# The Forest Republican.

VOL. XI. NO. 23.

TIONESTA, PA., AUGUST 28, 1878.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

### Gransir.

A grand old man, Built after the olden plan; A muscular body, a massive head, A man to value the longer he lives, A man to remember when dead. I wish you might see him Sit back at his case (Awake or asleep; as you please), While he whiffs and he whews And I read him the news.

"Who's killed to-day?" He asks in his ancient way; "And what have they stolen this time, my lad The rascals they thrive like 'pusley' in peas-Bad works, boy, bad-very bad !" Then for that ludicous perch of the eye While the pipe gets a slide To the other side, Where he puffs and poohs, Keeping up with the nows. A charactur!

When he begins, 'I tell ye sir,"-'Tis worth a whole book of your modern talk Then the silence after his 'say"-The solemn shuffle of his walk And tamping of his cane. You may put down When you see that frown, And the dim gray lights unusually clever, He's alout to settle some subject forever.

From his head to his feet, Luide and out so made to keep! There's no one feature before the rest; He makes you laugh and he makes you weep, He stops the bole in your soul; He softens the tough And levels the rough, As be snoozes and smokes And preaches and jokes. His children and wife

Have gone to the better life, And not a companion is left; But he says: "They've only the start-that's

And you never would think him bereft. He wears the calmest face on the farm, And with a genuine stamp of joy Often declares he's "young as a boy!" Still he smiles and he smokes Between sermons and jokes.

A grand old man, Built after the olden plan; A mu cular body, a massive head, A man to value the longer he lives, A man to remember when dead. Years yet may he limber his cricks. This peorless old son of the past! And may I be the last While he wh ffs and whews, To listen or read him the news!

-Sunday Afternoon.

# A LITTLE BROWN DOG.

He was a poor little fellow, errand boy in the large grocery of Rice, Cloves & Co. (I don't mean the brown dog, but Harry Jacklow), and he carned just two dollars a week.

Sixty cents of this went for car farehe lived so far from the store that he was obliged to ride to and from it-and the rest to his mother, who, with that and the eight dollars a week she received from the cloak factory where she worked, supported herself, her children-Harry, twelve years of age, Eddie, seven, and Jennie, two-and Mr. Jacklow.

Mr. Jacklow was her husband, and the less said about him the better. I'll merely state that he could sit in a rocking-chair and smoke and think longer than any man I ever knew.

But besides this two dollars a week. Harry, who was a bright-eyed, willing, whistling young chap, sometimes got a two or five cent piece, or, more rarely, a dime, fr m his employers' customers when, the grocers' wagons being overloaded or the customers in a great hurry, he carried home their purchases for them. And it was this money he had been saving ever since the 1st of January, for the purpose of having a good time on the next holiday.

On Christmas day they had a real nice time at his house. His "boss" had given him two dollars, and the superintendent of the place where his mother worked had given her one, and somebody (they had never found out who) had sent them a large turkey, and the dressmaker down stairs had put a box of tools in Eddie's stocking-dear mel what am I saying? she couldn't have done that; I meant to say sly 'and given Ned a box of tools, and Jenr doll, in the name of Santa Claus—and Harry had presented his mamma with a new coffee-pot, and his mamma presented him with a woolen comforter and a pair of woolen gloves, and Mr. Jacklow had bought himself a new pipe; and when Harry saw how happy they all were, he quickly made up his mind to give them a party on the very next holiday, which

would be the Fourth of July. It was the 3d of July when my story commences, and Harry had kept his resolution of saving every penny outside of his wages. He had had to pass many a heap of rosy apples without giancing at them, run away from many peanut stands, force himself not to look into the tempting windows of the candy stores, and go by on the other side when stores, and go by on the other side when like he was in some trouble, and I run to come out of the very top of his little he knew himself near a well-known out, and two awful men had him in a brown head. bakery, to do so; but he had done so,

and now his reward was near. The house in which he lived was an old-fashioned one in an up-town street. A quarter of a century ago it had been a small farm-house surrounded by meadows, but now it had a large tenement bouse on each side, and a whole row of brick buildings in front of it. But one splendid old oak tree still stood before and do you think they'll open it soon? the door—"Bully to tack pin-wheels on," said Harry to himself, and there do open it?" asked Harry.

