

The Forest Republican.

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The Schoolhouse.

Yes, John, our district well may brag On this new schoolhouse. I brag too. I'm for improvement. I don't lag Behind when things want putting through. But that old, battered, wooden shell That stood on this spot fifty year,— I'd learned to know its face so well That somehow—John, it's mighty queer. Bat when you pulled the old house down,— The time this new one was begun,— I had to go to lower town: I couldn't stand to see it done. For there I studied A, B, C, Got locked, and learned, by hook and crook, To read about the apple-tree In Webster's old blue spelling book. And, where that church stands, many a morn'g (Twas a field then)—a love sick fool—I stood behind a shock of corn To see the schoolma'am come to school. Her cheeks, as she the cornfield crost, Were redder than the scruboak leaves; Her eyes were brighter than the frost That sparkled on the tasseled sheaves. And in among the noisy throng Of barefoot youngsters who would go,— And, as I watched her, I allowed It wasn't strange they loved her so. But when, just at the schoolhouse door, Each urchin claimed his kiss, ah! then I longed to go barefoot once more, And read the spelling book again. Sweet Lucy! How came it to pass I can't explain,—but any way, I might as well have joined a class, For I hung round there half the day. At noon I'd take her nuts, a pear, Or apples,—my best grafted fruit,— To trade for smiles; she traded fair, And gave me many thanks to boot. And sometimes, after study hours, When Lucy led her merry throng Into the woods for late wildflowers And autumn leaves, I'd go along. She had some dozen boys, half grown, That loved her well. They shamed me, though, For I loved too, and I alone Had not the pluck to tell her so. "You happy boys!" I thought, "you swap Wildflowers for kisses from her lips; I'd kiss her the whole flower crop To have her very finger-tips. But winter came, and when the ground And the big hills with snow were white, I'd hitch my coat up and go round To take her home from school at night. One frosty evening, riding slow Through John o' A's woods her rosy cheek Lay close to mine and thrilled me so That I determined I would speak. "Lucy!" I said, "dear Lucy!"—Hark Her eyes met mine and flushed at me. As awkward as a yearling steer I backed and tried again. "You see— I want to ask you"—a big lump Came in my throat—"Whoa, Bill, you fool! That's nothing but a hemlock stump! If—if you love—the boys in school." "Fwant what I meant; but, any way, She dropped her eyes, and I could see She guessed what I had tried to say. She said, "Of course. They all love me." Boldened by this, her hand I prest, And cried, "Dear Lucy, could't you Love me a little with the rest? For I—I love the schoolma'am too." See, sander o' me my schoolma'am wife; Her cheeks are fresh and rosy yet; And, for our happy married life, We bless this spot where we first met.

The Old Bridge of Diarmid.

Diarmid is a narrow village walled in by two lines of wooded hills. East street and West street run for a mile parallel. Between them is the river and the suspension bridge. There was an old tumble-down wooden bridge there once, which was held in high veneration by the oldest inhabitant. He could just remember its dedication. At the west end of the bridge, up overhead among the beams and rafters, was Thoff Skelton's retreat; his den, the boys called it. Here he had laid down a few boards, making a rough sort of floor, and piled up a pile of straw for a bed, and, as the time came when things were more than commonly uncomfortable at home. Diarmid was a tidy village of white houses, and green blinds, and trim yards; but down at the foot of West street, under a sand-bank, there was a wretched building going to ruin in the midst of a litter of rubbish. It looked as though all the dust of the clean street had been swept out there and left for the winds to blow away. But the winds had failed thus far to do it, and so the Skeltons lived there. Jim Skelton, father of Thoff, had a peculiarity which interfered with his relations as a parent; to wit, the habit of drinking a great deal too much of everything but cold water. The consequence was that Thoff's life had begun to be a burden to him as soon as he could remember, and, in fact, some time before. "There!" he said to himself one night. He was quite out of breath, for he had run half a mile, clambered like a monkey up the beams, and was now safe on the straw of his den in the bridge. "The old chap won't get hold of me in a hurry now, I guess." "The old chap," I grieve to say, was Thoff's father. It was a bad manager of designating him, but another result of

