

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XX. NO. 8.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1887.

\$1 50 PER ANNUM

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with advertising rates: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, three months... One Square, one inch, one year... Two Squares, one year... Quarter Column, one year... Half Column, one year... One Column, one year... Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in serial.

'There should be no further dallying with the Anarchists in this city. Drive every mother's son and daughter of them from Chicago,' says the Chicago Mail.

In consequence of an order recently promulgated throughout England forbidding the importation of foreign coin other than gold or silver, such coins have been entirely demonetized, and the English poor have had to bear the entire burden.

While a caravan of more than 100 sleighs was crossing Lake Onega, in Russia, the enormous weight caused the ice on which they were traveling to break and to separate the travelers from land. They remained floating about on the glacier for a day and a night, when the wind blew it to the shore again.

An Athenian newspaper relates that a merchant named Kostas Staggos, 128 years of age, recently undertook a two days' journey on horseback in order to see his old home once more. He owes his health to the pure water and air for which his present home, Kilsiora, which lies in a high mountainous region, is famous.

It is worth while to remind ourselves occasionally, remarks the New York Commercial Advertiser, that the American Constitution, which secures individual liberty to every man and local self-government to all, is, as Mr. Gladstone has said, 'the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.'

The orange industry of Florida has increased tenfold in five years. In 1880 only 100,000 boxes were shipped out of the State, while in 1884 and 1885 the exports were 1,000,000 boxes, and their value \$1,500,000. The United States eats, it is estimated, 600,000,000 of oranges yearly, enough to give each man, woman and child ten oranges.

A Philadelphia company has just completed four magnificent sleeping cars that are to be drawn by horses. The line is situated in the heart of the Argentine Republic, and the fact that horses provide the motive power is due to the great scarcity of coal and the cheapness and abundance of horseflesh. Time seems to be left out of consideration.

W. D. Ingle of Oregon lost nine young lambs in one day recently by eagles, which are very numerous. Their modus operandi is to swoop down upon a helpless little lamb and knock him over, and then fetch another swoop, pick him up and carry him away to be eaten at leisure. Mr. Ingle shot one of the birds that measured six feet from tip to tip.

The French, according to the New York Commercial Advertiser, have grown rather 'touchy' on the subject of the universal exhibition of 1889. The Czar has bluntly refused to take part and so does Austria. Germany is silent and England indifferent. The trouble is that '89 celebrates the centenary of the French revolution. If the scheme is postponed a year the undertaking is more likely to prove a success. As it is, it looks as if it were doomed to failure.

The leading hog States in their order are Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Texas, Indiana, Nebraska, Ohio and Kansas. Two years ago Illinois had 440,157 more hogs than she had last January, and Missouri 423,878 less, the two States losing upward of 1,000,000 in number, although fast increasing in population. Missouri was then the third State. She has now increased in rank to the second, while Iowa has lost nearly 2,000,000 in number in the last two years.

The latest novelty in the clock line is displayed in the window of a Nassau street jeweler. It is the size of an ordinary round, nickel-plated alarm clock, but its face is that of a man painted in gaudy colors. The under jaw of the face is so constructed that at every tick of the clock the teeth come together with a click, and the eyes give a downward look, as if surprised at the un-called-for noise of the mouth. The mouth clicks, and the eyes looked startled four times every second.

The postoffice in India is regarded as so miraculous an agency by the more ignorant natives that in some out-of-the-way places the very letter-boxes are worshiped. In one case a man posted his letter in the box and shouted out its destination to inform the presiding spirit whom he supposed to be inside. Another native nimbly took off his shoes as he approached the box, went through various devotions before and after posting his letter, and finally put some coppers before the box as a propitiatory offering, sitting in the same attitude of humility.

THE NIGHT MIST.

