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**BUSINESS DIRECTORY.**

**TIONESTA LODGE**  
 No. 369,  
**L. O. of O. F.**  
 MEETS every Friday evening, at 7  
 o'clock, in the Hall formerly occupied  
 by the Good Templars.  
 G. W. SAWYER, N. G.  
 S. H. HASLET, Sec'y.  
**TIONESTA COUNCIL, NO. 342,**  
**O. U. A. M.**  
 MEETS at Odd Fellows' Lodge Room,  
 every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
 P. M. CLARK, C.  
 S. A. VARNER, R. S.

**DR. W. M. FOGEL,**  
 OFFICE opposite Lawrence House, Tionesta,  
 Pa., where he can be found at  
 all times when not professionally absent.  
 27-1y

**DR. J. E. BLAINE,**  
 OFFICE and residence in house formerly  
 occupied by Dr. Winans. Office days,  
 Wednesdays and Saturdays. 27-1y

**J. B. AGNEW, W. E. LATHY,**  
 Tionesta, Pa. Erie, Pa.  
**AGNEW & LATHY,**  
 Attorneys at Law, - Tionesta, Pa.  
 Office on Elm Street.  
 May 14, 1876.-1f

**E. L. Davis,**  
 ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tionesta, Pa.  
 Collections made in this and adjoining  
 counties. 40-1y

**MILES W. TATE,**  
 ATTORNEY 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. 30-1y  
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**KINNEAR & SMILEY,**  
 Attorneys at Law, - - - Franklin, Pa.  
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 First-Class Licensed House. Good sta-  
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 house has been newly fitted up and is  
 now open for the accommodation of the  
 public. Charges reasonable. 34-1y

**CENTRAL HOUSE,**  
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**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.  
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**TIONESTA, PA., WILLIAM LAW-**  
**TRENCE, Proprietor.** This house is  
 centrally located. Everything new and  
 well furnished. Superior accommoda-  
 tions and strict attention given to guests.  
 Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds served  
 to their season. Sample room for Com-  
 mercial Agents.

**FOREST HOUSE,**  
**S. A. VARNER, Proprietor.** Opposite  
 S. Court House, Tionesta, Pa. Just  
 opened. Everything new and clean and  
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 on hand. A portion of the public patron-  
 age is respectfully solicited.  
 4-17-1y

**W. C. COBURN, M. D.,**  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON** offers his  
 services to the people of Forest Co.  
 Having had an experience of Twelve  
 Years in constant practice, Dr. Coburn  
 guarantees to give satisfaction. Dr. Co-  
 burn makes a specialty of the treatment  
 of Nasal, Throat, Lung and all other  
 chronic or lingering diseases. Having  
 investigated all scientific methods of curing  
 disease and selected the good from all  
 systems, he will guarantee relief or cure  
 in all cases where a cure is possible. No  
 charge for Consultation. All fees will be  
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 all hours. Parties at a distance can con-  
 sult him by letter.  
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**Dr. J. L. Asomb,**  
**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 Tidioute, near  
 Tidioute House.

**IN HIS STORE WILL BE FOUND**  
 A full assortment of Medicines, Liquors  
 Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Glass, Paints,  
 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.  
 220. F. PARK. A. B. KELLY.

**MAY, PARK & CO.,**  
**BANKERS**  
 Corner of Elm & Walnut Sts., Tionesta.  
 Bank of Discount and Deposit.  
 Interest allowed on Time Deposits.  
 Collections made on all the Principal points  
 of the U. S.  
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**FELT CEILING** for rooms in place of  
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 For samples, address C. J. PAY, Camden,  
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**DRESSMAKER,** Tionesta, Pa.

