The forest Republican.

18 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.

A Birthday Present.

HOW A HUSBAND DUTIFULLY TOOK HIS WIFE'S ADVICE UPON ITS MERITS.

"Hither, my ownest," the husband Unto his wife did say ; "Thou knowest to-morrow is thy Dear Consin Flo's birthday, Ye twain have o'en as sisters been, And 'twere both just and pleasant, And twere both just and pleasan That we on her should now confer A handsome birthday present. Twas at her house I first met thee, And when thy hand I sought She lent such aid as usually Girls in her place do not. So forth to the store of Tiffany, From counter or from shelf A fitting present to select, Jewel, or bronze or delf ; And let it be such gift as thou Would'st choose for thine own self ; On such occasion one should not Be covetous of pelf.

Forth fared the husband and the wife To the store of Tiffany ; When she had heard her husband's word An angry wife was she ! "He nath thought eno'," she said, But never thought of me. He knoweth, or he ought to know, If he knoweth anything, That the dress I wear was worn threadbare When I had it turned this spring. When at the Easter-tide the theme Of hats I dared o broach, He said, 'You may,' but in a way Of infinite reproach, My references to expenditure Of d ilars—e'en of dimes— Are met with gloomy lectures on The hard cas of the simes. And yet, in spite of his complaints, When it is Consin Flo, To whom a birth ay gift he'd give He can flud cash eno."

III. "He should have known," the wife went on, With a sardonic grin, "Not only I Flo's cousin am But in a sense her twin. Her birth and mine are on one leaf Or he family Bible writ ; My birthday's on the same day as hers, My birthday s on the same day as i But he does not think of it. Satsuma are, or bronzes fair, Or dead gold jeweiry To his Flow he fling, but anything Is god enough for me !'--In such ungentle mood she came To the store of Tiffany.

IV.

"We grosser mortals cannot judge "Tween diamonds and 'tween paste," The husband said unto his wife ; "And hence on woman's taste Implicit reliance in such things As these must aye be placed.

Sit down, my dear, selection make As if 'twere for yourself Of any pretty article In show case or on shelf. I care not what the price may be Or what the article ; An it please thine eye, have it put by And I will foot the bill." had been abroad, and this was hy has visit to Owl's Corner in ten years. I remembered Nannie as a romping child, fond of swinging on the gates, climbing up grape-arbors, and imperiling her neck fifty times a day, John always saying on each occasion: "She's a little wild, but she'll get over

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that.'

I waited at the station for half an hour; then, seeing no sign of John, I started to walk home. It was midday and fearfully hot, and when I had ac-complished half the distance I turned off the road and started through a grove hat gave me a longer walk, but thick shade. I was resting there on a broad stone, completely hidden by the bushes on every side, when I heard John's voice

"Where have you been ?" There was such dismay and astonish-ment in the voice that I looked up in surprise, to find that he was not greeting me, but a tall, slender girl coming to-ward him. ' Such a sight ! She was dark and beautiful, dressed in a thin dress of rose pink, faultless about the face and throat, but from the waist down, clinging to her, one mass of the greenest, blackest, thickest mud and water.

"In the duck pond," she answered with a voice as clear and musical as a "hime of bells, "Don't come near me." "You are enough to wear a man into his grave I"

"There, don't scold," was the coaxing reply; "little Bob Ryan fell in face lown. It did not make any material lifference in his costume, but I was draid he would smother, so I waded in after him. The water is not over two feet deep, but the mud goes clear through to China, I imagine. It is ather a pity about my new dress, isn't 6?'

"A pity !" roared John ; "you'll come to an untimely end some day with your freaks. As if there was nobody to vick a little brat out of the duck pond but you P

"There was actually nobody else sbout. There, now, don't be angry. I'll go up to the house and put on that bewitching white affair that came from New York last week, and be all ready to Irive over to the station with you, at You'll h what time ?"

"About three. Lawrence is coming on the 2:10 train."

