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The Forest Republican.

VOL. XI. NO. 46. TIONESTA, PA., FEBRUARY 5, 1879. \$2 PER ANNUM.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate and Description. Includes One Square (1 inch), one insertion - \$1; One Square, one month - \$3 00; One Square, three months - 6 00; One Square, one year - 10 00; Two Squares, one year - 15 00; Quarter Col. - 30 00; Half - 50 00; One - 100 00.

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Orthographical.

With tragic air the lover's hair Once chased the chaste Louise; She quickly guessed her guest was there To please her with his pleas. Now at her side he kneeling sighed His sighs of woe's size: "Oh, hear me here, for I, most low, Breathe before your eyes. My soul is sore thine own, Louise— Tell never wean, I wean, The love that I for aye shall feel, The love that may be its mien!" "You know I cannot tell you no— The maid made answer true— "I love you aught—as sure I ought— "To you 'tis due I do!" Since you are won, Oh, fairest one, The marriage rite is right— The chapel aisle I'll lead you up This night," exclaimed the knight. —Eugene Fields.

A Flood, and What Came of It.

Once upon a time, not very long ago, there was a young damsel called— But perhaps I'd better not mention her name; she's changed it now, in any case, and to save everybody's feelings, I'll call her Mollie Muldoon—sweet Mollie Muldoon. Now a more delightful creature it would be hard to find, for she had that incomparable nature that blends the child with the woman; and whereas she could romp and play like a kitten in seasons of frivolity, you might in a trice and serious extremity search the wide world over for a wiser or maturer judgment. She had the most wonderful knack of taking a shabby house, and going over it from top to bottom, with a touch here and a brush there, and a little adoration over yonder, so that, when she was through, the metamorphosis would be startling, and one would declare that under the gilt plates of her house dress she concealed the wand of a fairy.

Everybody knows that poverty and pride are like oil and water, and won't go together very well; and it could not be denied that Mollie's beauty and grace were sadly suited to the stunted means of life doled out to the widow Muldoon and her two children. When Mr. Muldoon was living they had all the luxuries that his handsome salary and generous heart could devise; but the bountiful hand became cold in death, and the handsome salary ceased long before Mollie was old enough fully to enjoy either the one or the other. It was only a mercy from heaven that Mrs. Muldoon's father outlived her husband, and was able to allow her a small income, or heaven knows what would have become of sweet little Mollie, with her yearnings after fashionable furbelows and surroundings.

Poor little Mollie! Many a time I've seen her beautiful eyes filled with tears of rage and mortification over an abortive attempt at making a dress with puffs and frills out of a small pattern; but out she came presently with some old under-skirt of her mother's, or aunt's or grandmother's, and with a few touches of her magic fingers the whole fabric would fall together, colors and all, as gracefully as a rainbow, and then her eyes would shine again, and her dimpled chin go up in the air with the true pride of genius.

"Just look at that Mollie Muldoon," said Fanny Sharp, as Mollie went by; "she's ruining her mother, the way she dresses." "Pride goeth before a fall," croaked old Granny Sharp. It was only a week or so after that I heard from Mrs. Muldoon's own lips the confirmation of a rumor that had been going about for months—that Mollie was actually engaged to be married to young Adolphus Dacre. The Dacres had been given over by our whole little community long since. They had treated the church scandalously, hiring the best pew, and never paying a penny on it; the grocer had refused to give them any further credit; the butcher's cart drove right by their door; and Malony, the milkman, had been seen sitting upon the front stoop of the Dacres', waiting, he said, for one of two things—his money or the liver of Mr. Dacre.

"And of course," said Mollie, "so long as these miserable tradespeople held on, and treated the Dacres with respect, the whole aristocracy of Babbleton followed suit; but now that the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker have given them up—"

"It's a case of the rotten potato," said her seventeen-year-old brother Jack. "Have you too turned against Dolph?" said Mollie. "I!" replied the lad, with mock tragedy. "Never! As a friend of mine, he's A. 1, and no mistake; but I don't take much stock in Dolph as a brother-in-law. It's all he can do to keep himself in chink."

"Mamma, will you make Jack stop talking slang?" "I beg pardon," said Jack; "what I meant to say was that under existing circumstances Mr. Adolphus Dacre finds it exceedingly difficult to supply his own individual necessities, and positively declines any inducement to take in the matrimonial racket."

