The Mexican Herald, commenting apon our occupation of Cuba, says; It is a good beginning that the Amerlean army mer. in Cuba are making. They are demonstrating that revenues can be honestly collected, and are showing how well they can be expended.

Official statistics from seventeen feading American cities show a slight decrease in building operation values during the past year. The total for the seventeen cities was \$202,000,000 in 1897 and \$181,000,000 in 1898, a decrease of \$21,000,000, or 10.4 per zent. The largest cities showed a deeline, but the small municipalities indicate increased activity in this line.

With Adolphe d'Ennery passes away the last of the great French melodramatists who were coeval with the slder Dumas. It is not too much to say that he did more to make the drama of emotion by situation and machinery widespread than any other playwright. He was content if his ventures paid largely, and let art take care of itself. His "Two Orphans" showed him at his best. His heroes and heroines were apt to be very much of a kind, but oh! what villains he constructed! He lived eighty-eight years, and died worth \$3,000,000. Virtue in his plays was never more - sonspictionally rewarded.

In connection with the discussion regarding the competition in trade between Great Britain and the United States, the English and American Gazette says: "There is hardly a branch of trade in which America does not now compete with Great Britain. She has developed her native talent, which now finds abundant outlets at home and abroad. In every single manufactured article that the States produce England could, if she liked, compete. That she does not is solely and wholly owing to her not attempting to do so. Her sons, badly edusated, are fonder of play than of work; her technical schools are in their infancy, whereas in the States and in Germany they are flourishing and of long standing, and properly State subsidized. Until England adapts herself to the times, until trade strikes cease, or until other nations are involved in war, so long will British goods be replaced in other markets by more of her competitors."

The news from Philadelphia of the discovery of tubing in the walls and floor of Keely's work-shop is, on the whole, rather mortifying. The Philaadelphia Press vouches for the story. It avers that the Keely work-shop has been ripped up; that under the floor was a steel reservoir capable of hold ing compressed air at a high pressure, and that the tubing found was small but very strong, and also capable of standing a severe strain. The sad inference is that Keely was a poor old fraud, and used compressed air to produce the remarkable mechanical effects with which he regaled his visitors. The investigators seem to have been somewhat zealous to prove that he was a deceiver, and it may be that the believers in Keely, if there are any left, will doubt their findings; but the story as it is told seems fairly conclusive, and the hidden tubes, if they can be shown in position as found, will require a deal of explanation, observes Harper's Weekly.

It may be that a new fashion in matrimony has been created in the mountain fastnesses of Virginia. Not long ago a comely young woman of that region was wooed by two suitors, one of whom she preferred. Ar engagement and a marriage ceremony followed in due time, despite the adage about the course of true love not running smoothly. As an act of grace an invitation was extended to the rejected swain to attend the marriage proceedings. He displayed his fortitude by accepting, and, accompanied by a number of friends, he attended. On one sleeve he wore a broad band of crepe, symbolic of his dead hopes, and throughout the ceremony he and his friends expressed their dolorous sentiments by a continuous, subdued moaning. This display of appreciation for the bride's attractiveness evidently aroused none but the pleasantest sentiments in the breast of the happy man whose name she was taking, for there is no record of a disturbance, and it is to be assumed that none occurred. It would ber first caller had said, she felt sure the man, again beginning to lose his Rembrandt's portrait of a man leaning be interesting to see this custom transplanted to other spheres of soniety. The suggestion affords many possibilities of variation, tending to add materially to the interest in these usualty gladsome occasions

# FOREST REPUBLICAN.

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WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW.

The rooms are hushed, the lights are low. When those we love have come and gone I sit and listen to the wind "Tis weary to be left behind That comes from out the distant hill. It comes and croons in angundertone Of alien regions vast an lone, Of pleasures lost in a land unknown;

To miss sweet eyes where late they shone To look for what we may not find, Long-cherished forms that haunt the mind, Soft voices that were once too kind; Of pleasures lost in a land unknown;
Then steals away, and all is still.
Tis good to listen to the wind
When rooms are hushed and lights are low.
To live and miss them one by one
Is weary work. Who'd stay behind
When rooms are hushed and lights are low.
When those we love have come and gone?
—New York Times.

who were still at school.

