The forest Republican.

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Old Merry Boy's Song.

The lord loves his land, and the miser his gold And the hunter his horse and his hound, The bishop his port, an I the warrior bold His sword and the clarion sound ; And the sailor his lass, And the beauty her gia s, And the reaper a benny bright sky : But give me a cot, With love for my lo', And a sparkle of mirth in my eye, And this ditty I'll sing With the pride of a king : "Though the cash in my coffers be small, The best of all wea'th Is a good stock of health, With a heart that is thankful for all."

While the duke has his castle, the movarch his

Crown, And the courtier his title and name, And their ladies repose on their couches of

down, And the minetrel is honored with fame, I will journey through life Without envy or + trife, Looking out for its beautiful flowers, And carry a light For adversity's night, And honey to sweeten its sours ; And I'll merrily sing

As I march with a swing, Since honesty feareth no fall : "The best of all wealth Is a good stock of health,

With a heart that is thankful for all."

Lot the lord have his land, and the miser his gold,

And the hunter his horse and his hound, And the bishop his port, and the warrior bold His sword and the clarion sound ; And the sailor his lass, And the beauty her glass, And the reaper his bonny bright sky ; But with love for my lot, In a sweet little cot, And the sparkle of mirth in my eye, I my ditty will sing, Spite of penury's sting : "Though the cash in my coffers be small, The best of all wealth

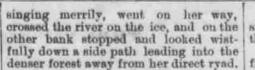
Is a stock of good health, With a heart is thankful for all."

A NIGHT WITH A BEAR.

" Tell you what, Roxie, I wish father and Jake had some of those hot nutcakes for their dinner; they didn't carry much of anything, and these are proper nice."

Mrs. Beamish set her left land upon her hip, leaned against the corner of the dresser, and meditatively selected another nut cake, dough-nut or cruller, as you may call them, from the great brown pan piled up with these dainties, and long as you like, sis, and by and by I'll Roxie, who was cur'ed up in a little heap take you home on Rob." Roxie, who was cur'ed up in a little heap on the corner of the settle, knitting a blue woolen stocking, looked brightly

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"I really believe the checkerberries must have started, it is so springy," she thought; "I've a mind to go down and look in what Jake calls 'Bear-berry Pasture,' though I told him they were not bear-berries, but real checkerberries." So,'saying to herself, Roxie ran a few steps down the little path, stopped, stood still for a minute, then slowly

turned back, saying: "No, I wont, either, for may be I wouldn't get to the camp with the nut-cakes before noon, and then they would have eaten all their cheese. No, I'll go right on, and not stay there any time at all, but come back and get the checkerberries; besides, mother said she'd be lonesome without me, so I'd better not

stay, any way." So Roxie, flattering herself like many an older person with the fancy that she was giving up her selfish pleasure for that of another, while really she was carrying out her own fancy, went sing-ing on her way, and reached the camp just as her father struck his axe deep into the log where he meant to leave it for an hour, and Jake, her handsome elder brother, took off his cap, pushed the curls back from his heated brow, and shook out the hay and grain before old Rob, whose whinny had already proclaimed dinner-time.

"Why, if here isn't sis with a tin kettle, and I'll be bound some of ma'am's cakes in it !" exclaimed Jake, who had rather mourned at the said cakes not being ready before he left home, and then he caught the little girl up in his arms, kissed her heartily, and put her on Rob's back, whence she slid down, saying gravely:

"Jake, ma says I'm getting too old for rough play. I'll be twelve years old next June.

"All right, old lady; I'll get you a pair of specs and a new cap or two for a birthday present," laughed Jake, un-covering the tin kettle, while his father eaid:

"We won't have you an old woman before you're a young one, will we, Tib? Come, sit down by me and have some dinner. You're good to bring us the nut cakes and get here in such good season.

The three were very happy and merry over their dinner, although Roxie declined to cat anything except out of her own pocket, and the time passed swiftly until Mr. Beamish glauced up at the sun, rose, took his ax out of the cleft in the log, and, swinging it over his head, said:

"Come, Jakr, nooning is over. Get

"You great, horrid thing ! Every single berry is gone now, for I wont eat ter's pale face. them after you. So now !"