All the night long the gray embracing mist Has held in tender arms the tired world; The sleepy river its soft lips have kissed, And over hills and meadows it has curled. Its white, cool finger it has gently placed On weary stretches of deep, drifting sand; The noisy rity and the far-off waste Have felt the benediction of its hand. The drowsy world rolls on toward the day; The fresh, sweet wind of morning softly blows; The willing mist no longer now may stay; With first expectancy of dawn it goes! -Margaret Deland, in Harper.

THE TRUMAN BABY.

BY RACHEL CAREW.

At home Jack Aiken had been a sensible fellow enough, with a very good record at Oxford, over which he was becoming shy and silent; clever with an oar or a gun, and the best of companions for a club dinner or a tramp over the hills. One short week in the Black Forest had worked a change which his former chums would have witnessed with despair. He had taken to wearing violets in his button-hole, had grown indifferent about his dinner, sat on his balcony staring the moon out of contentance, and carried a volume of Heine in his pocket, in company with a dictionary, which prosaic volume, alas! had to be frequently consulted. Even with its aid, Mr. Aiken found the poems somewhat obscure, but he felt that they would be quite in harmony with his state of mind if he could manage to get at their meaning. He wore inches off a spick-span new umbrella drawing a certain profile in the sand, and had been severely reprimanded by a red-faced guard, with a gold band around his hat, for absent-mindedly carving some interlaced initials on the back of an artificial rustic bench.

The cause of all this folly was a pretty girl, in a white flannel dress, with a bunch of crimson geraniums under her dainty white chin. Miss Margery Dayre was sweet and winning enough to make a fool of a far wiser man than Jack Aiken, with her demure blue eyes, which could twinkle so saucily behind their curling lashes, her half-sad, half-pouting red lips, her delicate, babyish complexion, and an air of youth and naturalness about her which was quite ravishing. Jack had seen his divinity but a few times, and then, when in range of her eyes, he had allowed himself but a brief, worshipful glance; they were perfect strangers to each other, and as yet Fate had pointed out no way upon which they could approach to nearer acquaintance. She was sitting alone on a bench, reading in semi-seclusion, near the promenade at Wildbad, when Jack saw her for the first time. For several days following the young man paid extravagant prices for a lighthouse rosbud, which he laid upon the hallowed seat, hoping that his charmer might return, and the rose and possibly condense-end to wear it. He discontinued this practice only on discovering his offering fell under the clutches of a ragged street urchin, who beset him with requests to buy it back with a shameless advance of price. Afterward he had seen the young lady accompanied by a nursemaid, carrying a baby. A very gorgeous personage was this Venetian nursemaid, with an abundance of rosy cheek, and the biggest, blackest eyes imaginable; her shiny black hair was plaited in a disk like a round doormat, surrounded by a nimbus of silver pins like so many spoons stuck handles in. The baby was like the majority of its kind: pink-checked, unwinking, impassive, even when kissed and caressed by its lovely aunt or cousin, as Mr. Aiken supposed the object of his adoration to be. How he envied the unappreciative little beggar when it got its chubby fists kissed, or was allowed to tangle them in the girl's sunny hair!

Save for the fascination of the beaux yeux of Miss Dayre, Jack Aiken had no reason for prolonging his stay at Wildbad; he had no rheumatism to be charmed away by the hot baths; he couldn't busy himself with crochet and Kensington while the band played, as the ladies did, and he was not an artist mad after sketching. On the contrary, he had a strong inducement to leave the place, thereby escaping the scornful glances and audible sniffs of an elderly, somewhat unprepossessing lady whom he had met before under very distressing circumstances. Some weeks previously Jack had been in Heidelberg with an old school-friend; they had planned a run up to the Konigsstuhl, agreeing that the one to arrive last at the top of the tower was to stand treat. Jack far outstripped his friend, who was nowhere in sight as the former scrambled up the steps. When he had regained his breath and admired the view, Jack, hearing footsteps approaching in the tower, thought he would play a trick on his chum, letting him suppose for the first half of the ascent that he was first to arrive. Jack stole quietly down the spiral stair, dark as a pocket, extended his arms at the critical moment, and inhaled a bear-like hug—not his friend, alas! but a substantial female form cased in silk profusely sown over with scratchy jet beads. She gave a shriek which made the solid tower tremble to its foundations, seized Jack by the shoulder and shook him till his teeth chattered, exclaiming: "You cowardly villain, to try to rob a delicate, defenseless woman in the dark! Shame on you, you disgrace to your sex!" She hustled him down the steps and into the light of day, where he found that his cuff-button had become caught in his assailant's watch-chain, wrenching the watch from its stronghold beneath the bead embroidery. Jack burst into a torrent of apology and explanation, but the lady listened with a look of stony incredulity in her eye. A group of attentive listeners gathered round them, consisting of the photo-

