

No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXXI. NO. 2. TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1898. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$1.00. One square, one inch, one month, \$3.00. One square, one inch, three months, \$7.50. One square, one inch, one year, \$24.00. Two squares, one inch, one year, \$36.00. Quarter Column, one year, \$18.00. Half Column, one year, \$27.00. One Column, one year, \$36.00. Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion. Marriages and death notices gratis. All bills for year's advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance. Job work—cash on delivery.

The paying outlook in the Klondike ocean transportation business is that the steamships will catch about as many coming out of the country as they take in.

Ought a schoolmistress to go to her school on a bicycle? This is the question the Paris Municipal Council has had to decide, and its decision is in the negative.

Washington society has decided that it is good form to be patriotic, and is really making a fad of the sentiment, according to W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record.

An Austrian engineer claims to have discovered that sea water can be made drinkable by forcing it through a tree trunk. This being the case, all that thirsty shipwrecked seafarers need to do is to make for the first forest and strain the brine through the trees.

Day by day it appears more probable, announces the New York Tribune, that the richest Yukon gold fields will be found on the Alaska side of the boundary line. But that is only another argument for definitely marking that line at the earliest possible date.

It is gratifying to the American Cultivator to note that none of the South American republics side with Spain in her attempts to crush Cuba. They are Spaniards in origin, but all remember too well the oppressions to which their countries were subjected while still colonies of Spain.

The following, from the London Daily News, is, in the opinion of the St. Louis Star, a true indication of the estimation in which Spain is held by all civilized nations. "Spain can expect no support, moral or otherwise, from England against the United States. She has ruined Cuba, as she has ruined or lost every other colony, by the grossest corruption, cruelty and maladministration; and she must be left to settle the account for it with those whom it may concern, without any aid or sympathy on our part."

In answer to an inquiry W. E. Curtis, the well-known Washington correspondent, states that the purchase of Alaska is supposed to have been an acknowledgment of Federal obligations to Russia for placing a fleet at the disposal of President Lincoln during the dark period of the Civil War, although there is no official record of that fact. The late Secretary Seward made such an intimation a great many times, and all of the other statesmen of the country who were familiar with the inside affairs of the Government at that date occur in the opinion.

Instances are multiplying of the survival of human beings after injuries to vital organs which hitherto were considered fatal. The latest case of this kind is reported from Birmingham, N. Y., where a chicken thief shot himself in the head. The man remained unconscious for a week, and the surgeons said his death was a matter of time only. Finally, his right eye bulged out, and it was removed by an operation. With the eye came a thirty-two-calibre bullet, which had been in the man's brain for six weeks. He is on the way to recovery.

Warfare has become an exact science. It is no longer a question of brute force. A thousand men with modern arms and projectiles could resist 100,000 such as fought the battle of Waterloo. The big coast guns are handled like telescopes, and require a mathematical calculation before they are discharged as complicated as that which determines the altitude of a star; and while there are millions of farmer boys and clerks in country stores who would willingly offer their lives in defence of their country, they would be helpless until trained in a modern fortification or upon a battleship.

Since his return from abroad General Miles has made some changes in his full-dress uniform which make it handsomer and more conspicuous. About the sleeves and collar of the coat a conventional design of oak leaves is embroidered in gold, and this design again appears upon the belt, which is of Russian leather piped with gold bullion. The epaulettes have been laid aside for the fat and more modern shoulder-knots characteristic of the Russian uniforms. They bear the coat-of-arms of the United States and two stars indicative of the rank of a major-general. A scarf of gold is worn draped from the right shoulder to the left side, and no handsomer or more soldierly figure passed in review before the President at the first official reception of the season.

A SONG IN THE STRIFE. Far out through the mists of the Now, in the hilly-loved regions of Then, Are the hills of the After Awhile, The lights and the shadows lie soft as sleep in the overworked eyes of men— On the hills of the After Awhile, The day is as deathless as truth and love; unheard is the sound of no more The music of lutes ring out, responding to joy's encore— Now fall on the ears entranced, now faint on the tropical shore, And the hills of the After Awhile, The hills of the After Awhile, God fashioned them out of the loss of the pleasures of Paradise— The hills of the After Awhile— He gladden the spirit that tires of the world—the world and its tear-laden sighs— The tears of the After Awhile, O, fresh as the smile of a friend, when the patience of hearts seems vain; As bright as a steadfast splendour aglow in despite of the rain; As dear as the eyes we have loved, come back in a dream again— Are the hills of the After Awhile, The hills of the After Awhile, —Will T. Hall, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

STORY OF FANCHON.

