The Forest Republican

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Some people are trying to discover a redeeming trait in that little jabbering idiot, the English sparrow. He is ing idiot, the English sparrow. He is fairly running over with traits, but all on the wrong side, declares the Epitomist, He makes a good target for rifle practice.

The evidence that we have plenty of material with which to recruit our standing army in times of national danger, is, in the opinion of the Atlanta Journal, shown in the fact that four hundred able-bodied men have applied for position as umpires in the national baseball leagues.

Excepting the strike in the coal regions, the year 1897 was remarkably free from general disturbances among wage-carners, and wages showed a slight upward tendency (officially estimated at from five to twenty per cent.) In the cotton-mills of New England, however, there was a reduction of wages as the year ended, due to a successful Southern competition.

In spite of the Rand and the new mines in Australia, the United States is still the greatest gold-producer of all countries, notes the New York Tribune. It is likely to remain so, too, after the Klondike and other Yukon regions are exploited and "worked for all they are worth." It was fifty years ago this month, by the way, that gold was discovered in California. Not many discoveries in this century have more powerfully affected the current of human affairs than that.

The United States of Australia will in all likelihood come into existence before the present century expires, This prediction is made regardless of the fact that Queensland and New Zealand still hold aloof from entering the proposed federation. With five of the Australian colonies wildly in favor of the idea of federation, the two remaining colonies are bound to come over ere long. But the federation can be formed without waiting for the acquiescence of Queensland and New Zealand, and such is likely to be the case. From what can be gathered from recent news dispatches it seems

that the five colonies which are already anxious to federate intend to fix upon some definite plan of union within the next few months, extending to Queensland and New Zealand the privilege of entering the federation later. Some idea of the immense character of the proposed federation may be derived from the fact that the Australian colonies which are now ready to enter the union cover 2 300 -000 square miles and contain 3,074,-998 inhabitants. Under the proposed federation the progress of the colonies will be more decided than at any time heretofore. If Australia follows in the wake of Canada, will it not score another triumph for the American

If the well-known British statistician, Michael G. Mulhall, is correct in his figures, the German Empire has progressed more rapidly than any other European power during the past twenty years. In the North American Review the statistician undertakes to establish the truth of this statement. Within the period of time under consideration Mr. Mulhall shows that the textile manufactures of the empire have more than doubled in amount. In 1876 the German cotton mills consumed only 280,000 tons of raw fibre, , whereas at the present time they cousume 590,000 tons. This is not surprising in view of the fact that these mills contain 4,700,000 spindles, or considerably more than any other country of Europe. What is true of the cotton industry in the matter of growth is also true of the silk industry. In silk manufactures Germany ranks second only to France, and during the past twenty years her rate of progress in this line has been much more rapid. With respect to the manufacture of sugar, Germany's output of this product has more than trebled since 1876. In the manufacture of industrial implements, hardware and machinery, it appears that the empire has also made extraordinary progress. Twenty years ago the aggregate debts of all the States included within the present German empire amounted to 8620,000,000; to-day the burden which the empire carries aggregates the nestling in the rank dead grass. amazing sum of \$2,900,000,000. This increase is due to the fact that the Government has incurred bonded indebtedness in purchasing railway systems; but since the investment pays handsomely, she will be enabled in time to cancel the entire debt out of her railway profits. Altogether, the progress which the empire has achieved in various directions during the time under review has been most remarkable; and in view of the intense rivalry

between the European powers which

exists at this time, it serves to throw

important light upon the situation.

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The mother rocks in the firelight. To a valley of long ago.
As the mother sings in the firelight,
Rocking to and fro.

In the heart of that sunlit valley
Is a schoolhouse, prim and white,
And the voices of children singing
The song she sings to-night;
And hills rise blue above me, And the river is fair below, As the mother sings in the firelight, Booking to and fro.

In the heart of that sunlit valley
Is a voice I used to hear;
In the swell of that far off chorus
It rises full and clear.
And the sheen of a childish beauty
Comes back with its bloom and glow,
As the mother sings in the firelight,
Bocking to and fro.

And lo, as I lie here and listen,
The vision changes, and then
In the heart of a "love lit" valley
She is singing that song again.
And I catch in the face of our baby
The features I used to know,
As the mother sings in the firelight,
Bocking to and fro.
—Albert Bigelow Painc.

under the canvas-cover.

