# The forest Republican.

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> "The Water Mill." Listen to the water mill, All the livelong day-How the clicking of the wheel Wears the hours away, Languidly the autumn wind Stirs the greenwood leaves : From the field the respers sing, Binding up the sheaves ; And a memory o'er my mind As a spell is cast-The mill will never grind With the water that is past. Take the lesson to yourself,

Loving heart and true ; Golden years are fleeting by ; Youth is passing, too. Strive to make the most of life, Lose no happy day ; Time will never bring you back Chances swept away. Leave no tender word unsaid, Love while love shall last-The mill will nover grind With the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines, Man of thought and will ; Never does the streamlet glide Useless by the mill ; Wait not till to-morrow's sun Beams upon your way. All that you can call your own Lios in this-to-day: Power, intellect and health May not always last-The mill cannot grind With water that is past. -D. C. M'Cullum,

The Guard Above the Heart.

" I believe I have given all the orders, Alma, just as you wished. The little ibrary is already arranged with the last little bracket and statue in place; the lining-room and kitchen with china, silver, linen and superb old-fashioned sideboard, just as you directed, have everything in place. And your room-how I wish you could go and see it—is beautiful. There can be no greater harmony than the blending blue-andgold furnishings of that room." "You are very good, Arthur." "Thanks, Alma; but not half so good

as you in loving me so tenderly and loyally. But I was bothered about one thing, sweet." "What was it ?"

A

"Your writing-desk. It is such a gem. I don't believe you can ever write anything but poetry at it. I could not get a place in the library for it to suit me. This light was too sharp, and that light too dull. I fancied it needed a w lie ht, so I set it in your BOIL, . IDELI room, and will leave you to arrange a place for it. I flatter myself that everything else will please you." " The pictures !"

group which his own eyes were scrutinizing Arthur was pursuing his artistic studies at Rome, and was searching for

a model. The woman beside him was upon a similar mission. She, however, seemed to find none among the group to suit her, and she started to go. As she turned, their glances met. Arthur and Alma were face to face. Her eyes were sadder than ever, and her garb was weeds of mourning.

"Arthur !" she exclaimed, in surprise, holding out her white, slender hand

The blood receded from his face and left it white as marble. The old life and the old pain surged back. He took the the hand she extended, and said in a cold, cruel voice :

"" Mrs. Russel, I am glad to meet you here. In search of a model, too ?" "Yes," she said in a voice which had

a perceptible quiver ; " but I have found none to suit my purpose. I am going now to the Piazzi di Spagna. Won't you join me, and tell me how you are and how you have been ?"

He walked beside her as she started off, saying :

"Thanks, As to how I am now-well how I have been-I have forgotten." She felt the little tbrust ; but it was easy for her woman's wit to parry it by

saying with her old naivete of manner : "Well, you see the influence of your taste has had its influence on me. I

have turned artist myself." "You did not have to turn artist; you

were always one by nature." She saw clearly enough that the steel was still in this man's soul. She had

placed it there, and she resolved to pluck it out at once. "But you never told me I was an

artist.

"I never knew till"-

"Nor did I know it myself," said she, interrupting him, "till Mr. Russell's death two years ago, when I was left almost without means or resources of any kind."

She paused; but the announcement of the death of the man who had robbed Arthur Leroy of his bride drew no comment from his set lips. She had long ago taught him to endure surprises in silence.

"Then I came here to study; to learn, if I can, the dream-toil of an artist's life,"

"In which calling you have my best wishes for your success, and my services always at your command," he said, with

unfeigned sincerity. "Your good wishes, Arthur, are grate-ful to me, and I shall be only too g'al to avail myself of your valuable sugges-tions, if—if I may only know that I am forgiven. "You are forgiven. But I do not forget. Everything which I put into your room is there yet untouched. From that day to this hour the doors have Why been locked; the long curtains at the windows are drawn down, the blinds are closed, and a deep slindow rests upon all within. So the doors, and windows, and curtains are closed about the memory in my heart. The shadow rested there also a long time. But to-morrow it will be lifted. The Beatrice I brought with me. I put it above my door here in Rome as an emblem of the guard which you had taught me to set upon my heart. At last I have found one pair of eyes more luminous among the shadows than are those of Beatrice or Psyche. On to-morrow the picture above my door and the guard above my heart will be taken down and the light of the new eyes will enter in." She was in doubt as to his meaning. Was he purposely obscure? Was he talking of the old love? She took it for grantes.

