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### The Leap of Roushan Beg.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet, His chestnut steed with four white feet, Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou, Son of the road and bandit chief, Seeking refuge and relief, Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's matchless speed Never yet could any steed Reach the dust-cloud in his course ; More than maiden, more than wife, More than gold and next to life, Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond Erizoom and Trebizond Garden-girt his fortress stood ; Plundered khan, or caravan Journeying north from Koordistan Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore Men at-arms his livery wore, Did his bidding night and day ; Now through regions all unknown He was wandering, lost, alone, Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends, Sheer the precipice descends. Loud the torrent roars unseen ; Thirty feet from side to side Yawns the chasm; on air must ride He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit, At the precipice's foot Reyhan the Arab of Orfah Halted with his hundred men, Shouting upward from the glen, "La il Allah! Allah-la!"

Gently Roushan Beg careseed Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ; Kissed him upon both his eyes : Sang to him in his wild way As upon the topmost spray Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed, Round and slender as a reed, Carry me this danger through ! Satin bousings shall be thine, Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine ! O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein, Soft as woman's hair thy mane. Tender are thine eyes and true ; All thy hoofs like ivory shine, Polished bright. O life of mine, Leap, and rescue Kurroglou !"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet, Drew together his four white feet, Paused a moment on the verge, Measured with his eye the space, And into the air's embrace Leaped as leaps the ocean's surge,

As the surge o'er silt and sand Bears a swimmer safe to land, Kyrat safe his rider bore ; Rattling down the deep abyss, Fragments of the precipice Rolled like pebbles ones shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red Trembled not upon his head ; Careless sat he and upright ; Neither hand nor bridle shook, Nor his head he turned to look, As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air, Seen a moment like the glare Of a sword drawn from its sheath! Thus the phantom horseman passed; And the shadow that he cast Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath, While this vision of life and death Passed above him, "Allah-hu!" Cried he : "in all Koordistan Breathes there not so brave a man As this robter Kurroglou!" -Atlantic Monthly,

# THE FALL.

"Are those the ruins?" asked Mande Chalmers, pointing with her riding whip. "I can see the glimpse of gray walls now and then through the trees.

"Yes," answered Paul Trevor ; "and we shall have to dismount here and walk the rest of the distance, for the avenue to the house is now so overgrown with inderbrush as to be almost impassable. They alighted, and arm-in-arm forced their way with some difficulty toward

the house. It was a gloomy-looking building of stone, erected upon a ledge of rocks,

which rose about twenty feet above the sea. Long deserted, it had fallen into gradual decay; the walls were green with moss; long, dark weeds filled the paths, and the crumbling fountains and broken statues were covered with mould. Far from all human habitations, surrounded by a dense wood upon the one side, and upon the other by the sea, it stood in solitary desolation.

Maud shuddered at the gloomy before her as she and Paul halted before the crumbling steps.

"Oh, what a dismal place! Don't enter, Paul. I am not superstitious, but somehow a thrill of fear and dread creeps

"Oh, you are only depressed with trothed, was solitary loneliness of the place. Shake off your nervousness and we will explore the interior. Nothing worse to be found than owls and bats, I'll warrant."

put his arm around her waist and imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

Gathering up her riding habit Maud took the proffered arm of her lover, and ell with broad bars of golden light on cantion, for one bullet had done the they descended the broken steps. The he greensward; the rabbits sprang business.

creak, and their footsteps echoed through the dismantled hall. They wandered through dusty corridors and deserted rooms. Here and there patches of de-cayed drapery or a forgotten picture, stained and blackened, clung to the mouldy wall, and now and then a broken bust or statue showed ghastly in the uncertain light, Owls and bats, disturbed in their pooks and corners, flew about uneasily; rats and mice, surprised in their foraging expeditions, scampered hastily to their holes ; and huge spiders, suddenly deprived of their cobweb-

homes, crawled in all directions. Mand looked with nervous fear into the dim, dusty corners, and started and shivered at every sudden noise.