But, so far from being penitent or frightened, the bear took this interferbe hurt, you say ?" ence, and especially the blow, in very bad part, and after a moment of blinking astonishment, he sat up on his haunches, growled a little, showed his teeth, and intimated very plainly that unless that pail of berries was restored at once there would be trouble for some one. But this was not the first bear-cub plied the father, very slowly and reluc-that Roxie had seen, and her temper tantly. "He seems peaceable enough was up as well as the bear's. So, firmly grasping the pail, she began to retreat backward, at first slowly, but as the bear dropped on his feet and seemed inclined to follow her, or rather the pail of berries, she lost courage, and turn-ing began to run not exting on patients. "And see how good he is to me," said Boxie, eagerly, as she patted the head of her strange new friend, who blinked amicably in reply. "Oh, Jake, do go and get Rob and the sled, and carry him ing, began to run, not caring or noting home, won't you ? in what direction, and still mechanically

grasping the pail of berries.

Suddenly, through the close crowding pines which had so nearly shut out the daylight, appeared an open space, and Boxie hailed it with delight, for it was the river, and once across the river she felt as if she would be safe. Even in have to carry home to the almost frantic the brief glance she threw around as she burst from the edge of the wood, she saw that here was neither the bridge nor the ford which she had crossed in handling and ride were all for his own the morning ; a point altogether strange and new to her, and, as she judged, further down the river, since the space frem shore to shore was considerably wider. But the bear was close behind, and neither time nor courage for deliberation was at hand, and Roxie, after her moment's pause, sprang forward upon the snowy ice, closely followed by the clumsy little beast.

At that very moment, a mile further up stream, Mr. Beamish and his son Jake were cautionsly driving Rob across the frozen ford, and the old man was saying :

" I'm afraid we'll have to go round by the bridge after this, Jake. I shouldn't wonder if the river broke up this very night. See that crack

"It wouldn't do for Roxie to come over here alone again," said Jake, prob-ing the ice-crack with his stick. And Roxie-poor little Roxie-whom Jake was so glad to think of as safe at home, was at that very moment stepping over a wide crack between two great masses of ice, and staring forlornly about her, for a little way in advance appeared another great gap, and the bear close behind was whimpering with

terror as he clung to the edge of the floating mass upon which Roxie had only just leaped, and which he had failed to jump upon. Shaking with cold and fright, the little girl staggered forward across the ice until at its further edge she came upon a narrow, swiftly ing tide, increasing in width at

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> ped it, he looked up at his little daugh-"You and the bear made friends, and

said your prayers together, and he can't

"Yes, father. Oh, please don't hurt "We might take him home and keep him chained up for a sort of a pet, if he will behave decent," suggested Jake, a

little doubtfully. "Well !-- I suppose we could," renow

"Why, yes, if father says so, and the critter will let me tie his legs."

The ox-sled was close at hand, for the father and brother had brought it to the river before they began their weary search up and down its banks, not knowing what mournful burden they might mother.

And Bruin, a most intelligent beast, seemed to understand so well that the good, that he bere the humiliation of business, and you will enjoy it and having his legs tied with considerable thrive on it. - Cincinnati Gazette. equanimity, and in a short time developed so gentle and gentlemanly a character as to become a valued and honored memoer of the family, remaining with it for about a year, when, wishing, probably, to set up housekeeping on his own account, he quietly snapped his chain one day and walked off into the woods, where he was occasionally seen for several years, generally near the checkerberry patch.

Fashion Notes

Some of the handsomest imported connets are composed entirely of large damask roses. Some muffs have monograms and crests worked upon them, and others

boquets of flowers. Muffs are now perfumed like satchels. Grecian passementerie made of simple mohair, in small squares, is used all over the outer garments and arranged

in Greek designs. Furs will be sparingly used upon garments this season. Most garments will have deep fur cuffs, collars, and pockets without fur borders.

The small, embroidered kerchiefs of crepe de chene are the choice to protect pounds. the throat, instead of scarfs, and silk handkerchiefs seem so long.

Painted jewelry on silk is also a wher of the season's fancies, the ear-

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

The best method of testing the vitality of seeds is to place a few upon a

piece of flannel and keep the cloth moistened with water and in a warm place. The proportion of these which sprout and the time required can then be easily noted.

The following remedy for constipa-tion in cattle is given : Feed no dry fodder ; but instead cut the fodder, wet it thoroughly, and sprinkle some wheat bran and a handful of salt upon it. If thus is not effective add half a pint of linseed oil or a quart of linseed cake meal to the feed twice a week.

