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## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**TIONESTA LODGE**  
 No. 369,  
**I. O. of O. F.**  
 MEETS every Friday evening, at 8  
 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied  
 by the Good Templars.  
 W. R. DUNN, N. G.  
 G. W. SAWYER, Sec'y.

Dr. J. E. Blaine,  
 OFFICE and residence opposite the  
 Lawrence House. Office days Wednes-  
 days and Saturdays. 36-47.

W. P. Mercilliot,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**, cor. Elm and  
 Walnut Sts., Tionesta, Pa. I have  
 associated myself with Hon. A. B. Rich-  
 mond, of Meadville, Pa., in the practice of  
 law in Forest County. 10-1y

W. NEWTON PETTIS. MILES W. TATE.  
**PETTIS & TATE,**  
**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**  
 Elm Street, TIONESTA, PA.

F. W. Hays,  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**, and NOTARY  
 PUBLIC, Reynolds Hukill & Co.'s  
 Block, Seneca St., Oil City, Pa. 39-1y

F. KINNEAR. N. B. SMILEY.  
**KINNEAR & SMILEY,**  
 Attorneys at Law, - - Franklin, Pa.  
 PRACTICE in the several Courts of Ven-  
 ango, Crawford, Forest, and adjoining  
 counties. 20-1y.

E. HARRIS. D. D. FASSETT,  
**HARRIS & FASSETT,**  
 attorneys at Law, Tionesta Penn'a.  
 PRACTICE in all the Courts of Warren,  
 Crawford, Forest and Venango Coun-  
 ties. 49-47

**CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
**BONNER & AGNEW BLOCK, L.**  
 AGNEW, Proprietor. This is a new  
 house, and has just been fitted up for  
 the accommodation of the public. A portion  
 of the patronage of the public is solicited.  
 46-1y

Lawrence House,  
**TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-**  
**RENCE, Proprietor.** This house  
 is centrally located. Everything new and  
 well furnished. Superior accommodations  
 and strict attention given to guests.  
 Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served  
 in their season. Sample room for Com-  
 mercial Agents. 46-1y

**FOREST HOUSE,**  
**D. BLACK PROPRIETOR.** Opposite  
 Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just  
 opened. Everything new and clean and  
 fresh. The best of liquors kept constantly  
 on hand. A portion of the public patron-  
 age is respectfully solicited. 4-17-1y

Tionesta House.  
**G. T. LATIMER Lessee,** Elm St. Tion-  
 esta, Pa., at the mouth of the creek,  
 Mr. L. has thoroughly renovated the  
 Tionesta House, and re-furnished it com-  
 pletely. All who patronize him will be  
 well entertained at reasonable rates. 37-1y

Empire Hotel.  
**TIDIOUPE, PA. H. EWALD, Proprietor.**  
 This house is centrally located,  
 has been thoroughly refitted and now  
 boasts as good a table and beds as any Ho-  
 tel in the oil regions. Transient only \$2.00  
 per day. 22-6m

C. B. Weber's Hotel,  
**TYLESBURGH, PA. C. B. WEBER,**  
 has possession of the new brick hotel  
 and will be happy to entertain all his old  
 customers, and any number of new ones.  
 Good accommodations for guests, and ex-  
 cellent stabling. 10-2m.

Dr. J. L. Acomb,  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,** who has  
 had fifteen years' experience in a large  
 and successful practice, will attend all  
 Professional Calls. Office in his Drug and  
 Grocery Store, located in Tidioupe, near  
 Tidioupe House.

**IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND**  
 A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors,  
 Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glaziers,  
 Oils, Cutlery, all of the best quality, and  
 will be sold at reasonable rates.  
**DR. CHAS. O. DAY,** an experienced  
 Physician and Druggist from New York,  
 has charge of the Store. All prescriptions  
 put up accurately. 10-2m.

B. H. MAY. 250 F. PARK. A. B. BELLY.  
**MAY, PARK & CO.,**  
**BANKERS**  
 Corner of Elm and Walnut Sts. Tionesta.  
 Bank of Discount and Deposit.  
 Interest allowed on Time Deposits.  
 Collections made on all the Principal points  
 of the U. S.  
 Collections solicited. 18-1y.

