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hard and unjust the man's decision was,

wanted" was conspicuously displayed

chanced to hear that he was " the son of

the forger and murderer, Asa Bradley," and when the week was out, he coldly told Walter he could look for a place

Walter's maternal grandfather was

Gilbert Henshaw, a man whose charac-

ter was above reproach, and to be called

More than three hundred miles he

way after the little money Mr. Lewis

had given him was gone, and often at

night having only the damp ground for his bed. He reached the boundary line of

Ohio, and at once began anew the weary

One warm summer evening he en-

tered a field, and found rest and refresh-

ng sleep in a heap of new-mown hay. The sun was far above the hills before

the tired, footsore boy awoke. Old Mr.

Gardiner and his man came out with

forks in hand to open the hay.
"Jiminy!" exclaimed Abel; "if here

in't a boy asleep, and I came near a-

to sleep, or any money, and laid down

a small job, for I must either work or

The farmer gave a sharp look into the

"Gilbert Henshaw," replied Walter,

He toiled faithfully all that day, and

did so well that old Mr. Gardiner de-

the long autumn like a continued holi-

grew more and more attached to him,

and their kindness to him was unfailing.

One peculiarity in the boy, however,

puzzled the worthy couple and piqued

When winter came the Gardiners were

less inclined than ever to let Gilbert go.

He stayed with them, attended the vil-

lage school, and worked morning and

long and tenderly, she said to Gilbert,

"Why, Gilbert, how pale you are! What is the matter?"

That his best friends, his benefactors,

who was near, with much emotion:

Bradley, murdered him."

wild and white.

and sat down alone.

Walter opened his eyes and looked

pitching my fork right into him !"

should be revealed to no one,

search for employment.

wild and frightened.

here for the night."

starve.

Mr. Gardiner, gruffly.

"I-I-I am going

with a reddened face.

the matter was settled.

blame of his own,

he was soon out of sight.

one week.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Adonais,

anonymous communications,

Adultan.

The Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebauon silured
The Syrian damsels to ament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day."

Millon,

Shall we meet no more, my love, at the binding of the sheaves,

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks

When the orchard paths are dim with the drift of fallen leaves, As the reapers sing together in the mellow

misty eves? Oh, happy are the apples when the south

Love met us in the orchard ere the corn had gathered plume-

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow !

Sweet as summer days that die ween the months are in their bloom,

When the peaks are ripe with sunset, like the tassels of the broom In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks

Bweet as summer days that die, leafing sweeter

each to each-Oh, happy are the apples when the south

winds blow! All the heart was full of feeling ; Love had

ripened into speech, Like the sap that turns to nectar in the velvet of the peach,

In the happy barvest fields as the sun sinks

Sweet as summer days that die at the ripening of the corn-Oh, happy are the apples when the south

winds blow ! Sweet as lovers' fickle oaths sworn to faithless

maids forsworn, When the musty orchard breathes like a mellow

drinking horn Over happy harvest fields as the sun sinks

Love 1 ift us at the dying of the mellow autumn

Oh, happy are the apples when the south winds blow !

When the skies are ripe and fading, like the colors of the leaves,

A id the reapers kiss and part at the binding of the sheaves

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks Tain the respers gather home from the gray

and misty meres-Oh, happy are the apples when the south

winds blow !-

Then the respors gather Lome, and they bear upon their spears

Love whose face is like the moon's fallen pale among the spheres With the daylight's blight upon it as the sun

Faint as far-off bugles blowing soft and low

the reapers sung-

Oh, happy are the apples when the south

winds blow !

Sweet as summer in the blood when the heart

is ripe and young, Love is sweetest in the dying, like the sheaves

he lies among

In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks

Will Wallace Harney, in Harper's Magazine,

WALTER BRADLEY'S SECRET.

When Asa Bradley was sentenced to the State's prison for life for the double crime of forgery and manslaughter, many people said that a wicked man was now where he could do no harm; but it was a dreadful misfortune to his wife and son. Six months afterwards, Mrs. Bradley died, and the friends of the family "What will become of poor Walter ?"

