for food.

Secretary Coburn, of the Kansas Board of Agriculture, declares that the farmers of that State are \$40,-000,000 richer than they were a year

The Sultan has forbidden the use of the bicycle in Turkey, on the ground that it "is immoral and dangerous to the State." Some enterprising manufacturer would probably be able to overcome his Majesty's objections to the wheel by presenting him with a revised edition of a "bicycle built for two"-a bicycle built for a harem,

In a genealogical way the funniest thing on record is that Menelik, Negus of Abyssinia, insists on his descent in a straight line from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. If this were questioned the august Negus would have your head cut off, or if you hinted that there was a bar sinister somewhere you might be impaled. There is, however, a noble family in France, the Counts of Noe, who show on their family blazon the Ark and that most adventurous voyager, Noah, and they claim that veteran seaman as their remote ancestor.

American labor is acknowledged to be more efficient than the labor of any other country. We are fortunate in the possession of a class of skilled mechanics who are endowed with sufficient brains and alertness to quickly master the most intricate machines. Our common school system, which has been maintained for 100 years, has laid the foundation of superior average intelligence, and our numerous excellent scientific schools and schools of technology have given great opportunity to boys of a practical and mechanical turn of mind.

Says the New York Times:-A contemporary states that it is safer to be a convicted murderer in the United States than an innocent man, and submits these data as proof: Not one convicted murderer in fifty is hanged or killed by electricity; of the men lynched a much larger proportion than I in 50 was innocent. We have no means at hand for verifying these figures, nor are we able to determine what proportion of the population are convicted murderers or what proportion are unjustly executed. The conclusion, merely from casual observation, seems plausible; the logic is sound. Still, if it be not too optimistic, we should like some more data to guide us."

After all, schools are the greatest civilizers, exclaims the New York Mail and Express. Secretary Bliss, of the Interior Department, reports 26,000 Indian children enrolled in the schools last year. Tribal relations are being broken up and Indian lands divided into accoralty. The aborigine, however, has not yet been educated up to the point of holding on to the land, and as a consequence it soon passes into the hands of his white brothers, notwithstanding the paternal restrictions thrown round him by the government. The Indian has not yet learned the necessity of promptly meeting taxes, and owing to his failure to come to time with respect to this exaction, a considerable amount of his lands, in Minnesota, passed from him last year. Until our red brother learns That taxes are as certain as that other certain thing, death, he should have some special provision in law for his protection.

One of the really valuable products of the Government Printing Office at Washington is the annual report which George F. Kunz renders on the yield of precious stones in the United States, declares the New York San. Mr. Kunz's expert knowledge in this specialty has been for years at the service of the United States Geological Sur. vey, and thus becomes part of official literature. The report for 1836, just published, contains a table of values as represented by the various gems discovered in the United States during the year. It is interesting to observe how the values are apportioned. Here are a few items:

A COLUMN TO THE PARTY OF THE PA	
Turquolso	840,000
Sapphire	10,000
and quarts	10,930
Tourmaline	2,000
Garnet	2,500
Ruby	1,000
Amathyst	503
Topaz	200
Opal	203
Emerald	
Diamond	None

The list includes many pracious minerals which would not strictly be classed as pens, and the total value assigned is little under \$100,000. The prominence of the turquoise in the American list is recent, the yield be-

# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

I would not die in springtime,
When nature first awakes.
When men get out their whoelbarrows,
And spades, and hoes, and rakes,
And twist their backs, and plant their

And wait to hear them sprout.
While yet they stone their neighbors' hens
That come to scratch them out.

I would not die in summer, When everything is ripe, And fallen man is writhing In raw encumber's gripe; When baseball cranks are talking, And all the landscape o'er Is sprinkled thick with flowers

And "garden sass" galore

I would not die in autumn,

When football has the call.
And long-haired youths are training Some other youths to maul;
When polities is booming—
Thanksgiving close at hand,
And elder mills are running
Throughout the happy land.