And I had come on the 12:10. This accounted for the failure to meet me. I kept snug in my retreat until John and Nannie were well on their way home-Nannie were well on their way home-ward, wondering a little how many to be if I am to be an old man's wife." young ladies in my circle of friends would have so recklessly sacrificed a new dress to pick up a beggar's brat out of the mud. When I, in my turn reached the house, John was on the porch, waiting for Nannie's reappearance. He gave me a most cordial welcome, or rather a luncheon, called Nannie, his mother, and a man to go for my trunk, all in one breath, and seemed really rejoiced to see me. Presently a slender girl, with a truly "bewitching" white dress, trimmed with dashes of scarlet ribbon, and smoothly braided black hair, tied with scarlet bows, came demurely into the room and was introduced. Never, however, in that first hour could the wildest imagination have pictured Nannie Stillman wading into a duck-pond, but the half-shy, half-dignified company manner soon wore away, and Nannie and I were nie cried: fast friends before dinner. She sang "You ar fast friends before dinner. She sang "You are a perfect darling, a perfect for me in a voice as deliciously fresh as darling, and I shall love you dearly all a bird's carrol; she took me to see her my life. pets, the new horse that was her last So wh birthday gift from "papa," the ugly little Scotch terrier with the beautiful brown eyes, the rabbits, Guinea hens, and the superannuated old pony, who preceded the new horse. In a week I was as much in love as ever John could have desired. Nannie was the most bewitching maiden I had ever met, childlike and yet womanly, frank, bright and full of girlish freaks and boyish mischief, and yet well educated, with really wonderful musical gifts, and full of noble thoughts. She was a perfect idol in the village, her friends and neighbors thinking no party complete without her, while the poor fairly worshipped her. John allowed her an almost unlimited supply of pocket-money, and she was lavish in all charity, from blankets for old women, tobacco for old men, to candies for the children, and rides on horseback for the urchins. And she had a way of conferring favors that never wounded the pride of the most sensitive.

age. They wanted to correspond but I proud, happy man, while I'm Uncle forbade that. So he has turned up Lawrence to the children and the warm again."

It was evident that John was terribly vexed, and I very soon shared his an-noyance. Walt, a tall, handsome, young fellow, improved, not spoiled by travel, just haunted the house.

He was generally off with Nannie as soon as he arrived, and blind to Mrs. Stillman's ill concealed coldness and John's sarcastic speeches about boys and pupies.

As for me, by the time my sleepy eyes were opened in the morning, Nanni had taken a long ride with Walt, was at the piano when I came into the room, Walt was walking beside Nannie and when the hour for our usual stroll arrived.

And the very demon of mischief pos-sessed the girl. There was no freak she was not inventing to imperil her life, riding, driving, boating, and I fairly shivered sometimes at the prospect of my nervous terrors when it would be my task to try to control this quicksilver temperament.

But one day, when I was in the summer house, a very rueful little maiden, with a tear-stained face, came to my side.

"Walt is going away," said she. "Indeed.

"Yes, and he says I'm a wicked flirt," with a chocking sob; "I thought I would ask you about it-"

"About what ?"

"Our getting married. You know papa told me I was to marry you ages and ages ago.

"Yes.

"And I knew it was all right if he said so. But Walt says you must be a muff you want a wife who is all the time thinking of somebody else. And you know I can't help it. Walt has been my friend ever since we were always together. And when he was in Europe papa wouldn't let us write to each other, but I kissed his picture every night and morning and wore his hair in a locket, and thought of him all the time. And he "says you won't like it after we are

"Well, not exactly," I said dryly. You'll have to stop thinking of him then.

"I don't believe I ever can. And so I thought I'd tell you, and perhaps— perhaps you will tell papa we don't care about being married after all. I don't think I could ever be sedate and grave

"Of course." "And I am so rude and horrid, I know I am not like nice city girls, and I am altogether hateful, but Walt don't care.'

Henri Taine gives the following vivid escription of the capture of the famous Paris prison by the French revolution-ists on July 14th, 1798. After the gar-rison and its governor had capitulated they were killed by the infuriated popu-

lace for firing upon them : At the bastile from ten o'clock in the morning to five in the evening, men fire at walls forty feet in height, thirty feet thick, and it is only by chance that they hit one of the inmates. At the first demand the governor has his guns drawn back from their embrasures, he makes the garrison swear that they will not fire if not attacked, invites the first deputation to breakfast, permits the messenger from the Hotel de Ville to go over the whole fortress, bears several discharges without replying, lets the first bridge be carried without firing a shot. If he do finally fire it is at the last extremity, in defense of the second bridge, and after having warned his assailants that he was about to do so. As for the assailants, they are maddened by the novel sensation of attack and resistance, by the smell of powder and the excitement of fight; all they can do is to dash themselves against the solid mass of stone, and their expedients are on a level with their tactics. A brewer takes it into his head to set fire to this block of masonry by pumping on it a mixture of phosphorus and oil of turpentine. A young carpenter, who has archeological notions, proposes to construct a catapult. Some believe themselves to have got possession of the governor's daughter and are about to burn her by way of obliging her father to yield. Others set fire to an outstandto yield. Others set fire to an outstand-ing building full of straw, and thus ob-struct their own way. "The bastile was not taken by main force," said the brave Elie, one of the assailants; "it rendered itself up even before it was at-tacked," it capitulated on the promise that no one should be injured. The carrison only too well secured had no garrison, only too well secured, had no onger the heart to fire in safety on living bodies, and on the other hand it was disconcerted by the sight of the immense crowd. Only eight or nine hundred men were attacking it. But the Place de la Bastile and all the surrounding streets were thronged with the curious who came to look on at the spectacle ; among them, says an eye-witness, "a number of well-dressed and

fashionable women who had left their caariages at a little distance." From the top of their parapets, it seemed to the

Rates of Advertising.

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

Items of Interest. A green age-Foliage.

The best thing out-Out of debt.

The man who made a point-The proof-reader.

When a man loses his balance, where does it go?

The motto of lovers is, "E plural buss yum yum !"

A grocer both sells his goods and gives them a weigh.

"Manslayer" is one of the cheerful titles of the Sultan.

An Illinois man's name is James James, He hasn't had 'em yet, either.

Acorn in the woods is worth ten on your feet .- Exchange. Not to a chiropodist.

Two things go off in a hurry-An arrow dismissed from a bow, and a beau dismissed by a belle.

A long man trying to whisper to a short girl resembles the letter S walking with a period.

Don't put off until to-morrow that which you can do to-day, unless you are going into the poetry line.

The activity of some people is like that of a boy on a rocking-horse—plenty of motion, but no progress.

"Love is an eternal transport !" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. "So is a canal boat," said a practical old forwarding merchant.

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it a " waste of water."

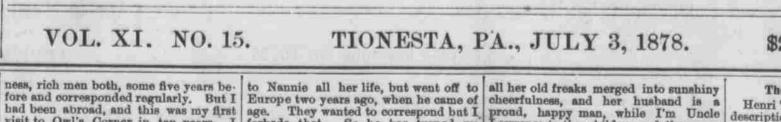
Whatever may be the actual status of an individual, he is sure to be credited with a certain amount of respectability if his boots squeak.

David Stevens and wife, of Deerfield, N. H., have just celebrated their golden wedding, and have lived in the same house through the fifty years.

The dried kernel of the cocoanut, called in the South Sea Islands "copra," is being turned to new account. Hitherto it has only been used for making oil, but it has been discovered that after having served that purpose it is valuable cattle food.

There are in Russia 1,623,591 factores and industrial establishments working with five and less men, and 43,513 employing from five to fifty hands. In these 1,667,104 establishments together there are employed 3,625,918 men, and 378,959 women.

The lightest solid body known is a metal-lithium-which is only half the weight of an equal bulk of water. The aviest body known is also a metal platinum-which is twenty-one times as heavy as water, forty-two times as heavy as lithium, and nearly twice as heavy as lead. There is a church built of paper near Berlin, Prussia, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The reliefs outside and statues within, the roof. ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all papier mache, rendered waterproof by saturating in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of eggs.



The Forest Republican.

friend of the whole family.

New York Fashions.

The Taking of the Bastile.

The short skirt dress for street and out of doors wear becomes more and more popular from day to day. Rich and elegant fabrics are being made up in abort skirt styles, and are seen along Broadway and Fifth avenue daily, worn by the most fashionable women. Trim-Broadway and Filth at women. Trim-by the most fashionable women. Trim-mings of lace, fringe, embroidery and mings of lace, fringe, such suits. The pleatings are seen on such suits. The toilet [matches in all its details. The hat is trimmed with ribbons and feathers to harmonize in color with the materials of the costume. The gloves, of un-dressed kid, are of fine Lisle thread, with clockings around the wrists, are selected likewise with an eye to the colors of the suit, and the short skirt shows the stockings or the cloth top of the boots, also to match. In fact, cloth tops to boots have become universally popular since the short dresses have come in vogue. Black cloth tops are most sought for, but those with gray or brown tops, or checked black and white, are chosen for special dresses. Black velvet tops are also worn, but the shoe of the season is the sandal top Newport tie, with a Louis XV. heel. The straps across the toe and instep show the colored stocking, which, in that case, must match the costume, of course. Such shoes, how-ever, are not intended for street wear. The side-buttoned boot is still the shoe

