

The Forest Republican.

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Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1.00; One Square - one month - \$5.00; One Square - three months - \$12.00; One Square - one year - \$35.00; Two Squares, one year - \$60.00; Quarter Col. - \$20.00; Half - \$30.00; One - \$50.00.

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Items of Interest.

According to recent statistics there are in the United States 227 horses to every 1,000 inhabitants.

'Foregoes' was the word put out at a written spelling exercise by one of the city teachers recently. And one little boy handed in 'Go, go, go, go.'

A definition is given of politeness in which it is likened to an air cushion—may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts of the world wonderfully.

A father of three sons and five daughters was asked what family he had. The answer was: 'I have three sons, and have five sisters.' 'Mercy!' replied the interrogator, 'such a family!'

A traveler stepped off a train and asked a boy: 'Sonny, what is the quickest way to get to the central depot?' 'Run!' he answered, and set the example by getting out of the way pretty fast.

A Boston swindler has made thousands of dollars in New England by staying at hotels over night in the guise of a traveling salesman, receiving by previous arrangement with a confederate letters containing worthless checks and pretended directions from an employer, and inducing the landlords to cash the checks. His easy, business-like manner, and the simplicity of the fraud, enabled him to succeed in nearly instance.

A discussion in the convention of librarians at London, brought out some curious facts concerning the British Museum. Several speakers advocated the compiling of a complete catalogue of the books in the museum, which, it is estimated, would cost not less than \$1,500,000. It would have to contain 3,000,000 titles. A quarter of a century would be taken up in the printing of the catalogue, and by that time there would be an accumulation of 300,000 to 400,000 new titles.

The New York Sun says New York contains to-day hard on 1,300,000 inhabitants. Brooklyn alone contains at this writing a population of 550,000; this, added to 1,300,000, would give New York City 1,850,000. If, however, we take in Jersey City and Staten Island, which clearly belong to this agglomeration of population, New York, viewed as a metropolis, is the second largest city of the civilized world, containing over 2,000,000 inhabitants. Thus London, 3,489,428; New York over 2,000,000, and then Paris with 1,851,792.

In the town of Wells, Maine, live two remarkable brothers, one of whom is seventy-seven years old and the other seventy-two years. Their total weight together is five hundred pounds, and their combined height is twelve feet, five inches. They were born in the same house in which they now live, and never have been out of their native town. Both are married and have families. They have kept their property in common, have never kept any accounts, and never quarrelled or had the least disagreement. Their farm consists of five hundred acres, and upon it are hundreds of trees on a hundred feet high, four and five feet in diameter at the butt, and worth from \$50 to \$100 apiece.

A Skillful Equine Operation.

Edging around in front of the animal the reporter saw that sure enough a tube had been inserted in the windpipe midway between the head and shoulders, through the opening of which the horse was inhaling and exhaling oxygen with all the force and capacity of a blacksmith's bellows. A little inquiry elicited the facts from Mr. Woodin. The horse (a fine large black) had formerly been used as a 'bns horse for the Bellows House in Rock Island. Some two months ago the animal had a violent attack of epizootic—so severe, indeed, that the larynx, or opening of the windpipe, had been swollen shut, and the horse seemed likely to die of suffocation. He was then taken to Matt. Fisher's stables, in Davenport, where a veterinary surgeon cut the windpipe as described and inserted a siphon-shaped silver tube about six inches in length, through which the animal obtained his allowance of air. The tube has a thin facing, to which the straps are attached which keep it in place. The horse does not suffer the least inconvenience from the arrangement, and it is as full of life as ever. It will be seen that by this mode of treatment all strain is removed from the obstructed larynx, leaving it in the best possible shape for doctoring. As soon as the swelling subsides and the natural passage is again open, the tube will be removed, the hole sewed up and the horse is himself again. As we have said the horse was used at the Bellows House before his sickness, but when Mr. Jarvis, the present proprietor, took charge, he shipped the animal down to his Island Farm, in exchange for one that was sound, which accounts for the presence of the horse on our streets, and consequently for this item.—Missouri Iowa Tribune.

that. That is, he puts ten pounds of corn into a pound of pork and ships that at the same price that he would pay for shipping one pound of corn.