I would not die in winter,

E'en though it be so drear. For then, you see, there's Christmas, With all its goodly cheer. No, I'd not die in winter. Nor summer, spring, nor tall— And come to think it over, I would not die at all.

A Romance of New York.



that ever were brought about by the ance short. surging ocean of cosmopolitan life in

this greatest of cosmopolitan cities. The customers of the restaurant conworlds of which the American metropolis is made up, and for two or three nonths a Russian artist and a Polish piano teacher formed a separate microcosm in that world, The other frequenters of the place are Frenchnen, French Canadians, Swiss and was not until they had taken their thrilled them both like the sudden discovery of a close blood relationship. But there was a far more interesting and, as it has since proved, a far more important revelation in store for them.

Panna Roushetzka was a woman of thirty-five, a well- preserved brunette, slender and stately, and with features somewhat irregular, but full of typical Polish grace. She had been educated partly in Russia and partly in Paris. had come to New York, after losing her husband, with a small soprano voice and with great musical aspirations. The voice had deserted ner before her ambitions were on the road to realization, and, heartbroken and penniless, she was driven to take up piano lessons as a means of liveli-

looked fully ten years younger than your happiness.' his age. Tall and wide awake, with a brisk military carriage, a military steel-gray mustache and blond hair, unstreaked with silver save at the temples, he appeared in the prime of health and activity, while his neverfailing good humor and hearty, sonorous, genuinely Muscovite laughter made one feel in the presence of young man of twenty-five. That had been his actual age when he left his native country, and after some three decades of peregrination in Western Europe he had at last settled down in New York. He is a jack of all trades and master of quite a few, and although free-hand drawing is one of his strongest points he is clever enough with his pencil to meet the requirements of a small electro-engraving establishment, where he has steady em-

ployment at a modest salary. The language of the restaurant French, spoken with a dozen different accents. One day, however, when the soup was exceptionally satisfactory, and Smirnoff, who is something of an epicure, was going off in ecstasies over it, a word of his native tongue escaped his lips. "Slavny (capital) soup!" he murmured to himself, as he was bringing the second spoonful un-

The piano teacher started. 'What is that you said just nowslavny soup?' sne inquired, with a

flush of agreeable surprise. This was the way they came to speak Russian to each other, and from that evening on it was the language of their conversations at the restaurant table. Although there are many thousands of Russian-speaking immigrants in New York, the artist and the music teacher felt in the French restaurant like the only two Russians thrown together in a foreign country, and the little place which had hitherto drawn them to the quality of its suppers and its genial company now acquired a new charm

They delighted to converse in Russian, and the privacy which it lent to their chats, in the midst of people who could not understand a word of what they were saying to each other, became the bond of a more intimate acquaintance between the two. They were reticent on the subject of their antecedents, but both were well read topics in things bearing upon Russia, Paris, current American life, the stage, art, literature and the like. The gallant old Russian was full of the most interesting information and anecdotes, and, their friendship growing apace, he gradually came to introduce into his talks bits of autobiography, though they were all of the most modest bidding her meiancholy farewell he nature, and he seemed to steer clear launched out, describing his past, she of a certain event which formed a listening to his disconsolate accents memorable epoch in the story of his

Panna Roushetzka neither asked him questions nor saw fit to initiate you. Why should you be bored with

HE habitues tails of her own life, though by this bring herself to interrupt him. a small time it was becoming clearer to her French re- every day that her Russian friend was from the military school, and that was staurant on in love with her and about to approach the West her with a proposal which she was by Side were recently the yet, like many another woman under cer named Staukevitch." guests at a similar circumstances, she was flathumble weddered by his passion, and, being fied. After a while she made out to ding receptrate drawn to him by the magnetism of inquire: "Stankevitch, did you say?" tion, which was the upshot of one of sincere friendship, she had not the the most pathetic chauce meetings heart to cut their agreeable acquaint-

