The Forest Republican.

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Meadow Sweets.

When I can look within thine eyes, I see the blue of summer skies. Then should thy perfect mouth unclose,

I find the small, sweet-brier rose. Thy hands to me are daisy blooms ;

The meadow pink thy breath perfumes. When in the pond the wild bird dips,

Someway I seem to touch thy lips. The golden-rod I even dare To match against thy fleece of hair.

When thou dost smile, the butterfly Hath not a lighter heart than I. Thy laughter, rare and rich, I think

To be the tuneful bobolink.

And if thy mood be sad and still, I seem to hear the whip-poor-will.

When round the tree clings close the vine, I thrill to dream thee wholly mine. The scarlet lily all aglow,

Tells of the love I may not show. Flowers, birds and grasses of the field, Their tender, hidden meaning yield.

But what are Love's own charms to me, Are only meadow sweets to thee!

A Florence Chimney.

L-IT SMORRS.

Mr. Paul Chambers yawned slightly, glauced at his watch, and sallied forth from his hotel with his usual aspect of listless indifference.

The city was Florence, the month March, blusterous and stormy, and the hotel one of those dingy edifices in a nar-row street of the commercial order to be found in all towns, and chiefly frequent-ed by travelers with a light purse. The purse of Mr. Paul Chambers was an exceedingly light one, despite the gentility of his appearance, while that list-less bearing, heightened by the melancholy of his large dark eyes, invariably inspired interest. Women glanced pensively at his head-covering in search of the weed which should designate his being a widower, and were possibly disappointed not to discover that mourning badge on his hat. Mr. Chambers was not a widower. He wore the garb of poverty easily, and yet was a bitterly disappointed man of the type that, having lost the one prize coveted in this world, suffers all others to escape his

grasp.

His watch indicated the hour of two as he emerged from the hotel. "What is the use of making calls?" he soliloquized, discontentedly, and balanced a card between his fingers.

He had been in Florence a fortnight, sufficiently a student by nature to enjoy the sojourn, rambling about church and gaffery at his own pleasure, and the card had rested in his pocket-book undisturbed. Now it troubled his conscience to the extent of occasioning a doubt as to whether he should present it at all. An old lady at Palermo had insisted on bestowing the card upon him —one of the throng of motherly creatures he was wont to meet in travel—with the injunction: "When you reach Florence, do not fail to call, and I will write about you. The young ladies are charming girls." He had weakly assented and departed. What did he care about charming girls? He was not a society man detested balls and parties. Perhaps this family would bore him with an invitation to dinner.

"Mrs. Henderson Tompkins," he read

Should be seek the address indicated, after all? How could he ever look the good old lady in the face again if he did not? A gust of wind swept around the corner, bringing a cloud of dust in his eyes-one of those treacherous gusts which lurk on the Arno, often beneath the bluest of skics-and away sailed Mr. Chambers's hat. The hat was whirled against the door of an expectant cab drawn up in the square. The owner recovered it, entered the vehicle, and gave the address of Mrs. Tompkins without

further procrastination.

Arrived at his destination, Mr. Chambers dismissed the cab, and surveyed the house he was about to enter with a faint sense of curiosity. The house was handsome and spacious; the vestibule was adorned with statues, and permitted a glimpse of garden behind through stained glass windows; opposite were squares and a new boulevard. The porter in livery popped out of a dark nook, received the card, read it, somewhat vaguely, upside down, all foreign names being alike to him, and delivered several sentences of voluble Italian, from which the visitor extracted "second piano," and began to climb the stairs. The second story proved to be untenanted, silent, and closed. Clearly he had mis-taken the porter's directions as to the apartment occupied by the Tompkins family. He retraced his steps to the first floor. There was no name on this door, but it stood open.

The tap of hammers and grating of saws were to be heard on the right, and added to the general uproar was the tumultuous tone of a piano, touched by

"The musical Miss Tompkins, founded on the 'Stuttgart method,'" shuddered Paul Chambers. "I know that she practices six hours a day, thereby driving her afflicted family mad."

The piano ceased abruptly. The voice reached Mr. Chamber's unwilling ear, and held him spellbound. It was clear vibrating, not to say piercing, in quality, and spoke the English language.

