## The Forest Republican

Is published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK.

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

Terms, - 81.00 Per Year. He subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notics will be taken of anonymous communications.

Some people are trying to discover a redeeming trait in that little jabbering 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-earners, 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 Atistralia, 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 anxions 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 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 nuder consideration Mr. Mulball 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 consume 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 indystrial 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 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 schieved 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,

## FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXX. NO. 46. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1898.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

The mother rocks in the firelight,
The little one on her knees,
And her song and the glow of the embers
Steal through the shadows to me.
And I follow the highways of fancy
To a valley of long ago.
As the mother sings in the firelight,
Rocking to and fro.

In the heart of that suniii valley
Is a soloolhouse, 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,
Rocking 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 rines full and char.
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 io, as I lie here and listen,
The vision changes, and then
In the heart of a "love lit" valley
She is singing that song agaia.
And I catch in the face of our baby
The features I used to know.
As the mother sings in the firelight,
Booking to and fro.
—Albert Bigelow Paine.

<del>ĬĸŴŎĸŎĸŎĸŎĸŎĸŴĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸĸ</del> THE CLAIM-JUMPERS.

By AD. H. GIBSON,



mally, as the lank, rough-coated gray mules dragged it along over the bitterly. frozen prairie road. The har-

bination of ropes and well-worn straps, whose rough edges had here and there rubbed off patches of hair from the animals' thin sides and sharp

On the front seat of the wagon sat a girl, with the lines in her hands. She looked to be about nineteen. A mass of dark-gold curis surmounted hem shapely head; her eyes were bright hazel in color, and the breath of the chill wind that crept up under the old wagon cover gave a vivid tinting

to her pretty cheeks.

"Faith, how much farther is it to
Uncle Ethan's?" asked a slender boy of ten, who occupied a low bench by the small stove, that stood almost in

the small stove, that stood almost in the centre of the wagon-bed.

"A long ways yet, dear," answered the fair driver. "More than a hun-dred miles, I should say."

"I'm gettin' most awful tired," murmured Bessie, a curly-headed mite, little more than five years old, as she nestled in the folds of a huge bufful robe year her hysther. buffalo robe near her brother.

"We are all getting tired out, Bessie," 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 poor shelter from the cold."

As she spoke she cast her eyes 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 Australian colonies which are now ready to enter the union cover 2,300. 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.

Almost a year ago Faith Haskins

father had died, leaving her alone on 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 spair. children left to her care. Besides cultivating a small piece of ground If yer willin' to trust us, we'll tote with Clint's help, she had managed to that wheel over to ole Berger's shop teach a short term of school in the winter. But it had taken nearly all she made to pay the doctor's bills and expenses. mother's brother, Ethan Bartley, who lived on a cattle ranch in Southwestern Kansas, 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 their home with him.

Very gladly Faith accepted the offer from Uncle Ethan, 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. that part of Nebraska would have been happy to have married the girl, but she cared for none of them.

point a little south of the centre of Kansas, and were pressing on toward Uncle Ethan's ranch as fast as the jaded mules could drrw them. Faith was anxious to reach their destination, as the school near her uncle's home

was waiting for her. It was a lonely and desolate sight that met the girl's eyes as they moved 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 seen nestling in the rank dead grass.

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 crooked 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 giade, 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

HE wagon was old and saw that one of the wheels was and creaked dis-"Oh, Faith! What will we do now?"

> view the wreck. Bessie began to cry "Never mind, dears," said Faith,

cried Clint, as he hurried forward to

bravely. "We can get the wheel mended somewhere."

She climbed out of the unfortunate wagon and with Clint's assistance began unhitching the team. Bessie, with tear-wet face, watched them from under the canvas-cover.

The snow storm was increasing in power and the icy wind blew the flakes through the long, dead grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

As the mules were led from the wagon the sound of approaching hoofs came through the snow-laden air and the next instant two men mounted on sturdy ponies reined in near the broken vehicle. They were men of about thirty, bearded, bronzed and clad in the rough garb usually worn by plainsmen. Broad-brimmed hats covered their heads and a brace of heavy revolvers was stuck into their wide

To one unaccustomed to the dress and manners of plainsmen the sudden appearance of these men might have 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

Barclay, dismounting from his pony. "Had a break-down, I see. Bad job!" he remarked, examining the broken

"Yes, sir," answered Faith. "Is there a place near here where I can get the wheel mended?"

"Wa-al, thar's ole Berger's blacksmith shop over by Pete Miley's store, but it's plumb three mile from hyer,' replied Ike.

Faith looked troubled. "Whar's yer men folks?" inquired Ike, glancing around.

are no men with us," returned Faith. '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 Arkansas River in this State.'

"Wa al, I'll be switched!" exclaimed Jim, growing a little red in the face, as he quickly reminded him-self that he was in the presence of a

'it seems plumb cur'ous like to see a woman travelin' alone over this lone some kentry in sich weather. But I'll tell yer wot Jim an' me'll do for yer. an' git him to fix it up for yer.'