It was a little after three o'clock on

the afternoon of the same day that a

general delivery, that he was well

"Is there a registered letter for M.

Such a letter had come on the latest

mail, and Mabel had placed it in the

safe which stood in the corner. She

answered him in the affirmative, when

"That is my name-M. P. Morgan-

"The rules require identification in

"Oh yes, I had forgotten. Well, I

you who I am all right." He searched

his pockets, taking out a number of

papers and old letters. Two of the

latter he pushed through the window.

'There you see, miss-'M. P. Mor-

ganstone, Watertown. Just give me

the letter-it's very important for me

"But I can't give out a registered

Mabel's suspicions were beginning

to be slightly aroused by one thing

about the man. Twice since coming

up to the window he had glanced over

his shoulder at the door. She knew.

of course, that it was her duty to de-

she determined to insist on identifica-

of protection to herself and her em-

"Why, see here, I've got lots of

registered letters on less identifica-

the man said. "You're going beyond

"No, I don't think I am. A post-

deliver no such letters to strangers

vouched for by some one known per-

"I can describe the letter," went on

the man, ignoring what she had said.

"Large, oblong envelope. From J. H. Smith, Riverside. Mailed this

"Yes, but I can't let you have it

was becoming more suspicious of the

man every moment. His disappoint-

ment and worry over the situation

seemed to be bringing his true char-

I Mabel made no reply at all, but

time is worth money. I'm a contrac-

tor, and that letter contains papers

valuable to me, but of no value to any-

one else. Plans and specifications of

"I cannot do it," was all that Mabel

The man by this time was growing

very red in the face, and was glanc-

shoulder. He hesitated a moment,

"Of course maybe you're right ac

and then, with a little forced laugh,

dollars and cents to me."

went on in a quieter tone:

"Now see here, miss, no foolish-

held her ground at the window.

sonally to the bank people."

morning. Isn't that right?"

my mail.

tion than this, and at larger offices,

letter on such identification. Mr.

Blodgett, the postmaster, has instruct-

the case of registered letters, you

stone. Please let me have it."

know," answered Mabel.

to catch the up-train."

me not to do so."

dressed, and perhaps between twen-

postoffice. Mabel was alone.

ty-five and thirty years of age.

P. Morganstone here?"

and said:

he continued:

## POSTMISTRESS AT DOWNINGVILLE.

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.



HEN you come to health was not good, and there two think of it, Down- younger sisters and a little brother ingville was a village of magnificent distances, with almost a half-mile stranger entered the Downingville from the tannery to the sawmill, and noticed, as the man stepped up to the with only scattering houses between. The schoolhouse and the two face was not a pleasant one, although churches had each it did not suggest a lack of intellifailed to establish gence. He came close to the window

Even the postoffice stood alone, at at least a hundred yards from the nearest house, with a corner of Squire Pomeroy's wood-lot coming up almost to its back door, as if refusing to recognize such a straggling place as a

Mr. Blodgett was the postmaster, but he rau the village grist-millwhich was far from everything else, of course-and seldom visited the office for a stay of any great length. So it happened that practically the entire work of the office fell upon his assistant. She was Mabel Loomis, who lived with her mother a quarter of a mile up the road on the uncertain edge of the village.

The work of the office, although not perhaps hard in one sense, was certainly wearing and exacting, and the hours were long-from six in the morning to seven in the evening, usu-Vacations and "days off" were few, and the salary was meagre enough; but Mabel never complained, and she did the work to the test of her

It was a beautiful September morning; she had just finished putting up the six twenty-four mail, and the boy who corried it to the station had departed. Only two or three persons liver the letter if he could fully conhad as yet been in, so Mabel was survince her that it belonged to him: but prised to see Mrs. Allison appear at the general delivery.

"Why, good morning, Mabel!" she aid. "You weren't looking for me so early, were von, now. Well, I'm going to take the train for Proctor'sgoing up to see Libbie-and I thought I'd drop in. Didn't know but I might have a postal or something from her, the rules." telling me to wait till next week."

returned Mabel. "Well, I don't know, you know. You can't tell. But I suppose this doesn't seem early for you.