By HELEN BEEKMAN.

URELY the moon never witnessed so rare, so strange, a sight as that which its own rays served to produce. On a desolate space of land, a short distance from a forlorn hut, where it cast its brightest beams, a young girl of some fifteen summers, the only figure in the solitary landscape, waved aloft her arms as she danced merrily to and fro, singing aloud to her own shadow, now here, now there, now everywhere, tossing back the luxuriant hair, which fell in unkempt profusion over her face, the moon revealing it, lit by a pair of large, dark eyes, almost elfish in their brightness.

"You're here again!" she said to the shadow, stopping suddenly in her song. "I'm so glad to see you. Are you going to the festival to-morrow? Why do you always come to me in the moonlight? See, this is a new dance I have learned. Stop a minute; don't do just what I do. Are you his? What's that?" A sound of weeping breaking upon her delicately attuned ear, as turning quickly she discovered a lad some few years her senior seated on a stone, crying bitterly.

"Ah, it's you, Claude, and what's the matter? What brings you to the old witch's cottage at this hour of the night?" "I have lost my way," the boy answered, "and I am cold and hungry and unhappy. Fritz don't love me any more. He's in love with the lawyer's daughter, the belle of the village, and he don't care any more for me."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the girl, mockingly. "So your handsome twin brother is in love, and you are so unhappy that you must needs wander off to the witch's door. Take care, Claude. She'll look at you with the evil eye, or if she don't I will, and I'm her grandchild. I've inherited it."

"Don't Fanchon, don't!" the boy answered. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" "Do? Go home! My, what a time there'll be, the whole country searching for you. That's the way up over the bridge. You can't mistake it. I will take you part of the road, and— if you are very hungry—drawing a piece of dry bread from her pocket—"take this. I'm not hungry at all. Oh, no; of course not,—(aside)—it's only my supper, shadow. I don't want it; I never eat dry bread; oh, no; but, see here, Claude, in future leave my chickens alone."

"There, shadow, he's gone now. I've left him on the hill. It's well for him. Granny didn't see him. She would beat me, shadow, if she knew I played with you."

"Fanchon!" Her name caused her to start. It was Fritz, Claude's twin brother, the wealthy farmer's other son, who stood beside her. "Well!" she answered, jeeringly. "I have come to see your grandmother, Fanchon, to ask her to help me. She hates my father, I well know, but gold is gold, and I hope this will tempt her to disclose for me my brother's hiding-place. He left home yesterday, foolishly jealous of me, and we can find no trace of him."

"So you come to the witch in your need, do you? Perhaps, Mr. Fritz, you need not go so far. Perhaps, Mr. Fritz, Fanchon, what do you mean? Can you tell me where he is? But show me and I will do for you anything in the world."

"But with the world turned upside down, surely when the great man's son is asking favors of the witch's grandchild, Fanchon the despised, Fanchon whom even the village children laugh and jeer at; Fanchon—" but the voice a moment before so mocking held sound of tears, and there was supplicating moisture in the bright eyes as her hand dashed across them, and she once more began her grotesque dance in the moonlight.

"So your brother Claude has gone, eh?" she continued, with regained possession, "and you want to know his whereabouts. Look for him, Mr. Fritz. Perhaps you'll find him. I don't think Granny will help you."

"But you will, Fanchon, if you can. Here, take this gold and tell me!" With imperious gesture, worthy a princess in her kingdom, she waved the money bag.

"Take your gold!" she said. "Even gold, Fritz Glenroy, would not buy me. Yes, I know where your brother is. You said a moment ago you would give me anything I asked. Give me your word to grant my first request, wherever made, and I will lead you to him!"

edge dawned upon her, it but showed more plainly how apart her life was from others. Something of this she told Fritz, as they strolled forth one evening, the same moon so quietly looking upon them which and that night witnessed her strange dance. A moment's silence followed; then he took and clasped her hand within his own.