The snow storm was increasing in

As the mules were led from the

sturdy ponies reined in near the broken

the rough garb usually worn by plains

their heads and a brace of heavy

"Had a break-down, I see. Bad job!

there a place near here where I can

smith shop over by Pete Miley's store,

but it's plumb three mile from hyer,'

'There are no men with us,'

"Wot! Yer don't mean to say yer

travelin' alone with only them two

"Yes," answered Faith, simply. "We are from Nebraska and are on

our way to our uncle's ranch on the

"Wa-al, I'll be-switched!"

elaimed Jim, growing a little red in

the face, as he quickly reminded him-

self that he was in the presence of a

If yer willin' to trust us, we'll

'I hate to trouble you so much,

"It'll be no trouble to us, ma'am,

Jim assured her, "Ike an' me was

goin' over to Pete Miley's store any-

Assisted by his companion, Ike

oon had the wagon propped up and

Turning to Faith, Jim said: "Ma'am

it's goin' to be rough weather to-night,

good cabin beyond that patch o' tim

ber belongs to a friend o' ourn-a chap

who's visitin' his ole home in Illinoy.

Yer welcome to take the kids an' camp

'I'd be very thankful for shelter

"He's not one o' them kind-this

friend o' ourn in Illinoy. He's open-

hearted as a summer day, an' the most

go-ahead young settler in these parts,'

Ike led the way to the absent man's

cabin, which was on the other side of

the timber from where the wagon had

stopped. It was a new log structure,

ightly daubed with lime and sand.

There was a snug fire-place in one

corner and the room contained a table,

four chairs and a bed. The deer rifle

thrown across antiers above the door,

and a man's old straw hat, a coat and

blue icans overalls on pegs near the

head of the bed proclaimed the fact

Jim soon made a roaring fire on the

open hearth. Then, after he and Ike had transferred such things as Faith

eeded from the wagon to the cabin,

they mounted their ponies and rode

away, carrying the crippled wheel be-

tween them. They assured Faith that

When the claim-holders, Ike Barc

they would fetch it back that night.

that the owner must be a bachelor.

an' git him to fix it up for yer.'

the broken wheel removed

thar, if yer will."

mid Jim

owner wouldn't care-'

"Wa-al, thar's ole Berger's black-

get the wheel mended?"

Faith looked troubled.

kids?" said Jim Hancock

Arkansas River in this State.'

replied Ike.

turned Faith.

said Faith.

Broad-brimmed hats covered

By AD. H. GIBSON,

men.



mally, as the lank,

and there rubbed off patches of hair began unhitching the team. Bessie, from the animals' thin sides and sharp with tear-wet face, watched them from

to her pretty cheeks.

"Faith, how much farther is it to vehicle. They were men of about Uncle Ethan's?" asked a slender boy thirty, bearded, bronzed and clad in of ten, who occupied a low bench by the small stove, that stood almost in the centre of the wagon-bed.

the fair driver. dred miles, I should say."

murmured Bessie, a curly-headed mite, little more than five years old, as she nestled in the folds of a huge 'We are all getting tired out, Bes-

sie," said Faith Haskins, a shadow crossing her brow. "But cheer up, dears, we'll reach Uncle Ethan's some time this week, I hope. And let us be thankful that we have even this he remarked, examining the broken poor shelter from the cold.'

about the interior of the canvas-covered wagon, then out across the dreary stretch of houseless prairie over which scattering flakes of snow had begun to fall.

At the rear end of the wagon was a pile of bed clothes, while near the centre stood the little stove, in which a cheerful fire was burning. On the Ike, glancing around. pole at the top of the bows, hung several cooking utensils, and under the front seat was a large provision box, a sack of corn-meal a side of bacon and other necessary articles.

a bleak Nebraska claim, with ner little brother and sister, Clint and Bessie. Their mother had died only eight months before the father. The sorrow of the lonely orphaus was very great, and, being very poor, there seemed nothing hopeful for them to which they could look forward in the future. Faith, however, did not yield to de spair. She went bravely to work to earn a living for herself and the two children left to her care. Besides cultivating a small piece of ground with Clint's help, she had managed to teach a short term of school in the winter. But it had taken nearly all she made to pay the doctor's bills and the funeral expenses. Then her mother's brother, Ethan Bartley, who lived on a cattle ranch in Southwestern Kausas, had written Faith advising her to sell the claim for whatever it would bring, and inviting her and Clint and Bessie to come and make

Very gladly Faith accepted the offer from Uncle Ethau, but finding it impossible to convert their effects into cash, owing to "hard times," she left the claim in charge of a renter and decided to make the journey by wagon. Many of the young claim-holders in that part of Nebraska would have been happy to have married the girl, but she cared for none of them.