**D. W. CLARK,**  
 (COMMISSIONER'S CLERK, FOREST CO., PA.)  
**REAL ESTATE AGENT.**  
 HOUSES and Lots for Sale and RENT.  
 Wild Lands for Sale.  
 I have superior facilities for ascertaining  
 the condition of taxes and tax deeds, &c.,  
 and am therefore qualified to act intelli-  
 gently as agent of those living at a dis-  
 tance, owning lands in the County.  
 Office in Commissioners Room, Court  
 House, Tionesta, Pa. D. W. CLARK.  
 4-1-1y.

## RESTAURANT.

**JACOB SMERBAUGH** has fitted up  
 the store-building north of Tate's law  
 office, for a restaurant, and will be pleased  
 to see his friends there. Fresh beer on  
 draught. Also ale, domestic wines &c.  
 Cold lunches at all times, and oysters in  
 all styles, in their season. 13-1y

## WM. F. BLUM, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON-MAKER.

Corner of Church and Elm Streets,  
**TIONESTA, PA.**  
 This firm is prepared to do all work in  
 its line, and will warrant everything done  
 at their shops to give satisfaction. Partic-  
 ular attention given to  
**HORSE-SHOEING.**  
 Give them a trial, and you will not re-  
 gret it. 13-1y.

## PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

ELM STREET,  
**SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S**  
**STORE.**  
**Tionesta, Pa.,**  
**M. CARPENTER, Proprietor.**  
  
 Pictures taken in all the latest styles  
 the art. 26-47

## PAPA BALDWIN

Has opened a  
**SEWING MACHINE DEPOT**  
 In his  
**BOOT AND SHOE STORE,**  
 And in connection with his other business  
 he has constantly in store the

## GROVER & BAKER, DOMESTIC VICTOR, WILSON SHUTTLE, WHITNEY, HOWE, BLEEN, WHEELER & WILSON, HOME SHUTTLE, and will

## FURNISH TO ORDER

any Sewing Machine in the market, at list  
 prices, with all the  
**GUARANTEES**  
 which the Companies give, and will  
**DELIVER THE MACHINES**  
 In any part of Forest County, and give all  
 necessary instructions to learners.  
 Needles for all Machines, Silk and Thread  
 always in Store.  
**TIDIOUPE, PA., June, 1874. 11-47**

## NEW JEWELRY STORE

In Tionesta.  
**M. SMITH,**  
**WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,**  
 At SUPERIOR STORE.  
**ALL WORK WARRANTED.**

## A Large and Superior Stock of

**Watches,**  
**Clocks,**  
**and Jewelry,**  
 CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

## MR. SMITH has fine machinery for

making all parts of a watch or clock  
 that may be missing or broken. He war-  
 rants all his work. The patronage of the  
 citizens of Forest County is most respect-  
 fully solicited. All he asks is a fair trial.  
 47

## NOTICE.

**DR. J. N. BOLARD,** of Tidioupe, has  
 returned to his practice after an ab-  
 sence of four months, spent in the Hospi-  
 tals of New York, where he will attend  
 calls in his profession.  
 Office in Eureka Drug Store, 3d door  
 above the bank, Tidioupe, Pa. 49f

## GAWKY GARNETT'S LOVE.

"In the mind's eye—that's the eye-  
 deal; yes, 'all in my eye' his ideal is.  
 Ho! ho!"  
 "Natty, Natty Barton, what are you  
 laughing at?"  
 "A spooner document; the usual  
 thing, you know, Uncle James; a man  
 who says I'm the ideal of his dreams.  
 A love-letter, and from my Gawky  
 Garnett!"  
 Uncle James looked grave. "Natalie,"  
 said he, "I wish you weren't  
 such a flirt."  
 "But it's such fun, uncle dear."  
 "It's a kind of fun you'll pay for  
 dearly one of these days, mark my  
 words. There never was a biter who  
 wasn't bitten at last."  
 "But only think of my dear Gawky,  
 uncle, and don't scold. He's as green  
 as a country girl's neck-tie! His foot  
 looks like a bear's foot, and he wears a  
 flaming red cravat, and sits with his  
 paws in his pockets, and tips his chair  
 back against the wall. Oh, uncle,  
 up-aw-w-n my word, it's too pre-pos-  
 terous!"  
 "Natty," said Uncle James, "I'd  
 recommend you to take somebody of  
 your size. George Garnett is hardly  
 worth spending your valuable time on.  
 A poor lad, with a drunken father, a  
 vixen for a step-mother, and dirt and  
 poverty for the inspiring surroundings  
 of his boyhood. You choose to fool  
 away some of your precious hours vis-  
 iting the country academy where he is  
 one of the big boys, struggling fear-  
 fully to get the 'three r's' through his  
 skull. He sees you, and is quite per-  
 suaded that you're an angel; he doesn't  
 know you as well as I do, I'll be bound.  
 Nat, if that boy's mother had lived,  
 and he'd had a decent father, and ever  
 known anything but dirt and beating  
 in his childhood, I have a sort of im-  
 pression that he wouldn't be the man  
 whom you'd be squabbling to-day. You  
 ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Six years later Natty Barton, twenty-  
 three years old, a beautiful, bril-  
 liant, witty young lady, much ad-  
 mired, but still unmarried, and spoiled,  
 said to Uncle James one day:  
 "Adorable uncle, let us go to Put-  
 in-Bay this summer."  
 To Put-in-Bay they went, then a  
 new place, thoroughly unfashionable,  
 and consequently thoroughly enjoy-  
 able. Natty wore a calico dress all  
 day long if she wanted to, went to bed  
 at ten o'clock, and learned to row a  
 boat equal to Grace Darling.

About the same time a wise, gray-  
 haired, rich old lawyer said to the  
 slim, dark-haired, brilliant, and pov-  
 erty-stricken young man he had just  
 taken into his office as working part-  
 ner:  
 "We'll go to Put-in-Bay for a  
 month. I have a lot of titles to hunt  
 up out there all over the islands. You  
 can do the work, and I'll get the  
 money. Start to-morrow."  
 "Thank you, sir. Shall be only too  
 glad to go," answered the young man,  
 briskly.

At the little hotel at Put-in-Bay  
 one morning Natalie Barton looked  
 up from her breakfast plate, and en-  
 countered a pair of intensely brilliant  
 black eyes fixed keenly upon her lov-  
 ely face. The magnetic power of the  
 brilliant eyes was so strange and strong  
 that it made Natty look up. But she  
 looked instantly down into her plate  
 again, after the fashion of all modest  
 young ladies.

Rose, an irrepressible of twelve  
 years, nudged her arm.  
 "Nat! Nat! who is that black-eyed  
 man looking across this way?"  
 "Oh, I don't know!" says Nat, gaz-  
 ing intently into her plate. "I don't  
 see anybody."  
 "Oh, my! what a whop! What a  
 humbug it is to be a young lady! If a  
 young man looks at her she drops her  
 eyes right off, and pretends she doesn't  
 see a living soul, and all the time she's  
 peeping at him sideways out of her  
 eyes as hard as she can, and can tell  
 exactly what he's got on. I wonder  
 what young ladies do that for? I  
 wonder if I will do it too when I'm a  
 young lady?"

A few days later Nat Barton  
 and half a dozen other young ladies  
 were sitting in the warm July after-  
 noon on the long, low veranda of what  
 in those days was the "principal ho-  
 tel" at Put-in-Bay. Rose, the irre-  
 pressible, came bounding across the  
 veranda toward Natty.  
 "Oh! oh!" says the irrepressible,  
 "what awful whoppers young ladies  
 will tell! Nat, what did you tell me,  
 when I asked you who that black-eyed  
 man was—that you didn't know? Mr.  
 Garnett doesn't care for young ladies,  
 but he has made my acquaintance. He  
 is here on business, he says, and has  
 no time to amuse himself. But he  
 talks to me, though he won't look at a  
 young lady. Young ladies are all  
 spoiled, he says. And he says that he  
 used to know you—needn't pretend  
 anything, Miss Nat; Mr. Garnett tells

the truth—says that he fell in love  
 with you when he was a boy, and you  
 laughed at him, and he will never fall  
 in love with a young lady again, be-  
 cause he's old enough to know better  
 now. He likes little girls, but thinks  
 young ladies are awfully silly. And  
 I think so too. And I think Mr. Gar-  
 nett is just as nice as he can be. Nat,  
 what made you say you didn't know  
 him? and don't you wish you could  
 make him fall in love with you now?"  
 "No, I don't," said Natty, coloring  
 angrily. The other young ladies  
 laughed.

Little Rose watched Natty's pretty  
 face carefully; but for all she could  
 make of it, it might have been the  
 face of a gingerbread man. Natty's  
 mind wasn't as indifferent as her face,  
 however. She was making a mighty  
 vow to herself. She new well enough  
 who the handsome young lawyer was,  
 and the old flirting demon stirred with-  
 in her breast. She was piqued to think  
 that he had been at the Bay a full  
 week, and had never said boo to a young  
 lady. Her uncle was charmed with  
 the brilliant young lawyer.