graph-woman, the beer-boy, an umbrella-vender, a goat and two dogs. Jack felt that public opinion was against him; his conduct certainly looked suspicious, particularly as Norris, his friend, seemed to have lost his way and failed to put in an appearance to verify Jack's story. Jack beat a retreat as hastily as he could in decency, hearing hurled after him as a parting benediction: "If my brother, Major Trott, was here, you wouldn't get off so easily, you smooth-spoken rascal!" The one person in the world whom Jack wished particularly to avoid, Miss Trott, had turned up in Wildbad, beaded jacket and all. She had recognized Jack at once, and he actually felt the glare of her vindictive eye. As a set-off to his torture, it was bliss to watch for a certain graceful figure in white, walking down the stately avenue of oaks, and to Jack the ordinary band of musicians seemed a heavenly choir when pretty Margery deigned to lend a dainty pink ear. Another pretty woman in half-mourning, presumably the baby's mamma, was usually to be seen with Margery now, and the gorgeous nursemaid and baby were left mere to each other's society. Jack ardently wished for a nearer intercourse with his charmer than from the width of the promenade, or from one coffee-table to its fellow under the next projecting oak. To other eyes she took a pretty little notice of him, but she always managed to let him know that she was aware of his presence. He had gleaned what satisfaction he could in reading each day in The Strangers' List the names: "Mrs. Truman, infant and nurse, and Miss Bayre, Hotel Klumpff." But this was a short step towards acquaintance, and each day Jack awoke with the haunting dread that Margery would leave Wildbad and be lost to him for ever. One morning, over his coffee, he read in the San Francisco Argonaut the following paragraph: "An English gentleman, sir James N., was walking recently in the park of La Granja, near Madrid, when he sat down on a bench to rest. Presently a handsome attired nurse, carrying an infant, came and seated herself near him. The child at once fixed its eyes on the bright silk knob of the stick the Englishman was carrying, and stretched out its arms for it. The stranger abandoned the coveted object to the child to play with; but when, a quarter of an hour later, he wished to resume his walk, the infant refused to give up the stick, and screamed with rage when the nurse attempted to take it from him. The gentleman was obliged to leave without his cane, but gave his card to the nurse to return it. In the evening a domestic from the Court brought the stick back to Sir James N., with a letter from Queen Maria Christina, thanking him for the pleasure he had caused her son Sir James had made the acquaintance of the future King of Spain."

Jack read this paragraph carefully twice, and sat for five minutes in deep reflection. Then, like a man inspired, he arose and betook himself to a quarter of the village where he had frequently noticed a bric-a-brac shop under the management of Herr Isaacsson by name. Here, after deliberation, he selected a walking-stick with a gold knob of curious antique workmanship, paying for it an extortionate price, of which he must have felt ashamed in a cool moment, afterward. He then returned to his hotel, and to the surprise of even the stolid German waiter, ordered another breakfast with the addition of honey, a dainty which he had hitherto refused with scorn. He barely sipped the second relay of coffee, and then when no eye was upon him, he furtively dipped the gold knob of his cane in the honey, half drying it with his silk handkerchief, so that the sticky substance might not be too noticeable to a casual glancer. He then proceeded to a certain pagoda overlooking the tumbling, fussy little river where Mrs. Truman's baby and nurse were wont to tarry at that hour. From afar Jack caught the glitter of the Venetian woman's silver nimbus; and the glow of her cap-ribbons, a bright crimson this time, made a warm dash of color in the landscape. The baby seemed particularly affable, and Jack, though in the bottom of his heart profoundly indifferent to all humanity at the tender, angelic stage, sat down beside and began to beam upon this infant with a hypocritical smile, holding his new stick in tempting prominence.

