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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion, \$ 1.00; One Square, one inch, one month, \$ 3.00; One Square, one inch, three months, \$ 5.00; One Square, one inch, one year, \$ 10.00; Two Squares, one year, \$ 15.00; Quarter Column, one year, \$ 20.00; Half Column, one year, \$ 30.00; One Column, one year, \$ 50.00; Local advertisements ten cents per line 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 last official act of the acting Spanish Governor at Manila was to "fine a newspaper man for telling the 'ruth.'" How like Spain!

The German Emperor would doubtless like to inaugurate an international copyright law which would do something to protect his lese majeste interests.

The Church of England Burial, Funeral and Mourning Reform Association has issued the following manifesto: "No darkened house, no durable coffin, no special mourning attire, no bricked grave, no unnecessary show, no avoidable expense, and no unusual eating or drinking."

There is a perfect reason for the attachment of the immigrant to the United States, says the Kansas City Star. It is because it is the country of his choice. No portion of this country has ever been a penal colony, a Botany Bay or a Siberia. Nobody has been sent here on compulsion. The immigrant to the United States from the beginning has been a volunteer—one who considered the matter and concluded that his condition would be bettered in some way in the great, new strong country beyond the Atlantic, where there was more land, more room, more work, more money, more opportunity, more liberty for him and his children and their children.

The Moscow correspondent of the London Standard has discovered a novel plot against the Czar of Russia. Several years ago a regimental chapel was planned at Tsarskoye by a retired wool merchant. The Czar laid the foundation stone, and he was to be present at the consecration of the building, which was finished this year. An artist employed to decorate the interior discovered a wire protruding from the wall. A further investigation revealed a loaded mine under the foundation. The arrest of the donor and the architect followed, and the latter is believed to be responsible for the infernal scheme to assassinate the Czar. This incident illustrates how patient and ingenious are the nihilists.

"The Society of the Army of the Santiago" is the latest addition to our numerous military organizations designed to commemorate the gallant deeds of American soldiers on many well fought fields. The new society was inaugurated on the 31st of July last, in the Governor's palace of Santiago, for the purpose, as recited on the occasion of "preserving the archives and records, and to perpetuate the memory of the invasion campaign, and battles culminating in the fall of Santiago and the surrender of the Spanish forces." There is probably no campaign in which American troops were engaged that is fraught with more interesting incidents or precious memories, or one that has tended more to make American soldiers famous throughout the world.

The experimental production of flax in Oregon has proceeded far enough to warrant the existence of a linseed-oil factory in Portland, and what the industry needs for its further extension is scotch mills in localities where the flax may be profitably grown. The fact that two tons of Oregon flax have been sold in Scotland at more than double the prices offered in America is offered as evidence that the fibre is of good quality, but the farmers are not enthusiastic in the matter, when they have to ret and scotch the flax with primitive home appliances. They wish to be relieved from any responsibility in the matter further than to produce the crop. There is a necessity, therefore, for a class of skilled workers who will come between the farmer and the manufacturer in carrying on the operations of retting and scutching.

The official statement of our losses with Spain is not yet made up, but the approximate figures, compiled from reports to the War and Navy Departments give this remarkable showing:

Table with military statistics: Killed in the army, 267; Killed in the navy, 12; Killed in the marines, 7; Wounded in the army, 1,400; Wounded in the navy, 19; Wounded in the marines, 13. Here is a total of 270 killed and 1423 wounded in a war which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish Navy, in the freeing of Cuba, the cession of Porto Rico and the capture of Manila. The losses on the Union side at Gettysburg alone were 3070 killed and 14,497 wounded. In the twelve great battles of the Civil War the Union losses were 23,468 killed and 120,849 wounded. No war has ever produced such important and far-reaching results with so small a loss of life as has our war with Spain, observes the New York World.

THE WIND AND THE MAN.