But this little burst of sympathy was all "poor Walter" ever got of them; and when the boy was sent to the almshouse, it was agreed that the place was good enough for the son of a convict. For five years the almshouse was Walter's only home. Then the overseers of day. Old Mr. Gardiner and his wife the poor informed him that he must be "bound out," and earn his own living.

Young as he was (he was scarcely thirteen), Walter had a stout heart, and it needed only this sudden send-off to rouse his latent sense of independence. For the first time he realized his position clearly, and found his native pride. He declared with spirit that he would no longer be beholden to pauper help, or would render pauper service, and with this resolution he went his way to fight the battle of life alone.

He little knew the difficulties he would have to meet and conquer. After applying in vain at several places in town, he went to Rockland, a thriving factory village, and spent three days in a fruitless search for work. Weary and discouraged, he finally met a farmer who wanted some help in his haying.

"I'll work for you cheap, and hard, too," said the boy, with a brightening

eye. "That sounds well. Where do you live?"
"I came from Stony Brook."
"I war

"Come a little nearer. I want to take a good look into your face. Walter approached the wagon for in-

"You look willing, at any rate. What's your name ?"

"Walter Bradley, sir." "I hope you aint no way connected with Asa Bradley, who killed Thomas Iding."
"I am—his son," faltered the boy,

with averted face. "Well, that's unlucky! I want to hire a good likely boy, not a son of "-Then came a long embarrassing silence,

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., OCTOBER 9, 1878.

hire you," said the farmer, reflectively.
"I know you ain't to blame for what your father did, but I guess I'll look a little further." And starting his horse, were saccount of right. were homeless.

murderer? Poor Walter! A sharp pain shot It seemed as if he must fly from the through him as he recalled afresh how place at once—fly to the ends of the It seemed as if he must fly from the earth, hunted by a paternal ban. But and his own friendless condition. But calmer thoughts returned, and he succeeded in quieting the tumult of his at length his elastic spirit took hope ceeded in quieting the tumult of his again, and he walked resolutely on to feelings. To run away would be a susthe next village. Here he was more picious and cowardly act; to confess fortunate. A placard with "Boy who he was could do no possible good. There seemed to be nothing left for him but to seek to atone, as far as possible, in the window of a large dry-goods store; and he applied for the situation. for his father's crime by self-sacrificing devotion to those whom that crime had His open, manly face made a favorable so terribly afflicted. He could do this, impression on Mr. Lewis, the merchant, and he agreed to take him on trial for though he should never break to them the dread secret of his real name and Walter was active and faithful, and gave perfect satisfaction. But Mr. Lewis

Winter and spring passed, and summer came again. One morning, as Gilbert was returning from the post office, he saw a man riding up the street whom he instantly knew to be Peter Harrington, one of the overseers of the The boy took this dismissal grievous-ly. Knowing as he did the reason, it touched him like a death-chill. Was he to be crushed through life for inheriting to be crushed through life for inheriting he was the son of Asa Bradley, and had a name loaded with disgrace? The lived five years in the almshouse, all his thought filled his soul with bitterness, present hopes and happiness would be at an end.

and prepared him for the stern, almost He quickly turned his face away, and flerce, determination which followed. This tainted name should no longer be a stood leaning over the railing of the hindrance to him. He would discard it mill-stream bridge, gazing intently into

Mr. Harrington stopped his horse. "Boy," he said, pleasantly, "which road must I take to go to Ashburton?" No answer. Gilbert seemed not to

after whom would be an honor to any descendant. Henceforth he would be no more Walter Bradley, but Gilbert Henshaw. He would go where he was unknown, and the secret of his old name "I say, boy! which is the right road to Ashburton?' Still no reply.

"Can't you speak, or don't you know?" touching Gilbert's shoulder with the handle of his whip.

traveled on foot, begging food by the Still Gilbert neither moved nor spoke. "He either can't hear, or won't hear," muttered Mr. Harrington, as he started his horse and rode on,

Gilbert stopped to call on a sick friend, and an hour later reached home. As he entered the sitting-room, the first person he saw was Peter Harrington, in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner. With a crimson face and wildlybeating heart he slipped out by the nearest door. As Mr. Harrington had merely glanced toward him, he hoped he had escaped recognition.