"Fanchon," he said, "you are not alone, as you suppose! Look!" as they stood beside a clear lake. "What does the shadow in the water tell you, dear? That you have grown beautiful? Can it not also tell you that, as once you asked me to grant you one request, so now I ask in turn of you. But, darling, it is yourself; you who first taught me to be a man; who first showed me the path of honor. Fanchon, will you give yourself to me—will you be my wife?"

The dark eyes were raised bewilderingly to his, her heart beating so fast, so loud, she clasped her little hand convulsively upon it as she spoke: "Your parents! What would they say? Ah, Fritz, they called my poor old grandmother a witch because she learned the secrets of the herbs, and sold them as medicines; but she left me only a legacy of shame."

"You shall ask you, darling; they shall seek you. You shall enter no hall uninvited; but if they add their entreaties to mine, Fanchon, what will then be your answer?" "Oh, Fritz, I should die of too much happiness!"

But joy rarely kills, and even as Fritz had said, their boy's happiness was nearest the parents' hearts. Even Claude forgot his jealousy and added his prayers. So, in the summer time, the village church was crowded with happy faces, as Fritz received from his own father's hands poor little Fanchon, rich at last.—New York Ledger.

The Demand For Horses. This country in 1897 exported 39,533 horses and 7473 mules, the total value of which was \$5,314,000, making a rather important item of foreign trade. The exports of horses have increased over fivefold since 1893. There were ever as many as 5000 sent abroad prior to that year. The increase is due to the decline in the value of horses in this country resulting from their displacement by cables and electricity on street car lines, and the general depression in the country. There is, undoubtedly, a surplus of horses in the United States and probably this will continue, so that exports are likely to go on increasing. The agricultural department is doing all it can to open foreign markets for American horses. There is no doubt that horses can be raised in this country as cheaply as anywhere else in the world, and every country which needs to import horses ought to get its chief supply from the United States. The average farm value of horses is barely half what it was five years ago. It is rather strange that prices of horses have not advanced in the past six months, especially in Kansas, where there certainly is a greater demand for them, and less disposition among farmers to sell them. The increased profits of farming ought to have the effect of greatly reducing the number of horses for sale.—Kansas City Star.

A New Life-Belt. Swimmers are generally very suspicious with regard to life-belts, for unless these contrivances are well made and properly adjusted they are positively dangerous in use. Some are so bulky that they impede all action. This defect certainly applies to the cork waistscoats adopted by the National Lifeboat Institution, and it will be remembered that in the recent fatal capsizing of a lifeboat at Margate the men had not donned their corks on this very ground. A new kind of belt—known as the Louisa float—is described and illustrated in a French journal; and it has the appearance of a conger eel with conical ends. Made of sheet rubber, it passes round the neck, across the chest and round the waist, and can be inflated in one minute by the mouth; and its weight is about one pound. The life-belt is float is flexible, light and easily placed in position. It can be worn without inconvenience, and is designed, among other purposes, for the use of swimming schools.—Chambers's Journal.

Syrup For Sore Throat. A soothing preparation for an ordinary sore throat is a lemonade made without the addition of water. Grate the rind from one and squeeze the juice from two lemons over two heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar. Be very careful to grate only the yellow, as the white gives a bitter flavor. Add the juice and grated rind of an orange, a blood orange making it even more delicious. Let this stand ten to fifteen minutes and then strain through a cloth. This result is a syrup with a refreshing and delicious taste. More sugar can be used, but the sooner the mixture is the better it assuages the thirst or irritation in the throat.—New York World.

Glass Umbrellas. It is rumored that before long glass umbrellas will be in general use—that is, umbrellas covered with the new spun glass cloth. These, of course, will afford no protection from the rays of the sun, but they will possess one obvious advantage—namely, that they can be held in front of the face when meeting the wind and rain, and at the same time the user will be able to see that he does not run into unoffending individuals or lampposts.

Buttons For New York Police. The New York police, 7500 men, are to have new uniforms, and each one will require for his two uniforms and overcoat seventy-eight buttons. This means 585,000 buttons, or four tons of brass.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Spring Fishing.—The Most Pleasant One—Financial Revenge.—Softening the Blow.—Bard to Please.—Literally True.—Both to Go It Alone.—The Real Thing, Etc. The angler soon will lie in wait To tempt the trout with flies. Meanwhile, if he is up to date, He'll eke revamp his lies. —Philadelphia Record.

