## The Lorest Republican.

'IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

W R. DUNN.

OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

TERMS, \$2.00 A YEAR. No Subscriptions received for a shorter

period than three months. Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

# The Forest Republican.

VOL. XI. NO. 10.

TIONESTA, PA., MAY 29, 1878.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

#### Unnumbered Graves.

You hillside with its shafts of gleaming white, Bathed in the glory of the setting sun, Helds many a grave where, hidden from ou

Some loved one sleeps, life's toil and labor done.

But there are graves over whose slumbering mould

No polished marble rears its stately head, And where no fragrant flowers above unfold To waken pity for the quiet dead.

These are the graves deep down within our hearts,

Where lie the hopes and dreams of early

Buried from sight, but signalled by such marks As only can be made by blood and tears-Some early love that crowned us in our youth, And made life glorious for a short sweet

hour-

Some cherished promise, robbed of strength and truth.

Crushed in the morning of its new-born

Here is the spot where memory has engraved The form and face of one we called a friend, One for whose welfare we would e'en have

brayed Censure and heartache to the bitter end. But 'twas not wisely done and so we draw Before the treachery of the smiling eyes A heavy veil. The cold world if it saw, Would proffer pity in a thousand lies.

So life goes on. We lay the forms away Of things we loved not wisely but too well,

And in the lapse of years we learn to stay The fretful chanting of their funeral knell, We learn to smile, before the smiling throng, Although the adder's fangs be deeply set; And join, perhaps, our voices in the song, To soothe the pain we never can forget.

And thus we learn to envy the calm rest Of those who sleep benesth the silent sod Bound with life's galling chains, we know 'tis

To bend our heads and pass beneath the rod And when we see some mourners heavy clad In robes of black, haggard, with teardimmed eye,

We know their lives would be more bright and

Could they but reason-it is life to die. ourn not the slumbering dead, but rather

Blest are the sleepers. Years may come and

Heads that are brown and gold may turn to

But they are done with earth and tears and Somewhere, we know, beyond the world of

They will at last have found sweet Lethe's

Where it fo is love, and love one long true

# A LOVER'S MISTAKE,

John Lorrimer believed it a sad day for himself when Mr. Strathley came to Ford to look after the mill, which had lately fallen into the hands of Strathley & Stone, lumber merchants of the metropolis, a hundred miles away. Why had Mr. Strathley chosen to immure himself in that little country village, was a constant reminder. Mr. Bevis whose society was naturally uncongenial to a man of the world? Why, if it were not because he had seen Margaret on his first visit to look after the purchase of the mill, and had dined at her grandfather's as if he were an old friend? John reasoned. Were not women as fair in his own world whom he could love and win, that he need go out of his way to rob another man? Could he not have sent an agent to reside at Ford, and attend to the firm's business, in that old-fashioned corner of the earth, if money-making were the only attraction? What magligu fate had caused him to gravitate to Ford, where no stranger was ever known to stay a moment longer than circumstances obliged him? With his fine manner and fine clothes, with his palaver about all things in heaven and earth; his handsome face and figure, was it not hiding his light under a bushel? What could he find in Ford to interest him if it were not Margaret?

It was a bitter season for Lorrimer, who, having been sweet upon Margaret ever since he was a boy in jackets, felt as if he had established a claim upon her affections, and was aggrieved to find her amused by Strathley-walking with him in season and out of season; sitting in the farm-house porch in confidential converse, or singing from the same old psalter on Sunday evenings. It was carriage and have servants under her; surely enough to enrage any lover, and especially one who felt so certain of his case that he had delayed about riveting the chains, and had taken everything for granted before putting the question.

Lorrimer began to study his mirror for the first time in his life; to become enamored of fine clothes; to suspect himself of awkwardness and ignorance. It suddenly occurred to him that he must have been blind ever to have believed that Margaret would care for him, though he had thought that actions spoke louder than words; though he had taken her part at school, when the others twitted her about her shabby gowns and her wild brother Ben, who had brought his grandfather's nose to the grindstone-the country people saidand obliged him to mortgage the farm and this same mill, which had been his own years ago, in order to pay gambling

"And served him right," they grumblcd, not satisfied with the retribution Providence had seen fit to administer-"served him right for edicating Ben be- false, and it made his heart ache as that | trouble now?"

he looked down on his own kith and kin go, when there aint no more money to make way with. And it wa'n't no great loss, neither," they declared, we don't hey no wish to disparage the

dead. All at once Lorrimer began to look at himself as if he were somebody else, and the view failed to satisfy his soul, Crossing the brook that flowed through the meadow, one evening, he met Mar-

garet alone. "Well met," said she, gaily, show-ing him a handful of water-lilies. "See; I fished these out of the bottomless pond, in an old, leaky wherry that was rotting on the shore. Will you have some?