London Newspapers.

London newspapers who keep correspondents in the field deal with them very liberally. The offices furnish everything. Each has at least two horses, which the office pays for, and one or more servants. Forbes, correspondent of the News, receives a clear salary of \$5,000 a year and all his expenses paid. This \$5,000 is in the shape of a retainer. He is paid that amount by the News to retain his services, to prevent his writing for any other journal. When he is actually at work, then he is paid an additional amount, but he would receive the \$5,000 were he not to do a stroke of work within the twelve months. Editorial writers are not an office fixture here as in America, explains an English letter in the Chicago Times. The men who furnish editorials for an English paper may or may not be professional writers—that is, writers for newspapers. They may be magicians, or novel writers, or almost anything else. They occupy somewhat the position of the mercenary soldier whose fealty is due to the power which pays him, during the period for which he is employed. Suppose the London Times wishes to retain the services of Professor Musty Dryasdust for a leader writer. The editor sends for him, or to him, announces the wish, and if the professor consents he is paid a retainer, which varies according to the man employed. The retainer engages him for the Times, and he cannot write for any other daily paper. It does not, however, guarantee him constant employment. He may have been retained to write on will cases, and he writes only when there is a demand for an article on wills. A journal may have five or fifty men thus retained. Each day the editor decides what he wishes written, assigns the subjects to the proper men, and pays them 'by the piece.' A retaining fee varies according to the quality of the man. Editorials on the Times are paid for at rates varying from two to five guineas each. The sub-editors who have charge of foreign news, correspondence, local topics, commercial affairs, and the like, receive regular salaries. An English reporter, who is almost invariably a short-hand writer, gets from \$15 to \$25 per week.

A Bonanza in South Carolina.

The most remarkable instance of a geological discovery, revolutionizing a district and enriching a State has occurred in the development of what is known as the Ashley river (S. C.) deposits of what seems to be the remains of cartilaginous fish, especially of the shark family, though they also contain numerous bones and teeth of cetaceans, or whale-like animals, many of which were larger, or as large, as the whales found in the seas at the present time. From the number of their bones and teeth exhumed or washed out by the waves of the ocean, they must have existed in large 'shoals,' and, together with the enormous sharks of that age, animals rivaling the whale in size, must have constituted a vast marine army of ravenous 'flesh eaters' and capacious 'scavengers' of the Eocene Ocean. Ships and steamers are daily seeking cargoes from the Ashley, Stono, Wando, Askepo, and other rivers, and the State of South Carolina is now reaping a great harvest. Over \$6,000,000 have already been invested by northern capitalists in mining and manufacturing the rocks into rich fertilizers, and many persons who, in 1837, were unbelievers have now their thousands invested in it. This is a simple and true history of the discovery and development of the phosphate rocks of South Carolina. The exports for the past year amount to nearly two hundred thousand tons.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Alphabetical Anecdote.

A B that could C far over the D with great E, F allowed so to do, tried one day to extract honey from a piece of G's, liberally sprinkled with snuff. 'H-o-o! Ait-choo!' sneezed the bee; 'I would sooner be a J, and be, as the poet says, 'honey, tree and K,' than try to extract honey from such stuff.' So he buzzed to his home,—a nice house with an L to it, where M (his wife) 'N all the little bees were taking, O, such a nice meal, from a sweet P! The old bee arranged his Q, and said, 'you R a nice lot, ain't you?' One little bee, not seeing the sarcasm, answered, 'S sir!' This put the old bee in good humor, and he said he'd take some T with them; and then he said 'U may have this V for pin-money, if you promise that you won't go near the cucumber vines. They'll W up if you touch 'em!' 'Give us an X,' and we'll promise,' said the little ones. 'That would be as bad as the cucumbers,' said the old bee. 'Y?' asked the little ones. 'Pshaw! Can't you Z? It would be doubling up.'