That spring is here Doth not appear To me by growing barn-yard cackle, Its proofs I find In that my mind Unconscious turns to fishing tackle. —Boston Courier.

The Most Pleasant One.—Inquiring Friend.—"Which is the best route to the Klondike?"—Returning Klondiker (hoarsely)—"The one coming home!"—Puck.

Softening the Blow.—Madeline (indignantly)—"He said I was an old flame of his? The idea!"—Julia (soothingly)—"Oh! I don't think he meant that you were old at that time."—Puck.

Both to Go It Alone.—"I should have thought that Bagley would get a tandem for himself and wife instead of two single wheels."—"Oh, no; Bagley has been married sixteen years."—Judge.

Financial Revenge.—"They say that war scares make trade good."—"Yes, when my wife gets mad at me she goes downtown and spends every cent she can lay her hands on."—Detroit Free Press.

Literally True.—"Hello, old man," exclaimed his friend; "how's business?"—"Well," replied the poet, as he thought of the unbroken succession of rejected manuscripts, "just at present it's a case of small profits and quick returns."—New York Journal.

Proof Positive.—"Do you believe there is really anything in phrenology?"—"I do. I had my head examined by a phrenologist once, and the moment he came to my first bump he told me that my wife used an old-fashioned rolling-pin."—Cleveland Leader.

Hard to Please.—"I remember your wife as such a dainty and pretty little thing, Humby, and yet they tell me she has turned out a fine cook?"—"Turned out a fine cook? She has turned out half a dozen of them within the last three weeks."—Detroit Free Press.

The Arizona Way.—Stranger—"Do the officers of the law here strictly attend to their duties?"—Arizona Al—"They haf to. Suspended the Sheriff for letting a boss thief escape."—Stranger—"From office?"—Arizona Al—"No—from a tree."—New York Journal.

The Real Thing.—Author—"How do you like my new play?"—Critic—"It's simply great. The robbery in the third act is the most realistic piece of work I ever saw go on the stage."—Author (pleased)—"Do you really think so?"—Critic—"Of course, I do. Why, even the words spoken by the thieves are stolen."—Chicago Daily News.

A Generous Fox.—It was not to be. The gods and she had determined otherwise. He was persistent. She was firm. Yet kind. "And it is goodly?" he said. "Yes." "And we are to part?" "Yes." "Forever?" She hesitated. "No," she answered, slowly; "you may make it longer, if you wish."—Life.

Making Business.—The proprietor of the shoe shop sat on a packing case and looked enviously at the rival establishment across the way. "I wonder why it is that he is getting all the business," he said. "He has gone over his entire stock," explained the clerk, who had taken the trouble to investigate the matter, "and has renumbered the sizes. As a result a woman who ordinarily wears a No. 3 shoe can be fitted with a No. 2 in his store."

Then, of course, it was apparent why nine out of every ten women in town absolutely refused to patronize any one else.—Chicago Post.

Internal Evidence.—Lawyer Sharpsett found he would be unable to go home in time for supper. His typewriter girl having quit for the afternoon, he sat down to the machine himself and succeeded, after half an hour's work, in evolving the following note, which he sent to his wife by a messenger boy: at the Office 5—30p.m. Dear m'lLi e: I shall not be xxxxxxxx at home this evening until vrey veryxxxxx late do not wait fr meA A clien t w ho has Acclint with whoM I have an apointment is xxxxxxxx coming to consult with me & it will take al all againxxxxxxevening your loving husband J. Hiram wote it.

"I know Hiram wrote it," exclaimed Mrs. Sharpsett after she had read it. "Those x's are where he swore."—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A municipal council in France has ordered its proceedings to be reported by phonograph.

We cannot see the sun itself, we see only the cloud or vapor shell that covers it, like the mantle of a Welsh-burner.

It is announced that Italian experiments on vegetable life with Roentgen rays have shown that the effect is identical with that of sunlight.

The Belgium Government is contemplating the establishment of an overhead single-rail between Brussels and Antwerp. It is expected that a speed of about ninety miles an hour will be obtained.

Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington, has recently improved the performance of the microscope, and it is now possible for the human eye to see an object magnified 3,000,000 times. Heretofore 10,000 has been the limit.

Four of the Montana willows, with one from the island of Unalaska, are the smallest shrubs of Salicaceae in the world. One of these growing often only half an inch high, is believed to be the smallest species of willow ever known.

If the land surface of the globe were divided and allotted in equal shares to each of its human inhabitants, it would be found that each would get a plot of twenty-three and one-half acres, but much of it would not be worth having.

The sun consists of three parts, the central portion, or nucleus, which is gaseous, but rendered viscous under the enormous pressure and high temperature, the photosphere of incandescent metallic vapors, and the corona, which is only observable during the time of total eclipse.

Dr. George Ardin Stockwell says that the danger of rabies to any one human being is only as one in a million, and that in fifty-five years, during which he has examined every case reported as occurring in North America, as thoroughly as possible, he has not been able to find a single one that was not open to the gravest suspicion as to error.

M. Phisalix announced to the Academie des Sciences, Paris, some time ago, that cholesterol injected into the blood of animals made them resist the venom of vipers. Donbts were thrown on his results, because he had used cholesterol of animal origin. Since then he has repeated his experiments with crystallized cholesterol extracted from carrots, and found it as effective as that from animals. Moreover, he has obtained similar results with crystallized tyrosine extracted from the dahlia and even with the sap of the dahlia.

A Fascinating Island.—"Of all fascinating places under the sun," said a gentleman who has traveled much, "the island of Tahiti, one of the Society Islands, is the most fascinating. In that country, a little earth lost in a vast ocean, nature has done everything to make indolent souls happy. The climate is temperate and even all the year round, the vegetation is luxuriant, the women beautiful and the nights, full of perfume and mystical light, stir the most practical mind to love of meditation and dreaming. The influence of this dreamy, lazy life is very insidious. It is not necessary to work, as the island furnishes food without the labor of tillage. I know a number of Americans and French who have gone there for a visit, and have become so enraptured with the languorous existence that, like the visitors to lotus land, they lie down and forget friends, home, ambition and everything. I remember how I used to feel the influence steal upon me. Many a time I wished earnestly to cast my lot with those languorous people. I can look back now and see myself as I lay one night against a cocoanut tree in a sort of ecstasy of meditation. Overhead was a sky bright with a million stars. Sounds came to me in a strange fashion, blending into a murmur. A short distance away a group of natives, girls and men, were shouting the rhythmic chant of the upupa dance. I thought of myself on this little isle, with ocean on every side and New Orleans so many miles distant. Nothing seemed real to me but that spot in which one could hear indistinctly the chant of the singers and the sobbing of the waves; a mysterious charm possessed me."—Mexican Herald.

Rosy Was Very Homelick.—Dr. J. A. Smith, a Washab physician, cures a well-defined case of a homelick cow. The doctor two weeks ago bought a fine milker from a Washab County farmer. She was brought in and placed in his stable, but from the first day refused to eat, and spent the days and nights in melancholy loving. She the first day or two gave an abundance of milk, but soon afterward became "dry," and the doctor became fearful she would die. Day before yesterday he returned her to the farmer. She appeared overjoyed to get back to the old home, began to eat voraciously, and is again giving milk. The doctor attributes it all to homelickness.—Indianapolis News.

Great Britain's Blast Furnaces.—The number of blast furnaces built in the United Kingdom to December 31, 1897, was 659, of which 382 were in operation. On September 30th last there were 375 furnaces in blast out of 474 built; on June 30th, 380 out of 682; on March 31st, 379 out of 683, and on December 31, 1896, 372 in blast out of 685 built. The list, as usual, includes a number of old furnaces which will never be put in blast again.

Polyglot Russia.—Sixty languages are spoken in the empire governed by the Czar of Russia.

LOVE'S PROMISE.

Across the main, and far away, Where the river joins the sea, Where blows the breeze at break of day, My true love waits for me; His brow is sad, his eyes are sweet, And his heart both brave and true, O, when my love shall see me here, My lonely self and you!

