The Forest Pepublican

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Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notes will be taken of monymous communications.

Where sterons dogs are unchained postmen are not obliged to deliver mail, so the authorities have decided.

The Trenton (N. J.) True American thinks that after all, the Klondike fever will probably claim more victims than the yellow variety.

In the opinion of the New York Mail and Express there is often more political wisdom sired in a village grocery than in a State convention.

It will be observed that the miners returning with riches from the Klondike are not half so gleeful that they have gold as that they are home again.

It is estimated that the French Government will expend altogether \$21,-400,000 on the Exposition of 1900, of which Paris will contribute \$4,000,.

To a spectator who has been accustomed to witness baseball encounters and football scrimmages the game of golf looks like almost an ideal form of perfect rest, facetionsly observes the Chicago Record.

Stauitzapoltavaskaya is the name of the place where the building of the great Chinese Eastern Railway through Manchooria, and which is to connect the Siberian Railway with the Chinese system, was recently begun. If Stanitzapoltavaskaya be a sample of the length of East Siberian and Manchoorian place names the trains of the new railway will be obliged to "go slow" in order to give the brakemen time to call them out between stations,

A Brussels correspondent of a Paris journal says that the feature of the Brussels Exposition that attracts by far the most attention is the conversion of a log into a clean, crisp, wellillustrated little newspaper. This exhibit is made by an enterprising firm of paper manufacturers and the local newspaper, "Petit Bleu." Huge logs are fed into a gigantic hopper, cut into small pieces, and after passing-through most interesting stages of paper manufacture are fed into a small perfecting printing press. In full view are editorial rooms, artists, engravers, sterotypers and men setting type by machines, and almost before the end of a log has reached the hopper the other end is folded under a newsboy's arm and being cried through the exhibition grounds.

This is an age which is making increased demands for light and air, observes the New York Observer. Many of the newest river and sound steamera of this section now advertise among their attractions dining saloons on the main deck, instead of in a stuffy lower cabin, as of yore. The ocean steamers, which are necessarily more compact in construction, are supplied with plentiful currents of air circulating around between decks, even in heavy weather when the hatches require to be battened down. Restaurants have their revolving fans, and the best of engine rooms their aerating apparatus. All this is in the interest of an improved and thoroughly sensible sanitation. "There is life in the air" is a true saying. Public health, and often public morality, too, is better when society is aerated.

While the Trans-Siberian railway is in process of construction, it is interesting to note that a movement is already assuming shape in this country to establish connection with this gigantic system by means of a trunk line built from Portland, Oregon, to Bering sea. Of course there are many difficulties in the way, but if the enterprise succeeds it will enable tourists to make a complete circuit of the globe in less than thirty days. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company has sent out a map within the last few days showing the character of this proposed route. The time required to make a tour of the globe by means of this route is shown in the following table, which also gives the important stopping places along the

Chicago to Portland ... 2,374 Portland to Bering strait., 2,864 Boring strait to Irkutsk . 3,200 Irkutsk to St. Petersburg., 3,670 St. Petersburg to Berlin Berlin to Paris, Paris to London London to Liverpool. . Liverpool to New York. 3,068 New York to Chicago ... 912

At the present time it requires nearly three months of constant travel to make a complete circuit of the globe. Much, therefore, is to be gained by the establishment of this new route: and, in spite of the apparent difficullies which render the enterprise doubt ful, it is simply a question of time before this overland rante to the old world becomes a definite reality.

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There's many a rest on the road of life,
If we could only stop to take it:
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querilous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soil that is full of hope,
And whose heautiful trust ne'er falleth,
The grass is green and flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted.
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
through,
When the eminous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day.
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

the tragedies of that world.

that of Southern California.

There were excuses for him, of

the second, that he was care-free, and

He had ridden through willow paths

green swell of the divide over as green

He coasted down the incline of the

divide and made for the Monte road,

by tree-bordered byways and paths.

of the peppers and stand beside him.