The Man—Wind on the hilltop! Wind in the tree! Is there aught in earth or heaven That blithely these and me? Through the long hours, Feebly creep and crawl Over the green smooth shoulders Of the huge mountain wall. Whilst thou, in a moment, With roasting skirts outspread, Leapst from the valley To the black mountain head.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Given Away—How It Was—Man's Greatest Virtue—How They Differ—Often the Case—Good Old Family—His Last Application—Severe Punishment, Etc. I don't think anybody dreams That I'm a bride. You mustn't try to hold my hand! Be dignified And try to look at ease and calm, The way I do, As if our going off alone Were nothing new; And when I ask you things just grow "O, I don't know!" Why does that horrid man back there Grin at me so? Could he have guessed—or does he just Think I look nice? Of course he does—but, dear, your hat Is white with rice. —Truth.

THE ROSE OF THE GHETTO.

A Yiddish Love Tale. By I. ZANGWILL.

NE day it occurred to Leibel that he ought to get married. He went to Sugarman the Shadchan forthwith. "I have the very thing for you," said the great marriage broker. "Is she pretty?" asked Leibel. "Her father has a boot and shoe warehouse," replied Sugarman enthusiastically. "Then there ought to be a dowry with her," said Leibel eagerly. "Certainly a dowry! A fine man like you!" "When could I see her?" "I will arrange for you to call next Sabbath afternoon." "You want charge me more than a sovereign?" "Not a groschen more! Such a pious maiden! And, of course, five per cent. on the dowry?" "H'm! Well, I don't mind." On the Saturday Leibel went to see the damsel, and on the Sunday he went to see Sugarman the Shadchan. "But your maiden squints!" he cried resentfully. "An excellent thing!" said Sugarman. "A wife who squints can never look her husband straight in the face and overwhelm him. Who would quail before a woman with a squint?" "Why, the girl is a hunchback!" he protested furiously. "My dear Leibel," said the marriage broker, deprecatingly shrugging his shoulders and spreading out his palms. "You can't expect perfection!" Nevertheless, Leibel persisted in his unreasonable attitude. He accused Sugarman of wasting his time, of making a fool of him. This gave Leibel pause, and he departed without having definitely broken the negotiations. His whole week was bedeviled by doubt, his work became uncertain, his chalkmarks lacked their decision, and he did not always get his coat according to his cloth. His aberrations became so marked that pretty Rose Green, the sweater's eldest daughter, who managed a machine in the game room, divined, with all a woman's intuition, that he was in love. "What is the matter?" she said in rallying Yiddish, when they were taking their lunch of bread and cheese. "They are proposing me a match," he answered sullenly. "A match!" ejaculated Rose. "Thou!" She had worked by his side for years, and familiarity—bred the second person singular. "With whom?" asked Rose. "With Leah Volcovitch!" "Leah Volcovitch!" gasped Rose. "Leah, the boot and shoe manufacturer's daughter?" Leibel hung his head—he scarce knew why. "And why dost thou not have her?" said Rose. "Is it that thou likest me better?" she asked. Leibel seemed to see a ball of lightning in the air; it burst, and he felt the electric current strike right through his heart. The shock threw his head up with a jerk so that his eyes gazed into a face whose beauty and tenderness were revealed to him for the first time. The face of his old acquaintance had vanished—this was a cajoling, coquettish, smiling face, suggesting undreamed-of things. "Nu, yes," he replied, without perceptible pause. "Nu, good!" she rejoined as quickly. And in the ecstasy of that moment of mutual understanding Leibel forgot to wonder why he had never thought of Rose before. Afterward he remembered that she had always been his social superior. Before he left that night Rose said to him: "Art thou sure thou wouldst not rather have Leah Volcovitch?" "Not for all the boots and shoes in the world," replied Leibel vehemently. The landing outside the workshop was so badly lighted that their lips came together in the darkness. "Nay, nay, thou must not yet," said Rose. "Thou art still courting Leah Volcovitch. For aught thou knowest, Sugarman the Shadchan may have entangled thee beyond