The travelers had now reached jaded mules could drew them.

slowly along over the brown, cheerless prairie. For miles no sign of human habitation broke the wild monotony. save at long intervals, when a lonely sod shanty or a dug-out could be see

It was about four in the evening when Faith drove the weary mules down a little slope that led into a low, winding valley. A scant growth of scraggy elms and ghostly sycamores and cottonwoods skirted the small erooked stream, with dense thickets of wild plum and persimmon scattered here and there.

A quick glance about decided Faith to stop here for the night. She was just turning from the rutty road into a grassy glade, when there was a sharp jolt, and one of the wheels suddenly went down into a deep, rain-washed gully, accompanied by a sound of

escaped the driver as she leaned out to the ground, just as Berger, tall, went there!"

THE CLAIM-JUMPERS.

HE wagon was old and saw that one of the wheels was and creaked dis-"Oh, Faith! What will we do now?" rough-coated gray cried Clint, as he hurried forward to mules dragged it view the wreck. Bessie began to cry

bination of ropes and well-worn straps, whose rough edges had be and there rubbed.

girl, with the lines in her hands. She power and the icy wind blew the flakes looked to be about nineteen. A mass through the long, dead grass with a of dark-gold curis surmounted hem sharp, hissing sound. shapely head; her eyes were bright bazel in color, and the breath of the chill wind that crept up under the old wagon cover gave a vivid tinting the next instant two men mounted on

"A long ways yet, dear," answered revolvers was stuck into their wide he fair driver. "More than a hun-

"I'm gettin' most awful tired."

buffalo robe near her brother.

As she spoke she cast her eyes

Almost a year ago Faith Haskins' father had died, leaving her alone on

point a little south of the centre of Kansas, and were pressing on toward was anxious to reach their destination. as the school near her uncle's home

was waiting for her. It was a lonely and desolate sigh that met the girl's eyes as they moved

up for the night. "Hold on, Berger!" called Jim,

springing from his pony and begin-ning to push the whoel into the shop. 'We want this wheel mended up right away to-night!"

'Yes, an' do a good job-none o' ver when ye finish.'

Berger took the wheel and set to the fire-place. work immediately to repair it. Jim the shop, where they were out of the man's handsome face, "No, little one," he answered

"Look, Ike! If thar ain't Rob Wood

I'll swaller thet wheel!"
"Yer right, by ginger!" ejaculated
Ike, as he peered in above the rim of frost on the pane at a well-built, handme young man, about thirty, who, divested of hat and overcoat, was giving himself a thorough warming at Pete Miley's rust-begrimed stove.

"Wot'll Rob say?" "Bout his cabin?"

"Yes." "Lightnin' an' razors! I never thought o' thet!" "Say, Ike, I've got an idee!" whispered Jim. "We can have a good-joke on Rob—the best thing out!"

Jim whispered a few words into Ike's ear. Ike broke into a chuckle

of merriment. "We'll do it, by jimson!" he eximed. "It won't hurt that leetle wagon the sound of approaching hoofs woman, and it will pay Rob back for came through the snow-laden air and some o' his own everlastin' jokes on

> Entering the store, they spoke to Miley, then strode back to the stove to greet their fellow claim-holder. "Jest got back, Rob?" they asked,

> as they shook his hand warmly. "Yes; just got in on the four o'clock train, and walked over from the station. What's the news?" he asked.