for that use. Beautiful Balbriggan hosiery

shown this season in improved shapes and finish, and knitted to produce bourette effects in color on dark sufaces, or in mixtures of white and black, or two shades of grey. For house wear with low slippers, which must be ornamented with bows and buckles, are shown ex-quisite silk and Lisle thread hosiery, with the foot in solid black and the leg pale rose, blue, scarlet, green, or any fancy color, and sandal straps simulated in black bands thrown across the instep, and continued in horizontal lines around the ankle to the point where the swell of the calf begins. Such stockings come of extra lengths, and are gartered above the knee with ornamental elastic-drawn ribbons, bedecked with bows and jewel-

led buckles. Madame Raymond, writing from Paris to Harper's Bazar, says: "In general, short costumes are flat only in front. In the back the tunic or polonaise is draped in a very marked fashion. This is the the whole of Paris was marching against transition which will lead us back to the them. Thus it is they themselves who bouffant dresses, the reappearance of let down the drawbridge and introduce which was announced for this summer, the enemy. All alike have lost their

\$2 PER ANNUM.

fiendish thought was in that wife's heart, And she smiled as if in glee, As they brought her there all that was fair In the store of Tiffaty. "These diamond carrings," said her lord, Seem handsome unto me." " Diamonds," said she, " are worn no more In the best society.'

"Fair is this string of Orient pears," "Tis pretty, without doubt, But I read in the last Sunday World That pearls were going out." "Goodly to see these opals be." "John, opals do not wash ;

And they only wear coral jewelry In the wilds of far Oshkosh. No woman that respects herself Wears costly jewels now ; She leaves their use to the parvenues And the Bowery maids, I trow. An I had my choice of all the store For my own cold I will the store

For my own self, I wis No article in it would more Suit with my taste than this."

" What ?" said the lord, reluctantly, "Perchance you're satisfied, But as a gift would not this look, But as a gift would not this look, In the post's larguage suide?" She beat the pavement of the store With an impatient toe; "What's good enough for me," she said, Isn't good enough for Flo?" Her husbaud marked an angry flush On her round check come and go; "I did not mean that, Louiss, dear; You should not answer so. Ho, salesman, in a mackage do Ho, salesman! in a package do Me up this article ; Send it to-day to this address." The salesman said, " I will," And the husband he got back some change Out of a five dollar bill.

VIL. The wife has hardly reached her house When at the door she sees A wagon, the superscription Whereof is Tiffany's. They give to her a parcel small, She tears the paper away, Within's a card, 'To my dear wife, On her twenty-third birthday." She opens the casket with trembling hand, And it to her eyes doth show, The twopenny halfpenny article She had picked out for Flo Which she had sworn beyond return In the monde was all the go ! Her cark eyes filled with tears, for breath A moment she did catch, And gazing on her husband's gift, She softly said, "The wrrrrrrrrretch!!!!!

-New York World.

NANNIE.

I cannot set down in so many words just when or how it came to be understood between my partner, John Stillman, and myself that I was to marry his daughter, Nannie, when she was old enough. I have a vague impression that she was in long clothes at the time we first talked of it.

Her mother died when she was a little girl, and old Mrs. Stillman took her home to the family house at Owl's Corner, one of the prettiest little villages I ever had the good fortune to see. But her as a woman, and this was the scene | the road." of our meeting.

John had sent for me to come to Owl's Corner on a certain July day, promising to drive over to the station and meet me, as my elderly legs covered the ground but slowly. We had retired from busi-

We rode together every morning; we walked in the cool evening hours; we spent much time at the piano, and discussed our favorite authors, and one day when I asked Nannie to be my wife, she said, cooly:

"Why, of course; I thought that was all understood long ago."

I was rather amazed at such matterof-fact wooing, but delighted at the result. How could I expect any soft, blushing speeches ? I suppose I ranked just where John and Nannie's grandmother did in her affections.