redemption." Leibel found Sugarman at supper. "You don't mean to say that you give up a boot and shoe manufacturer merely because his daughter has round shoulders!" he exclaimed incredulously. "It is more than round shoulders—it is a hump!" cried Leibel. "Then I shall have to look out for another, that's all." "No, I don't want any," replied Leibel, quickly. "But whom have you got in your eye?" he inquired, desperately. Leibel gave a hypocritical long-drawn "U-n-m-m. I wonder if Rose Green—where I work—" he said, and stopped. "I fear not," said Sugarman. "She is on my list. Her father gave her to me some months ago, but he is hard to please. Even the maiden herself is not easy, being pretty. "Perhaps she has waited for some one," suggested Leibel. Sugarman's keen ear caught the note of complacent triumph. "You have been asking her yourself!" he exclaimed in horror-stricken accents. "And if I have?" said Leibel, defiantly. "And does her father know?" "Not yet." "Ah! then I must get his consent," said Sugarman decisively. "I—I thought of speaking to him myself." "Now, if you went to her father," pursued the Shadchan, "the odds are that he would not even give his daughter—to say nothing of the dowry." "Yes, I think you had better go," said Leibel eagerly. "But if I do this thing for you I shall want a pound more," rejoined Sugarman. "A pound more!" echoed Leibel in dismay. "Why?" "Because Rose Green's hump is of gold," replied Sugarman proudly. "Also, she is fair to see, and many men desire her." "But you always have your five per cent. on the dowry." The very next day Sugarman invaded the green workroom. Sugarman's entry was brusque and breathless. "At last!" he cried, addressing the little white-haired master tailor. "I have the very man for you." "Has he any money?" grumpily interrupted Eliphaz. "He will have money," replied Sugarman, unhesitatingly, "when he marries." "Ah!" the father's voice relaxed, and his foot lay limp on the treadle. "How much will he have?" "I think he will have fifty pounds; and the least you can do is to let him have fifty pounds," replied Sugarman, with the same happy ambiguity. Eliphaz shook his head on principle. "Do not give in, Leibel," she said. "Do not have me! Do not let them persuade thee! By my life thou must not! Go home!" So at the eleventh minute the vanquished Eliphaz produced the balance, and they lived happily ever afterward. Handy For Emergencies. It may not be generally known that the Dutch Boers at the Cape, especially those living in remote districts, where material is expensive and labor difficult to obtain, frequently purchase at least one coffin beforehand, which is placed in a conspicuous position in the "voor-kamer," or principal sitting room, and utilized as an article of furniture, for ornament or as a receptacle for clothing and other oddments. One farmer, well known to the writer, possesses a beautifully finished article of this sort which he purchased about thirty years ago. During that period he has buried three wives, each of whom had to be content with coffins of the commonest material and roughest workmanship, while his own, awaiting its possessor, stands in all its luster of polished teak and silver mountings. For the present the old gentleman uses it as a couch for his midday nap, in order, as he sometimes remarks with grave humor, that he may get accustomed to it.—Pearson's Weekly. Killed by Falling Out of a Hammock. Little Rose O'Toole, ten years old, of Worcester, met her death in a most peculiar manner. She went to the rear piazza on the fourth floor of the Winslow block to enjoy a party with her playmates. While waiting, she climbed into a hammock which was stretched along the piazza in such a way that it rode over the guard as it swung out. The little one swung the hammock vigorously and had been swinging for a few minutes when the rope broke and she was thrown over the rail to the ground, a distance of forty feet. She was picked up unconscious and remained in that condition until she died about two hours later.—Boston Globe. Roosters as Clocks. Scientists say that roosters do not crow all night, as sufferers from insomnia sometimes think. On the contrary, they crow without much regard to the season or the weather at midnight at 3 a. m. and 6 a. m. How they tell the proper time is another puzzle.

GENERAL SHAFTER'S PUGNACITY.

