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Correspondence solidite i from all parts of the country. No no ice will be taken of anonymous communications.

provides for the testing of seeds be-

fore they can be offered for sale in the

Americans are beginning to fall des-

perately in love with the English fad

of high-stepping horses, with superior

knee and hock action, and the country

is being scoured for that sort of ani.

A physician in the East who first

practiced in Chicago said that for six

years he took extra care to furnish

his patients with information on the

prevention of sickness, but became

convinced that the people preferred

"All that has been said in favor of good roads will stand repetition with-

out danger of being worn thread-bare

as long as the need for good roads

continues to be as imperative as now,"

is the pithy way in which the San An-

tonio Express commends constant

In the eastern province of Prussia

there are still large tracts of wholly

ancultivated lands. One of these, the

moorlands near Heydekrug, a tract of

more than 150,000 acres, is now being

turned into arable land by the govern-

ment. Convicts from the penitentiary

at Insterburg do the drainage work

The Ghoorkas who are doing most

of Great Britain's fighting on the In-

dian frontier are numbered among the

best of all the Oriental soldiers. In

the Burmese and Afghan campaigns

they made a name for courage and ten-

acity that immensely raised the pres-

tige of the British arms. Probably

they would appear on continental battlefields if Great Britain should get

into another general war, that policy

having been clearly foreshadowed

when, during one of the recurring

difficulties with Russia, Lord Beacons-field moved a few regiments of them to

The fact that \$66,000,000 was ex-

pended in New York for building pur-

poses last year is a significant illustra-

tion of the great growth of the city.

It has been greater during this decade,

if all evidences are not deceitful, than

one hand the rapid development of the

United States, on the other the growth

of Europe in population, has helped

to force New York forward in a way

which has made Manhattan Island and

the adjacent New York territory far

too small. Hence, we have as the rea

Greater New York a city which ex-

tends far beyond even the extended

limits and barely stops at the Wa-

In Pennsylvania they have a law

which makes the retailer of intoxicat-

ing drinks responsible in damages for

any injury that may result from such

sale. . A day or two ago a verdict was

rendered in a suit at Pittsburg for

\$6338 in favor of the wife of a man

who procured liquor in the defend-

ant's saloon, and while intoxicated was

run over by a freight train, losing a

leg. It was shown at the trial that

the liquor was sold to the plaintiff's

husband after warning had been given

by her to the saloon keeper. If the

law under which this verdict was had

were general in its application through-

out the country, suggests the San

Francisco Chronicle, possibly we

should have fewer cases of intoxica-

tion, as it would make saloon keepers

more careful in dispensing liquors to

persons who had already had enough.

Bievele health statistics are begin

a medical journal says that the Massa-

chusetts Health Board has found that

women in the State there has been a

marked decrease in phthisis among

them. While this is admirable in

some senses, it bids fair, predicts the

New York Times, to make more seri-

ous a condition which is already de-

plorable, the numerical superiority of

women to men in Massachusetts.

Nothing is said of the increase of

healthfulness of men in Massachusetts,

and with the proportion of women to

men in the State constantly increas-

ing, and woman's suffrage surely on

the way, as it is said to be, Massachu-

setts is bound to be in time a little

republic of woman by itself. It will

be a mauless kingdom, like the uni-

versity of Tennyson's Princess on a

large scale, with the isms and ologies

which interested the Princess's maid-

ens, and which would be sure to be

found in a maiden republic which had

Boston for its

chung hills in New Jersey.

necessary.

hammering away at the subject.

sickness to self-control and health.

of good roads.

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FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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IF WE KNEW.

There are gems of wondrous brightness
Offtlmes lying at our feet,
And we pass them, walking thoughtless
Down the busy, crowided street:
If we knew, our pace would slacken—
We would stop more off with care,
Lest our careless feet he treading
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching For the comfort we might bring; If we knew what souls are yearning For the sunshine we might fling;

If we knew what feet are wenry, Walking pathways roughly laid; We would quickly linsten forward. Stretching forth our linuds to aid.

If we knew what friends around us

If we knew what friends around us
Feel a want they never tell—
That some word that we have spoken
Pained or wounded where it fell,
We would speak in accents tender
To each friend we chanced to meet—
We would give to each one freely,
Smiles of sympathy so sweet,
—Genessee Richardson.