"Declines me!" said Mollie, with scornful emphasis. "Declines the whole feminine generation," said Jack. That very day, which was a freezing one in December, Mollie was seen down upon the skating pond executing with marvelous grace and facility the intricate evolutions of the outer edge, and

with her was Dolph Dacre. Whatever might have been his inclination toward the feminine generation in general, it was plainly evident that to Mollie in particular his whole heart and soul went out in fond emotion. His face was of the same mobile tendency as Mollie's, and love, admiration, devotion, idolatry, beamed in every line of it. "It's a shame to part them," said the romantic lookers-on. "It's ruinous to have them so much together," said the prudent; but Mollie and Dolph went gliding on, their hands locked together, their glad hearts caring no more for fate than for the freezing wind.

"Dolph is a bang-up skater," said Jack that night at supper. "That push in his left boot loosened his skate, or he'd have been the top of the heap. If he could only get a pair of shoes—"

"Do you mean to say," said Mollie, the morsel upon her fork suddenly becoming distasteful to her—"do you mean to say that Dolph Dacre can't get as many shoes as he wants?" "Why, sir, if it comes to that, can I? Can you? Poverty is a blamed uncomfortable thing; but I hope it's no disaster."

"It is a disgrace. It is a hideous, heinous, unbearable crime!" said Mollie, and pushed her chair away, and went up stairs to cry her pretty eyes out. Her mother found her with her head buried in the pillow, her whole little body quivering with excitement. "Why, Mollie, my child!" began poor placid Mrs. Muldoon; and then the young termagant turned upon her. "It's your business," she cried, "to put an end to this madness between Dolph and me. Do you think it's a very nice thing to have your daughter—papa's daughter—engaged to be married to a man that can't afford to buy himself a pair of shoes?"

"A little temporary embarrassment, my child." "A little temporary fiddlestick!" roke in Mollie. "It's forever and ever, and hopeless, and I wish I was dead!" Here she began to sob again. "What can I do?" said poor Mrs. Muldoon.

"You can break off the engagement— forbid him to enter your doors—insult him—tell him you won't give your daughter to a pauper—make him so mad he'll never look at me again."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said the poor lady, her cheeks beginning to burn. "I admire and respect the young man too much to cause him any unnecessary suffering; but I'll tell him to give up, for his own sake as well as yours."

Poor Dolph met Mrs. Muldoon half way. He confessed it was the merest presumption upon his part to aspire to the hand of a creature so fair and sweet and supremely perfect; he owned that his pecuniary prospects were hopeless, and his future a blank season of despair. "I can get him back again," said Mollie; "but she found this not so easy, after all. Dolph had a pride of his own that had long battled impotently against his love. He came no more to the house; the skating pond missed its champion; the main street lost its most graceful promenader; and no more little billets-doux went into the vest pocket nearest his heart, or lay in the perfumed recesses of Mollie's battered writing-desk. The broker's office where Dolph was employed opened late and closed early, for there was very little business doing in those times of commercial depression, but he haunted the busy streets of the financial center with so haggard and distracted an air that he passed for a youth who had ventured his all upon some rotten security and lost it. Which, indeed, was the truth in more ways than one.

Mollie, who had not looked for this firmness of resolve upon his part, began to grow pale and listless; she also forsook the familiar haunts that love had made so delightful, and busied herself more than ever with patching up the outward appearances of her toilet and the shabby surroundings at home. She grew less plump, less rosy; faint lines of thought traced her fair white brow; her eyes took a shade of melancholy in their depth that made them a deeper, soter, darker blue.

"She's losing her health," sighed poor Mrs. Muldoon. It was midsummer, and Babbleton was at its loveliest and best, and it became necessary for fashionable people to leave it at once. Among the arrivals at a popular watering-place might have been noticed the names of Mrs. Cinqbar and her niece Miss Mollie Muldoon, and within a month letters began to reach Babbleton that made the heart of poor Mrs. Muldoon beat with alternate hope and fear.