How He Came by It When a Boy at School. General Shafter's reputed pugnacious talents are thus accounted for by the Cleveland Leader: "Once when I was a boy at school," said the doughty General, "I wasn't more than 10 or 11 years old at the time, our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head of the row and going down toward the foot, until some one could give the correct answer. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older and considered ahead of me in the various studies that he had. "How much are 13 and 9 and 8?" the teacher asked. "While one after another of the boys and girls ahead of me guessed and failed to get it right, I figured out what I thought the answer ought to be. The question had almost got to me when I heard the big boy just below me whispering apparently to himself, but loud enough for me to hear, 'twenty-nine, twenty-nine, twenty-nine.'" "Finally the pupil above me failed to answer correctly, and then it was my turn. "Well, Willie," said the teacher, "let's see if you know the answer. Come now, be prompt." "I cocked my head up proudly on one side, cast a triumphant look at those who had 'fallen down' on the problem, and said so that everybody in the schoolroom could hear me: "Twenty-nine!" "Next, how many are 13 and 9 and 8?" "Aw!" said the big boy below me, with a look of supreme contempt at the rest of us, "thirty!" "That was what I had figured it to be myself, and when the teacher said 'correct' I wanted to fight. "I didn't assault him, but I made up my mind right there and then to depend on my own judgment in the future, and ever since then when I have had anything to do and had figured out what I considered the best way to do it, I have gone ahead, remembering, when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class."

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Oh, a royal road is the King's Highway, And noble the vast domain That its passing marks with a granite score And splendidly cuts in twain. There forests grand with a glory gray That dwells in their storied deeps, And out on the hills on the other hand A prodigal harvest sleeps. Silver brooks run down from the purple hills To sing me a drinking song, For I am the king to-day, to-day, And the king is passing along. Oh, a gracious road is the King's Highway, And its luxury seems full sweet To royalty making a calm survey Of all that its gaze shall meet. There is tribute paid from the burdened fields, And the forests bring forth their share, While the silver sun of the laughing brook Is good for my heart to wear. And I may be rather a haughty king, It is left to myself to say, For estates so wide bring a lofty pride To a king on his own highway. In a crownless way I'm going along— Just joggling my easy way; For 'tis well to know of your kingdom, oh, And who has the rent to pay. And the other tramp with a toga torn— Grown tattered, as togas will— Has never a thought of my royal claim To forest and field and hill. So I laugh within at the chaff without —And royally make my way, For the world bows low to a king. Heigh-ho! And I am the king to-day. —George E. Bowen, in Chicago Record.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Landlady—"What do you think of the cheese?" Boarder—"Well, it has its strong points."—Standard. What we call aping in case of a monkey, we call fashion in the case of men and women.—Eliengede Blaetter. Mrs. Youngwife—"I'm very sorry, darling, but the cake is heavy." Mr. Y.—"Ah, I see; it was the light that failed." "Parker always exaggerates everything so." "Yes; he can't even start an account at the bank without overdrawing it." "These are very much worn," said the shopkeeper. "Well, then, show me something quite new," said Mrs. Buttercup.—Pick-Me-Up. First-Nighter—"What! Every seat taken?" Ticket-Seller—"Every one. But there will be plenty after the first act. I saw a rehearsal."—Tit-Bits. Micky—"Say, Jimmy, what does pyrotechnics mean?" Jimmy—"Aw! dat's jest what folks call fireworks when dey wants ter put on lugs!"—Puck. "You seem to have no aim at all," said the Elderly Person. "I," replied the Idle Youth, "do not need any. I am not going into the navy."—Indiana Journal. Friend—"I suppose you've had some hard experience?" Returned Klondiker—"Oh, yes! I've seen times when we hadn't a thing but money."—Tit-Bits. He—"Could you learn to love a man that had no employment?" She—"Well, he'd be around so much that I'd have lots of chance to practice."—St. Louis Star. She—"So Mr. Sapper has just celebrated his golden wedding." He—"Golden wedding? Why, he's only just got married." She—"Yes, but the girl has \$100,000." "Those Perkins girls seem to be popular." "Popular? This father has advertised for bids to build a barb-wire trocha around the house."—Chicago Record. Fools coast hills that angels fear to tread. You can't always judge a man's speed by the make of his wheel. Scorch and the world will scorch with you; mope and you'll fall behind. The General—"I have stood unmoved when shells were bursting around me. Could you?" Romeo Barnstormer—"Well, that would depend a great deal upon the age of the eggs."—Life. Mr. Newlywed (after the first family jar)—"We'll live in a flat, that's all there is about it." Mrs. Newlywed—"It's had enough to live with a flat without living in a flat."—Adams (Mass.) Freeman. Optician—"My dear sir, your case is hopeless." Customer—"And am I doomed to blindness?" Optician—"It is inevitable. I think you'd better look at my beautiful line of artificial eyes at once."—Jewelers Weekly. She—"Doesn't the elimination of the word 'obey' from the marriage service show that women are becoming more independent?" He—"In my opinion it shows that they are becoming more truthful."—Cincinnati Enquirer. Smith—"Did many of the passengers go to hear Dr. Fourthly preach in the main cabin this morning?" Brown—"Yes; but most of them left when he announced his text?" Smith—"What was it?" Brown—"Cast thy bread upon the waters." Hoax—"What keeps Churchmouse so poor?" Joak—"He has a bad memory for faces." Hoax—"What has that to do with it?" Joak—"He can't remember his creditors, and they pounce on him in the street before he can dodge."—Philadelphia Record. "Why, Mr. Grumpy," exclaimed his old friend, whom he had not seen for years, "your daughter looks just the same as she did when by a good deal. Then you could never get her to sleep. Now you can never get her to wake up when you want her to."—Detroit Free Press. "A gentleman who had grown wealthy was in the habit of taking his children out of the city for a drive, and showing them a one-story house, pointing it out to them with a 'p' as the place where they were born," says an exchange. A cyclone demolished the house, and upon the next visit of the children exclaimed, "Oh, dear! dear! We were not born anywhere now!"