To one unaccustomed to the dress and manners of plainsmen the sudden appearance of these men might have "News?" repeated Jim, assuming a long and reflective visage. "Wa-al, nothin' much, 'ceptin' ole Kiler's sold out an' left. An' lemme see; yes, thar's Sukehouse, he got throwed by induced a feeling akin to terror. But during the two years and a half which Faith had spent on the Nebraska frontier, she had grown used to such types of Western character. "Good evenin', ma'am," said Ike his broncho an' broke his collar bone. Us galloots have been doin' wot we could to patch him up. An' then, thar's some new settlers comin' in joined in heartily. Barclay, dismounting from his pony. lately—an' wantin' timber claims, an' jumpin' 'em, too, when they get a chance. But how did yer find the cont," said Rob. "Back in Illinois "Yes, sir," answered Faith. "Is

about claim-jumpers?"

yer claim, an' thet's hurried yer back," "My claim! What do you mean?"

"Whar's yer men folks?" inquired

"I thought maybe ver'd heerd 'bout it 'fore now," said Jim, very inno-cently. "Wa-al, yer see yer claim has been kinder jumped-a family moved into yer shanty. They have, by ginger!"
"Do you mean to say that some low-

down sneak has dared to jump my claim while I've been gone?" he cried, a sudden flame of anger mounting to his bandsome face.

"Looks powerfully that way." returned Jim. "Seed a kivered wagon thar, an' smoke pourin' out o' yer

"Yer 'see, ma'am," explained Ike, "it seems plumb cur'ous like to see a chimney as we rid over hyer." With a quick stride Rob Wood walked out of the store, got his horse woman travelin' alone over this lone from the stable, where it had been ome kentry in sich weather. But I'll kept during his absence, and was soon tell yer wot Jim an' me'll do for yer. galloping away through the snowy that wheel over to ole Berger's shop

dusk of the early evening.

When he was beyond earshot of Miley's store the two conspirators went off into roars of laughter, after which they let the old store-keeper into their joke.

"It's a good one on Wood," said Miley, joining heartily in the laughter, 'an' calls for cigars at Rob's expense, don't it?" said Jim

"Exactly," agreed Ike.
"Good enough!" said Miley, as he handed out the box of his choicest

an' I reckon a cabin with a fire-place "Wonder if Rob won't git mad at us?" said Tke. campin' hyer in the wagon. Thar's a "No; a feller thet can give as good

okes as Rob can can take one on himolf," answered Jim Meantime, Rob Wood, his brain full from this storm," said Faith. "If the to heed the snow and the cutting northwest wind. One purpose ruled

his land at once. He rode into the persimmon thicket, where he left his horse out of the storm. Then he strode rapidly toward

"If they go out quietly there will be no trouble, but if they refuse to go-" He did not finish the sentence, but his eyes flashed threateningly. Little Bessie was alone at the cabin, Faith and Clint having gone to the dugout stable to make the mules com-

fortable for the night. The little girl was holding the door partly open, while she looked wonderingly upward at the vast descent of Rob Wood suddenly appeared before

her in the snow-covered path. 'Where's your pa, little girl?" asked Rob, as he pushed past her. "He's gone," answered Bessie, look-ing shyly at this abrupt visitor. "Gone! Where to?" he asked.

"Gone to Heaben," said the little ally, accompanied by a sound of lay and Jim Hancock, reached the girl, simply.

reaking timbers.

An involuntary cry of dismay general store, they tumbled the wheel self. "I didn't know claim-jumpers

gaunt and dust-blackened, was closing Then he glanced hastily around the com. There was his table bearing the remnants of a supper, while in an opposite corner a few boxes and some dding were stacked away.

"Well," he said, dryly, "it's very plain they have come to stay.' Besides, remembering how Faith yer blotchin'!" put in Ike. "We'll pay always treated her company, closed the door, and brought a chair up to

"Won't you have a seat an' warm?" and Ike hitched their ponies back of she asked, looking into the young

Then they started toward Miley's quickly, but the severe expression on store. Pausing before one of the windows, they peered within. Miley was as he gazed down into the pretty, intying up a package for a short, fat man nocent eyes of the tiny hostess. He with a ragged red woolen scarf around liked children, and, banishing for the his neck, while a solitary figure was time being the thought that some of warming at the stove in the back part her folks were doing him great unkindness in thus appropriating his Suddenly an exclamation burst from claim, he gave her a paper of mixed Jim, and he pointed toward the man by the stove:

| Addies sie's thanks when the door opened

and Faith entered the cabin. The eyes of Faith Haskins and Rob Wood met in one long, searching glance. She turned pale and leaned back against the door. Rob was himself at first too agitated to speak, Recovering himself, however, he approached the girl.