was any number of children around to cry "Oh!" and "Ah!" as the fire-works went off. I have always noticed that when a boy is setting off fire-works, the more ah-ing and oh-ing there is, the brighter the fire-works look to that boy. Well, Harry had laid out the supper in his mind as follows: ice cream, a whole quart, twelve cent sponge cake, five sticks of molasses candy, pitcher of lemonade, apple pie, half a pound of cheese and some baked potatoes—Mr. Jacklow liked baked potatoes. And he meant to get his mother and the rest of them out of the room (send them down to visit the dress-maker, who at the last moment was to be let into the secret), set the table himself, and theu, when all was ready, call them up again. Wouldn't it be fun to look at their faces when they saw the ice cream, and the sponge cake, and the molasses candy, and the lemonade and the apple pie, and the cheese, and the baked potatoes! It would be almost as good as the circus. Harry had been there once, and had never forgotten how delightful it was. And then after the supper was over, and they thought the entertainment at an end, wouldn't it be fun again to see their faces when he invited them down on the front stoop to see the pyrotech-

nic (look in your dictionaries) display!
So Harry had been saving, and saving, and saving, until he found himself on the evening of the 3rd of July with one dollar and eighty-two cents in his right-hand trousers pocket. Times had been hard, very hard, since the new year began, and people had looked very sharply after their small change, or it is likely be would been being the state of the likely he would have had double that amount. "But," he said to himself, "a dollar will get the feast, and the rest will but at least a dozen nice fire-

He got home from the store that evening too late and too tired to go out for the things he wanted, but the next morning he was up before the sun rose —and the sun rises pretty early during the summer months—and dressed and out in the street as the first sunbeams told the eastern sky morning had come. The streets were almost deserted, and no dre crackers or pistol-shots yet broke the ilence. But before he had walked a block some cannons boomed in the distance, and a peal of bells nearer by be-can ringing "Yankee Doodle" very nerrily. Whistling, and jingling the coins in his pockets in tune and time with the music of the bells, and wishing the stores where he meant to buy the the bread in her hand (an uncommon naterials for his party would open, he auntered slowly along until he reached butter); "eat that." the dog pound—a place where all stray logs are taken in hot weather and kept a day or two, so that their owners may, if they choose, seek and reclaim them. If ers set off, and all the bells began ring-found to be friendless at the end of that ing. And Harry looked at the ice-cream time, the poor things are put in a large stand, which the owner-a jolly-faced tank prepared for that purpose, and old woman, who had just arrived with a

Harry heard the imprisoned dogs barking and yelping; and stopping a moment to listen to them with a pitying look on his face—for, like all kind-hearted boys, he dearly loved animals he saw, sitting upon the door-step, a very pretty little girl. She wore a failed calico dress and a blue checked gingham apron; the apron she held gathered up in her hand, as though it held something of value, and her head and feet were bare. Her large eyes were of a soft brown, and her hair, of the same color, hung in straggling curls about her face. There wasn't another creature, man, women or child, with the exception of a milk man on the next block, in sight, and Harry looked at her with surprise. At last he said, with a smile, "I thought I got up early, but you must have got up much earlier than I did."

"I've been bere all night," said the child, in a sweet, patient voice.
"Here all night!" repeated Harry, with a long whistle, "Good gracious !

what 'd you do that for ?" "'Cause I want to go in the very min-ute the door opens. My Prince"—with a sob-" is in there."

"Your dog?" asked Harry.
"Yes. He's the dearest little brown dog in all the world, and I love him best of every thing 'cept granny, and I love him just the same as her when she

scolds, and my mamma brought him home one day just before she went to heaven, and I've had him ever since, and he's the best dog that ever lived, and never did anything wrong in his life cept once, when he stole a piece of boiled corned beef somebody 'd set out in the back arey to cool, and he wouldn't have done that 'cept he knew how hungry granny and me was;" and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh! I'm so sorry! Don't cry," said Harry. "Here, take my handkerchief

and wipe your eyes." "They'll kill him," commenced the child again, "if I can't coax them to let him out, and I don't want him to go to heaven that way. I'd rather we'd both go together; and he could run on in front, and then mamma 'd say, 'Why, here's Prince-Nellie must be coming. "Are you sure he's in there?" asked