He forgot the barbed wire fence be-

tween the barley field and the road.

Then a bell rang out, just ahead, by

The woman entered the garden. She

was neither nymph of zanja nor sprite

of the field, only a black-gowned school

girl, who stood on the school house

steps and waved a handkerchief at the

and young-which was all the school

girl cared about. The girl was pretty

and willowy-which was all the man cared about. He raised his cap and

highway. Of course she would under-

It was all a part of the romance

and the country, and she understood.

She left the calling, screaming chil-

dren and her older companions and

strolled toward where he sat, on the

flecked sunshine that came in through

the plumy branches of the peppers.

spring and the garden, birds were sing-

blew from the sea beyond the valley.

The snowy mountains were far away,

and the world on the other side of

How sweet the double e's of the vowels,

how different the stern Nelson to which

he had to confess. But even that was pretty when she said it. How old was

of the poets were that age. Where did

she live? Some vague way over there among the pink blossoms. He re-

membered that when he was a child

those questions had always begun an

acquaintance: "What is your name?" How old are you? Where do you live?"

All the wisdom he had accumulated in

the years between then and now had

forgot that he had meant to reach the

hotel of the valley by luncheon time.

He was not hungry; but Alicia was,

her pocket and brought out a news-

paper roll. Inside of the paper there

was a tortilla and boiled meat. She ate

when she had finished she started to

draw the back of her wrist across her

mouth; but remembering the teachings

eign young man, she took out her handkerchief. He had meaut to ask

for that handkerchief, the white signal

though it had been very precious.

of school and the presence of the for-

ese while she talked to him, and

She put her plump brown hand into-

vanished. He did not want it.

Her name, she said, was Alicia.

them yet further.

ing from the earth, the sun was shin

the road side, and the silence of the

voices of children and vonne cirls.

and puried on, the barley

last—and as the nursery rhyme

that it is such is

whatmakes most of

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in idle pleasure.
That is richer far than a jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling.

And do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing.

Than to snap the delicate silver threads

Of curious lives asunder.

And then blame heaven for the tangled

onds,
And sit, and griove, and wonder.

M. E. Crouch. 0000000000000000000 IN THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE.

0000000000000000000 HE fact that he was | Then she brushed the crumbs from riding a bicycle her black frock and stood up. should have kept must go now," she said, with an acceut him to remember that kept the words from being coming that he was not living in an age of "First tell me where you live," he

romance. But he asked, forgot it. And to She pointed over to the patch of live in the midst of feathery pink. "In the white house a matter-of-fact in them trees." world and forgot

"What is your father's name?" "Mateo Manzelo," she answered, winding one of her heavy braids around her hand.

"I will come to see you to-night," course. The first, that he was young; he told her. "Yes," she murmured, with musical

has it, the best—that he had come the prom the early spring of New York to back. along the gravel roads that a month

and again; he had looked from the long piazza, from which the snow- her race. So he kept silence capped mountains could be seen valley, where wild flowers were through the climbing roses, and read her?" thick on the ground and where peach it. But the letter was dull, and the and almoud trees made pink and white memory of the brown hair and eyes evade

patches. Just across the valley the that had always seemed the most beaumountains were half covered with tiful in the world paled beside that of snow, but the air was warm from the two soft black braids and two orbs as sea and the sky was bright blue. So soft and as black. There was a vague there was excuse for his forgetting the promise that the owners of the brown | finished. "If you think you should, too, ere long. Cameron was not so blood parted after the manner of the bicycle and thinking the world a place A place for romance, but there can be none without a woman. And there He began to imagine the meeting of well-bred of their kind. The girl

object to him in the least. He walked but no one knew that, There was not a flake of dust in the for hours up and down the moonlit splendid air. All kinds of picturesque, old World things ought to happen. In a garden of this sort man ought to did, he steed of glittering steel—at midnight. In the speak when he did, he certainly not to be alone. Some nymph should come dripping and glittering had caten of the lotus, and he forgot "W out of the zanja; some slender figure | home and the past. He gave reckless | the mission, Alicia." should push its way through the high, rein to the course of young blood. green barley and the fluffy branches And so a fortnight passed away. There were no more letters. were being sent to Santa Barbara, where he had told the brown-eved The grasses and flowering weeds and girl that the first weeks in March the peppers hid it. But the zanja would find him. He had not written to her. He had meant to. But it was waved in the wind from the sea, and the land of poco tiempo.