#### A Time for Harry.

VOL. XI. NO. 34. TIONESTA, PA., NOVEMBER 13, 1878.

Only a day or two ago, a pair of nervous young people stepped hurriedly into the office of Justice Trulock. The young man was faultlessly dressed in a pair of brown overalls, a " boiled shirt," an old straw hat and broadcloth coat and huge boots that hadn't seen blacking since three days before the Christian era, and he carried a wagon whip in his hand. The young lady was a little more elaborately attired, but her toilet was also rather ill-assorted and bore indications of great haste in its arrangement. As they entered the office the young woman looked out of the window and back at the justice and out of the window again. The young man slammed the door shut with a bang like a Rodman gun, felt for the key and not finding it backed up against the door, braced his feet firmly on the floor and said in a boarse whisper :

"All right, jedge, fire away ! I got to be home before dark, and I've got seventeen miles to drive, an' powerful bad roads; hain't a minute to spare. Shoot her off ! "

"Well, but see here," began the jus-

tice, "I don't--" "Hang it all, squire !" said the young man, shuffling his feet in nervous anx-"Don't go for to asking quesiety. tions; just bang away, it's all right, I tell you; go ahead, squire !" The young woman flattened her nose

against the window, and transferred a large clean spot to the dingy glass and a very dirty one of corresponding size to the end of her nose as she tried to look two blocks down the street and around the corner.

"Oh Sam," she whispered, wringing her hands, "tell him to hurry !"

"Gaul dang it !" whimpered the ex-cited young man, lifting his feet in rapid alternation, as though the floor was hot. "that's what I'm trying to do. Say, squire," he added, pleadingly, "rush along, won't ye? Shove her ahead, squire ; talk it right off jest as short an' quick as the law'll let ye; give 'em the gad, squire, an' let 'em go. Say, squire?"

The amazed justice looked from one to the other of the young people in speechlees wonder. "Why, certainly," he said, "if you'll only collect yourself and tell me-

"Squire I" exclaimed the young fellow, with solemn earnestness, "I'll tell ye everything, every blamed thing, I swan to Jude I will, as soon as it's over with, if ye'll only stave ahead and finish the business fust. I'll tell ye the hull thing from the very start, can't I, El-viry?" And the girl turned from the window and kicked him and blushed at im. "She means yes, squire," said A Few Odes to Autumn.

The Forest Republican.

The man who can look at all the wondrous, vast machinery of a universe and see the seasons come and go in regular succession and not have the poetry of his nature stirred up to its most depthy depths would be a phonomenon, The truth is that we have more poets than the world is aware of, and were it not for that great impassable barrier, the waste basket, some new poet would burst upon an astonished and defenseless world at almost every tick of grandfather's clock. Editors are a jealous set of literary thunder-pumps, for they know very well that if all the genius in this country was allowed to get into print at will, that the great discriminating public would soon learn how they were being defrauded in the obscurity from which they were hoisted by some mysterious mistake of the fates. That's the reason lots of poetry is not printed.

For ourselves, we have none of that sort of meanness that would keep down panting genius lest it rise above and beyond us, and we are determined that as long as our good right arm does not fail us, and we are re-elected by a discriminating public to edit a newspaper, the season poets shall have a chance-by the Great Grand Master of poetry, so they shall!

The odes to autumn are coming in rapidly. There are too many of them to print in full, but we give a verse or so from each, merely for the purpose of encouraging the writers and pointing out defects. We have elected ourself poetic director, and—but we begin. Here is the first one from "Doitus :"

"Time when comes the falling of leaves ! Time when comes the lowing of beeves ! Time when comes the mending of eaves ! Fading, ever fading autumn."

