## The Forest Republican

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It is not often an Admiral and a diplomat are found under the same jacket. Dewey proves to be an exception. He has filled both positions at Manila with pre-eminent ability.

In a report of a recent Parisian duel it was said that the seconds placed the Adversaries at an equal distance from each other, an arrangement the squareness of which no court of honor anywhere would think of impeaching.

Lieutenant Geelmuyden, of the Royal Norwegian Navy, admires the Oregon so much that he has advised his Government to give the contract for the two warships which it proposes to build to au American firm, Such action on his part is evidently an indication that our naval victories are destined to inaugurate a new era of progress for American shipbuilding.

In his "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall" Arthur H. Norway tells of a fragment of antiquity that still "lingers in the neighborhood of Redruth, where the country people when they see a ghost say "Numny dumny!""; and he adds: "I leave the riddle to be solved by any one who is curious enough to undertake a useful piece of practice in unravelling the corruption of language." The phrase is probably a corruption of "In Nomine Domini," the Latin for "In the name of the Lord," a phrase so familiar in the devotion of the Middle Ages, suggests the New York York Tribune.

In 1890 consumption caused 102, 199 deaths in the United States, being 235.36 deaths per 100,000 people. England shows a lower rate than this, or 174.9, but Prussia a much higher one, or 304.3. Among the colored people the rate of death from this disease is more than twice as high as that of the whites, or 546.11. The rate is also higher among foreign than native born, or 312.33. It is higher in cities than in the country, among married people than among single, and among widowed than among either. Of all regions of the United States, there are, as before said, fewer deaths from this disease, comparatively, in the southwest central region than in driver spoke authoritatively from the and Montana, and lay in land that was any other. Here the rate is only 91.44 in the one thousand deaths from all causes. The three other parts of the United States which most nearly approaches this record, are the Cordilleran region, theWestern plains, and the region of the great lakes. President Thwing, making a comparison between college expenses of where, rolled in a horse blanket, he the past and of the present, thinks that many sons of small farmers and tradesmen are practically excluded from university advantages of to-day. From 1825 to 1830, the average aunual expenses were one hundred and seventy-six dollars. In the sixties, war prices prevailed-\$263 to \$437 yearly, two-thirds for board and room-In 1881-2, the average expense to an economical student ranged from \$484 to \$807. At Yale, the average for 1893 was \$687.50. Amherst, Dartmouth and other colleges show the same development. The conclusion of a discreet reviewer seems to be just, that "if the purpose of those who have given the great endowments and the general spirit of America demand that the opportunity of a college education shall be given to boys of relatively poor families, the end must be obtained either by restoring for all students the old New England system of low fees, or by establishing for all the new Western system of free education from the kindergarten to the university." The annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor presents exceedingly interesting and important facts regarding the comparative wages and price of labor in 1872, 1881 and 1897. In general the results indicate a higher wage rate in 1897 than in 1881. Of course in order to determine whether wages have really gone up or down the prices of commodities and the purchasing of money must be taken into account. From the figures given it is shown that all articles classified as groceries were lower in price in 1897 than in 1881 with the single exception of green Bio coffee. Provisions also show lower prices in general. In the matter of fuel lower prices prevailed in 1897 than in 1881. In rents the rates were slightly lower in 1897 than in 1881 for six-room tenements; . )r fourroom tenements the rents were slightly higher in 1897 than in 1881. The rates for board were lower in 1897 than in 1881. The result of the inquiry shows plainly that the scale of wages for labor in 1897 was higher than in 1881 and that the purchasing power of one dollar was greater in 1897 than in 1881.

# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 14, 1898.

"WAITING ORDERS." Ob, ye that shine in the thickest fight, And ye with labor spent, That bear the heat and dust and sweat, On victory intent,

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Look not with scorn upon the ranks Of those that idle stand, While on your empty scabbards gleams The giare of burning brand.

There is a fate more hard to bear Than that which takes away The warrior from his cherished hearth; It is the long delay.

The heart grown sick from hope deferred, The summons never given, The thought that other hands shall bear The flag in battle riven;

It is to hear the trumpet's call, The cannon's loud alarm, And see the smoke on distant fields While all around is calm;

## To feel that we could batile, too, If but the call would come, And not be lagging at the sound Of bugle, fife and drum.