SECTION DESCRIPTION DE L'AUTRE DE A PIGEON-BLOOD RUBY.

BY LILIAN BELL.

Reproduction and a supercondition of the production and the production of the produc

IME-Sunday evening. Frances Van Kirk box in lap. She speaks:

If I were in love, I should not be able him, even if he loses, because he is to summon my reason to array all the making such a brave fight. advantages I am to derive from my marriage-to stand them all up in a row to look at and admire, and to assure myself that I will do well to take I care less than nothing for him.

I am glad I don't love him. Love

in any past decade of our history. On

man with a temper. I've enough for a whole family.

one. He is rich. Rich beyond the branches and the dying of all green dreams of avarice, and he knows it, things that go with summer and life. and counts on it to buy him friends I always think of Joe on Sundays. I iron when I think of it. He thinks she loves and can't marry-won't Oh, Joe! his money will compensate for the lack of family and the lack of breeding, and isn't that I won't marry Joe. I cau't that it will even get him into heaven. marry him. I can't bring myself to Well, it will almost do that. I sup- it. Sunday is the hardest day of the pose heaven is the only place where week to me. That is why I always money will not buy an entrance into plan to make it so full that I can't

he does, but it makes me creepy to cepted him. He didn't know that, or hear him talk about it. Love! What he would have come. He said he was does a man who goes by the name of too ill to come. I hate a man who is Finch, and has such a colorless perthing as love? I am sure I wish he him, but then Mr. Finch's ways are up any of the requisite emotion. I wish of Vere de Vere. If I keep it, we are letter for me to-night? It is very im-

I am unable to soften the matter, or to throw any glamour over it when I face the cold, bare truth.

holiness of the love I have lost, or will ning to come in. A recent number of ring tears from my heart? since the increase of cycling among

If a woman's heart is filled with by a word or neglect. Mr. Finch put a stamp on it-so! I wonder if two neglect me I should be glad. attempted to coerce me, I should hate him, I should want to kill him.

I don't know why I have suddenly come to feel things so poignantly to night. I have been lending myself to hurt. I have felt so cold and apathetic that it gave me courage to go on. to-day, and now I must face it and ness of life, and made the very atmos look clear down the vista of the years | phere luminous! to the bitter end. The question is,

Where are you, Mr. Finch? Come face steadfastly against them. With was for £50,513 11s. 5d., or somewhat out from your hiding-place and let me all the gilt and tinsel that Mr. Finch more than a quarter of a million dollook you in the eyes my future lord can put into my life, it is madness in lars. It represented the duties on one and master-my-husband!

is, unless it means the right man! Here he is. A sleek-looking indi-

idea of unpleasant things in bottles, it would be some satisfaction to know her mind to marry? that if he did play he could kill all the other fellows instead of letting them band for his murderous capabilities, grand passion of their lives?" but it would be a satisfaction to know crawl under the table. But then Mr. Finch could hire an army to patrol the streets in front of his house-our house, so poor that he would have to do his stands them. own patroling. He will have to protect his wife with his own right arm, and work for her with his own strong so plebeian, or so beautiful.

There, what did I say? I was to the point of thinking work beauti- so, and I suppose God made it so with ful, when I hate to work-alone, I a purpose. mean! It doesn't seem so hard when I think of working, or rather, doing an ache in their hearts which their things for Joe. Whenever I see him husbands never suspect; sometimes I want to do something for him. He for a love they have lost; sometimes is fighting against so many odds, and for one that never came; sometimes, seated with a photo- he is so big and brave about it, and like mine, for one they dare not take. graph and a small jewel- never complains and never seems discouraged. And he is working alone, into my heart to-night. But I am and with nothing in prospect to work more glad that Joe cannot-Joe be I wonder if a woman ought to be in love with the man she marries! I am heretic it. He will never be successful, but for, except to win. Poor Joe! He cause he would want me, and Mr. enough to believe that she ought not. people will know him and talk about

> I am not brave. I like success and ease and luxury. Everything that I like and must have takes money -lots I mig of money-and nobody has so much as

think of Mr. Finch. Besides, I should couldn't do without it. Then, some ing to lay his hand on me, I think I be ashamed of myself if I were in love day, quite unexpectedly, I shall meet should die. with-him! I hope I still bave my him and he will look at me, and by

marry him. I have always flattered a scornful or contemptaous look, such them to, and envy me, and copy my myself that I knew superior men, and as most men would give, because I clothes, and Joe! Joe would say that I brought out their good points.

