erest Republican.

IN SYERY WEDNESDAY, BY RDUNN

ENON & BONNER'S BUILDING MERRIET, TIONFRITA, PA.

MAN SEAR.

phonoroccived for a shorter others months. dence solicited from all parts . No notice will be taken of communications,

he Old Fire-Place. 5. Hays has written the following but them to music. It is dedicated is McCallongt, of Community

saturabler the scenes of my boyhood its wing to my memory still. sifeam filled the air with its

it rushed turough the woods to re my granufather lived. I re-

s tras laid away under the snow, a all gathered around in the evening (asployed bre-place, long years ago.

the home and dear once who lived

var again in this world will I know to a who sat smiling and talking around it, The old-fashioned live-place, long years ago. re sat upon grandfather's knee in evening ;

The family were gathered around the warm hearth ;

ane swung the kettle, the back-log was singley-I looked like the happlest scene on this

grandmother quietly sat with her knitting, of others were rocking in chairs to and fro, hiskory spark popped about on the carpet rom the old-fashioned fire-place, long years

to cat in the corner sat silently musing, the old family Bible was opened and read; hun grandfather prayed, and we kissed one another

And walspered "good-night," and went happy to bed.

he clock on the wall never tired of ticking, The room became silent, the fire burned low, a loved ones were dreaming, but angels were watching That old-fashloned fire-place, long years ago.

THE UNLUCKY HOUSE,

That is the place, bailie, A very booky house, sir! I would not advise a to buy it."
Pooh! You don't expect an eld yeler like me to be influenced by such

That is between you and your own t, sir; but, to tell the truth, it was because you have traveled, and o many an up and many a down, that

expected you to be influenced by an canny name. It is the folks that have ges,' that have no fore-knowl-I'm not a superstitious man myre things worth minding yes, indeed !"

The two men had checked their horses before a large gray stone house, stand-ing on the slope of a hill that would have been dreary in any eyes but those of Scotsmen. Rugged and bleak, with Sumps of dark fir here and there, and natches of dull-heather invading the brown bare bits of pasture-ground. The firs had been thickly planted round the house, and had in the course of three or our generations overgrown any attempt a gardening there had ever been. In not, nothing now remained of it except a weedy, gravelly walk that led to a black lake, which spread itself toward the mook, and was gradually lost in the bogs and marshes around. "Those hills in the background and

this marsh ought to furnish good sport,

"Ay, but birds and red deer know many a thing beyond our kenning. The deer have left the bills, and the birds have found caunier places to build than those dark, slimy sedges. Whiles they onld teach ne a lesson, if we were not too set in our own ways to mind them. I am speaking to ease my own mind, baille; I know well you will do just as you like.

Bailie Allister did not answer at once, He took in the whole gray, dreary landcape, with the lichen-stained, melancholy house in the midst of it, and then asked, abruptly: " What did you call the place,

"I never called its name at all, sir.
More than a hundred years syne some-body called it 'Oross-basket'—a very proper name, for every generation has sean its basket and store crossed more and more, till at last basket, store, and oney-pouch are all but empty,'

"Who is the owner now?"
"Sholto MacNair. He's but a poor lad for a laird-aye dawdling about the tills with a pencil, they say.

"I think I will go and see him. There is harm in peering the price

"You'll do your will, doubtless, baille; and it is none of my interest to say, Don't.' Still you are my own cousin four times removed, and I would be cash to see you buy bad luck with good | clients

"I am not set on buying, Brodie. To tell the truth, I knew this lad's mothtwenty-five years ago, and I would be to see her son. Poor Grace Lari-You'll mind Grace Larimer,

of mind her well, bailie. She has been dead many a year now, and if you are bent on seeing her son, a 'good-day' to you; it is little time I have for picking up dropped threads,'

Bo the lawyer and his friend partedthe one trotting gently back to the city; the other, after tying his horse to the mate of the decaying house, sauntering thoughtfully toward its entrance.

His summons at the door was answered by an old woman, whose first greeting was anything but hospitable: "Ye needna ring sae loud, sir; we're neither deaf nor dead within

"Can I see Mr. MacNair?"

The Forest Republican.

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every ane that has mair time than gowder

Then a door softly opened, and a young man in a loose, slovenly dress approached. "Walk in, sir," he said, in a manner that indicated at once the nervousness of the recluse and the "Then old Faulder sent Maggie "The sent Ma courtesy of a natural gentleman.