And could we stand the storm of fire,

Ab, sadder than to storm the height, And on its slope to die, And crueler than in the dust

It is to wait with beating heart A chance to do and die, Till others have the victory won And fighting days are by \_\_\_\_\_J. S. Taylor.

### HOW STEVE STUCK TO ORDERS.

By FRANK OAKLING.  $\odot$ 

HE stage and the sun, | it easily, with Steve sitting braced on alike keepers of time, the high seat. Fifty miles of waterless desert were both due at the lone station on Lost stretched between Lost River and the Snake. Pitched in a depression of

Already the eastern the desert, nearly midway between rim of the desert was the two, was the stage station of Red breaking into fire; al- Hole. Water had to be hauled there for the

The strong young horses pulled the

smoothly over the solid gravel, fur-

a rumbling of iron and a mighty splash-

A haze of heat hung over the desert.

eady across the reddened stretch of stage stock and the stock-tender. sage-bush a burst of dust marked the There, also, water was measured out sure coming of the coach, on its way from the Snake River settlements to to emigrants crossing the desert, and to Mormon venders of fruit and vegethe Salmon River mines.

River.

Astracted Ly its vaunting approach, tables bound for the mines. It was hree blanketed figures rose about a given free to man, but for beasts it must be bought. little open campfire flickering near the roadside, and stood while the coach It was in the afternoon when Steve flitted by, staring with admiration at that pageant of the desert. Their apleft Lost River. The road was nearly level, smooth and solid, except for ocpearance drew from the driver a look casional stretches of sand and out-

that also lingered, but not in admirathe teamster. tion "Blamed if there aint those three

Bannocks again, hanging round the station like jack-rabbits round a stack of lucerne!" he commented. But Baunocks by the roadside were an ordinary sight to him, and these desert. were nowise extraordinary in dress or heavy tank at a steady pace over the road, whether good or bad. It rolled menner or habit of "hanging round." He gave them no further notice as they followed after him into the sta-Then, blauket-enwrapped to the from the thin air of the morning, over the rock with a creaking of wood, tion. eyes from the thin air of the morning, they stood, mute and motionless

ing of water. watchers of the change of horses. The fresh wheelers were already in their places at the pole. The leaders' To Steve the Snake River hills were tugs were hooked, and the hostler, smokily indistinct, and the long Bitter Root Divide was mistily perceptible. stepping nimbly backward was stringing out the long lead-lines, when the It marked the boundary between Idaho

And then, because our hopes grow faint, Self-trust is shattered, too; At last we wonder, could we strike As hard as others do?

The bullets' dreadful hall, Like that heroic vanguard stands, Nor at the carnage quail?

With parched lips to lie,

without the braids, while his equally he hitched himself along with his braidless follower, resuming his sta- hands to the rear end.

Then he grasped the tank tightly tion at the opposite front wheel, leaned from the saddle and silently extended with those rider's legs of his, and bending over, twisted a glove-finger the bucket to the driver of the tank, in a ballet-hole, thus changing its who as silently took it.

The stamp of the horses, restless at spurt to a trickle. While he was thus engaged, the the stoppage, emphasized that instant of waiting. The dangling toggles on horses, freed from his governing hand, their straining tugs jangled their broke in their gallop. The counter-clear suggestion, and Steve gave one feit Bannocks began to gain, and in clear suggestion, and Steve gave one their whoops of exultation seemed the glance before him at the road.

real savages that they counterfeited. "Fill up that bucket, young feller!" Steve could see them plainly as, a surprising voice rang out imperiously swinging easily in their saddles, they at the rear wheel and electrified the motionless driver of the tank. "And refilled the exhausted magazines of be quick about it!" added the speaker, their rifles from their cartridge belts. impatient of further sort of disguise, The sight lent nimbleness to his as he significantly raised his rifle. His fingers busy with the bulletholes and voice, surely not that of an Indian, plugs.

The last hole was stopped, and rather than his action, startled Steve Steve, clambering back to the seat, apright on the foot-board. "Well, if you're bound to have settled the team once more to steady water," he said, raising the bucket in speed.

In his haste he sat exposed on the seeming fluster, "I reckon I'll have seat; but the riders behind made him o - Hike!"

their target no longer. Riding well With the exploding word the bucket out on either side, they began shootshot from his hand, well aimed at the fellow's head. With the word, also, ing at the horses.