"I hate to trouble you so much," said Faith. "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

soon had the wagon propped up and the broken wheel removed. Turning to Faith, Jim said: "Ma'am

it's goin' to be rough weather to-night, an' I reckon a cabin with a fire-place would be right smart better than campin' hyer in the wagon. Thar's a good cabin beyond thet patch o' tim ber belongs to afriend o' ourn-achap who's visitin' his ole home in Illinov Yer welcome to take the kids an' camp thar, if yer will,"

'I'd be very thankful for shelter from this storm," said Faith. "If the

owner wouldn't care-"He's not one o' them kind-this friend o' ourn in Illinoy. He's openhearted 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, tightly daubed with lime and sand. There was a snug fire-place in one corner and the room contained atable, four chairs and a bed. The deer rifle thrown across antlers above the door. and a man's old straw hat, a coat and blue jeans overalls on pegs near the head of the bed proclaimed the fact

that the owner must be a bachelor. Jim soon made a roaring fire on the open hearth. Then, after he sud Ike had transferred such things as Faith needed from the wagon to the cabin, away, carrying the crippled wheel between them. They assured Faith that they would fetch it back that night.

gully, accompanied by a sound of breaking timbers.

An involuntary cry of dismay escaped the driver as she leaned out to the ground, just as Berger, tall, went there!"

An involuntary cry of dismay exercises in their memory at the rooms of the Historical Society of that place.

gaunt and dust-blackened, was closing 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

"We want this wheel mended up right away to-night!"

"Yes, an' do a good job—none o' yer blotchin'!" put in Ike. "We'll pay yer when ye finish."

Berger took the wheel and set to work immediately to repair it. Jim and Ike hitched their ponies back of the shop, where they were out of the keen wind.

Then they started toward Miley's "Well," he said, dryly, "it's very plain they have come to stay."

Besides, remembering how Faith always treated her company, closed the door, and brought a chair up to the fire-place.

"Won't you have a seat an' warm?" she asked, looking into the young man's handsome face.

"No, little one," he answered quickly, but the severe expression on

tying up a package for a short, fat man with a ragged red woolen scarf around his neck, while a solitary figure was warming at the stove in the back part

Suddenly an exclamation burst from Jim, and he pointed toward the man by the stove: '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, handsome 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?"

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

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

"We'll do it, by jimson!" he ex-claimed. "It won't hurt thet leetle woman, and it will pay Rob back for 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.

What's the news?" he asked.

"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 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 lately-an' wantin' timber claims, an' jumpin' 'em, too, when they get a chance. But how dell yer find the folks back yonder in Illinoy?"

"'All well and happy," replied Rob Wood. "But what's this you say

about claim-jumpers?" "Oh, yes! I reckon yer heerd 'bout

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

widely. "I thought maybe yer'd heerd 'bont 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 handsome face.
"Looks powerfully thet way," re-

turned Jim. "Seed a kivered wagon thar, an' smoke pourin' out o' yer chimney as we rid over hyer.

With a quick stride Rob Wood walked out of the store, got his horse from the stable, where it had been kept during his absence, and was soon galloping away through the snowy

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 "Wonder if Rob won't git mad at us?" said Ike.

"No; a feller that can give as good jokes as Rob can can take one on him- tage for unpleasant breath: Powdered elf," answered Jim. Meantime, Rob Wood, his brain full

of wrath at the unprincipled persons mix together, and eat in the form of who had "jumped his claim." was lozenges. The teeth must always be who had "jumped his claim." was lozenges. The teeth must always be nearing his cabia. He was too angry kept perfectly clean, and should be to heed the snow and the cutting well brushed with salt and charcoal northwest wind. One purpose ruled him-to order the claim-jumpers off myrrh in a glass of warm water should his land at once.

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 one of the seven wonders of the city. his eyes flashed threateningly. is eyes flashed threateningly.

Little Bessle was alone at the cabin, and through his efforts a chapel was Faith and Clint having gone to the built seating 600 people. The bell for lugout stable to make the mules com- the chapel was cast from the copper fortable for the night.

The little girl was holding the door partly open, while she looked wonder-Rob Wood suddenly appeared before press. 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

Then he glanced hastily around the coom. There was his table bearing the remnants of a supper, while in an opposite corner a few boxes and some

edding were stacked away.
"Well," he said, dryly, "it's very

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 be gazed down into the pretty, innocent eyes of the tiny hostess. liked children, and, bauishing for the time being the thought that some of her folks were doing him great unkindness in thus appropriating his claim, he gave her a paper of mixed candies, which he had bought at Miley's. He had just received Bes-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 again. 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 un-"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

A few minutes later, when Clint came in, he found Bessie sitting coz-ily on the knee 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 sur-prised 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

joined in heartily. "Well, boys, you've had your joke and now I'll tell you how it's turned out," said Rob. "Back in Illinois this brave little woman, Faith Haskins, and I went to school together. Our parents were near neighbors and we were lovers from childhood. But her father didn't think I was much account for auything but to twang s 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 brasks 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

If the breath is tainted after eating onions, drink strong coffee noir, or chew coffee berries, or a stick of cinnamon, and wash the mouth out with camphor and myrrh. The following recipe can be used with great advancharcoal, one part; white sugar, one part; chocolate, three parts; melt and every now and then. Ten drops of also be used to rinse out the mouth He rode into the persimmon thicket, and to brush the teeth every few days. -New York World.