**MRS. HEATH** has recently moved to  
 this place for the purpose of meeting  
 a want which the ladies of the town and  
 county have for a long time known, that  
 of having a dressmaker of experience  
 among them. I am prepared to make all  
 kinds of dresses in the latest styles, and  
 guarantee satisfaction. Stamping for braiding  
 and embroidery done in the best man-  
 ner, with the newest patterns. All I ask  
 is a fair trial. Residence on Water Street,  
 in the house formerly occupied by Jacob  
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 THE ORIGINAL  
**ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY**  
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**MILES W. TATE,** Sub Agent,  
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**SOUTH OF ROBINSON & BONNER'S**  
**STORE.**

Tionesta, Pa.,  
**M. CARPENTER, - - - Proprietor.**



Pictures taken in all the latest styles  
 of the art. 26-1f

**I SHALL ATTEND**  
 TOMY

**Business as Usual!**



**WATCHES**  
**L. KLEIN,**

(in G. W. Howard's Store, Tionesta, Pa.)  
 PRACTICAL  
**WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,**

DEALER IN  
**Watches, Clocks, Solid and Plated**  
**Jewelry, Black Jewelry.**  
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Particular attention given to  
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**NEBRASKA GRIST MILL.**

THE GRIST MILL at Nebraska (Laey-  
 town,) Forest county, has been thor-  
 oughly overhauled and refitted in first-  
 class order, and is now running and doing  
 all kinds of  
**CUSTOM GRINDING.**  
 FLOUR, AND OATS.

FEED, AND OATS.  
 Constantly on hand, and sold at the very  
 lowest figures.  
 43-4m H. W. LEDEBUR.

**FITS & EPILEPSY**  
**POSITIVELY CURED.**

The worst cases of the longest standing,  
 by using **DR. HEBBARD'S CURE.** It  
 has cured thousands, and will give \$1,000  
 for a case it will not benefit. A bottle sent  
 free to all addressing **J. E. DIBBLEE,**  
 Chemist, Office: 1335 Broadway, New  
 York. 49-4

**EMPLOYMENT,** Male and female, sala-  
 ry or commission. We pay agents a  
 salary of \$30 a week and expenses. Eureka  
 Manufacturing Co., - Hartford, Conn.  
 Particulars free. 41-4

**The House on Wheels.**

[Rev. Robert Sloss, in Church Union.]

I have a man in my congregation  
 who moves buildings, draws houses,  
 not full, but empty ones. That is his  
 business. If you have an old house  
 that you don't know what to do with,  
 even though it was good enough for  
 your father and grandfather, you just  
 speak to my friend, and he lifts it up,  
 puts it on wheels or rollers, and trun-  
 dles it down the streets or around the  
 corner, into some out-of-the-way place,  
 and you are at liberty to go on put-  
 ting your brown stone front on the  
 old family lot at your leisure.

One afternoon, in the deepening  
 twilight of a quiet street far from the  
 heart of the busy town, I met one of  
 these old family mansions on wheels,  
 standing right in the middle of the  
 road, as though it would like to say  
 something to somebody before going  
 to the rear. Its shadow cast a spell  
 upon me, and without making me ex-  
 actly a trance medium, it said a few  
 things to me, that it might be well for  
 those of us who profess to "Love Thy  
 kingdom Lord, the house of Thine  
 abode," to think of also.

I had just questioned myself in my  
 own mind how an old house might feel,  
 if I felt it could, on seeing itself thus  
 unceremoniously moved out of the  
 way, knowing that a new-fangled  
 notion in brick or stone with the improve-  
 ments was soon to take its place.  
 When the spirit of the old house thus  
 addressed me: "No, no, sir, I feel no  
 envy, I bear no malice; that is all as  
 it should be. It is right that new  
 plans and new materials, yes, many  
 and more of them should occupy the  
 ground which I, in my old-fashioned  
 way held so long a time. It is well  
 that the new life should have a new  
 body, a new house to live in. A house  
 larger, more convenient, more attrac-  
 tive if you will, but, sir, if you will  
 condescend to listen to an old fogey of  
 a building like myself, I must say that  
 I feel sad sometimes, that they do not  
 embody more frequently in the new  
 mansions a few of those things which  
 were often tried and seldom found  
 wanting in the old."

