## The Forest Republican.

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He Didn't Sell.

"I b'lleve I'll soll the farm, Jane Aun, and buy , a house in town; Jones made an offer yesterday-he'll pay the money down.

He said he wasn't anxious, but he had the cash And reminded me that nowadays cash sales are very rare.

The farm sin't worth much, anyway, the soil is mighty thin,

And the crops it yields are hardly worth the puttin' of them in :

Besides, that pesky railroad that they re puttin' through this way Will cut the old place slap in two-Jones told

me so to-day.

I ain't afeared of work, you know-my daddy allus said. 'There sin't a single lazy hair in Nehemiah's

head. There wan't no lazy hairs, I know, in that old head of his.

For he did the work of three hired men in spite of rhoumstiz. No, no, I'm not afeared of work-of that I

don't complain-I've tried to work with willin' hands in sunshine and in rain ; And I've allus wore a cheerful face, except at

times, maybe, When them giddy, head-strong sterrs o' mine would 'haw' when I yelled 'gee!"

Perhaps it may be sinful for a mortal to find With toiling hard both day and night, if he

only makes his salt, But I've thought while cradlin' rain-lodged oats on the side-hill over there, That my cross was most too hefty for a small-

boned man to bear. It's allus been my cus'om when a-plowin'

stumpy soil To hum som s good, o'd-fashioned hymn-it sorter eased my toil; But I tell you what, twas pretty hard to smoth

er the words of sin Whene'er a springy root 'ud break and whack me on the shirt.

I mention these 'ere things, Jane Ann, because I'd like to lead

A peaceful, blameless kind o' life, from all temptations freed, -But as I mg as Hessian flies exist and tater-

bugs abound There'll be some tall profanity at times a floatin' 'round. "pervitty said said a

So now if you're agreed, Jane Ann, I'll sell the farm to Jones-He'll find that what it lacks in soil is well

made up in stones we'll sove into the town next weekwhat's that you're sayin', wife-

You'll never leave the good old place as long as you have life?

Well, there it goes again, I vum! Go on and have your say --

Your bound to wear the breeches -in a figgera But you'll find I'll have my way this time, old

girl, as well as you, So if you're bound to stay right hore, by gran nies-I'll stay, too!

## The Old Squire's Mistake.

"True hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

Squire Atherten owned a fine place, and had a plethoric rent roll, so that money need not have been an object in the selection of a wife for his only son,

Not being of a romantic temperament, he had given but little thought to the matter, merely looking upon it as esthat at some distant time Cyril should form some suitable alliance, so that the name need not die out; but there need be no haste, and a fortune must be among the lady's advantages,

What, then, was his surprise and dismay, when Cyril came to him one morning and asked his consent to a marriage with a poor young girl, the orphan niece of a small farmer, who lived some three miles from Atherton manor.

A stormy scene ensued. They parted in anger. Cyril mounted his favorite "Madcap" and rode at once to Deepdale farm. Hilda saw him coming and met him at the door.

The rash young lover had not waited for his father's consent to woo her, and they had been betrothed for several weeks. He had led Hilds to believe that she would be welcomed to his home, and given a daughter's portion of

It was hard to tell her the bitter truth, and in his anger and disappointment he did not soften one harsh word his father had said, even to calling Hilda a milkfaced doll, whose pearly teeth and bright eyes had captivated him in spite of his better judgment.

"But we'll be married in spite of him, won't we, darling? He'll come to his senses then, I'll warrant. He'll think it all right when he can't help himself."

Hilda's roses paled as she listened to the eager boy, and the happy light which had made her dark eyes so brilliant, had died away in somber shadows, but she answered with gentle resolution: " No. Cyril, two wrongs never made a right. It doesn't sound like you to say

such a thing. We are young and we can wait until your father changes his

"That's what he'll never do," said Cyril, gloomily. "If he takes a notion, an earthquake wouldn't move him. If we wait for such a thing, we'll wait for-

"Then it will be with a clear conscience. Your father is an old man, and it might shorten his life, if you his only lence was not absolutely needed to go

son-should prove disobedient and ungrateful. I cannot come between you and your father.