But one morning, when Mrs. Stillman was snipping her geraniums in the sitting-room, and John was reading the morning's newspapers, Nannie burst in, her beautiful face aglow, her eyes bright with delight, crying:

"Oh, grandma! Walt has come home! Nannie was eighteen when I first met I saw him from my window riding up

She was going then, just as John exclaimed:

" Confound Walt !"

"Who is Walt ?" I naturally inquired. "Walter Bruce, the son of one of our

I rather agreed with Walt as she stood in shy confusion before me, her eyes of the wearer. Some fashionable exstill misty, her sweet lips quivering. It quisites have already adopted short coswas a sore wrench to give her up, but I tumes bouffant on the hips, and sup-was not quite an idiot, and I said grave-

"But your father ?"

"Yes, I know; he'll make a real storm. But then his storms don't last long, and maybe you would tell him that you have changed your mind. You have, haven't you." "Yes; the last half hour has quite

changed my matrimonial views."

I could not help smiling, and the next moment two arms encircled my neck, a warm kiss fell uopn my cheek, and Nan-

So when I lost her love I gained it. She flitted away presently, and I gave myself a good mental shaking up, and concluded my fool's paradise would soon have vanished if I had undertaken to make an "old lady" out of Nannie.

John's wrath was loud and violent. He exhausted all the vituperative language in the dictionary, and then sat down panting and furious.

"Come, now," I said, what is the obection to young Bruce ? Is he poor?" "No, confound him! He inherits his

grandfather's property, besides what his ther will probably leave him."

"Is he immoral?" "I never heard so,"

"What does all him, then?"

"Nothing, but I have set my heart on

Nannie's marrying you." "Well you see she has set her heart in another direction, and I strongly object to a wife who is in love with somebody else.

"What on earth sent the puppy home?

"Love for Nannie, I imagine. Come, John, you won't be my father-in-law, for I will not marry Nannie if you are ever so tyrannical, but we can jog along as usual, the best of friends-look!"

I pointed out the window as I spoke. On the garden walk, shaded by a great oak tree, Walter Bruce stood looking down at Nannie with love-lighted eyes. Her beautiful face, all dimpled with smiles and blushes, was lifted up to meet his gaze, and both her little hands were fast prisoned in his strong ones. John looked. His face softened, his

eyes grew misty, and presently he said: "How happy she is, Lawrence." "And we will not cloud her happiness,

John," I answered. "This is right and fitting. Nannie is too bright a May 000 specimens. These represent not flower to be wilted by being tied up to an old December log like me.

So when, half fearful, the lovers came in, they met only words of affection, and Nanhie's face lost nothing of its sunshine.

She was the lovliest of brides a few months later, and wore the diamond rather that is about the sum expended Of course the plucky little fellows were parure I had ordered for my bride at in freights, cabinets, and the purchase all killed, but not before the ground her wedding. And she is the most of rare specimens. The labor of twentyneighbors. He has been like a brother charming little matron imaginable, with five years is not estimated.

Words of Wisdom.

Believe not ill of a brother till it is proved beyond doubt. Following many vocations has ruined

the life of many a man.

Make yourself necessary, young man and your success is certain. There is but one thing that is sure here on earth, and that is death.

Everybody seems to think himself a moral half bushel to measure the world's frailties.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence and turn upon the poles of truth.

In the cities of the dead the houses are small and close together; and a thistle is as liable to grow from a rich man's grave as a daisy is from the mound that covers the dust of a beggar.

Those who expect the most are liable to the greatest disappointments, A man of numerous desires is of all beings the most dependent. He who contracts and simplifies his wants will secure the greatest amount of happiness.

It is not worth while to think too much about doing good. Doing the best that we know, minute by minute and hour by hour, we insensibly grow to goodness as fruit grows to ripeness.

How TO ADMONISH. - We must consult of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snowthe softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Two Hundred Thousand Bugs.

The San Francisco Bulletin says. Prof. Davidson, President of the Academy of Sciences, recently called the attention of a number of citizens to the large collection of specimens in entomology made by Henry Edwards during a period of twenty-five years. This collection is said to be one of the largest ever made in the United States, and by far the most complete ever made on the Pacific coast. About 60,000 species have been collected, representing more than 200,nearly or quite all in the United States, with a large representation of orders from all parts of the world. The collec-The collection is valued at \$12,000, or

and the final adoption for next winter. head, besieged as well as besiegers, but With bouffant dresses will be worn, it is the last most completely because they said, small paniers, which will form a are intoxicated by victory. As soon sort of miniature crinoline on each side as they enter they begin by breaking everything, and the latest comers fire at random on the first ; "every one fire without taking notice where or on whom the fire tells." The becoming suddenly omnipotent and having license to kill is too strong a potion for human naturevertigo follows, men see red, and their delirium ends in ferocity.