"Oh yes. He was playing by our door yesterday afternoon, 'most night, and I as poking chips in the stove to make the kettle boil, and I heard him calling cart, and Jimmy O'Neil said they was going to take him to the pound. So I run after the cart without putting my hat on, and soon it went so fast I couldn't see it, and then I asked every body where the pound was, I 'membered the name by thinking of a pound of brown sugar; and at last I got here, and it was shut up, and so I staid here all night;

"But he won't give Prince back unless you pay two dollars," said Harry. "I haven't any money—not a cent, said the child; "but I've brought these," rising and holdin ther spron, which held a tiny chin | 1, a headless cat of the same material, a string of glass beads, two pink motto papers, and a round white shell. "These were all give to me Christmas," she said; "and I've ished his breakfast and his story at the to me Christmas," she said; "and I've kept them good, all 'cept the cat, and her head's in my pocket, and he can stick it on somehow, and the candies out of the mottoes-I ate one and gave the other to granny-and the man may have

"I'm afraid he won't take them," said

them every one if he will let poor Princey

"I'm afraid he won't take them,
Harry, shaking his head.
"He won't? Oh, dear! what shall I do?" cried the child. "My dear little dog! my dear, dear little dog!"
"Don't! don't!" begged Harry, the tears starting in his own eyes. "You shall have Prince. I have a dollar and eighty-two cents, and I'll borrow the other eighteen cents from my mother."

The little girl's face lit up with joy; she thrust the toys into his hands. "Take them, you good, good boy!" she said, "and I'll tell my mamma about you

when I say my prayers to-night."

Harry put them back in her apron.
"You keep them till I come back," he said: "I won't be gone but a little while;" and away he ran to his home.
There he found his mother making the fire, and his father smelling the coffee she had measured out ready for heiling. she had measured out ready for boiling.
"Mother," said he, "will you lend me

eighteen cents?"
"I intended to give you ten," she said,
"for your Fourth of July. But why do
you want it so early in the morning?" "Please, mammy," coaxed Harry, "make it eighteen, and I'll pay it back

to you soon; and may I have a slice of

bread and butter for a poor little girl? I'll tell you all about it by-and-by?" "I can't make it eighteen," said his mother; "I haven't another cent, Take the ten if you want it. It's in my pocket-book in the top bureau drawer, and the bread's on the table. Don't bother me any more—I'm in a hurry."

Harry helped himself, and then he ran away to where Nellie patiently awaited him, a smile of perfect trust

By this time there was a number of people in the street, and pistols were being fired and torpedoes and fire-crackbag and a basket of fruit, cakes and candy-was preparing for the day, and at an early rocket that was going up in the sky; and he thought of the long time he had been saving the money, and of the intended supper, and the fire-works and the tenement-house children oh-ing and ah-ing; and then, the door of the pound being opened, he took Nellie by the hand and marched in.

"Is there a little brown dog here?" "Named Prince?" said Nellie, her lovs making her bold-"a dear little

" Ha! ha!" laughed the man; "that's good. Why, there's fifty brown dogs here, and all of 'em 'dear,' I think. Two dollars apiece. Dy you want to

"Yes, sir," said Herry "if you'll take a dollar and ninety-two cents-all I

At this moment, a tall, dark, odd-looking gentleman came into the doorway and stood just behind the children. "Can't do it," said the man, "it's against the law to take less than two

Nellie began to sob again, and the tall gentleman came forward. Your dog?" he asked Harry. No, Sir; hers," replied the boy.

"Your sister?" was the next question. "No, Sir. I never saw her still this morning. I came out to buy some things for a Fourth-of-July party, and I took a walk down this way 'cause the shops wasn't open, and I found her sitting on the door-step, and she'd been sitting there all night."

"All night!" repeated the gentleman, just as Harry had done, only without the whistle. "Tell me all about it." And he looked so kind and good that Harry did tell' him all about it. And when the story was finished, the gentleman said to the man at the door, "You'd better take the money Lewis. But wait

we'll see if Prince is really here.' And led by their new friend, the children went in. There were dogs of all kinds there, all shapes, all sizes, all colors that dogs could be—yelping,

barking, growling, and moaning.

Nellie looked eagerly around, and shouted "Prince!" as loud as she could shout, but could scarcely hear herself, so great was the noise. But a little brown dog, whose ears must have been much sharper than hers, sprang for-ward with a cry of delight that seemed brown head.

"It's Prince! it's Prince!" cried Nellie. clapping her hands in delight; and the next moment he was in her arms, coreving her face with dog kisses.