Cyril listened to her with flashing

"Then you will throw me ever? who worship the very ground your feet have touched. Oh, Hilda, I did not think it of you. My father was right," he continued, gloomily. "He said all women are alike—selfish and mercen-

"Don't Cyrit; I know you cannot believe it of me! Hear me! If you were to be crippled in mind and body, and miserably poor, and no one else had a prior claim to you, I would work myself happy in doing so. It is because I love you better than myself that I will not let is concerned, to my grave, if it so be that we cannot marry. Dear, dearest Cyril, go home to your father and do as he wishes, fully and entirely. Gods blessing will surely rest upon the dutiful son."

Her voice broke. With a wild inpulse she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him again and again, between her sobs. It was her farewell. The next moment Cyril was standing alone in the porch, and the heavy door was shut and bolted between then.

After a few moments of bewildering nesitation he mounted and rods away. He could not but think forgivingly of Hilds, as he recalled her anguished sobs, and felt her kisses burning upon his forehead-she who had ever been so chary of her caresses.

Strive as he might; he did not again see Hilda. It seemed as though some unseen messenger was ever on the alert to warn her of his approach. Al last he grew desperate, and determined to leave home. His father procured him a commission in the army. He wishedfor ac-tive service, and, as it was the time of the Crimean war, he had no difficulty in carrying out his purpose. His regiment was one of the first sent out.

Hilda heard of his departure withtearful eyes. Still she did not regret the course she had taken. Following the noble example of Florence Nightigale, she went to one of the hospital training schools to fit herself to follow her soldier, if necessary, and nurse some poor victim of the war back to life, or to soothe his dying moments if he was beyond help.

But other work was in store for her. A letter from home brought news of an epidemic of the most fatal type of ty-phoid fever in her own village. The mhabitants were so alarmed that they were leaving the place, and nurses could not be obtained, so great was the fear of the contagion. The concluding item was

"Squire Atherton is down withit, and | side. of all the indoor servants at the manor, old Hannah, who took care of the mis-tress in her last sickness, is the only one left. She declares if she leaves the master in his sore need, it'll only be 'feet

Without a moment's hesitation, Hilda went to the matron, telling her sae was needed at home, and procured her discharge. Then, laden with her precious, newly-gained knowledge, she took the first homeward-bound train.

Old Hannah was seated at the master's bedside, looking worn and weary. As Hilds came softly in, dressed in her clinging gray flannel dress, with her glossy hair hidden by a close-fitting muslin cap, she looked to the surprised old woman like an apparition. Hilda smiled and held out her hand as she whispered: "Don't you know me—Hilda, of Deepdale farm? I am here to help you. I know what to do, so don't be afraid to trust me. I'll watch the master faithfully if you'll go and take a rest,"

Something in the girl's quiet, resolute thinking, t that she was making no idle boast or she would not have yielded up her post. As it was, weary human nature asserted its claims, and she went gladly.

warm soup. It tasted gratefully to the cusation against him. young nurse, as she had not broken her fast since the reception of the letter.

After this, Hilda was left alone, with the sick man. The night wore wearily away, the silence only broken by the alive or dead, I will make amends to restless moans of the sufferer, when you for my unthinking cruelty both to Hilda would straighten his pillow, and pass her cool hand with a magnetic touch over his forehead, thus giving him a momentary relief.

After old Hannah was thoroughly rested, she and Hilda divided the time in the sick room, and by that meanskept their strength from giving out.

It was a weary fight with death: but a strong constitution, aided by careful nursing, carried the squire through. The delirium passed away, and a deep sleep came upon him. It was the crisis. "If he awakens rational and comfort

able, he is saved," said the doctor. "If, on the contrary, he falls into a state of coma, nothing can help him."

Hours passed on. Every tick of the silver-tongued repeater on the mantle seemed to find an echo in the hearts of the anxions watchers. At last the critical moment came. The squire awoke free from fever, though weak as a child. He was saved.

At first Hilda kept as much as possible out of his sight, shrinking into the shadow of the heavy damask curtains when he was awake. But he did not seem to notice her, and she gradually forgot her caution.

During his long and tedious convalescence he was often querulous and in-tractable. Then Hilda would take a book and read to him in her low musical voice, and thus soothe him to sleep.

She was only waiting until her pres-

hospital. One morning she had been reading the Times, until the squire was, as she thought, asleep. Then the paper dropped listlessly in her lap. Her thoughts, unmindful of time and space, were with him she loved so faithfully

self-sscrifteingy.
A trembling voice suddenly roused her from her reverie :

"Hannah tells me you are going away. Is it necessary? Can any other sick person need you as much as I do?"