the peculiarity aforesaid. A boy who for no offense whatever has been pursued by his parent, armed with a pitchfork, and who has just found his kitten's head two rods away from her other belongings, the kitten also having been guileless, such a boy will not mention the author of his being as respectfully as I, who tell this tale, could wish. "Well, I say I think this is rather hard lines on a feller," Thoff went on. "I haint had any supper, an' breakfast 'll be nowhere, an'—I wish I was out of 'this, I do. Oh, if I only had some money!" It had grown quite dark; an April night, the air mild, and a soft patter of rain on the bridge-roof. Thoff sat staring down at a lamp which burned dimly just below him,—a depressed-looking lamp, which sputtered crossly, as though saying, "I'm supported by the town, and I know it." Thoff understood what it was to have "aid from the town." The evening train from Boston came shrieking up the valley, passed the end of the bridge, and rushed on into the darkness and stillness. Thoff sat quiet a long time. He was getting drowsy when he heard footsteps approaching from two directions. There was a quick greeting on the bridge just below him, and then he caught the words,— "Up in his pasture on Spruce Hill. Lost the wallet with five hundred dollars in it." "Five hundred dollars! I thought he was smarter than to be carryin' round so much money. Spruce Hill, too. Why, it's all alders and second growth up there." "Yes, I know; an' 'tis a bad job. You see he was coming down to the bank, and stopped to look up a southdown that had strayed away. When he got to the village he'd lost the wallet, and now he wants you 'n' me to start off with him tomorrow morning 'n' see if we can find it." "Find it!" cried the man. "Sh—! not so loud," whispered the first speaker, looking cautiously round. "Don't you see we've got to keep still about it? If some folks should get hold of the story they m't come in ahead, find the wallet, and then it never'd be heard of again." "What'll he pay for finding it?" "Four dollars a day," was the slow answer. "That aint enough. If he wants the 'sclentmen o' Diarmid, he's got to pay accordin'." "I'll go for six." "All right; he won't stand for two dollars, I guess. Eight o'clock tomorrow morning, I'll stop for you. Keep dark." The men parted, and Thoff sat in the dimness of his den thinking. He was not sleepy now. Five hundred dollars lost among the rocks of Spruce Hill! He knew every foot of ground up there. It was not in vain that he had lived away from home and eaten strawberries for a week at a time. If any person in Diarmid could find the wallet, Thoff knew himself to be that person. The old town clock was striking five the next morning as the boy climbed the wall and started up Spruce Hill. "Now I'm three hours ahead of the squire 'n' his men," said Thoff. "But they'll know where to look, and I've got to guess at it." At eight o'clock two wagons went up "the gulf-road," and a boy stole down over the hill to the school house. "Better luck next time," said Thoff. "One Hundred Dollars Reward!" This was a week later, and a lad stood reading an advertisement which was pasted up at the entrance of the bridge. The above reward was offered for the finding and return to its owner of a pocket book, lost on Spruce Hill the 30th of April, by Luke Granger. Thoff stood for some time staring at the large capitals; then he turned away, remarking to himself: "So they haint found that money, it seems. Well, nor haint I." Three days afterwards, when the search had been given up by everybody else, Thoff started out again. Arbustus was in bloom now, and waken robin, and wood violets, and the boy tramped down great levels of them in his search. His palm leaf hat, with a strip of blue cambric tied around it for a band, became a familiar sight to every squirrel on the hill that day, for he stayed till sunset. Then, as it drew toward dusk, and the valley below lay in shadow, and only the hilltops saw the sun, he started for home. It was quite dark in the thick woods at the base of the mountain, and there, running along a narrow path, his foot hit something which bounded off, and which was not a stone. He stooped, fumbled with groping fingers in the ground pine and last year's leaves, and at length found—the pocket book. Ten minutes more and Thoff Skelton might have been seen, had there been more light and any one to see him, crouching in the darkness of his den, hugging the wallet to his breast, and to his own amazement and mortification, actually crying as he clutched his treasure. "Five hundred dollars!" he said, softly, to himself. It was all there. He had counted the bills by the one bar of lamplight which struggled up from below. "Now then for 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as the reading book says. Then he proceeded to arrange with himself how "the pursuit of happiness" should begin. "I'll start off on the six o'clock train tomorrow morning. I'll go to Boston, 'n' I'll have a stunnin' dinner, 'n' I'll buy me some clothes. Hold on a minute, though." Caution put in a word here. "How about buying a ticket and changing a ten dollar bill and so on?" "Thoff thought some time about this,