Harry marched out, handing the doorman the money as he passed. The tall gentleman followed with the little girl and her dog; and when they were all in the street once more, he stooped and which was hanging half way out, into men.

"Go in and beg the dog man to give Prince back. He's such a little dog lose that if you're not careful my boy." Then he kissed both children and Then he kissed both children and went into the pound again. And Nellie threw her arms around Harry's neck and gave him a good hug, and told him she

should love him forever, and made him promise to come and see her and Prince; and they parted.
"And that's the end of our Fourth-ofsame time.

"You're a good boy, and did just right," said all the Jacklow family, with the exception of Mr. Jacklow, who remarked mildly that "that dollar and ninety-two cents would have kept him in tobacco a long while.

And baby Jennie came and gave her big brother a sweet kiss-in fact, a very sweet kiss, for some of the sirup which she had been eating on her bread and butter went with it; and as she toddled away, Harry pulled out his handkerchief jo wipe his Liouth. It came out with a terk, and four bright new silver half dollars came with it, and falling on the floor with a pleasant sound, rolled away toward the corners as fast as they could. But they were pounced upon before they had rolled a foot.

"The tall gentleman!" said Harry.

"God bless him!" said his mother.

"Three cheers for our side !" shouted Eddie, and proceeded to give them. "I wish I had the morning paper,"

said Mr. Jacklow. And there was a party, after all, and besides the family there were three other guests—an old woman, a small girl, and a little brown dog.—Harper's

### Fool Dog's Record, A correspondent visiting the Sioux at

Standing Rock, Dakota, says: "I visited, in his tepee, Shunkawi-tko, or Fool Dog, a Yanktonnais whose credentials as a fast friend of the whites date back to the Sully expeditions, on the first of which he was a most useful scout and a trusty adviser of the commanding officer. Gen. Sully, under date of July 27, 1863, writes of him that he was one of the two friendly Indians who went to the camp of the Minnesota Sioux, ransomed a white woman and her children, captives, and brought them safely to Fort Pierre. Col. Stanley, commanding the twenty-second infantry, in April, 1869, wrote out Fool Dog's record, in which it is written that he saved the life of a halfbreed captive; that he went to the Santee camp, ransomed a little girl captured by them and brought her safely to a military post; that when acting as guide for Gen. Sully on the first expedition he others; that he was in several skirmishes on the second expedition and on one occasion killed two Indians, one of whom proved to be his own brother, whom he had killed, unknowing at whom his gun was aimed; that on another occasion he went into a tepee where three hostile emissaries were endeavoring to incite the friendly Sioux against the whites, arrested two of the three, tied them, took them to Fort Rice and there killed them; that when Fort Rice was attacked he rendered good service in its defense: that he guided to Devil's Lake the expedition which established a post there and that finally he became a faithful mail carrier. Among his testimonials I saw one to which the names of Generals Sanborn and Terry were attached. To call an Indian of this country dog is to apply to him the most insulting term of contempt. To call him a fool is only a little less than an enormity. How this Indian came to be known as Fool Dog I could not learn, but I was informed that he was unpopular among his own people and could muster only a small following, although he was long ago recognized as a chief. But he enjoys the favor of all whites who learn his story, and, besides his annuity and other agency allowances, under an order issued by Gen. Sully in 1863, he receives double soldier's rations (for himself and squaw) from the army quartermaster department, and has the privilege of residing at or near a military But when I visited him his rations for the month were about expended, and the family were eating boiled corn for their only dinner dish.

# Words of Wisdom,

No person is either so happy or so unhappy as he imagines. Flattery is like base coin ; it impover-

ishes him who receives it. A man displeased with the world is never satisfied with himself. Let us search ourselves in the first place, and afterwards the world.

Don't tell unlikely and silly stories, even if you know them to be true. Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are seasoned.

Those who are honest "as the best policy," are halfway to being rogues. We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we want. If you must speak upon a difficult

point, be the last speaker, if you can. Let our lives be as pure as snow fields, where our footsteps leave a mark but

The best portion of a good man's life his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. A man of intellect is lost unless he

unites energy of character to intellect. When we have the lantern of Diogenes we must have his staff.

Great, ever fruitful, profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building patted Prince on the head, at the same up in manful purposes and works, are time tucking Harry's handkerchief, the words of those that in their day were and a much prettier collection than can

TIMELY TOPICS.