Hilda looked at the old man in surprise. A cadence, born of loneliness and sorrow, in his voice, touched her unspeakably; and as she recalled the to a shadow for you, and consider myself lale, hearty squire, who often rode by happy in doing so. It is because I love the farm in the pleasant old days, calling out a cheerful good-morning to her you do wrong. But I will promise to go uncle in his stentorian tone, tears came solitary and alone, so far as human love to her eyes to see what a wreek of his former self he had become.

After a brief hesitation she said softly: "If you need me I will not go away for the present."

"I do need you very much," was the

reply. "So that matter is settled, Now, nurse, I want to ask you a question. Have I ever seen you before? Somehow your face seems familiar, but I cannot

Hilds felt the blood dyeing her face, even to the border of her cap. turned away, ostensibly to adjust the folds of a curtain, in reality to avoid a

Just then Hannah came in with the mail. Important news from the army was expected, there having been rumors of an engagement.

"Get the paper, nurse, and run over the war items,

Hannah caught the words and passed on her way out. In her way she was as much interested as the squire. Was it not her nursling who was far away on the battle-field striving to win his spurs?

Hilda took the paper and ran her eyes over the columns. One painful moan escaped her lips; the next moment she lay apparently lifeless on the floor. The heavy fall loosened her cap, and her hair rolled in all its rich luxuriance around her—a kindly mantle hid her deathly face from even old Hannah's

A dash of cold water soon revived her. and as soon as the fright occasioned by her sudden illness had subsided, the squire took the paper, and saw facing him in staring letters :

A BLOODY ENGAGEMENT. Great loss of officers and men-Cyril Atherten, of the Grays, mortally wounded, while endeavoring to silence a bat-

could read no more. He rose feebly and dragged his shaking limbs to Hilda's were by his side and some and meantime his companions

"My poor girl," he said, brokenly. But he did not finish his sentence; for, at the sound of his voice Hild; opened her eyes and looked at him, first in a dazed, dewildered way, then she put out both hands had motioned him away. "We have killed him between us! Do you hear? You and I! Oh, my darling ! my darling !"

The Squire turned to Hannah: "Who is this young woman?" "Lord bless us, sir. Didn't you know t was Hilds? Master Cyril's Hilda, who has been risking her own life to save yours?"

Hilda's voice interrupted them: "The grave is the lonesome couch we have given your bonny head, and your father may think it a better one for you than your low-born Hilda's arm. Ob. my own Cyril, could you but know how my heart ached when I shut the door in your face, and sent you to do your duty; but you never, never will be the wiser! You have gone forever, and thinking, too, that Hilda was cruel and Oh, cruel Hilda! and more

cruel father !" It made the old man's frame quiver like an aspen leaf to hear the bereaved girl. He felt himself almost a murderer, She soon came back with a bowl of as the low plaintive tones made their ac-

He took her hand at last, and said: "My poor girl, forgive me and help me to bear this bitter, bitter punishment. From this moment, be Cyril alive or dead, I will make amends to on suspicion of being the murderer of you for my unthinking cruelty both to John W. White, to Carthage to-day, and you and him. You shall be to me as much my daughter as though you were Cyril's wife. But as long as Cyril was not reported dead, there may be room

for hope. He may come back to us Hilds caught eagerly at the ray of

"Oh, tell me truly," she said clasp-ing her hands in her intense esgerness, until the nails almost cut into the tender skin, "could it be possible that there was a mistake? Do they ever

put the wrong name down?" "I have known of instances of one officer being taken for another in the haste and confusion of a battle, and this telegram was sent while the conflict was

So they tried to hope-even while every one else was thinking sorrowfully death," and such like expressions. longer ignorant of their voiceless mysteries, in his solemn sleep.

Hilds remained at the manor. It was a comfort to the old man to make, as he thought, this expiation for his fault.

In order that Hilda's position in the household might be fully understood, he announced her to be his son's betrothed wife, and invited Lady Hargrave, sanction of her presence to the young girl's residence in his home.

news. Cyril had lost an arm, but was to lyuch the prisoner,

back to her self-imposed duty at the doing well, and as soon as he would be able to bear the journey, to be sent home, wearing on his breast a decoration

earned by his own bravery.