"Will you mention some of them?"  
 I said.  
 "Well, here," said the spirit of the  
 house on wheels, "before I obey the  
 injunction, 'Come, move on!' I will  
 tell you: To begin first at the very  
 entrance into a house, there are some  
 things belonging to a door that we  
 seem to lose. This old threshold of  
 mine you see worn so low, had some-  
 thing sacred about it. The inmates,  
 felt that when they reached it, home,  
 with all its meaning was just inside;  
 and so, no matter what romping, and  
 rushing, and scampering there had  
 been outside, they paused to enter the  
 presence of the household gods with  
 at least, reverent and respectful mein.

"I am told, and indeed I catch  
 glimpses of it sometimes, when too  
 many blinds do not intervene, that in  
 the new and better buildings they are  
 erecting, this part of a door is fre-  
 quently left out. The massive panels of  
 the new house close too often on a  
 place simply to stay. And so people hur-  
 ry on, saunter out and in with hearts  
 only full of the outside.

"Can you step up on that large  
 block and over that large pulley, sir?  
 I just want to show you this room—  
 my first floor, front, or parlors, as you  
 call them. Well, in the new build-  
 ing which follows me on the old lot in  
 town, I am told they have most eleg-  
 ant parlors, lots of shining veneering  
 and all that sort of thing. Well, I  
 am glad of it. I often thought mine  
 might be vastly improved—more room,  
 more light, more air, more that is  
 cheerful and pleasant to the eye, and  
 these things they tell me they have in  
 the new. There is one thing, however,  
 I could wish they had more of, which  
 we old ones never found unwelcome.  
 I mean furniture which in its very  
 look seemed to invite to hospitality,  
 and made every one at once feel cosy  
 and comfortable. When things get  
 very stiff and very shiny, you know,  
 sir, people will stand off from them.  
 It's instinct like, and it does seem  
 kind of hard to keep your mother and  
 your brethren who have come a long  
 distance to see you and whom you  
 know are at the door, waiting in dis-  
 mal state while the servant passes up  
 a card.

"Now, I don't know that it was the  
 stiffness of the furniture; perhaps it  
 was not; but somehow their hearts  
 got nearer and quicker together in the  
 old house, sir.

"That little room off there to the  
 right is the music room. I'm told that's  
 much improved in the new house, and  
 certainly it needed it. We never gave  
 enough attention to that in the old  
 house. The instruments are much  
 finer now—the pianos, all Mr. Thing-  
 umy's grand, the teachers are better  
 and more plentiful, taste higher—  
 more of a foreign flavor to it. That's  
 all right to; don't think I'd grumble  
 at that. We owe those foreign gen-

tle men much for the way they have  
 stirred us up on the music question.  
 There is that Mr. Thomas—what's his  
 other name? Well, no matter, I don't  
 want to take one bit of praise away  
 from him, sir. But, sir, don't you  
 think we ought to make a difference  
 between a concert room in the theatre  
 and the music room in a house? Don't  
 you think there ought to be a little of  
 the "Old Folks at Home" style that  
 would draw us all nearer to the sin-  
 ger and the song, or to the player and  
 the piece. "Classical music is grand, sir,  
 and severe in style and taste, I think  
 they call it, and we will doubtless  
 have more of this when we become  
 more classical. The romantic school,  
 too, has its admirers, and even sensa-  
 tional music may have its place in the  
 modern score, if it has "the language  
 of the feelings." I think it very ex-  
 pressive of much of the emotion of the  
 present day; but, sir, to see a poor  
 girl or boy playing a piece which  
 touches their own souls at no one  
 point, to a company seated on shiny  
 chairs, who also are touched at no one  
 point by the classical, save at the  
 point of weariness; that's not good,  
 sir, for it ain't natural.