"Why didn't you ask me to get them for you, Margaret? You might have been at the bottom of the pond by this

"It is bottomless, you know." "Why didn't you ask Mr. Strathley to get them for you?" he added, as an after thought,'

The sudden color reddened upon Margaret's cheek. "Mr. Strathley has something else to

"But I have nothing else to do that I should like half as well, Margaret-we used to be such friends-I used to think enough, with a deal of backbone, who -but no matter what-you find Strath-ley more to your mind, no doubt, I don't blame you, only we were such old

There was a look of trouble growing in Margaret's eyes. "We are friends still, I hope," she said. "Are we? That fellow with his fine

airs and bold eyes has bewitched you; we were happy enough before he came. Do you know what they say in the vil-

"I do not know what they say," she replied, with growing color and a tear in her eyes that belied her words. "What right have they to speak of me? Why do you listen, you who pretend to be my friend?"

"Pretend! That's an honest word between you and me! If Strathley had your good at heart-

"Take care, John; don't say anything against Mr. Strathley. You might be sorry for it some day. He is—he knew my poor brother Ben—at school, or somewhere. It does us good to hear him talk of Ben!" It was hard for Margaret to dissemble, and she did it with a poor grace,

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight," thought Lorrimer; "knew your brother Ben, did he? and your grandfather listens?" The time had been when Ben's name had been forbidden, and the old farmer had sworn that Ben's shadow should never darken his door.

"People ought to be careful how they speak of their own flesh and blood, groaned the neighbors, when the Arcturus was cast away, and the last chance of forgiving Ben with it. But though Grandfather Bevis had aged since then, had begun to have a hault in his step and a stoop in his shoulders, and to grow a fresh crop of wrinkles, yet even grim Death had failed to obliterate Ben's saw his more fortunate neighbors enjoying the fruits of lands he had cleared with the horny hand of toil, sitting down to bounteously-supplied tables, with a good balance in the bank for rainy weather, while he and his fared scantily, and hardly dared to look the future in the face. Ben had been the apple of his eye, and to have suffered from his selfishness added another sting to poverty.

"When Mr. Strathley first mentioned Ben, grandfather just groaned and toddled out of the room. The next time he shut his eyes and made believe o sleep; but now, do you know? he hangs upon Mr. Strathley's words, John, though he never asks a question. But the day will come when he will pardon poor Ben, I know it will."

"And Strathley, having done missionary work, will demand his reward?" said John, bitterly. "Margaret, do you believe he means fairly by you? Isn't it just a season's amusement to

"I have no fears," she answered. But in spite of what folks might say, Mr. Strathley was at Ford, on and off, all summer.

"The mill needs a sight of looking after," they sniffed; "It might run away ; he had taken a mighty fancy to Meg Bevis, and p'raps she expected to be a fine lady, anon, and ride in her but there was many a hole in the skimmer. 'Twasn't likely but he'd been used to women folks as could play the pianny, and wear the fashions as natural as their own skins. Old Bevis ought to be ashamed to allow such goings on under his eyes. High time o'day, too, for Mr. Strathley to put Bevis in overseer at the mill, over the heads of younger and smarter men, with no end of wages and nothing to do but watch the gang-saw! That didn't look queer, did it? And wasn't Strathley's team stabled in Bevis' barn? and didn't Meg use it when she pleased? and a mighty smart team, too, no onehoss shay. And who could tell why he'd bought the Dean meadow of Bevis, when it was such a barren waste that the grasshoppers avoided it? He hadn't no use for it; there wasn't a stick of timber on it, but it put cash in It's going to be a rough night. We old Bevis' pocket, where cash was a stranger, eh?"

yond his betters, till he was that proud organ never ached before, darkened the day and embittered life for him. He and ran away to sea, where all the scamps | dreaded to meet friend or foe for fear of hearing opinions which he could not combat, and they all wondered that he would not join in the general cavil. when he went down with all hands on | Had not Margaret thrown him over for board, off the coast somewhere, and no-body left to give the particklers; knew anything beyond what he chose to though he's gone to his account, and tell? Wasn't resentment the proper attitude for a jilted lover? To be sure he felt very hard toward the handsome, well-to-do gentleman who had stepped between him and happiness-who slipped so easily into the position for which John had served twice seven years.

He could scarcely bear the sight of him dawdling about Bevis' farm-as though to the manor born-but he was obliged to own that Strathley showed a surpassing good nature, an indifference to his rudeness that was provoking; and that he was just as ready to be civil and friendly to him afterward.

"Surely, this is a hard world," thought Lorrimer, "in which it is necessary to love one's enemy, though he has stolen the apple of one's eye," Wasn't it requiring a little too much of human nature, or, at least, of Lorrimer's nature? Still, if he happened to meet Strathley on the highway and fared on a piece with him, talking of the prospects of lumbering the coming winter; about provisioning the camp and engaging men, and of that kind of rough-and ready life, Lorrimer could not deny but he was a pleasant, companionable fellow knew his work and the sort of people with whom he had to deal.

"I mean to have a taste of this camplife myself this winter," he said, by the "I want to know what it is like; to become brave enough not to heed poor fate, a hard couch, or howling

"You won't find it as easy as lying, I reckon," said Lorrimer; "a little of that kind of thing goes a great way." "I dare say. Are you going to join

my gang?"
"I? No, thank you. I'm looking for a chance to sell out. I want to raise some ready money and be off to California, where it grows faster than in this

"Ah, going to leave for good and all? Any disappointment? She hasn't gone back on you, eh?"

"Who do you mean?" asked John, fiercely. "The girl you are going to leave be hind you.

"I have no sweetheart," said John, evasively.

"More's the pity—it's love that makes the world go round." " No, it isn't-it's money."

"If you want money, my boy, let me help you."
'You! No, thank you, I want no

Lorrimer did not find a purchaser for his farm before the winter set in, cold and bitter, with angry storms and biting frosts. He was still waiting for one when Mr. Strathley came from town on a dark December day, and meeting Lorrimer, begged he would pioneer him through the woods to the camp. "I suppose you know the woods as

well as your own face?" he said.
"Yes," said Lorrimer; "only, if it should come on to storm as it threatens, we may lose our reckoning. Hadn't you better wait till the weather clears?"

" How far do you call it?" "Near six miles; but it isn't like walking on a concrete pavement you

"No. I'm inclined to push on to-day, if you're willing."

They set out not long after roon; the sun came out and blinked at them; but by the time they had struck into the deep woods he had thought better of it and retired behind a flaw of snow. "This will all blow over," said Strath-

ley, confidently.
"Or maybe we'll outstrip the storm and reach the camp shead of it," agreed

But, though the storm seemed in no hurry, it meant business; from a slight flaw, it grew into a lazy tumult of snowflakes, obliterating landmarks, and making the woods murky and bewildering. "Six miles are soon traveled in the worst weather," averred Strathley. "It's getting confoundedly dark, though, Lorrimer; it seems to me we have walk-

ed ten leagues already."
"I'll be blessed if it isn't the longest six miles I ever footed," confessed Lorrimer. "We ought to be close upon

the camp, unless-But just then Strathley stumbled in the swiftly-descending darkness, and fell, with a groan over the ragged rem-

nant of a lightning-blasted stump.
"Tough luck," said Lorrimer, rubbing his face with the new-fallen snow, and chafing his hands; for Mr. Strathley was prone upon the ground in a dead "What if he never came to life again?" Lorrimer asked himself, What would Margaret do? Would it be happier for himself?" "Where have I been ?" asked Strath-

ley, suddenly, sitting upright and trying to look through the darkness, "That's more than I can tell you, answered Lorrimer, "You had a fall that knocked the breath out of you a

spell. Do you feel better? Could you walk, think?" "Certainly. Let's be jogging. There give me your hand. I'm a trifle stiff from the fall yet. It's deuced cold,

"That's so; it's left off snowing a mile back, and the wind has stiffened. haven't any time to lose; you see, we must have missed the path some time Lorrimer was obliged to listen to all ago; that rascally snow pelted a fellow's this without the power of proving it face so fast and thick. Eh? what's the

"I must sit down again for a spell; I can't keep up with you.

"But you must, you know."
"I couldn't walk another rod just now if death himself were at my heels. "Nonsense! Trudge along;

growing colder every moment, death to give up. Strathley staggered along for a few baces, with Lorrimer's aid, but soon came to a halt.

"I tell you, Lorrimer, it's no go; you'll have to leave me, and push

"I'll carry you first." "That deuced fall took all the pluck out of me. I might find courage to erawl if I were sure it wasn't a tomfool errand-if we were on the right track -but it would be a sin to keep you here in this weather. I'll wait awhile and catch my breath. Do you go on. I'll overtake you sooner or later."

"Will you? If I leave you, you'll never take another step; you'll just doze off into the other world. The only safe thing for us to do is to keep jogging till we drop; anything else is suicide, and' with an effort—"there's Margaret,"

"Yes," drowsily, "there's Margaret, to be sure. I must make an effort-I'll fellow. I couldn't walk just yet to save myself from perdition, I'm so

stunned and shaken; no-I-couldn't." Lorrimer leaned against the nearest tree and waited in desperation. It was bitter cold, he owned, and his powers of persuasion were exhausted; but to leave the man to his own devices was certain death—and what then? Was he his brother's keeper? Why should he hazard life and love for this stranger who had stepped between himself and happiness? Did he owe Mr. Strathley aught? He started forward a few paces -perhaps the camp was near at hand and he could bring help. But what was he doing? Deceiving himself? Should he leave Strathley behind? Would he be able to find him in the dark? Would any halloo of his waken him from that deathly sleep into which he was fast falling? But there was Margaretwould she not be all his own again? And then he hung his head there in the thick darkness. Only an instant, it may be, he paused in the shuddering night and he turned back to Strathley-already slipping into eternal slumberand half dragged and half carried him wolves seemed to mock him.

"For God's sake, lay me down and could bear a grudge-against a ghost ? She loved me through good and evil re-

through the trees, or the moon rising big and red; or was it-great heavens! could it be the camp-fire shining like gates of Paradise? Some one coming out into the night closed the rude campdoor behind him, and shut them out into darkness again. Lorrimer plunged forward with a cry for help, and fell fainting with his burden within a yard of the

"If it had not been for you, Lorrisaid Mr. Strathley, next day, when he found himself too lame and frostbitten to lift himself from the bed of spicy boughs, such as the camp afforded "if it hadn't been for you, I should have stepped out last night. And it was at the risk of your own life, too! 'Greater love than this had no man!' And you thought I was Margaret's lover all the while? That's what I call heroic. I'm going to put you out of your misery. Look at me, John Lorrimer Did you ever see Ben Bevis-Wild Ben, they used to call him-though I believe he was lost at sea, wasn't he, before you were grown? I see there's a stone in the burying-ground to his memory, eh? Well, the prodigal son has returned. I I am Ben Bevis-Margaret's brother, It was hardly worth while being jealous of me, was it? I have been winning my grandfather's heart; that's all of my deep-laid plans. If I had appeared before him without disguise of any sort, he would never have believed in my reformation; never have profited by a stiver of my money-well-gotten gains, too. As a stranger I had some chance of earning my way into his good graces. You see, I left here twenty years ago, a stripling, with flaxen hair and beardless face, and I'm bronzed and weather-beaten beyoud recognition. When I return to Ford we will have it out with Grandfather Bevis, and know the worst or the best. And you, Lorrimer, there's Margaret, Perhaps I shall dance at your wedding in spite of a rough night in the back-woods.

A short time after the ship Ilio quitted Callao, Peru, the captain discovered two stowaways on board and put them in irons, During the following night a Chilian, who had hung his hammock in the quarter of the ship where the prisoners were, accused one of them of having stolen his food. The accused explained that this was impossible, as his chain prevented his reaching it, whereupon the monster of a Chilian struck him down, and deliberately prothe authorities at Iquique.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Farm and Garden Notes.

Pruning wounds should be covered as soon as the sap ceases flowing. Grafting wax applied hot, will make a good covering, and will avoid further serious trouble.

Poultry roosts should never be allowed in horse or cow stables. Hen lice are very apt to attach themselves to the animals, to their serious detriment, Nothing is more surely calculated to destroy their appetite and prevent them from taking on flesh.

A simple remedy to prevent the pres-ence of moles and mice in and around hot-beds, was told to us a few days since, viz.: Stick pieces of green elder bushes into the ground in the premises infested, and these troublesome creatures will give it a wide berth.

A gardener in England removes green algal and confervoid growth from damp wal's, and keeps it down a year or longer by painting with a solution of chloride of lime. The same application is made to gravel walks with a watering-pot, with equally satisfactory results.

Hen manure should be mixed with earth. Seeds are lost by planting them where too much hen manure has been dropped. Plaster is good to mix with it; but a better way to use hen manure, especially for the garden, is to put it in barrels, half filling them, and then pour in soft water until full. Take the liquid after the manure is well soaked and apply it when needed. Be sure to use soft water; rain water is best. - Farmer's

A lady of Michigan has been very successful in obtaining two flowers instead of one from every flowering sheath of the calla lily. Her method is as follows: As soon as the joint flower is cut, or begins to wither, pull the stalk down through the open sheath clear to the bottom. At the bottom will be found standing, close to the stalk, another his eye. bud, inclosed in a delicate covering. dollar bill, your honor," was the feeling Cut the old stalk away as close as possible without injuring the bud, and if it bas not been kept back too long, it will grow up very quickly.

Coal Tar for Flesh Wounds. I have made a discovery in the healing art which I will give to the readers | the buyer, of the Tribune, provided they will agree forward. Sometimes he rested and took breath; sometimes his sluggish burden slipped from his hold awhile; sometimes he shouted for help and the howling wolves seemed to mock him. tom among farmers, whenever they castrate any animal, unless it be a horse or let me die!" groaned Strathley, be- a large bull, to apply either salt, ashes, tween fainting and sleeping. "Mar- or the spirits of surpentine to the raw garet—can explain—everything—who flesh. All of these applications are but so much torture, and if any one don't own raw flesh, and if you don't hop and and \$109,000,000 in teams, dairy imple-Lorrimer picked up his burden and | dance and cry out with the pain, then I | ments, etc. trudged on. Was that a star glinting am mistaken. I have seen young pigs run around and squeal piteously on account of the pain these cruel things caused. Now promise me never to let fallen through the ice on a lake, rushed any person put either of these things into the water, and at the imminent on any animal of yours, and also promise me to preach and pray against their use everywhere, and I will tell you the best application for any and all flesh-cuts ed. The woman was sent up to towns and raw sores. It is gas coal-tar, which may be had at any gas works where gas is made from coal. A barrel of it, costing \$2, has been in use at the Kirby of Copenhagen, and she received from Homestead for ten years and is not half the hands of the King, in the presence gone yet. Coal-tar, when applied to a of the royal family, the medal and ribe flesh-cut, shuts out the air and thus bon for civil acts of bravery, being the stops the smarting; it will also keep off the flies; it is very healing, and it is antiseptic, that is, cleansing, and will prevent the growth of proud-flesh. It Theater, where she was the observed of is the cheapest, most healing and best all observers. Of any more substantial application we have ever used, and compensation for her act of bravery there every farmer ought to have it at hand to is no record. use on all castrated animals. When a lamb's tail is cut off, put it on. It will stick the wool together on the end and make a complete protection. An animal may be castrated in "fly-time," and with two or three applications of coaltar, maggots will be prevented. I have other points along the shores of the tested this remedy for several years on Mediterranean. all sorts of cuts and sores with the most gratifying and successful results. It was an experiment at first, but now it is regularly sold in the markets of Swit trees where a limb has been broken off or where the bark has been proceed.

Algeria, and are exported alive in broken off or where the bark has been proceed. or where the bark has been peeled,-F. D. Curtis, Charlton, N. Y.

Health Hints. Buttermilk is drunk by many dyspep-

Oil of eucalyptus is said to be an excellent local anæsthetic. A drop plæed on cotton or wool and inserted in the eavity will relieve the toothache.