and at last decided it wouldn't do for him to be seen with money in Diarmid. He might walk to Springfield and take the cars, but Springfield was only ten miles away. The lost wallet had been talked about there, and he might get himself into trouble. Well, then, what should he do? "Wait a little," said Caution; "you've got your money. What's your hurry? Wait till people forget about it." "All right; I'll wait then," said Thoff. The night was getting on. The clock struck twelve. Up to this time he had been wildly happy. No more cold, nor hunger, nor hard knocks. Plenty of clothes, and food, and kittens, and comfort. This was what the money meant to Thoff, you know. Presently he felt him self grow quiet. Then something waked up inside, and said,— "Better take the pocket-book back to the squire, and claim the hundred-dollar reward." "Hush up!" answered the boy. "I sh'd be a jolly fool to take one hundred dollars when I've got five." "I know you've got it," the something—we will call it Conscience—more awake; but is it your money? Isn't it the squire's money?" "No, 'tain't the squire's money," replied Thoff, stoutly. "He lost it, and then 'twasn't his'n. I've found it, 'n' now it's mine, 'n' I'm going to keep it. So that's the end of it." "It was'n't; it was the beginning of it. The war had just broken out. The same battle between Thoff and his conscience had to be fought over again for every cent of that five hundred dollars. The boy considered that he beat conscience in every engagement, but somehow she wouldn't stay beaten. She came up fresh and cheery every time, till finally—but there are two or three things to be told first. Thoff's great trouble was where to put the wallet. He dared not to carry it about with him. If he hid it up over the bridge some one might find it, for the school-boys all knew the secret of his retreat. Finally he decided on wrapping it in a piece of brown paper, and sliding it under a stone at the base of one of the piers of the bridge. This he did, and then went off to school and spent the time in an agony of fear lest something should happen to rob him of his wealth. What if a squirrel should happen to carry it off, or a muskrat out of the river? What if the great dam at Millington should break, and the flood come down and take away bridge, and piers, and hidden treasure? Thoff thought of it until he was sure he heard the roar of the water sweeping down. What he really heard was the teacher's stern "Skelton, take your place in the spelling-class!" All through the spelling a voice inside was saying, over and over: "You're a thief! you're a thief!" "You hush up! I ain't a thief, I tell you," he said, in answer. You see a boy may have money and yet be a miserable boy. Thoff found this out that day, and he found out another thing. He had lost his hat-band. Now the loss of an old strip of blue cambric is no great affair, especially to a young man of means, but this set Thoff to thinking. He wondered if he had lost it on Spruce Hill. "Look here, you Tom—Ted—what's your name—Skelton?" The squire had driven up and stopped his horse near Thoff on the bridge one morning. The boy glanced up at a pair of keen gray eyes fixed on him, glanced down and longed for a hole in the bridge floor, that he might drop into it. Hole there was none. The eyes were still on him, and he stammered: "My name is The—Theophilus." "Well, Theophilus, then, I want you to come along with me, up on Spruce Hill." Day grew black for an instant to Thoff. Then he heard: "I want a boy to help me get up some sheep. Got to have 'em down here for the noon freight train. Pay you twenty-five cents. Up with you!" And the boy took his seat beside the man, though he would have preferred to sit anywhere else. "Cold?" growled the squire; for Thoff was shaking all over. "Yes, sir,—that is,—not much." He wasn't coward naturally, but he was more afraid of the squire that day than he would have been of a band of Sioux with all their war-paint on. The squire was a silent man, some people said a surly man, so there was no talking for a while. Up the hill they drove, and out on a high level where the wind was blowing. "There goes my hat!" cried Thoff. He was out over the wheel and back into the wagon again in a twinkling. "Say for't you're not a bad jumper," the squire said. "Better have a band to that hat, hadn't you?" "I did have one, sir, but I"—he stopped, remembering. "Lost it, most likely. Stop, I believe I've got a hat-band somewhere." The squire put his hand in his pocket, and produced from it a strip of folded blue cambric. "There, I found that up on Spruce Hill." The gray eyes seemed to Thoff to go through him and come out on the other side. His fingers trembled as he tied on his own hat-band. "Some fellow lost it up there, I s'pose. Ever go up on the hill much?" "Sometimes,—blackberries." "Bad place to lose things up there. Don't find 'em again so easy." And the man added, "Somebody else does, maybe." "He knows I've got that mosey," thought Thoff; "watched me or something." "Tell him all about it," said Con-