"There's another room up-stairs  
 that I would like to show you, sir—  
 our old-fashioned nursery; but as you  
 are the minister, and have to listen to  
 a great deal of talking, and are con-  
 stantly called on to make remarks, I  
 won't detain you longer. I do think,  
 however, let me say in parting with  
 you, that the new house they build  
 the children's room too far away from  
 the rest of the family, and too near to  
 the servants' hall. Depend upon it,  
 sir, it's a bad sign to see the baby's  
 crib too near the servants' hall and  
 too far away from Mamma. Much  
 obliged for your attention to an old  
 body like me, sir. Good-by, sir!"

The mention of the fact of my call-  
 ing, and that officially my time would  
 probably be fully taken up, brought  
 me back from my reverie, and gave  
 me some thoughts of that household  
 of faith for which it is my privilege  
 and duty to labor and pray.

I thought how much of that old  
 house of the former church seems to  
 be passing away. Like the house on  
 wheels, moving from the prominent  
 front it once occupied to the rear, I  
 rejoiced indeed as I thought of its pro-  
 gress and the glorious destiny in store  
 for it. I looked with delight upon  
 the new and magnificent temples the  
 hands of wealth are rearing in our  
 large cities, and I asked myself the  
 question: Are not these some things  
 moving off with the old as it wheels  
 into the rear, that can be illy spared  
 by the new house as it wheels into the  
 front? To have a large beautiful, and  
 fully-appointed church building, is a  
 grand, good thing; but to be lacking  
 in that godly fear and wholesome re-  
 verence with which we entered the old  
 church building, would be sad in  
 deed.

It must be confessed, I think, that  
 we lack in our modern church too  
 much the form as well as the spirit of  
 humble adoration in our worship.  
 The rush and romp of the outside  
 world of business and outside pleas-  
 ure, glides down the wide aisles and  
 into the newly upholstered pews. A  
 stranger might often think the con-  
 gregation gathering for a party rather  
 than for a prayer.

Not is this more thoughtlessness,  
 which in itself were surely sin enough,  
 but with some it is premeditated pur-  
 pose to attract public attention.  
 With such persons the love of show is  
 uppermost in the heart—a love fostered  
 very frequently by the appoint-  
 ments of the new building upon which  
 they have entered. The rustle of the  
 costly dress, the wave of the superb  
 fan, and the flash of the sparkling  
 jewels are but a part of the startling  
 effect to be produced. These are they  
 of whom the prophet writes of old:  
 "They are haughty and walk with  
 stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes,  
 walking and mincing as they go, and  
 making a tinkling with their feet."  
 The solemn awe and befitting rever-  
 ence of worship has no place in the  
 constitution of such people. The pub-  
 lic service of God in its spiritual as-  
 pect is a burden to them. They need  
 all the arts of rhetoric, all the ap-  
 pointments of architecture and uphol-  
 stery, all the charms of rapturous mu-  
 sic, to make the humble, simple ser-  
 vice of the sanctuary even endurable.  
 From the rush and crush of the fash-  
 ionable aisles and pews, this irrever-  
 ent spirit often creeps up into the pul-  
 pit, so that it is no new thing now-a-  
 days to see a very popular preacher  
 on the most familiar terms with God.  
 How many clergymen, either from  
 lack of taste or because of the gay  
 panorama before the pulpit, forget the  
 sanctity of the hour and of their office,  
 and fling to the winds all the proprie-  
 ties of the day and place.

A smack of the irreverent has an  
 irresistible charm for those who let  
 "I dare not wait upon, I would," and  
 this is a thought which is true of mat-

ters connected with the church service  
 as well as other things.