THE VOICE, "I hope you will get enough in living in apartments abroad, down the cheeks of the head mason, and my dear, without a refrigerator or so even Aunt Sophia's own spectacles were much as a gas-fixture to your name, and | dim.

all your washing carried out into the country, as if they were ashamed to be seen doing anything industrious in the

An Echo, "But, Aunt Sophia, you wished to come,"

THE VOICE (after a pause). "So I did wish to come. What of that? I did not expect to stay forever, though. Oh, these Latin races! They will always enjoy idle poverty as long as there is a festa to be kept, and we shall continue to pity them as children of the sunny south to the end of the chapter."

A silence ensued, and Mr. Chambers. with a guilty sensation, not unmingled with embarrassment, rang the bell. For reply, the hammers tapped, with saw accompaniment, the parrot clamor-ed, and the cook trolled his song, clashing dishes about,

"Confound it! I will try the bell once more, and go away," he thought.

Just then he fell over a stove-pipe, and was unexpectedly precipitated into an apartment. It represented temporary chaos; chairs and tables were huddled in corners, a stand of flowers leaned against the wall, a trowel and some mortar occupied the center of the floor. Two masons stood, with their hands on their hips, in attitudes of repose, watching the movements of a third, who, with his feet still resting on a chair, had thrust the whole upper portion of his body into a square hole cut in the wall for the purpose of investigating the chimney. The somewhat undignified advent of Mr. Chambers over the recumbent stove-pipe did not surprise the masons in the least. His visit was clearly none of their affair; but he succeeded in eliciting from them that the signora was to be found further on, before the man up the chimney concluded

The situation was becoming ludicrous, Mr. Chambers smiled somewhat grimly, and crossed an antercom toward the Voice, prepared to bow profoundly on

the next threshold. THE VOICE. "This Agatina is a clever reetur, and does not understand one word I utter. What is she laughing at now, I wonder? Look, Agatina, this picture is a horse.

Here was the owner of the Voice at last. She was an elderly lady, wearing spectacles, and at the present moment her costume consisted of a Balmoral petticoat, a linen sacque, and a white night-cap placed over her gray curls, somewhat askew, to protect them from the mortar dust in the dining-room,

"Ahem! I have called, madam"— began Mr. Chambers, hat in hand, and

"Eh? Gracious! who is that?" she xclaimed, and fled.

Mr. Chambers put his hat firmly on his head, found his way back to the corridor, and was about to stalk away through the still open main door, when a circumstance occurred which not only altered his intention, but the course of

his whole subsequent life. A door further along the passage was suddenly burst open, a stifled feminine scream reached his ears, and a volume of smoke poured forth into the corridor. Good Heavens! was the house on fire? He rushed to the spot, and found himself in a large salon, already rendered densely opaque by smoke, and as he did so, a woman, young and fair, despite the obscurity of that atmosphere, com-ing toward him, paused, recoiled, then held out both hands in glad recognition. " Paul !" she said, in a low, tremulous

" Anne !" There they stood, with hands clasped, gazing at each other, the smoke wreaths gathering and billowing about them.

H .-- IT REKINDLES AN OLD FLAME. The man and woman thus brought unexpectedly face to face continued to look into each other's eyes in silence for a space of time which seemed long, so fraught was it with deep emotion, but which in reality was scarcely a moment's duration. A wave of color swept over the sensitive, mobile features of Paul Chambers, and was reflected in those of his companion, succeeded by pallor in siding over the pretty table, with its both, only while her lips trembled, he flowers and fruits and silver, in her robes

compressed his own firmly.
"Why are you here?" he finally de-

manded harshly.
"I have lived in Florence during the past year," she replied, with forced composure, tears suffusing her eyes.

Another question rose to his lips; he checked it, and released her hands. She uttered a little sob, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

Paul Chambers became aware that the chimney was belching forth smoke, that the masons stood in a group in the door, with Agatina, and the cook, in his white cap, skirmishing in the rear; and that Aunt Sophia, owner of the Voice, was advancing to the front, hastily adjusting a cashmere robe, and a lace cap on her

"What are we to do now?" she exclaimed in accents of despair, and was answered by a choros of sneezes and

coughs from the assembled company.
"Open the window," suggested Paul Chambers, promptly, and himself threw wide the casement.

"To be sure," assented Aunt Sophia, in admiration and astonishment, really like to meet a man who knows what he is about. Anne, is the gentle-man a friend of yours—eh? Pray intro-a triffe pale and listless, perhaps, and duce me, my dear.'

Anne removed her handkerehief from her tear-stained face, and murmured some formula of introduction.

