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FOREST CAMP, No. 1, WOODMEN of the World, meets the first and third Mondays in each month, in the G. A. R. Hall. Visiting Sovereigns cordially welcome. T. S. BUNCH, Counsel Com. T. E. PULLIAM, Clerk.

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TEARS AND SMILES.

The skies cannot always be clear,
My dear;
The merriest eye must still have its tear.
My dear;
The clouds that are frowning above us to-day

Will presently break and go floating away,
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray.
My dear!

We can't have just happiness here,
My dear;
You would never be glad if you ne'er shed a tear.

My dear;
The sorrow that lurks in your bosom to-day,
Like the clouds, when you've wept, will go floating away,
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray.
My dear.

If it's going to rain, it will rain,
My dear;
No matter how bitterly we may complain.
My dear;

There are sorrows that every good woman must bear;
There are griefs in which every good man has a share,
It is only the fool who has never a care,
My dear.

The skies cannot always be clear,
My dear;
Sweets wouldn't be sweet were no bitterness here,
My dear;

There could never be joy if there never was sorrow,
The sobs of to-day may be laughter to-morrow,
And there's gladness as well as vain trouble to borrow,
My dear!

S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

I HAD watched her for some moments as my 'bus rolled slowly down Piccadilly, and was greatly taken by her appearance. The pavements and the carriages were full of well-dressed and beautiful women; but somehow I seemed to have eyes for no one but that girl. She wore the sweetest costume—something in blue picked out with white at the collar and cuffs, and I inferred, white upon the front of the bodice. She was steering her bicycle with skill and boldness through the five o'clock traffic of Piccadilly, and I longed to see her face, which, I felt convinced, would please my eye. But this, of course, I could not do, as she was riding steadily about ten yards in front of us. You cannot stand at a girl on a bicycle from the top of a 'bus, even if you know her name, and I could scarcely expect her to look back at a whistle.

I leaned forward to the driver, handing him my open tobacco pouch.
"Do you think," I said, "you could hurry up a bit and pass that lady ahead? I want to see her face."
He turned, and, jerking his head in the direction of Hyde Park corner, said: "Lidy on the bike—blue dress—cut saucy?"
"You've guessed it," I replied.
He winked. Then he brushed his horses with the whip, and passed the Victoria 'bus ahead, which seemed in no particular hurry to arrive anywhere. The girl ahead, seeing a clear space before her, quickened up and held her own.
"I don't think we can do it," I said, resigning myself to disappointment.
He held his pipe between two fingers, and filled it with the remaining two, feeling, meanwhile, with his thumb for a match. I gave him my match-box.
"It's all right," he said, as he nursed the flaming match in his fist and puffed his pipe into action. "There's a block at the corner."
The girl slowed down, and stepped easily and surely from her bicycle. She stood upon the curb at the corner of St. James' street, leaning on her machine. I admired the pose of her head, the set of her shoulders, the pointing of her foot, as she stood silent and expectant. As the 'bus drew up by her side, I leaned over and saw her face. I was not disappointed. It was as I thought. She was, to me, amazingly beautiful.

"You will excuse me, sir," said a voice at my side, "but you have gained your object."
I looked round at my neighbor, and saw a lady, by no means ill looking, of about my own age, which is on the wrong side of 30. There was something a little stern, perhaps a trifle contemptuous, in the cast of her features, and she was regarding me with much apparent aversion.

"You have seen the young lady's face, and now, perhaps—that's right, coachman, drive on."
The 'bus moved slowly forward. I reflected a moment, for I had not noticed my neighbor before, and was a little startled at her implied reproach.
"Excuse me," I said, "I haven't quite gained my object. I want to make her look at me, and she won't. Now, what is the etiquette in such cases?"
I turned and waved my arm at her

as the 'bus went on. But she was mounting her machine, and, being occupied with the arrangement of her skirts, took no notice of me.

"May I ask," said my neighbor, "if that young lady is your sister, or your cousin, or—"
"Certainly not," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Then, sir, I feel it my duty to tell you that you are no gentleman."
I sighed.

"I know that," I replied. "But I always pretend to be, and the public is so gullible. How do you find me out?"

"No gentleman," she said, "would seek to annoy a lady in the street, especially a lady who, clearly, does not wish to notice him. And I can see that girl is persistently avoiding you."