Bell of the Blue and the Gray. Chaplain Tuttle's historic bell hangs in St. Mark's Church, Chicago, and is and silver coins contributed by garrison and prisoners of war at the partly open, while she looked wonder-ingly upward at the vast descent of 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 snow bound fairy. She gave a start as steeple.—New York Mail and Ex-

> When Washington crossed the Delaware on Christmas night, 1776, the boats which carried the men to meet the British were manned by twentytwo brave men from Beverly, Mass. In

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Company - An Illustration - Wasting Good Money-A Wise Child-A Modern Education - Practical Finance, Etc.

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

"You have a hard case," said the

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

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

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-ty, it costs me ten thousand a year to

Miss Brightly-"Oh, Mr. Bragg, do

on think it's worth it?"-Boston

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.

A Modern Education. Proud Mother—"At last, my dear your education is finished, and you have diplomas from the highest seats of learning in the world.

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

Work of the String Band, Tourist-"What is that crowd over he way?" Native-"That's our string band," Tourist-"Preparing to give an en-

tertainment, I suppose?"
Native—"Yes; going over the river to lynch a horse thief."—Chicago Columbus's Mistake.

Teacher--"Did Columbus know that he discoveryed a new continent?' Class--"No; he thought it was In-Teacher—"Correct. Why did think he had found India?" Bright Boy - "I s'pose it was 'cause

York Weekly. Why the Giraffe is Dumb. The children had written composi-tions on the giraffe. They were read-ing 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." "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 listening. - Chicago News.

He Knew the Business. "What did that man want?" asked the druggist. "A pint of whisky," said the new erk, 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 engaged."-Cleveland Leader.

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

Newman — "Forgotten what my wife ordered this morning. I remember that, at the time, I thought, 'Well,

that's a sad subject.' Thompson — "Was it sad-irons?"
Newman — "That's just what it was
—three sad-irons!"—Judge.

The typewriter girl is never dis-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 prempt 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 Klon-dikers shake the dust of Alaska from their feet, and gather up the dust, and smelt out the gold in it. - Somerville

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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

"Good-bye, Sweetheart?"
My soul lorget the sordid cares
Creating the tide of time and chance;
I was the queen of love's romance,
And breathed but love's ambrocial airs,
"Good-bye, Sweetheart!"

"Good-bye, Sweetheart!" "Good-bye, Sweetheart!"
Let fortune frown and fate alarm,
Let me be cheek by jowl with pain,
This precions 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 asparague?"
"Yes, 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 dan-

erous to eat mushrooms?" He-"Not a bit of danger in it. The danger is in eating toadstools,"-Chicago "Did you read about that minee 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?" Frances (listening)—"I don't hear you purr!"—Harper's Bazar.

Edith-"She sings like a canary." Bertha-"Oh, no; a capary begins to sing when people commence to talk; people commence to talk when she be-gins 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 subject 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

ould country had more money than he could country had more money than he could count." Donahoo—"Oi have heard, bedad, thot the old man could not count more thin tin."—Indianapolis Journal. "What do you mean," asked the city editor, "by comparing the air to frozen quinine?" "I meant to say,"

Gallagher-"Me grandfather in the

said the new reporter with proud humility, "that it was bitter cold."-Indianapolis Journal. Hungry Higgins-"What do you 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 sure they are blackberries, are you?" "Yes, mem; but I had to open a dozen ja-ars befure I found them."—Chicago Tribune. "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." well, that was bargain day."-Chicago Evening Post, "I doesn' reckon dat yoh's gwiater get you all's pay fum dat ar concern," said the colored porter. "Why ret?" asked the collector. "They have some assets." "Yes, sur; dey has some, But dey isn' equal to dah unreliabili-ties."—Washington Star.

The early bird gets caught by the Nature begins fools, and milliner. women finish them. Home is that lear 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 Record,

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, ain ing at Egelston's head, but he avoided her, and she struck him on the arm, making a slight wound, to her post of observation, but soon 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 eross the outstretched wings .- New York Press.

The Terrible Dum-Dum Bullets. Dum-dum bullets work both ways on the Indian frontiers, as the Afridi tribesmen are blunting the bullet tips, too. The two pipers of the Gordon Highlanders, who distinguished themselves at Dargui, lost, one his leg, the other his foot, owing to the terrible aplintering of the bone, caused by the "modified" Lee-Metford missiles

each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

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

Job work—cash on delivery. GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART