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Deacon Thrush in Malling.

LETTER PHOM NAMEAN BROWN TO SISTER MULDAN, DHAR HULDY,-I must tell you about the way that Hes sot the church-folks by the sars-to use that mode o' speakin'.
It's jest that orful voice of his'n- But, law! I'd best begin

and tell my story straight ahead, or else things
won't fit in.

as spring we felt that we was blessed, to think
that Descon Thrush

and the prom Simpkinsville to live in Cedar-" Hell on piller in our church," says father, the was a piller, Huldy, for then he couldn't

in the Joneses farm, you know, and moved in last of May.

But that first time he came to church—I can't forgit that day.

Insopenin' hymu was akursly read, the choir was just arisin',

When overy body turned and looked, a sound came so surprisin'.

'Twas something like the old church-bell, 'twas somethin' like the ocean,

'Twas most like 'Hijah Morrow's bull, accordin' to my notion.

my notion. It fairly drowned my playin' out; it left the tune It fairly drowned my playin' out; it left the tune behind;
I never thought that such a voice could come from human kind.
Like 'hunderclaps and factory-gear through all our heads 'twas ringin'.
And Huldy, it was nothin' else than Deacon Thrush a singin'!
Yes, there he sot, with book in hand, as peaceful

and as calm
As if he thought his dooty lay in murd rin' that poor He never see the old folks' smiles; he never heard the giggle
That went up from the gallery. I watched our par-

son wriggle and fidget in the pulpit, while poor father's head

was shakin';

But on went Descon Thrush, and seemed real comfort to be takin'.

And when we stopped he couldn't stop, he'd got seeh headway on;

His voice went boomin' up and down, and flattin' so forform.

That, though he tried to choke it off, it mixed up with his text.

And made poor Parson Edwards skip his words, and then look vexed.

I couldn't hear that sermon, Huldy; my thoughts was all stray.

A-wonderin' of Descon Thrush would sing agen that day.

I might have spared my thinkin', though, for that misguided man Jest started off the same old way before the rest began.

Jest started off the same old way before the rest began.

But when the second verse was reached, the choir put down their books;
I stopped my playin'; back and forth we cast despairin' looks:
The bows set up to laugh agen; the parson raised his hand.

And shouled, but the moise was sech we couldn't

understand; While Descon Thrush was leanin' back, his cyclids pearly closis.",
A-single 'like an angel on a bed of clouds reposin'.
I'll have to cut my story short. Next day they called a meetin',
Resolved to keep poor Deacon Thrush sech singin'
from repeatin'.
They 'p'inted Uncle Job to go with father and re-

That Descon Thrush would kindly leave the singin' to the rest.

Perhaps you think he took the hint? Then, Huldy,

Pernaps you think he took the hint? Then, Huldy, you're mistaken.

He listened till they'd said their say; then, with the smiles a breakin',

He answered, jest as 'cheerfully: "Yes, breth'ring; yes, I know I have my faults; I sometimes git the tune a leetle slow,

slow,
And sometimes, tryin' to ketch up, I take an extry
flight;
But, takin' one verse with the next, that makes things jest come right. Singin's my dooty and delight, and I must jest pursue it. And walls I tread this vals of tears, a sinful child

Rejoiciu'is my privilege-rejoice I will and must."

Well, 'twa'a't no use, as Uncle Job and father said next day; The deacon, though a plous man, was sot in his

own way. He's sung in meetin' ever sence—there's not a seat

He's sung in meetin' ever sence—there's not a seat to spare;
And, oh! sech sinful whisperin' and nudgin' everywhere!
Then when the hymns is given out, you'll hear a gineral "Hush!"
While sverytody's eyes and ears is turned to Deacon Turnsh.
He's steered the little children so that most of 'em keeps'cryin';
The very horses in the abed wou't stand no more 'thout tyin';
He makes the onconverted laugh, while godly souls are grievin'. are grievin',
And yet he's sech a Christian man, it's almost past

believin'. They're talkin' now of tryin' law, but father ne And so I'll write agen next week to tell you how it P.S.

