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Mrs. Sevier sat motionless a moment,

then she rose and went hastily to her

own room. Keyes looked after her with a queer smile, threw his old paper down, and went out to amuse himself. He had

Mrs. Sevier was standing before the

glass. She saw in it a fair, cheerful face

beside the sallow, skinny one. Why did

reled with Louis she had almost flung

herself into his arms, thinking she made

him happy for life. He had loved an-

other woman! He had married her only

out of a chivalric sense of honor. All

him she had held him aloof, wrapping

herself in a feverish passion for-O God!

for what? What brutal creature was it

that she had set up in her busband's

An hour later Mrs. Sevier put on her hat and the prettiest dress she had, and

went to call on this new cousin. She

came back looking more ghastly, walk-

ing quickly, as if urged on some matter of life and death. Lola had proved to

be the most gentle, merry, winning wo-man she had ever known. She told Fred

this with speechless terror in her eyes

that made him almost pity her. No man

who had loved such a woman, she said, could ever forget her. Where was Tom

Only an hour since he went fishing. It

"Order them to saddle the horses

(imperiously). "We will follow them."
"To Catalonche?"

I must see him. If there is any chance—" She went heavily to her

"My medicine will kill or cure," said

About noon two fishermen came to the

bluff which overlooked the Demon's

Grave. The colonel had not spoken for

two or three miles. He drank repeated-

ly from his pocket-flask, and chewed the

end of an unlighted cigar.
"That's a nasty bit of road," said

back for a rough climb. Are you afraid?" blustered the colonel.

"Oh, no," said Tom, carelesely, "I'll

They reached the pass-a ledge of

"I have a word to say to you, Sevier."

"Yes, here and now-curse it !"

Betty!" He was delighted as a boy

When he had descended the hill his

wife was waiting alone. Keyes had pru-

dently lingered to pull rhododendrons.

Betty?" She was leaning down from

women; I have nothing but you-noth-

ing!" she sobbed, humbled and terrified

Dr. Keyes saw very little of his friends

that day. The next morning Mrs. Sevier

met him on the grassy village-street. She

was leaning on her husband's arm, Her

cheek was flushed, and her eyes brilliant.

said, a little quaver of triumph in her tone. "I always had a prejudice against

this village, and Mr. Sevier is quite will-

"I am ready to go at any time. Col-

onel Chaplin, too, found the fishing poor

asked me to tender his adiens and best

"I knew Louis Chaplin very well

once," she said, frankly ; " but I found

it hard to recognize him in this poor,

degraded creature. There are the horses,

I want to feel that we are actually on

the road-to home, Tom," she added, in

"I have struck the key-note at last,

ed," said Sevier, when they drove off, is face growing, "But 1 cau't explain. Nobody can understand such matters

"No," said Dr. Keys, and lighted his

between a husband and wife, you know.

A Strange Fish.

One day last week, after a hard strug-

gle, George Whitney captured on Cockences bar, off Norwalk, a fish sel-

dom seen in these parts. It answered

the description given by ichthyologists

of the goose fish or angler, also known

toms,-New Haven Pattadium.

cigar, - Appleton's Journal.

gether.

a happy whisper, clinging to his arm.

ing to indulge me in my whims.

Mrs. Sevier bowed.

"We leave in an hour, doctor," the

"What is it? Have you been ill,

Dr. Fred, as he went to the stables.

room, muttering to herself.

keep with you, of course."

and faced the smaller man.

I am absurdly dizzy,

would ever come to him.

at last into her real self.

before.

seemed like days.

finished his day's work.

A Dollar or Two.

With cautious steps as we tread our way through

This i tricate world, as other folks de, May we still on our journey be able to view The benevolent face of a dollar or two! For an excellent thing is a dollar or two :

No friend is so true as a dollar or two ; Through country and towa, As we pass up and down, No passport's so good as a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of a bachelor

And the hand of a female divinity sue? You must always be ready "the handsome

to do, Although it should cost you a dollar or two. Love's arrows are tipped with a dollar or two, And affection is gained by a dol ar or two.

The best aid you can meet, In advancing your suit, Is the eloquent clink of a dollar ar two.

Tom Sevier, finding that his wife Butty did not recover health of body or mind after the death of her only child, Lou, took her up to the mountains. He had a strong, light wag in, suited to the dangerous roads in the gaps, and a cou-ple of stout Canadian ponies. He him-self drove. Dr. Fred Keyes, Mrs. Sevier's consin, went with them, partly as companion for Betty. Tom Sevier hardly felt that he could claim to be called a companion or intimate friend of his wife, dear as they were to each other.