It will at once be perceived that "Doitus" is a poet of no mean order. ful efforts on his part could not result in extricating his leet from the mud. The It will at once be perceived that A poet who can take falling leaves, the lowing beeves and broken eaves, and bake them into a poetical pancake, and harsh criticism of "Doitus,"

The next comes all the way from Michigan in a blue envelope with the superscription written diagonally, and sealed with flour paste. It says, "By Josie-phine," and the first four lines are as follows :

"October glows on every check— October shines in every eye, While up and down the hill and dale Her crimson banners are lot fly."

and crimson banners let fly up and down

By Josephine, we have heard of peo ple with bad eyes, but imagine all Michigan with Octobers in their eyes,

all the hills and dales. Josie, turn your talent to washing dishes. the young man, fairly dancing with ex-itement; "Go ahead with the papers, we give "Pearl Dallas" a chance,

## Rates of Advertising.

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#### In Harvest Time.

I met my love when 'neath the ovening breeze The corn swayed to and fro, when 'mid the trees

The wind moaned softly, when the resper's song.

The ochoes of the deep gien would prolong-In harvest time.

And brighter than the golden sheaves, her hair Strayed downward o'er a neck so purely fair That e'en the snow-white lily well might hide Its bending head beneath the streamlet's tide-In harvest time.

The thrilling of the songsters now was hushed, Neath sunshine bright the rose no langer blushed :

And day was ended, far beyond the hill The reaper's song grow fainter and was still-In harvest time.

Twas then my love was spoken ; and 'twas then

I reaped love's golden harvest in the glen. The nightingale wailed forth her low, sweet

strain Singing joy's triumph in a glad refrain-In harvest time.

And now the autumn of our lives, instead, Approaches-spring and summer all have fled The' still of love's bright setting sun the gleam Is glorious as that which first lit our dream-In harvest time.

# Items of Interest.

Springs of fresh water rise in most 1088

Oysters have a language of their own, and clams stew.

Cork trees bear an edible acorn resembling our chestnut.

The man who is going down in the vorld is the coal miner.

Dr. Carver's rifle brought him in an income of \$60,000 last year.

Bad-fitting shoes make corns on horse's feet, the same as on people. If anything will reduce a full-grown

fat man it is a well-directed bank failure. We have seen many a poor horse out

in a driving rein and not a wet hair on his back.

Milk is nutritious, but the chap who drinks a half gallon of it must feel com-pletely cowed down.

"I declare, it beats awl," as the shoemaker said the first time he used a sewing machine. - Rome Sentinel.

Part of the edge of the cone of Mount

Vesuvins has given way, and Prof. Palmieri is having a sort of retaining wall of ashes built, Balmy sleep,

Tired nature's sweet restorer ting nearer in a level with the ground. Don't amount to much, If you happen to bunk with a snorer. He felt certain now that unless help came he must surely disappear with his A man who was in the habit of talkhorse in this lonely bog and his fate for-ever remain a mystery. Determined not to give way to despair, he glanced once ing to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so, remarked that he liked to converse with a man of sense,

\$2 PER ANNUM.

A BOTTOMLESS BOG.

Thrilling Adventure of a Horseman in an Illinois Swimp-The Deerest Quagmire in the World.

Some few evenings ago a St. Louis Post reporter made the acquaintance, at the Lindell hotel, of James Laffon, who related to him a curious incident. He says that a few days since, having occasion to make a visit to Cairo upon business, he mounted a good, strong horse, and started upon a journey through the bottom lands of Illinois. Nothing of consequnce happened until within about forty-two miles of Cairo; there, in a swamp overgrown with jungles of black-

berries and shrubbery common to such spots, he espied a flock of birds, a few of which he determined to carry into Cairo as specimens of his skill in shooting.

The birds, however, were shy, and, the anxious sportsman persevering in the ardor of the pursuit, he penetrated further into the swamp. Presently he came upon a spot very much more open than the rest, no shrupbery of any size grew upon it, but a kind of coarse grass, interspersed with clumps of bulrushes, covered the entire surface. No sooner had the horse's feet touched the sod than he sank immediately above his fetlocks. Floundering out of what the rider supposed to be only a mud hole, the animal leaped forward with considerable force, and this time sank almost to his knees. His rider touched the beast with the whip to hurry him out of the bad place. The horse raised himself by main force from the mire and leaped forward again, apparently as anxious as his rider to get out of the bog. -This time, however, he sank almost to his girth, and the most power-

