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Realf's Farewell.

(Written the day before he committed suicide.)
"De mortuis nil nisi bonum." When
For me the end has come and I am dead,
And little voluble, chattering daws of men
Peek at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and
song
And speech that rushed up hotly from the
heart,
He wrought for liberty; till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed with painful
art
Through wasting years, mastered him and
he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now
With that word "Failure" written on his
brow.
But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors and world's plaudits and the
wage
Of the world's def. laquays, still his lips were
blessed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirtings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a burden lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to this day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes,
nathless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of
flame,
And blessing reached him from poor souls in
stress,
And benedictions from black bits of shame
And little children's love, and old men's pray-
ers,
And a Great Hand that led him unaware.
So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered, greatly, too, he erred,
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
But smote for her when God Himself seemed
dumb
And all his arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a weaver, but he fought his fight
And stood for simple manhood, and was
joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
And new earths heaving heavenward from
the void,
He loved his fellows, and their love was
sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

LISBETH'S MISSIONARY.

"The butcher's bill, papa!"
Outside the loomstubs were piping shrilly
among the blue cups of the morning-
glory vines; the bland September sun-
shine steeped everything in yellow
brightness. Within, the country parson
sat at his desk, with divers and sun-
dry sheets of sermon-paper scattered
before him, half a dozen reference books
open at his elbow, and his head clasped
tightly between his two hands, after a
fashion which involved considerable
rumpling of his iron-gray hair.
"Eh?" said the parson, letting his
head, as it were, out of custody, and
coming slowly down from the world of
polemics, as he stared at the pretty,
slender girl in faded calico and washed-
out ribbons, who stood beside him with
an ominous-looking piece of paper in
her hand.
"The butcher's bill, papa," said
Polly Fenn; "and he's waiting, please."
"But, my dear—the parson laid
down his pen, and took the bill into his
hand with a puzzled air—"we've had
no butcher's meat this month. We have
striven to be in the last degree economi-
cal."
"Yes, I know, papa," said Polly,
knitting her pretty brows; "but we
ordered three pounds of steak the day
the district missionaries dined here, and
there was the joint for that Sabbathian
society day, and the evening the bishop
was here—don't you remember?"
"I remember, my child—I remem-
ber," said the country parson, with a
sigh. "Hospitality is an agreeable
duty, and one that the good book en-
joins upon us, but it costs money, Pol-
ly—it costs money. Put down the bill,
child, and tell Neighbor Brisket that I
will attend to it at my earliest conveni-
ence."
Still blue-eyed Polly hesitated. "And
the grocer was here this morning, papa,
and the account has really mounted up
beyond everything. And he says that he
hopes you will please to settle at
once, and that hereafter he has deter-
mined to do business only on a strictly
cash basis."
The Reverend Mr. Fenn smiled a
sickly smile.
"Then I am afraid, Polly," said he,
"that he won't do much business with
me. For so long as the venery are so
dilatatory with their payments—" "Yes,
papa, that's just what I told
him," said Polly; "but he says that
business is business."
"He is right, my dear," said the par-
son, "and I am wrong; but it is through
no fault of mine. Now run away, and
leave me to my books."
Polly Fenn silently withdrew, with
her pretty brows still knitted, as if she
were utterly hopeless of comprehending
the problem of the world's way. The
butcher, white-aproned and burly, stood
at the door, a living impersonation of
the fate which Polly could neither ignore
nor avert.
"Well, miss?" said the butcher.
"Papa will attend to it at his earliest

convenience, Mr. Brisket," faltered
Polly.
"But his earliest convenience has
been such a mortal long time a-comin',
miss," grumbled Mr. Brisket. "And
times is dull, and I've got notes to meet."