"Mollie behaves like an angel," wrote Mrs. Cinqbar; "and if you show the least discretion and sense in following up this providential opportunity of hers, it will be the luckiest thing in the world for you all. Mr. Fithian is a man of distinction and influence as well as wealth, and will be able to give Jack a push in life. We should all of us be exceedingly grateful for Mollie's success; and I do hope you'll manage to get that moldy dining-room of yours repapered and painted before Mollie's return. Jack might help in these things during his holidays, and I'll see that you have presentable linen and china for the table. If you lived within the pale of civilization, Mr. Fithian needn't, of course, stay to a meal; but no one can tell what may happen in that miserable Babbleton, in the way of a flood, or hurricane, or something."

Mrs. Muldoon did her feeble best, aided by some abortive efforts of Jack, whose invention far outran his executive ability; but when Mollie came back

the whole domestic ménage began to wear an air of comfortable serenity. Mollie soothed the fear and fluster of her mamma, altered her old black silk to the newest style, coaxed and bullied Jack into a semi-recognition of the inevitable, and everything went merry as a marriage bell. Aunt Cinqbar was astonishingly generous, for one of her cautious proclivities; and other relatives, who had hitherto been as adamant to the calls for relief, became plastic as putty in the face of this joyful extremity.

Mollie's wedding trousseau far exceeded her wildest ambition; and as she had considerable versatility of soul, these smooth expanses of silk and velvet took some such a shape to her as the lump of rough marble to the sculptor, or nicely-stretched canvas to an artist. Her eyes began to glow before the scissors snipped into the material; and when the whole ideal conception was realized, and particularly as the train hung well, and she was fitted to a nicety, she was wildly happy.

Only once was there an open allusion to Dolph. When it was proposed that the bridal couple should kneel during the benediction, "No, no," cried Mollie; "men never kneel gracefully, at least there are very few—only one; but never mind."

Two or three hours after, her mother came upon her unawares, and found her with her face bowed upon her hands. When it was lifted, it was wet with tears; but she would bear no caressing, and only said she was tired, and so glad the storm would prevent Mr. Fithian from coming down. In truth, it was a day in which no man, beast or reptile would care to be abroad. Heavy black clouds hung over Babbleton; the wind swept wildly through the deserted streets, increasing at nightfall to a hurricane, howling and shrieking like an unloosed demon about the dwellings of that hapless suburb, tearing ruthlessly the guncracks of fimsy architecture from roofs and balconies, up-rooting trees and shrubs, rocking Mollie's bedstead like a cradle, and at last sending a brick with direful accuracy straight down Mrs. Muldoon's chimney through the kitchen stovepipe, blocking up the damper, and frustrating the baking of a lovely meat pie that Mollie had made for supper.

Then the heavens opened, and the rain fell; and such a rain! A bucketful at a drop, Jack said, when he came home from town. He was wet to the knees, and declared that, two blocks below, a raft was plying from corner to corner; the boys were getting out their coats, and if the storm continued, the city of Venice would be nothing to Babbleton. As the kitchen fire had gone out, Jack's clothes were put to dry in the dining-room; the meat pie was still in its dough casing, but the coffee was warm; and there was plenty of cold ham in the larder. "And with ham and pickles," said Jack, "we can defy the elements."

So they all sat down to supper, Mollie's hair in one braid down her back, and the bib of her kitchen apron still tucked under her chin, when suddenly there was a ring at the bell.

"If that's Mr. Fithian," said Mollie, "I shall die. Do run up and see, Jack." Then Mrs. Muldoon and Mollie waited in breathless silence, and, as the house was small, and its acoustic properties accommodating, the smoothly modulated tones of Mr. Fithian came distinctly to their ears. "Is Miss Mollie in?" Jack rather thought she wasn't out. Then the parlor door opened and shut, and Jack came below.

"He's more like Mephistopheles than ever to-night," said Jack. "He's always tall and lean and cavaleros, but he's a speeter now; and 'his eyes have all the gleaming of a demon in their dreaming.'"

"Is he very wet, Jack?" "Wet! He's drowned. But he's as polite as a mounseer; he's holding two quarts of water at this present minute in his high hat, and smiling blandly while the rain drops over his marble brow."