But Gilbert was mistaken. Hardly had the door closed after him when Mr. Harrington asked, in much surprise, -"Is that boy, Walter Bradley,

"What are you here for?" demanded living with you?" "That lad's name is Gilbert Henshaw." replied Mr. Gardiner. "He has been with us over a year.' try and find work. I hadn't any place

"Ha, ha, ha! You have been well duped. He is the son of Asa Bradley, "You won't get work in Ashburton, The mills have stopped," said Mr. Gar-diner, in a mollified voice, who killed your brother, Thomas "Do you know any one who would like to hire a boy? I'd be glad of even

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, simultaneously,
"It's a fact," persisted Mr. Harrington. "I knew Walter Bradley well. He

was in the almshouse a long time. Over a year ago he disappeared, and most people thought he'd gone to sea. So he has passed himself off on you as Gilbert boy's face.
"Well," said he kindly, "go in and get some breakfast, anyhow; and if Henshaw? A pretty bold push, I call

you're a mind to, you may stay here to-day, and I'll try you. What's your As may be supposed, Mr. Harrington left the Gardiners greatly disturbed in mind. Their astonishment upon learning that they had befriended a son of the dreaded convict, Asa Bradley, seemed overpowering.

cided to keep him a week; and when the week was ended, Mrs. Gardiner had found him so obliging and useful in the house that she said to her husband: "I understand now why he never alludes to his past life, and will say nothing about his parents," said Mr. Gardiner, reflectively.
"And this explains why he turned so

"I think we better keep this boy till white when I showed him brother Thomas picture, and told him he had the harvesting is over. He's very handy, and will save us a great many been murdered by Asa Bradley," said "Yes," responded Mr. Gardiner; and Mrs. Gardiner. "Well, wife, this boy's father took Weeks and months passed. Gilbert

the life of your brother, and it's for you was happy in his adopted home, and the to say what we shall do with him.' Mrs. Gardiner was silent a few mocomfort and plenty around him made

"Husband," she said, at last, "Gilbert has lived with us over a year, and all that time he has evidently tried his best to be a good boy. We have caught him in no wrong-doing; and have seen no signs of a bad disposition in him. He their curiosity. Gilbert never alluded to the past, and never would tell directly has been industrious and faithful. All where he came from, or if his parents we can charge against him is that he were dead or alive. But they were coucame to us under a false name. He has been an outcast once; it would be cruel siderate enough not to press him, and preferred to think that he had some sad to send him adrift again. Let him stay, reason for his silence which involved no

"That's just my mind!" exclaimed Mr. Gardiner, fervently. "We have no children, and it may be that God has given us this boy. We will not turn him away for his father's sin.' When Gilbert came in to dinner, he

evening, taking care of the cattle.

One day Mrs. Gardiner was looking cast an anxious look into the faces of the old people, but no trace of any reveover a large mahogany box which conlation was visible. They were even more gentle and tender toward him than tained valued family relies. She took out an ambrotype, and after gazing at it | they had ever been before. Five years passed. Gilbert lived,

happy and beloved, under the roof of the good old Mr. Gardiner and his wife. 'This is the picture of my only brother, Thomas Iding. He came to a dread- He had attended school, and received a good education in the ordinary branches. ful death. A wicked man, named Asa His benefactors had no cause for regret for taking the friendless youth to their Gilbert's knees shook under him. He gasped for breath, and his face looked home and hearts.

One night Gilbert suddenly awoke, "The jury brought in a werdict of manslaughter," she continued, "but it was murder—deliberate murder!" and was startled by a strange glare of light. Through his window he saw the elms and poplars outside glowing lurid red. He sprang up, and hurriedly raised the sash. "I-I don't feel very well. I guess I The shed was on fire, and the flames

will go out." And hurrying from the had just seized the house. Gilbert rushed down stairs, shouting house the poor boy, overwhelmed with horror and distress, went to the barn the alarm, and in a moment every sleeper was awake. The family worked valiantly to put out the fire, but in vain. who of all the world had in his need A fresh wind was blowing, and in half "Well, I guess on the whole I won't given him employment and a home, an hour the house and all the out-build-

ings belonging to Mr. Gardiner were in ruins. The good old man and his wife

"It came hard to pay the interest on the mortgage," said Mr. Gardiner in a hollow tone, "and now we haven't a

place to lay our heads."
"God will provide," responded Mrs.
Gardiner, trying for his sake to stifle her own sadness. "You have me left to you," said Gilbert, tenderly. "I am strong to work,

and you shall never want while I live. A portion of the furniture had been saved. This Gilbert removed to a little unpainted house offered by a neighbor,

and the old couple were as comfortable as circumstances would permit. A month later the following letter was

"FRIEND GARDINER-If the boy who called himself Gilbert Henshaw is with you, or you know anything of his whereabouts, please inform him that his greatuncle, Joshua Bradley, has lately died in St. Louis, without family, and has left no will. By law he is one of the heirs to the property. I regret your loss by fire, and believe me

"Truly your friend,
"PETER HARRINGTON." The next day Gilbert started for Stony Brook, and was absent two weeks.

Then again his happy face brightened the old people's humble home.

"I have news for you," he said,
"which will give you both pain and

pleasure,' "Give us the worst first, and the better last," said Mrs. Gardiner, smiling. "I have a secret to divulge which will distress and astonish you. In all the time I have been with you, I have never

told you my real name or parentage. am not Gilbert Henshaw. I am-"We know who you are!" exclaimed Mr. Gardiner. "You are Walter Bradley, son of Asa Bradley."

A look of utter astonishment overspread Gilbert's face. How had they

fathomed his secret? "Mr. Harrington told us all about you five years ago," said Mrs. Gardiner.
"And you have given me a home, and love, and sympathy, knowing all this time I was the son of your brother's murderer!" said Gilbert with moisten-

ing eyes.
"Dear boy," returned Mrs. Gardiner, fondly, "we could not drive you from us for your father's sin! You have been a constant comfort and blessing to usthe child of our old age, given us by the

"And I shall not forget your generous kindness and true love. My share in Uncle Joshua's estate is five thousand dollars. We will build a new house on the old site with our money," said Gilbert.

The worthy pair looked at him in delighted wonder, "Your money, my boy," they both

"No, ours. What is mine belongs to you—to my second parents—who made my hapless, forsaken life happy again.' In a few months a commodious house

was erected where the former home of couple moved into it with their "son, visit his friends at Lyons, and as soon name by making application through form of law, and he is now a prosperous farmer—a generous, noble-minded man -in whom the unfortunate and destitute

always find a friend, - Youth's Com-

Artemus Ward's Power of Ridicule. "Artemus Ward at Cleveland" is the title of an article in Scribner, and the following extract shows how apt at repartee the great American humorist was : In repartee Browne had scarcely an equal among the journalists of his time, and his pen was held in wholesome fear by rival members of the fraternity. He had always a ready answer for any that attacked him, and he used his power of ridicule in reply to his assailants. One day he found a neat package on his desk, which, on opening, he discovered was a jack-knife. A reporter of a morning paper—a notoriously homely man-heard of it, and made a paragraph to the effect that Browne richly merited the knife. That evening Browne retorted by naming the person, and say-

ing :
"He is the homeliest man in America. He has broken five cameras in endeavoring to get a picture of himself to send to the children of a bitter personal enemy, maliciously intending to frighten them to death. He has been offered a good salary to stand up in a corn-field as a scare-crow. He is compelled to get up three times every night and rest his face. In his courting days he was utterly unsuccessful until he had procured a mask. He has a gait like a saw-horse, and when he walks the sidewalks the very bricks recoil in horror."

Not content with this chastisement, in the next issue, under the guise of a special dispatch from Charleston, where Ossawatomie Brown was on trial for treason, he said :

"The jury in the case of Ossawatomie Brown, charged with murder and treason, brought in a verdict of guilty at ten o'clock this morning, and at eleven o'clock he was sentenced by Judge Barker. The judge, after dwelling with great force on the enormity of the prisoner's crime, sentenced him to sleep one night with — [naming the rival reporter], 'and,' said the judge in a trembling voice, 'may God have mercy on your soul!' The prisoner fell with - [naming the rival an agonizing shrick to the floor, and there was not a dry eye in the vast concourse of spectators. An effort will be made to get his sentence commuted to

TIMELY TOPICS.