"I'm very sorry, Mr. Brisket, but—" "Tain't
no good standin' here," said the
butcher, irritably scratching his
head. "I might ha' known what
answer I should ha' got afore I crossed
the threshold. But it's hard on a poor
man, that's what it is, and them as calls
themselves gentry hadn't ought to eat
if they can't pay. I'll call again this
day week, miss, and then"—
And with this the butcher whisked
himself away under the arch of morn-
ing-glory vines, where the locusts were
singing, and the pink and purple cups
swung to and fro in the morning wind.
And Polly, with crimson cheeks and
heart beating with vague resentment,
turned back into the great sunshiny
kitchen, where Lisbeth was swaying
nervously to and fro in the splint-
bottomed rocker, with a week-old news-
paper in her hand, her yellow hair catch-
ing the sunbeams like a coronal of gold
as she rocked.
"Lisbeth," said the elder sister, austere-
ly, "are the wild grapes ready for
preserving?"
"Wild grapes?" repeated Lisbeth,
flinging the newspaper into the window-
seat; "I haven't thought of them since
you went away. Oh, Polly, how I wish
we were rich!"
Polly advanced soberly to a flat wicker
tray of clustered grapes, full of subtle
perfume, and dusted over with pale
bloom, and began to separate them
from their stems with deft, quick fin-
gers.
"Why?" said she.
"I would go to New York and see
this new play," said Lisbeth, still away-
ing back and forth in the splint-
bottomed rocker. "Olivia was a country
parson's daughter, and so are we. I
should like to see my own counterfeit
present on the stage."
"Nonsense," said Polly. "You had
better come here and help with these
grapes."
"It's such wretched business to be
poor!" said Lisbeth. She was a spark-
ling little creature, after the humming-
bird style of damsel, with yellow hair
curling over her forehead, intense hazel
brown eyes, and a small red mouth with
dimples hovering shyly in its neighbor-
hood. "Just look at us, Polly, you
and me, two girls of nineteen and sev-
enteen, that ought to be enjoying our-
selves and having a good time, and here
we are, washing and scrubbing, and
turning wretched rags of dyed silk, and
cleaving faded ribbons, and counting
every pound of rice and every potato!
Even these wild grapes, Polly, that you
and I gathered down by the edge of the
swamp, we shouldn't venture on the ex-
travagance of preserving them, if Mrs.
Deacon Blodgett hadn't offered to sup-
ply the sugar on halves. Oh, I do hate
this life! Even Brisket the butcher
thinks he can insult us with impunity."
"Yes," said Polly, thoughtfully, "we
mustn't order any more meat at pres-
ent."
"But we must live," flashed out Lis-
beth.
"There is salt haddock," said Polly,
"and eggs, and vegetable soups, and
Mrs. Pullett always sends us a nice cut
of pork and some fresh sausages when
they kill their pig. Oh, we shall get
along somehow, Lisbeth; anything is
better than debt."
Lisbeth looking up with sparkling
eyes.
"Polly," cried she, "why don't they
increase papa's salary? Six hundred
dollars a year is a shameful pittance for
such a man as he is."
Polly shook her head over the grapes.
"Papa isn't a young man any longer,
Lisbeth," said she, "and he isn't as
modern in his ideas as Mr. Crocus."
"But he is such a learned man," cried
out Lisbeth, shaking the yellow mane
out of her eyes. "And his sermons—
oh, Polly, they make me cry, they are
so deep and so solemn, and go down
into one's heart so! Six hundred dol-
lars a year, Polly, for such work and
study as that!"
"There is no doubt," said Polly, so-
berly, "but that clergymen are, as a gen-
eral rule, very much underpaid in this
country."
"I shall never marry a clergyman,"
cried Lisbeth, with energy. "No, Pol-
ly, never! I'd marry a dust-man first!
For dust-men get their pay, and clergymen
don't, and—" "Lisbeth stopped short, scarlet
and enflamed, in this rhapsody of hers,
for, glancing to glance up, she beheld in
the doorway a tall and solemn-faced
young man, with an umbrella in one
hand and a traveling satchel in the
other.