I wonder if Mr. Finch has any good points to bring out! Here heis. Not handsome—no. His best friend could not call him handsome. I don't like his mouth. Those thin lips look as if the would be the thought me greater than I was. He they could be a conditional to the plane when he was here that he bear to see me? No; he cares too much his mouth. Those thin lips look as if the would be a look of aversion, as if he could not bear to see me? No; he cares too much for me for that. Why do I conjure up they could be a would be a look of aversion, as if he could not bear to see me? No; he cares too much for me for that. Why do I conjure up they could be a would say as a most men would give, because I clothes, and—Joe! Joe would say nothing.

It was so easy to rise to a higher plane when he was here that he bear to see me? No; he cares too much for me for that. Why do I conjure up they could be a constant. look, which, if I meet it, will drag the great, kind love behind me forever. casm could hurt me. As it is, I shall soul out of me and let Joe into my shrug my shoulders and turn my back secret as plainly as if I had reached on him until he cools down. I hate a out my arms to him in a vain appeal.

Oh, why do I think of such things? commend him to a woman? Yes- falling of the leaves and the bare think. If Mr. Finch had kept his en-I wonder if he loves me! He says gagement to-night I should have acsonality, know about so beautiful a instead. It was not very refined of were even more cold-blooded about engaged. If I send it back-whybut I shall not send it back. That

middle stone is a pigeon-blood ruby. Dear Joe! The only present he ever sit here and think about him and the gave me was this penny-cut in twolife I must live if I marry him. All my that I wear. No, I forgot. I took it sophistry takes wings and leaves me to off long ago and hid it where I could not find it easily. I wonder what I I wonder if I shall be actively or did with it! Here it is. When he passively unhappy! Shall I just miss, went away I wanted to give it back to in a general way, all the beauty and him, but he said, "No, keep it, if you ever change your mind and want me it take form and frame a face and to come back, just send me your half speak to me with a voice that will and I'll know, and I'll come if it's

across the world." How easy it would be to slip it into never hurt me. If he would cents would carry it! Yes, I think it If he would; a half penny is very lightvery light. How easy it would be to If he tried to make me love send it! How hard to live up to it afterward! But would it be so hard-if it were with Joe? Didn't Joe's face always light up the darkest days, and didn't Joe's presence cheer me when I this thing for months, and it did not was the most alone, if he but presented himself in the doorway and looked at me out of his kind eyes? Oh, But the whole thing came to a crisis but Joe glorified the plainness and gray-

such things, now that I have set my

my feet.
What a weak, pitiful thing I am, down as if it were glued there. I don't so high, and never stooped to coquette in a while.

know why I hate the looks of his nair, or trifle with men's love the way other | THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. which always suggests to my mind the girls do, counting it beneath me, and waiting until the one man came whom inless it is that Joe's hair is so thick I meant to marry. I set my ideal and and unruly. I dare say he would be laid my ambitious plans, and never glad if he ever could make it wear this swerved—and for what? To step down neek and unctuous aspect. But Joe's now to the highest bidder. Oh, who -well, Joe's hair looks as if he played knows the private demon that dwells foot-ball. I never cared much for foot-ball myself, except as a fad. It is so the heart of a woman like me? Does dangerous it makes me feel faint to any one dream of the tumult in my watch it. And I wouldn't let Joe play; heart when I carry such a proud front? that is, if I had anything to say about him, which, of course, I haven't. Still, heart of any woman who is making up

I said to a man last week, in the sudden fierce bitterness of my soul, kill him. Mr. Finch couldn't kill anybody. Not that I am selecting a husa belief that they are realizing the omething in my tone must have that if a footpad attacked him be could stirred him to a sudden honesty, for defend himself. I believe if I said be gave me a look as if he read my "Burglars" to Mr. Finch he would soul, and he said, "Men do—always." My eyes dropped before his. not want him to see, although he is only a friend. He is one of those men I mean, for I shall be in it and Joe is whom women trust because he under-