"Faith! Faith Haskins!" he cried. "Is it, indeed, you?"
"Yes, Rob," she managed to articulate. "I never expected to see you

She had a struggle to keep the tears back. The sight of Rob Wood had brought the past all back and made her feel strangely weak and unnerved.

"Come, Faith," said Rob, taking her hand with a touch that thrilled her, "sit down by the fire there and tell me all about your life since you left Illinois."

A few minutes later, when Clint came in, he found Bessic sitting coz-ily on the kuee of a fine-looking stranger by the fire-place, while Faith, in a chair opposite him, was

telling how they came to be there.

It was about two hours later when Ike and Jim returned with the mended wheel. They were somewhat surprised to find Rob at the covered wagon whistling away to himself, as if he was the happiest man on those

"Hello, Rob!" they called. "Wot of them claim-jumpers?"

"They've got possession and are going to keep it," he returned. Then Ike and Jim laughed and Rob

folks back yonder in Illinoy?"

"All well and happy," replied Rob kins, and I went to school together.

Wood. "But what's this you say our parents were near neighbors and we were lovers from childhood. But we were lovers from childhood. But "Oh, yes! I reckon yer heerd 'bout her father didn't think I was much account for auything but to twang a guitar or fiddle, so when he started to Nebraska with his family he told me and Rob Wood's blue eyes dilated frankly his objections and that I must not think of Faith. But I did think of her and went on loving her more than ever. I gave up my idle habits, taught school a few terms, then came here and took this timber claim, When I had a good home of my own to offer her I intended to hunt Faith's folks up and win her. It was chiefly to get on their track that I went back to my old home. From one of the neighbors I found out that Mr. and Mrs. Haskins were both dead and Faith was still unmarried. That's why I hurried back. I was going to make things a little more comfortable at my cabin. Then I was going up into Ne braska to find Faith. But a kind hand guided her to my cabin out of the storm, and neither she nor the children shall suffer for the comforts of this life as long as I am able to work for them. I am going to go with them to their uncle's ranch on the Arkansas River. But just as soon as Faith's visit there is finished she is coming back with me. You understand me, boys?"

"Wa-al, now, I'm not the dullest ole grub-hoe on these prairies, I reckon!" returned Ike, with a grin. - New York Ledger.

If the breath is tainted after eating nions, drink strong coffee noir, or chew coffee berries, or a stick of cinna mon, and wash the month out with camphor and myrrh. The following recipe can be used with great advan tage for unpleasant breath: Powdered charcoal, one part; white sugar, one part; chocolate, three parts; melt and of wrath at the unprincipled persons who had "jumped his claim." was lozenges. The teeth must always be mix together, and cat in the form of nearing his cabin. He was too angry kept perfectly clean, and should be well brushed with salt and charcoal every now and then. Ten drops of him-to order the claim-jumpers off myrrh in a glass of warm water should also be used to rinse out the mouth and to brush the teeth every few days. -New York World.

Bell of the Blue and the Gray. Chaplain Tuttle's historic bell hange in St. Mark's Church, Chicago, and is one of the seven wonders of the city. Tuttle was chaplain at Camp Douglass and through his efforts a chapel was built seating 600 people. The bell for the chapel was cast from the copper and silver coins contributed by garrison and prisoners of war at the camp in 1864. After the war Chaplain Tuttle founded St. Mark's Church, and the snow. The glow of the fire-place | the Government allowed him to hang fell upon her and made her look like a the bell of the blue and gray in the bound fairy. She gave a start as steeple .- New York Mail and Ex-

> Men Who Rowed Washington's Boat. When Washington crossed the Delavare on Christmas night, 1776, the boats which carried the men to meet the British were manned by twentytwo brave men from Beverly, Mass. In remembrance of the event their de scendants have just held anniversary exercises in their memory at the rooms of the Historical Society of that place.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Two Passions-Two Hard Cases-Two's Company - An Illustration - Wasting Good Money-A Wise Child-A Modern Education - Practical Finance, Etc.