"You're younger than I, Fred," he said. "You read the same books as Betty. You can fall into her ways of thinking, eh? I've always been a busy man in the country—fond of fishing, or cancuses, or a dance, or anything that brought folks together."

"But you've given that all up since you were married?" eying him keenly.

Tom pulled his scrubby beard, "Yes, of course. "Twasn't her way. But it had coarsened me, no doubt. Well, you'll look after Betty, Fred, on this journey? Try and cheer her up a

Nobody must think that this history is to be a repitition of the old play of the trusting husband betrayed by his wife and friend. Fred Keyes was a most susceptible fellow, as far as plump, tender young girls were concerned; but he was not likely to meddle with the affections of a woman old enough to be his mother, lean and hungry-eyed to boot. Tom Sevier humored her like a spoiled child, in a way that disgusted his cousin. He had, indeed, no patience with the habit of indulging women as though they were helpless babies. Fred had half a mind to bring this one to her senses by a sharp pull of common-sense. Yet he had v strong curiosity to know the meaning of those hungry, remonstrating eyes of hers. Sometimes he had caught an unguarded look in them that roused in him an eager pity, and gave her for a moment stronger power over him than the most beautiful woman.

They left the low bottoms of the Saluda River where the Sevier plantations lay, and, crossing the Nantahela Mountains, reached the high table-lands of North Carolina. For two or three weeks they passed slowly through the mightiest peaks of the Appalachian chain; now going down into some fertile valley, with its solitary, dilapidated farm-house; now into some vast canon or succession of gorges, fastnesses inhabited only by the bear or wolf; or up into the heights, while the clouds wrapped the base of the

mountain at their feet. Tom himself, as Keyes soon found, was an incomparable comrade with whom to go vagabondizing. He was alive, zealous, full of practical good sense and in-Whether it was politics, formation. mica-mining, bear-baiting, or a weed or bird by the wayside that attracted Fred, Sevier's knowledge of it was full and accurate. Fred spoke of this to his cousin Betty one day.

She nodded indifferently,

"Mr. Sevier has been a closer student than is usually supposed," she said, in her thin, pleasant voice.

"The sweetest-tempered man, too, that I ever knew," pursued Fred, watching her jealously.

She nodded again, smiled civilly, and above her, the inexplicable questioning look rising in her face slowly.

'You take very little interest in facts?"
Fred persisted. "I observe you seldom

sten to Sevier's explanations." She did not answer for a moment.

"When I traveled over these mountains before, other meanings were given to them than 'profitable timber-lands or 'investments for capital in mining. That afternoon Fred and Sevier walked

on ahead. "You brought Cousin Betty here on your wedding journey?" Keyes asked.

"No. She never was in the mountains before. It is all new to her." Dr. Keyes made a note of this point.

Here was a chapter, and, he suspected, a chapter full of meaning, in Mrs. Sevier's life, of which her husband had been kept

in total ignorance. After this Fred used to watch with wrath and pity Sevier's behavior to his wife. Day and night his guardianship in this place. I told you I did not want was unceasing, anxious, deprecating. Tom was the most frank, hearty human being in the world; but with his wife he was never at ease; a chill in body and soul seemed to fall on him whenever she looked at him. Yet there were little ineidents now and then which made Keyes laugh to himself. There was something vehemently in love with his own wife,

and she both middle-aged and homely. One night the men occupied the same

room in a mountain-cabin, and, as Sevier undressed, a long tress of red hair fell from his breast. Fred, as he handed it to him, saw that it had belonged to his

"Yes," stammered Tom, "I try to keep little Lon near me, It's a horribly empty world since she went, Keyes."
"You have Betty."
"Betty! She died to me years ago!"

he said, passionately. There was an awkward silence. Even Fred, curious as he was, was sorry for this outbreak. Tom came to him the next morning.