He procured some lessons for her, escorting her home after supper and took her to theatres and public lec-please. stitute one of the thousands of little tures. All of which attention she would accept with secret self-condemthat on the following evening she would change her restaurant. Never-His heart was with the insurgents, herself, she even grew exacting, and guarded, but he was too much of a on one occasion, when she had ex-Belgians, but Aleksey Alekseevitch pressed a desire to see Duse in Mag-preservation to get the better of his Smirnoff and Pauna (Polish for Mrs.) da, and he remarked thereupon, with revolutionaay sympathics. One day Roushetzka are natives of Russia. It a profusion of impulsive apologies, that when the Cossacks had looted the he was kept from the pleasure of tak- house of a Polish nobleman and taken supper at the same table every even-ing for several weeks that each of ous engagement, her face fell, and for my friend gave loud utterances to his them became aware of the other's five minutes she did not answer his overbrimming feelings in the Officer's knowledge of Russian, and the fact questions and witticisms except in Club, cursing the Government and rigid monosyllables. This augured vowing vengeance. well for him, he thought. He did not "You must have heard how strict well for him, he thought. He did not yield, but at the next walk they took things were in those days. The city a rather original way.

They stood in front of the house in which she had her room. He had bid her good-night and was about to doff was court-martialled and sentenced to his hat with that dashing sweep of his be shot within twenty-four hours by a which makes him ten years younger, when he checked himself, and said, as

"Is it not foolish, Panna Roushetzka?"

"What is foolish?" she queried, without a shadow of presentiment as to what was coming.

"Why, the way we go on living separately, each without what could justly be called a home. I am madly Smirnoff was a bachelor, some twen-ty-three years her senior, though he and I feel like devoting my life to

house across the street and made no

her tremulously. "I'll give you my answer to-mor-

row," she whispered.
"Mme. Roushetzka has not come yet, has she? Any letters for me?" Smirnoff asked the next evening, as he

entered the little restaurant with his usual blitheness. Like some others of the customers he received his mail at the restaurateur's address. The Frenchman handed him a letter.

When he opened it he read, in Russian, the following:

"Much respected Aleksey Alekseevitch—I am the unhappiest woman in the world to-day. I confess I was not blind to the nature of your feel"Ma-ma-marusia! Is that you?" pleasure of your very flattering kindness to me. Forgive me, I pray you, dear Aleksey Alekseevitch; but my answer must be of a negative character. I have been crying like a baby since last night for having led you into a false position. Do forgive me. Your sincere friend,

"MARIA ROUSHETZKA." "Do you forgive me? I beg you

again and again. Smirnoff had had too many sucdefeat hurt his pride deeply. But he was overcome with a poignant sense of loneliness, coupled with a cruel consciousness of his old age. At the same time he sincerely regretted the pain he had caused the widow, and out of sympathy for her as well as for the opportunity of seeing her, he talk over the portrait and about the secured another interview with her, which took place in one of the remote nooks of Tompkins Square.

"I wish to reassure you, Panna Roushetzka," he said, gravely, "and found there a letter which read as folto restore peace to your mind. I love lows: you, and your letter leaves me more wretched and desolate than I ever felt before, but believe me your happiness is dearer to me than my own, and since you find that it would be disturbed by your marrying me I

am resigned to my fate." and traveled, and there was no lack of ship, and yet his ready surrender, the ease with which he was getting recon-

ciled to her refusal nettled her. However, he did not seem as lighthearted as he was affecting to be, and the perception of it was a source of mixed exultation and commiseration to her. He was uncommonly effusive and sentimental, and as if by way of with heart-wringing interest.

"I know it is foolish for me to obtrude my personal reminiscences upon ng large in Arizona and New Monico. him into some of the more intimate de- the humdrum details of the life of a Louis.

man who is a perfect stranger to you. Yet I cannot help speaking of it at this minute. I feel sheepish, like a schoolboy, but it somehow relieves my overburdened heart. You will excuse

She was burning to offer some word of encouragement, to assure him of her profound respect and friendship, and of her interest in everything he had to say, but her tongue seemed grown fast to her palate and she could not utter a syllable.