One person out of every thirty-nine and a half in this country is color blind.

They have libel suits in Japan all the same as in America. The editor of the Osaka Nippo has been fined thirty yen for falsely stating that the governor of Hiroshima had been arrested on suspi-

A New Haven policeman has devised new kind of policeman's club. It consists of a brass covering to an ordinary club, attached to it by springs, and colored to resemble rosewood. If a man should seize it he would only get the brass cover, leaving the policeman ample opportunity to wield the club itself.

Some of the boys at Carrollville, Wis. made a midnight parade, wrapped in sheets, and starting from the village graveyard. Their idea was to scare whoever saw them. They succeeded. Three women went into convulsions at the sight, one sick man was thrown into a relapse, and a girl broke her arm by a fall in climbing hastily over a fence.

In the public gardens of Vienna a bear underwent an operation for cataract. He was blind in both eyes. A strong leather collar was firmly buckled around his neck, and the attached chain passed round a bar of the cage. Two powerful men pulled him up, so that a sponge containing chloroform might be applied to his nose. The first evidence of the to his nose. The first evidence of the action of the chloroform was a diminution in his struggles; one paw dropped and then the other. The door of the den was opened, and his head laid upon a plank outside. The cataracts were removed, and the bear was drawn back would any other first-class blamed fool!"

"How long," said a crushed tragedian to a ticket clerk in a depot, striking an attitude, "how long will it take a first-class actor to get to Podunk?" "No longer," replied the clerk, "than it would any other first-class blamed fool!" into his cage. Next morning he came out of his den staring about him, caring nothing for the light, licking his paws, and evidently glorying in the recovery of sight.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco has been undergoing a thorough official inspection. One house had two stories below the level of the street, divided into rooms about five feet by eight, containing two to six occupants each. Lepers were found, and one of them was said to be engaged in the manufacture of cigars that were sold daily in the city. So thickly inhabited is this quarter, and to such use is every foot of indoor space turned, that in hundreds of houses the cooking is done in the streets or on the roofs. Some kitchens are built on slender supports overhanging the sidewalks. Fireplaces are built on the window sills, with shields of old tin bending outward for chimneys. Fires were even found burning on heaps of ashes laid upon unprotected wooden floors and against wooden partitions, the sparks flying in all directions.

A terrible death from phosphorus is reported. A young man left Paris to Gilbert gained a right to his adopted as he got into the carriage he lit a match by scratching it with his thumb nail, and a piece of the incandescent phosphorus penetrated under the nail and made a slight burn, to which he paid no attention. But after an hour the pain became very great, the thumb swelled, then the hand, and next the forearm. He was obliged to alight at the first station and send for a medical man, who declared that instant amputation of the arm was necessary. The patient insisted on postponing the operation for a few hours until the arrival of his father, for whom he had telegraphed. But before the latter could reach the spot, it was too late; the poisonous matter had gained the arm, then the shoulder, and any operation henceforth was impossible. The young man died twenty-seven hours after the burn, in horrible suffering.

What Makes Success.

In business life two things are essential to success: First, sound judgment; second, activity. In all departments we find a greater deficiency in judgment than in other requisites. Long familiarity in a given department does not necessarily produce it, though this will undonbtedly aid and strengthen it. Only by reliance on one's self, and feeling individually responsible for the results of action founded on one's own efforts, can the fact be established of good or bad judgment. Special talent will not furnish it for a man who may have capacity for acquiring information, may be able to enter into learned discussions on supply or demand, may have vast knowledge of productions, their sources of supply, and their various uses, and still lack the ability to apply to practical and everyday use the benefits of information,

So, also, one may become familiar with all the details of business through long experience in the service of others, and as a servant, or in an executive capacity, making himself invaluable without ever realizing the responsibility attached to individual discretion or judgment. In this belief we find an answer to the oftrepeated inquiry why so large a portion of business men are unsuccessful; to claim that so many fail to meet fair success through force of adverse circumstances, instead of permitting circumstances to control them. Men who have the capacity to comprehend the whole question presented to them, to properly weigh not only the side of success but of failure, and who understand the importance of right thinking and the full penalty of mistake, are the ones who succeed and whether they get credit for having Cheap out-of-door breakfast-A roll good judgment or not, they certainly

Life's West Window.