A woman looks into a glass
Until she's faseInated;
A man looks in another kind
Till he's intoxicated.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"You have a hard case," said the

awyer.
"So did the safe," said the burglar,
"but I cracked it."—The Ledger.

An Illustration Husband-"That little Jones boy ems to be remarkably fond of cake. Wife-"Extremely! Why, he even

eats his mother's home-made cake!"-Two's Company.

Mr. Wilberforce-"What do you think of the third party, Miss Dim-Miss Dimling—"Oh, I always de-tested a chaperon."—Louisville Cour-

ier-Journal. Wasting Good Money. Charles Bragg- 'Yes, Miss Bright-ly, it costs me ten thousand a year to

Miss Brightly-"Oh, Mr. Bragg, do you think it's worth it?"-Boston

A Wise Child.

Mamma-"Ethel, what do you mean by shouting in that disgraceful fashon? See how quiet Willie is. Ethel-"Of course he's quiet. That's

our game. He's papa coming home late and I'm you." Practical Finance.

Jones—"They say our circulation is twenty-two dollars per capita. Now, you haven't twenty-two dollars, have Smith—"Yes; I have."

Jones—"Have you? Lend me five,
will you?"—Puck.

Proud Mother-"At last, my dear your education is finished, and you have diplomas from the highest seats

Cultured Daughter (wearily)-"Yes, and now I'm too old to marry."-New York Weekly.

of learning in the world.

Work of the String Band, Tourist-"What is that crowd over the wav?" Native-"That's our string band."

Tourist-"Preparing to give an enertainment, I suppose?" Native-"Yes; going over the river to lynch a horse thief."-Chicago

Columbus's Mistake. Teacher-"Did Columbus know that he discoverved a new continent?"

Class-"No; he thought it was Inthink he had found India?" Bright Boy - "I s'pose it was 'cause the inhabitants was Indians."-New

York Weekly. Why the Giraffe is Dumb. The children had written compositions on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At last the time came for little Willie to read

his. It was as follows: "The giraffe is a dumb animal and cannot express himself by any sound. because its neck is so long its voice gets tired on its way to its mouth."

From Little Willie. "I had an adventure the other evening, "said Miss Autumn to a neighbor on whom she was calling. "It was quite dark and I saw a strange man just

ahead of me and I ran until I was nearly exhausted. "And did the man get away from you?" asked little Willie, who was istening. - Chicago News.

He Knew the Hasisters. "What did that man want?" asked the druggist. "A pint of whisky," said the new

who was on trial for a week, "Did he have a prescription?"

'Well, what did you do?" "I wrote one for him. "Consider yourself permanently en-

gaged."-Cleveland Leader. Just Hit It. Thompson - "Something worrying you, Newman?"

Newman - "Forgotten what my vife ordered this morning. I reme ber that, at the time, I thought, 'Well, that's a sad subject.' What could it

have been?" Thompson - "Was it sad-irons?" Newman -- "That's just what it was -- three sad-irons!" -- Judge.

The New Girl. The typewriter girl is never discouraged. On answering an ad, the principal of the establishment said to

"I am very sorry, Miss, but you came too late. I have already engaged a young man stenographer. Well, introduce me to him. haps I can marry him, and then I can take his place," was the prompt responsee."—New York World.

Watson-"Now is your chance, old man, to get in on the ground floor of my new company. Stock is sure to be at a premium before the month is

Bjenks-"What's your scheme?" Watson-"Company organized to stand, by when the returning Klondikers shake the dust of Alaska from their feet, and gather up the dust, and smelt out the gold in it. "-Somerville GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART

RATES OF ADVERTISING

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices graits.

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

Job work—cash on delivere.

'Good-bye, Sweetheart!'
Long after we had parted, love,
The tender words rang in my ears;
They seemed to echo from the spheres
That suited upon us from above,
"Good-bye, Sweetheart!"

"Good-bye, Sweetheart!"
My soul forgot the surdid cares
Cresting the tide of time and chance;
I was the queen of love's romance,
And breathed but love's ambresial sirs,
'Good-bye, Sweetheart!"