There was a bright fire in the room into which he preceded his risitor, but it did little to relieve the air of utter prevailing character. The stone floor was but partially covered with a ragged earpet, the furniture was broken and moth-eaten, the walls were stained with damp, and the drapping paper green with mildew. The vaille felt a sudden chill, and it was scult for a moment to state his errange. When at length it was done, the young laird sighed and

"Dead? Yes, sir. She died a slow, weary death in this very room. Perhaps you were her friend?"

"So truly her friend that I would fain be a friend to her child;" and he stood up and offered his hand with a frank, hearty manner quite irresistible to the sensitive young man. He was a youth, indeed, apt to inspire a liking in a heart linking him with tender memories. He had a bright spiritual face, set in soft dark curly hair, Norse bone, and Celtic blood, and that quick observation and sympathetic nature that is always ready to take a hint or develop a resource.

Consequently it was easy for a person disposed to be his friend to find out the best way to extend help. True, he had a youth's shame about poverty, but he had also youth's hope and youth's confidence in his own resources. He exhibited with a kind of eager modesty his numerous pictures and studies of Scotch life and scenery, and the old man knew enough and had traveled enough to be aware that they showed signs of great genius.

But it was not these pretentions works that attracted him most; it was some papers lying loosely on the table, cov-ered with quaint designs of flowers and stars and dots and crosses. He lifted these with the curiosity and the eye of nesse with the currosity and the eye of the who thoroughly understands a subject and is greatly interested in it. Sholto blushed deeply, and nervously ried to draw off his visitor's attention. But the bailie seemed for a few minutes quite absorbed in the work and in his own thoughts. Then he ejaculated: 'Beautiful! Are those your designs, Mr. MacNair?"

"Yes, sir; I do a little in that way sometimes. In fact, I am obliged to, until I can get my pictures into a prop-

"Why, these designs are exquisite, To whom do you sell them?" "John Orr buys all I make."

"No wonder their sewed muslins have such a sale! Sholto MacNair, if you will come into the city and design for my factory for two years, you will have money enough for Rome and the Rhine. What do you say?"

It was quite easy to persuade the young man that his pictures were not musterpieces, and that he ought to devote two years to the drudgery of money making, in order that he might devote many years after them to travel and study. But at length the bailie succeeded, the wretched home was aban But at length the bailie sucdoned, and Sholto took his desk in the designing-room of the great sewed muslin firm of Bailie Archibald Allister.

It was about six months afterward that Lawyer Brodie called one evening on his cousin Allister. There was business of an important nature in the call. but after it had been completed their conversation gradually drifted into a less personal and less selfish strain. "How is Sholto MacNair getting

along, bailie?" "He is doing well-saving money and

working hard. "Humph ! It is the fourth genera-

ation; maybe the curse lifts a little by this time, 'Unto the third and fourth generation'-that's how it reads, bailie.' "I never rightly understood the matter, Brodie. This Ranald MacNair was

a lawyer and a judge of the court of

"A scoundrel and a murderer of the worst kind, bailie. My grandfather sat beside him on the bench for twenty

Then there was a pause, but Bailie Allister knew better than to break it. He let the spell of the flickering firelight and of the sensitive expectant silence tell upon the heart of the old lawyer; and presently he said, in a low, thoughtful voice, "I'll tell you, bailie, what I know about it, and there is no one knows more, for we have done the MacNair business nearly eighty years, though I am free to say it is quite against my ordinar to talk about my

"This Ranald MacNair was a black-looking Highlandman, and son of Donald Dhu MacNair, as flerce and bad a man as ever ruled the MacNair clan. I have naught at all to do with the quarrel between him and his father and elder brother; he aye boasted that it had not been 'a dry quarrel,' but in those days ments, the dirk settled every dispute north of the Grampisus, and civilized folk hard- and in ly cared to interfere.

"Anyhow Ranald came southward with a dark name, and, strangely enough for such a flerce spirit, he entered a term of law with the house of Caldwell & Faulder. Some folks just hated his dark face and domineering ways, but my grandfather took to the proud Highlander wonderful. I don't know what for, unless maybe that David MacMaister hated him, and David and my grandfather were born foes.