Substitute lemonade, strawberries and the like fruits in their season, for salts, sulphur, sassafras tea, and the like popular physic, to purify the blood, Par-take of fruits without stint, and "throw

building let the living and sleeping rooms, as far as possible, face towards to one dollar a hundred. the south, and thus gain the advantage of the sunshine. The sun is a great is a favorite dish. The animal is drawn

preserver of health. scarlet fever is destroyed when sub- mixed with savory stuffing, replaced i jected to a temperament of 203 Fahr, for its shell, baked in the stove oven, an two hours. A French physician, who served up hot. In some parts of the has been experimenting on the subject, took the underelothing worn by four peasants pay their tribute in snails and ceeded to cut off his head and throw it children while sick with the scarlet into the water. He then wished to des- fever, and after heating them, as stated, patch the trunk after it, but was prevent- caused four of his own children to wear ed by its being attached by an iron ring them for several days. None of the fixed to the bridge by a chain. Where- children contracted the disease, Vacupon he hacked away at it and east it piecemeal into the sea. The other stowaway was meanwhile in such an 140 degrees; the contagious principle of agony of terror that he did not cry out, The assassin was placed in the hands of a heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of the Havre line during the

### Rates of Adverticus

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#### Items of Interest.

A steak-holder-The gridiron. A righting book-The Dictionary. Overdrawn-Exaggerated accounts. Net cash-The fisherman's proceeds. Sharp practice—Dissecting a subject. Fish expressed if not implied-C.

Hairy somethings-Tresses and mat-

Molasses candy would taste just as sweet by any other name.

There are over 1,650 convicts in the Sing Sing (N. Y.) prison. A female gate-keeper has been removed for deadheading her sweetheart.

She never tolled her love. Now digs the boy the garden plot With energy intense, Until he bags a tribe of worms, And then he skips the fence.

A barking dog never bites, but the same measure of confidence isn't to be placed in a buzzing bee, even if he does

go to war backwards. There is this disparity between 43,560 square feet of window glass and a troublesome molar: One is an acre of panes; the other, pains of an acher.

A man who is uncertain about using the term bicycle speaks of them as "those things, you know, that they ride on and look into second-story windows

The German emperor keeps a diary of everything he shoots. In 1819 his gun was discharged by accident, and he had to enter up, "Forefinger right

"Slowtown!" shouted the brakeman, as the train slowed up to the station. "Five years for refreshments!" yelled a passenger, who said his son had grown up since the train started. "What did the prisoner first strike

you for?" casually asked the judge of the complainant with a bandage over "He first struck me for a fivereply. "Sales by candle" was the method of sale during the seventeenth century. A

wax candle, about an inch in length, was set on the edge of a knife, and he that bid most before the candle was out, was It is estimated that the use of the Moffet bell-punch in New York City, by a simple tax of two and one-half cents

on alcoholic drinks, and one-half a cent

on cider, ale and beer, would yield the treasury \$12,000,000 per annum. It is estimated that there is invested in the dairy industry in this country, a total capital of \$1,450,000,000. Of that believe it, apply either of them to your | 000,000 in land needed for their support,

> A poor woman in Denmark, the wife of a laborer, past fifty, observing a few months ago three children who had peril of her own life rescued the children. The King decided that this act of bravery should not pass unrewardfrom the country; a room was prepared for her in the royal palace, where she stayed a couple of days to see the sights first woman in Denmark who has receives

#### Snails as an Article of Food.

Snails abound in Italy, Spain, France and Belgium; they are also found it large quantities in Algeria, and me

In Italy snails anciently were and ar still much used for the table. They a rels, to the French Antilles, and occ sionally even to the United States, when they are relished only by the real "connoisseur."

In the vineyards of France, the peasants collect, feed and fatten them till winter, when the snails seal themselves up in their shells, where they remain torpid several months. In this state they are purchased by the confectioners, who prepare them in the shell, with butter and herbs, and forward them Paris. They are then ready for table, after Leing heated in an oven for a few

A house too closely shaded by trees will be apt to suffer from dampness. In ket. Their price varies from fifty cents

In Transylvania the large wood sual out of its shell, well rubbed in a clea The virus or transmissible principle of cloth, to take off the alime, cut small country, instead of eggs and fowl, the game. Mr. Page states that one lady's ordinary winter supply as being up-ward of 5,000 snails.

We have occasionally seen imported snails served up in the shell, at restar rants in New York, and have water foreign looking customers who see to relish the meal. These sne