"I must explain what I said to you last night, Mr. Keyes."
"No, not a word. I shall never think

"But I prefer to set you right. The trouble is but a trifle, after all. The truth is, Betty and I were married hastily. I had been waiting on her a long time, but with no hope; and she suddealy changed her mind and married me. She is very fond of me. I don't want you to think, Keyes, that she is A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS, not fond of me-the most amiable, careful wife—and a capital housekeeper; there's not a duty she has neglected. But there is not that sympathy between us, in taste or opinion, which I could wish. I have fried, too, to accommo-date myself to her; I've tried ever since the day we were married. But I can't

-I can't hit the key-note, somehow, shall some day, though, please God." They had gradually ascended range fter range, until the vast apurs of the Blue Ridge and Nantahela swept downward from them, and the clouds lay billowed like a sea at the base of the heights which they had reached. Late one October afternoon they came to the little village of Waynesville, a drowsy hamlet hung upon the edge of a lofty summit, shadowy peaks remparting it— the sky, as it seemed, threatening to sink down upon it at every moment.

During the last two days Mrs. Sevier ad grown more and more silent. Naturally, she had a keen eye for odd phases of character, and a shrewd little turn of humor which had brought out every ludicrous point of the journey, greatly to Fred's amusement. She had ceased to notice anything now, and moved and spoke like a woman in a dream. Her grasp. yes were contracted, her features settled in dark lines.

Mrr Sevier watched her anxionaly, and vainly brought out one little vial of

homospathic pills after another. "The evil spirit of the mountains has laid his hold upon you," said Keyes, lsughingly, to her, as they entered the little inu. "She has been here before," he said to himself, nodding sagaciously. "Whatever ghost it is she sees in these mountains, is more real to her than poor Tom or all the long years he has given

The tiny inn, with porches as large as the interior, was wrapped in mist as they opened the outer door. The hostese, gaunt, friendly-eyed woman, sat beside a roaring fire with one or two cronies. She led Mrs. Sevier up-stairs, while Tom and Fred went out to the stable.

"We're powerful full of company today," she said. "There's two gentlemen from Georgia hyah, a-huntin', But I'll give you uns the big room. Oh, you've bin hyah before," as Mrs. Sevier hastily passed before her and opened the door. Jes' make yersel's at home then.

Mrs. Servier stopped, looking slowly about her. She stood in a small, square room, the floor covered with a faded rag carpet; dirty patches of a blue wall paper with gigantic flowers clinging to the delicately-grained walls of poplar planks. A log smouldered on hearth. Outside of the little window opened a spectral country of driving mists and dizzy heights. An ordinary apartment enough in these mountain-regions; but some secret presence in it seemed to grasp and hold the woman who had entered it with power. Her chin began to quiver; she closed her eyes, as if to shut out a sight that pained

She was neither a weak nor a bad woman, and the force of this old passion which had laid hold on her since she came into the mountains shocked and this she had promised to do? To meet alarmed her. What was it to her that in this very room, years ago, her life had risen to heights which it could never touch again? Was she not Tom Sevier's wife? She told herself, too, that she had been a faithful, affectionturned her eyes again on the lofty peaks ate wife to him. She had never been able to make a companion of him, perhaps because she was forced to compare him continually with a man of much higher type. But that was not

This old memory should not make her less faithful-

" Curse the gun !"

There was a crash, as if the weapon had heen dashed to the ground.

At the first sound of the voice, Mrs. Sevier shivered as if she had been struck,

and stood motionless. The rooms were separated by a thin partition of planks, and the door beween was unlatched. Two men were cleaning their rifles after the day's hunting. The elder, with an oath, gave his a kick as it lay on the floor.

"I shouldn't let a bad day's luck put me out of temper, colonel," the other dragged out, lazily.

I never had any but accursed luck to come here.

The young man shrugged his shoul-The colonel, half drunk and in " a humor," was not desirable as friend

"I'll go down and see to feeding the dogs," he said, and left the room. Colonel Chaplin yawned, and walked absurd to him in the spectacle of a man to the fire. The colonel strutted, though it was dark, and there was nobody to

Missed that buck at twelve paces,

by Gee !" rolled the bloody current of his thoughts as he drove his heel at the back-log. "Hands growin' shaky, tongue's gettin' thick! Old age, by Gee! This yure mountain whisky tastes | hair. insipid's water. Can't hunt, can't drink
—nothin' left! What's left me?
Women—" He raised his nodding head as if awakened by a sudden thought.
"Why, the woman I loved best in the world turned her back on me in this

He bloated face grew a shale darker purple, the small black eye kindled. "Fine woman, Elise Voneida!" with

The next moment he stood erect, with a gasp of astonishment. The door was pushed open, and Elise stood before him in the very spot where she had parted from him, flushed and trembling with anger, ten years ago. Her face was pale now, and dropped on her breast; both her white hands were held out to him. The colonel's heart, as he would have

told you, was tender to any of the fair sex, and the truth was, all the clean, honest affection of which he was capable had been given to this woman.