Oh, Huldy! sech a curus thing! As Deacon Thrush was bringing
His apples home, he thought to cheer the way by
nacred singin.
His team took fright and ran away. The neighbors
found him lyin!
All in a heap, and took him home, and now the good man's dyin'.
And, Hnidy, ef it isn't wrong, I'm glad to think Where all the folks know how to sing, and he can get a showin'!

—Harper's Bazar.

Mexican Manners.

A letter from Mexico speaks very highly of the gentlemanly way in which the press of Mexico received and entertained some visiting American journalists. After a pleasant dinner they were taken to the bull fight, which the correspondent describes as brutal and repulsive. The letter mentions the poor traveling accommodations in Mexico, but says that several cars of each train are reserved for ladies-gentlemen not admitted under any circumstances. According to this correspondent there is a grim humor in the politeness of Mexicans. He says: The Mexicans of all classes are polite-exceedingly so. The gardener, or water-carrier, shakes hands on meeting an acquaintance, lifts his hat, bows, and on parting, after exchanging a few words, goes through the same deremony again. When excited and quarrelsome he never forgets himsell, but prefaces his offensive remarks in this wise: "Senor, you are a fool," or "Senor, you are a rascal," etc. When it finally comes to the knife, and one falls to the ground mortally wounded, his rival will smilingly bow toward his victim, raise his sombrero, wipe off his knife, and retire in good order.

Agricultural : It is exceedingly bad "husbandry" to harrow up the feelings

By the use of the microphone you can hear the rope walk the butter fly, the gum drop, or the fall of the year.

THE RIGHT MAN AFTER ALL.

VIOLA'S LOVERS.

Viola had found a lover; or, at least, John Ellsworth aspired to that distinction. He had known Viola since she was a little girl at school, and now was trying to win the first place in the young lady's affections,

Two years ago, the paternal Ellsworth had given John, on his twenty-third birthday, a deed of a small, good farm near his own.

John set about making a home for himself, with one of his half-dozen sisters to manage it, and went at his farming in earnest. And all the gossips of the neighborhood went about with chins elevated and noses wrinkled when he was mentioned. And the younger female portion thought him rather a desirable object to maneuver for.

Perhaps that was one reason why Viola had been so gracious to him. It was something to secure without an effort attentions that all the other girls schemed for. But John Ellsworth did not realize her ideal. Under her calm exterior, she dreamed romances of the most vivid rose-pink. She had heard side her own sphere-a world of lights and music, and gay dressing; a holiday life, with opera and theater-going nights in it; and days full of unlimited plessure-seeking.

One June night, driving over to see his lady, John found her with an unusual flush on her fair, calm face.

She rode with him-accepting his invitation in a matter-of-course way that was dreadfully discouraging.

It came out, after a little, Mrs. Mornington—a great aunt—had sent for her photograph a month ago, not hav-ing seen her since she was a little child. Two days ago had come an invitation for Viola to spend a couple of months with her-the great aunt-in New York, and she was going to-morrow.

"It's no use denying," the young man said, his voice growing husky, "that I'm sorry for this. I don't know what will come to you from this. You are not contented here; you never will be till you have had an experience beyond -perhaps not then. I am not wise to tell you now, I suppose, but I love you, Viola. Mind, I do not ask you now for any return. I will wait for what the uture shall put in your heart to say.'

It was a long speech, certainly, for a proposal; but Viola listened very attenively to her first proposal, and her blue s es softened.

"Indeed I do care for you, John, and on can't blame me for wanting to go. Aunt needs me, and no one does here. merticularly. And I've never seen anytling of society."

"And I shall not forget you," inter ropting him. "I shall always think of ou." giving him her hand,

"For two whole months!" a little sadly. "Good-by, then," kissing the hand he held. And then Viola found herself alone, and went to finish her packing.