"Ah, maid most dear," his lips reply, In the north land far away, "We never shall meet till eternity Breaks through life's cloudy day; We never may take love's last adieu, Ere Death begins his flight, But I, for aye, will still be true, And so, my love, good night." —Johnson McClure Bellows, in the Ledger.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Were you born in a foreign country, Mr. Jones?" "No, I was born in my native land!"

Teacher—"What can you tell me about the rabbit?" Pupil—"Its left hind-foot is lucky."—Puck.

The early bird which has such excellent qualities is not the one you eat at two o'clock in the morning.

In almost every case of marriage one of the parties in time looks the rabbit to the other's wolf.—Arlinson Globe.

The Able Editor (ironically)—"Is this poetry?" Contributor—"Didn't I begin each line with a capital letter?"—Boston Traveler.

"Yes, there is plenty of room at the top, 'tis true," said the parental fish to its offspring; "but I'd advise you to stay down where you are."

Willie—"Miss Dollie, you are looking like a full-blown rose." Dollie Footlites—"Gowan! You're just blowing."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

"Fannie has such a sweet new bonnet." "Yes, Fannie has charming talent for making things over."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Old Mr. Surplice—"I hope you object to dancing on religious grounds?" Young Miss Featherstitching—"Oh, no; only on unwaxed floors."—Roxbury Gazette.

"Poverty," said Uncle Eben, "am like riches in one respect. Whether it's any disgrace or not depends a heap on how you happens to git dar."—Washington Star.

Miss Gushington—"I, too, Herr Sleveski, should like to become a great violinist. What is the first thing to do?" Herr Sleveski—"Learn to play."—Harlem Life.

Owing to the death of my wife, a seat on my tandem is vacant. Candidates for the seat may send in their names to Scorchler, in care of this paper.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Teacher—"What do you know about the early Christians?" Tommy—"Our girl is one of 'em. She gets up in the morning and goes to church before breakfast."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Will I have to be identified when I come here next time?" inquired Mr. Jagway. "Not unless you swear off in the meantime. I should know that nose again among a million."—Chicago Tribune.

German Professor (in his lecture on water)—"And then, gentlemen, do let forget, if we had no water we could never learn to swim—and how many people would be drowned!"—Vienna Fremdenblatt.

Office Boy—"The editor wants the proof of his editorials." Proof Reader—"What for?" Office Boy—"He wants to read 'em." Proof Reader—"Humph! No accounting for tastes."—New York Weekly.

"I don't think the members of your church would be willing to sell all they have and give to the poor." "Hardly. They might be persuaded to sell all they have and invest the proceeds in something else."—Puck.

"If de average young man," said Uncle Eben, "ud he willin' ter go froo as much haddship ter git useful knowledge as he did learnin' ter smoke his fast cigar, dar wouldn't be nigh ez many regrets in dishere life."—Washington Star.

Mike—"How old are you, Pat?" Pat—"Thirty-sivin next month." Mike—"Yes, must be older than that. When were yez born?" Pat—"In 1861." Mike—"I have yez now. Sure, yez told me the same date tin years ago!"—Tit-Bits.

"Oh, oh!" moaned Mrs. Weeks, who was suffering from a decayed molar, "why aren't people born without teeth, I'd like to know?" "Why, my dear," exclaimed the husband, "do you happen to know any one that wasn't?"—Chicago News.

"I'm afraid," remarked Farmer Coratolus, "that the period of usefulness fur that politician is about to be drawn to a close." "What's the matter overwork?" "No," was the answer; "tain't nothin' so unusual as overwork. It's a plain, old-fashioned case of overtalk."—Washington Star.

The garbage is collected every Monday on the street in which the D's live. One morning little Helen D. proposed discarding for good a rag doll of which she had grown tired. "I think, mamma," she said, "that I'll put it out for the garbage man to carry off. He can take it to the garbage woman, and she can fix it up for the little garbage children to play with."—Harper's Bazar.

Great Britain's Expenses.—The expenses of Great Britain are now about \$500,000,000 yearly, or nearly \$1000 per minute, but every tick of the clock represents an inflow of a little over \$10 into the British Treasury, thus leaving an annual surplus of about \$20,000,000.

Law to Prevent Overwork.—In Holland women and persons of either sex under the age of sixteen are now forbidden to begin work earlier than 5 a. m., or to continue at work after 7 p. m., nor may their work exceed eleven hours a day in all.