"I told you so, Natty," said he, rub-  
 bing his hands. "That young man 'll  
 be Governor of the State one of these  
 days. I'm nearly as proud of him as  
 if he was my own son. Don't you  
 wish you hadn't snubbed him, Nat-  
 ty?"  
 "No, I don't," said Natty, shutting  
 her lips with a snap, and looking vexed.  
 But she said to herself, "We'll  
 see!"

They had a yachting party next  
 day. Mr. Garnett went on the invita-  
 tion of Uncle James. Natty was as  
 gay as a bird, and as bright. She was  
 dangerously fascinating. She sang,  
 laughed, and made witty small-talk  
 for the whole company. Any young  
 man but George Garnett, abashed with  
 his wild ambition, planning out a  
 magnificent future, brooding ever over  
 his yellow law-books, would have suc-  
 cumbed at once to the wiles of this  
 girl with gleaming sweet eyes and the  
 red lips.

"I see you haven't forgotten how to  
 flirt, Miss Natalie," he said once to  
 her gayly.  
 "I do not flirt," answered Natalie,  
 with dignity.  
 George Garnett laughed—a low  
 laugh, pleasant and musical, but which  
 had a faint sound of a sneer in it.  
 Natty subsided, and was perfectly  
 quiet for five minutes.

"I used to know so little of the  
 pretty ways of young ladies," said  
 George, musingly. "A long time ago,  
 that was, when you used to call me  
 Gawky Garnett—you remember? I'm  
 gawky yet," he continued. "But now,  
 when a young lady smiles sweetly on  
 me, and charms me with her pretty,  
 flattering ways, I know better than to  
 fancy she means anything by it—any-  
 thing more than to amuse herself."  
 "Oh!" says Natty, blushing; "you're  
 modest."

He sat beside her on the way home,  
 and was perfectly polite and enter-  
 taining. Natty acknowledged to her-  
 self that she had never seen a man  
 more delightful, or who carried about  
 him more perfectly the air of a grand  
 gentleman. But for all the effect her  
 bewitching ways had on him, he might  
 have been a stone. He was the model  
 of gay indifference. Natalie bit her  
 lips with vexation, when, after they  
 had all reached home, and were rested,  
 Mr. Garnett asked little Rose to go  
 out with him for a row on the lake.

"He doesn't care for young ladies,  
 then—not even the prettiest of them,"  
 said Natty to herself, looking at her-  
 self in the glass. "I wonder where  
 the man picked up such grand ways?  
 He might be taken for a prince. And  
 it's clear that he'll never care for me  
 again."  
 Somehow Natty felt about half like  
 crying.

"I think Mr. Garnett is splendid,"  
 said the girls.  
 "How can you say so?" exclaimed  
 Natty. "I don't think so at all."  
 "Get your hat, little girl," said Mr.  
 Garnett to Rose, one morning, "and  
 call your papa, and let us row across  
 to Middle Bass. I can't stay many  
 days longer. Let us make the most  
 of the golden hours left."  
 He drew a little book from his  
 pocket, as Rose skipped away in de-  
 light.  
 "Have you read this yet, Miss Nat-  
 alie?" he asked.  
 "No," says Natty.  
 "Then I'll leave it to amuse you. I  
 don't care for it much; but its the  
 sort of book I should imagine a young  
 lady would like—all about love and  
 flirting, you know. I've not finished  
 it yet, I've read just this far in it—"  
 He took his pencil and gave a sweep  
 across some lines a little below the  
 middle of a page, then handed the  
 book to Natty, looking at her as he  
 spoke. A sweet, strange look softened  
 his dark eyes for an instant, it seemed  
 to Natty; then he was just the same  
 again—cool, polished, indifferent.  
 "Tell Miss Rose I'll be down wait-

ing for her and papa—down at the  
 shore." He bowed lightly, and went  
 out.  
 Natalie glanced mechanically at the  
 place where his pencil had swept  
 across the page. He had marked  
 these lines:  
 "O being of beauty and bliss! seen and  
 known  
 In the depths of my soul, and possessed  
 there alone!  
 My days know thee hot; and my lips  
 name thee never;  
 Thy place in my poor life is vacant for  
 ever.  
 We have met; we have parted. No more  
 is recorded  
 In my annals on earth."