Then for the first time Steve was the tank was jerked nearly from under alarmed. Should one of the team be him by the forward leap of the team, hit and fall, Red Hole would be waterand he had a parting vision of a falling rifle, a reeling rider and a startled less that night.

Rising recklessly on the seat, he pony trampling on a shattered bucket. The vigilant rider stationed directly. flourished the ends of the long lines in the road, a few feet in front of the and lashed them over the haunches of team, wheeled to evade the tank's irhis span.

resistible onset. Quick as he was The tank with its lessened load bounded forward as if it, too, were with spur and rein, the iron-ended tongue caught his wheeling pony in the shoulder, and whirled the two, alive and mad with excitement. Striking the down-grade to Red Hole, it

plunged along faster even than the sprawling, a rod from the road. Steve, horses who flew before it with clackas the tank bounded past, saw the horse struggling and the man stretched ened tugs. Then Steve, exulting, became somein the sagebrush.

From the opposite side of the road thing of a savage himself. He danced behind came the flash and roar of a perilously on the edge of the tilted heavy rifle, as the fellow with the foot-board, whooped in emulation of engle-feather, readier than his comthose behind, and waved his hat to them in daring derision. panions, took a snap shot at the yenturesome driver of the tank. The ball, Their ponies, suffering from want of water, could not long keep the pace striking behind the seat, glanced from the carved iron tank and shrilled over set by the big, fresh raugers of the

cropping of lava rock-the terror of desert. Steve saw them suddenly halt. Steve's shoulder its call to halt. Unheeding it, Steve grasped the lines shorter and dropped low on the They were miles from any water ex-He had to make good time. Late as cept that in the evasive tank. It was it was, it would be well into the night foot-board. His head and shoulders needful for them, now that they were before he reached Red Hole and the thus alone showed ablove the tank, detected, to retreat quickly to their horses there, for the relay would want mountain refuge. The disguised scounand in the lessening light presented a the water before their start across the

moving and uncertain mark to the drels must spare their horses to save rifles behind. themselves. Steve saw them sit, silent and mo-Steve's action had been in accordtionless, as they let their horses take ance with orders. But now, as the tank bounded unchecked over the breath. Then wheeling about, they desert, he began to see that its stop-

were lost, like coyotes, in the shadows page and the demand for water were of the sage-brush. only preliminary to a second and Steve then held in his fuming team to let it cool safely down, and trundled much more important stoppage and easily and triumphantly into Red Hole demand.

several hours ahead of stage time. The stage with the money for the The next morning the stage from mines in its treasure-box would be Salmon River arrived duly with the along in a few hours, and these pretended Baunocks had not hung about | sun at Lost River station, without interruption on the way; and not far be-Lost River and trailed across the des-

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

My Steed-Catching Cold-An Alternative -Strategy-Her Complaint-Children's

Ways-More Than Likely-End of a nance-The Cheerful Presence, Etc.

He never cares for food at all, He never cares for lood at al., But likes a little grease; The bakway is his fav'rite stall— He stables there in peace. He'd run a week, I rather think, And never feel a pain; He'd neither eat, nor sleep a wink— But—I can't stand the strain.

He only has one dread complaint,

But that one makes me weep; A carpet-tack will make him faint, A flabby, punctured heap! If "Dick" lived now he would not cry, "My kingdom for a horse!"

Else folks would say, "The ancient guy -He means a 'bike,' of course!" -L. A. W. Bulletin,

An Alternative.

"If we appear together so often there's sure to be trouble.' Jack-"I say-er-let's disappear together."-Brooklyn Life.

Her Complaint. "You shouldn't get cross over a lit-

tle thing like that, my dear. "Well, you never do anything worse for me to get cross about."-Life.

End of a Romance. "I wish I had never met her?"

"Why?" "I asked her to write to me, and here's a letter of forty pages."-New York World.

### Catching Cold.

Jones-"Which travels the fastest heat or cold?" Lones-"Heat, of course. You cannot catch heat, but you can catch cold."-New York Journal.

Children's Ways.

Ethel-"My mamma's going to be married again. Flossie-"Is she? I wouldn't allow

my mamma to; if she did I'd tell my papa."-Westminster Review.