Mollie went bravely up into the parlor. Now there is this about the grace of youth, that it is invincible; and Mr. Fithian had never found Mollie so charming as when she stood there before him with her kitchen bib on, and her hair in one braid down her back; but, on the other hand, a gentleman of Mr. Fithian's physique and style and age can be awfully brought to grief by two hours' wading in a tempest. His devotion was supreme, and merited a better acknowledgment at the hands of Mollie; but we all know the weakness and ingratitude of human nature. His overcoat and high hat and overshoes were thrown together in a wet mass upon the rack; Mollie saw them as she passed through the hall, and her heart sank within her. Did he expect to remain? With the kitchen fire out, and the back area filled with water, and nothing in the house but ham and pickles, did this alien and stranger expect to be asked to share their humble hospitality? He stood there, pretending to look at a book upon the marble table, while the water fell from his coat-tails in a pool. "You—you are so wet!" said Mollie.

"I know it," he said. "Can't I go somewhere and get dry? Let me go down stairs, Mollie, to the kitchen fire; surely you don't mind me, darling. Run down and ask your mother's permission."

Mollie knew the fire was quenched by the brick in the kitchen stovepipe, but she went down nevertheless—anything to get away from this miserable man. Her mother met her at the stairs with a pale face and outstretched hands,

"Don't come down, Mollie; the whole lower floor is flooded; the heater is out."

Mollie went into the parlor again. "There isn't one spark of heat in the whole house," she said to Mr. Fithian. "Perhaps, under these circumstances, it would be better to retire to the upper chambers," said Mr. Fithian, whose teeth were now beginning unpleasantly to chatter.

"Yes, we'd better all go to bed," said poor Mrs. Muldoon; "we can at least be dry and warm there."

At that moment a portentous drop fell straight from the ceiling upon the sparsely-covered cranium of Mr. Fithian. "Great heaven! the roof is leaking!" cried Mrs. Muldoon; and, rushing up stairs, they found a stream of water in the upper chamber gradually making its way to the floor below. It leaked from under the closet door. In that closet hung the better part of Mollie's bridal trousseau. She walked with a faltering step and beating heart to the door, opened it, and took one quick gasp to catch her breath. A gust of wind blew her one braid of hair over her eyes, the rain came pelting down; the sky-light had blown off; the pretty conceits of silk and velvet, the unrivalled conceptions of the dressmaker's brain, the ribbons and laces and all the dainty finery there, had fallen a prey to the devastation of the elements. It was all over. Mollie was pale, but calm. She walked down stairs again with a firm step. As she went she heard a familiar voice in a subdued whisper: "This floor is all right now, Mrs. Muldoon; the drain was clogged. Now Jack and I will get at the kitchen stove."

It was the voice of Dolph Dacre, the sweetest melody the world held for poor little Mollie Muldoon. Nothing could have kept her then from descending to the kitchen floor. It was wet and cold, and feebly lighted by the straggling flame of a solitary lamp, but Mollie suddenly found it radiant. It was warm, it was glowing, it was delightful. Dolph stood there, in his shirt sleeves, holding the kitchen stovepipe, while Jack was extricating the intruding brick. His luxuriant locks were blown across his brow, a bar of soot extended Dolph's moustache, but, oh! the invisible grace of youth! Mollie looked at Dolph with clasped hands and pleading eyes.

"Hold on, Jack," said Dolph, and dropped the stovepipe.

"What's the row?" said Jack, and looking up, found Mollie clasped to Dolph's bursting and exultant heart. "It's all over, Dolph," sobbed Mollie. "I did the best I could, but everything's spoiled. And what's the use? All the poor man can do is to get away, and stay away forever."

"I'll go for some conveyance for him, if you say so, Mollie," said Dolph, who had a compassionate heart.

"If you only would," said Mollie. And he did. Mr. Fithian was quite ill for several weeks, and somehow in gaining one fever he lost the other. At all events, when Mollie was married, the other day, to Dolph Dacre, among the wedding presents was a set of silver from Mr. Fithian; and whether he meant it for satire or a religious exhortation nobody knew, but this inscription was neatly engraved upon the coffee urn: "A foolish man builds his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

Edison's Mystery.