Viola's next two months were delight ful. She was always prettily dressed, and Frank Thorpe passed his valuable time beside her.

Mrs. Mornington whiched the girl narrowly, and when wola came home the second week in September, it was with an invitation to stay through the

John Elisworth called on her the night after her return.

"You look well and happy," he said, scanning her face. "I an," she said, and she told him

all about her delightful visit. "And you are going to settle down with us now ?"

"Oh, no! I shall stay here only a few days. Aunt is coming for me as she returus from a visit she is paying." John Ellsworth went away early in the evening, having said no word of what had been in his heart all these

weeks. "Poor fellow!" Viola said, as she went down the moonlit road. And then Frank Thorpe's dreamily sad gray eyes came up before her, and she forgot

John Ellsworth's shadowy brown ones. Mrs. Mornington came and took the young lady away, and Frank Thorpe was once again hanging about her-a

most formidable matrimonial prize. The Christmas holidays came and went. Frank Thorpe lounged in on there were jealousies, and heart-burn-Christmas day, and was paler and more listless than ever.

"Frank Thorpe, you are utterly stupid. What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Mornington.

"A general giving way of the system, I should say." "Nonsense! General laziness.

occupying your thoughts at present, if you'll tell me what it is," anxiously. "I was wondering if you were ever

in love, and how she treated you,' laughed Viola, Over Thorpe's face rushed a flood of scarlet. He glanced up, caught Mrs. Mornington's sharp eyes upon him, and flushed again.

Mrs. Mornington gave her first bit of affair. advice to her young charge that night. "Frank Thorpe is not a man to trifle with you. You could hardly do better." "Do better!" raising her broad lids ing for you. for a full, steady look. "I hadn't thought there was to be any calcula-

tion. No; Frank doesn't care for me,

offense, languidly assumed his usual ate, station near her. There was something glacial and tremendous in her general style that night that provoked and amused Mrs. Mornington. But she was beautiful, too-more beautiful than ever-and so her aunt forgave her.

Among Mrs. Grove's guests that night was a rather grand-looking man, who certainly was no longer young. Having lost one wife, he was now looking for snother. When he was presented to Viola, she was barely civil. Mr. Nicol-

son seemed to like it. Frank Thorpe had ceased being frozen. To tell the truth, Viola made the advances. There was a shade more of languor in his manner, and his sad gray eyes had an added shadow, but he sought no explanation.

Restored to sunshine, he accepted that, too, with no particular demonstration, but he seemed to enjoy it. To outside lookers-on, the matter seemed to lie between him and Mr. Nicolson, whose attentions were perfectly straightforward and business-like.

One frosty, sparkling morning Viola had been out for a walk. On the way hints and echoes of a world that lay out- she had met Frank Thorpe, as she was very apt to do.

He accompanied her home, and entered the house with her. There, Viola, feeling unusually bright herself, began "If I were a man"— emphatically. "Thank heaven you are not! How-

ver, go on," "You put me out. Mr. Thorpe, why don't you do something?"

"Do something? Don't I? I am your devoted attendant three-fourths of my waking life." "Yes; and get yourself and me talked

bout by everybody. Not that I care, certainly," hurriedly, to cover her blunder. "I shall choose my friends where I please !" making matters worse, of course He sat up with sudden energy.

"Miss Viols, if I were a womau" "Thank heaven you are not."

"Exactly. However, if I were, I cerainly would not flirt with that antedilurian relie, Mr. Nicolson." "Mr. Thorpe, I-don't."
"Miss Viola, I beg your pardon, you

She looked at him with an astonished

ed in her cheeks and light in her eyes. Then she laughed frankly and good-

"You see,"—leaning forward and leying his hand confidentially on her arm-" I can't bear to see a clear-hearted, bonest girl lowering herself to the ways of these artificial, brainless girls, who have been bred up all their lives o the business of cate You don't need any such paltry ambirion. Wait till you flud a man worth alling in love with, and then marry him. Wait forever, if you don't find him !"