The lesson concerning true hospital-  
 ity suggested by meeting the old house  
 on wheels, is scarcely less important.  
 There was, and still in all those  
 churches which have marked the signs  
 of the times and guarded against the  
 modern tendency to too much "vener-  
 ing," a time, a good time for enter-  
 taining strangers, whether of the cler-  
 or laity. If a strange minister came  
 to preach, or to discharge any other  
 official duty by the request of the con-  
 gregation or the order of the Presby-  
 tery, some of the members thought it  
 right and proper to see that he was  
 comfortably cared for—not simply as  
 to boarding and lodging, but also with  
 a little Christian fellowship and kind-  
 ly sympathy. Now, such affairs in  
 many of our large churches are con-  
 ducted with less true fellowship than  
 prevails between two business men  
 trading for a small bill of goods. A  
 letter is written and sent; a letter is  
 read and answered; the strange min-  
 ister arrives and stops at the hotel, or  
 with some member whose house is the  
 church hotel. The hour for service  
 arriving, he enters the rickety-appointed  
 pulpit, fulfills his engagement, and  
 glides out of the handsome and hasty  
 little side door to hurry off to his own  
 little parish, and nobody is bothered  
 entertaining him. Much might be said  
 also of the lack of attention to stran-  
 gers, and even to those coming into  
 the church communion for the first  
 time. But I must pause to let this  
 thought, and others, concerning the  
 music room and the nursery or Sab-  
 bath-school room, which last, in my  
 opinion, is often too far from the old  
 folk's room, to carry you along at  
 your leisure. Trusting that before  
 long we obey the injunction of this  
 busy age, "Move on, sir!" we will  
 stop to inquire which way we are  
 moving: backwards or forwards, up-  
 wards or downwards.  
 TITUSVILLE, PA.

**"GERTIE."**

Boys of ten or twelve, seen on the  
 street, appear heartless and without  
 sympathy, and yet you wrong them.  
 Among the houses on Clinton street is  
 one which has missed many a pane of  
 glass in its windows. Rags and pa-  
 pers are used to keep the cold air out,  
 or it may blow in and whistle through  
 the desolate rooms without let or hind-  
 rance. A girl of ten, whose life had  
 been one long period of hunger, pain  
 and unhappiness, was taken sick one  
 day in March, and people passing by  
 could see her lying on a miserable bed  
 near one of the windows. It was cu-  
 rious that any of the boys coming or  
 going should have stopped to think  
 or care about it, but they did. One  
 of them, feeling sad at sight of the  
 sufferer's pale face, handed an orange  
 through a broken pane, saw it clasped  
 by slender white fingers, and then ran  
 away. He told other boys, and by  
 and by there wasn't a day that some  
 lad didn't halt at the window to pass  
 in fruit or flowers. None of them knew  
 the family or ever spoke to the girl,  
 and so they gave her the name of Ger-  
 tie and called her their orphan. Boys  
 went without marbles and the other  
 things which belong to boyhood sports  
 that their pennies might buy an or-  
 ange, lemon or some simple flower for  
 Gerlie, and their anxiety for her to  
 get well was fully as great as the doc-  
 tor's or the mother's. Whatever pres-  
 ent they had they handed it through  
 the broken pane, waited for her to  
 reach up, and never lingered longer  
 than to hear a soft "thank you" from  
 her lips. Days went by, but the boys  
 did not grow weary, nor did they miss  
 a day. It was romance and charity  
 so well combined that it gladdened  
 their hearts and made them fond of  
 each other. Yesterday morning a  
 lad's hand, holding a sweet flower and  
 a big orange went up to the window.  
 No white fingers touched his as they  
 grasped the offering. He waited a  
 moment, and then with beating heart  
 looked through into the room. The  
 bed had been taken away. On a table  
 rested a pine coffin, and on the coffin  
 was a bunch of faded flowers which  
 had been handed through the window  
 the day before. Death had been there  
 and the boys no longer had a mission.  
 You might not have seen the boy  
 hiding in a door-way and wiping tears  
 from his eyes. He was seen, however,  
 and when asked the cause of his sor-  
 row he sobbed out the whole sad ro-  
 mance in four words:  
 "Our Gerlie is dead."—Detroit Free  
 Press.

The Danbury man has succeeded,  
 after months of thorough study and  
 patient experimenting, in perfecting a  
 machine for counting the number of  
 eggs a hen lays. This contrivance is  
 fastened to the hen, and when she lays  
 an egg it strikes a figure on a strip of  
 paper. The instrument costs about  
 seventeen hundred dollars for each  
 hen.