"It was many years ago that I was torn from my dear native soil and from a splendid career," he proceeded, egged on by the very taciturnity of his interlocutor. "I was a young fellow and an officer in the army then, with a most promising future before me. It was during the Polish insurrection of the early sixties. My regi-ment was stationed at the Government

The panna gave a start, and a volley of questions trembled on the tip of her tongue, but she somehow could not

"I had been recently graduated

Panna Roushetzka remained petri-"Why, have you heard of him or some of his family?" Smirnoff asked,

"No, I am simply interested in what you are relating. Proceed

"Well, he was the most delightful fellow in the whole lot of us, but he nation, each time vowing in her heart did not know how to take care of himtheless, and perhaps unbeknown to and I knew it and begged him to be

together he "popped the question" in a state of siege, mar-a rather original way. line of soldiers from the very company of which he had been in command, And who was to take charge of the shooting and utter the fatal word to the soldiers but I, his best friend, who was ready to die for him,"

Smirnoff said it with a grim sort of composure, and then broke off abruptly and fell into a muse. "Well?" the widow demanded, in a

strange voice, which he mistook for a mere mark of interest in a thrilling "Well," he resumed, "I did not, of

course, utter the terrible word, but at the very moment I was to do so I fell on the ground in a feigned swoon. My "Panna Roushetzka!" he implored Place was instantly taken by another officer and I was since then branded as a coward, and had no choice but to resign my commission and to become the rolling stone that I have been ever since.

He went on narrating some of his subsequent experiences in foreign countries, but the widow did not hear him. All at once she interrupted him.

"Don't tell me about that, pray. Better tell me more about that friend of yours-Staukevitch," and, succumbing to an overflow of emotions, she burst out, sobbingly: "I know you,

"Ma-ma-marusia! Is that you?" ings toward me, but was too much of the old man shricked, jumping to his coman and an egoist to forego the feet and seizing her by both hands. "Dear little Marusia! Why, when you were a morsel of a thing I used to

play with you."
"I know," she rejoined, "and now that you say it I can recognize your face by the faded old portrait I have in my album. You were photographed together with my unhappy papa. Mamma left me the picture. I did not remember your name, but I heard the story from mother when I was a child, and since then I have held the cesses and failures in life to let this portrait dear for your sake as well as papa's. Of course it never occurred to me that it was you, but now the identity of it is as clear as day to me." She invited him to her lodgings,

where she introduced him to her landlady as the best friend of her dead father. They had a long and hearty persons and things it brought to the old man's mind. And on the following evening, when he came to the French restaurant for his supper, he

"Dear Aleksey Alexseevitch-It was not yourself, but an utter stranger, that I refused the other day. loved you my whole life without knowwe, and since you find that it would ing you. The handsome officer who rained himself for my poor father has always been my ideal of a husband, and, will you believe it, I never gave thanked him heartily for this friend. up a vague sort of hope that he would be mine. Your loving "Manusia,"

-New York Post,

A Remarkable Menu. After partaking of ginger beer, apples, nuts, chocolate, three bottle of ginger ale, and some sherbet and water at a picuic, and then putting away his regular ten at home, a nineyear-old London boy complained of a pain in his inside. The Coroner next

It has been reported that Moham-medans will build a mosque in St.

day called it gastro-enteritis.

# THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

A Fallow Field-A Brief Siesta-Stock Exchange Definition—The Prudent Beg-gar—A Thrilling Moment—A Brondside Blases-Insult to Injury, Etc. Etc. "Let me collect my thoughts," said he. Then came a little bill: "Alas, I am afraid," said she,
"You find collections dull."
Cleveland Piain Dealer,

Stock Exchange Definition. "What do you understand that 'putting up margins' mean?" "Losing by degrees." - Chicago

A Brief Siesta. First Wanderer-"Been settin' here Second Wanderer-"Naw, not very; couple o' days er so."-Truth.