Strategy. "When I get off a joke I never

smile." "What is your reason?"

"If nobody sees the point I can prove an alibi."-Chicago Record.

More Than Likely. "Edith, when you accepted me walked on air."

"Well, is that where you got your idea that we could get married and live on air?"-Detroit Free Press.

The Cheerful Presence. "I can't understand how some people always have a good time wherever they go.

"Yes-er-that is, he showed me

"Daughter, who is this Mr. Eugene

Wadsworth Carrington that is calling

"Why, papa, he's the boy we used to call 'Buster' when he lived next

A Pleasure Trip.

Ill-Natured Ren ark.

"I never saw such a town as yours,"

declared the governor. "Every un-

married man there is trying to enlist."

Her Chilly Manner.

"Don't you read the papers?" she

What He Would Like,

A Matter of Words.

"What a pushing fellow that young

"Pushing, did you say. You've

Making It Right.

Wife-"By the way, Clive, I had a

Husband\_"Yes, dear; and what

Wife-"I told him not to be so

A Gentle Hint.

'we could ----'

who wasn't a man."

"If I were only a man," she said,

"Possibly we could," he said, "but

1'd

the chances are we wouldn't. If you

be saying nice things to somebody

Sometimes it is worth while to think

of such facts as these, -Chicago Post.

were a man I wouldn't be here.

dead."-Judge.

First Doctor-"I've got to make a

Other Years, Other Titles.

other order for a new play."

you with a plot?"

on you so often?"

all the scenery he had."

door."-Chicago Record.

trip out of town to-morrow

Second Doctor-"Bu

tion. "Dickie, how did you happen to

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.

THE STALKING OF THE SEA WOLVES.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

100 00

They had come from out of the East To ravage and burn and kill; And they stopped for a moment to rest and

walt In a landlocked harbor still.

But a grim sea dog there was Who had stalked them through spray and

foam; And he came, and he looked, and he smiled, and said-"They'll never get home!"

Then another old sea dog came,

And they sat them down to wait, Untiring, stern, through long, dry days, At the harbor's frowning gate.

At the harbor's frowning gate. Under the hot, fierce sun, Under the still blue dome. The sea dogs waited and watched and growled. "They'll never get home!"

And the wolves came forth at last, And the grim sea dogs closed in: And the battle was won, and the Old Wiag

waved Where the banner of Spain had been.

where the conner of Spain had been. The colors of blood and gold Sank deep in the churning foam, And the sea dogs growled: "We have kept our words; "They'll never get home!"

Cheers for the vow well kept! To the sea dogs twain a toast! From our land's birth-throes have our sea

dogs been Our glory, our pride and boast

Whatever our perils be In the unseen years to come, Our trust is in men like the man who said, "They'll never get home!" --Charles W. Thompson, in New York Sun.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"My dear young lady, do you ever ink of marrying?" "Think! why, think of marrying?" I worry!"-Life.

She-"The face is an index of the mind." He-"Then your mind must be made up."-Indianapolis Journal.

"How did you feel when you were well out to sea?" "I wasn't well when I was out to sea."-Indianapolis Journal.

Johnny-"Say, pop, did you ever wish you had lots of boys?" Papa-"Yes, my son; before I had you."-Brooklyn Life.

"Mary, is that young man in the parlor?" "I think he is, sir. Miss Jennie has hung something over the keyhole."-Life.

"The poem I sent in has been rejected and I am tired of life." "Don't send the next, then-take it there yourself."-Brooklyn Life.

"Look mother," cried Teddy, pointing to a footman in fashionable livery, "that man's got his cuffs around his legs!"-Youth's Companion.

First Old Soldier-"There's something familiar about that woman's face." Second Old Soldier-"That's so. I guess it's the powder." "I want to buy a lamp." "Yes, sir; student's?" "No; I want one of

those 'midnight lamps' that the poets

polish poems by."-Atlanta Constitu-

"Mamma, I

"Say, Steve, you must haul water to Red Hole to-day, sure! That's orders.

desert, pleasantly suggested to Steve the shade of spruce and lulling water The hostler looked up. He was an alert young fellow in tilted cowboy and indirectly that cool corner stall in the stage barn. The low sun at his "check" shirt and overalls. hat.