"One flight more," said Paul, as they paused at the foot of the last staircase, "and we shall have a splendid view of the sea to repay us for the ghostly sights and sounds we have had to endure. Why, darling, how pale you look! If you really wish, we will go no further."
"No, Paul, I won't give way to my like an immense tomb, and the moan of the sea like wailing lament.

"My poor, little impressible darling. I did not think you were so easily affected. But come up to the room above, and you will get a view from the window that will brighten your eyes and bring the color back to your cheeks.

They ascended the stairs, passed through a narrow passage, and entered a room. It contained but one window, which reached the floor, opening to a balcony which overhung the rocks below. The window was closed, and begrimed with long-accumulated dust, and festooned with the webs of busy spiders. Determined to have an unobstructed view, Paul tugged at the closed sash, For a time it resisted, but at last it opened, with a loud crash. A strong wind was blowing from the sea. It swept in at the open window with a great gust, and the door of the room slammed to with a resonant clang. Mand gave a little scream of affright. "Oh, Paul, what if the door would

not open again !" "Why, how nervous you are, Mand!" laughed Paul. "You'll see how quickly

it will open. And, advancing to the door, he clasped the knob, and gave it a vigorous tug. The lock was old and rusty, and the knob came off in his hand, leaving the door, which was heavy and well preserved, still firm in its casing.

"Never mind, my dear," said he, as he saw Mand's face blanch, "If the door won't open we can find another egress. See, this balcony runs all the length of the house. We can walk upon some open door or window, Stay here for a moment."

"Oh, Paul, don't leave me!" He turned, and taking her in his arms,

kissed her pale cheek. "Why, Mand, darling, why this ex-

"I cannot tell, Paul; but an unaccountable oppression stole ever me at the sight of this gloomy old building, and every moment I have spent in it has increased my agitation. It is a prescience of coming danger to one or both of us.

"Pshaw, dearest; you are morbidly affected by this dismal place. I did wrong to bring you here. We will hurry away from its gloomy influences." He stepped out upon the balcony as he spoke, and with a cheery word turned to reconnoitre, when immediately there was a loud crash—the balcony, rotten with age, had given way beneath his feet, and he was hurled to the rocks

It was a strange sensation, the gradual awakening to consciousness, and Paul Trevor opened his eyes languidly, and dreamily wondered at his condition. He was lying in an humble cottage; and through the half-open door he could hear a murmur of voices. At first the effort to remember bewildered him; but gradually his mind became clear, andah, yes !- he recollected his fall. the rocks, the sea, and with a feeling of acute pain it flashed across him that Mand was left a prisoner in that fatal

He strove to rise, but the sharp pain caused by the sudden movement pressed a groan of agony from his lips. He sank back upon his pillow. The mental shock, together with the physical, so prostrated him that he was powerless; but his brain seemed on fire. Terrible visions of Maud alone and helpless in that solitary chamber floated vividly before his mental sight,

He pictured to himself her terror as she beheld his mad plunge into the sea, her agony when the terrors of her situation flashed across her, her frantic attempts to open the door, her wild, appealing gaze out at the moaning sea, her despair as the daylight crept slowly but surely out of the shadowy room, the darkness gathering like a presence; the deathly stillness unbroken save by the dash of the sea or the ghostly sounds of the house. And a more terrible thought still crept in upon his harrowed mind, chilling his very heart's blood. He rose from the bed and gazed frantically around. How long had he been lying seuseless and inanimate here-how long? and Maud, his beautiful betrothed, was starving-lying in that

The thought brought back strength to his bruised limbs—his blood coursed like fire through his veins. He would go to her! Dead or alive he would bear And the better to reassure her Paul wher from that fatal house of haunting shadows and fearful sounds. He rushed from the house and fled to the woods he sunlight crept through the trees and

great hall door awung open with a dismal across his track, alarmed at his hasty tread; the birds twittered merrily in the leafy branches. All was life and joy, and seemed to jeer and mock his we Heedless of the cramping pain in his limbs and upheld by the feverish strength born of intense excitement, he strode rapidly out; but when the dilapidated ruins loomed still and sombre in his gaze he checked for a moment his mad speed. A cold chill crept through his veius and his trembling limbs refused to obey his will. But Maud! Ah! His darling Mand!