Seventy thousand women live in cana boats in England and Wales.

Laura Hartley of St. Louis died in convulsions on learning that her lover was a counterfeiter.

Mrs. Maggie Fitzgerald, a young bride of three days, fell five stories from the roof of a New York tenement house and was dashed to pieces.

New York city has a club called the "Full-bearded Company," consisting of forty members with beards ranging in length from two feet to four feet six

During a hailstorm at Pakraez, Slavonia, which lasted four hours, one person was killed, twenty-three were fatally and 150 slightly injured. Above 400 head of cattle were killed. The harvest was destroyed, the fruit trees were broken, and even large oak and fir trees were uprooted. Among the hail-stones weighed by the authorities were some of six kilogrammes apiece, say 13;

California has a Portuguese popula tion of 12,000, industrious, peaceable, hardly ever in the courts, civil or criminal, and the most temperate class in the State. They earn their livelihood by agriculture, stock raising, dairying, gardening, mining, and whaling. There are nine whaling companies on the coast of California companies are nine whaling companies. of California, composed entirely of Portuguese. The average annual yield of their labor is 128,000 gallons of oil.

A great invasion of kangaroos recently occurred in various settled parts of Australia, especially Queensland, the animals being, no doubt, driven from the interior by the description of the control of interior by the drought and its effect in search of food. They came in thousands, devouring everything in the shape of herbs or grain, so that the sheep and cattle were often reduced to dry leaves for fodder. The colonists promptly met the attack, in some cases driving the kangaroos into an enclosure and shooting them. In the battle more than 4,000 kangaroos were killed in four

The Pungolo of Milan, July 12, reports that at the town of Monzambano a letachment of carbineers entered a house owned by wealthy people and ordered a certain door to be opened. A horrible spectacle presented itself. In a room with windows secured by iron Britain. bars they beheld, amid uncleanliness of killed several hostiles and captured every sort, a living woman deprived of speech and bearing hardly any semblance of a human being. This unfortunate woman had been imprisoned in that room for forty-two years. This monstrous cruelty was inflicted in order to prevent a marriage which would have taken from the family a large share of its patrimony.

Recent eccentricities of lightning: At Wheeling, W. Va., it killed a young man, breaking every large bone in his body into small particles, but leaving no external mark of injury further than a slight scorch on his hair. At Wapping, Conn., it struck the Methodist church, snatched off a woman's back hair, ran down her back, which it marked slightly, and went out through her shoes, which was reduced to ashes. At Wellsburg, W. Va., in struk Thomas Briggs and left the perfect imprint of a tree on his breast. In Woodford county, Ky., two persons owned a peach tree in partnership, but they couldn't agree about the division of the fruit, and fell to disputing over it. Shortly after the tree was struck by lightning and split from top to bottom, one half falling one way and the other the opposite.

seem to be very peculiar. A small village not far from Chombatore was attacked by cholera. The number of the inhabitants of the village was only 100, and such was the virulence of the attack that more than fifty of them were seized with the illness, and within the two months of February and March a third died. A supply of medicine was dispatched to the sufferers under the charge of a hospital assistant, who on his arrival at the place found several vilagers employed in washing the clothes of the cholera patients in a large well from which they derived their supply of drinking water. This proceeding was at once stopped, the well was closed, and a supply of water obtained from an uncontaminated source, the result being the speedy abatement of the epidemic.

The laundry arrangements of India

A Chicago correspondent says: Mr. Smith, the photographer of Chicago, has an immense frame filled with photographs of children in the American lepartment, which always has a throng of visitors around it. In the centre is a large fifteen-inch card of laughing babies, frowning babies, crying babies and serious babies, in all manner of attitudes, having inscribed under it, in French and English, "We come all the way from Chicago," Around this are arranged about 100 cards, each with a smiling cherub on it, making a combination such as is seldom seens from one establishment. They are undoubtedly a fine specimen of Chicago's production in this line. Everybody has heard of Chicago in Europe, on account of the great fire and its rapid rebuilding, and mothers and daughters scan the faces of these little ones with peculiar interest, It is regarded as a regular baby show, usually be found at those humbugs.

One Square (1 inch.) one insertion - \$1-One Square (1 one month - 3 One Square (1 three months - 6 One Square (1 one year - 10 Two Squares, one year - 15 Quarter Col.

Rates of Advertising.