I turned away and thought what a blessed thing it is that men cannot read the hearts of the women they are hands. We won't have to do anything going to marry. I sometimes complain because men are not constituted to understand women better, and be If I were in love I couldn't cause they bluuder and are blind. The idea of my ever coming But it is a heavenly thing that it is

I know so many women who carry I am glad Mr. Finch cannot see

Finch because he would not want me. Dear Joe! Why couldn't it have been you who gave me this ring, with this beautiful red stone in it? And why couldn't it have been you who was coming to-morrow for my an-

I might as well face the fact. Mr. Finch bores me, repels me, sickens me. If he had the right to come in them and their owner, and to leave entirely ont of the question the fact that How Joe will despise me when he at that door and walk across this nears of it! I shall not see him. I room and stoop over my chair, and I shall avoid him until I have got so had to sit still and let him touch me, ems a little valgar to me when I used to my luxury that I find I and not scream or strike him for dar-

And yet-outside the door, outside former good taste. My taste is not that time I will not care.

polluted, even if I have decided to How will he look at me? Will it be they would say all the things I want

they could be cruel. He won't beat me; he will be sarcastic. That long nose will go up at the corners and look more pointed and ugly, audthose lines they could be cruel. He won't beat such impossibilities when I know just accord at his approach, and then poor, how he will lean forward and look into more pointed and ugly, audthose lines the corners and look my eyes with all love and—yes, pity in his own—pity because he will know unrest and ambition and vanity which at the side will deepen into furrows, and dear Mr. Finch won't be pretty to look at nor pretty to hear, I can assure great will my liveries and my jewels came and flashed this red stone before and my gorgeousness seem beside that my eyes, and I have put Joe and his

"If men wooed nobler, won they nobler wives," he used to say. Yet I have proved that untrue. Surely he wooed me nobly, and what did I do? It is because it is Sunday. I hate I wouldn't rise to his plane. I would-No, he is not handsome. He is not Sundays! I hate the way the wind n't be as noble as he thought me. I good-tempered. Has be anything to howls at those windows. I hate the laughed and hurt him, and he never reproached me. He always said I was etter than I allowed people to see. He always believed in me and defended me even against my own actions even a wife. I feel as if I were wonder why Sunday nights always and my own words, and loved me bea bale of cotton or a car-load of pig- bring to a woman thoughts of the man | youd any other love I ever have known.

> Hark! There are wheels! They are stopping here! It is after 9 o'clock. Who can it be? It is Mr. Finch. Oh, what shall I do?

If only it had been Joe! I wonder if I dare? Well, why not? He would come if I sent for him. And if it were Joe! If only Joe were coming for his (She places Mr. Finch's ring in its

box and seals the envelope containing Joe's half penny.) She calls: "Ellen, take that to Mr. Finch, and say that I cannot see him. Andwouldn't talk about it, or try to pump not always those which mark the caste | Ellen, would you mind mailing this

portant. Yes, to-night!"-Woman's

Home Companion

Artificial Silk. Artificial silk is now an article of trade and as it is advisable for buyers

to be acquainted with the means of detecting it the following from the Decorator and Furnisher is worthy of The most effective test is combus-

tion. While natural silk burns slowly and turns up like born, at the same time omitting a characteristic odor, artificial silk burns rapidly when once ig nited and smells like burned cotton Sometimes the two kinds of silk are mixed in the same article. Mention is made in an Austrian paper of a fabric, alleged to be of English make, the warp of which consisted of natural silk, weft of artificial. the latter could not be detected by the eye even by the most expert connoisseur. Upon the combustion test being applied, however, the material burned with extreme alacrity.

A Monster Check For Duties on Tea. Lipton, the English tea merchant. whose name went round the world in the recent Jubilee season because of his \$25,000 dinuer to the poor, has just added another item to the news of the I am weak and foolish to think of world. He has drawn the largest me to look back at the shining path- week's importations, about 1300 tons Pah! What an ugly word husband way that Joe's honest love made for The weekly consumption of tea in the whole of Great Britain is about 2000 tons, so Mr. Lipton has a business vidual, with his hair neatly plastered anyway! I have always held my head that can afford a \$25,000 charity ones

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

Just Like Her-Profitable Patient-Literary Note-Selfish-Another Use of It-Consolation - Chainless Joke - Out of His Class-A Last Resource, Etc.