"They had no personal or particular

him. The lairdeanna be intruded on by both of them fell in love with bonnie any thing beyond their own meat and Maggie Faulder—just as mad in love as two such proud, set-in-their-own-way fellows were like to be. Maggie kind of favored David, and Renald swore "Just whe

away to some southward friends, and David and Ranald went on to the roll of

"But they were always watching one another; and when David was put up for some rich county office—clerk of the rolls, I think—Banald was furious, and spent both time and gold freely in order pocket. Soon after, James Laing was found dead in his office, with a dirk through his throat,

"Suspicion gathered swiftly and cer-tainly around David McMaister. He was, as I have said before, a passionate and proud man. It could not be denied that he had spoken very bitterly of his opponent, and many a threat uttered in anger was now remembered against

"His arrest and imprisonment seemed almost to deprive him of his senses. He denied his guilt in the most solemn terms, but could give no account of himself during the hour in which the murder had been committed, except that he had been in liquor in his own room. This apology added little to his defense; and many, even of his intimate acquaint-ances, believed him to be guilty.

"Probably because of the well-known hatred between the men, the prosecu-tion elected Ranald McNair to conduct their case. Nothing so exciting as this trial had agitated every circle of society since the landing of Prince Charlie, Houses were divided, friends quarreled, and immense bets were laid on its issue,

"While it was pending Maggie Faul-der returned, and Ranald was now doubly anxious for the success of his prosecution. It was wonderful what acumen and industry and eloquence he brought to bear on it. His summing up and final speech electrified every one. There was a solemn and awful stir of applause at its close, and everybody considered the verdict settled.

"But the judge was a just and merciful man, and he did not put the question to the jury that night; he thought, you see, that it was only fair to let the men have time to look at both sides coolly. Still, Ranald was sure of his verdict, and greatly elated at the sensation he had made, especially as Mr. Faulder stopped to congratulate him: and even the beautiful Maggie, pale and tearful as she was, faltered out some words which he took for a compliment,

"He had his dinner in his own chambers, and then in reflections after his own heart passed several hours. In them he fell asleep, for toward midnight he was aroused by a shake so powerful that he would have leaped to his feet, ouly that two brawny hands held him tight in his chair.

"In a moment his senses were all alert, and he saw, bending over him, a gigantic Highlandman, in whose thews he knew even his strength would be as that of a baby.

"'You are a Campbell, I know by your plaid. Now what do you want with me?' asked Ranald, flercely.

"'Sit still, and don't move an inch, while I tell you. I killed James Luing I killed him because, while he was shoot ing on the braes of Angus last year, he wronged my sister so deeply that I be-hooved to kill her too. I watched until all his new followers had gone; then I walked into his room and put my dirk through his throat, I had wrongs to right, and I righted them; but you man you spoke against to-say knows nothing of the matter. I don't want to murder bim too. Tell the police that the man who killed James Laing is Alexander Campbell. They can look for him in Bute; maybe they will find him, and

maybe they will not." "Without another word he was gone and Ranald was too shocked to detain him, even if he had the power. However, he made no spontaneous effort, and when reflection came he determined not to do it. He could not bear to give up his triumph; he knew the temper of popular feeling, and was sure that, David's innocence assured, David would become the popular idol. He had labored for his ruin-how could he now give up his object? And then he thought of Maggie, and that thought decided him. No, nothing should now induce him to

retrace his steps. "The next morning in court he had another chance to clear his soul. The prisoner had received from some person in the press a paper assuring him that Ranald had been notified of his inno-

cence, and would proclaim it in the court. David begged the officer to pass this paper over to Ranald, and he eagerly scanned his face while he read it. The two enemies looked a moment into each other's eyes, and then Ranald, with a scornful smile, tore the paper into frag-

"So David was sentenced that day, and in due time hung with all the circumstances of barbarity and indignity then common to the last act of the law. If Ranald felt himself a murderer, he did not show it, and no visible judgment followed his crime. He rapidly in his profession, married Maggie Faulder, built you house at Crossbasket, and was finally made one of the lords of session.