Brain work and that of the clearest kind comes into profitable play quite as well on the farm as anywhere else. Look ahead, get a just view of the position; have ploughing, sowing, harvesting and selling all done at the proper time. Never hurry, but always drive work ahead. Know in the evening what you intend to do the next day. Have your rainy day and your clear day occupation designed beforehand. Always bring into requisition the full means for compassing the desired ends. In short, study and understand your

It is economy to feed your working stock, cattle, horses or mules, with a liberal hand. Do not expect to get first-class work from them unless you do. Many men pamper a trotter or some faney animal, which often is of no earthly use to its owner or anybody else, and let their teams go hungry. It seems the rule of some men to get as much work as possible out of their teams at the least possible expense. This is right in theory, but it is in re-ducing to practice that the grave mistake is made. The cheapest work is of the Soil.

Joseph Ramsey, of North Egremont, Mass., has discovered a rule for guess-ing the weight of hogs. He says: "Multiply the length in inches from the point of the shoulder to the root of the trill by the number of inches girth the tail by the number of inches girth just back of the shoulder, and reduce the product to square feet. Multiply the result by twenty-two, the number of pounds weight of one square foot of pork. The product will give nearly the exact dressed weight." By this rule he lately guessed within a half pound of a hog dressing five hundred and seventy

Recipies.

BEEF Sour.-Take four pounds of fresh beef, or, what is better and more economical a nice beef shank or "soup bone;" put it into four or five quarts of water; salt it and let it boil slowly five or six hours; skim well; half an hour before you wish to take it up put it in a

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch.) one insertion -One Square '' one month -One Square '' three months one month -three months -6 00 10 00 One Square one year - -Two Squares, one year 15 00 50 00 Half 100 00 One

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advortisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

"O Pilgrim, Comes the Night So Fast?" O Pilgrim, comes the night so fast? Let not the dark thy heart appall, Though loom the shadows vague and vast, For Love shall save us all.

There is no hope but this to see Through tears that gather fast and fall ; Too great to perish Love must be, And Love shall save us all.

Have patience with our loss and pain. Our troubled space of days so small ; We shall not stretch our arms in vain, For Love shall save us all.

O Pilgrim, but a moment wait, And we shall hear our darlings call Beyond Death's mute and awful gate,

And Love shall cave us all. -Celia Thazter in Scribner.

Items of Interest.

Riches that have wings-Gold engles. "Papa," said a little girl, "give me a ride on your knee, won't you ?" He took the little gallop at once.

What is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton ? One longs te eat, the other eats too long.

"Will you name the bones of the head?" "I've got 'em all in my head, Professor, but I can't give them."

A young lady was undecided whether to accept the addresses of James or John James gave her a sealskin sacque, and she immediately gave the sack to John.

Says General Le Duc, We shall never have luck To get rid of the national pucker and debt, Till we grow our own tea. And coffee, and the

Non-astringent Japanese persimmon-you bet.

The United States has 651 head of cattle to every 1,000 population, Denmark 587 head, Norway 564, Sweden 482, Hoiland 395, Switzerland 388, Germany 384, Austro-Hungary 354, France 325, Russia 325 and Great Britain 300.

The Congressional Directory shows that out of 369 members of Congress only 193 are natives of the States which they represent. Only one State (North Carolina) is represented entirely by native born citizens, while the delegations of ten States do not contain a single native.

The following is a San Fiancisco ad-vertisement: "Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassians, or other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and a devoted husband, would travel during the summer months and allow him to take the money at the door."

Matrimony among deaf mutes has its disadvantages as well as its sweets-at least so thinks the husband in Lafayette, Ind., who, returning home late, found his door locked against him. No amount of pounding was loud enough to arouse his sleeping spouse, and he was forced to smash a window and crawl into his dwelling.



up and said: • "Let me go and carry them some, ma. It's just as warm and nice as can be out of doors, real springy, and I know the way to the wood lot. I'd just love to go,"

"Let's see-ten o'clock," said Mrs. Beamish, putting the last bit of cake into her mouth, and wiping her fingers upon her spron. "It's a matter of four miles there by the bridge, Jake says, though if you cross the ford it takes off a mile or more. You'd better go round by the bridge, anyway." "Oh, no, ma; that isn't worth while,

for pa said only last night that the ice was strong enough yet to sled over all the wood he'd been cutting," said Roxie, earnestly, for the additional mile rather terrified her.