Viola sat motionless with astonishment. If any dumb thing had found a voice, she could not have been more amazed. And she had felt so fully called to administer advice.

While she sat, his hand still on her arm, and her eyes still on his face, the loor opened, and John Eilsworth was

Viola swept toward him, with eager, outstretched hands, "Why, John! Why, John!" was all

she could say. And Frank Thorpe, being disturbed by this new comer, who was called John and received with such an outbreak of enthusiasm, gathered himself up and

lounged away. John Ellsworth was in town for a fortnight. Mrs. Mornington treated him with great politeness, and was always in the way in the most natural manner in the world, when he came. Viola always accepted his invitations, and when the time came for their fulfillment, there was some unavoidable obstacle in the way. Meantime, Mr. Nicholson's attentions grew more pointed, and Frank Thorpe kept out of the way.

Then Lent came, and there was a sudden cessation of gayety. John was call-ed away by his father's illness, and Viola felt the inevitable reaction. And self there, And because passive pashe did not know that she would live tience was not possible just then, she through it, and be ready and eager gathered up all John Ellsworth's gifts for another season when the time came.

It was alike everywhere. In the nar-row circle out of which she had come it. ings, and petty scheming-no better and no worse than she had come to know in the past weeks, though possibly less disguised by smooth, conventional polish of manner. Wait till she met a man she loved! She might wait till she was gray and blind. There had never ap-peared one to whom she would give a my day"—
"Oh, my dear madam!" starting up alarmed. "Indeed, I'll reform. I think I'm better already. Miss Viola, I'm intensely interested in the subject them by contrast, there came a vision of then, by contrast, there came a vision of

Mr. Nicolson, and all his wealth. If she had shown the first symptom of her moods to Mr. Nicolson, he would have desisted from his attentions at once. Here was youth and beauty in a and everybody considered it a settled

I think Viola began to consider it herself. She had just one letter from John with, my dear. I think he is in love Ellsworth after his return, and he had said: "I love you, Viola, and am wait-She did not answer the letter. But

she was cross even with Mrs. Mornington for two days after it.

And Viola went to the ball, and froze Nicolson came more frequently than Frank Thorpe, who, unconscious of ever; in his way very kind and considerate. Frank Thorpe was in and out, not so frequently as before that morning when John Ellsworth had come, but often enough to keep him in her thoughts.

One night, in early spring, Frank Thorpe came and took Viola out for a drive "You were looking tired. We may

not have another such night in a month,'

In the half-hour they did not speak half-a-dozen sentences; and yet when he set her down at her door, and held her hand for a minute, as he said, "Fare well I" Viola felt they were nearer each other than before.

Viola was one morning summoned to the drawing-room to meet Mr. Nicolson. In the occupation of the past weeks she had had very little opportunity to think about him or his purposes. No girl ever went to meet the final question with less determination as to her answer. She knew his errand the moment she entered the room. Not that he was confused or hesitating, or in any | yet. way disconcerted.

"My dear young lady," he said, de-ferentially, "I want your permission to ask you a personal question?"
"You have it, sir," she said.

And then in a speech which was more like a set oration than anything else Viola had ever heard, he offered her his hand and fortune.

The thought of saying no to such a stately piece of oratory as that frighten-ed and fluttered her. But she did say it, very sweetly and gracefully, but also very decidedly, and Mr. Nicolson went away very red in the face and a good deal crestfallen.

She went up-stairs to Mrs, Morning-"Aunt, I've done it! Aud I'm so surprised !" At what?"

"I've refused Mr. Nicolson," "My dear, I always thought you "Did you? You astute woman! And

always fancied that if he asked me to be Mrs. Nicolson, I sould say, yes. "Perhaps you will be sorry by-and-by that you have said no."

"Perhaps! I shall never be surprised at anything again!" " From a worldly point of view, you

have made a mistake, my dear.' "Don't rack my feelings. They are ufficiently lacerated already.