Mr. Edison has stumbled upon something new that puzzles and confounds him. For weeks he and his men have been at work in his workshop at Menlo Park, N. J., to perfect the electric generators to supply the new electric light. The lamp is completed, and the meter to measure the amount of electricity used is nearly finished. The generator has now to be perfected, and then the world will see the light that has worried the holders of gas stock so long. In the course of this study the great inventor has run upon something which he thinks is a new force, unknown to science. He thus speaks of it: "While we were experimenting with the electric light the other night, I got some more indications of the presence of some subtle, evasive force that I could not call electricity or anything else with which we are acquainted. I would describe it as a new radiant force, lying somewhere between light and heat on one hand and magnetism and electricity on the other. On bringing a magnet toward the electric light, which was then radiating only heat, the magnet became charged with this what-do-you-call-it, so that it emitted a spark in the dark. Some of the points which go to show that it is not electricity are that it does not respond to any of the physical tests of electricity except the spark. It produces no physiological effects like electricity save on the frog. It gives no evidence of polarity. It passes through the air and other resistances by large surface at the terminals, even when the apparatus is not insulated, and when connected with the earth or walls of a room it can yet be drawn off from the conductor."

Edison is not positive that "what-do-you-call-it" is a new force, for it might be some curious manifestation of electricity, under conditions not understood, and he modestly expresses the wish that some "ambitious students" would take hold of it and solve the problem.

A young artist has painted the picture of a dog under a tree, and the work is so artistically done that none but the best connoisseurs can tell the bark of the tree from that of the dog.

TIMELY TOPICS.

In the United States there were 1,268 murders in 1878, and ninety-six persons were hung.

Partly owing to the severe weather and partly to the general badness of the times, there is at present great distress throughout Switzerland. In Geneva alone six thousand people are reported to be out of work.

There are now forty-four American firms doing business in Japan. The British population outnumbers the American by three to one, and there are eighty-three British firms against forty-four American houses engaged in commercial pursuits in the empire.

John and Ann Thompson celebrated their golden wedding in Baltimore two years ago, both being of the same age. The other day Ann died of a paralytic stroke while at dinner, while John was stricken with paralysis at supper, and died on the day set for his wife's funeral, so that both were buried at once.

William Coleman, tramp, went into a New York tailor shop and begged a scrap of cloth to mend his rags. He was told to sit down by the stove, did so, went to sleep, and woke up with a howl of pain. A playful tailor had burned him with a hot iron. In the special sessions the playful tailor was fined \$25.

A St. Louis beau and belle visiting at Belleville, Ill., went out for a ride last Sunday on a child's sleigh three feet long, drawn by a bay horse sixteen hands high. Their turn-out made a sensation, increased finally by the scholars of a Sunday school that was dismissed as they passed, snow-balling them severely.

"The Finger of God," is the heading of a local note in the *Nouveau Monde* of Montreal, Gabriel Cloutier, a pious old man, deemed it his duty to chastise for intemperance his two grown-up daughters. The girls, however, chastised him and his mother, and one of them severely bit the third finger of his right hand. Next day he took out a warrant for them, but when he and the policemen arrived at the factory where the girls work it was found that the one who bit him had just had the third finger of her right hand taken off by a machine. The policeman was dismissed, for the old man said that he saw in this curious coincidence that the finger of God had been laid in punishment upon the principal offender.

Young ladies sometimes elope with stage drivers, but it is not every one, so doing, who can claim that a president's cousin made himself a hermit on that account. Alvin Harrison, an eccentric character, and cousin of ex-President Harrison, has just died near Oswego, Kansas, at the age of seventy-three. He was once a "promising" young lawyer of Ohio, and when old Tippecanoe ran for the presidency young Alvin went on the stump in his interest. Afterward he studied medicine and became engaged to a lass who, before the appointed wedding-day, eloped with a stage driver. Harrison then built him a cabin in the Neosho bottoms, where, alone and neighborless, sleeping on a bed of straw and subsisting on spoiled bacon, he lived the life a morose hermit till the day of his death.

Major Andre's Proposed Monument.

A great deal of discussion has been brought about in the New York papers by Cyrus W. Field's proposition to erect a memorial stone over the spot where Major Andre was hanged, the inscription to be written by Dean Stanley, of Westminster abbey. The following letter on this subject is from the *Evening Post*:

In view of the recent discussion about a monument on the spot where Major Andre was hanged, and an inscription, I have "tried my hand" at writing one, which seems to me appropriate, and I inclose it more for the sake of calling out the ideas of others on the general subject, if you think it worth while, than from any particular admiration of the production on my own part:

Here John Andre, A British Major, Sentenced by a Court-Martial Of Washington's Army, Was, By his Order, Hanged as a Spy October 21, 1780, Aged 29 Years. Mistaken zeal for his King Brought him to the Fate Which, by the rules of War, Was his due; Yet were his foes moved to spare him, By the graces and virtues of the Man, Which endeared him to all hearts; But the liberty of a People Was at Stake; To warn Others Was their Duty; and Benedict Arnold, A Traitor, Having escaped to the British, They refusing an Exchange, Left Major Andre To Die.