science. "Dursn't; he'd kill me if I should." "No, he'd forgive you if you gave him back the money. Come; now's your time." "Good mind I will." And Thoff drew a big breath to start with. "Here we are!" cried the squire. "Out with you, 'n' see how quick you'll get those southdowns together. Lively, now!" No chance for confession then, but with that drive went the last of Thoff's peace of mind. He knows something, I haint a doubt of it," he said to himself, wretchedly. "I dare say he does," answered Suspicion; and Conscience chimed in, "Perhaps you're right." The boy didn't dare now take the purse and run away. The sheriff would be on his track in twenty-four hours, he thought. "I know the squire's just holding off so't he can catch me and pounce down on me. I'd carry 't up to his house 'n' fling it into his window some night, only he know 'twas me 't did it, 'n' he'd have me took up all the same. Mercy! who's that?" He had got back to the bridge, and just ready to climb up to his den, when he heard a footstep on the loose boards above him. He raised his eyes, had a glimpse of a policeman's blue coat and yellow buttons, and then he ran,—ran as he never ran before, nor stopped till he reached the freight-depot and a platform under which he could crawl. In the policeman searching his retreat he had recognized a Springfield detective. The wallet was not in the bridge, but among the stones of the pier. Twenty-four hours later, Thoff crouching and cramped under the platform from which he had not dared to stir, heard voices near him. "Wonder if Pixley found what he was after yesterday?" "Pixley?" the squire's voice. "Didn't know he'd been over." "Yes. Stolen goods; surmised they'd been smuggled over here 't Diarmid. Don't believe he found 'em, though." A pause, a waft of tobacco-smoke, and then the words, "Do you know, squire, I believe your wallet's hid away round here somewhere." "So do I," answered Squire Granger; "but the thing is to lay hands on it." And then the voices passed beyond hearing, and a ragged, faint, wretched boy crawled out, and skulked off through the soft dark of the summer night. I hope no one of you will ever know how miserable Thoff was during those July days. He looked back on the time when he had a quiet conscience, and was only cold and starved, and abused as a time of perfect bliss. Things got worse and worse. He seemed to meet Squire Granger in every corner, and fancied a sheriff behind every tree. At last there came this end: Sunset of a very hot day, a thunder-shower fast coming on, matters in the black clouds, and Thoff seated in the bridge staring out through a crack at the lightning. Suddenly he saw up the valley great branches of trees broken off and flying through the air; then the roof of a house close by was lifted, and the timbers began to rock and sink under him, there was a great flash of light, he saw a figure reel on the opposite end of the bridge, and knew it was his drunken father, and then—he knew no more. The storm passed, the moon came out, and a crowd of people stood on the river bank. "What a fine bridge is gone," they said. "There was no one on it. What do you say? Jim—Skelton—seen going on the bridge as it went down?" "Yes. Just as Thoff, who had been stunned and afterwards had lain only half-conscious for an hour, crept from the ruin, he saw some men bringing a body up the river in a boat. His father was dead. The whirlwind had carried the three eastward spans of the bridge forty rods down the stream. The span on which Thoff was had merely sunk in its place. Early next morning the boy climbed over the bank, took something out from among the stones and walked away. In that awful instant when death had stared him in the face, Thoff had seen what he must do. He was now going to do it. "I want to speak with you a minute, sir." "Speak on." The squire was at work in this garden. "Oh, is it you, Thoff? Your father—yes, I've heard." "No, sir; I—wanted to tell you something. That money of yours"—Thoff choked a little. He had set his face to do it, but it was hard. He would be in jail by noon, probably, though perhaps the squire might let him off till after the funeral. "I found it. There it is." The squire silently took the wallet and opened it. "I found it up on the hill, and I've kept it six weeks, 'n' that's the truth if I die for 't," blurted out Thoff. "N' now I've done it, 'n' father's dead, 'n' our house is unroofed, 'n' the ole den's blown down, 'n' I danno's I care what you do with me." The squire turned and looked at the little ragged figure before him, looked for quite a minute, remembered, perhaps, something that had happened to himself once. At all events, a new meaning came into the stern face, and he asked: "Had any breakfast?" "No, sir." Thoff was taken into the kitchen, given a bowl of bread and milk, and then sent away. "Come back after the funeral," the squire said. After the funeral Thoff went back, and was told: "Now, my boy, I'm going to give you a chance here on my farm. I expect