"O, is she?" I said. "Just wait a moment. She'll be as pleased as anything when she sees that I have noticed her. Nothing annoys a woman like indifference."

"A girl—alone and unprotected—" she began.

"She should be all the more pleased to see me," I said. She was abreast of the 'bus again, and I leaned over the side, waving my hat. She looked up with a glance of surprise. I nodded pleasantly. She lifted her eyebrows and smiled. But a crawling hansom took her attention and she fell behind again.

"There!" I said. "If ever a girl looked pleased, there she is. Who am I that I should refuse a momentary satisfaction to a lonely girl?"

I turned with a smile to my neighbor. Her face was flushed with anger, for I had clearly proved her to be in the wrong.

"It is men like yourself who are—the biots on our vaunted civilization," she said. "Such a sweet, innocent face, too."

"Yes, isn't it?" I said. "I am so glad you agree with me. It's the sort of face I've always admired; and as soon as I caught a back view of her I felt certain she would have that sort of face. That's why I wanted to get a look at it."

"Such men as you—" began my neighbor.

"Now, if I were not a married man," I continued, reflectively, "that is the very girl I would marry at once. As it is, of course, I can't. But that's not my fault, is it?"

"You are married?" said the lady.

"I am," I replied.

"That makes it much worse," she said.

"On the contrary, it is my excuse," I said. "It is all owing to my wife. If it were not for her I should be—well—very different."

"She must be a miserable woman," said the lady, "if she knows of your conduct. My heart bleeds for her."

"Not at all," I said. "She is quite happy as happy as that girl. Now did you ever see a more charming girl?"

I turned and sent a nod in the direction of the girl who was pedaling along quietly just behind the 'bus. She lifted one hand from the handle-bar and waved it to me in friendly response.

"Under the circumstances," I said, "I think I shall speak to her; otherwise I might miss her when I get off at Sloane street. Do you think she would mind?"

"Let me implore you," said my neighbor; "if you do I shall speak to the conductor."

"It would be grossly improper," I said, "unless he happens to be your brother—or your cousin—or—"

The lady sniffed and looked round. But the conductor was not in view.

I leaned down, and the girl looked up inquiringly, riding to the side of the 'bus.

"I am going to get off at Sloane street," I called to her; "will you stop there?"

She nodded, and bending slightly over her handles quickly outstripped the 'bus and rode on past St. George's hospital and down the slope. I leaned back in my seat and watched her appreciatively as she flouted away.

"Never in my life," I murmured, "have I seen anyone whom I admire more. A most delightful girl!"

"A most disgraceful incident!" said my neighbor.

"You see," I said, affably, "two people meet—'twas in a crowd—and their hearts rush together like magnets, or poles, or whatever the things are. It is quite clear to me that we were made for one another. Don't you believe in affinities? They are fun."

"It is not a matter for jesting; it is a very serious matter to tamper in this way with the innocence of—"

"I think it is rather a joke," I said.

"It may be a joke for the man—or, rather, he may think so, mistakenly; but you never by any chance think of the girl. And I feel it my duty as a woman, to protest against—"

"Blas my soul!" I exclaimed, "I think of the girl always. She is never out of my thoughts."
"The girl!"

"Yes, the girl—that girl. Didn't I

explain? O! here we are!"
"Sloane street!" said the conductor. I jumped up.

"Well, we've had a most interesting conversation," I said. "You see, she's waiting for me at the corner. I knew it. I never underrate my attractions."

As I descended to the pavement, Celia greeted me with a smile of welcome, while the eyes of my late neighbor bored two holes in my back.

"How lucky to meet like this," said Celia. "Where did you see me first?"

"O, in Piccadilly," I replied. "But I couldn't be sure it was you until I saw your face. I want to get some tobacco here, and then we can walk along home together."

"Had an amusing day?" said Celia.

"Excellent," I said, "more particularly the ride down."

"You seemed very much interested in the lady on the 'bus," said Celia, as we stepped outside the tobacconist's. "Did you know her?"

"Never saw her before," I said.

"Right under my very eyes, too," said Celia.

"I couldn't help it," I said. "She seemed to have some objection to me, or to you, or to something or other—seemed to see something wrong in our behavior."

"Didn't she know I was your wife?" asked Celia.