"Oh, give us a rest!" he exclaimed smooth stretch of road; the team had in the slang of the stable, and with no thought of the clean, cool, haysettled to the collar; and Steve, yieldbedded corner stall in the stage barn ing to that pleasant suggestion, was soon asleep and driving with a usually made up for his broken night. perilous swaying on the high seat.

The driver grinned. "That's the order," he repeated. "It's straight Jolted along thus with danger and discomfort, the hostler suddenly found from the old man. Rustleround, kid, himself nearly pitched headlong over and get that water-tank a-rolling to Red Hole." the foot-board. The tank had stopped abruptly. Involuntarily he put his

His manner altered, and turning his hand to his eyes. The sun had gone head he glanced at the passengers down, and in the twilight he saw bewithin, disdainfally ignoring the three fore him three mounted Bannock Inblanketed statues planted at the off dians. One, on his pony in the middle of wheel.

the road, had stopped the team. The up the darkening desert. "There'll be a little pile coming in others sat statuesque in their saddles at either front wheel, and the voice of the treasure-box to-night, Steve," he said, bending alike from dignity and one called in his waking ears, "Water!" the box, and lowering his voice to a confidential tone. "It's to pay off Half-asleep as he was, Steve recogwith at the mines, and the old man nized the three onlookers of the mornwants it sent right along to Salmon ing at Lost River. "Sure!" he now made reply; and

River You look out there ain't any waiting at Red Hole for water." taking the bucket from the foot-board He straightened up and held out his at his feet, he leaned back and raised hand. "Pitch me them strings! All the iron cap and filled the bucket genready there, inside? Hike!' erously.

The blanketed rider on his right The four horses sprang forward as one horse. The rocking body of the to meet it, and thrust in his mouth coach rose in front; the baggageand nostrils like a watering horse, weighted boot dipped behind, and the canvas curtains flapped wing-wise on either side in swift and dusty evanish-Steve, who handed it to the silent ly to pursue Steve. ment.

The blanketed Indians gazed after waiter on his left. He, too, drank in gleaming-eyed approval. Returngreedily, and then rode with it to his ing to their roadside camp, they mounted their ponies, and taking the trail to the head of the team. "Water for pony," again said the Snake River, they also began to pound statuesque spokesman at the off wheel. the dust from the desert.

Then across Lost River another dust-"Not much!" returned Steve, who was used to the always increasing decloud arose, as the hostler, Steve, in mands of the Indian. "That's against orders. Fetch that bucket back here the saddle, thinking not of Indians but orders, circled the range after horses to haul the heavy water-tank to and ride on to Lost River." "Water for pony!" the man per-

Red Hole-work for which the light, sisted. withy stage horses were uscless. It struck Steve that his tone was He soon found the animals he sought

-a pai. of four-year-old Cleveland bay strangely mandatory for a Bannock. He looked more closely at the speaker. horses, High-headed, long-maned, The man held a rifle across his saddle, streaming-tailed, the span stood sixand a headless jack-rabbit hung at the teen hands high and were heavy in shrunken flank of his pony. His gay, many-colored blanket, his brilliant proportion. But despite their beefiness, Steve's well-grained little saddlescarlet flannel leggings, his bleached horse was put to his best to drive them, and broidered moccasins-all were fiery-eyed and snorting, into the coralike picturesque and proper, and he

had the feather of a petty chief slant-Harnessed by him, they came out of ing properly from his hat. he stable fit for even the eyes of "the old man," - the superintendent, head, Indian-fashion, to meet the muffwhose hawk-like vision could take in at a glance the points of a horse and ling fold of the blanket below, and on the face thus partially screened, Steve the polish of a harness. saw cheek-bones fittingly reddened

The long, cylindrical iron tank, capable of holding some two hundred with other. gallons of water, was mounted on it as easily as if it were a baby-car-

Driven into Lost River, it gradually sunk to the hubs with the weight of hair-like braids that invariably bedeck the water as Steve filled it; and all the the shoulders of the Bannock braves nerve and power of the heavy horses were lacking. "Water for pony!" again reiterated were required to start it from the sand.