"We don't want anything, please,"
said she, jumping at once to the conclu-
sion that she beheld a book agent, or a
vender of patent polish, or some such
itinerant tradesman.
"I beg your pardon," said the gentle-
man, apparently as much embarrassed
as was she herself; "I must have mis-
taken the house. I was looking for the
Reverend Francis Fenn!"
"My good gracious!" another mis-
sionary, murmured Lisbeth, sotto-voce,
as Polly stepped gracefully forward,
saying:
"You are not mistaken, sir; this is
the house. Please to walk into the par-
lor, and I will speak to papa."
The best room of the parsonage was
cool and dark, with green paper shades
drawn down, a jar of fragrant dried rose
leaves in the fire-place, and a hem-
brided rug of parti-colored cloth laid
carefully down before the sofa to hide
the darned spot in the carpet.
"Not that chair, please," said Polly,

coloring up to the roots of her hair, as
the unwary stranger advanced toward a
certain corner; "the leg is broken and
we've glued it, and I'm afraid it's not
quite safe. This one is better."
While Lisbeth, hiding her face in her
apron, murmurs to herself, "Is there no
end to our humiliations? In our world
always to be full of glue and patches,
and mends and make-shifts?"
"Lisbeth," said Polly, returning,
"go and call papa."
"It's another missionary, I'm sure,"
said Lisbeth, unwittingly pulling down
the sleeves of her brown calico dress.
"And I know he'll stay to dinner, and
he's got a hungry glare in his eyes, and
there's nothing for dinner but barley
soup and a cabbage. Oh dear!" with a
grimace which made Polly laugh in
spite of herself, "I wish the race of
missionaries was extinct."
The country parson looked mildly up
from the second paragraph of his
"Thirdly" as Lisbeth came in, smelling
of wild grapes, with an aureole of yellow
hair about her face.
"Papa," said she, "there's a gentle-
man in the parlor to see you, with a
carpet-bag and a white necktie!"
"Ah!" said the clergyman. "A
visitor, I suppose. He is most welcome.
But I am just at present deep in the
thread of a complicated polemic theory.
Make my compliments to the gentleman,
Lisbeth, and beg his indulgence for a
quarter of an hour or so." And the
parson dipped his pen into the time-
stained wooden standish, as if he was
determined to settle the subject at once.
"But, papa!" Lisbeth had caught at
his coat cuff to reclaim him temporarily
from the abysses of theological argu-
ment.
"Yes, my dear," looking absently at
her.
"Do you think he'll stay to dinner?"
"I shall invite him, my dear, most
assuredly."
Lisbeth's countenance fell. "But
papa," faltered she, "there's nothing
but barley soup."
"We will serve it with good old-
fashioned sauce of welcome, my dear,"
said the Reverend Mr. Fenn, with a
grave, sweet smile, "and I doubt not
it will suffice."
Lisbeth flounced out of the room
with a heightened color and quick, im-
patient breath. "Papa's an angel,"
said she to herself, "but angels never
were adapted to get along in this work-
a-day world." She put her golden head
into the parlor door for an instant.
"Papa is very busy with his 'Thirdly',"
said she, with a roguish twinkle in the
deep hazel eyes, "and he begs you'll
be good enough to wait until he's
through."
The stranger bowed, and looked more
embarrassed than ever, as he answered:
"Oh, certainly, certainly. I am in no
haste whatever."
And Lisbeth went back to her sister.
"Polly," said she, "what will we do.
Company to dinner, and nothing to give
them."
"But we must have something," said
Polly. "Put on your things, Lisbeth.
Go out and buy a fowl, and a quart of
potatoes, and a loaf of bread, and stop
at Mr. Dakin's for an ounce of his best
tea and a quarter of a pound of butter."
Lisbeth opened her eyes very wide at
this extravagant order.
"Oh, you reckless Polly!" said she;
"and where are all the funds to come
from?"