"She didn't know me," I replied.

"But didn't you tell her?" asked Celia.

"Well, I—'d, 'now I come to think of it, I don't believe I did."—Black and White.

Interrupting a Conversation.
The late Justice Maule was once engaged in passing sentence on a prisoner, when one of the officers of the court annoyed him by crossing the gangway beneath him with papers for members of the bar. "Don't you know," cried the judge, severely addressing the official culprit, "that you ought never to pass between two gentlemen when one of them is addressing the other?" Having thus relieved his mind, the judge proceeded to pass sentence of seven years' penal servitude on the other gentleman.—N. Y. Tribune.

An Odious Comparison.
The following is a story of a doctor at one of the London hospitals. He was one day lecturing to a class of students when he stopped to ask a question, which for some time none of them answered. But one man, who had never answered a question before and was looked upon as the fool of the class, answered him correctly. The doctor was astonished, and stared at the man in amazement.

"You look surprised, sir," said the student.

"So did Balaam!" was the doctor's sharp reply.—Tit-Bits.

A Foreigner's Inference.
"It is not considered desirable to be happy in this country, I find," said the intelligent foreigner who had about mastered the language.

"What makes you say that?"

"You have a proverb which speaks of the happiness of a clam at high tide."

"Yes."

"And you have another which advises a man not to be a clam."—Judge.

How to Tell.
Melissa—I'm sure Fred is in love with me. He comes to see me three nights a week.

Melinda—He's only half in love—wait till he comes every night.—Up-to-Date.

Girls Study.
"Girls are queer; often before a young woman falls in love she thinks more of a dog than of anything else on earth."

"Yes?"

"And then after she has been married awhile she goes back to the dog."—N. Y. Truth.

No More Romance.
She feared to make the avowal. "Edward," she faltered, when she could no longer postpone the inevitable, "my father has failed in business."

He sniggered. "Alas!" he sighed, "now that you have become rich I suppose our fond dream of love is at an end."—Detroit Tribune.



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He's Satisfied.
She—How would you like to try your luck in the Klondike?
He—Well, I should say not. We're engaged. You have a million. I'm not a pork.—Detroit Free Press.

The Cat Came Back.
Todd—Don't kill it.
Nodd—Why not?
Todd—It's apt to make a worse noise dead than alive; they make fiddle-strings of catgut.—Town Topics.

It Often Works That Way.
Drummer—What were the gross receipts of the ice-cream festival given by the ladies of the church last night?
Squaw Corners Merchant—Nine dollars and odd cents, in the hole.—Puck.

Why He Stuffed.
"I wish, when you bring soup, you would keep your thumb out of it," said Mr. Fastidious to Sam Johnson, a colored waiter.

"Don't worry, boss. My fun's all right. De soup's rot as er burg's nose in Jannywerry," replied Sam, with a grin that made the top of his head look like an island.—Humorous Times.

There Was One.
"So there is no point to this joke, isn't there?" asked Mr. Snickers, as he received the rejected witticism from the editor.

"That's what I said," replied the editor, "but I see I was mistaken. Looking at it more closely, I perceive that you have put a period at the end."—Up-to-Date.

Married Men Preferred.
Mrs. Hempock (with a self-satisfied air)—I notice that whenever Hard, Cash & Co. advertise for clerks or salesmen, they always say Married Men preferred.

Mr. H.—(an employe of Hard, Cash & Co.)—Yes, the old tyrants. They want men who are used to being bossed.—N. Y. Weekly.

By the Bottle.
Ethel—Who was that man you just bowed to?
Penelope—That was Dobson, the great composer.

Ethel—A composer, did you say?
Yes—Yes. He manufactures soothing syrup.—Toronto News.

Silence Gave Consent.
Claud—Did you hear about young Hardup?
Maud—No.

Claud—He proposed to a deaf and dumb heiress, and now he's suing for breach of promise on the ground that silence gives consent.—N. Y. World.

Sweet Girl.
I kissed her lightly on the cheek, Her face blushed up as I could see; I thought in my heart she'd speak— She turned the other cheek to me! —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Law and the Dairy.
"I hear that the great law firm of Gouge & Gobbie has engaged extensively in the dairy business."

"You don't say!"

"Yes; milking an estate."—N. Y. Truth.

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