6000 times its weight in food. It takes a man nearly three

barge of her.

to his own weight.

was sold to a man who made a coal

As one holds use Smith; violin solo, Warren H. Hold it fast wit. Rev. Lawrence Seizer of Titus-Watching the control was the delegate sent by the Back to my depths a to the State convention at The earth is a helples, very interesting report of I am the he address by Rev. I. W. I am the very interesting report of the address by Rev. J. W. I am the sea. When I dre *Deepening the Spirit-Blossoms and verdure foll. And the land I leave grows thring appeal to the For the wonderful race of man tof most excellent And the winds of heaven wall answorkers. At the While the nations rise and reign a delegates and Living and dying in folly and pain, while the laws of the universe thundscheen in the value.

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 ciffs that edge the land
I grind to pebbles and sift 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 splender of sauset skies,
And comfort the earth with rains and snows,
Till waves the barvest 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
Thought.

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. "What is this telegraphy without ires?" "Well, when I was young

wires?" "Well, when I was young they called it 'making eyes at the girls.' "—Chicago Record. "Little pitchers have long ears." 'True; but it wouldn't matter so much if the big pitchers hadn't such very long tongues."—Harper's Bazar.

"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 as difficult to understand, ma'am, as it is to sell."—Detroit Free Press.

Watts-"Cau 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 Clarence (after thinking deep-"Yel" Mr. Callipers (wearily)—
"Well, my son?" Little Clarence—
"Pa, why is it two-headed girls are so scarce when two-faced men are so common?"-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 bab, 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 country men."-Boston Transcript. Mother (in horror)-"O John! Don't you see what baby is doing? He is sucking all the paint of that monkey on the stick!" Father (deep

in 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 without money?' pretty girl without money, by all That would give you the means. name of having money yourself."-

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 a hard bargain with you. Let us call it nine ninety-nine." At ten o'clock the score was past the hundred mark .-Detroit Free Press.

First Burglar-"It's no use tryin' dat place t'-night. De man an' 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 wit it?" First Burglar-"Plenty! She won't be able t' sleep fer t'inkin' 'bout it, She won't au' he won't sleep fer t'inkin' how he's got t' pay for it."—Puck.

The new steamer invented by a Canadian lawyer, with which he expects 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 poudant. In two days the inventor expects to revolve his craft from New

If a tin of water is placed at night in the room where people have been smoking, the usual smell of stale tomonths to eat a quantity of food equal bases will be gone in the morning.

York to Liverpool.

Water and Tobucco.