Once in the solid road they trundled this chief with the eagle-feather but a rider, and regardless of its pitching, is larger than the area of Great Britain.

the resort of rougher characters. ert simply to shoot jack-rabbits! They had taken the cool of the The dark outline of the divide, morning for it, too, knowing well he shifting gently in' the shimmer of the

would have to pass with the watertank. Water! that was it-they must have it. For without water their horses, famishing now from thirst back threw his long shadow down a after the long wait in the desert, would soon be useless.

To obtain water they would surely pursue him, but hardly into Red Hole, where nightly parties of emigrants and freighters camped.

It was a matter of a few miles. had the start. Could he keep it? he asked himself, glancing from his horses in harness to the horsemen behind. Two of them he saw, had dismounted and stood over the third, lying by the road where he had been thrust by the tongue of the tank.

"Hold up, there!" one of them shouted, and a second rifle-flash lit

"These scoundrels can shoot!" thought Steve, "and they ain't got pop-guns, either."

The heavy ball struck squarely in the end of the cylindrical tank and penetrated the riveted iron head like so much paper. Instantly a jet of water shot out twenty feet behind the

jolting tank. Steve, glaucing back, saw the waste

of that precious fluid with regret. With regret, also, he noticed that the reached out, took it, lowered his head fellow unhorsed by the onset of the tank was now able to set up, and was leaning against a sage-bush. His long and eagerly. With a heaving two comrades, sparing him no sigh he passed the bucket back to further time, were mounting, evident-

Their delay had given him a start, but still he was within range of their

companion, stationed motionlessly at rifles. The bullets pumped from their magazine guns shrilled by on this side, on that, and overhead. The team, frightened by the shots, kept the tank a bounding target, and shooting from the saddle at an equally furious pace behind, the desperadoes could not aim accurately.

Still a shot struck the rear end of the cylinder, and three jets of water playing backward were rapidly lightening the tank of its contents. The

team would soon show the decreasing weight by their increased speed. The tank was actually gaining, but its driver, notwithstanding, looked behind ruefully.

"This sprinkling-cart business has got to be stopped!" Steve said, seeing the spurting jets laying the dust for the two coming on behind, "What's left of this water has got to go to Red Hole," he said again aloud, thinking replied that he was, and she thereupon of orders.

hat was pulled down on his The horses, sharers of his excitement, were running of their own volition, straight in the road hedged in on either side by sage-brush.

Steve tied the lines to the projecting springs of the seat. Drawing off one Still Steve's scrutinizing eyes were broad-gaged and long-noupled trucks not satisfied. Something was want- of his heavy buckskin gloves, he that added greatly to its weight and ing. The man turned his head to slashed off its fingers with his knife. draft. Hitched to it, the span handled beckon to his companion with the The pieces so cut he placed in his bucket. With his movement his month so as to leave his hands free, blanket was thrown from his shoulder, and turning on the seat he swung asand Steve saw that the two long horse- tride of the tank.

Utterly unyielding, and smoother than the sleek sides of any bucking

"cavuse," that rounded iron body "pitched" under him. But Steve was gate area of 94,750 square miles, which

hind it the empty tank, re rolled with hollow rumbling.

It was nearly the middle of the day when a buckboard drove into the station, and its driver entered the stage barn as one who had authority. Steve, somnolent in the corner stall, felt the horse-blanket drawn from his face. Looking up, he saw "the old man," The superintendent listened in silence to what Steve had to tell him. He reflected a moment with his eyes fixed on Steve, and then his comment. if somewhat irrelevant, was exceedingly gratifying to the hostler.

"At the first of the month I'm going to put on a new six-horse Concord, "I judge, Steve, you can he said. handle the strings over sixes, and I'll put you on the box."-Youth's Companion.

WISE WORDS.

ure?" Character is the poor man's capital. "Both. I'm goin, No one can rise who slights his wealthy patient."-Li vork.

Our ambitions are as secure as our merits.

Every good quality carries its own weight of power.

"Don't blame 'em," responded the Ideals are mind-pictures drawn in bachelor representative from the the lights and shadows of our best place in question; "the girls there thoughts. have organized a cooking club."

If we look at the world through the spectacles of our best thoughts it will reveal a nobler aspect than it gets "Ah!" he cried, "yesterday you welcomed me warmly. To-day you credit for. receive me coldly. What is the cause of this sudden change?"