After worrying his father for three  
 or four years on the subject, a young  
 man who has grown up with Detroit  
 succeeded in becoming the owner of a  
 timepiece the other day. His father  
 purchased it on the sly, took it home,  
 and when the young man turned over  
 his plate at dinner he found his watch.  
 "Good! bully for me! You are a  
 noble father!" he exclaimed, in deli-  
 light.

As he opened the watch, his smile  
 all faded away. Noticing the change,  
 his father asked:  
 "Isn't the watch all right?"  
 "It's a good enough watch," was the  
 reply.  
 "Then what's the matter?"  
 "Why, you have had my name en-  
 graved on the case, and no pawbroker  
 will give me five dollars on it if I  
 get hard up."  
 What a pleasant thing it is to do  
 your very best, and having failed, to  
 hear your friend, who didn't lift his  
 finger to help you, mildly remark: "I  
 told you so." Such criticisms enable  
 you to control your temper and en-  
 courage you mightily.

**A FRENCH DUEL.**

A sanguinary duel took place in  
 France the other day. In a heated  
 political discussion a blow was given  
 by Count de X— to the Duke of Z—.  
 The Duke didn't return the blow; but  
 a few minutes later finding himself  
 alone with the gentlemen who were to  
 act as his seconds, he took an oath  
 never to see his wife or little girl again  
 until he had washed away the insult  
 in the blood of the Count. The next  
 day the duel took place. The Duke  
 was wounded twice—in the forearm  
 and in the right side—before the  
 Count had received a scratch; but  
 the Duke notwithstanding his suffering  
 and loss of blood from his wounds, in-  
 sisted on continuing the fight. The  
 duel went on; the Duke, making a  
 superhuman effort, drove his sword  
 through his adversary, who fell life-  
 less. Then, pallid as death, bathed in  
 his own blood, and with difficulty sus-  
 taining himself, the Duke drew a white  
 handkerchief from his pocket, and  
 bending over the Count's body, dipped  
 the handkerchief in the blood gushing  
 from his adversary's death wound, and  
 turning to the four seconds, who look-  
 ed on aghast, the Duke raised the  
 blood-stained cloth to his face and  
 said: "You will tell them, gentlemen,  
 how the Duke of Z— avenged the  
 blood of the one who insulted me." He  
 then said to his own seconds: "Take  
 this handkerchief, which I confide  
 to you, to the Duchess, my wife; I  
 enjoy upon her as a duty to place  
 it among the wedding presents of my  
 daughter when she shall be married;  
 it is her father's gift to her—the pur-  
 tity of his name." The words were  
 hardly spoken when the Duke fell  
 back dead; and in death his features  
 looked calm and proud, and almost  
 wore a smile. His honor had been  
 satisfied.

**KILLED BY AMBITION.**

A terrible comment on the process  
 of brain-cramming which obtains in  
 our public schools, is the melancholy  
 death of a New York school-boy.  
 The boy, it would appear, was of an  
 ardent, ambitious temperament, high-  
 ly sensitive, and up to a certain crit-  
 ical point in his school-boy life, stud-  
 ious to the extent of distancing all  
 class competitors of his own age. Un-  
 fortunately, as the result showed,  
 these qualities attracted the attention  
 of his teacher and his parents, who,  
 desirous of creating a prodigy, had  
 the lad promoted to a higher class,  
 with the members of which it was  
 morally impossible for him to cope.  
 The natural result followed. The stu-  
 dious boy lost his ambition with the  
 full knowledge that he could not grat-  
 ify it, and gradually found his way  
 to the end of his class. He became  
 so negligent that his teacher, in the  
 belief that he had degenerated through  
 simple carelessness, wrote up his name  
 in great letters on a blackboard, so  
 that all comers should read it. The  
 rest is shortly told. The boy told his  
 schoolmates that he would commit sui-  
 cide, and he kept his word, though  
 they thought it was school-boy brava-  
 do. He deliberately hung himself  
 with a book-strap, and the verdict of