After this there was a happy household at Atherton manor. Lady Hargrave was versed in all the womanly accomplishments, and she found Hilda an apt

The squire could hardly show enough fondness for the gentle girl who had been so patient and tender in care of him through his tedious illness. The sight of her pretty face bending over her embroidery, or engaged in weaving some delicate crochet pattern, seemed to him like a tangible promise that he was not to be left a lonely old man.

So the days were on until the pale young soldier came home. Then there was quite a wedding-the festivities consequent upon the marriage of the heir of the manor being reserved until the return of the bridal pair from a lengthened tour in Italy, when it was fondly hoped that Cyril would be fully restored to health and strength, so that the tenantry could be made happy by his presence.

A Turkish Assault Four Centuries Ago. J. W. De Forest has an article in Harper's Magazine on "The Turkish Wars with the Hospitalers," from which we make an extract giving an account of a Turkish assault on the city of Rhodes -the chief city of an island of that name in the Mediterranean-July 27th, 1480. Mr. De Forest says: To prevent the construction of supplementary defenses, a cannonade of twenty-four hours was hurled through the breach. At sunrise on the 27th of July came the assault. The defenders, lying on the inner slope of the mound of ruins, worn out with long watching and continuous uproar, were mostly sunk in that deep sleep of utter [weariness so well known to the soldier. Before they fairly awoke and commenced their battle, groups of Turks had scaled the ramparts on either side of the gap, and were firing down into it, while a body of some five hundred had succeeded in flanking the line and enter-

ing Jew street. The grand master, conceiving that the hour of martyrdom was at hand, unfurled the great standard of St. John and called upon his knights to follow him to Their first charge broke and slaughtered to the last man the unbelievers who had penetrated the city. Next they rushed to the captured ramparts; the stairs were choked with rubbish, but they mounted on ladders, the Turks meanwhile hurtling stones and pouring in missiles. Twice wounded, twice pushed down the ascent, D'Aubusson was the first to reach the summit, and the first to drive his half-pike into

Palæologus hurried forward a chosen body of janizaries to the support of his escaladers. Twelve of them, bound by a solemn oath to slay the grand master, fought their way up to him, and pierced his armor in three places. His followers, horror-stricken and roused to franzy, rushed on the assailants with renewed fury, sweeping them down the steeps and out of the breach. A general rout followed, bearing away the pasha himself, and tumbling back the fugitives into the Turkish entrenchments, while the swords of the Christians sprinkled

the way with their blood. It was the final effort of the invaders, and the final triumph of the defenders. On the 19th of August, after a furious siege of three months, Paleologus withdrew his armament, carrying away 15,-000 wounded and leaving 9,000 dead. It grieves one to learn that the renegade escaped the bow-string of his wrathful master, and was merely punished for his failure with the loss of his dignities and banishment to Gallipoli,

Shocking Scene in a Church.

A recent dispatch from Richmond, is to the following effect: City Marshall L. Schafer, has just returned from Knightstown, reports that himself, Park Page, from Richmond, and Officers Kehoe, from Indianapolis and Haynes, of Knightstown, took Harry Foxwell, the Knightstown saloon keeper, arrested arrived at the church just as the funeral services over the murdered man were completed. They took the prisoner into the church to look at the corpse. He evinced such agitation that the murdered man's sister screamed in affright, Instantly the crowd in the church made a rush upon the prisoner, whom they tried to force from the officer. Revolvers were drawn, the women screamed, the prescher leaped upon a chair and exhorted the crowd to keep the peace, and only owing to his influence were the officers able to remove Foxwell from the church.

Upon the street the mob of several hundred made another rush upon the officers, demanding the pris-oner, and crying, "Shoot the murder-er," "Hang him," "Stone him to that the kind, bright-faced young master officers forced their way through the wes lying with his face to the stars, no crowd with their revolvers, and took the prisoner to a justice's office, privately secured a hack, drove rapidly from town and took the prisoner to Rushville, across the country nearly twenty miles. Arriving there, they were met by a large crowd, but had no difficulty in locking up the prisoner in jail. Foxwell is a Baltimore rough, and bears a bad repu-tation. It is the general belief that he his widowed sister, to come and lend the is guilty, and he would have been lynched to-day but for the firmness of the officers and a few law-abiding citizens The next telegram brought cheering who anticipated an effort would be made

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Importance of Having Good Barus.