Joy unspeakable, the bait took! The serious infantile eye brightened, the cherubic fists clutched the cane and conveyed the bright knob to the ever-receptive mouth, where it was engulfed with a moist gurgle of delight. No need for fear that the scion of the house of Truman would relinquish without a struggle that seductive aggregate of glittering gold knob and honey. Jack made a disgracefully feeble effort to regain his property, but the baby defeated him with one inarticulate snort and reproachful roll of his solemn blue eyes. With a deprecating shrug of the shoulders, this finished hypocrite left the infant Truman in triumphant possession of the stick, and withdrew, giving a card with his address to the be-ribboned nurse, and murmuring some indistinct jumble about the happiest moments of his life being when he found himself able to contribute to the amusement of so charming a child. He went home in blissful anticipation for the result; perhaps Mrs. Truman would be indisposed to write, and a sweetly worded note of thanks for his amiability would come from Miss Margery instead—or, delicious possibility! the ladies might express their acknowledgments in words, when next they all met on the promenade. At any rate, the ice would be broken, and Jack already saw himself invited to the coffee-table of an afternoon, instead of sitting in his usual bachelor solitude.

The next morning a note was brought to him, which he tore open eagerly, and read: "Mr. Aiken is requested to claim his property at Room No. 42, Hotel Klumpff, at eleven o'clock this morning." There was no name signed, and Jack was vaguely disappointed at the terseness

of the composition; still, the invitation was an honor, and dressing with great care, Jack presented himself at the hotel at the appointed hour. He was shown into No. 42, and to his amazement found himself face to face with Miss Trott, his enemy of the Konigsstuhl. Too taken aback to defend himself, he stood meek as a lamb, while the lady, more irate than ever, overwhelmed him with a volley of abuse. As the storm subsided and she grew a little calmer, she began: "Now, sir, will please explain to me how my brother's gold-headed stick, a gift from an old army friend who is no more, came into your possession. I had it in my hand the day of your shameful assault in the Konigsstuhl, and have mourned its loss ever since, till now Fate restores it to me. You had better tell the truth; the most ingenious lie will not help you, for I have a police officer outside the door to cut off your escape."

"Do you mean to say that you accuse me of sealing your stick during that unlucky collision at the Konigsstuhl?" Jack asked, slowly recovering from his bewilderment. "Remembering the mysterious way in which my watch managed to fasten itself to your sleeve, and losing at the same time a valuable locket I wore round my neck, I do accuse you of stealing my brother Major Trott's walking stick."

"Upon my word, madam, I never in my life heard such preposterous folly! I must have swallowed your stick to be able to get off with it that day, under your very eyes." "Pray don't get violent and abusive; it will not do you the least good. A clever rogue could manage to conceal half a dozen such sticks in his sleeve. No, sir, I'm not so easily appeased; I demand to know how this piece of property came into your possession, and what have you done with my locket?" "I bought that stick at a junk shop, two days ago, on the Tannengasse. I know nothing at all about your locket. Now, if you please, we will consider this ridiculous interview at an end; if you can prove the stick is yours you may keep it and welcome. I confess something of an aversion for it since the beginning of our amiable discussion."