"I'm coming; Maud, I'm coming!" he shouted, rushing frantically up the

crumbling steps.

The wind so warm without, met him, chill and cold, as he pushed open the great door, and the yellow sunlight paled as it struggled in the semi-darkness. The dash of the sea as it broke against the cold gray rocks smote his ear with a mournful sound; his own footfall echoed like a knell. An incubus of dread and fear seemed to settle upon his heart; he felt stifled, and unable to advance. But, foolishness; but the house seems to me ah! anything rather than this terrible suspense. He rushed hurriedly up the stairs to the door of the fatal room. was still closed-and all was deathly silent within; with a desperate effort he pushed it open, and gave a horrified, fearful gaze within. Yes; there—there, upon the floor, with staring eyes and pinched, pallid features, lay his beloved -a corpse! For a moment he gazed horrified; then, with a groan sank unconscious to the floor.

> "Paul-Paul!" murmured a sweet voice, and a lingering kiss was imprinted upon his lips. "Do you know me at

Drowaily opening his eyes, he saw the dear face of Maud above his own, fair and fresh as he had last seen it before that fearful fall upon the rocks, "Where am I? What does it mean?

Are you indeed, my own sweet Maud, or only her glorified spirit?" Mand laughed a happy little laugh, although tears shone like pearls in her

"It is only the horrid phantom of de-

lerium that still vexes you, Paul. I am no spirit, but a living, breathing reality."
And then she told him how some fishermen, sailing by in their little boat, had heard her terrified scream when he was precipitated to the rocks; how they had come to their aid; and carried them both to a little cottage near by ; how he, bruised and bleeding, yet not dead, had passed from unconsciousness to the

maddening tortures of brain fever. Though subjected to a long and painful illness, Paul could not fail to recover his wonted health under Maud's ministrations. Yet he was permanently lame. However, if the evident devotion of a bride can confer happiness on a bridegroom, Paul, leaning upon a staff while returning with Maud from the hymenial altar, was the happiest of Benedicts.

# The Human Face a Mask.

So inscrutable may the human face become, that frequently it is but a mask which conceals the real character, The men and women most famous for heartless cruelty have often been celebrated for their handsome faces; writers off fiction have not been unmindful of the fact, and Faust is represented as being a handsome man; while the German fishermen sing of the sirens who drag men's souls down to perdition with their fatal dower of beauty. Some faces are unreadable, and tell nothing of the owner's character. The merriest men now and then have solemn faces, and the most serious frequently cheerful ones, Frequently the most heartless coquette has all the shy graces of a girl of sixteen, while the heart of some woman who looks you through with cold, steady eyes, may be filled with love and tenderness that you are too blind to discover. So we all go on, wearing guises of different device, never quite concealing, never revealing, the life within.

# A Girl's Horrible Death.

The Pittsburg (Penn.) Commercial says: An accident occurred on Saturday at the Valley Paper Mill, at Verona, on the Allegheny Valley railroad. young woman named Mary Ann Collins, who had been employed in the mill three or four years, had been assigned to a new position in the second story, in which there is a large trap-door immediately over a vat on the ground floor, Miss Collins had been called from another part of the room to assist in dumping a box of rags. She started to answer the call, and walked into the hatchway, which was obscured by steam arising from the vat of boiling water and She was precipitated directly into the vat, and must have died very speedily. In three minutes after she fell her body was taken out scalded white, She was sixteen years of age.

# Stalking a Tiger.

An exceedingly clever stalk of a tiger was made some time back by a native hunter of India. The shikari saw the beast asleep under the shade of a large tree on the side of a tank, and found no prospect of getting a shot from the land side. So he had recourse to the following expedient : He waded from the opposite bank, gun in hand above the long cord fastened to his waist, the other at hand .- New York Tribune. end of which remained in the hands of a confederate on the bank confronting the When he had got noiselessly within twenty paces of the sleeping beast, he delivered his shot, and was immediately jerked violently back under water by his partner. It turned out that there was no need of this excessive

#### VALLEY FORGE.

How the American Army Endured the Winter of 1777-8-A Camp of Huts at Valley Forge-Suffering from Lack of Food and