In a climate so changeable as ours, the proper care and stabling of domestic animals are of more importance to their health and thrift than a large number of farmers seem practically to admit,

Fall, winter and spring, storms of

rain, snow and sleet not unfrequently last, two, and sometimes three days. No humane, prudent farmer should leave so important and reliable domestic animals as horses and cattle exposed to such storms during either day or night. It is greatly against the interest of any one to do so. Much has been said and written that stock does better to roam at large over the farm, but this is a sad mistake. Practically we have proven to our entire satisfaction that such a practice is ruinous in the extreme to the interests of any farmer who would make his occupation a profitable one. We are satisfied that stock of any kind will consume almost double the quantity of feed, if fed in the pastures and woodlands of the farm, than if fed in good, dry, comfortable stables. This is in itself proof enough for its advantages; and then, in connection with this, it is not half the labor to feed and see after the stock; besides there is no everlasting tramping over the farm ruining the hope of next year's grass, as tramping over the pasture fields by a big lot of stock all win-ter, and much of the time when it is very wet and muddy, almost ruins good grass land. There is not a word that can be said to favor out-door feeding. Feed under shelter. This is the way to secure good profits for your trouble, since every farmer has more or less stock to feed during the winter months. If a stock barn is properly constructed, well lighted, dry, comfortable, and thoroughly ventilated, animals of all kinds will endure confinement cheerfully, with no desire to be outdoors.

A good barn contributes to the convenience and comfort of everything, and imparts an air of thrift, neatness and order to the entire farm that never fails to favorably impress all who visit it. Light, warmth and ventilation are indispensable to the health and development of animals, and these conditions should be found in eevery barn. Many a farmer loses more than enough grain in the course of five or ten years to build a good barn. An ample, well arranged building of this kind will supply the place of several other unsightly structures which occupy space and necessitate trouble, not being adapted to what could be termed a good system of feeding. It is argued that it is too expensive to erect big barns for feeding all the stock on a farm. This is true. But then the barn must be built to suit the farm, and this Hawkeye. banges the matter. A small farm will need a small building, and a large farm, one more capacious. So the expense of building need not be more for either than they can afford. The advantages and convenience resulting from them demonstrate that it is true economy to and a newly married couple were aphave them. Better do without some- praised at only \$3,000. thing else and secure neat, convenient barns, and each succeeding season will prove more clearly the wisdom of the investment, -Practical Farmer.

Recipes.

A CHEAP FRUIT CAKE. - In one quart of sifted flour add a teacup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one cup of washed, dried currants, two heaping teaspoons of baking powder and spice to taste; rnb all thoroughly into the flour, then stir in cold water to make a stiff batter. Bake an hour, first half hour quickly, then slowly.

A Swiss Sour.—Boil three pounds of potatoes, mash them well and add slowly some good broth, sufficient for the tureen. Let these boil together; then add some spinach, a little parsley, lemon, thyme and sage, all chopped fine; boil all together five minutes; pepper and salt to taste; just before taking it off the fire to serve add two wellbeaten eggs.

GOLDEN LEMONADE .- Make a lemonade rather more tart than for ordinary drinks; take as many eggs as you have used lemons, and beat until thoroughly light, adding during the process, half a cup of powdered sugar to a half dozen eggs; when thoroughly light, pour into the lemonade, keeping it well stirred. This makes a delicious, cool and healthy drink, and is particularly acceptable to ladies.

Corn Dodgers.-One quart of corn meal, a tablespoonful of lard, two eggs, a tablespoonful of salt, scald the meal, with the lard in it, with boiling water, cool with a little milk, add the eggs, beaten light, beat very hard for ten minutes, make them thin enough with cold milk to drop off the spoon and retain their shape in boiling lard; serve hot. Have the lard boiling hot when you drop them in.