"Not so fast, young man," said Miss Trott, grimly, backing toward the door, which she opened, leaving Jack grinding his teeth with rage as he heard the key turn in the lock, making him a prisoner. Herr Isaacsson, when questioned about the gold headed walking stick, flatly denied all acquaintance or connection with it; in buying it from a shabby looking renovator of disabled umbrellas he had strongly suspected a theft; now, as inquiry arose about it, he scented danger for himself in the affair, and swore that it had never been in his shop. This complicated matters for Jack, who had nobody to testify in his favor. Miss Trott laid the case before a lawyer glad of a chance for occupation, and in the course of an hour Jack was informed that he would be released on bail only, and under bond to appear for trial three days hence. If he refused to furnish the sum named, he would be lodged at the expense of the town among other malefactors. The poor boy's funds were low, and he could not possibly furnish the amount required without a week's delay—a confession which he made frankly.

Still under lock and key at No. 42, he was allowed a few hours for reflection before his ignominious removal to the Wildbad jail. He glanced about the room to see what chances it offered for escape; glass doors led from it upon a balcony two stories from the ground, and communicating with other rooms. He could not jump from it, nor could he make his way through somebody's else's room; besides, such a sneaking, underhand kind of escape would put him in a worse light with some people whom he wished to impress favorably. There seemed nothing for him but to grin and bear with moderate patience a few days in the lock-up. How deplorably he had miscalculated the effect of his honeyed bribe to the Truman baby! He had succeeded only in making himself thoroughly ridiculous, if not disgraced, in the eyes of the girl for whose good opinion he craved. Jack was aroused from the dreariest of meditations by a tapping on the glass door of the balcony; it opened, and Margery, white and trembling, stood before him. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Mr. Aiken," she began, in a timid, hurried voice; "but I wanted to give you this," holding out a tiny purse of gold net-work. "Please don't refuse."

"But Miss Dayre, I really—" "You must take it—it is enough to pay the fine that that abominable old woman demands. I am so sorry and ashamed for what has happened, when you were so kind to my little nephew. That horrid, suspicious Miss Trott—she saw your stick when Serafina brought it home with baby, and pounced on it like a mad thing, declaring you had stolen it. She made my sister Clara promise to keep quiet till she had asked a lot of questions about you. I wouldn't promise, for I think it all such an insult. Take the money and say nothing about my giving it to you. Now I must go—it will not do to let them find me here."

Jack, his eyes bright and humid with delight and gratitude, took the little hand with its graceful offering and pressed it to his lips more than once, Margery seeming too agitated to think of drawing it away. There was a sound of approaching footsteps outside, and she retired as swiftly and noiselessly as she had come. Thanks to this surreptitious loan, Jack was spared an intimate acquaintance with prison regulations in the Black Forest; he was released on bail, and letters from home, combined with the flat of Major Trott, who arrived upon the scene and discountenanced his sister's sharp judgment, placed him above suspicion. Jack suddenly found himself a hero among the little English coterie; Mrs. Truman treated him with the warmest

cordiality, to compensate for the ill he had suffered through a desire to amuse her baby; and Margery—well, the Truman baby had turned out a little brick, after all, for he had brought them all on friendly terms together; and before leaving Wildbad, Jack wrote to Norris, begging to be congratulated on his engagement to Margery Dayre, the sweetest girl in all the world.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

P. T. Barnum says that during his life as a showman he has received over \$80,000,000 from the people.

The first iron boat is thought to have been built in 1777, on the River Foss, in Yorkshire. It was fifteen feet long, and made of sheet-iron.

An English surgeon says that people who use rocking chairs the most get deaf the soonest. Rocking also hurts the eyes and makes people near-sighted.

The crater Kilauaea of the volcano Mona Loa is three miles long, two miles wide and in places 800 feet deep. The boiling lava can be seen in many places.

The largest table ever made from a single plank belongs to the Illinois Club of Chicago. The plank is fifteen feet long and six wide, and was cut from a California redwood tree.