Nobody noticed her tears, for the reason that all were weeping, Tears trickled

as he had never anticipated it could throb again, in the great shock of a meeting for which he had longed and equally dreaded, paused like one in a dream. If the whole group gathered in this smoke-laden room should suddenly vanish before his eyes, he need scarcely be astonished, but treat them as a phantasy of the brain He had said to him-self repeatedly during the past five years, "If she came to me once before I die, and allowed me to look in her eyes without speaking, I should be satisfied." Here was an unexpected and even start-

"Oh, the trouble that chimney has given us! We had better give it up, and freeze." Thus spake Aunt Sophia, in smoke-stifled accents, and the Voice, sharp, metallic, and practical, acted on Paul Chamber's lethargy as a douche bath revives a somnambulist. He recollected not only himself, but that the at-tention of Aunt Sophia and the gaping menials must be diverted from Annie's evident distress, even if up a chimney. He removed his gloves, stepped forth valiantly, and became leader in the battle against smoke.

"This fire-place was never built to be used," he said, removing, the velvet hangings. "The space below is too shallow for a lucifer-match to burn

well." Aunt Sophia glanced at Anne triumphantly, and nodded her head. Paul Chambers, with his own hands, began to chisel out the back of the fire-place, recklessly enlarging the space. padrone-a gentlemanly person, addicted to cigarettes and embroidered smoking-caps-would never have descended to thus mending the chimney's evil ways, nor would the porter in livery below-stairs have done other than point to the four winds for remedy. Aunt Sophia simply exulted in him, and the blacker his fingers became, the more highly did she respect his efficiency. Anne had vanished.

In half an hour the chimney's mouth was enlarged past recognition; in an hour Mr. Chambers applied a match to an artistic structure of pine cones, twigs, and sticks, and the flames leaped up merrily. The chimney having found, acknowledged its master. Where was Anne? She did not return, and Mr. Chambers received Aunt Sophia's cor-Chambers received Aunt Sophia's cor-dual invitation to dinner somewhat

"We shall expect you at six o'clock," said the good lady, beaming with satisfaction. "We will blow out all the smoke before you return.'

"I suppose I must meet Anne's hus-band, then," meditated Mr. Chambers, as he walked away. "Why could not he mend the chimney?"

At six o'clock a most radiant little lady received Paul Chambers, and accepted graciously the bouquet of roses he brought. "You used to like roses," he said,

looking at her dreamily.

She was the Anne of old, with added charms, such as an intercourse with the world imparts. The softly rounded outline of her face remained unchanged, was still youthful and serene, but she carried her head with more dignity, and there was a certain latent pride in the blue eyes unlike the saucy sparkle of girlhood. Valuable jewels flashed on her fingers. He noted these details with a jealous pang, which he was too proud to betray.

"I trust that I am to have the pleasure of being presented to your husband this evening," he said, coldly.

She gave him a wild glance, and the

blood rushed to her brow. Aunt Sophia, in a fresh cap with lavender bows, had to come to the rescue, and tapped him on the arm warningly,
"Hush! Did you not know? Anne

has been a widow for two years, and a better husband than the judge never lived," she whispered, as they went in to dinner.

It would be impossible to describe Mr. Chamber's emotions while he ate his soup, these words ringing in his ears. Anne a widow! Why had he not known the truth before? Who was to inform him? He looked severely at her preflowers and fruits and silver, in her robes of pink and gray. These were her widow's weeds, then! Anne looked back at him with a warning flash of defiance or indignation in her beautiful

"She is right," he thought, with a sigh of deep despondency.

Aunt Sophia was delighted with him. because he proved such an excellent listener. She had seldom met a more interesting man, she afterward affirmed, although he had scarcely opened his lips. When the meal was concluded she was quite hoarse, and discreetly withdrew to a comfortable arm-chair, the Persian cat on her knee, while Anne and Paul Chamthe twilight deepen over the city.