"Elise! have you come back to me?" "I-I never have been lost to you,

The words came as if wrenched from Whatever was the passion that hall bound her to him, it had never yet been wakened in her by her husband; but the voice of this eld love roused it again. It mastered her like a flery poison running through her veins. She said to herself that she was Tom Sevier's wife, and that God's law-

"I only came to ask you to forgive"

me, Louis," she amended. "It's time, by Gee! You flung me hard, Elise." Mrs. Sevier had dreamed of this meeting a thousand times; but these were not the kind of words she had heard in her dreams from her hero. She looked up at him, and drew back. This hero's mouth was yellow with tobacco, and his cheeks were

bloated and pimpled.

Yet the old magnetic power remained in him still. He took her hands in his puffy, ringed ones, and they shook as they never had done in Tom Sevier's

" No, no! "I say he does! Why, your cheeks. are hollow as if you were forty years And what kind of a shabby dress is this? I'd have hung velvet and diamonds on you.'

Mrs. Sevier drew up her head. She was forty years old, but Tom treated her like a girl of sixteen. He would not think rags shabby if they were on her.

The colonel was in a glow or triumph. He had hated Sevier viciously for twelve years, the humiliation of being "thrown" growing sharper as his rival had succeeded in the world. But here was victory! He remarked to himself that "he knew how to seize it"-with an oath big enough in his opinion to round the subject.

"You are mine! You shall be mine, in spite of all the Seviers alive. We're not as young as we once were, but there's a good slice of life left us yet. Hush ! here he comes. I'll meet you by the ford to-morrow morning. You remember the ford?"

Yes, she remembered the ford. She went slowly back to the other room, and was standing by the fire when Dr. Keyes

"Tom found that one of the horseshe began, and then stopped abruptly, looding keenly at her. She had seen looding keenly at her. the ghost! He perceived the smell of tobacco from the adjacent room, and glanced at the door. It was shut. Turning again to Mrs. Sevier, he found her eyes fixed on it with terrified fear of

"Poor Tom!" thought Keyes, as he beat a dreary tattoo on the window.

Mrs. Sevier sat down and stared in the fire, her hands clasped on her knee. She felt very much as a man who has passed through an earthquake, and finds his house, his belongings, his very foothold, a wreck beneath him. What was a friend in a casual morning walk! There was no wrong to Tom in that, For years it had been a kind of gospel with her, much more forcible than that which is heard in church, to believe in her first love, and in the man to whom she gave it. She had been used to listen to mounful music, to find the voice of that first love in it, and then to recall Tom's virtues with a sigh, acknowledging to herself that he was the most eninently respectable of men, but that her heart was irrevocably given to a man of higher order. She was groping about now miserably for this man, bewildered by a cloud of stale tobacco, whisky

and oaths. Meantime, Colonel Chaplin was laying his plans. He had been in a forced state of idleness for a long time, and now, in the very moment when life seemed emptiest to him, the woman he had once loved was placed within his grasp. Nothing came between them but a man he hated, and the colonel's talent for hating was exceptional. After an hour's reflection, and several drinks beyond the hourly average, he went down and introduced himself to Tom and Dr.

Keyes held him at arm's length; but Mr. Sevier was cordial and hearty with him beyond his wont.

"Poor old Chaplin; terrifle wreck," he said afterward, to Fred. . I promised to go fishing with him to-morrow morning. I thhoght Betty would like some mountain-trout."

Mrs. Sevier woke the next morning with a start and smile. Her husband was dressed, standing by the fire. "What is it, Betty

"I thought Lou had erept on the bed to waken me as she used to do.'

She covered her eyes with her hands and cried quietly. Tom stroked her

"My poor girl, you've had hard measure in this world!" he said.

She took her hands away and looked him steadily. Had she hard measure? In that moment, for the first he marry her? Because when she quartime since she had been married, she felt how strong, how true this man's love was; how firm a foundation it was for her. The searching, wild look she fixed on him puzzled Tom. The next moment she drew coldly away from

"If you are going down now, I will

But she lay quiet thinking when he was gone. Had she not loved Louis Chaplin? Had she not married Sevier in a mad whim of pique? Was she to be persuaded that it was for him she really cared now? Love was love for-All these years she had looked on herself as a woman set apart for a confliet of mighty passions. Was she to find herself only a good wife with a good husband of the commonplace, happy

She came out on the upper porch presently, and looked down. Tom was be-low with Colonel Chaplin. She never had noticed before what an erect, cleanskinned, clear-eyed man he was beside other men; how true and merry his voice was. Bah! it needed other quali-ties than these to win a woman's heart. But she did not go to the ford.