"Good-bye, Sweetheart!" "Good-bye Sweetheart!"
Let fortune frown and fate alarm,
Let me be check by jow! with pain,
This precious phrase shall still zemain
An amulet to cheer and charm,
"Good-bye, Sweetheart!"
New York Home Journal,

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Why, Teddy, dear, what is the matter? Don't you like asparagus?"
"Yos, Mrs. Birchum, but the handles

are so hot!"--Trained Motherhood. Hattie-"Maude doesn't show her age at all, does she?" Ella-"No, but you can see where she scratched it out of the family Bible."—Chicago News. She-"Don't you think it is dangerous to cut mushrooms?" He—
"Not a bit of danger in it. The danger is in eating toadstools,"-Chicago

"Did you read about that mince pie ten feet in diameter, Mrs. Jones?' 'Yes; but I presume my husband's mother has made bigger ones."-Chicago Record.

Frances (aged six, who loves her kitty)—"Are you happy, mamma?" Mamma—"Yes, dear. Why?" Fran-ces (listening)—"I don't hear you purr!"-Harper's Bazar.

Edith-"She sings like a canary." Bertha-"Oh, no; a cauary begins to sing when people commence to talk; people commence to talk when she begins to sing."—Boston Transcript. "So old Blackstone, the lawyer, ob-

jected to your calling on his daughter last night, did he?" "Yes; but I fixed it all right. Asked for a stay, and it was granted."-Cincinnati Commer-She-"The Bicyle Gazette offers a prize for the best article on any sub-

ect connected with the wheel." He "Why not send in an essay on 'How to Mend a Wheel with a Hairpin?"-"I have had to quit playing chess with Tompkins." "Why?" "Well, he gets mad if I get interested and

beat him; and he gets mad if I get sleepy and let him beat me."-Chicago Record. Gallagher-"Me grandfather in the ould country had more money than he could count," Donahoo—"Oi have heard, bedad, that the old man could not count more thin tin."-Indiana-

polis Journal. "What do you mean," asked the city editor, "by comparing the air to frozen quinine?" "I meant to say," said the new reporter with proud humility, "that it was bitter cold."-Indianapolis Journal.

Hungry Higgins-"What do you think of this here football, anyway?" Weary Watkins-"There is something in it called a rush line, ain't they? 'Yaas." "Well, that ain't my line. -Indianoplis Journal.

"I asked the young woman in front of me to remove her big hat so I could see the stage." "Did she do it?" 'No; she said if she held her hat in her lap she couldn't see the stage herself."-Chicago Record. "Bridget, did you bring up that jar of blackberries I asked you to bring?" "I did, mem?" "You are

'Yes, mem; but I had to open a ja-ars befure I found them."-Chicago "I suppose I can have your vote for \$500," said the promoter. "Not much," replied the legislator. "My price is \$1000." "But last Monday you offered it to me for \$500."

sure they are blackberries, are you?"

well, that was bargain day."-Chicago Evening Post. "I doesn' reckon dat yoh's gwister get you all's pay fum dat ar concern, said the colored porter. "Why not?" asked the collector. "They have some "Yes, sur; doy has some. But dey isn' equal to dah unreliabili-

ties,"-Washington Star. The early bird gets caught by the milliner. Nature begins fools, and women finish them. Home is that dear place where we are not afraid to break crackers into our oyster soup. Talking is like riding a wheel; a man may know when to stop, but may not know how to stop, Chicago Resord,

Attacked by a Gray Engle.

While Peter Egelston was cutting railroad ties near Cascade, N. Y., he found the deserted nest of a gray eagle. While examining the nest and its contents he heard a loud noise, and suddenly the old eagle had struck him in the face with bill and claws, and, taking a circuit through the air, alighted on a tree about 200 yards distant, but in plain view of the nest.

Again the bird made an attack, aim ing at Egelston's head, but he avoided her, and she struck him on the arm, making a slight wound. She returned to her post of observation, but soan made a third attack when Egelston struck her with a club and brought her to the ground, where, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in killing her. She measured seven feet two inches

across the outstretched wings .- New

Dum-dum bullets work both ways n the Indian hontiers, as the Afridi tribesmen are blunting the bullet tips, too. The two pipers of the Gorde Highlanders, who distinguished themelves at Dargai, lost, one his leg, the other his foot, owing to the terrible splintering of the bone, caused by the "modified" Lee-Metford missiles