Ctothing. Hardly any name is more familiar to the student, young or old, of American history than that of Valley Forge. One still reads with pain of the sufferings undergone there by the sturdy Continental soldiers, and with pride of the Spartan firmness with which those dreary vicissitudes were encountered, Of all the anniversaries which have so numerously distinguished these centennial years, none is more worthy of at least a quiet commemoration than that of the establishment of Washington's forlorn winter quarters in 1777. None of the early years of the young Republic, struggling for life against the greatest odds, were darker than this. The slightest glance at the situation will show that it was indeed deplorable,

The battle of Brandywine had been fought gallantly, and it had been lost. Congress had fled from Philadelphia to Lancaster. A series of reverses had opened a way to that city for Sir William Howe, and Washington was too weak to risk a battle which might have saved it. nor, with more than A thousand of his men barefoot, could be undertake those rapid and masterly operations which had been so brilliantly executed at Trenton and at Princeton. Meanwhile all efforts however, is not true, if we may believe of an impotent Congress and of rash the Tokio (Japan) Times, which says generals to clamor and importune him into military imprudence were vain.

Washington, that he might restrict the enemy within the narrowest possible limits, established his winter quarters, on the 19th of December, at Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, on the south side of the Schuylkill. Here he would be able to keep a vigilant eye on the city and also protect a large extent of country. He had 11,000 troops, but they were in a very wretched condition. Provisions were scant, clothing worn out, and such was the want of body measures only seven inches, shoes, that all the late marches had been The height of men, accordi tracked in blood. There was a like want of blankets, so that many of the soldiers were forced to sit up all night by the camp fires. Washington offered a premium for the best pattern of shoes made of hides untanned. One-quarter of the troops were unfit for duty. The commissariat was miserably managed, for at this very time (says Gordon) "hogsheads of shoes, stockings and clothing were lying at different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for mined to but the troops, and he took particular pains to make the dwellings as comfortable as possible. Among other as comfortable as possible, Among other feet three inches, and the women four in the wall. expedients, he offered a reward of \$12 to tion by Drs. Bellebon and Guerault the party in each which finished its but in the most workmanlike and quickest are too low, that the average of the manner. The little town, with its regular streets and avenues, was soon built. Each hat was fourteen feet by sixteen, with walls of logs filled in with clay, and a chimney of clay or wood rising a foot or two above the roof, which was a single sharp slope, constructed to shed easily the coming snow. To each hut was assigned twelve non - commissioned officers and men. Each general officer mentions in one of his letters having had a hut to himself, with two windows. The hats of the soldiery fronted on the streets. Troops from the same State were lodged in the same street or quarter. In shape, the whole was like a tri-angle, with Valley creek forming its North America Indians, the Polynesians, It had abbatis, redoubts, and pickets at different points. Washington's quarters travelers worthy of credit at five feet ten were in the house of a Quaker, Isaac

Potts, which is still standing. But with all the sufferings of Valley Forge, there was some social comfort there. Lafayette wrote home that the general officers were sending for their wives: "and I envy them," he said, naively-"not their wives, but the happiness of being where they can see four and three-quarter inches. The them." Mrs. Washington was with her husband to cheer and encourage him. There was no density for the There was no dancing, for the quarters feet. were too narrow; cards were prohibited because they led to gambling; but there were tea parties and coffee parties, con-versation and music. There were gallant gentlemen, too—Morris and Reed, and Charles Carroll, when the Congress delegation came down-and Hamilton and

The ensuing May found Washington still in his cantonments, with an effective force of about twelve thousand men. It was impossible by any reinforcements to carry this number beyond twenty thousand. But rumors came of the evacuation of Philadelphia, since the Delaware would be in danger of being blocked up by a French fleet. Washington busied himself in the formation of a new system for the army, and had asked Congress to ficence; so much is there in the way of send a committee of arrangements, five doing things, in number, to the camp. They remained with him three months, and the recommendations resolved upon were generally adopted. On the 18th of June, the pre-parations for the evacuation of Philadelphia having been completed, the British army took up its line of march through the Jerseys. As soon as he had information of this, Washington broke camp with his whole army, marching in pursuit. And so ended the memorable season at Valley Forge. There was still to be a short period of defeat and disapwater, which was breast high, with a pointment, but brighter days were close

> It cannot be too often repeated that uxuries, not necessities, bring ruin, We are ruined, not by what we really want, but what we think we want ; therefore, never go abreast in search of your wants-if they be real ones, they will come home in search of you ; for he who cannot buy.