the sun gleamed on au uninhabited In pursuance of the romance he was living, he one day put on the dirty overalls and coat of old Manzelo and went with Alicia to the San Gabriel spring high noon was filled with the railway station to wash and pack oranges. Alicia was dressed in faded dark blue, with a yellow handkerchief around her neck and a pink bow in her hair. She was very pretty, and very open in accepting the open devo-tion of the American. It was still just in his small room are a bed, a dresser, passing tourist. The tourist was a man a lark for him. * was rather more

for her-a little more. A tally-ho drove up to the station and the driver stopped it, that his room in the steeple since his wife left party of tourists might watch one of him. Some years ago he married a motioned to a clump of trees down the the really picturesque scenes left to widow with a grown son. The son the United States. Some of the wash- proved a bone of contention, and after ers looked up. Cameron and Alicia numerous quarrels the wife left her Mauzelo were talking together and husband, taking the furniture with did not. Both were gazing light love into each other's eyes. The boss of the gang came up to the tally-ho with that Mr. Bradds move into the little strolled toward where he sat, on the a handful of oranges. The finest one, grass under the trees. It was out of sight all wet and glistening with its scrubof the school house. He watched her bing, he offered to the girl on the

black, lithe figure moving through the front seat. "Thank you. What a splendid one!" she praised, "I am so thirsty They were all alone in the midst of that it will taste good."

"May I peel it for you?" he asked, with an inflection that showed him ing from the sky, and the soft wind English at once.

He had not offered to peel them for the others, but this was a very beautiful woman, with brown hair and a skin that reminded him of the women While he prepared it, she at home. looked at the workers. And when he

"Thank you," she said again, "and can you tell me who that man by the She was fifteen. The heroines girl in the blue gown is? He is evidently not a Mexican."

He wondered why she should care to know, but he answered: 'No; he is an American. tell you about him is that his name

seems to be Nelson. It is what the

girl calls him "The girl?" "Yes. It's a picturesque flirtation, I gathered from her father. It has been going on for some weeks, and the old man says Nelson, or whatever his name really is, means to marry her.

But it is nusafe "Very, I should say," said the girl, reflectively. "They rarely do, these whites that make love to pretty Mexicans," added

The pretty Mexican cast up her dark eyes just then and took notice of the tally-ho. She had known it was there all along, but she had not been interested in it.

"The lady on the front watch you," for that handkerchief, the write signal which had flattered in the air; but he she murmured to her companion. to his cost. Here is another to be which had flattered in the air; but he she murmured to her companion. to his cost. Here is another to be writed added to the list: Diparaossiacetop added to the list: Diparaossiacetop in the state of the list is another to be a south of the list. Diparaossiacetop in the state of the list is another to be a south of the list. saw that it was grimy and ink spotted, Cameron glanced up. He caught added to the list: Dipar so he asked are the wire ring she wore the unfaltering look of the brown eyes, henondiphenilpiperazine. Alkia parted with it as and the scales—the rosy scales of ro- given by an Italian chemist to a new had been very precious.

dropped the orange that he held into the water in his tub and started to the tally-ho. But he took only a step, then went back. The girl on the front seat had turned to the others.