That night again she was once more  
 the bright, merry flirt, the gayest of  
 the gay. They had a "hop" at the  
 little hotel. Round and round spun  
 the happy dancers, and Natty was the  
 brightest, sauciest of them all. George  
 Garnett was there, but he did not  
 dance. He looked silent and mel-  
 ancholy, seeing which Natty became  
 wilder than ever, and her little feet  
 flew round like mad. At the close of  
 a waltz she sat down to breathe for a  
 moment. Fate led her to sit down  
 beside a pillar against which George  
 Garnett leaned, with folded arms, lost  
 in thought. But he saw her, and  
 bowed and smiled. Then he held out  
 a card to her. She took it, read upon  
 it his name, and beneath the words,  
 "Pour prendre congé."

She looked up in quick alarm, as if  
 expecting to find him already gone.  
 But he approached as she raised her  
 eyes.  
 "Will you walk on the veranda a  
 little, Miss Natalie?"  
 She put her hand through his arm  
 without a word, and he led the way  
 out to the veranda.

"I am going away in the morning,  
 Miss Natty. Perhaps I shall not see  
 you soon again. So—" She caught  
 her breath with a quick sigh, as if  
 stricken with a sudden pain. George  
 Garnett reached out and took in his  
 own the little hand which rested  
 against arm. "Natty, little Natty,"  
 he said softly, "will you come with me  
 for a moonlight sail? Burrell is down  
 there yet with his boats, and he will  
 take us out. It is so beautiful to-night,  
 and I have not troubled you often this  
 summer, have I?"  
 "No," said Natty.

They went out into the bay, rising  
 and falling with the moon-lit waves.  
 Burrell, the boatman, tended his sail,  
 and George Garnett sat down beside  
 Natalie.  
 "Yes, I must go away in the morn-  
 ing; I have had a letter from—home,"  
 emphasizing the one word scornfully.  
 "My father is on his death-bed. Miss  
 Barton, you know who and what my  
 father is?"  
 "Yes," said Natty, faintly, "I do,"  
 with a soft, gentle sound in her voice.

"I have not spoken to my father for  
 four years," said Garnett. "Perhaps  
 I did wrong; I don't know. I thought  
 he had disgraced me and the memory  
 of my mother so. But I must go to  
 him now, for he is dying. A distant  
 relative of my father is with him. This  
 cousin is an old man, and wealthy.  
 He is who writes the letter. He  
 says I am the only relative he has left  
 in this country, except his daughter, a  
 girl of eighteen. I have never seen  
 her, but I have heard that she is beau-  
 tiful, and as good as an angel. My  
 father's cousin writes that if his  
 daughter and myself should be mu-  
 tually pleased with each other, pleased  
 enough to—marry each other, that  
 he will be very glad to see us so  
 disposed of, and in that case my for-  
 tune will be made. He is kind enough  
 to say that he knows of nobody to  
 whom he would more gladly trust his  
 young daughter's happiness than to  
 me. So to-morrow I must leave these  
 pleasant islands, and go to the fair  
 young cousin whom I have never seen.  
 I hope you will find the rest of the  
 summer delightful, Miss Natalie."

Natty buried her face in her hands.  
 George Garnett bent over her, and  
 drew her hands away from her face.  
 Natty was crying.  
 He looked at her for a moment, and  
 his own face looked pale in the moon-  
 light. He moved away and said a few  
 rapid words to the boatman, in a low  
 tone. Then he came back and sat  
 down beside Natty in silence. He  
 took one of Natty's hands, and held it  
 tight in his own, but said not a word.  
 On, on they sped, through the moon-  
 lit water. It was rougher now, and  
 the waves were rolling higher. After  
 a while Natty looked up. The boat  
 had changed its direction, and they  
 were out of sight of the island, the  
 bay—out of sight of everything, it  
 seemed to the girl. She would have  
 sprung up, but George Garnett threw  
 his arm about her, and held her down  
 beside him. She fairly screamed with  
 surprise and half fear.

"Where are we going?" she ex-  
 claimed, wildly.  
 "To Sandusky," answered George  
 Garnett, desperately.  
 Then Natty tried to scream in earn-

est, but the sound died away on her  
 lips.