#### TALL AND SHORT MEN.

Big and Little Men and Women-A Japanese Dwarf-The Average Beight of Man.

At one of the public halls in this city, says the New York Times, are now on exhibition a couple of the tallest human being in the civilized world. At another public hall, not far from the last mentioned one, are two remarkably little human beings, who are believed to be the smallest couple ever exhibited in any country. Martin Van Buren Bates, who was born in Kentucky, is thirty-two years of age, weighs nearly 500 pounds, and is eight feet one inch in height. His wife was born in Nova Scotia, is twentyeight years of age, weighs 413 pounds, and is eight feet two inches in height, When but six years old, she was as tall as her mother, who was five feet high. Her father was only five feet four inches It is a wonder of the day-and yet a fact o'er in height. This loving couple may be said to represent "linked sweetness, long drawn out," Gen. Mite is turned thirteen years of age, weighs but nine pounds, and is only twenty-two inches in height. His hands are smaller than those of any known living baby. Miss Minnie Obom, who stands beside him on the platform, is in her thirtieth year, and is but twenty-three inches in height. Either of these infinitesimal members of the human race is supposed by most persons who have seen them to be the smallest human being living. This, the Tokio (Japan) Times, which says that a dwarf, said to be fifty-one years old and only one foot three inches high, named Sato Yukichi, is about to be exhibited in that city. This is a depth of diminutiveness truly wonderful. It would hardly be more surprising to read the announcement of a giant one and a quarter years old and fifty-one feet high. The irregularity of proportion for which Mr. Yukichi is conspicuous is not less remarkable than his condensed compactness. His head is seven inches and a half long, while all the rest of his

The height of men, according to Villerme, varies from four feet nine and a quarter inches to five feet ten inches, and thus gives an average of five feet three and three-eighth inches. medium would be five feet four inches. has, however, proved that those figures lowest tribes is five feet two and a half inches, and that some others attain to five feet six and three-quarter inches. The smallest family of known man is the Boschmans of South Africa, whose medium height is given at four feets seven inches. Some other tribes of that continent rival them, but not quite so short. Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, come across a race of dwarfs of most minute stature, but the details have not reached us, As for the tallest races, they are the Norwegians in Europe, base, and the Schuylkill for its left side. and, finally, the Patagonians, whose average height is given by numerous inches. Taking these last as the highest and the Boschmans as the lowest, we obtain an average of five feet two and a half inches. But the savants who have studied this subject, considering the small proportion of very short races, have decided on fixing the medium height of the human race at five feet

# Words of Wisdom.

There is a department which suits the figure and talents of each person. It is always lost when we quit it to assume that of another.

He who has not known adversity is but half acquainted with others or himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world.

We all dread a bodily paralysis and make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us are troubled about a paralysis of the roul, There is a gift that is almost a blow,

and there is a kind word that is muni-

A heart-memory is better that a mere head-memory. It is better to carry away a little of the life of God in our

word of every sermon we have heard, He that waits for repentance waits for that which cannot be had as long as it is waited for. It is absurd for a man to wait for that which he himself has to do.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force itself into that tender part of the soul and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

Do not be discouraged under any cirenmstances. Go steadily forward; rather consult your own conscience than the opinions of men, though the last are not to be disregarded. Be industrious, be frugal, be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, does not want, will soon want what he exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your own intercourse,

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Items of Interest. Pancakes should neither be blonde or brunette, but medium.

Strictly religious people should be careful to select only upright pianos for their houses.

A Hartford, Conn., newspaper pro-poses a bachelor show, the prizes to be warded by ladies. The losses of the Scotch farmers this

year through floods and bad weather are estimated at \$40,000,000. This is the season when a man who

wants to remember the poor can sit down and think of himself the whole day Thirty Texas papers have died within the last twalve months, and sixty new

ones sprang into existence during the

That heavy banks are washed away by too much "falling due."