The American House of Representatives is renewed once in two years; the French chamber, once in four years; the German reichstag, the Prussian diet and the Hungarian diet, once in three years; while in Great Britain the nominal period of the elective house is seven years.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Cast down—Feathers. The floating population—Fishes. The mother of paragraphs—Mother wit.

The days are growing longer at both ends. A good dentist is a successful man on the stump.

There are 11,000 men on the London police force. It is the deliberate man who carries wait with him.

Something you can't crack with a hammer.—A whip. Egypt instituted hospitable care for the insane.

In Spanish, liberty is "libertad." Think of raising libertad-poles? Surly to bed and early to ryes never yet made any one healthy, wealthy and wise.

"Wise men never make prophecies," says somebody. They prefer to make profits. He that hath no reverence for the past cannot hope to prosper in the present.

We are the most paradoxical creatures. We use blotting paper to keep from blotting paper.

When you visit the menagerie and begin lion about the animals, don't give jackal the bad names. A woven book has been manufactured at Lyons, the whole of the letter-press being executed in silken thread.

Why, amid the general breaking-up of old business houses, do a few still remain intact? Echo answers, "Tact." The population of Australia at the last census was 1,742,294. The population of the capital, Melbourne, is 210,000.

Every man hath within himself a witness and a judge of all the good or ill that he does; it inspires him with great thoughts, and gives him wholesome counsels.

If you've anything to say, Say it; If you've anything to pay, Pay it. But, with naught to pay or say, Don't fret yourself about it, pray.

It is no sign because you see three canary-bird cages hanging in the window, and hear the little birds singing their songs, that the inmates of the mansion are any happier than if they only had a dog tied up in the cellar.

When Tom Crystal was passing along Cornhill he noticed a sign in a bookstore, "Old Books rebound." He entered and remarked to the proprietor, "Your sign there doesn't tell the truth." "How so?" said the storekeeper. "Well, it says 'Old books rebound,' when as a matter of fact they don't. Age does not impart resilience to a printed volume. I'll prove it to you by actual experiment." So saying, he took up a second-hand Shakespeare and banged it violently on the floor, following it by a copy of Milton and some patent office reports. "There, you see old books don't rebound worth a cent." Just then he caught the expression of the bookseller's eye, and bounded and rebounded till he reached the sidewalk. Solemn fact.

Turning the Tables.

Four young men of Simpsonville went over in the Todd's point neighborhood to call on some young ladies at the house of an old gentleman. After staying a short time they took their departure, but returned in a little while, and, either in a spirit of mischief, or to avenge some real or fancied slight, deliberately moved bodily a garden out to the front door of the residence. On arising the next morning, the old gentleman took in the situation at a glance. Arming himself with a shotgun, he was enabled, owing to the snow which had fallen the night previous, to track the young men to their respective places of abode. He formed them all in a line, and at the muzzle of his gun marched them to the scene of their depredation of the night previous. After summoning his daughters to witness the fun, he compelled the young men to carry the building back to the point from which they had taken it. It was a bitter pill, but they submitted. What made the case especially distressing to one of the young men was to find his photograph, which he had recently given to one of the young ladies, conspicuously tacked on the door.—Shelby (Ky.) Sentinel.

"Lost—Two Golden Hours."

The following interesting letter we take from the correspondence column of the New York *Evening Post*: "During the summer of 1875, after passing through the parks and grounds of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, near Bridge of Allen, I was highly favored by an interior view and inspection of the castle and castles of its construction, and of his noble ancestors, a favor that one could scarcely expect outside of his circle of acquaintances. In the day nursery was this motto, that I have since desired to learn the origin of. If any of your many readers can aid me, it will be an esteemed favor to know whether it may have been original with him or not:

"Lost. Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, Two Golden Hours, Each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, As they are gone forever." "The beauty and propriety of these few words have lingered in my mind and given zest to my daily efforts. I hope that they may be of use to others, through your valuable columns."