Polly sighed softly. "I shall have
to take the dried-cherry money," said
she, "that I was saving up for my fall
hat and gloves. But it isn't much mat-
ter. I dare say I can manage very well
with the old ones for a little while
longer."
"It's a shame!" cried Lisbeth, vehe-
mently. "And to think how you
toiled all those hot summer days to pick
and dry those black ox-hearts."
"There's no help for it, dear," said
Polly, gently. "Get your hat on quick
—there's no time to lose."
"But it isn't fair," protested Lisbeth.
"Why should all the traveling preach-
ers and book agents and mission col-
lectors come here and eat us out of house
and home? Why don't they go to Mr.
Crocus?"
Polly smiled. "Because Mr. Crocus
doesn't make them welcome, and papa
does," said she.
"I do wonder," cried Lisbeth, im-
pudently, "if there is any other race of
men imposed upon as country min-
isters are! Mark my words, Polly, I
never, never, will marry a—" "Never,
never, never!" said Polly, with a
sigh.
By this time Polly had tied on her
sister's straw hat, and twisted a
muslin scarf across her shoulders.
"Do make haste, dear," said she, in
accents of gentle entreaty, as she point-
ed upward to the clock.
Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed
when Lisbeth came flying back, with
yellow tresses streaming behind, and
market-basket in her hand.
"There," Polly, cried she, in the
clear, light voice of girlhood, as she de-
posited a plump chicken on the table,
"there's your new hat; and there," as
she laid down a packet of groceries,
"are your gloves; and here," rattling
out the potatoes, "is my last chance for
a new blue neck-tie! And I do hope,
Polly, that they'll give the missionary
the worst kind of dyspepsia."
"Lisbeth!"
"Well, but I do," santly retorted
the girl, as she turned to put away her
hat. "And—Oh, Polly!"
Polly turned around with a start, at
the changed tone of her sister's voice.
"What is it, Lisbeth? You're not
ill?"
Lisbeth, with a glowing face, pointed
to the little wooden cupboard in the
wall, which, extending through from
parlor to kitchen, in butler's-pantry
fashion, was used as a general repository

for books and papers. And then, for
the first time, Polly perceived that both
doors were slightly ajar.
"Polly," muttered the girl, hoarsely,
"he has heard every word! He couldn't
help it." And flinging her hat in one
direction, and her scarf in another, Lis-
beth fled up the narrow wooden stairs
to her own room, and threw herself,
sobbing hysterically, upon the bed.
"It's my tongue," sobbed Lisbeth,
"my wretched, chattering tongue. Papa
always warned me against giving loose
to it; Polly always told me it would get
me into trouble. Oh, dear, dear, what
must he think? how can I ever look him
in the face?" And with this doleful
revelation, Lisbeth buried her hot face in
the pillows, and cried harder than ever.
It seemed an age to her, but it was in
reality little more than half an hour,
before Polly came fluttering up the
stairs, like a sweet-browed guardian
angel.
"Lisbeth," said she, "darling, don't
fret—you mean no harm. Get up and
braid your hair, and come down stairs.
Dinner will be on the table directly,
and papa is asking for you."
Lisbeth sat up and pushed the damp
fringe of yellow hair out of her eyes.
"I shall not come down, Polly."
"But you must, dear; papa would be
very much vexed."
"Never!" cried Lisbeth, with a fresh
burst of tears; "never!"
But the country parson himself
presently came to the rescue, with mild
eyes and a firm, gentle voice.
"No member of my family must be
lacking in courtesy to a guest," said he,
taking Lisbeth gently by the hand;
and the poor child was led shamefaced-
ly into the kitchen, where the table was
spread, and Polly stood smiling at its
head.
"Mr. Vincent," said the parson to
the tall stranger, this is my youngest
child."
"I am the black sheep of the family,"
said Lisbeth, hanging her head, "and
I'm very sorry, sir, and I beg your
pardon."