Insult to Injury. He-"Yes, I loved a girl once, and she made a fool of me. She-"Some girls do make a lasting impression, don't they?"-Judge,

The Prudent Beggar. "What? you ask me for bread, and you are drunk!" "And surely you would not ask a poor man to beg all day on an empty

A Thrilling Moment. First Tom Cat-"How did you feel hen the brick struck you?" Second Tom Cat-"Say! My past eight lives rose up before me in a sec-

ond!"-Puck. A Brondside. Mabel-"You should see the French Count who is dancing attendance upon

Susie-"Ah, a French dancing mas-ter, dear?"-Philadelphia North Amer-

Poetess-"That poem I sent you, Mr. Editor, contains the deepest secrets of my soul.

Editor-"I know it, madam; and nobody shall ever find them out through me!"

"Now I'm going to read you a pretty story, dear-all about the Garden of Eden.

"Oh, mummy, please, not that one. I'm so tired of that story of the Adamses!"-Punch.

She Does Not Exist.

Little Clarence-"Pa, do you suppose a bashful woman suffers as much as a bashful man?" Mr. Callipers-"That is not a fair question, my son; there are no bashful women."—Puck.

Not That Sort of Books. 'Do you find sermons in stones and

books in the running brooks?" asked the romantic maiden "I never find pocketbooks in them," replied the matter-of-fact young man. -Detroit Free Press.

One Thing Wanting. Artist (to Mr. Henpeck)-"Now, don't you think this is a speaking likeness of your wife?" Mr. Henpeck-"Well, when my wife speaks she always shakes her fist

at me."-London Fun. He Was Cruel. Mrs. Nubbons-"My husband is a perfect brute.

Friend-"You amaze me." Mrs. Nubbous-"Since the baby bean teething, nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and vesterday he went and had his beard shaved off."-Tit-Bits,

A Puzzle.

Willie Addlepate-"There is one thing I cawn't understand, doncher-

Chollie Noddlekins-"What's that?" Willie Addlepate-"Why, when we stop to consideh-aw-how uncomfortable it is in a crowd-why, aw-I cawn't see why it is that there are always more people in a crowd than there are where there are no crowd.'

Mr. Wiggles-"I ordered two dinner sets sent home to-day, Maria."

Mrs. Wiggles—"Two dinner sets! Why, Joshua Wiggles, are you craz & What in the world do you want of t s more dinner sets?"

Mr. Wiggles-"Why, didn't you tell ne you were going away next week to gone a month? I want to have dishes enough in the honse so that I won't have to wash any while you are away."-Somerville Journal.

Greatest Depth of the Ocean. The deepest verified soundings are those made in the Atlantic Ocean, ninety miles off the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, 3875 fathoms, or 23,250 feet. Deeper water has been reported south of the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, over 27,000 feet in depth, but additional oundings in that locality did not corroborate this. Some years ago it was claimed that very deep soundings, from 45,000 to 48,000 feet, had been found off the const off South America, but this report was altogether discredited on additional investigation in these localities. The ship Challenger, which in 1872-74 made a voyage round the globe for the express pur pose of taking deep-sea soundings in all the oceans, found the greatest depth touched in the Pacific Ocean less than 3000 fathoms, and the lowest in the Atlantic, 3875 fathoms, as given

Glass in Ancient Egypt. The oldest specimen of pure glass bearing a date is the head of a lion in collection at the British Museum It bears the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A drawing of the bison has been liscovered in the rocks of the La Mouthe cave in Dordogne, France.

In a recent work on the birds of Colorado, W. W. Cooke brings up the number of species and sub-species found in that State to 363.

At the grape-cure establishments in Switzerland, France, and Austria, patients are usually turned loose in the vineyards and allowed to gorge them-

selves at pleasure. With the exception of birds, men's legs are longer in proportion to their body than those of any other animal. The human foot is broader and stronger than the foot of any other animal, so that man alone can stand upon one

The relation of dust and typhoid fever has been investigated by Drs. Kelsch and Simoniu, of Paris. They have reported to the Paris Academy of Medicine that in the summer of 1896 there were eighteen cases of typhoid

fever in a small barracks. The tint of birds' eggs, especially the light colors, are apt to fade, on exposure in museums to too great sunlight. This is the case with the greenish blue eggs, as those of the By experiment the darker murre. colored eggs of olive brown or chocolate hue have been found to undergo

little change. An inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, and spreads it over the leather sole used as foundation. These quartz soles are said to be very flexible and practically indestructible, and to give the foot a warm hold even on the most slippery surface.