Horne Tooke being asked by George III, whether he played at cards, replied. "No, your Majesty; the fact is, I can not tell a king from a knave.'

"That's wnat I call a monkey wretch. The witty showman said, When the big gorilla grabbed his hair And twisted back his head.

The Philadelphia baby show broke up in a hand-to-hand fight by the mothers over the prizes. The police cleared the hall of exhibits and spectators.

Among the attractions at the Paris exhibition will be performances by the Imperial Orchestra from Vienna, in the month of July. The Viennese artists will give several concerts during their fo rtnight's stay in Paris,

A gentleman who is a sculptor in a teeble way, was calling on a lady the other evening. "How do you manage to get the right facial expression?" asked, referring to his statuettes. "Very simple," he said. "I read a poem expressing the passion I desire to portray; then, as my face expresses rage or love, I plunge head foremost into a mass of putty I have at hand. This retains the impression, and there you are.'

The old gentleman went into the parlor the other night, at the witching hour of 11:45, and found the room unlighted Taking the extremes of individuals and his daughter and a dear friend ocknown, being seventeen inches for a cupying a tete-a-tete in the corner by a dwarf spoken of by Burch and Buffon, window. "Evangeline," the old man and nine feet three inches for a Finsaid sternly, "this is scandalous." "Yes, lander mentioned by Sapply, the papa," she answered sweetly, "it is candleless because times are so hard and But those cases may be regarded as quite | lights costs so much that Ferdinand and abnormal. The Esquimanx were long I said we should try and get along with want of teams or of money to pay the considered the smallest race of men on the starlight." And papa turned about teamsters." Washington had deter-

# Power of the Hand.

It may be going too far to say that man may judge the character of his fellow man by the manner in which he "shakes hands." But there is certainly a significance in those busy members of the body which "he who runs may read," The creator of Uriah Heep has taught us not to trust the owners of limp, moist hands which close cordially on nothing save their own possessions. Says a commentator on this subject: "It is the touch of a hand at a greeting which warms or chills my heart, and makes me know to a certainty how much or how little I shall like the person before me. If the fingers close about my own with a short, quick, convulsive grasp, I know that he will suap, snarl, and finally quarrel, and that the least that I have to do with the owner of those wily digits, the better off shall be. If a nervous, cold hand glides into my own, and seems disposed a lie there, without life, I know that my happiness would be nothing in that awful palm. But if the hand grasps yours and holds it firmly, in strong, warm fingers, you are safe in cultivating the friendship of the owner. Those human hands! From the beginning of life they play an important part."

All the greatness of earth has laid in the hollow of the hand. The books, the music, the pictures, the wonders of architecture, the intricacies of mechanism, the mysteries of science and the government of the countries, with all their godlike beanties of color, sound, symmetry, usefulness, progression and wisdom, have lain within a human hand. The highest aspirations and realizations of the brain are brought to light through the hand, and the tenderest love and charity of the heart make the hand their dispensator. They can be tender ministers of comfort and peace, yet as cruel and full of venom as the bite of an asp.

And with all their power, with all

their charities, their tender touches, their mischief-they are folded at last, and those who speak of us tell of the closing of the eye and the folding of hands as a part of our going away.— North American.

# Brigham's Amelia.

Brigham Young's favorite wife, souls than to be able to repeat every Amelia, has been dethroned since the prophet's death, and report says that she has gone back to Peoria, Ill., with the intention of remaining. It appears that Amelia was never a Mormon at all; that her connection with Brigham was based upon a contract which included a handsomely furnished home, carriages and horses, and full liberty to provide such home comforts as she might desire. This wife absolutely ruled Brigham, and was the only wife whose unauthorized orders on storekeepers were fully honored. She was very fond of expensive attire, was entirely independent as to the wishes or desires of the saints. and led a gay, worldly life. It is all stated that when she met Brigham was already affianced to a your chant of Peoria, but surrendered by the rick Morme