I never shall love again," he cried;
"Ah, yes you will," said she;
A year from now you will wonder how
You could ever have worshiped me,"

He went his way—when a year had passed He had learned to love again, And it made the giri who had sent him

hence
"As mad as a settin' hen."
—Chicago News.

Profitable Patient. She-"I'm sorry to hear you've lost our patient, Dr. Jones." He-"But he was ill a long, long time."-Punch.

Literary Note. "What wonderful guides and counselors books are. "Yes; especially bank books."-De-

"Oh, dear! I wish I had money nough to be charitable. "And if you had?" "I'd take a trip to Europe on it."-

Another Use of It.

Chainless Joke. He-"You won't know me when I get my new chainless wheel."

She-"Why?" He-"Because I'll be riding around neog."-New York Sun.

Schoolma'am (encouragingly)-"Come, now, Harold; spell chickens."
Harold—"Please, ma'am, I'm not
old enough to spell chickens; but you can try me on eggs."-Judge,

Selfish.

She-"You pay fifty dollars a month for cigars, and yet you grumble when I want ten or fifteen dollars for a new

He-"Well, I don't smoke hats."

A Last Resource. Rev. Mr. Dullboy (who is calling)-'Can I help you with that wakeful

Mrs. Wearywife—"Yes, you can. Preach a sermon, please."—The Yelow Book.

Emptied. Mrs. Newwed (proudly)-"I knew nothing of house-keeping when we were married, but it didn't take me ong to get my hand in, did it, John?" Newwed-"Not according to my mpty pockets."-Life.

Consolation.

"There is one idea that every spinster secretly cherishes." What is it?"

"That lots of men wish they had married her instead of the girls they did marry."-Chicago Record.

He (trembling)-"I have one last wish to ask you before we pa-part for She-"Wha-what is it, George?" He-"Wi-will you meet meet oh Th-Thursday, as usual?"

She-"I will, George."-Judy. Repartee. "Where can a man get a shave round here?" asked the stranger.

"I get shaved on my face" wered the policeman. replied "Indeed?" That barber is taking chances when he trusts you."-New York Journal.

Early American History. "A door," said Aaron Barr, "is not

a door when it is ajar." "There are many points to that oke," was the comment of Alexander Hamilton, as he sipped his port, "because it is a chestnut, Burr.

The duel followed. - Indianapolis

An Explanation. "Miss Passeigh says she thinks flowers are the most suitable birthday remembrance that a friend can give,

remarked Willie Wishington.

"Yes," commented Miss Cayenne. 'She wants something that won't last from year to year."-Washington

The End of Her Earth. "Before we were married," she protested, "you declared you would go to the end of the earth to make me

"Yes," he replied, coldly. She shuddered. Had he already run through her real estate? Detroit Journal.

What They Do. "What does your Auxiliary Society at the church do?" asked Mr. Haw-

kins of Mrs. Hawkins, when that good lady returned from the meeting. We take the garments made by the young girls in the St. Jonah's Guild and make 'em fit to wear," replied Mrs. Hawkins,-Harper's Bazar.

Her Uncertainty.

love, and that would love me.

Ethel- 'Oh, dear! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last uight if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could

Edith-"Well?" Ethel - "Well, I don't know whether he means himself or whether he thinking of buying me a dog! Tit-Bits

Her Father-"You have the nerve to ask me for my daughter, sir; the joy of my old age, the priceless jewel

my diadem?" Her Adorer-"That's what-and 1 want the jewel and the diadem thrown

Her father-"In that case you can

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. The number of stars pictured on the latest English and German photographic atlases is about 68,000,000.

Scientists tell us that every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form.

In the last publication of the Berlin Academy of Sciences Professor Rontgen has an article in which he confirms the observation of Dr. Brandes that it is possible to make the X-rays visible to the eye.

The durability of catalpa wood in the ground is well illustrated at the State House, Indianapolis, by a section taken from a catalpa post at the ground surface, where decay is always the most rapid. The wood is but slightly affected by its twenty-five years of exposure.