"But long before this some people had begun to notice that he was a haunted man. I say 'some people,' because there are men and women that "That depends on wha's speering for quarrel, but David and Ranald had; for are just lumps of clay, and never see | we go to press,"

money matters,"
"A baunted man, Brodie! What do

"Just what I say, Allister. The man be had hung called him from bed and and board and bench, and he was compelled to go. His face turned gray as ashes with terror and mortal agony; and the servants told strange tales of cries into which he preceded his risitor, but his majesty's attorneys, and both of them and voices and of fierce struggles, it did little to relieve the air of utter settled down to pleading causes and at which left their master more dead than decay and desolate neglect which which was its prevailing character. The attracts of these struggles, which left their master more dead than the decay and desolate neglect which which left their master more dead than the decay and desolate neglect which left their master more dead than the decay and desolate neglect which was its of the struggles, and both of them shows the decay and desolate neglect which was its of the struggles, and the struggles, which left their master more dead than the decay and desolate neglect which left their master more dead than the decay and desolate neglect which was its of the struggles, and the struggles, which left their master more dead than the decay and desolate neglect which was its of the struggles. alive. The doctors gave these attacks some grand Latin name; but the man

was far beyond their help.
"One night he was awfully wretched and restless, and insisted on having only spent both time and gold freely in order to defeat him. I suppose he did it. Anyhow, his opponent, James Laing, won, and David was out of place and old cries, and the sisted on having only the company of his eldest grandson, a bright lad of three years old. At midnight there was the old struggle and the old cries, and the child ran sobbing down the great stairs, half crazy with a terror that he never could explain; for it was not likely he could describe in the language of this world things that belonged to another one."

"And Ranald MacNair?" "Was found dead this time, and his room is locked to this day. The little lad present at that last awful struggle was Sholto's father. He carried the memory of that hour into every hour of his life, and I think that he never either hoped or tried to avert the poverty and sorrow he believed to be the just judgment of his house. He was a pious man, but held the world's goods with a loose grip. Sholto, you say, is prudent and world-like ?"

"I have nothing against him but his constant hankering after work that will never pay him. Nobody cares for his the most remarkable, as it is one of the least known, in all Switzerland, is situ-ated in a valley, 6,000 feet above the torical paintings and picture castles, Brodie.

"No, no; and why should they? Tell him to paint portraits; every one thinks his own face makes the best picture."

But in a few months Bailie Allister had a still graver cause of disapprobation. Among the girls in his factory was one of extreme beauty, known generally by her companions as "Lady Jennie." Popular nomenclature is rarely wrong, and Jennie's stately beauty deserved the title given her. Sholto's admiration was so marked that his old friend could hardly avoid interfering in the matter. So he made the inquiries he thought proper, and then asked Sholto to come and dine with him.

Sholto was quite prepared for the discussion, and when Bailie Allister proposed that he should now go to Rome and pursue his studies, the proposition had been foreseen and considered. He answered, quietly, that he had been preparing for such a step some, that he had finished designs sufficient for the house's need until his place could be properly filled, and that he was now only waiting for his marriage, which would be performed the following week,

"You know who you are going to marry, Sholto, I suppose?"

"Yes, I know. I was afraid she would not have me; but she is an angel, and has forgiven all," "She has heard, then, of the wrong

your grandfather did her house?"
"She has heard that Ranald MacNair deliberately kept back facts which would have saved her great-uncle from a shameful and early death; but she knows that Sholto MacNair had neither part nor lot in that sin, and that he would die himself rather than hurt a hair of her head."

"She is but a working girl, Sholto." "I am not fit to touch her hand, bailie, she is that nobly born; and I hope, for my mother's sake, you will bless our bridal."

So Sholto and his wife went to Bome. and the old house of Crossbasket grew every year more dreary and melancholylooking. Nobody asked to rent it, nobody asked to buy it, and the marsh grew so upon the garden every year that people began to prophesy the place would eventually be awaltowed up by the bogs and water.

For some time little was heard of Sholte. The bailie thought it a good "The lad," he said, "is happy with his wife, and busy with his brash. Events justified this opinion, for Sir Edinburgh, having gone to Italy in the echoes reverberating through the canon, seventh year of Sholto's absence, we caught ever and anon glimpses of flybrought back with him a wonderful painting of the broken-hearted King James entering Edinburgh after the woful field of Flodden; and Sholto MacNair was the artist.

Far and wide the fame of the work the Rockies was reached, we dropped spread, and Bailie Allister and Lawyer ourselves back in our reclining chairs Brodie went purposely to Edinburgh to and dozed away until a long, shrill whissee it. "A wonderful picture," they both allowed, but the lawyer grumbled a little at the subject. "It was just as easy," he said, "to choose a triumph as a disaster. But the MacNairs are kin to

ill luck, I think." Perhaps the lawyer never said any thing that had so speedy a refutation; for the very next day the bailie had an offer which caused him to write to Sholto and urge his immediate return to Scotland. In a few weeks after this he was riding once more out to Crossbasket; but this time Sholto and "Lady Jennie" and their two daughters were with him. They wandered through the old house, which even in the bright sunshine had an eerie, mournful, uninhabitable look, and Sholto grew strangely silent, and Jenuie shuddered and gathered her children close to her side.