"Pray don't mention it," said Mr.
Vincent, in genuine distress at the sight
of the mortification of this yellow-
haired lassie with the deep hazel eyes
and the red, sensitive mouth.
And when dinner was over—and here
let us mention that Mr. Vincent ate and
drank with an excellent appetite, as if
no lurking shadow of the threatened
dyspepsia disturbed his digestion—and
the country parson had taken his guest
into the study, Polly put her arm
around Lisbeth's waist, and drew her
out under the morning-glory vines,
where, by this time, the blue and rose-
tinted cups had all folded themselves
into tight little parasolettes, and hidden
behind the leaves.
"Lisbeth," said she, "I've got good
news for you."
"Nothing can be good news any
more," said Lisbeth, with a fresh burst
of tears.
"Oh, but listen," soothed Polly.
"Do you know who this Mr. Vincent
is?"
"A—missionary, I suppose." And
poor Lisbeth spoke the word as if it was
a dose of quinine.
"No, dear, he's the bishop's sec-
retary. And he has heard of papa's learn-
ing and zeal and talent, and he has come
to offer him a parish near New York,
with twelve hundred dollars—only think
of it, Lisbeth!—twelve hundred dollars
a year and an assistant. We shall be
rich, darling, and dear, dear papa will
have a little rest and ease in his old
age."
"That can't be true," said Lisbeth,
vaguely.
"But it is," said Polly; "and then the
two sisters began to cry and sob, with
happy incoherence, in each other's arms."
"Is it possible," cried Polly Fenn,
"that it is a whole year since we came
to Moreham rectory?"
It was a year. Once more the wild
grapes were scenting all the woods; once
more the golden-rod held up its torches
of flame along the course of babbling
brooks, and Polly shaded her eyes with
one hand, as she stood in the doorway
and watched Lisbeth come lightly along
the garden path, with the yellow sun-
shine tangled in her hair, and an un-
wonted moisture in her deep eyes.
"What have you done with Mr. Vin-
cent?" asked Polly, demurely.
"He is walking down by the falls
with papa," said Lisbeth, coming up to
her sister's side, and slipping one arm
through Polly's. "And, Polly—"
"Well, dearest?"
"I—I have something to tell you."
"Couldn't I guess it?" said Polly,
laughing. "No, Lisbeth, don't turn
your face away—I know it all, darling.
He loves you, and you have promised to
be his wife."
"Polly," said Lisbeth, "I think you
must be a fortune-teller. But, oh! I
am so happy! and I can hardly believe
that it isn't all a dream."
"Well, Lisbeth!"
"I thought you were never, never,
going to marry a—" "But Lisbeth's soft little hand pressed
over her sister's mouth, and her plead-
ingly uttered, "Please, Polly, don't,"
stopped the sentence ere it was finished.
And Polly was merciful, and didn't.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Eleven out of twelve women seen in a
Memphis (Tenn.) street-car a few days
ago were in mourning.
At the last lunar eclipse, Baho Sahib,
a pious Hindoo, weighed himself and
gave his weight in silver coins to the
poor.
Paper teeth are a new invention in
Germany, and a number of specimens
were displayed at the late paper exhibi-
tion in Berlin. They are warranted
fully as durable as any other teeth.
Two interesting burglars have been
arrested at Adelaide, Australia, who
distributed tracts on Sunday in order to
become acquainted with the premises
they intended to work, and when cap-
tured ate up \$1,500 in £20 notes.
A sad case is reported from a Western
town. The inhabitants never knew there
was a certain storekeeper among them
until the sheriff's flag apprised them of
the fact. The bankrupt had persistently
refused to advertise his goods.
John Williams, an Indiana rascal,
devotes himself almost exclusively to the
difficult task of swindling widows. His
usual plan is to go into a town as a
clergyman, start revival meetings, make
the acquaintance of a pious widow with
money, promise to marry her, borrow
\$500 to \$1,000, and run away. He has
been caught at last.