more he struggled the further he sank, and in a few minutes ceased altogether to make any effort to release himself, pour over it the syrup of flowing rhythm but remained perfectly quiet, trembling is possessed of genius. We have no in every joint. Mr. Laffon now began to feel considerable alarm ; he was obliged to extend his both legs out parallel with the body of the horse to keep , and them from sinking in the bog. His "By mind instantly reverted to all the tales of quagmires and quicksands that he had ever read, and he began to suspect he had struck something of the kind himself. The situation was looking gloomy ; he must do something ; so he spoke to his horse again, to induce him to make one more effort, but the poor beast was beyond the power of helping bimself. Already a part of his body was in the black, jelly-like mass of mud, which everywhere surrounded him. And Mr. Laffon discovered, to his hor-

ror, that he was slowly, but surely, get-

more anxiously around, and this time

noticed no more than two or three yards

distant the branches of a tolerably large

tree, which, with roots still partially in

the firm ground beyond, had fallen

across the bog. Its wide-spreading

boughs had prevented its sinking into

the mire, and he now felt that to reach

that tree was the only hope of salvation.

He could not reach it from the position,

and he dared not leap lest the added

impetus should only send him deeper in-

to the bog, without enabling him to get hold of the branches. An idea seized

him. He took the bridle from the horse

and, forming a sort of noose, threw his

tree. His first trial failed, also the sec-

ond and third, but the fourth succeeded,

ond he had only to make the attempt to

draw himself to the tree. He was now

standing upon the back of his doomed

further, and with head raised was look-

ing with terror-stricken eyes back to-

tender pats Mr. Laffon said farewell to

his horse, and leaped from his back as

far out as possible. He sank several

feet, but keeping firm hold of the line,

he began to draw himself out hand over

hand, and after hard struggling finally

succeeded in reaching the tree, into

which he quickly drew himself, and

crept carefully across its trunk to terra

firma, thankful for his miraculous es-

cape from a horrible death. His first

thought now was to go for help and try

to rescue his horse. For this purpose he started off on foot for the nearest

cabin. After walking several miles he

encountered a couple of farmers, and

quickly procuring other aid, and pro-

viding themselves with ropes, they ac-companied Mr. Laffon back to the bog.

Several hours had elapsed before he

reached the treacherous spot again, and

not a sign of his unfortunate horse re-

mained. The poor beast disappeared in

the black ooze, and only the lack of

scant verdure on that particular spot

marked the place where he had met a

In describing a dinner at the sultan's

palace, Mr. Drew Gay writes : "And

now comes the critical moment for you

if you are present at this feast as a

stranger. You will have placed your

living death.

" They are all hung. I can hardly tell you now where each one is. The Beatrice Cenci I hung over the library door which enters to your room. "Why, what made you give it such

poor place as that ?"

" For just one little reason of my own. Her great, sad, suffering, patient eyes are duplicates of your own. So I have hung it there as a sign to me that the door beneath it opens to a place wherein the goddess of my life presides; also that when the door is shut, your face shall still look down upon me, and follow me with mournful and guardful tenderness."

"Though your love and fancy, Arthur, make my eyes to day as luminous as Psyche's, perhaps to-morrow those that love me most may forget or wish to forget that I ever existed; for who can determine now whether Psyche, the very idol of all poets, was a reality or a dream."

"But to-morrow you will become all the reality my life shall ever know or wish, for to-morrow, when the priest has had his service and the witnesses have written their names, and your dainty finger has a new ring upon it, I shall set you down in the pretty goldand-blue room where Beatrice keeps guard. Then you shall dismiss or retain the historical sentinel as you please, for you shall fill all my to-moreows with your own sweet self.

He took both her slender white hands in parting, and said:

Remember, we are to be promptly at the church at four, Good-by, sweet, till then."

Her eyes filled with tears, and she clung to him tenderly as if she would not have him go; but she only said:

"Well, Arthur, let Beatrice stay where she is, and whenever you look at her think of me, if you will.

This last so low that he did not hear. But he went out busy and happy with thoughts of his wedding day.

Alma stood still until the door closed behind him, then she clasped her hands and cried :

"Who am I? What am I? that I should deceive such a man."