The Goorkhas,

The worthy inhabitants of Malta, says the London Globe, will scarcely derive much aesthetic delight from the personal appearance of the Goorkha regiments that have arrived among them. Ugly beyond comparison, with flat features, and mere slits for eyes, these soldiers are of stunted stature, frequently very low-legged, and much too broad for their height. But they are splendid little fellows for fighting purposes, being very hardy, capable of enduring almost any amount of fatigue, devoted to their officers, and completely devoid of even the instinct of fear. Armed only with their "kookeries"-broad-bladed heavy knives of fine temper and sharp as razors-they often go on foot into the jungle in quest of some man-eating tiger, and if the brute is brought to bay it rarely escapes with life. Buddhists by faith, they hold in scorn the caste proscriptions of Hindooism, and when in our service they adopt many of the customs of the English soldiery. It is an amusing sight to see a Goorkha setting forth from a station for a day's sport in the neighborhood. Dressed in some cast-off European mufti, which he the gentlest manner and softest seasons has purchased in the bazar, he carries either an ancient fowling-piece or a razed Brown Bess, while at his heels follow two or three curs of very low degree, whose ears and tails have been artistically docked. Yet, bizzare as looks his get-up, the little fellow generally manages to bring home a decent bag unless, indeed, his weapon bursts at the first discharge. His method is either to

stalk the game, be it a dove or a deer, or to lie in wait for hours at some likely spot. Between whiles he puffs his short clay pipe and murmers the songs of his native land, which sound rather harahly to sophisticated ears. Altogether a right merry lad is the Goorkha in quarters,

and held in high esteem by the European soldiers. But his greatest talont lies in fighting to the death for the side whose salt he eats, Some years ago, during one of our expeditions into the Peshawur hills, a Goorkha detachment was skirmishing with the Afredees. On the re-call being sounded, three or four men who had taken up favorable positions declined to come back. There they remained, leisurely firing at the enemy until the Afredees swarmed down in overwhelming force, and then out only all the orders on this coast, but four men who had taken up favorable tion is really one of the most complete in overwhelming force, and then out known in this country or any other. flashed the wicked-looking kookeries, and there was some pretty fair fighting. was considerably littered with defunct something "uncanny" and

Afredees,

Two Little Girls Smothered in a Trunk.

One of the most awful calamities ever recorded is that of the death of the two daughters of Mrs. Amelia Moench, first assistant teacher of German in a St. Louis school, by being suffocated in a trunk. The little girls have for a year past been with their father on a farm four miles from Dixon, Mo., one hundred and thirty-eight miles from St. Louis. Mrs. Moench spends her vacations on the farm, and was prepared to go to her husband and children immediately upor the close of school, Mr. Moench had gone to Dixon, and his little girls called cheerfully after him to hurry back, and if he wrote to their mamma to send their love. On his return he was surprise not to see them awaiting him. He called but received no answer. He wen into the house and saw the tray of the trunk setting on the floor. A horribl fear flashed on his mind. He open the trunk and found the two little girls the younger, who was underneath, w evidently past all hope, but the el was still warm and limp. Not a neig bor was within half a mile. The fath dashed cold water on the children, the rubbed them with vinegar, and may every effort to restore animation, labor ing until after twelve o'clock, but i vain. He then gave up in despair, an went to seek help from a neighbor. The little girls were aged eight and five year respectively.

A Terrier Terrified by a Monkey.

Mr. C. F. Crehore sends this to M ture : A brave, active, intelligent terr er, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated upon bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey who was attired in jacket and hat, away ed the onset with such undisturbe tranquility that the dog halted within few feet of him to reconnoitre. animals took a long, steady stare at en other, but the dog evidently was read ering from his surprise and about ! make a spring for the intruder. At 1 critical juncture the monkey, who h sneaked off and entered the house, fusing to leave it till he was satis that his polite but mysterious gue departed. His whole demeanor plainly that he felt the mon meddled with.