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. How It Was. Molly—"Was it a case of love at first sight with him?" Dolly—"Yes; at first sight of the figures that represented her fortune."

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of a year. The immediate cause of volcanic action is now believed to be superheated steam. The average duration in life is of all European countries highest in Sweden and Norway and lowest in Spain. According to the deductions of a well-known astronomer, we receive as much light from the sun as could be emitted by 680,000 full moons. According to the Pharmaceutical Journal, a Norwegian engineer has invented a process for producing paper-gum, dressing-gum, and soap from seaweed. A scarcity of steel billets is reported in Germany, where deliveries for the current year cannot be obtained, and many rolling-mills have difficulty in continuing operations because of their inability to secure material. The driest of all fishes is, perhaps, the river-eel, yet, according to an analysis by a German chemist, sixty per cent. of its substance is water. Salmon comes next with 61.4 per cent. Lobsters and oysters are four-fifths water. The London Lancet says that the air of a room can be charged with ozone by simply suspending moist linen sheets in a keen, dry wind, and then hanging them up in the house. It is thought the generation of the ozone may be due to the rapid passage of atmosphere oxygen over the broad, wet surfaces of the sheets. Ozone exercises a purifying effect on the air. First Don't Worry Club Man. The middle-aged man who was sitting on the railing flicked the ashes from his cigar, and then said: "This don't-worry movement isn't anything new; there always have been people who take life easy, and there always will be. When I was a boy I lived in a small town which had just one good grocer—one man who kept an up-to-date stock of goods and sold at fair, honest prices. Well, in the summer time that man used to shut up his grocery every afternoon at 3 o'clock sharp and go to bed. His store doors were locked and bolted, and you couldn't buy a match or a potato of that man until 3 o'clock. "At that time he would open his shop again, put out his barrels of fruit and vegetables and his baskets of fruit and begin all over again. His trade was brisk, the whole town knew his peculiar way of doing business, and he probably never lost any money by retiring for two hours of sleep. In the winter, of course, he kept open all day. His health was always good, he made a fair living, and left his family enough money to quarrel over when he died. In my opinion he was the original don't worry organization—a club of one."—Indianapolis Journal. Primitive Ice-Making. The most ancient method of making ice appears to be that practiced in India. Holes are made in the ground, dry straw is put at the bottom of these, and on it, at the close of the day, are placed pans of water, which are left until the next morning, when the ice that is found within the pans is collected. The industry is carried on only in districts where the ground is dry, and will readily absorb the vapor given off from the water in the pans. The freezing, of course, is due to the great amount of heat absorbed by the vapor in passing from its liquid to its gaseous form.