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 bat that flies without wings-A

Cats are known to reach the age of twenty-one years.

Slave of the still-Servant in a deaf and dumb asylum.

Spiders seem gifted with a nearer approach to reason than any other insects. Early to bed and early to rise Will save you some trouble from hungry flies.

Twenty-four million dollars will be coined at the Philadelphia mint this A cistern ten feet in diameter and ten

feet deep will hold 5868 wine gallons, or a little over 186 barrels. A railroad train moving twenty miles an hour day and night would reach the

planet Neptune in 16,000 years.

Palm leaves, straw, yucca fibres, whalebone shavings, and feathers, are used in making artificial flowers, A fashion item says "marigold" is

now a popular shade of yellow. The ladies always were partial to marry-gold. It is believed by several eminent engineers that the midnight howl of a dog can be utilized to drive corn-shellers and other light machinery. Science wields a terrible power.—Detroit Free

Beside the grand old ocean She stood in rapt devotion, With a look that seemed to grasp some vision-

ary land;
Then turned about her paces,
One of the bare-foot graces,
And her fairy feet retreating made post-holes
in the sand.

— Boston Post Charles Reade is mistaken. There are men who could never learn to use

both hands with equal facility. We saw one last evening grinding a hand-organ in market, and to save himself he couldn't budge the crank with his left hand. He had neglected to bring it home with him when he came out of the army. And now let the old mudslinger call us a bald-headed horsethief, if he dares. - Cincinnati Breakfast

The records of the ancient borough The records of the ancient borough of Wallingford, Berks, England, contain the following ineuphonious surnames, which have been brought to light by the Historical MSS. Commission: Three-halfpence, Brokenfoot, Timeof day, Harlbat, Waps, Kykaw, Henteeake, Scaldwater, Putti, Pelekoc—probably Shakspeare's (King Lear) Pillicock—Pessewips, Peekepeni, Skikerit, Some Pessewips, Peekepeni, Skikerit, Some of the femenine Christian names found are on the other hand very euphonious: Estrilda, Claria, Marcilla, Claricia, Basille—relics of the Roman days in

The ex-deadhead of the Burlington Hawdeye sounds this note of alarm: Last week the proprietor of the leading soda water fountain on Jefferson street took up and canceled our annual We do not regret this act on his part. On the contrary, we are rather glad of it, because a conscientious regard for the public safety and a fine sense of our duty in such matters was just impelling us to say that fountain soda is composed of sawdust, gravel, old glue, aqua fortis, leather chips, tan bark, iron filings, marble dust, sand, river water, red ink, orange peel, yellow soap, syrup of rhubarb, ammonia, fuse oil, hoof parings, scrap iron, soot, lard oil, lampblack, boiled tallow and India turnip. Thousands of people have drank fountain sods. We are no alarmist, but-where are those people now?

# A Patchwork Sonnet.

The New York Graphic says : At a recent after-dinner seance of 'literary fellers" of this city, it was proposed that four of the company—well known poets of the younger generation-should compose a sonnet in collaboration. A theme was chosen, the rhymes selected. and each man wrote the portion allotted to him apart from the others and in entire ignorance of their work. The first attempt was not a complete success. The subject given out was "A Wood-land Spring." Two of the young men introduced each a separate Dryad, and a third, with utterly illogical impropriety, put a Lorelei into the spring. This led to a temporary lack of harmony in the meeting of the services the meeting and an irremediable lack of continuity in the sonnet, there being too many young women to get along comfortably together in one woodland spring. At the next trial, however, a sonnet was produced, technically correct in form and with perfect connection of sense between the different divisions, although each contributor was completely in the dark as to what his colleagues were doing. As a metrical achievement this "Patchwork Sonnet" is a real curiosity of literature :

OBERCE. Land of the gots that gave us wine and love, Those greatest gifts that Eate has found for

\* men : Thy shrines, in secret-honored now, were then

Circled by maidens, wreathed with flowers above-J. M.

O land that Memory will not weary of, Deathless through Poesy's consecrating peu-Land in whose fadeless groves we hear again Melodious means from Aphrodite's dove- E. F. Land where white Parthenons tower in the

blue Of perfect skies-and where, in woodlands green,

Ghosts of Diana flutter overywhere-F. S. S.

Ever thy light these cold late days gleams through We stretch our hands to thee, in faint dreams

Thou to all men, throughout all ages, h