Aunt Sophia, with the philosophy peculiar to middle age and a good digestion, after dinner, fell into reverie. Her page in the great volume of experience read thus:

Her nephew, the mature and wealthy Judge Moore, had fallen in love with a mere school-girl, Anne Horton, and married her for his second wife. Aunt Bophia was not surprised; the extraordinary ways of men never surprised a trifle pale and listless, perhaps, and willing that Aunt Sophia should manage the household in that old-fashioned homestead of the country town, famous lofty position unexpectedly assigned by for its hospitality and the historical strangers, and been charmed by the novcharacters once sheltered beneath its elty of travel. Paul Chambers's leaf was roof. The school-girl Anne had made dark. He was not a martyr, weary of

out behind those fat gray horses in the family carriage, slow and ponderous, if reliable, like the judge himself. Pessibly Aunt Sophia, by guarding her nephew from these ambitious ones in slighting their invitation to tea, was un-prepared for his being taken captive by a slim maiden in a straw bonnet, who showed a marked aversion to looking at him. The secret of Anne's subtle influence over her husband remained an unsolved riddle to Aunt Sophia, Sitting in a Florence saloon after dinner, with a Persian cat on her knee, she recalled another scene intimately connected with her own transplantation. The awful day when Judge Moore had been brought home from the court-house, smitten with the apoplexy on the bench, had passed with the summer heat. Now late autumn had succeeded, the sombre skies promising snow, and the woods, sere and brown, carpeted with fallen will find husbands in their summer leaves. Apart Sophic bear and succeeded, the sombre munings, briskly. "It is time for a cup of tea. I hope those Tompkins girls will find husbands in their summer leaves. Aunt Sophia had caught the pretty widow seated before a mirror, and accepted it as a good omen. The face reflected in the mirror was pale with much weeping and painful thought, yet dimples lurked in the fair cheek and rounded chin. The lines of woe were rendered more prominent by a widow's cap and the sable garments in keeping with the silence of the old house, standthe seclusion of a garden. The public glanced through a window, had been surprised by the overwhelm- "What are you doing?" ing grief of Anne Moore at the death of her husband. To be sure, the bar and the country had sustained an irreparable loss in his demise, according to the obituary notices in the county papers, yet everybody knew that Anne had only married him for his money. The town was not to be cheated on this point. Well, she had obtained her end, and there was no use in crying her eyes ont, since the judge was ripe in years, after all, and had left her all his worldly possessions. Deaf to this advice, the widow shut herself up in the old house, and pined with a grief too sincere to admit of incredulity. The key to this sorrow was remorse. She had not loved her husband, and had married him as the only avenue leading to independ-

Aunt Sophia had said, behind the mirror: "My dear, the new minister has

"Ah!" was the apathetic rejoiner.
"Yes, and I wish you would try to interest yourself in the fair for the town hall fund."

"Oh, aunt, I can not!" and the widow had begun to sob, the human instrument being so sadly out of tune. The older woman had folded her hands, and said, decisively: "Anne,

you must go away. "Where?" with a faint gleam of curi-

"To Europe, perhaps," And Aunt Sophia studied maps with a zeal after-

She had achieved every thing, and might be permitted to repose now in an arm-chair, with a Persian cat on her

The couple in the window also turned their leaves of experience in the silence which had succeeded a rush of words, the cold constraint of mutual misunderstanding, and this stillness melted the barrier of estrangement far more effectually than explanation. Anne's leaf was a closed page to excellent Aunt Sophia; in turn that of Paul Chambers had been by her unread all these years. Anne beheld in a dream her own youth again. There was the young ladies seminary, presided over by Miss Crimp with prim gentility—a structure whose very walls vibrated with the jangle of many pianos. Who so affable to parents and guardians as Miss Crimp, and who so tyrannical to young Anne, assistant teacher, homeless and friendless, gaining her own education at odd moments? Those were dreary days in the tread-mill. Paul Chambers had made all the sunshine. He was the drawing-master, with slender purse; yet when the roses bloomed there were always fresh buds for Anne's brown bair. Judge Moore, portly, dignified, and rich, was observed to study attentively the seminary pews in church, Miss Crimp bridled complacently, and Paul Chambers suddenly departed. Then the judge astounded his world by making Anne an offer of marriage. How acrimonious had Miss Crimp then become! fairly driving her young teacher to the protection of this elderly suitor. Why had Paul deserted her? What became of him? She had no longer a right to ask these questions. Aunt Sophia's proposition of foreign travel had proved a happy one. The advent of the pale young widow in the capitals frequented by Americans was a marked event. One faction did not believe she was rich, pronounced her to be entirely devoid of style, and detected in her every bers occupied the window, and watched look the indications that this journey was a campaign in search of a husband, The opposition, in sheer perversity, discovered that the late Judge Moore had served his country with brilliant renown, and left an immense fortune. Such honors were heaped upon his memory that he would not have recognized himself. At Paris he was pronounced a senator, at Dresden a rich mill owner, at Nice a member of the legislature, and at Geneva, minister to Spain in 18 -- .