Evaporation is proportional to the velocity and dryness of the wind. Scientific experimentation demonstrates that when the temperature of the air is at 80 degrees F., with a relative humidity of fifty per cent., the evaporation, with the wind blowing five miles an hour, is 2.2 greater than at calm; at ten miles, 3.8; at fifteen miles, 4.9; at twenty miles, 5.7; at twenty-five miles, 6.1; at thirty miles, 6.3 times as much as a calm atmosphere of the same temperature

and humidity. For the filtration of liquids containing very fine precipitates which are apt to pass through the filter, such as barium sulphate, lead sulphate, cal-cium oxalate, etc., W. Busch recom-mends the use of powdered pumice stone. It is necessary to use a very finely powdered pumic stone which has been freed from seid soluble substances by boiling with diluted hydrochloric acid and washing with water. About two to three grams of this powder are placed in the bottom of a filter. After pouring back once a clear filtrate is obtained.

When whisky is used instead of water in making glue the mixture will remain unaltered for years, will re-main perfectly liquid except in very cold weather, and is ready for use without the application of heat. Tight corkage to prevent the vola-tilization of the solvent is the only precaution necessary to keep the glue perfect. All that is necessary is to break the glue into small fragments, place these in a glass vessel, and pour sufficient whisky over them to thoroughly ! dissolve. After being tightly corked for three or four days, the prepared glue is ready for use.

Chinamen's Pigtails.

Among the real injuries that can be offered to a Celestial is to cut off his hair, which he wears in a plait down his back and to which disrespectful Western nomenclature has attached the name of pigtail. Sometimes the hoodlums in San Francisco and the Larikins in Sydney, N. S. W., in an overflow of animal spirits and in unreserved contempt of the heathen Chinese, cut off the pigtail and the unhappy victim of this outrage has to go, like the messengers of David, who, ing shorn by the Philistines, were told to tarry in Jericho till their beards did grow, and, as the old Hebrews did, dwell apart until the pigtail became at

least observable. It is reserved for the administration of the Public Works Prison in Toronto to show consideration for the pigtail under circumstances not usually con sidered as sources of tenderness, and the Chinese who come there as convicts will hereafter retain their pig-In this country in State prisons the hair is cut close, and no National custom will save it, though it be as sacred as a Chinamau's pigtail.-Washington Post.

Mouse Traps.

This is the time of year when there is the greatest demand for mouse traps. As cold weather approaches the mice seek shelter in the houses of men and men set traps to catch them. There are various kinds of mouse traps, including those that require no setting and that take mice alive, and those that require to be set and that kill the mice. In this last class are the familiar old-fashioned wood mouse traps, some made square and some round, having holes in the side through which the mouse thrusts its head to get at the bait fixed on a hook within. Traps of this kind are called chokers, Many kinds of mouse traps are sold by the gross or dozen. The wood chokers, varying in size, are sold at wholesale at so much a dozen holes. Taking all the kinds together, there are made in this country and sold here millions of mouse traps annually, and American mouse traps in large numbers are exported to many foreign countries. - New York Sun.

Whether life is possible in the absence of bacteria in the digestive tract is a problem not easy to solve. In the early experiments of Nuttall and Thierfelder, gainea pigs were selected as subjects, but it was afterward decided that more satisfactory results could be obtained with chickens, as it was be lieved that these could be secured free from bacteria from birth. Eggs ready to be hatched were accordingly washed in antisepties and placed in suitable sterile apparatus. Despite the utmost care, however, bacteria were always present and are found to be derived from the eggshell, leading to the un expected conclusion that they exist in the oviduet before and during formation of the shell.

Capital in Bievele Tires. The amount of capital invested in the manufacture of bicycle tires in the United States is estimated at \$8,000, have her. I'm looking for a man | 000, the number of persons employed with nerve for her."-The Yellow at 3000, and the number of tires produced annually at 4,000,000.

A RELENTLESS QUESTION.

RATES OF ADVERTISING!

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills or yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivers.

There's a phrase that keeps haunting wherever you turn, A mockery subtle and cold; No matter for what your ambition may

No matter for what your ambition may years,
Nor how honest its purpose and hold.
Hope withers away like the rose that has died
At the pitiless touch of the frost;
Like a spectre through glorious dreams it will gilde—
The query, "How much'll it cost?"