"Can't we get out for a while? I'm sure we are all cramped and tired, and I should like to watch this pretty scene

The Englishman helped her down, but she thanked him and walked away. Her manner implied that she would make her own investigations, wandered among the boxes and the tubs and trays, hazarding a word to the washers here and there. Most of them did not understand her. She came up finally beside Cameron's tub and spoke to him. The on-lookers fancied that she might be asking how many oranges he had cleaned that day. Alicia, a half dozen feet away at the end of the tray, was unconcerned. So the Anglo-Saxon conducts his tragedy. "It is evidently more attractive here than in Santa Barbara," the fair Amer-

ican said, in cool, placid tones. Cameron stammered. "I can't blame you. It breaks my heart, of course. But that can't be helped. I can stand it-and better now than later. Only I cared for you s great deal-a great, great deal." She stopped.

"Don't you now?" asked Cameron "Yes. I suppose I always shall,

too. But, of course, I shall never see you again." He started to protest, a little out raged in feelings at her severity. "Please don't make a scene," she

said, anxiously. "It won't do any indifference, as she went leisurely up good. You ought to know me well the pathway and never once looked enough to know that." enough to know that."

Cameron reflected that Alicia would

The man rode on to the hotel and have screamed, and cried, and stabbed, returned to real life as he asked if a perhaps, but would have forgiven valise and a trunk had come and if That was her Latin blood. This girl before had been the bed of the San Gabriel; he had crossed the shallow gleaming branches of the stream time had had his luncheon he sat on the forget. He understood—he was of "Did you tell her you would marry

> "Yes." He did not attempt to "Then you will keep the promise,

will you not?" He did not answer. "I must leave that to you," she

drove away through the country of It came about. Old Manzelo and romance. She was in Elysian fields his fat, black-wrapped wife did not and her heart and soul were in hades.

The man washed his fruit in silence

"We shall be married in a week at 'Yes," she answered, pleased.

And the romance was closed .-

Housed in a Steeple.

Argonaut.

The only man in the United States who lives in a church steeple is Heze kiah Bradds, the sexton of the Baptis Church at Westport, a suburb of Kan

The room is small, scarcely larger than a dry goods box. In that tiny room he cooks, cats and sleeps. It is just under the bells.

Through the small windows that fur nish light in the daytime he can see a portion of Kansas City. Above his head the swallows twitter as they fly a tiny stove and a table.

He has been sexton of the church for several years, and has occupied this him. Some years ago he married a husband, taking the furniture with

Then the church trustees suggested room beneath the bells. Church members furnished the room comfortably, and since then Mr. Bradds has lived a Ionesome life.

One has heard of heartless women and women without feeling, but that a human being can exist without any sense of touch seems marvelous. Yet that is claimed for Mrs. Evartina Tardo, a young widow in the West Indies. Physicians who have known her case pronounce it a physiological freak. She is said to be wholly without feeling, has swallowed poison, been shot, bitten by rattlesnakes, received a puncture in her heart from a doctor's lance and had her neck dislocated, all without experiencing any pain. Besides these experiments, she can without injury drink benzine and light the gas at a hollow needle which pierces her cheek. This strange as-sertion is backed by the word of physicians of repute. As a child she was bitten by a cobra, and it is claimed that her sensory nerves were paralyzed and her system inoculated with

Peter the Great's Hut.

Two hundred years ago, on August 9th, Peter the Great became a shipbuilder's apprentice at Saardam, a lit tle village a few miles from Amsterdam It is trim and picturesque. In a nar row lane by the waterside is the hut in which the Czar lived the life of a workman. Nicholas II, recently in closed it in a new building of brick and stone in the Byzantine style.

A Corner on the Alphabet. Chemical names are occasionally

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

> His Downfall-Not Qualified to Judge-Modern Chivalry-Wanted: A Name-Trouble Averted-Not a Fair Exchange -Might Have Been Worse, Etc., Etc. He used to be a "ladies' man,"
> Bubbling and gay;
> He more his hair in bangs and had

A winning way—
He used to be a "ladies" man,"
But things are run on another plan
To-day!
Now he is just a woman's man, Silent and meek;
His wife says men are fools, and he's
Afraid to speak;
She's big and strong and runs affairs,
And sits upon him if he dares
To speak!