Oh, wise Aunt Sophia, foreseeing that youth and health would assert sway, if once the mourner could be lured into the busy world! Anne, blooming and gay, had accepted with ready tact the a very great match, and was the envy of all the country round, where ambition lurked in the feminine breast to was lonely and miserable. His years 30,000 cattle, and four men-of-war.

Paul Chambers, with heart throbbing handle the old china of the grand pan-is he had never anticipated it could try, locked most of the year, and drive to win bread. He did not imagine himself born to any heroic and lofty fate; he had saved Anne from sharing his own bitter poverty by going away. That was all. From the moment of sacrifice, when he had renounced his love that she might marry the rich judge, he had

> "Paul, I believed you had utterly forgotten me, and at the moment of my greatest need," said Anne, in the window. How the tender voice vibrated on the chords of memory! How familiar was the fair face in the waning light!

> fallen a prey to poignant regret. He

who looks back suffers the golden sands

of the present to slip through a nerve-

"Oh, Anne, if I could believe that you needed me still !" he whispered, his fingers closing over her warm soft hand, Aunt Sophia interposed on soul-comcampaign. They have jaunted to Vienna already, and you might as well try to follow a comet.

When summer again dawned, the old Moore homestead wore its most cheerful aspect. Children were abroad in the fields berrying, and the cattle wended their way soberly along the village street beneath the elms. Paul Chambers kneeled on the moss of the garden, ing remote from the village street in studying some object. Aunt Sophia

"What are you doing?" at length de-

manded feminine curiosity. "I am considering the ways of ants," he replied. "What wonderful fellows they are! Depend upon it, we make a profound mistake in ever traveling beyond our own gardens, where we meet the best foreign society. The day-lily of Portugal bids you good morning, madam, the heliotrope from Peru is your scent-bottle, while all about the mystery of life goes on-seeds floating through the air, buoyed up by downy umbrellas, and bees carrying love messages to the flow-

ers,"
"Suppose you come in to breakfast,"
said Aunt Sophia,

Summer had entered the dark diningroom, with its quaint furniture and plate. At the table sat Anne, widow no onger, in crisp pink muslin, resembling her favorite roses. Judge Moore's portrait, entwined in ivy, hung on the wall.

Fashion Notes.

Many of the new dresses are made enirely without linings. Checked cotton braids are used for

rimming linen dresses. The military jacket is one of the latest styles for young ladies.

Ladies in mourning wear black lace mitts with a cuff of crape,

Velvet overskirts, with polonaises o delicate fabrics, are largely worn. Wide belts embroidered in gay colors,

like those worn a generation ago, are now fashionably used with black silk or grenadine dresses, Lisle thread stockings are growing in

favor on account of the perfection of their fit. They come in all the desirable shades, and are very durable. The coolest and most desirable tie for ladies is the sheer-lawn tie, which has

the ends handsomely embroidered in colors. These ties wash to look as well

Bonnets grow smaller, and the capes on them grow larger. Some of the re-cent importations in the capote shape have large capes made of foundation covered with shirred silk or gathered lace

A favorite style of dress for young girls is the "blouse" polonaise. It is made loose to the figure, is held in by a belt and is sometimes fitted in front with two darts. Thin materials make up very well in this way. The fronts of this style of dress are sometimes left open all the way down and a puffed front inserted. They have small mantillas added for street wear. Many pretty effects are given to the simplest dresses by the present taste for embroidery. A princesse dress for a young girl, of dark blue linen, has a front or plastion of light blue zephyr, embroidered in dark shades. The flounce and ruffles are also embroidered.

Montenegro in the Late War.

What a plucky little State may do against apparently overwhelming odds in a country adapted for defense is shown in the summing up by the Deutsche Heeres-Zeitung, of the great part played by the little State of Montenegro in the recent war. Her campaign began on July 1st, 1876, and ended February 1st, 1878. Thirty thousand Montenegrins, Herzegovinians and Albanians fought against 250,000 Turks. The Montenegrins were victors in twelve battles, ten actions, seventeen larger and thirty-two smaller encounters. In two smaller fights (at Bishina and Anamaliti) they were beaten, while in two others (at Goransko and Nozdren) they had to retire before overwhelming numbers. The Montenegrins took twenty-five field and mountain guns, 107 siege guns, an army standard, a ship's flag, sixteen flags of fortresses, 112 battalion colors, 2,200 horses, 52,000 rifles and 10,671 prisoners. They captured three large and twelve smaller fortresses, eighteen forts, thirty-nine kules and block-houses, and ten redoubts. This brilliant result was obtained with a loss of 2,955 dead and 6,495 wounded. The Turks lost in the Montenegrin campaign, besides the 10,671 prisoners mentioned, 38,660 dead, 42,440 wounded, and about 56,000 victims to disease, deserters and missing, as well as 6,600 horses and mules,

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TIMELY TOPICS.