There are fully 12,000 hides tanned weekly in Newark, N. J. About half of these become shoe tipping and vamp leather, the remainder carriage, dash, furniture and fancy leather. More horse hides are tanned than in any other place in this country. dovan vamps are the product. Chrome tanned sole for bicycle shoes is made and the manufacture of kangaroo and kangaroo kid is an important interest. All kinds of bag and book leather are

The great vitality of dragon-flies is shown by McLachland, who having struck at a large Æschna at rest on a twig, the head was seen to tumble down, while the rest of the insect flew away in an "undecided manner" for a considerable distance. Upon picking up the head he noticed that the insect had been eating a fly at the time. "The mandibles continued working as if nothing had happened, and the masticated portions of the fly passed out at the back of the head."

Dr. Roswell Park writes to the Buffalo Medical Journal commending mustard as an antiseptic. He says: "One never goes into a house, or at least a locality, in which mustard cannot easily be procured, and my cusmy hands with a mixture of green or other soap, cornmeal and mustard flour, for about five minutes. After rubbing thoroughly into all the crevices and creases of the hands and nails by aid of a nail brush, one may be absolutely certain that his hands are sterilized, no matter what he may have been doing previously. I have no hesitation in proceeding from an autopsy to the operating room if I may thus protect my hands. Used as indicated, the mustard leaves no unpleasant sensation; and one may feel that by the time it produces unpleasant tingling or rubefaction of the skin its essential oil has done its desired work as an antiseptic. I have discarded all other means of preparing the hands, and in several years' ase of mustard in this way have never been disappointed or had the slightest reason to question its effective-I might add also that it is an admirable deodorizing agent, and will take away from the bands all offensive odor of dead or dying tissues and all redolence of iodoform.

World's Largest Orchard.

The largest fruit plantations in the world are in Jamaica. They are owned and operated by an American company, the area of whose fruit farm is 44,000 acres. They own 28,000 acres, and the other 16,000 acres are held by them under lease. Their principal crops are banauas and cocoanuts, and last year they shipped 3,000,000 bunches of bananas and 5,000,000 coconnuts, besides other fruits to America and elsewhere, employing twelve steamers belonging to the company. Near Olden, on the Ozark mountains, in southern Missouri, there is one of the largest and finest fruit farms in the world. It consist of 2200 acres of land, owned by a syndicate formed of the members of the Missouri Horticultural Society, and on which are planted 61,000 peach, 23,000 apple and 2000 pear trees, with forty acres in small fruits. There is an orchard at Barbara, in Californ belonging to Elwood Cooper, who has an area of 1700 acres, and cotains 10,000 olive trees, 3000 Engli walnut trees, 4500 Japanese persim mon trees, 10,000 almoud trees and about 4900 other nut and various fruit trees.—Buffalo Times. Gas Bright as the Sun.

covery made there which, is said, will revolutionize the methods of illumination. It is an incandescent gas. A single jet of ordinary size can emit a ight of much more than 1000 candlepower, and fine print can be read at a distance of 100 feet. The inventor says the cost for a light of 1500 caudlepower is only 41 cents perhour, while hat of an ordinary electric light of 500 caudle-power is fourteen cents per

Consul Duester at Crefoid, Germany,

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Legal advertisements ten cents per each insertion.

THE QUIET HOUSE. Oh, mothers, worn and weary With cares that never cease, With cares that never cease,
With never time for piessure,
With days that liave no peace,
With little hands to hinder,
And feeble steps to guard,
With tasks that lie unfinished,
Deem not your lot too hard.

I know a house where playthings
Are hidden out of sight;
No sound of childish footsteps
Is heard from morn till night!
No tiny hands to litter,
That pull things all awry;
No baby hurts to pity
As the quiet days go by.