Cleveland Leader

-Cleveland Leader, Not Qualified to Judge. Maude-"What's the luckiest day to

be born on?" Claude-"Don't know. Only tried Modern Chivatry.

Awkward Miss (with umbrella)-Beg pardon!"
Polite Gentlemau—"Don't mention I have another eye left."-New York Weekly.

Might Have Been Worse. The Wife-"Did the editor say your poem had no merit?" The Poet—"Oh, no. He merely said it wasn't the kind they paid for."

-Town Topics. Trouble Averted.

"It is a good thing the Siamese twins are dead.

"Suppose one of them wanted to ride a wheel and the other one didn't,

Wanted: A Name. Her Doctor-"Sick, ch?" Herself-"Yes."

Her Doctor-"What's the matter?" Herself-"Oh, I don't know. What s fashionable now?"-The Yellow

Where Man is Appreciated. "There's no excuse for a man whose wife does not appreciate him," said Mr. Meekton. "It's his own fault." "How is he going to help himself?" "By purchasing a tandem bicycle." -Washington Star.

Love is Blind.

Willy—"Say, Auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?" Aunt—"Why, for love, of course!" Willy (meditatively)—"H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, Auntic?"—Toronto News. Woman's Inhumanity to Man.

New Woman-"Simply because a voman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name.' Old Bachelor—"That's so. poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own."

Agreed.

"I tell you, there's nothing like a good college training to fit a young

"That's right. It hardens his muscles, gives him great powers of endurance and makes a man of him."-Philadelphia North American.

"Do you know, I'm quite worried about myself. I really believe I'm losing my nerve.

"How do you notice it?" "I'm getting so I hate to ask any-one for a loan. As soon as I saw you I began to tremble."—Life.

An Opening For Him. Fresh Youth-"You told me there'd be an opening for me in the fall, and now you say you don't care to employ

Broker—"There is an opening for ou. Right over there—the door, Good-day."—Harper's Bazar.

Not a Fair Exchange.

Bobbie-"Ethel, mamma has just promised me something nice and warm. Give me half your caudy and you can Ethel-"Here's the caudy. Now

what is it?" Bobbie (munching)-"A spanking." Corroborated.

"I rode twenty-five miles on my bicycle last night," observed Brooks, and came home perfectly fresh.' "I have no doubt of it," said Riv-"I heard your wife telling my wife this morning that you seemed to be raw all over."-Chicago Tribune.

Not Much of a Mystery. Kilduff-"You say that the cashier is mysteriously missing?"

"And that \$75,000 of the bank's funds are also gone?"

"Then where is the mystery about

A Solemn Warning. "What immense cars the new neighbor's boy has." "Yes, mamma. He told me what

'What was it?" "He said his mamma washed 'em so much that they scaked full o' water and swelled.

South American lovers have a pretty

made 'em so big."

ustom. It is well known that when the petals of the great laurel magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot, which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the lover, who pulls a magpolia flower, and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp-pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vaso of water, and in three or four hours the message writand remains so.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Another paving material has been discovered in Florida at Tampa. It is the pebble phospliate, and is said to be very good and cheap.

The production of india rubber in Mexico is attracting attention, and the samples which have been exhibited are said to be of fine quality.

Coal tar, when used for dyes, yields sixteen shades of blue, the same num ber of yellow tints, twelve of orange, nine of violet, and numerous other colors and slandes. The most wonderful astronomical

photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars. A New Hampshire quarry is turning

out a scapstone boot, drier. It is intended, especially for rubber boots. The stone is to be heated and then dropped into the boot, to be left there till the latter is dry.