THE GREAT CROPS.

A Correspondent's Talk With a Farmer—Why Farmers Hold Back Their Wheat and Corn Crops.

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes to the following effect: This is written in Newell, the northwestern corner of Iowa. It is here that they raise the great corn, wheat and grasshopper crops of Iowa. For two years the crop has been principally grasshoppers, but this year the prairies are loaded down with wheat and corn. What a change since last year! Then the farmers were disheartened, but now they feel rich and ambitious. The grasshoppers have all disappeared from the country, leaving no eggs, and every one is looking forward to a still bigger acreage next year.

As Newell is a type of a hundred towns in Iowa, I will give you their crop status as the farmers give it to me.

I met a farmer with a faded suit of clothes, a muskrat skin hat and a string of plow-points in his hand.

'How are the crops,' I asked.

'Big, sir; couldn't be better.'

'But the big crops don't arrive in New York,' I said. 'They all want to know what has become of them.'

'Want to know what's become of 'em? Why, they're here, sir. Do the fools think we can get our crops to market in sixty days?'

'Why, yes, I should think you could do a good deal at it in sixty days.'

'Wal, we can't, sir. Why, look here, neighbor, don't you know that we never shell a kernel of corn till next February? Don't you know that we never ship it till May or June? We can put a good deal of corn into beef and pork and ship that this winter; but the corn crop don't move till next spring and summer.'

'How about the wheat crop?'

'Wal, we're holdin' it. I hav'n't got mine threshed yet. It's in the stacks. It's only the poor farmers who stop plowing to draw wheat to market in wagons. Smart farmers keep on with their fall plowing and draw their wheat to market when it's good sleighing in the winter.'

'Then the wheat crop is here in the country yet?'

'Why, of course—and will be for months. Only just enough going to the market to supply the mills. Then the price don't suit us, sir. Let's see, they're payin' eighty-five cents for wheat in Newell to-day. I ain't going to sell a bushel of my wheat for less than a dollar.'

'How much did you raise?'

'Me and my two boys raised 150 acres, sir, and it will run thirty bushels to the acre—figger it yourself, sir!'

'Four thousand eight hundred bushels—\$4,800 will pay you well for your summer's work?'

'Yes, about \$1,200 a piece, besides the advance in the land.'

'How much land have you got?'

'Seven hundred and twenty acres now, sir. I've just bought 360 acres.'

'At how much?'

'Five dollars an acre, sir.'

'And what did your first 360 acres cost?'

'Seven years ago I homesteaded eighty acres. The rest cost me from \$1 to \$2 per acre. Now it is all worth \$5, and next year it will be worth \$10. Why, seven years ago this whole country around Newell was a wild prairie owned by the government. Now it is crossed with railroads, and every inch is taken up. Land that will produce thirty bushels of wheat ain't to be sneezed at, sir!'

I find on thorough inquiry here that these facts, which I send for the benefit of the Produce Exchange, are true.

I. The crops are immense, everywhere in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota. The Illinois corn crop surpasses last year's crop by 100,000,000 bushels, and the wheat crop of Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin is 150,000,000 bushels ahead of last year.

II. The wheat crop will begin to come to market and continue from now on till spring. Farmers have spent the fall plowing for a larger acreage next year. They have not stopped to thresh their wheat and draw it to market as usual.

III. Only a portion of the corn crop can come to market this winter, and that in the shape of beef and pork. The corn crop proper will not reach New York until next spring—the mass of it with spring navigation. It's only old corn that will come to market this winter.

IV. I find many rich farmers keep their corn till July and August the following season, feed it with clover to cattle and hogs, thus making the same amount of beef and pork on a small quantity of corn, and at the same time strike an early market, when pork and beef are always up.

V. No sensible farmer rich enough to own stock sells a kernel of corn. He puts it all into beef and pork, and ships

is up there, and when I tries to go with her I wakes up an' she's gods away again.'—Cincinnati Sunday Breakfast Table.