All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

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One Square (1 inch,) one insertion - \$1

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices, gratis.

Two Squares, one year -Quarter Col. Half

We stand at life's west windows, And think of the days that are gone ; Remembering the coming sunrat. We too must remember the morn ; But the sun will set, the day will close,

And an end will come to all our woes, As we watch the western casements, Reviewing our happy youth, We mourn for its vanished promise Of honor, ambition, and truth ; But our hopes will fall and pride decay. When we think how soon we must pass away.

We stand at life's west windows, And turn not sadly away, To watch our children's faces The noontide of sparkling day ; But our sun must set, our lips grow dumb, And to look from our windows our children

Still looking from life's west windows : And we know we would not again Look forth the eastern lattice, And live over all life's pain ;

nough life's sunlight be brilliant, its sunset is Since it brings longed-for rest to our weary feet.

Items of Interest. Object of interest-To swell the

principal. A storekeeper advertises thirteen pounds of sausages for a dollar, That's

dog cheap. The papers speak of a man who has turned up missing." In other words, he was found lost.

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an immoderate indulger in the ardent, "Set down a stake that you wil! go so far, and no farther." "I do," replied the bibulous subject; "but I set it so far off that I

always get drunk before I reach it," Mary Haley, a supposed widow, was killed in Steubenville, Ohio, by a rail-road accident. Her baby was left to the care of her brother, who sued the railroad in its behalf, securing a verdict of \$5,000. Soon a husband turned up to claim the custody of the child and the money. Afterward another husband came, with an insurance policy of \$5,000 in his favor on her life. Both men had parted from her years before, but were ready to profit by her death.

There are 40,000 Germans in San Francisco, and 30,000 more in the States and Territories of the Pacific coast. They take an active interest in politics and in stock speculations. There are two daily newspapers published in German in the California metropolis, and five weeklies, two of them illustrated. A large proportion of the German element is devoted to agriculture and stock raising, and many lead a seafaring tife. Most of the trade with the Mexican coast, and much of the bay and Sacramento river trade is in the hands of the German ship owners and shipping and commission agents.

> TREASURE TROVE. Something I've found on my way Through earth to-day; Something of value untold, Brighter than gold; Something more fair than the tint Of morning glint; Something more sweet than the song Of feathered throng; Something that lovelier glows Than queenly rose;
> Something more sparkling by far
> Than you bright star;
> Something I cherish—how woll? Words cannot tell. Something-oh, can you not guess Then I confess.
> Some one has said "Love is blind: Yet do I find, Deep in the heart of my love My treasure trove !

Unable to Grant the Petition.

A story illustrative of red tape in Russia is told by an English correspondent, who declares that it is true. An operatic singer connected with a Morcow theater, wishing to make a short excursion into the country, went to get her passport countersigned by the local authorities. The presiding official inquired for her "written petition." "My written petition!" cried the lady, "I have none; I never knew that anything of the kind was required," "Not required, madam? On the contrary, nothing can be done without it. Take this sheet of paper and write according to my dictation." She transcribed word for word a formal petition requesting leave of absence, which was then signed, folded and sealed. "And now," quoth the man in office, "you have only to deliver it." "To whom, pray?" "To whom?" echoed the official, with a smile at the absurdity of the question; "to me, of course." The document was handed across the table. The great man adjusted his spectacles, broke the seal gravely read over his own composition, and said : " Madam, I have read you petition, and I regret to tell you that I am unable to grant it."

Number of Persons in Employment. The latest published statments giving the number of adult male persons em-

ployed in various occupations in the

United States present the following figures: Agricultural pursuits 5,922.47 Domestic servants.
Ordinary laborers.
Trade and transportation. Manufacturers 2,50 Miners.....

Professional men....