Clover sickness, a common disease which often ruins clover crops, has caused German scientists to make experiments. They have succeeded in getting cultures of the bacteria that produce the disease. They expect that soon farmers will be able to inoculate their land just as a human being

may be treated. Planters in the Southwest have finally found a practical means of destroying insects that infest cotton plants without injury to the boll. The machine, drawn by two horses, looks like a cultivator. It is provided with roll-ing brushes which turn in opposite directions so as to brush both sides of the cotton plant, brushing off all insects from the plant without injury. insects are caught on rolling bands placed on each side of the machine, which carries the insects between two

rollers, where they are crushed. The attention of a French surgeon, Professor Launelongue, was lately drawn to blisters produced on the scalps of several children who had been playing in the shadow of a well whose top was under bright sunlight. The idea that his might be an X-ray effect suggested itself. Experiments were then made on a number of persons, when several who were exposed unprotected to similar radiations were burned, while others who were protected by strontium glass escaped. The investigator declares that X-ray discoveries will revolutionize the treatment of sunstroke. He thinks the aucient Greeks may have been wiser thau we know in covering their heads with brass helmets and their chests and backs with light metal cuirasses, and concludes that future protection from sunstroke may be sought behind strontium glass belmets.

Inventing Lucifer Matches,

It was during his early days as as stant teacher at a Reading (England) school that the late Sir Isaac, then Mr., Holden, invented the lucifer match, through the necessity for an illuminant on dark wintry mornings. He told the story thus: "In the morn ing I used to get up at 4 o'clock, in order to pursue my studies, and I used at that time flint and steel, in the use of which I found very great inconvenience. Of course I knew, as other chemists did, the explosive material that was necessary in order to produce instantaneous light, but it was very difficult to obtain a light on wood that explosive material, and the idea occurred to me to put sulphur under the explosive mixture. I did that, and showed it in my next lecture on chemistry, a course of which I was de livering at a large academy. There was a young man in the room whose father was a chemist in London, and he immediately wrote to his father about it, and shortly afterward lucifer matches were issued to the world. I believe that was the first occasion that we had the present lucifer match. I was urged to go and take out a patent immediately, but thought it was so small a matter, and it cost me so little labor, that I did not think it

Woman's Work at Brussels Exhibition At the exhibition at Brussels there is a "woman's work section," in which a number of girls are daily to be seen pursuing their avocations. The maority of thom, naturally, are lace nakers, producing the specialty of the country. It is shocking to know that for the monotonous hand-skilled and eye-trying labor of lace-making the age is but half a franc for the long day. Think of toiling all day, with the attention and the eye-sight on the making is another Brussels specialty very few of the blossoms that adorn our hats are made at home. It was interesting to see the manufacture of mowdrop; how the blossom had to be quite elaborately constructed, and then how the stem had to be covered with green paper by deftly twisting fingers, and how the blossom had to be caught in at the right moment to hang gracefully-and then to reflect that the result will be sold retail in America for ten or fifteen cents s

American Hairpins,

It was not until 1878 that the man ufacture of hairpins began in the United States. Previous to that time those used in this country were brought from England or France. Now the trade is such a large one that it takes 50,000 packages, each containing twenty-four pins, to supply the whole sale demand daily in New York alone

Could Photograph a Block of Houses. What is to be the largest photo graphic camera in the world is at present being made to the order of Dublin firm. The case of the instrument measures seven feet six inches long by six feet high and is of richly carved oak. The lens is of specia ten on the leaf becomes quite visible | manufacture and will cost about \$5000 | thousands of years.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One Square, one inch, one insertion .. \$ 1 00 One Square, one inch, one insertion. \$ 1 90
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One Square, one inch, three months. \$ 00
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Two Squares, one year. \$ 15 00
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Lecal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

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Job work—cash on delivers.

BY THE MARSHES.

In ladding green the willows bend, The rushes patient stand. From east to west the cloud-fleets trend At will of breezes bland. And dark against the sunift sky The golden ployer fly.

Beyond, a mist spreads fitmy cloak O'er amber waters lone,
And puffs of distant scattered smoke
Above the reeds are blown;
And zigzag traced, from left to right
Darts by a Jack-suipe's flight.