Mrs. Mary Savage, of Greenwood, Mass., has a daughter, granddaughter, great-granddaughter, and great-great-granddaughter, all residing in Norway, Me. It is an unbroken line of females of five generations. Their ages are as follows: First, eighty-four; second, fifty-six; third, thirty-six; fourth, seventeen; fifth, eight months.

It is supposed that the bridal veil was taken from ancient religious ceremonies. It is also supposed to represent the hair when left unconfined. The orange flower is appropriate to brides from its delicate creamy blossoms and leaves. The custom of wearing orange blossoms originated in the East, where it is the harbinger of a prosperous married life.

"Pogonip" is said to be the name given by mountaineers of Nevada to a sort of frozen fog that appears sometimes in winter, even on the clearest and brightest of days. In an instant the air is filled with floating needles of ice. To breathe the pogonip is death to the lungs. When it comes people rush to cover. The Indians dread it as much as the whites. It appears to be caused by the sudden freezing in the air of the moisture which collects about the summits of the high peaks.

In a Spanish Cigarette Factory.

When you enter the enormous rooms crowded with girls dressed in bright colors the coup d'oeil is striking in the extreme. In one immense low-vaulted room there are 1,500 girls. They sit in endless rows, about twenty girls to the row on either side of the room, all at little tables all rolling cigarettes. There is a blaze and a blur of color, a babel of tongues. Every girl has a gay handkerchief about her neck—every girl has a bright flower stuck in her hair. All along the wall hang the gay outdoor dresses of the little cigarettemakers. As I walk blushing and nervous down an endless avenue of flashing eyes, I grow almost giddy. It is a sea of women's faces, an undulating ocean of flower-decked heads. One has to pick one's way carefully down the central avenue, for it is blocked all along the line with cradles. The married cigarettemakers are allowed to bring their babies with them to the factory. They rock the cradle with one foot while their busy fingers roll the cigarettes.

"Silence!" is called by the forewoman as the visitor passes down the line, but there is a "chut-chut," every second from some dark-eyed woman who points to a cradle and holds out her hand. It is the habit of visitors to bestow occasional coppers on the babies, and so all the young mothers are on the alert for the visitors' charity.

The girls earn good wages. At many of the tables whole families are working together. But the hours are long and the atmosphere awful. The damp, warm, odor of the tobacco in the long, low-roofed rooms is in itself almost stupefying. But there is no ventilation, and the atmosphere is absolutely indescribable. Many of the girls smoke cigarettes at their work.

A Literary Curiosity.

The Royal Library at Stockholm contains a remarkable literary curiosity, called the devil's code, which is said to be the largest manuscript in the world. Every letter of this gigantic piece of work is as beautifully formed as if it were minutely and carefully drawn, and it seems almost impossible that it should have been done by a single human being. The devil's code was brought to Sweden from Prague after the Thirty Years' War, and the Deutsche Hausfrauen Zeitung tells the following story of its origin: A poor monk who had been condemned to death was told that his sentence would be commuted if he were able to copy the whole of the code in a single night. Relying on the impossibility of the task his judges furnished with the original, pen and ink, and left him in his well-barred prison. A drowsing man catches at a straw to save himself, and the unfortunate monk began to try his last impossible task with the vain hope of accomplishing it. Before long, however, he saw that he could not save his life by his own weak exertions. Afraid of a cruel and certain death, and perhaps doubting the promise of a better life hereafter, he invoked the aid of the Prince of Darkness, promising to surrender his soul if he were assisted in his task. The dark spirit appeared as soon as he was called, concluded the contract, sat down like any copying clerk, and next morning the devil's code was finished.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

Far away, and yet so near us, lies a land where all have been. Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along its meadows green. Where the busy world we dwell in and its noises only seem. Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a dream; And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it is to-day— 'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy children play.