Colonel Chaplin waited there for her an hour or more. Sevier was a tyrant, The poor creature was evidently in terror of her life. She would never dare to come to him as her heart prompted,

while her husband lived. The colonel folded his arms, and gazed darkly into the water. To-day should be the culminating point of his life. There was that narrow pass in the Catalouche -a sheer descent into the stream of fifty feet. When he had brought Sevier to it, he would tell him calmly how matters

stood between them, and then-They should never both leave the pass alive. But there must be no weapons used. Bullets tell tales, If Sevier missed his footing, and fell into the Demon's Grave, he was not the first man to whom the accident had happened. If it was Louis Chaplin who was worsted,

Sevier could tell what he chose. "As well that end as the other," blustered the colonel, with a portentous sigh. But he surveyed his bulky limbs com-placently. Tom Sevier was not half the

man he was. Shall I take my gun, colonel?" called Tom, as soon as he appeared in sight. "We may start a buck."

We may start a buck."
"What's the matter?" (staring about "No, nor even pistols; one sort of him). "Hallo! There is Keyes. And game at a time is my motto, "I'll be with you in a moment." He ran up the stairs to the little porch where his wife sat looking beyond the

mountains into vacancy, her hands, as usual, clasped on her knees. Dr. Keyes was reading an old newspaper. "Good-by, Betty." "Good-by," without turning her eyes.

It had once been a habit with him never to leave the house without kissing her. He had given it up of late ye rs. But he hesitated now. "I may not be back until night. Don't be uneasy, Betty."

"Good-by," turning to go down the

"O Tom !" said Keyes, looking up, "have you called at Judge Stein's since von came?"

"Your consin Lola is living still?" "Yes," glancing quickly at his wife. "Unmarried?"

"I believe so." He went hastily down the stairs. Keyes coughed significantly, and turned to his paper.

"Who is Lola Steiu?" asked Mrs. Sevier, sharply.
"Lola? Tom's cousin. You've

heard of her, surely?" Fred spoke reluctantly. She knew by

his face there was something to conceal, "I've heard of her, but nothing particular.

Fred burled his face in his paper, and did not answer. "How I detest the habit of giving

romantic foreign names to our women! said Mrs. Sevier, tartly. "They called me Elise when I was a girl. Absurd! This Lola, I suppose, is some ungainly creature in gaudy calico.' 'Not precisely. By George! there

Mrs. Sevier bent eagerly forward. A delicate little figure on horseback was just below the porch. The horse was a spirited one. She managed it with easy grace. As she turned her head, Mrs. Sevier caught sight of a dimpled mouth, an oval face warmed with a peachy bloom, and soft blue eyes.
"How old is she?"

"About thirty, I suspect." "She-she has worn well," her hand going up involuntarily to her own thin

There was silence for several minutes, "Dr. Keyes" (in more irritable tones), "why did that new-found relation of mine never marry ?"

Fred's embarrassment was apparent. I don't know, Cousin Betty. She as the fishing frog. It was four or five had plenty of lovers, I hear. There feet long, nearly as broad, fist, had one has had plenty of lovers, I hear. was an old story which my mother told flap on each side something like a scale me years ago, of her attachment to a man who was in every way worthy of her, but | ning forward under the mouth, and two who suddenly changed his mind, and married another woman." "Was-did this man love Lola ever, was its immense mortar-shaped

"It was said that he did. But why should he marry another woman? Moreover, his wife has, no doubt, driven on exhibition for several days. It is a poor Lols out of his head and heart by

this time.

one month - - 5 0 three months - 6 00 one year - - 10 00 Two Squares, one year -

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Job work, Cash on Delivery.

past twelve months, principally dried A bear is Clarksville, Texas, which had been a household pet since it was a cub, killed a child the other day who

Items of Interest.

worth of our American fruit within the

Europe has purchased \$5,500,000

was playing with it. The largest bowlder in Vermont is called the "Green Mountain Giant," which lies on a hill in Whittingham, and contains 40,000 cubic feet.

A child, its father, its two grand-fathers, and three of its great-grandthese years in which she might have won fathers were photographed in one group in New Hampshire the other day.