"Yes, to Sandusky," he repeated, in  
 a voice which sounded almost savage.  
 "Girl! did you think I was a milk-  
 sop or an idiot, that you could play with  
 my heart like a child's toy? Can I  
 put love on and off again at will, or  
 shall I let you break my heart and  
 torture me again as you did six years  
 ago? No, by Heaven! you shall not.  
 What! Natty, little Natty! are you  
 crying again? Oh, my darling! what  
 did you think I was made of? I could  
 not see your sweet, false face every  
 day, and look into your bright eyes,  
 hear your voice, and not love you  
 again. You have tried every sweet,  
 wicked wile in your power—and you  
 know it—to draw me to you, only that  
 you might cast me off and laugh at  
 me again. I love you so desperately  
 that I could take you in my arms this  
 moment and leap overboard into the  
 lake with you. I am running away  
 with you, Natalie!"

The wind freshened, the lake became  
 still rougher. Faster and faster flew  
 the tiny sailboat. Natty, thoroughly  
 miserable, and now thoroughly fright-  
 ened, leaned down upon her knees, and  
 cried with all her might. George Gar-  
 nett began to relent. He looked at  
 the unhappy girl beside him, and his  
 lip quivered, as always when the man's  
 feelings were strongly moved. He  
 hesitated a moment—then called to  
 the boatman.

"We cannot go back," answered the  
 boatman. "We couldn't budge an  
 inch in the face of this wind. If we  
 ever come out of this alive, we'll do  
 well. Blame me if ever I listen to a  
 fool again."  
 And now not only the girl, but also  
 her fiery-hearted, rash lover, and even  
 the veteran boatman began to be seri-  
 ously alarmed. It required all the  
 boatman's skill, assisted by the now  
 very penitent George Garnett, to man-  
 age the boat. Natty lay down in a  
 heap in the bottom of the boat, and  
 neither spoke nor looked up, she was  
 so frightened. At length the moon  
 went down, and it was terrible for a  
 little while, beating about in the un-  
 certain blackness. Nobody spoke, only  
 when the boatman gave orders to  
 George Garnett. The most grievous  
 troubles and the most perilous situa-  
 tions in this life are ended at last, how-  
 ever. After what seemed to George  
 Garnett eternity, the blackness began  
 to brighten into gray, and star after  
 star blinked, a little, and then sudden-  
 ly popped out of sight entirely. Off  
 to their right could be dimly perceived  
 something which looked like the shadow  
 outline of houses and schooters.

"We'll run her in safe enough now,  
 I guess," said the boatman. "But  
 blame me if I'm fond of this fun!"  
 George Garnett crept very humbly  
 to the side of Natty.  
 "Forgive me if you can, Miss Na-  
 talie," he said. "I don't think a man  
 ever loved a woman as I love you. I  
 was crazy. I loved you so."  
 "But I love you too," said Natty.

In half an hour more they were  
 walking up the venerable Sandusky  
 wharf together.  
 "What was the use," said Natty, "of  
 bringing me across the lake and nearly  
 drowning me to tell me that you  
 loved me, when you could have done  
 so much more comfortably in the par-  
 lor at home?"  
 The steamer from Sandusky that  
 morning carried to Put-in-Bay a very  
 meek and subdued young lady and  
 gentleman, looking something as you  
 have seen two runaway horses look  
 that have been ducked in the river.  
 The lady was covered with an im-  
 mense bran-new linen duster, which,  
 for material and make-up, was most  
 bizarre. It is not necessary to say  
 that the tremendous linen duster cov-  
 ered a ball-dress. And the two peo-  
 ple had not much to say for them-  
 selves.

George Garnett's father rallied suffi-  
 ciently to be present, clothed in his  
 right mind and in decent garments,  
 three months after that, at a wedding,  
 with the approval of all their friends,  
 George and Natty were united in holy  
 matrimony, in the orthodox fashion,  
 except that Natty didn't promise to  
 obey. They lived happy ever after.  
 But they never say much about how  
 two lunatics made the trip from Put-  
 in-Bay to Sandusky one night in a lit-  
 tle sail-boat.

The estimated number of canaries  
 imported into the different parts of  
 America prior to 1871 was 200,000;  
 in 1871-'72 there were imported 150,000;  
 in 1872-'3, 250,000; in 1873-'4, 300,  
 000; total number imported, 900,000.  
 The number of birds raised yearly in  
 America about equals the number lost  
 through various causes, so that the  
 total of 900,000 is substantially correct  
 for the number of canaries now in this  
 country. Of all other birds of both  
 song and plumage there are about 100,  
 000 making the grand total of cage  
 birds of all kinds in America 1,000,  
 000.