"Did he? Well, if that's so, it is all right," replied her mother, in a tone of relief, and then she filled a tin pail with nut-cakes, laid a clean, brown napkin over them, and then shut in the cover and set it on the dresser, saying :

"There, they've got cheese with them, and you'll reach camp before they eat their noon lunch. Now, get on your | go? leggin's and thick shoes, and your coat and cap and mittens, and eat some cakes before you start, so as not to take theirs when you get there."

"I wouldn't do that, neither ; not if I never had any," replied Roxie, a little resentfully, and then she pulled her squirrel-skin cap well over her ears, tied her pretty scarlet tippet around her neck, and held up her face for a goodby kiss. The mother gave it with unusual fevor, and said, kindly :

"Good-by to you, little girl. Take good care of yourself, and come safe home to mother."

"Ye, ma. But I may wait and come with them, mayn't I? 'They'll let me ride on old Rob, you know.'

"Why, yes, you might as well, I suppose, though I'll be lonesome without you all day, baby. But it would be bet-ter for you to ride home, so stay."

It was a lovely day in the latter part of March, and although the ground was covered with snow, and the brooks and rivers were still fast bound in ice, there was something in the air that told of spring-something that set the sap in the maple trees mounting through its million little channels toward the buds, already beginning to redden for their blooming, and sent the blood in little Roxie's veins dancing upward too, until it blossomed in her cheeks and lips fairer than in any maple tree.

" How pleasant it is to be alive !" said the little girl aloud, while a squirrel running up the old oak tree overhead stopped, and curling his bushy tail a little higher upon his back, chattered the same idea in his own language. Roxie stopped to listen and laugh aloud, at which sound the squirrel frisked branch of sh away to his hole, and the little girl, exclaiming :

" All right, sir. You can sit s ill as

"I'm going now, Jake," said Roxie, hesitating a little, and finally concluding not to mention the checkerberries, lest her father or brother should object to the forest. "Ma said she'd be loneher cheeks began to burn as if she had one.

to come so far and then to think of ma instead of yourself, and next day we're working about home I'll give you a good ride to pay for it."

And Jake kissed his little sister tenderly, her father nodded good-by with some pleasant word of thanks, and Roxie with the empty tin pail in her hand set out upon her homeward journey, a little excitement in her heart as she thought of her contemplated excursion, a little sting in her conscience as she reflected that she had not been quite honest about any part of it.

Did you ever notice, when a little troubled and agitated, how quickly you seemed to pass over the ground, and how speedily you arrived at the point whither you had not fairly decided to

It was so with Roxie, and while she was still considering whether after all she would go straight home, she was already at the entrance of the sunny northern glade where lay the patch of bright red berries whose faint, wholesome perfume told of their vicinity even before they could be seen. Throwing herself upon her knees, the little girl pushed aside the glossy dark-green leaves, and with a low cry of delight stooped down and kissed the clusters of fragrant berries as they lay fresh and bright before her.

"O you dear, darling little things !" cried she, "How I love to see you again, and know that all the rest of the

pretty things are coming right along !" Then she began to pluck, and put them sometimes in her mouth, sometimes in her pail, and so long did she linger over her pleasant task that the sun was already in the tops of the pinetrees, when, returning from a little excursion into the woods to get a sprig from a "shad-bush," Roxie halted just within the border of the little glade, and stood for a moment transfixed with horror. Beside the pail she had left | kiss, put her away, saying: brim-full of berries, sat a bear-cub, scooping out the treasure with his paw, and greedily devouring it, apparently quite delighted that some one had saved him the trouble of gathering his favor-

ite berries for himself. One moment of dumb terror, and then a feeling of anger and reckless courage filled the heart of the woodsman's child, and, darting forward, she made a snatch at her pail, at the same time dealing the young robber a sharp blow over the face and eyes with the the bear to the surface, for it had gone N branch of shad-bush in her hand, and under when the tee-cake had been broken sees

moment-the current of the river suddenly set free from its winter bondage, and rapidly dashing away its chains,

Roxie turned back, but the crack that she had stepped over was already far too wide for her to attempt to repass, and a gentle shaking movement under her going alone into the wilder part of her feet told that the block on which she stood was already in motion, and some," added she hurriedly, and then that no escape was possible without more strength and conrage than a little reality told a lie instead of suggesting girl could be expected to possess. The bear had climbed up, and now cronched "Well, you're a right down good girl timidly to the edge of the ice, moaning with fear, and seeming to take so little notice of Roxie, that she forgot all her fear of him, and these two, crouching upon the rocking and slippery floor of their strange prison, went floating down the turbulent stream,

The twilight deepened into dark, the stars came out bright and cold, and so far away from human need and woe ! Little Roxie ceased her useless tears, and kneeling upon the ice put her hands together and prayed, adding to the petition she had learned at her mother's knee some simple words of her own great need.