"No, there isn't anything for you,

"No. I've been up an hour and a

"You don't tell me! Well, I think yon have to get up too early, that's what I think. Seems as if Blodgett might stir out and open the place himself, 'specially as you have to stay so late at night.

"He comes in at noon, you know, and stays quite a while. Then, the

work isn't hard." "Well, it may not be hard, but I should say that its wearing, if I'm a judge. Sorting over letters and pounding them with that thing, and filling out money-orders and tearing them off bias and just so, and fixing the registered letters and selling stamps, and jumping up to this window for this body and that body and the other body that want their letters, and forty other things-I declare 'twould just pester the life out of me in no time at all."

"Oh, I don't mind it," returned Mabel, cheerfully.

"Well, I must be getting along," continued Mrs. Allison. going on the excursion next week?" "I'm afraid I can't get away,"

Mrs. Allison was rummaging in her hand-bag, and her attention seemed

answered the girl.

distracted.

"Seems as if Blodgett ought to pay you more," she said. "Blodgett is no poor man, and his mill pays him right along. What I'd like, is to see you appointed postmaster yourself. You're

"Oh, thank you," answered Mabel, with a rather sad smile, as Mrs. Allison went out. Then she sat down in her chair by the desk, but the smile

was all gone. "I'm afraid there aren't many exjursions for me this summer." she mused, somewhat ruefully. "I presume Mr. Blodgett would stay here that day if I asked him, but I know I couldn't afford to go. Besides, I haven't any dress to wear that's suita-

But there was no time for gloomy thoughts, for the boy was back with a mail-bag, and people were beginning to drop in more and more frequently. She plunged earnestly into the

work before her, which, as work will always do-drove away the gloomy

But she was not to be allowed to forget the excursion, as several of her girl friends who came to the office asked her if she was going. She answered them as she had answered Mrs. Allison, and it made her a little angry to feel that her face flushed each time: for although none of them said what that they all thought it. She was self-control. He pulled a roll of bills on a saber. The fourth was recently ashamed of the feeling, but she could from his pocket, and laid it down in sold for \$10,000. The original plate not help being disturbed.

Other reasons made her feel her dollars, yes, two hundred," and he first to an octagonal oval and the pictack of money much more than this pushed in four fifty-dollar bills. "I'll tures from it sold for \$130. Then it five years before, leaving his family letter instantly. Give it to me! Never sold for \$12, but of the original plate

money-I'll trust you, even if you don't want to trust me. "I can't do it."

"Here, take a ten for yourself and give me the letter."

"Take a fifty, then. Keep it-do what you please with it. I'll lose thousands of dollars if I miss that con-

Mabel only shook her head. "Take the whole two hundred dollars! You can use it. Nobody will ever know. . I'll never come back to bother you. Give me the letter!" and he pushed the money in so that it al-

most fell to the floor. Mabel pushed it back, saying, "It will do you no good to make me any such offers. You cannot have the let-

ter till you are properly identified." "I will have it," he fairly shouted, snatching back the money and hurrying around to the side toward the door through which access was interior, and which had been left ajar sack. But Mabel was too quick for him, and pushed it shut in his face.

The spring lock clicked, and she caught her breath with a feeling of reisf; but he threw himself against the door heavily, shattering the catch and sending the door back on its hinges with a crash, The edge just struck her forehead, and everything began to turn black before her eyes; but there stood the safe door open. She sprang toward it, knowing as she did so that she just missed the man's grasp.

The heavy door went shut with dull bump. With one hand she turned the handle which threw the bolts, and with the other spun round the combination knob. Then the darkness became complete, and she remembered

am a stranger here, but I can show The next thing she heard was a confused murmur of voices. Then she opened her eyes and saw that she was still in the postoffice, lying on the dis-tributing table. Doctor Roberts, the village physician, was bending over her, and assuring her mother, who stood pale and frightened, that the patient was not in danger. Mr. Blodgett and two or three neighbors were also there. The voices came from a crowd of people in the outer room.