The incorer turns from his visions of cheer.

To his toll that is ever the same;
One nabob is calm 'neath another's bland

would gain
Are worth what perhaps may be lost;
And the world plods along to the sordid re-

Of the query, "How much"lift cost?"
—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY,

"I want a dollar, Jones, and I want "All right; take this counterfeit."-Harlem Life.

"A splendid ear, but a very poor oice," as the organ grinder said to the donkey .- Tit-Bits.

"I suppose your brother has quite given up his walking expeditions now that he has a cycle." "Yes, he has broken his left leg."—Standard.

"At what age were you married?" she asked, inquisitively. But the other lady was equal to the emergency and quietly responded: "At the par-

Mrs. Sprockett-"I'll give you something to eat if you'll do some work for me." Willie—"Saw wood, I s'pose?" Mrs. iSprockett—"No, clean my wheel."—Judge.

Hunter-"There goes Durham; he's only a milkman, and yet he always acts as if he wanted the earth." Punter-'That's natural enough; he knows it's three-fourths water.'

Dorothy had just been stung by a wasp. "I wouldn't 'a' minded its walking all over my hand," she said between her sobs, "if—if it hadn't sat down so hard."—Pittsburg Bulletin. Caller-"Nellie, is your mother in?" Nellie-"Mother is out shopping," Caller-"When will she return, Nel-

lie?" Nellie (calling back)-- "Mamma, what shall I say now?"-Harper's "Mamma," said the pretty young parvenue, "what do they mean by cod-fish aristocracy?" "I don't know, dear," replied her mother, placidly, "less it's folks that pay fer every-

thing C. O. D."-Washington Capital. He (at the hotel table)-"I've often wondered how these waiters can remember so many orders at once. I know now." She (who had often wondered the same thing)-"Oh, do you? How can they remember so much?" He (triumphantly)-"They don't."-

Detroit Free Press. Miss Meadowsweet-"Excuse my ignorance, but ought I to call you Mr. Squills or Dr. Squills?" The Doctor "Oh, call me anything you like. Some of my friends call me an old fool!" Miss Meadowsweet-"Ah, but that's only people who know you in timately!"-London Punch.

"Young man," said the veteran manager, "your melodrama shows originality and imagination." "Are you serious?" asked the young playwright, doubtfully. "Perfectly, the manager; "but you shouldn't lose time writing plays; a man of your talent should be a theatrical press

agent."-Pack. "Now, Robbie," said mamma just before company sat down to dinner, "remember, you must not ask for more Robbie didn't; but he finished his first piece with much promptness, took a long breath, and addressed himself very andibly to the guest at his "Ain't that dandy pie?" he

asked. - Judge. "What makes you think that Mr. Kitzoerewski started that story that he is going to marry Miss Floete?" cause," said Sherlock Holmes, solemnly, "his name was spelled right in every newspaper in which the story appeared, and it never would have been unless he had personally attended to the proof-reading."-Washington Capital.

"I always did dislike men who have no ear for music," said one girl; "and now I dislike them more than ever. Charley Nevergo called to see me yesterday evening. At 11 o'clock I went to the piano and played 'Home, Sweet First I played it as a ballad. He didn't move. Then I played it as a waltz and next as a polka, and then as a jig." "And what did he do?" 'Gracious, Miss Jones! what a jolly lot of tunes you know! And all so different." -Odds and Ends.

Lynched By Swallows.

A successful lynching took place on the farm of Jerome Butler, south of Marlette, Mich., the other day. In the barn a swallow's nest was seen clinging to the side of a beam, from which was suspended an English sparrow, hung by the neck with a

a While Franklin Butler and Orla Albertson were sitting in the barn they noticed a sparrow go into the swallow's nest, from which he began pitching the young birds. Three swallows, attracted by their outery, immediately pounced upon the intruder. After confining him to the nest for a few minutes they threw him out. He dropped about a foot, there was a jerk, and Mr. Sparrow was hanged as nicely as though an expert hangman had been in charge. The hair was wound around his neck severat times, and after a few inef-fectual struggles he kicked his last,-

Grand Rapids Herald.

Each of the 300,000 cyclists in Chiago will have to pay a tax of \$1 a year, which is to be devoted to improving