It was the last time they were ever to see the old walls, for Sholto had sold house and lands to the city for £80,000, and the house was to be razed, and the marsh drained, and the hills and desolate fields laid out in pleasure-grounds for the burghers of the great city.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (linch,) one insertion - \$! One Square " one month - - 3 00 One Square " three months - 6 00 one year - - 10 00

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis.
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Jonwork, Cash on Delivery.

ITEMS OF INTEREST,

A cornstalk never complains of having the earache.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The total amount of silver coin now

Peter Fisher, w o carries the mail

The New York Herald, under the

head-line "Always With You," gives daily the names and addresses of poor

families in the city who are known to be

them, which vary from five cents to ten

A table of wages and the cost of living,

with the price of staple articles of com-

merce, going back as far as the year

shows that the wages during the thir-

teenth century were about fifty cents

a week. In the next century they ad-

vanced some fifteen cents, and continued to advance slowly until, in the last

century, they had reached \$1.87. The

average for farm labor at present is given at \$3.80 per week. Wheat in the

thirteenth century averaged seventy-one cents, or eight and a half days' la-

bor, a bushel. Now wheat is worth, wholesale, about \$1.46 a bushel, or two and a half days labor. In six centuries meat has nearly trebled in price, and

wages have increased more than seven-

The commune of Samnaune, one of

level of the sea, and almost cut off from

the world. The inhabitants fetch their

daily supply of provisions from Martins-bruck, on the other side of the Inn, and

for a greater part of the distance, seven

hours in all, they have to carry every-thing on their backs up the steep moun-

tain paths. They get their letters from

the Austrian village of Rauders, which involves a walk for the postman of ten

hours, four thither and six back. Fifty

years ago the members of the commune

of life than their mother tongue, they

their native tongue, has been completely

forgotten by the inhabitants of the

Night on a Colorado Train,

stretch of tableland on the west side of

tle awoke us as we drew up at the station

Trouble About a Name.

The Silver Star, a Nevada paper, tells

how the people of a district in Hum-

boldt county are troubled over a name.

as follows: In Mount Rose mining district, Paradise mountains, a village

has recently sprung into existence

which can boast of having more names

than any place of its size in the uni-

verse. The business men of the place call it "Spring City" and "Spring-

ville;" the postoffice department named it "Siskron;" the county commission-

ers, following the example of the miners, named the precinct and town-ship "Mount Rose," and people gener-ally call it "Bung Eye." We are in-

formed that the majority of the resi-

dents of the place are in favor of the

name of "Spring City," and, in accord-

other name yet given the place,

of Alamosa.

1200, has been published lately.

between Rome and Lowell, N. Y., was

once a female rider in a circus.

used in the world is estimated at \$3,

Why is a lazy man like a magician? Because he works by spells.

Succeed in satisfying others, and your own contentment is assured.

Eighty thousand inhabitants make Richmond, Va., a bustling city.

A bird-fancier calls his canaries "Riches," because they have wings. A prima donna is naturally a ti worthy of charity, and also prints ac-knowledgments of the sums received for throat. creature, for her art is always in her

Some people never mind anything, for the very substantial reason that they have no mind.

"Oh come, come, hay weigh!" as the impatient farmer said to the man at the hay scales. It costs Russia nearly \$125,000 a year

to have her newspapers supervised in the interest of order. A good report lingers on its way, but an ill one flies straight to where it can

do the most harm. The orange growers of Florida are

turning their attention to the making of wine from oranges. When does the rain become too fa-

miliar with a lady? When it begins to patter on her back. A Nebraska physician says the excessive use of the potato is one of the causes of diphtheria.