"There," said the doctor, "you're going to be all right now. You can go home in my carriage. I'll go along.' "Did-did he get the letter?" asked Mabel, feebly.

"No," answered Mr. Blodgett. "Never mind about the letter," said vince her that it belonged to him; but the doctor. "We'll tell you about that to-morrow. We'll just take you tion of the strictest kind, as a matter

> They carried her outside to the easy carriage which was waiting. As she drove away she heard half the population of the village, gathered at the office in full force, set up a cry of "Three cheers for Mabel!" and they were given with a will.

Tha next afternoon she was able master is responsible for registered sit up at home. Mr. Blodgett came letters. If he delivers one to the and congratulated her on what she had wrong person the rightful owner can done. He told her that after she had hold him accountable. Mr. Blodgett become unconscious the man had esis very particular. He has told me to caped by running across the field to the near-by woods, and that it now except on identification such as would appeared he had good reason for runbe satisfactory at a bank. You must ning away, since he was the accomknow that there you would have to be plice of some burglars at Riverside who had sent him a large sum of money, stolen the night befere, in the letter, fearing immediate arrest themthemselves. This had been established by Riverside officers who had arrested all the men, including the one who had come to the office, that morning, and by a postoffice inspector without proper identification." Mabel who had taken possession of the letter.

A week later Mabel was back in the office. Mr. Blodgett said to her the first morning:

"The folks here have been talking acter to the surface, and his face and the matter over, and have decided on manner were rapidly growing less giving you a slight reward in the shape of a purse of money in recog-"Why, I never saw anything like this. Do you know I can make trounition of what you did the other day. ble for you with the department for Some of them are coming in after a holding back my letter? You know I while, and I thought I'd tell you so am telling you the truth about who I | you wouldn't be too much surprised.

"They're very kind," said Mabel, am, and you have no right to delay instantly, "but I couldn't take any-thing. You please tell them so, and stop their coming. I didn't do any thing more that day than my duty, and I couldn't take any reward for ness. I'm a business man and my that; but you can thank them for me,

Mr. Blodgett went out, and she took up the old work. She heard no more about the reward. a new factory I'm bidding for over at

But three weeks later a big official Watertown. Give it to me and let envelope came, addressed to her own me catch my train. It's a matter of name. It was a letter, and the commission from the Postoffice Department, appointing Mabel Loomis Postmistress at Downingville, vice J. P. Blodgett, resigned. - Youth's Coming more nervously than ever over his paniou.

### Undoubtedly.

A well-known and genial-but illiterate-Irishman, who once represented one of the Melbourne divisions in cording to the strict rule. I don't want you to get into any trouble on the Victorian parliament, invariably my account. I'll show you in an- read out speeches that were prepared Chronicle.

The most valuable engravings in "Why, you're unreasonable," cried the world are the four impressions of the window. "Til make it a hundred made by Rembrandt was cut down Mabel's father had died miss a big contract if I don't get that was sliced off still more and the prints in poor circumstances. Her mother's | mind about writing a receipt for the | only four prints mentioned exist,

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The solutions to these puzzles wi'l ap pear in a succeeding issue.

. 17 -65,-An Acrostic. Nine three-letter words, the initials of which spell the name of a Frenchman, whom all Americans esteem.

 A boy. 2. A conjunction. 3. A fancy. 4. Part of the verb to be. 5. A personal pronoun, 6. A Bible name. 7. A light blow. 8. A spinner. 9. A sound-receiver.

The meaning of the first is but "to mourn;" The second is "a cloak" by women worn; Third is "a shelf" for ornaments, I ween, While "of the mind" for fourth, is plainly

67 .- A Corrugated Column. ... . . . . . ... ....

1. A serpent, 2. Succor. 3. A kind of bird. 4. A boy's abbreviated name. 5. A girl's name. 6. A unit. 7. One of the senses. Centrals Down-A noted English

68 .- A Square.

1. A noted European city. 2. An ridescent stone. 3. To knock about, 4. A girl's name.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS QUESTIONS.