The Fashions.

Winter bonnets appear in the revived coronet shape. Some of these have the face trimming formed exclusively of clear de lune beads laid on in close rows of gimp and drooping fringe. There are less flowers seen as the season advances. In their place are wavy plumes, birds, aigrettes, beads and fringes.

The latest importations of trimmings for costly dresses show still richer designs than the first. They come in large feathery ferns, odd leaves, flowers, palms, arabesques, stars and crescents. All styles of architecture are imitated in the heavy wide passementeries. Balls, acorns and tassels of chenille and satin are introduced in fringe and other ornaments; and in other styles are shown all of the colors found in the bourette and Roumanian fabrics. Braids and gimps for woolen dresses show all manner of arabesques, geometrical designs in squares and diamonds, coral branches and blocks; these may be used as a heading to flounces, plaitings or to fringes of a corresponding style. Black laces are beautifully ornamented with colored silk embroideries, into which are interwoven the rainbow and clear de lune beads. Guipure and thread laces are still fashionable, and will be combined with bands of fur for trimming velvet garments. French lace closely imitating Chantilly in design and quality, will be used exclusively for full ruchings and plaitings; into some of these laces cut jet beads are thickly interwoven. The new black net veils are ornamented with fringes and loops of clear de lune or modore, and cut jet beads. The two styles of veils come in the mook shape, and in a scarf three yards long, which is gracefully laid over the face, then crossed behind and brought forward and tied just below the chin in a large bow, or fastened with a gold lace pin. They are made of plain and embroidered net.

Fashion has rarely offered so many inducements for economy as this season—so many pretty inexpensive ways to make up inside and over costumes, and so many accompaniments to dress, uniting beauty to utility. One principle must be understood—that it is upon correct contrast and harmonious association, and not alone upon the absolute beauty of the colors, that fine effect depends. Combinations of materials are still employed in dressmaking—the foundation being composed of a solid-colored fabric with a relief of some fancy stuff, such as the Roumanian, Reunelian, and Turkish moss cloths, or any fancy material, such as bourette, French corduroy, and soft twilled woolen stuffs. The front and side gores must be of the heavier fabric, and the train—which is set in, in wide plats, in the centre seam of the back—is of the plain material with which the sleeves must correspond. Piping, of some distinctive color, appears in all the long seams, and adds a finish to the collar, cuffs, or wherever piping may be used. This effect is also seen in the polonaise, which triumphs over all attempts to put it down, and comes again this season in another shape of exceeding grace—the long-waisted, slender princess.

A Wonder of Precocity.

Christian Heinecker was born at Lunbeck on the 6th of February, 1721. When only ten months old he could repeat every word that was said to him; at twelve months he knew the principal events in the Pentateuch by heart; at two years he learned the historical parts of the Old and New Testaments; in his third year he could reply to most questions on universal history and geography, and in the same year he learned to speak Latin and French; in his fourth year he employed himself in the study of religion and the history of the church, and he was able not only to repeat what he had read, but also to reason upon it, and express his own judgment. The King of Denmark wished to see this wonderful child, so he was taken to Copenhagen, there examined before the court, and proclaimed to be a wonder. On his return home he learned to write, but his constitution being weak he shortly afterward fell ill. He died on the 27th of June, 1725.

A Fatal Gas.

In volcanic regions springs and wells of carbonic acid gas are not infrequent, forming part of the geological formation, like the springs and wells of petroleum in certain districts of this country. The Dogs' Grotto, near Naples, enjoys a world-wide reputation for evil. It displays the fact that carbonic acid gas is so much heavier than air that it lies on the ground like a pool of water. The gas flows out over the threshold of the door, and runs like a brook down the path leading up to the grotto. In calm weather a lighted candle plunged into the stream near its point of exit is immediately extinguished.