A yet more piteous whine from the bear showed his terror as the ice-block gave a sickening whirl, and crawling upon his stomach he crept close up to the little girl, his whole air saying as plainly as words could have spoken:

"Oh, I am so scared little girl, aren't you? Let u= protect each other somehow, or at least, you protect me."

And Roxie, with a strange, lighthearted sense of security and peace replacing her terror and doubt, let the haggy creature creep close to her side, and nestling down into his thick fur, warmed her freezing fingers against his skin, and with a smile upon her lips went peacefully to sleep.

She was awakened by a tremendous shock, and a struggle, and a fall into the water, and before she could see or know what had happened to her, two strong arms were round her, and she was drawn again upon the ice-cake, and her brother was bending close above her, and he was saying:

"Oh, Roxie ! are you hurt?" "No, Jake, I-I believe not. Why, why, what is it all? Where is this, and and-oh, I know. Oh, Jake, Jake, I was so frightened !" And, turning suddenly, she hid her face in her prother's coat and burst into a passion of tears. But Jake, with one hurried embrace and

"Wait just one minute, sis, till finish the bear; father will shoot him." "No, no, no!" screamed Roxie, her tears dried as if by magic. " Don't kill the bear, father ! Jake don't you touch the bear; he's my friend, and we were both so seared last night, and then I prayed that he wouldn't eat me, and he didn't, and you mustn't hurt him."

"Well, I'm beaf now !" remarked Mr. Beamish, as with both hands buried in the coarse hair by which he had dragged against the jam of logs which had stop- world.

rings and pendants being exquisitely decorated with flower designs done by hand.

The ulster is not the ungainly belted garment that first came under the name, | cup partly full of rice, a small quanity but more of a polonaise, with plain of potatoes, carrots, onions and celery, skirt and no trimming, relieved only ent in small pieces. with buttons of black pearl.

In trimmings for rich wraps the novelty is the border of ostrich down, not as formerly glued on the cloth, but woven into it by a new process kept secret by the Parisian manufacturers, and which renders the feather band very lasting. Japanese fans, wide spread, are fastened above the chamber doors or windows, to give a touch of brilliant color to the room. Those costing from three to ten cents each are quite good enough. They are secured with brassheaded tacks.

Dragon, moss, olive, lizard, myrtle, sea-foam, nile, salad, bottle, bronze and hunter's green are various shades of this one color, now the favorite fashion. The pea green and apple green, known to the last generation, are never mentioned.

Real Roman beads are much used for evening wear, and colored Roman beads as well. Mother-of-pearl and natural pearl combined with Roman pearl beads form effective earrings and pins, and are quite in demand ; the natural pearl is ent into cameos.

Sulcide and Hard Times.

Plenty of suicides are still reported, says a New York correspondent. Many of the victims are persons who were of no account in the world, but now and then we hear of the suicide of a man or woman who promised well and who might have done well. Failure to find work is frequently the cause of the act on the male side, but not always. Domestic trouble usually leads to it among women. A few days ago a Spaniard, a man of good family connections and fair personal accomplishments, committed suicide in his boarding house. He had made a living by singing in opera, but latterly this resource failed him, and as his prospects in life were growing dark he closed accounts with the world by leaving it. One of his fellow boarders testified before the coroner that the Spaniard had frequently expressed a horror of work and said it would be more honorable to die. But most of those who take the last desperate leap do so because they cannot, or fancy they cannot, find means to live. New York swarms with men of fair capacity who cannot get employment of any sort. As a rule, such men fare worse than men of a coarser fibre, because they are disqualified for taking hold of the odd jobs that men of the rougher class occasionally pick up. It would be almost snicidal for a stranger

Napoleon believed that whoever pos-Constantinople could govern the

to come to New York expecting to find

a situation.