When Arthur went on the morrow where the merry guests were assembled for the wedding, the white-robed bride was gone ; but in her room was found a note for Arthur Leroy, which read :

"Arthur, forgive me. I have not meant to deceive you. How it has all come about I hardly know any better | from her open phaeton looks up curiousthan yourself. But true it is that when ly, reverently, tenderly to the windows you read this I shall be the wife of a house which have not been opened another. Farewell, and may your noble for ten years. The blinds are covered heart find forgetfulness of ATMA."

standing watching the silent, dark-eyed, picturesque group which sat on the gray within. But the old love is only a steps of the Trinita di Monte in Rome. memory now, covered with years. The While he stood and looked, a tall, graceful woman dressed in mourning came down the street and stood beside him. She 'glanced hurriedly at the same without.—Potter's American Monthly. Is the city.

"God bless you, Arthur," she said; "I do not deserve as much as you accord ?"

"For the old love's sake, for the grand and beautiful Alma "-

She started as he called her name. He had not done so before. She laid her haud upon his arm, and said in a low, tender voice, as her eyes filled with tears: " Arthur !"

"Wait a moment, please," he resumed; "for the sake of Alma which was, her ally that he couldn't speak, and carried little room, which my love made for her, shall never be opened while I live. She cast the shadow upon it; I shall never lift it. To-morrow I shall be married Trulock, the girl and the young man in to Miss Brace. She is an artist too.'

the queenly woman at his side grew deadly pale, and swayed slightly forward as they walked. He drew the hand more securely through his arm and added: "Will you pause at the di Spagna, or shall I see you to your hotel ?"

"We will go on, if you please. Thanks for your kindness."

Then, after a pause, she said: "You have been frank and just, Arthur. The tenderest are the cruelest. I don't know how it is, but we have both proved it, May God forgive us both, and bless you | lying in ambush at the foot of the stairs; always."

Five years have rolled the dusty wheels over that sad day when Arthur and Alma met and parted in Rome.

He is with his wife in Scotland. She has become famous and rich, and is back been an' done with your gol twisted at her old home. Often when the days prevaricashin. But I'll bet you a yoke at her old home. Often when the days are fair, a tall, queenly woman is driven slowly through a certain street, and with dust. 'The curtains, and all the Five years after, Arthur Leroy was pretty blue-and-gold furnishings are crumbling under the immovable shadow

squire, Drive on, squire, land o' Go- Sweet Pearly steps forth and thusly hen, squire, what air ye waitin' fur?

The justice interrupted him, and made one more effort to ascertain what these excited clients wanted.

"Well," he said, "let us make a start, anyhow. What"-

The young woman stopped tying knots in her bonnet strings, (she was making, at low calculation, about sixteen knots a minute), and looked around, and the young fellow shouted :

"Them's the licks, squire ! Keep her agoin' now right at that gait, 'an we'll git through like one o'clock, Go ahead, jedge !"

"What," asked the justice, at the first opportunity, " what is your name ?" Blank disappointment settled down over two faces like a summer cloud,

"Je-roo-zalum, jedge !" shouted the young fellow, while the young woman burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. "It's enough to drive a fellow crazy What d'ye want to stop an' talk gossip fur when you see I'm in sech an all-fired hurry! Why squire-Jee-roozlum !."

And he jumped clear in the middle of the room as a heavy tread on the stairs terminated in a tremendous kick against the door.

The next instant an elderly man, who never had a taste of anti-fat in his life, who was about three feet broad at the shoulders, who was wheezing so terrifica walking stick that looked like the fiend of death, walked into the room a step or two and halted, gazing at Justice turn, as if undecided which of the three The hand upon his arm trembled, and to immolate first, while the justice gazed upon the singular tableaux with unutterable feelings. Finally the old man, with a terrific snort of defiance, made a step toward the young man, who eluded him by dodging nimbly behind the justice's desk; then the old party captured the weeping girl, tucked her arm inside his own and tramped wrathfully down the stairs and so out of sight, The young man followed slowly, after peeping out of the window, with infinite caution, to see that the old man was not and as he passed out at the door he turned a mournful glance on the justice, and said pathetically :

"See what ye've did, jedge ; dad slam the thunderin' luck, see what ye've of red steers I'll marry that gat yit, if I've got to git up at one o'clock in the mornin' to do it. Dog gone it, jedge"-But he was down the stairs and out of hearing, and it seemed to Justice Trulock that the office felt quiet and a little onesome when they had all gone away. -Burlington Hawkeye,

One archivist of Antwerp has discovered a bill of sale of September 1st,

warbles :

"Jennie and I, in the summer time soft, In the gladsome month of June, Played together by the brookside When the merry singing feathered song-

sters were in tune.