The true empire of genius-its sovereign sway-must be at home and over the hearts of kindred men. A deaf mute stole a coat the other day

in order that he might be taken into court and obtain a hearing. Advertising is always in fashion .-

Yonkers Gazette. Because it shows up the styles.—New York News. Color blindness is one of the frequent results of abuse of alcohol and tobacco,

according to Mr. Favre, of France. "The course of the weariest river ends in the great sea;" and if you've a tough, torpid liver, we advise you a doctor to fee.

met together, and, being of opinion that German was on the whole a more desir-EXERCISE IN PRONUNCIATION. There was a young fellow named Cholmondeley
Who certainly acted quite dolmondeley,
When his girl said "amuse me,"
He stammered "excuse me,"
And then he apologized holmondeley. able language for the ordinary purposes

resolved thenceforth to speak German only, and to teach it to their children. So thoroughly has this purpose been carried out that, with the exception of a few old people, the Romanisch speech, His friends said his first name was Beauchamp. (To pronounce it you never can teauchamp), He resided at Greenwich And lived upon speenwich And articlickes when be could reauchamp.

Lad's Desperate Suicide.

Frederick Bissell, eighteen years old, a son of the late Edward Bissell, a pur-F. H. McDowell writes to the Boston ser in the United States navy, commit-Transcript his experiences of railway travel in Colorado. He says: Night drew ted suicide at the residence of his mother in Brooklyn. He had lived with his mother and sister since leaving school, upon us apace, and with it came a drifting snowstorm. A heavier engine was about a year ago, and has frequently shortly added, our train lightened of all been subject to melancholy and apprebut three cars, and we started on our hensive that he would die of consumpclimb up through the Veta pass and over tion. At breakfast nothing unusal in his manner was observed. After breakthe Rocky mountains. For twenty-one fast he went up to his room, as his mother supposed, for his overcoat. miles our grade averaged nearly two hundred feet per mile, with curves of twenty, twenty-five, and thirty degree-Shorty after, his sister went up to the thrown in for variety; but our little enfront room on the second floor and heard gine hugged the rails closely, and a lither brother moving in the room directly tle more than an bour brought us to the overhead, which was occupied by a friend of the family who had left for his summit, 9,839 feet above the sea level, and over 1,000 teet higher than the highplace of business early in the morning. est point on the Union Pacific railroad, In a short time her brother, hearing her and formerly the highest on this contiin the room below, went to the upper nent. The air was light and frosty as we landing and said to her: "Go down stepped out upon the platform and among stairs, mother is calling you." She was the flakes of falling snow, but it was so about to do so when she heard the door much purer than the malarial atmosphere of his bedroom close and the key turn that we had been obliged to breathe only in the lock. This aroused her fears, a few days before on the Atlantic seaand she ran up to the front room, and board, that we filled our laugs again and missing a pistol which was usually kept again with this true clixir of life, that on the top of the bureau rau to her was exhibitating almost to intoxication, brother's room and asked him to open Through the rapidly-falling snow we the door. His reply was: "Go down could just distinguish the twin peaks, stairs and see mother," She ran down that are 13,620 and 12,720 feet in altitude. and called for her mother to come up, They looked like two ghostly snowmen, and Mrs, Bissell at once joined her, but and seemed to smile complacently at our before she could explain the cause of discomfiture over an unexpected freak her alarm the report of a pistol was of the wind as it pelted us with huge heard. They ran to the room, but were basketfuls of snow. Rushing down the unable to open the door, Dr. J. M. Thomas McGilvery, lord provost of mountain side to the west, with the Hamilton, who lives in the adjoining house, was called and forced the door. we caught ever and anon glimpses of fly-Young Bissell was dead upon the floor, ing trees and rocks, that appeared to be with an open razor on one side of him enjoying a race as to who should first and a revolver on this other. He had reach the snowmen way back among the mountain summits. When the level cut his throat with the razor and then

shot himself through the head.

The most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying: "I would do so and so if I only had a little leisure," Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing is less than the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good disposition by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has a poor chance indeed of doing so. To do, increases the capac-ity of doing, and it is far less difficult for a man who is in an habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put him-

self in motion for the same end Let no one cry for leisure that he may be able to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do a good thing he will always find time to do it, by properly arranging his other amploy-

ance with their desires, Wells, Fargo Co. have designated the place as There is a reluctance in everything to be set a going, but when that is got Spring City in their list of offices. Mount Rose, the name of the mining over, then everything goes smoothly district and township, would be a very enough. In fact, it may be said that to good name for the town, but hundreds ask for leisure or time to do an ordinary Chorus of the cider apples : "Just as of people prefer "Bung Eye" to any thing, is equivalent to a confession that we are judifferent about doing it.