FINE SPONGE CAKE .- To the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, add three-quarters of a pound of powdered white sugar, juice of one lemon, half pound of flour, having in it, well mixed, one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar, and then add the whites of six eggs, well beaten.

SAUCE PIQUANT .- To two onnees o melted butter add a small onion, chopped fine; stir, and when nearly fried add a spoonful of flour, and when browning add half a pint of broth, salt, pepper, a pickled cucumber chopped. four stalks chopped parsley, and mus-tard. Boil gently about ten minutes, add one teaspoonful vinegar, give one boil, and serve.

PLAIN LEMON PIE.-Slice one lemon as thin as possible in little slices not more than half across the lemon; put in one cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of water, one tablespoonful of flour; put your flour, sugar and water together. and place your lemon all around on your crust before putting the liquid in; then wet the edge of the crust and turn under the top crust, and pinch tightly together to prevent the juice running out.

BAKER'S GRAHAM BREAD,-Make a sponge as for white bread with wheat flour, say one square of compressed vesst to two quarts of water; when light, make up the dough with Graham flour and one-half a teacupful molasses; let stand to rise again; then make up the loaves with the hands, and when light Hataitas he was regarded as a magician, bake.

How to Munage Fowis Successfully.

The Butter, Cheese and Egg Reporter thus tells how a Mr. Benton, who keeps eleven different kinds of fowls and is very successful in their management, cares for and protects his hens; Mr. Benton, found weak lye and wood ashes an effectual remedy for the canker. The doctors recommend chlorate of potash. Ashes are also excellent for the hens to wallow in and he kept a box in each coop for that purpose. This effectually keeps off lice. The flowers of sulphur sprinkled in the nest of setting hens is excellent. Mr. Benton's Washington, is the inscription: "Notice principal feed is Indian corn, which is to Visitors-Blessings brighten as they kept constantly in reach of his het means of boxes in the partitions, serving for two coops. Water in a hisn eunt Omnes." " He who robs me of my set under a nail keg with a hole cut in time confers the charm of his personal the side serves for watering. The nests presence at the expense of Science." are in a long box along the ends of the coops. The hens enter through holes peace of mind that religion cannot and are then in comparative darkness, give," "Brevity is the soul of wit in Lids on the outside give access to the Lids on the outside give access to the nest, Mr. Benton thinks Indian corn the best grain for hens because of its heating nature. In addition he feeds scraps from the table, butchers' refuse | them-and him. But one intervi and green stuff. Corn and fat will at under such cirg-ustances would once set heus to laying

Three tazi dogs, the greyhounds of central Asia, have been brought to the Zoological Garden at Paris, They are the first ever seen in Europe and are distinguished by the extraordinary length of their heads, their ears, long, pendant and silky, like those of the spaniel, and their hairy legs and feet, which look like those of shaggy poodles.

The following "death notice" is translated literally from a Zurich newspaper : "I communicate to all my friends and acquaintances the sad news that at three P. M. to-morrow I shall incinerate, according to all rules of art, my late mother-in-law, who has fallen asleep with faith in her Lord. The funeral urn will be placed near the furnace. The profoundly afflicted son-in-law, Brandolf-Lichtier."

Mark Twain, in his January Atlantic article, pronounces an india rubber tree which he saw in Bermuds, a fraudulent arrangement, because its branches bore neither shoes, suspenders, nor any other india rubber fruit of that description. He also saw a mahogany tree which he doesn't call a fraud, therefore, we infer, that its branches were loaded down with pianos, bureaus, cabinets, centre tables, and other mahogany fruit of a useful kind,-Norristown Herald,

Dr. Hildebrandt, the African explorer, as been describing his travels to the Berlin Geographical Society. He was obliged to be very adroit and ingenious and was forced to pronounce incantations on the unfruitful fields. For this purpose, at his request, specimens of all the plants and animals in the vicinity were gathered by the tribe, and after naving served as a "fetish," were carefully packed away in the collections. On another occasion he was attacked by several hundred natives, who beat a hasty retreat when the explorer advanced toward them armed with a photographic camera.

Dr. Cones, the naturalist of the Hay-Washington, is the inscription: "Notice take their flight;" and the walls are hung with such mottoes as these: "Ex-Freedom from interruption confers a visiting," "The simple fact of a door has a certain suggestiveness." It is said that the collection is so antique that people often stay over a train to e to be quite suffy