you'll do your best, and if you do, you'll never be sorry you came." And Thoff never has been sorry. That was twenty years ago, and he is manager of the squire's place now. I heard some one remark the other day as he passed: "There goes a fellow with a good conscience." You and I know how the boy "had it out" with his conscience once, and gave up beaten. The squire has never mentioned the matter of the lost money.—From Youth's Companion. Steinberg's Goose. A New York paper says: Gustave Schmidt, who is noted for the interest he takes in rifle shooting, entered the saloon of John Lutz, and drew from his pocket a fine revolver which he had recently purchased, and which he exhibited with pride to Lutz and to those of his friends who were in the saloon at the time. Schmidt spoke boastingly of his own powers as a marksman, and offered to make a bet of ten dollars that he could hit a mark at the other end of the room. "Do you see that goose," said Lutz, contemptuously, pointing to a fowl that could be seen through the open door waddling about the back yard. "You give me a dollar and I'll let you fire three shots at her, and if you hit her once you can have her." Schmidt accepted the offer, and fired from where he was standing, bringing down the goose. A roar of laughter greeted his achievement. He walked proudly into the yard and took the goose, supposing that the merriment was at Lutz's expense. As he entered the saloon with the fowl in his hand, the side door of the saloon was thrown violently open and an angry man ran into the saloon. This was Henry Steinberg, the owner of the goose. His first act was to knock Schmidt down, and his second was to explain his reasons for doing. When Schmidt understood how he had been taken in, he knocked Lutz down and demanded the return of his money, Steinberg in the meantime busying himself in asking both of them to pay for the goose. The noise attracted the attention of Officer Wheeler, who entered the saloon. After some discussion he arrested Lutz on the complaint of Schmidt, who charged him with obtaining one dollar by false pretenses; Schmidt, on the complaint of Lutz, on a charge of assault and battery, and Steinberg on a similar charge, also made by Schmidt. When the prisoners were taken to the station-house, and the sergeant heard with wondering eyes the various complaints, he turned to Wheeler and asked if that were all. "Why, no," was the answer; "Lutz was selling liquor without a license, Schmidt hasn't a permit to carry that pistol, and that the other man, Steinberg, hasn't got any permit from the Board of Health to keep his goose." When the prisoners were taken before Justice Flammer, in the Essex Market Police Court, recently, a long investigation was held, and the court room was crowded by the friends of the three prisoners. Lutz said it was all a joke, and gave back the dollar, withdrawing his charge against Schmidt. The latter, touched by this spirit of conciliation, withdrew his charges against Lutz and Steinberg, and the owner of the goose forgave the marksman, when the latter and the saloon keeper each promised to pay half the value of the goose. Their misunderstandings being over, they expected to be allowed to go. But just then Officer Wheeler and his charges loomed up like grim fate. Justice Flammer required Lutz to give \$100 bail on a charge of violating the excise law, held Steinberg in the same amount for keeping geese without a permit and fined Schmidt \$5 for carrying a pistol without a permit. Fashion Notes. Fans are larger this season than last. Grenadines are variously united with silk or satin. Russian lace is a favorite trimming for summer dresses. The profuse use of gold and silver braids is subsiding. New umbrellas have a scent-bottle hidden in the handle. Mastic gray—pretty color—with green is a favorite combination. Hosiery of the color of the dress, with fine white stripes, is worn. The long lace mitts in delicate shades are worn for opera and theater. The newest regular bonnets are very small and distinguished looking. Linen lawns with small, colored figures are cheap and very pretty. A new ornament for the English walking hat—a whip of steel and gilt. Lisle-thread gloves with colored monograms on the back are now fashionable. Navy blue and white gingham are trimmed with Smyrna lace and embroidery. Lace jabots begin at the neck of the dress and extend all the way down to the bottom of the skirt. For the semi-negligence of a country toilet hats which are a cross between a round hat and a bonnet are worn. Knife pleatings are largely used on evening dresses; also plaitings which extend from the waist downward. Long sleeves are made tighter than before, and without trimming, the wide lines and lace cuffs taking its place. A very pretty ornament is composed of pale pink and white daisies and a golden arrow fixed to a long hair-pin. A novelty in satin-barred ribbon, barred across with velvet of a contrasting color; it is narrow and used for bows.