father worked in a store then, an' fetched home money to mother, an' sometimes he brought me an' Tommy candy an' oranges, mother said an' took us lots o' times to the park an' one time to the circus. I was too little then, an' I wish I could see the circus now, but they makes little girls pay to go in, an' I never don't have any money, an' if I did I would give it to mother to buy a white dress for Dicky. Dicky is cute an' purty, if he had a white dress, Mother says father didn't drink nasty whisky then, an' he never gitted drunk an' beated us like he used before he runned away an' leaved us. Mother says he was a good man then an' wored nice clothes, an' had white shirts, an' his face wasn't all red, an' he took us on his lap, an' sometimes he kissed us. I don't see how that could be, but I can't remember 'bout when I was little. Mother says one time a bad man got father to write somethin' on a piece of paper, an' then another bad man comed an' made us go 'way from our purty house, an' didn't let us take our chairs an' beds. I 'spect that bad man tooked my doll. Oh, he was awful bad, mother says, an' I bet it was him. Then father he gode in a saloon, an' another bad man gived him whisky, an' maked him drunk, an' he comed home, an' swered an' throwed things at all of us, an' whipped us, an' cutted mother with a knife, an' then the p'eece tooked him to jail, an' mother went to see the man an' cried, an' said father didn't mean to do it, and then the man unlocked the door, an' he comed out an' mother fetched him home, an' then he cried an' said he wouldn't never do so no more. But when he went back to the saloon the bad man gived him more whisky an' maked him drunk jest like t'other time, an' lots o' times after that, an' one day he stepped on Dicky when he was crawlin' an' that's what made his foot crooked. Then the bad man made father drink whisky all the time, an' we got hungry an' cried, an' mother took Dicky and locked Tommy an' Hatty an' me in the room, an' gode to a woman's house an' washed, an' while she was gone Tommy had a fit an' falled on the corner of the stove an' maked the blood come an' scared us awful bad, for we thought he was killed, but he gitted well after awhile, an' then mother comed home, an' bringed us some bread, an' it was awful good. And then mother had to go to houses and wash lots o' times, an' one time father comed home after the bad man had gived him whisky, an' we runned down stairs an' out in the street to find mother, but we couldn't, an' Hatty got loosed, an' Tommy and me was loosed once, but we seed Billy Hotchkiss, an' he took us home. But we was afraid to go up stairs for father might whip us some more, an' we set down on the sidewalk and cried till mother comed home, an' then went up stairs to the top o' the house where our home was, an' father wasn't there, an' the quilt what we sleeping on was gone, an' mother cried an' said father had tooked it to give to the bad man for more whisky, an' then she said, where was Hatty, an' I said she was loosed, an' then she cried some more, an' tooked Tommy an' me an' walked all 'round to find her, but we couldn't. An' then mother told the p'leecemans about it, an' they said they would git her. But it got dark, an' they couldn't find her, an' then mother tooked us home, an' we slept in Missus Hotchkiss's room, an' mother went by herself to find Hattie. Nex' day the p'leecemans bringed her home, an' we was awful glad, but she was hurted on the head, where some bad boys runned after her, an' hitted her with a stone.

'Then we slept on the floor, coz father tooked the quilt, an' it was so cold we cried, an' it maked us all tired, an' gived Hattie such a bad cough, an' her cheeks was red, an' she said she was hot when it was oh, awful cold, coz the coal was all used, an' we didn't have no fire till Tommy an' me got the blocks, an' the good man buyed us some more coal. Then when we comed home Hattie was cold like ice when I put my hand on her face, an' her eyes was shut like she was gode to sleep, an' she was white like the snow, an' when I said to mother, what made her cry, she said Hattie was gone off an' leaved us too, and the kind lady told us she was up in the sky where Heaven is, an' would never git hungry or cold any more, an' when I said she would get loosed some more by herself, she said God would keep her in his house, coz he liked little girls, an' said why couldn't I go there too, an' she said some day if I was good God would take me up there an' give me lots o' nice things. Then the kind lady gave Hattie a nice white dress, an' the man ficed her to bed in a putty little box, an' then they taked her away, an' we all of us cried. She don't come back no more to play with us, only sometimes when I sleeps, an' she is oh, so purty, an' has every-thing nice, an' says what a nice place it

is up there, and when I tries to go with her I wakes up an' she's gods away again.'—Cincinnati Sunday Breakfast Table.