" But times have changed since then ; Now comes the lingering fall, And Jennie's married another fellow,

And we don't roam the woods at all. At some length Pearl proceeds to

speak of the "dainty red-bug," and works in much "flowing-water" and "sweetening flowerets," but life is too short to take in all its excellencies. The rhythm, which is flexible enough to make a seven and a fourteen syllable line rhyme together, and not make a man who is reading it stop to catch his breath between bases, is its strong point. Other contributions must go over till we can reach them, but we assure every anxious poet on our honor as an editor that at least part of every poem sent shall be inserted. Whenever our columns are too crowded, we can always find room in the waste basket. - Cincinnati Breakfast Table,

### Words of Wisdom.

Necessity never made a good bargain, Man lives only to shiver and perspire. Men's judgments sway on that side ortune leans.

Many are willing to wound who are yet afraid to strike. Misery leads to despair, aggrandize-

nent to presumption. Give full measure, when you measure, and weigh with a just balance. Expend not but according to the measure of your goods.

The slanderer injures three persons at once ; he of whom he speaks ill, him to whom he says it, and most of all himself in saying it.

Imitation is always unhappy, for all which is counterfeit displeases by the very things which charm us when they are original.

Great souls are not those who have fewer passions and more virtues than the common, but those only who have greater designs,

The desire of talking about ourselves, and of putting our faults in the light we wish them to be seen, forms a great part of our sincerity.

The same pride which makes us blame faults from which we believe ourselves free, causes us to despise the good qualities we have not,

Happiness is in the taste, and not in the things themselves; we are happy in possessing what we like, not from pos-

sessing what others like. So scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life pushed into your mouth by a pair of could scarcely be supported if hope were very greasy fingers. You must not re-sent this. It is a token of loving kindnot allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasure borrowed from the future,

Be careful how you indorse drafts especially the draught of a chimney. favored mortal,"

"Is this air-tight?" inquired a man in a hardware store, as he examined a stove. "No, sir," replied the clerk ; "air never gets tight." He lost a customer.

Of 3,434 doctors whose deaths have been announced in the London Lancet during the last ten years, the ages of 2,-684 were given ; average age at death, 56.6 years.

In an account of a tour in the north of England, by George Colman, the younger, in 1775, occurs the following pas-sage : "In the adjacent village of Kirkand a hitching strap which he carried leatham there was at this time an ind with him, bound them tightly together with some twine he found in his pocket, vidual residing in a neat, comfortable cottage, who excited much interest in the visitors at the hall. His looks were venerable and his bearing above that impromptu lasso toward a stout dead usual among the lowly inhabitants of a branch which projected from the fallen hamlet. How he had acquired this al of superiority it is difficult to say, I his origin must have been humble, eightieth summer had nearly pass away, and only two or three years viously he had learned to read, that he horse, which had sunk several inches might gratify a parent's pride by read-ing his son's first voyage round the ward his master, every once in a while attering pitiful cries. With a last few world ! He was the father of Captain Cook.

Cincinnati Breakfast Table Dict.

Curd is alluded to as "offal from the dairy," but it is an offal- allusion.

"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" We can tell you : he has go!" trusted for a new suit of clothes.

Most women have need to whisper 'lead us not into temptation" when they see another with a new bonnet.

Serpent skin shoes for ladies are th latest Paris novelty. Thus it is the they get even for the way the snall treated Eve.

The proverb "a short horse is soon curried," must not be construed as applying to mules. The shortest are that most careless with their feet.

Appearances cannot always be relied on. A young man may seem to wear a fine gold watch-chain, girls, but after all it may be plated, and pinned into h vest pocket.

It is said that the left foot of a left handed man is always longer than 1 right one, but when the old man reache after Adolphus from the top step 1 always sends the right foot, and in m cases it is long enough.

"Educate the nose," says some write on physical culture. A great my sufficiently educated now to turn people who are their betters.

The people of Ceylon bake and en If we were going to indulge bees. this kind of provender, we should we ness, a sign that you are respected, es-teemed, beloved. Eat it; you are a business, for if a bee should revive a he had been swallowed ---- !