We are as great as we are good; as insignificant as we are self-conceited; as noble as we are truthful, and as recalmly replied. "My father has just ligiously beautiful as we are charitinherited a cool million."-Chicage able. News.

reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of

effort, the preparation, the discipline, the earnest labor that makes the valuable man in every department, not the mere fact of his occupying

this or that position.

An Absent-Minded Man.

A Waterville physician thinks he is Migley is! Six years ago he was a entitled to the prize for the champion waiter in a cheap restaurant. To-day absent-minded man. Some weeks ago he has a government job that pays woman who lives some miles out of him \$7000 a year." the city called at his office and paid a bill of \$10 for professional services. Recently she came into his office again and asked him if he was always willing to rectify mistakes. Of course he produced the doctor's check for \$10 drawn to her order, all in due form. Afters thinking hard for a moment it dawned on the physician that when the woman had paid him on her previous visit he had seized his checkbook instead of his receipt-book. The fill-

The Lakes Superior, Huron, Erie, Ontario, and Michigan have an aggre-

"That's easy enough; they take it eat the whole pie?" along with them."-Chicago Record. played you wuz grandma, an' told me A New Play.

to take all I wanted."-Detroit Free Modern Dramatist-"I've got an-Press.

or pleas

ate on a

Mr. Cawker-"But how do you know that it is a secret?" Mrs. Cawker-"How do I know? Why, Wife-"Did the manager furnish everybody knows it's a secret."-De troit Free Press.

Little Elmer-"Pa, when is a man really old?" Professor Broadhead-"Whenever he reaches the point where his ideal woman is one who is a good nurse."-Puck.

"What freaks one meets in boarding houses," "Yes, a lot of them around at our place have got up a purse and sent the landlady off on a vacation."-Chicago Record.

Mrs. Wilikins-"Arthur, you used to say you loved the ground I walked Mr. Wilikins-"Yes, I know I on.' did. Your father owned all the land in that vicinity."-Chicago Tribune.

"The Spanish army," said the tiresome boarder, "exists largely on paper." "Really?" said the Cheerful Idiot. "That can hardly be as nutritious as mule."-Indianapolis Journal.

She-"What a lovely summer afternoon! How resplendent the bright orb of day hangs in the blue vault above." He-"Y-a-a-s; nice day fer a feller to get his hair cut!"---Roxbury Gazette.

Messenger-"Hurry over to the museum, doctor, the glass-eater is ill." Doctor-"What seems to be the matter with him?" Messenger-"They say he has a pane in his stomach."-Standard.

Mr. Ferry-"You're lucky that you didn't live in the days when I was a boy." Bobby-"I dunno, popper. You might have been pretty good company when you was a kid. -Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hicks-"What do you do when your neighbors' hens scratch up your garden?" Wicks-"Drive them into the stable and shut them up until they have laid eggs enough to pay me for the damage."-Somerville Journal.

John-"Sallie, of I was to ask you if you'd marry me, do you think you'd say yes?" Sailie-"I-er-guess so." John-"Wa-al, if I ever get over this 'ere bashfulness I'll ask you some o' these times."-Leslie's Illustrated.

Mrs. Peck -"Henry, when I married you-" Mr. Peck-"There, I'm glad you've made up your mind to admit it at last." A moment later the neighbors saw him running down the street without his hat. -- Chicago News. He-"I shall speak to your father to-night. How had 1 better begin? She-"By calling his attention to the statutes governing assault, mayhem, manslaughter and murder in the first degree. Papa is so impulsive, you know."-Judge,

"I throw myself at your feet!" he cried. She trembled with joy, yet hesitated. "And you won't ever throw soup plates at my head?" she faltered. For she had somewhere heard that men act as differently as possible after they have been married awhule, -Detroit Journal.

got the wrong word. Pulling is what you mean."-Chicago News. letter from my banker while you were away. He said I had overdrawn my account." did you do?" rude again and sent him a check for the amount."-London Punch.

ing out of the check embraced about the same process as the making out of a receipt, and neither noted the mistake until the woman chanced to examine the paper at her home.-Kennebec Journal.

Employer (meeting clerk on the grand-stand)-"See here, Jenkins! You told me you would like to get off this afternoon and go to your motherin-law's funeral." Clerk-"Y-yes, sir. I would like to do that first rate; only she isn't

In every pursuit of life it is the

Whenever you commend, add your

sycophants and fools.