At Centre and Worth streets, New
York, one afternoon recently, an elderly
gentleman, who stated that he had
never experimented in that way before,
threw two dollars in pennies on the
pavement. Boys and girls, and even
men and women, joined in the wild
scramble for the coin and eagerly gath-
ered them from the mud. The donor
was besieged with appeals for "more,"
and when to escape the crowd he got on
a passing car, part of the crowd followed
for several blocks.
Schultz was the object of ridicule in a
California factory, and the jokes of his
companions became unbearable. Hang-
ing a long knife over his work-bench, he
called attention to the weapon, and said,
with a gravity of tone that indicated sin-
cerity: "I will kill the first man that
fools with me." The measure was effec-
tive for a while, but at length the
spirit of mischief overcame the prudence
of one of the former tormentors, and he
daubed tar on the handles of Schultz's
tools. Schultz unhesitatingly took down
the knife and killed the joker.
A young man drove into Xenia, Ohio,
the other day with some friends, to meet
a train. Arriving at the depot, a freight
train was standing on the side track,
and the countryman, not seeing any
convenient place to tie up, deliberately
hitched his horse to the rear car of the
freight, and proceeded to promenade the
wheels around the depot while waiting
for his train. What was his surprise
when he saw his hitching post pull out
for Cincinnati, with his horse and wagon
bringing up the rear in the best of
order. It would not be proper to record
the remarks of the young man on the
subject.
The broken Glasgow bank had a
branch in a medium-sized town in the
north of Scotland, and to this branch
orders were telegraphed on the morning
of the failure to at once close the doors.
But in this town the post and telegraph
office were presided over by a canny old
lady, who was assisted in the latter
duties by her daughter. Accordingly,
when the astounding message arrived,
and was being duly transferred to writ-
ing, the old lady quickly put on her
bonnet, went across to the bank—a few
doors off—and drew out the whole of
her deposit. Five minutes later she was
with the rest of the little community
expressing her amazement at the omi-
nous words, "Bank closed."
An Alligator's Tidbits.
Alligators must have singular habits,
remarks a New York paper, judging
from one recently killed in one of the
rivers of Florida. Having been dissected,
there were found in his stomach two
gar fish, each three feet long, six flint-
stones worn smooth as glass, two cy-
press knees, four pine knots, two frag-
ments of bricks, several yards of cot-
ton cloth, two volumes of public docu-
ments and a small hand-saw. We can
understand why he might have been
hungry for flint-stones, hand-saws, cy-
press knees and pine knots, but how he
could have bolted the public documents
passes comprehension. A whale, lately
on exhibition in Cincinnati, proved to
have swallowed a broken beer bottle,
the bottoms of two glass tumblers, an
old boot, a screw-driver, a discarded
waistcoat and three or four jack-knives.
But these are presumed to have inter-
fered so seriously with his digestion as
to cause his premature demise. An
antopsy was held to determine the
cause of his death, which is no longer
a mystery. It is thought that a num-
ber of Cincinnatians, ignorant of nat-
ural history, fed him with the articles
mentioned, under the impression that
the huge fish regarded them as deli-
cacies. They should remember hereafter
that both Cuvier and Buffon say that,
much as whales in their natural state en-
joy glass tumblers and screw-drivers oc-
casionally, they do not thrive on them
when given as regular diet. The allig-
ator, on the contrary, flourishes on
everything.

Items of Interest.

Corn feed—Tight boots.
A man should be grateful for a full
grate.
Partridges are among the things that
whirr.
You can't tell the age of an "old
saw" by looking at its teeth.
When you come to look for a spot on
the sun you will find its Sol in your
eyes.
A lie has no legs, and cannot stand;
but it has wings, and can fly far and
wide.
You can never expect to have all you
desire, so get what you can, and be
happy.
Coal dealers, let the times be ever so
hard, have a weight of doing business on
a large scale.