61.-Nine Insertions-Cain-cabin; ners-hears; save-salve; alar-altar; panpaint; toes-tomes; ales-aloes; catscarts: cram-cream.

Inserted Letters-Baltimore. 62.-A Diamond-

> TRAPS TWINING ARIDITIES SPANISHF LAG EPITHET IC SNIFTED GELID SAC

63,-Five Broken Words-Spearmint; bar-row; green-house; blockhead; foot-ball.

64,-A Square-HEART ERROR ARISE ROSES

WHITE HOUSE CLOCKS. Some of Them Are Famous and Have Histories.

TRESS

"The clocks in the White House." remarked an official clock-winder to a "are by no means the mos uninteresting things about the house. though but little has ever appeared about them in the newspapers. Strange as it may appear, but one of the old clocks is of American manufacture, though all that have been purchased of late years are. The one clock referred to was made in New York, and was purchased when James Monroe was President. It is one of the permanent fixtures in the Green Room, and has been there ever since it was purchased. As a timepiece it compares favorably with any of the foreign-made clocks, though it was made at a time when America was not as famous for its timepieces as it is now. The most interesting clock there, of course, from its history, is the clock in the Blue Parlor, which was once the property of Bonaparte, who presented it to General Lafayette, and the latter presented it to General Washington. The frame of it is made of alabaster and French gilt bronze. It has to be wound but once a mouth. It keeps time to day as accurately as when first made.

"What is known as the Lincoln clock, purchased when President Lincoln was in the White House, is an object of interest in the Red Room, and is of ebony and gold. It strikes the quarters, halves and hours. In Mrs. McKinley's rooms is a clock which has been running without the slightest intermission for nearly thirty years. The clock at the foot of the stairs leading up to the President's office is the one that the public generally sees. It is rather modern in construction, of the 'regulator' pattern and is very reliable.

"The clock in Private Secretary Porter's room is admired for its cathedral gong rather than anything else, but it is a good clock, and has so proven itself for the ten or fifteen years it has been there."- Washing-

### Upset the Lawyer.

A case was being tried in court, and the particular question at issue was the number of persons present when a certain event occurred. An honest but simple minded German was in the witness box. He had never taken an oath before

lawyer who conducted the cross-examination saw his opportunity and bedgered him with questions, after the manner of his kind. "How many did you say there were present?" he shouted, bringing his fist down upon the table as though the

fate of empires trembled in the bal-"Vell," meekly answered the witness, "off course I gould not chust say, but I dinks dere vas between six

and sefen. "Tell the jury what you mean by that!" roared the lawyer. "How could there be between six and seven?

Were there six or were there seven?'

"Vell," answered the witness, "may be I vas wrong. There vas more as six, but dere vas not so much as sefen. One vas a fery leetle boy."-Green Bag.

SUBMARINE BOATS RIDICULED. Varrow, England's Great Expert. Says They Are Not Effective.

The recent manœuvres of the French submarine torpedo boat Gustave Zede have aroused much interest in English naval circles, and the many experiments of Americans in the same fine make her tests of equal importance to the United States Navy.

A. F. Yarrow, England's famous builder of torpedo boats and queer rraft of all kinds, is undoubtedly the best expert on such types, and he does not share in the mild alarm of British aaval men.

"From the sensation which is being made about it in France," said Mr. Yarrow, "one would think it was a new idea. It is not. For more than thirty years trials have been made of submarine torpedo boats. And the thirty years have been marked by little progress and considerable loss of life. And in this latest attempt by the French the essential objections to the idea still remain.

"First of all, these boats are so langerous that I doubt if competent men will be found willing in time of peace to risk their lives in the necessary practice. Many competent constructors could be found ready and willing to build one of these boats, but I am quite sure not many would venture in it when it was built.