And she, the sad-eyed mother-What would she give to-day To feel your cares and burdens, To walk your weary way? Ah! happy she, yea blessed, Could she again but see The rooms all strewn with playthings And the children round her knee!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Awkward Miss (with an umbrella)-"Beg pardon!" Polite Gentleman-"Dou't mention it; I have another eye left."-New York Weekly.

"Why do women always grab up every little baby they see and kiss it?" "Because little babies, you know, are helpless,"—Cleveland Leader.

Yabsley—"Think you'll get a chain-less wheel?" Mudge—"If I do, it will be at the cost of wearing a watch-

less chain, "- Indianapolis Journal, "Weyler seems to retain his military tastes." "What do you mean?"
"This paper says that he desires nothing more than a quiet retreat,"-

Jenkius -"I wonder how it happens that Miss Kidd is always out when I call?" Jones-"Oh! just her luck, I guess."—Browning, King & Co.'s

Monthly. "Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?" "There is one piece, but you can't have it." "You are mispantry?" taken, ma, I've had it,"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Miss Tucker wouldn't have me. but she evidently appreciated my pro-posal." "Why do you think so?" "She told fifteen different girls about it."—Chicago Record,

Teacher—"Tommy, what do you know of the sphinx?" Tommy—"The sphinx is a woman with a great head. She hasn't talked for three thousand years."-Chicago Tribune. Wickwire-"Really, now, you don't believe the poor are growing poorer?"
Mudge—"I know they are. Look at

me. I haven't half the money I had on pay day."-Indianapolis Journal. "They say Dumley's wife rules him with a rod of iron. "Oh, no; that's an exaggeration. Why, she can make "Oh, no; that's him jump by merely crooking her lit-tle finger at him."—Household

"I hear that the crowd hooted you when you appeared at the Pedlington Theatre Royal." "False, me boy, false," replied the eminent tragedian. "All false. There was no crowd,"-Household Words.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the lawyer, impressively; "our defense is insanity. I shall now show that my client once served on a jury and list ened to expert testimony for four months."-Puck.

Emperor William-"What is the latest from Hayti?" The Imperial Aid-"The Haytians have submitted, sire." Emperor William-"Nother victory for me and Providence."-Indianapolis Journal. "Now," said Mr. Gragan, as he read the headlines, "how could there he a double murder? Oh, I see," ht

continued, after reading a little. "Sure I t'ought the man was kilt twice."-Indianapolis Journal. Mrs. Skinner (talking about the stock market) -"I tell you what, Mr. Starboarder, there's nothing slike leather." Mr. Starboarder (vainly

sawing)-"Oh, yes, there is-this steak, for instance."-Tit-Bits. "Honest?" he exclaimed. "Honest? Well, rather. He not only wouldn't steal from an individual, but he actually refused to steal from the Government once when he had the opportunity." -Chicago Evening Post.

A prudent man had his portrait painted recently. His friends comold, "That's what I ordered," said "It will save the expense of another one ten years from now."-Tit-

A schoolboy was asked to explain the formation of dew. His answer was: "The earth revolves on an axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of the tremendous pace at which it travels it perspires freely." Tit-Bits.

The speaker had done with telling of the wrongs of woman, and had sunk back into her seat. "She makes a mountain out of a mole-hill," whis pered the personly person in the front pew. "Yes, and such a botch, too!" rejoined the other. -Detroit

"There is one point about your friend Boswell, Johnson," said Napoleon. "'He's simply doted on you." 'Say, rather," retorted Johnson, 'that he anec-doted on me. He re-'uded me somewhat of you in your ime, Bonaparte. He was a Para-site."—Harper's Bazar.

"An author," said the practical lit terateur, "ought to know several lau-guages." "Of course he ought," replied his fellow craftsman. field has been so well worked that there is no longer any use of reading old English books in search of original ideas,"-Washington Star.

Little three-year-old Sunnylocks had been told that he couldn't have s doughnut, because it would make him sick. He sat in high-chair and looked longingly at the plateful of sugar-cont-'holes with cake around them.' At last he turned, and, in pleading tones, said: "Mamma, I want to det sick!"-Cleveland Leader.