Items of Interest.

Headquarters—The hatter's store. Every carpenter has a plane duty before him. Carvers of their own fortunes—Butchers. The most becoming tie for young ladies—Modesty. "Printer's ink keeps the hinges of store doors loose." Leipzig is one of the leading centers of the doll making trade. There are two thousand characters in the stories of Charles Dickens. Glass grindstones are being experimented with in mills in Germany. Bracelets have been in use in every nation from its very earliest period. Pearls differ from other gems in requiring no art to bring out their beauty. "I have a bone to pick with you" came from Sicilian marriage observances. Errors, like straw upon the surface flow. He that would seek the pearl must never blow. Primitive bread was grain soaked in water, subjected to a pressure and then dried. Dumps, an Egyptian king, is responsible for "Oh, she is down in the dumps." A Russian lady is not considered well dressed unless she wears from twelve to twenty bracelets. The beer gardens outside the Paris Exposition grounds cover as much space as the Exposition buildings. What is it that has neither wings nor legs, and yet flies fast, and is not stopped by rocks, rivers or walls? The voice. Mrs. D. A. Dodd, of Humboldt, Iowa, has just given birth to her twenty-second child, a son. Among the number are seven sets of twins. Upwards of 494,391 persons were employed in English coal mines in 1877, 30,141 less than in 1876, and 1,208 or one in 400, died by an accident. It is easy to find a friend in Paris; if he isn't in any of 74,999 houses, he'll be sure in the other one, unless he is out of doors or has left the city or has not yet come. An Illinois woman has written to one of the assistant postmaster-generals to pick her out a good young man for a husband. She thought his experience with the mails would give him an advantage in the selection. The capers of a team of mules hitched to a harvesting machine, near St. Louis, saved the lives of five men who had taken shelter from a thunder storm under a tree. The mules began to kick, and the men, going to quiet them, escaped a thunderbolt that shivered the tree. A small boy was asked to give an example of earnestness. He looked bothered for a moment, but his face brightened like the dew drops glistening on the leaves of the rose in early morning as he delivered himself of the following happy thought: "When you see a boy engaged on a mince pie till his nose touches the middle plum and his ear drop on the outer crusts, you may know he has got it." USES OF ADVERSITY If none were sick and none were sad, What service could we render? I think if we were always glad We scarcely could be tender. Did our beloved never need Our patient ministration, Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed, Its sweetest consolation. If sorrow never claimed our heart, And every wish were granted, Patience would die and hope depart— Life would be disenchanted. Rain. The first water—how much it means! Seven-tenths of man himself is water. Seven-tenths of the human race rained down but yesterday! It is much more probable that Caesar will flow out of a bung hole than that any part of his remains will ever stop one. Our life is indeed a vapor, a breath, a little moisture condensed upon the pane. We carry ourselves as in a phial. Clear the flesh, and how quickly we spill out! Man begins as a fish, and he swims in a sea of vital fluids as long as his life lasts. His first food is milk; and so his last and all between. His taste and assimilate and absorb nothing but liquids. The same is true throughout all of organic nature. "This water power that makes every wheel move. Without this great solvent, there is no life. I admire immensely this line of Walt Whitman: "The slumbering and liquid trees." The tree and its fruit are like a sponge which the rains have filled. Through them and through all living bodies there goes on the commerce of vital growth, tiny vessels, fleets and succession of fleets, laden with material bound for distant shores, to build up, and repair, and restore the waste of the physical frame. Then the rain means relaxation; the tension in Nature and in all her creatures are lessened. The trees drop their leaves, or let go their ripened fruit. The tree itself will fall in a still, damp day when but yesterday it withstood a gale of wind. A moist south wind penetrates even the mind and makes its grasp less tenacious. It ought to take less to kill a man on a rainy day than on a clear. The direct support of the sun is withdrawn; life is under a cloud; a maelstrom mood gives place to something like feminine. In this sense, rain is the grief, the weeping of Nature, the tears of a burdened or agonized heart. Tears from Nature's eyelids are remedial and prepare the way for purer skies.—John Burroughs, Strider.