Here bask the shy and weary teal Beside the pool's dim edge, Here water-hens all noiseless steal

Among the waving sedge. And bitterns in the inmost brake Stand solitary, like a stake. Wide stretches steeped in sylven calm Beleaguered by the sun; Winds, southwest winds, with touch like balm

balm Green grass and rushes dun; And wheeling through the far-off sky The golden plover fly. --Ernest McGaffey, in Woman's Home Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Hard money-The money you try to

Never waste your time; waste somebody else's.

Haudled without gloves-Knives and forks, generally.

She—"And were you successful with your first case, doctor?" He— "Y-ye-es. The-er-widow paid the bill!" "The mills of the gods grind slow-ly," remarked the philosopher. "Geared too low, ch?" queried the cy-

clist .- Puck. 'Drink to me only with thine eyes"?

The poet was a sage, I wist.

The things one drinks with but one's eyeo Arc least exponsive on the list!

—Harper's Bazar. "Time works wonders," said a soldier, aged thirty-seven, when he returned home from India and found his twin sister only eighteen.—Cal-

cutta Critic. "Were your wife's pictures satisfactory?" "Good pictures enough, but not at all natural." "What was the defeet?" "Why the fool of a photographer took her while she was looking pleasant."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I don't hear Jones prating any more about his great love for little children." "Jones has moved into a house that has a vacant lot next door, where the boys of the neighborhood play ball daily."—Indianapolis Jour-

"Why this sign not to touch this particular piece of statuary with canes or umbrellas?" asked a visitor at the art exhibit. "Because," snapped a competing artist, "you could only do justice to it with an ax."-Detroit Free Press.

Bridget has a kitchen full of her company. Mistress (from the head of the stairs)—"Bridget:" Bridget—"Yis, mum." Mistress—"It's 10 o'clock." Bridget—"Thank ye, mum; an'will yez be so keind as t' tell me whin it's 12?" -London Tit-Bits.

Why a Swelling Follows a Blow.

The swelling which follows from a blow is nature's effort to protect the part from further injury and to keep it at rest while repair is going on. What actually takes place at the seat of injury is not even now quite understood. The injury to the smaller blood vessels interferes with the flow of blood through them and the white corpuscles, with part of the serum, the watering part of the blood, escape into the surrounding tissues. At the same time the blood vessels in the neighborhood dilate and the increased flow of blood with the thoroughfare obstructed in creases the swelling.

It is probable that the white corpuscles of the blood pass into the tissues to assist in the repair, as bees or ants assemble at an injury to their storehouse, but with this difference, that the substance of the corpuscles is probably converted into the tissue of repair. From one point of view the colony of individuals, and the swelling that follows injury but the rush of these to repair the breach.—Philadelphia Times.

The Poultry Industry.

Our enormous wheat crop, which is extolled in every journal in the country, and which excites the admiration of the world, is equalled by the value of the poultry and eggs produced in the United States, the eggs and poultry finding home markets. At sixty cents a bushel the total value of our wheat crop is about \$300,000,000 a year. The census in 1880 (seventeen years ago) showed the value of poultry and eggs to be \$200,000,000, and yet it is doubtful if the census enumerators were able to get the full number or value. To-day it is known that the poultry industry is at least one-third larger than in 1880, and that the value of the poultry and eggs produced in this country is fully \$300, 000,000, which places it on a par with many other leading industries .-Farm and Fireside.

White Animals Cannot Smell.

Very few animals but pigs and sheep are white all over, and it has been found that pure white creatures are entire deficient in the sense of smell. In Africa white rhisoceroses poison themselves sometimes by eating a euphorbia, which no other animal will touch, and Italian wool growers do not like pure white sheep, because they are always cating grass and herba which don't agree with them,

There are according to an eminent archieologist, no less than from 120 to 130 absolutely distinct languages in North and South America. growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great a variety of speech on the western continents proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many