Inscription on a tombstone in a Paris emetery : J'attenda ma femme

I await my wife 1820 I am here Me vo la

Two writers (theatrical critics of course) were quarrelling. "Your arti-cles are the laughing-stock of the town." The time will come when yours will e," "When?" "When somebody reads them."

Rev. Moses Howe, aged eighty-nine, has been in the Christian ministry sixtythree years, and during all that period has had but two pastorates—one at Portsmouth, N. H., and the other at New Bedford, Mass.

"Oh, here's a red ear!" exclaimed a Southern Illinois youth at a corn-husking bee, "And there's another!" replied the pretty girl at his side, as she gave him a stinging box alongside his head when he tried to kiss her.

The following "answer to a correspondent," cut from an Euglish paper, like a quotation from a dictionarydisconnected but full of information: Letters in the Bible, 3,566,480; acres in Yorkshire, 3,801,427.

The right index finger of the foreman of a machine shop in Webster, Mass., was cut off by a circular saw the other Tom, looking up at the pass, "Let's try the laurel."
"When I want my game, I don't turn day, and hurled through a window with such force that it cut a clean hole in the glass like a bullet, and went twenty feet

At Ashland, Miss., a few days ago, Homer V. Hunt was challenged to fight a duel by C. Mason Lane for saying of a young lady friend of the latter: "How I loathe any girl who is her equal!" He rock on the edge of a precipice two feet accepted, and as both were excellent shots, the distance was extended from fifteen to thirty-five yards. Hunt was The colonel, who was ahead, turned killed and Lane mortally wounded at the

> AGONY. Coughing in a shattered way; nose red and poor c

Pains and aches in every limb: Poor features sadiv puffy, Head heavy, hot, and stuffy.

her horse, her hands on her shoulders, To feel all this, and then be told. her eyes on his with an agony of entreaty, 'My dear, you've only got a cold Some months ago, when Gambetta of love, such as he had never seen there was speaking in the French Assembly, "O Tom! I thought I had lost you." he was repeatedly interrupted by M. He lifted her down, and placed her on Tristan Lambert and some other imperigray rock by the path. He did not alists, and in reply ventured a prediclaugh at her. There was something here tion, backed by a wager of 1000 francs more than nervous folly-something, he (\$200), that the interrupter would not thought, which he had been waiting for have a chance to repeat his conduct in for years. He had despaired that it the next (the prepent) assembly. h. Tristan Lambert took the bet, and lost "Tom, do you care for me at all? it and his election, and Gambetta has Won't you try to love me a little? No turned the money over to the poer fund matter how inferior I am to-to other of Versailles.

Words of Wisdom.

Live for something.

They that live without dying

those that are. Covetous persons are like sponger, which greedily draw in water, but re-

eloquence. Speech without it is but babble. The mere art of rhetoric is more noisy but less useful than the tinman's trade.

knowledge of them. The more knowlcdge, the more charity.

We commend the horse for his strength and sureness of foot, and not for his rich caparisons; a greyhound for his share of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for his wings, not for his jesses and bells. Why in like manner do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a

ness of feeling or strength of purpose. living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the fictitions for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in expedients for killing time, fashion among the last influences under which

"Where he is, I must see him. I have lost Lou; I have lost everything.

"Net here, Chaplin," laughed Tom

Wheezing, sneezing all the day : Eyes watery and streaming : Now voiceless and now screaming.

Hearing gone, and eyesight dim: Sad, dejected, solemn, grim:

thoughts, shall die without comforts. Idleness is hard work for those that are not used to it, and dull work for

turn very little until they are squeezed. The love of truth is the spirit of all

and game searce, and left last night. He A man's charity to those who differ from him upon great and difficult questions, will be in the ratio of his own

> Lessons of wisdom never so influence ns as when they are wrought into the heart through the groundwork of a story which engages the passion. Is it that we are like iron and first must be heated before we can be wrought upon? or is the heart so in love with deceit that where a true report will not reach it we must cheat it with a fable, in order that we may come at the truth?

> great train, a beautiful palace, so much eredit, so many thousand pounds year, and all these are about him and not in him. Without depth of thought or earnest-

with an opening or pocket behind runsmall legs with five toes webbed to-The strangest feature, howmouth. When open it was frightful to ridicule and exhausting its ingenuity in contemplate, and would just about comfortably take in an ordinary keg. It was human being who respects him who comprehends the great ond worthless fish and lives on muddy botwou'd desire to be placed.