The true rule in business is to guard
and do by the things of others as one
does by his own.
Money makes the marego, steam
makes the cargo, and the sight of the
creditor makes the mango.
There is no great difference between
man and man. Superiority depends
on the manner in which we profit by the
lessons of necessity.
French physicians continue to re-
commend horseflesh as the very best
food for their consumptive patients.
It is a very common dish in Paris.
The small boy moans, rubs his eyes,
and turns over in his slumbers at night
now. But it isn't colic, mother. No, he
is dreaming about Christmas, and
whether Santa Claus will bring him a
four-bladed jack-knife or a pair of red-
topped boots.
The Great Eastern steamship was
designed by Mr. I. K. Brunel, and
built by Messrs. Scott Russell & Co., at
Millwall, on the Thames. She is 665
feet long, eighty-three feet beam and
has paddle engines of 1,000 and screw
of 1,600 horse power.
Said a mother to her little son: "There!
Your toes are out of your stockings
again. Seems to me they wear out in a
hurry." Giving a comical leer, he said:
"Do you know why stockings wear out
first at the toes?" "No." "Because
toes wriggle, and heels don't."
One acre of land will produce 1,000
bushels of sugar beets, which made
into sugar will yield 4,800 pounds of
sugar; or into vinegar, 5,000 gallons; or
into proof spirit, 1,000 gallons. Such
are the possibilities of an acre of ground
with proper skill and cultivation.
A singular feature in the marine land-
scapes between Terra del Fuego and the
contiguous mainland is the floating gar-
dens of seaweed. The plant frequently
grows to a length of between 300 and
400 feet. It gives cover and pasturage
to every species of crustacea, great and
small, while the entangled mass,
swaying like a ponderous curtain in the
water, effectually breaks the shock of
the most tremendous rollers.
Ruined by a Spider.
Spiders crawling more abundantly
and conspicuously than usual upon
the indoor walls of our houses fore-
tell the near approach of rain; but the fol-
lowing anecdote indicates that some of
their habits clearly foretell frost be-
at hand. Quartermaster Disjonval, seek-
ing to beguile the tedium of his
prison hours at Utrecht, had studied
tentatively the habits of the spider for
eight years of imprisonment had given
him leisure to be well versed in its
ways. In December of 1794, the French
army, on whose success his restoration
to liberty depended, was in Holland, and
victory seemed certain, if the French
then of unprecedented severity, was
continued. The Dutch envoy had failed
to negotiate a peace, and Holland was
sparing, when the frost suddenly
broke. The Dutch were now exulting,
and the French generals prepared for
treat, but the spider forewarned Disjonval
that the thaw would be of short
duration, and he knew that this warn-
ing monitor never deceived. He contrived
to communicate with the army of
countrymen, and its generals, who de-
estimated his character, relied on his
assurance that within a few days the
waters would again be passable for
troops. They delayed their retreat
within twelve days the frost had
turned—the French army triumphantly
Disjonval was liberated, and a spider
had brought down ruin on the Dutch
nation.
Grain in Europe and America.
According to the American Agriculturist
Europe produces now on an average
5,000,000,000 bushels of grain, and
Russia produces one-third, or 1,600,000,000,
and France 520,000,000. The United
States produces 1,800,000,000 bushels,
the same as Russia. In order to ap-
preciate the advantages of the United
States, the population should be taken
into account; this is for the United
States 40,000,000, and therefore, we pro-
duce forty bushels per head, while
Europe, with a population of 300,000,000,
produces only six bushels per head; Russia
only four bushels per head. An
average quantity of grain consumed
head is fifteen bushels, we produce
nearly three times as much as we want,
Russia scarcely twice its wants, Europe
on an average all needed, but Great
Britain not much over one-fourth.
It will be seen that the general produc-
tion far surpasses the consumption, but
excess is absorbed by breweries and
distilleries all over the world, which
more to keep the price of bread at a
high figure than anything else.