My Illogical Mind. I confess, with a feeling akin to regret, That, as there are spots on the sun, So the best of us all are with failings beset, And that I am afflicted with one. I presume I possess it, although I can swear, That its presence I never could find, But the friends who pretend that they know me declare That I have an illogical mind.

When I ask for a proof, I am told that I side With whatever appears to be right, That I give to my sympathies latitude wide, And don't always say "No!" when I might, When I say I can't see the use of a war, Of torpedoes and things of the kind, Or what they should excite criminals for, I am met with "Illogical mind."

In short, when I won't let an arguing friend Persuade me that yellow is grey, Or when I decline my adhesion to lend To all that the loud talkers say, They turn on my poor little self with a frown, And my death warrant's instantly signed: "This fellow," they cry with contempt, "is a clown, And he has an illogical mind."

"Little Cold Vittles."

She was a tiny little midget, and had such a starved, pinched, and appealing look that my heart was touched to the quick, and I took her into the kitchen myself and told Bridget to give her a good hearty breakfast, and then fill her basket with some fresh and wholesome food to take home to her little brothers and sisters, for my instinct told me she had a lady's gaiter that was almost a fit, and on the other a boy's shoe somewhat too large. She wore a sun-bonnet that had seen better days, and had a man's necktie pinned at her throat.

The child ate ravenously at first, and for a minute I thought she certainly would choke. Poor thing, she had no often had such a feast, and as I watched her almost voraciously devour the beef steak and potatoes Bridget sat before her, I clutched my own little darling Sae to my breast, and prayed heaven she might never come to such dreadful want. The child was quick of perception, intelligent, and not at all backward, and after she had somewhat appeased her hunger I drew her by degrees to talk about her family, and this is the story I gleaned from her:

'You see, missus, our father runned off and leaved us, an' mother she's sick an' can't go out an' wash no more, an' so we can't have nothin' to eat only what I gits. I has four little brothers an' sisters, all littler 'n me, an' none of 'em is big enough to go 'thout gettin' loosed but Tommy, an' he has fits, an' mother she's afraid to have him go, for one day he had a fit an' falled in a cellar an' broked his collar-bone, an' a man he carried him home, and mother cried an' said he would die, an' Tommy he was crying coz it hurt so, an' then a doctor comed an' hurted him worse in fixin' it, an' then Tommy cried more, an' so did all of us. One day a nice lady comed to see Tommy, an' she bringed a basketful of nice vittles, an' she got some medicine for Tommy's fits, an' buyed me some new shoes, for it was awful cold then, an' I nearly froze my feet when I went to git things to eat. She was awful good to us, an' comed lots o' times, an' allus brought somethin', but one time she comed an' said good-by to us, an' said she was going to move to Cheecawgy, an' couldn't come no more to see us, an' then mother cried, an' so did all of us. Then she gived mother some money an' gode away. Tommy cried 'bout her lots o' times but she didn't come to see us no more.'

'My mother says when I was a little tiny girl, we lived in a big house, with lots o' rooms, an' purty things, an' chairs, an' beds to sleep on, an' carpet on the floor with flowers in it, an' a yard to play in with grass, an' chickens, an' pigs, an' I had a real doll with eyes, an' a dress on, but I don't remember 'bout it, an' sometimes I wonder where that doll gode to, an' if the little girl what's got it now won't never give it back to me no more. One night I dreamed I had my doll, an' it could talk and creep like little Dicky, and say, 'da, da, da,' an' when I woked up it was gone, an' then I cried till I slept some more, but it didn't come back no more. When we lived in the big house mother didn't have to go to folks' houses an' wash an' leave us looked up in the room, cause

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