Artificial ice factories are successfully running In several Southern cities.

All the members of the family of Nobeling, who tried to kill the German emperor, have changed their name to

It is estimated that the number of settlements on public lands this year will be nearly double those of last year. The land office at Washington is hard at work in consequence of the increase.

A regular system of kidnapping the Chinese and sending them as laborers on the haciendas (plantations) in the northern part of Peru has been discovered in Callao. The government has begun earnestly to correct and reform the labor system, and make the condition of the Chinese laborers more tolera-

Do hens eat live bees? A Los Angelos (Cal.) agriculturist seems to throw some light on this mooted question. He says that having often caught his poultry in the flagrant act-standing in front of the hives and taking the busy insects as they pass in and out—be finally dispatched one and found in her crop 180

The territory which Turkey loses by the Treaty of Berlin is roughly estimated by the London Daily News at seventy-one thousand five hundred square miles, or more than the whole area of England and Wales. The loss in population amounts to more than three and a half millions, or somewhat more than the entire population of London.

The conundrum about the pins is well enough, but who breaks all the needles? A single factory in Redditch, England, turns out between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 of them each week, or about 350,000,000 a year, which is equal to one-third the population of the globe. With all the factories in the world going, who breaks these billions of needles?

Patagonia is a very attractive country. Its climate is of the coldest, its men are of the tallest, and its women of the ugliest specimens of the human race, Its est specimens of the human race. Its mice are likewise gigantic, and the natives display an ineradicable disposition to tell lies. This delightful country is destined to become very important in consequence of the recent discovery of gold therein. From the Cordilleras to the Atlantic from the Santa Cordilleras to the Atlantic, from the Santa Cruz to Terra del Fuego, the country teems with gold.

A simple method, but one not generally known, of discriminating between merse the specimen in water. If a gen-uine diamond, it will sparkle with almost undiminished light and brilliancy of color; but if it be spurious, whether paste or rock crystal, the "fire" of the gem will be completely quenched Another simple test is to draw a small steel file across the stone. If real, the stone will not be hurt; if imitation, it will be badly marred.

A young Chinese princess, wife of the ambassador of the empire to Londo and Paris, attracted much attention a the Paris Exposition lately, as she preceded from one section to anothe drawn in a bath chair, and in a magnif cent costume of her country. She wholly unacquainted with either t French or English language, and accompanied by Mrs. Hart, wife of commissioner-general of China, who plained to her the curiosities of the position. The princess was interested all she saw, her pleasure partaking the child-like delight attending the first sight of so many marvels,

Bishop Whittaker, of Virginia City has been giving the Nevada newspape some queer stories of his experien in a recent tour through the towns Tybo and Ward, Nev. At Tybo could get no building to preach in but gambling-house, and in response to the Litany, instead of "Amen," an exoit listener, with his pants in his boot cried "Keno." At Ward, a horse ras had been announced for the afternoon but at the bishop's earnest request the racing was postponed till the religious services were over. The whole congre gation went from the church to the rece track as soon as the sermon was finished

What the traveler in France must e pect in the way of charges is told by Paris correspondent, who says: Ever thing a Frenchman does he expects pr for; even as low as half a cent is grate fully received, larger sums in propor tion. You pay for everything you get your coffee, sugar, milk, all separate Every item is spread out with the most minute care, and when it is time to pe your bill you wonder at the string, as figures can't lie, of course you hand over. Order a lemonade, wine, any drink-the French drink everyth hot, an American can't, Well, you of ice. In your bill will be three ite First, your glass; second, your dr third, your ice. Wonder that they d charge rent while you stand in house. You are tired, wish to yourself, and enter a park and sit do A woman comes around with a punch and a slip of paper, and un you give her six centimes (two cents) she hands you over to the tender me cies of the police as a swindler and fraud. I am not exaggerating a There is no gas in bedrooms, an charge you for your candle beside rent of your room.