And the things they know and see there are so wonderful and grand, Things that wiser folks and older cannot know nor understand; In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in their caves. See the palaces of cloudland and the mermen in the waves, Know what all the birds sing of, hear the secrets of the flowers— For the Land of Little People is another world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for when nursery time is o'er Through the Land of Little People we may wander nevermore, But we hear their merry voices and we see them at their play, And our own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they, Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and flowers— For the Land of Little People is a fairer world than ours. —Auckland News.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Ella Wheeler says the world has lost its passion. Watch the next Presidential election, Ella.—North American.

Architects are not so pretentious as actors, but they draw uniformly better houses.—Burlington Free Press.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," but a fellow feeling in our pocket makes us wish to collar him.—Tid-Bits.

The surest way for sweet girl graduates to get into print is to wear calico dresses on commencement day.—Lionel Citizen.

Life is full of disappointments, and a man realizes it a while after he has planted some bird seed with the idea that he was going to raise canaries.—Somerville Journal.

Leavenworth is endeavoring to secure a large post-hole manufactory, and will also offer a home to any capitalist who will establish a house for the manufacture of railway tunnels.—Atholion (Kansas) Globe.

Someone once said that care killed a cat. What we want to know is the exact locality where a goodly quantity of the quality of care above referred to can be procured at any price.—Yonkers Statesman.

Charlie, after his evening prayer, was adding some improvised petitions. He prayed impartially, as his memory served, for all his friends, for the people next door and around the corner, and added, with the same intently abstracted tone: "I won't pray for old Dr. Hart's folks, for we don't visit them."—Harper's Bazar.

IT KILLED THE DOG.

That dog at strangers' oft would roar, Yet to his friends was extra kind; He never had seen a dude, before, But now he saw a dude behind.

That dude turned round in wild dismay, "That dog was over terrified." "That dude said faintly: 'Go away!' Alas! it was the dog that died." —Goodall's Sun.

A Western Wild Goose Story.

"I want to tell you a little story about my boy out in Newbrasky," said an old farmer in the smoking-car to a party of drummers who had been telling him some pretty tall yarns. "My boy is a good deal of a genius in his way, lemme tell you, and none of 'em gets ahead of him. 'T'other day he rigged up a kite. It was the biggest kite I'd ever set eyes on. It was about six feet wide, an' twice as long, an' on the top of it my boy placed a few green branches which he'd cut from a cotton-wood tree. 'What's them for?' I inquired. 'Never you mind, dad,' says he, 'I know what I'm about.' And, by gosh! he did. He flew that kite up in the air, an' stood watchin' of it for a long time, when I says to him: 'You'd better pull that thing down, now, an' get to your work.' 'Lemme alone, dad,' he replied, 'I'll git that yet.' And, by gosh! he did. The next time I took a look at him he was a-hauling in on the kite line, and a smile on his face as broad as a furrow. When the kite came down near the ground I saw what he was a-smilin' at, an' it was enough to make a body smile, too. Any you fellers want to guess what was on that kite?"

None of the drummers wanted to guess, and the old man continued his story: "Well, sir, a-sittin' on the top of that kite was eleven of the purtiest wild geese ever saw. Yes, sir, eleven an' em. You see, the geese was flyin' north purty thick, an' my boy had got up this scheme to catch 'em. There ain't many trees out our way, and after a fat goose has been flyin' purty steady all day he gets a kind o' tired like an' looks for a place to sit down an' rest. That's just what my boy was countin' on when he built that kite. By offerin' the geese a place to stop an' rest, an' by smarin' the top o' the kite with tar, so their feet would stick so fast they couldn't get away, he did the business. By gosh! but it was fun to pull them geese in. Just as fast as we could send the kite up and pull her down again we got from ten to a dozen geese, an' in four days we captured six car-loads, an' I'm takin' 'em to Chicago now to sell. None o' you smart, story-tellin' fellers don't happen to know what wild geese is worth now in the Chicago market, do ye?" —Chicago Herald.