"These dangers arise to some excent from the fact that the specific gravity of the boat must be either exactly or nearly the same as the specific gravity of water. The result is that if an indentation was caused in the skin of the vessel, its specific gravity would, of course, become actually greater than that of water, and it would sink to the bottom. Another langer, which arises chiefly in shallow water, is that the vessel is apt, through the slightest disorder of the steering gear, to get out of the horizontal line. And in that case in less than no time it might stick its head in the mud. This actually occurred a few years ago at Tilbury, when Lord Charles Beresford was nearly

drowned. "A third danger is that of collision with rocks, fish or pieces of wreckage. If a large fish in some foreign seacame into contact with one of these boats it might easily take charge of the steering gear.

"In my belief they would be of value only against stationary vessels, In the case of a vessel in motion, sufficiently accurate guiding would be impossible. As far as stationary vessels are concerned submarine torpedo boats which can be guided by electric wire from the shore would prove quite effective.

"With our present knowledge, boats of the French type are both dangerous and ineffective, and, I may add, the more money the French spend upon them the better for the

Girls Growing Faster Than Boys.

Is the athletic girl to pay the penalty of her fondness for outdoor sports by growing so fast and so much as to end in the long run by overtopping her brothers and sweethearts by s head?

The disparity in height has been acticed particularly at some recent weddings, and a wail comes to us from the young girls still attending daucing schools that they as a rule are all tall, while the boys are all short, and the consequent awkwardness resulting has been very unpleasant.

It was certainly with no thought of adding to her stature that in spite of opposition the girl took the wheel and to other forms of outdoor activity. The fun of the thing tempted her, and in addition to what she sought she now finds herself taller and larger, o'ertopping not only her mother and her aunts, but her sometime competitor, sometime colleague-man-as well. According to a social philosopher the remedy lies with man, who is bidden to regard the towering girl as a warning to him.

King Lewanika's costume was rather remarkable. On his head he wore a black, broad-brimmed felt hat over a scarlet night cap. A long, bright-blue dressing gown, much embroidered with scarlet braid in Man chester style; a flaunel shirt, tweed waistcoat, tronsers and aggressively new yellow boots completed his cos tume. This was evidently his holiday attire, for on other days his scarlet night cap was replaced by a blue Tamo'-Shanter and the dressing gown by a shoddy ulster.

We seated ourselves opposite the door looking out on the river, while the rest of my party were grouped in a circle round us. It was not etiquette for any but the King and his inter preter to enter the hut, so Letis and the councilors remained outside while we carried on desultory conversation on the subject of our respective jour neys, hunting, etc., enlivened by the gentle tinkling of the piano and the subdued singing of the King's choristers .- Blackwood's Magazine.

Calling a Dog by Telephone. The Daily Telegraph narrates the following incident: "A lady passen ger who arrived at Redhill by trait

reported in great grief to the station master that her little pet dog had been left by accident on the platform at Reigate, and would likely be either crushed by a locomotive or lost. The courteous official telephoned through respecting the poodle, and the answer came immediately, that a dog of that description had just been brought in to the police station. The receiver was put to the dog's ear, and the lady was asked to speak to it. She did so The effect was electrical. The doc barked a cordial recognition of the voice, and by its antics expressed a great desire to jump into the apparatus and traverse the wire in order to get to its mistress all the sooner."-Household Words

Marriages and death notices gratis.

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

Job work—cash on delivery.

Jim Bowker, he said of he'd had a fab An'a big enough town for his talents to grow, And the least bit of assistance in hoein

his row, Jim Bowker, he said, He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name, An' climb the top round in the ladder of

It may have been so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been;
Then ag'n—

But he had had tarnal luck; everythin went ag'n him, The arrears of fortune they allus 'ud pin

bim:
So he didn't get a chance to show what
was in him;
Jim Bowker, he said, Ef he'd had a fair show you couldn't tell where he'd come, An' the feats he'd 'a' done, an' the heights

he'd 'a' clum's. It may have been so; I dunno; Jest so it might been; Then ag'n-

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less, Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for an' give fortune the blame for all our dis-

tress, As Jim Bowker, he said, Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune We might 'a' been famous an' might 'a'

peen rich.
It might be jest so;
I dunno;
Jest so it might been; Then ag'n— -S. W. Foss, in Cieveland Leader.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. She - "How do you like her voice?"