EXCELLENT ROLLS. - Melt in one and a half pints new milk a quarter of pound of butter-lard will answer, or one-half the quantity each of lard and butter. Have ready two and a half pounds sifted flour, in which mix well half a teaspoonful salt, one grated potato, which should have been boiled the day previous, that it may be perfectly cold. As soon as the milk is lukewarm, stir it in; add a teacup of yeast and knead well. In cool weather let it stand near the stove, that it may rise in three or four hours; then put in a cool place an hour or more; then work in half as much more butter, incorporating it thoroughly in the dough. Form it into rills, place in a well buttered par, let them rise about hour, then bake in a quick over

The man who would like to see

## Items of Interest.

A stitch in time saves harsh language A bakers' congress has just been held

There are in Prussia 51,398 teachers, but out of this number only 5,538 are

Wisconsin has 20,000,000 acres of land which have never been broken or felt the plow. The Paris exhibition will be open

evenings, and will be lighted by an elec-Chicago had 365 failures during 1877. One for every day in the year, including

the Sundays. Why is the chin the most unlucky part of the body? Because it is constantly

getting into scrapes. Good striving Brings thriving. Better a dog which works Than a lion that shirks.

Professor Gorini, of the University of Padua, treated the body of Victor Emmanuel with a preparation which made it as hard as marble.

"Tell your mistress that I've torn the curtain," said a lodger to a female domestic. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down on the bill as extra

"The bright lexicon of youth," in which "there is no such word as fail," does not seem to be a very popular dictionary in the mercantile community just

Wonder if it would be considered a ... remarkable original observation if we should intimate that the stuffing has been knocked out of Turkey .- Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

"You're getting a great deal of silver, aren't you?" he said, as he paid his fif-teen cents at the lunch counter, and took half the toothpicks in the tumbler. "Yes, but we're getting short of tim-ber," replied the clerk. Mr. Sam Clay, of Bourbon county, Ky., owns nearly enough land to enable him

to ride to Pavis, Ky., on his own property. The profits on his farming operations enable him to buy 500 or 600 acres of blue grass every year. A new piece of music, composed by a New York newspaper man, is entitled the "Editor's Waltz." The title-page should be embellished with a picture of

the editor waltzing after a subscriber who is seven years in arrears. It is when a boy finds himself, without any solicitation on his part, assigned to a position between the ruler and his teacher's knee, that he feels the imperative necessity, or at least the desirability, of ordering the immediate mobiliza-tion of all his forces.—Burlington

Sixty-five of the eighty-one lives lost at the Ashtabula disaster have been paid for by the Lake Shore and Michigan

A Californian has invented an ingenious water faucet, through which, if water is drawn, it comes out as cold as ice-water. Boiling water placed in any receptacle, and allowed to run through, will be found cool and fit to drink. The faucet contains numerous small tubes inclosed in larger ones, and between the outside of one and the inside of the other certain chemicals are packed, which produce

the desired effect. A co-operative society of working women in Paris, in the hope of obtaining steady work and remunerative prices, have opened a shop at 2 Bonlevard du Temple for the manufacture and sale of underclothing for both sexes, and of flowers, hats and dresses for women. There is also an association of journeymen tailors established on a firm basis, at 72 Boulevard Sebastopol and 33 Rue Turbigo, which advertises that it obtained a prize at the Philadelphia exposition,

A popular Newport (R. I.) clergyman was sitting in his room a few evenings ago, when a man knocked at his door, and said his services were required at a boarding house a short distance away. The clergyman went with the messenger, but the expected wedding did not come off. It was found that a sick man, in an outburst of gratitude, had informed his female attendant that he would marry her if she would send for a minister, but he had changed his mind and refused to keep his promise.

A lady contributes to the New Jerusalem Messenger, for the information of the children, a little result of her observation in natural history. It is the way Puss has of showing when she is thirsty and when she has drank enough. "If she wants milk," writes this observant lady, "you will notice that her long tall stands straight out like a banner. Give her a saucer and watch her tail; as she eagerly laps the milk, the tail gradually droops from its position, falling lower and lower until it rests on the floor. Then Pussy has finished her drink, and wants no more. Try it.'

The American whaling fleet of 1877 was very successful. There were no special disasters, and no changes in the business worthy of note, excepting the continued additions to the fleet. Twelve vessels were built during the year. The present fleet consists of 187 vessels, against 172 on January 1, 1877, 169 in 1876 and 163 in 1875. The North and South Atlantic ocean employ over 100 vessels, while the more fruitful grounds of the Pacific ocean, Japan and New Zealand are almost deserted, The North Pacific fleet lost three vessel sixteen vessels came out with a

1,065 barrels of oil and a whalebone.