fle-"Still."-Yankee Statesman, Dewey opened up the ball, Dewey caused Manila's fall Dowey shows us by what's past That the first shall be the last! Penner-"He once seemed to be a

his career?" Skribes .- "Baldness." Judge. Miss Passee-"They say marriages ere made in heaven." Miss Pert-'Ah, then, you have one more chance."

promising young poet. What stopped

-Syracuse Herald. "Quite polite, isn't he?" "I should say. He is so polished that he can't tell the plain unvarnished truth."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Louie-"Fred must be an anclioneer." Nelly-"Why?" Louie-"Last night he said he was going three imes before he went." "A man is as old as he feels," said

the gentleman of the old school, "and a woman as old as she says she is."-Indianapolis Journal. "Why is the villain in the play always a dark man?" "I guess it's be-

cause villains are naturally opposed to the light."-Chicago News, Hibbler-"Does your wife help you n your work?" Scribbler-"Yes, indeed! She always goes calling while

I am writing."-- Brooklyn Life. The girl who keeps her birthday, merry Keeps it still when she grows up,
But keeps it to herself.
—Chicago News.

Horrified Mother-"I should like to know how you happened to let young Simpkins kiss you?" Daughter-"I-I thought no one was look-"Won't your wife sing for us?"

she will; I just asked her not to," replied the knowing husband. - Yonkers Hingso-"He's a queer fellow." Jingo-"You bet! He told me yesterday that he didn't like the solitude

asked one of the callers. "I guess

unless he had a girl with him. "-Syra cuse Herald. "How did you find business abroad?" Well, I noticed that everything was looking up at Naples." 'Yes; at Mount Vesuvius."-Cleve-

land Plain Dealer. He-"If your head aches, my dear, I wouldn't go to the tea meeting this evening." She-"Then the other woman will be sure to talk about me.

-Boston Traveler.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak-"My life, John, is an open book." Mr. Crimsonbeak -"That's the trouble: I wish to goodness I could shut you up some time!" -Yonkers Statesman. "That woman tried to beat me down

on the price of quinine. She said I ought to make it ten cents cheaper because she had to pay her little boy to take it."-Chicago Record. Little Rodney (who has an inquir-

ing mind)-"Papa, what is the proper age for a man to get married?" Mr. Hennypeck-"Not till he is old enough to know better, my son."-Puck.

Duzby-"Jabbins, do you remember that joke I sprung at the club dinner last week?" Dooby-"Yes; and I'll never forget it. I've remembered it for over ten years."-Roxbury Gaz

Pollywog-"What's the trouble between Van Clove and his wife? I thought she was the light of his life. Jollydog-"So she was, but she went out too much."-Philadelphia North

Easy to Guess.

"He called last night, and he's charming," she was saying to her best girl friend, between acts at "Cyranc de Bergerac." "He is simply fascinating in conversation and perfect in his manners. He has traveled a great deal, you know, is a great observer and really gives you a better idea of what he has seen than can be obtained from books. One thing he told me was simply enchanting, and I never

heard it before from any one." "Pshaw!" exclaimed the other, into whose eyes had crept a deep green "I" know what that was, You made it easy when you said you'd

"What was it?" "A proposal,"

Then they got as near back to back as the seats would permit and did not speak during the rest of the long per-

shadow. never heard it before.

other way that I'm telling the truth. for him. On one occasion, in view of ble. I wish I could earn more." I'm going to be in town again in about the anticipated opposition, a special a week. I'll just deposit ten dollars paragraph was inserted in the speech with you-you can give me a receipt which the candidate read out as foland was not a little disconcerted. The and the letter, and if you find its all lows: "I am quite aware that many of right, as you will by that time, you ye are agin' me an' me politics. But can give me back the money." surely we are all working for the good of the colony. It is only a detail that "No, there is no rule authorizing me opponents are marching one way any such thing." 'T'll leave you fifty dollars. Don't and meself another, but we must reyou see I wouldn't do that if I didn't member that we are all sthrivin' to know it would be all right, and I'd get reach the same gaol!"-London my money back?" 'Perhaps not, but it would be an altogether irregular thing for me to Valuable Engravings.