A servant aunounced Frank Thorpe. Aunt, shall I"-- and paused. Even in her reckless, over-excited mood, she could not complete the sen-

"Shall you be kinder to him than you have been to Mr. Nicolson?" Don't ask me. So Viola went down to see her visit or, who was at the full tide of his

languid, tired indifference. "How very entertaining you are tolay! Your conversational powers are something to be wondered at," Viola said

at last, impatiently.
"Entertaining?" opening his eyes
with mild wonder. "I supposed that was your share of the interview. However, if you like, I'll begin. You are not looking so well as usual this morn-

"Thank you. What a very promis-

ing beginning."
"But you have infinitely the advantage of Mr. Nicolson, whom I met just now. He seemed laboring under the impression that there had been an girl. earthquake,"

Viola laughed, and ended with a half-"And so there had been. There,

talk about something else. You needn't

be entertaining any more."
"I wonder," leaning toward her, a slow fire gathering in his dreamy eyes, if I should find an earthquake waiting for me if I followed Mr. Nicolson's

"Miss Rawdon," the servant an

nonneed, and that put an end to it all. Viola reasoned herself into a convic tion that she was in love with Frank Thorpe, or if not actually in that condition, that she might easily find herand letters and put them out of her sight, as if he had anything to do with

The crisis was not far off. Coming in from an errand that night she found all the dimly-lighted house empty, and went on from room to room till in the library she opened the door on Frank Thorne,

"Since you were not at home, I came to find for myself a volume Mrs. Mornington had promised me," he explaimed. But he closed the door as he gave her a chair, as if the tete-a-tete were part of She looked up at his pale face and

shining eyes, and felt her heart sink. And yet this was the conclusion to which she had reasoned herself a few hours And then five minutes of talk, in which

her part was monosyllabic, and Frank Thorne had proposed and been acceptstatuesque state of perfection. That was ed; and she was crying quietly, with her what he wanted—the statuesqueness; head on the library table, and he was walking the room in an agitated move-"We might as well begin with a clean

record," he said with a great deal of hard earnestness in his voice, "You are not my first love, Viola. Not quite two years ago she jilted me. I was in an awfully spoony condition—there's no denying it; and, for a few weeks, thought

in a condition to lie down in dust at her feet, the house was shut up and the family had gone abroad. That's the whole of it.

"And the young lady's name?" "Emily Prescott,"

"Emily Prescott? Way, that is the young lady I met this afternoon. Just home from abroad-in Paris mourning. Her father and mother both died somewhere in France, in the spring, and she came home with the Mertons.

"Viola," staring at her with eager eyes, "I can't believe it," dropping into a chair. "My poor darling"—
A flash of color shot up into Viola's face. She went and stood by him, with

her hand on his shoulder. "It seems to me, Frank," in her most common-place, practical voice, "that the little arrangement we entered into ten minutes ago might as well be quietly annulled. Your 'poor darling' is at present with the Mertons. Hadn't you better go up there at once, and arrange your programme?'

"I don't know. Viola you will think me a scoundrel, but I believe I love her

"Of course you do. Who doubts it? There, don't say a woman can't be generous. Think of my agony in releasing you, and go as soon as possible."

"You are generous, dear." "That depends on our relative estimate of the sacrifice. Good-night." After that nothing could keep her in town, and three days after arriving and philosophy to say something which home, driving her old-fashioned ponychaise through the green country road she came upon John Ellsworth walking, and he accepted her invitation to ride,

"It is so good to be here again, was thoroughly homesick."

"When are you to be married?"
"Never!" with a burst of vehemence; "unless you -- oh, John !" with a hys terical sob.

At home a telegram awaited her; Mrs. Mornington was dead.

Mrs. Mornington died poor, She had spent all her money. So poor Viola was not an heiress after all. And the neighbors said : "After she

found she could not get either of those city fellows, and that old lady disappointed her about her money, she came back here and took John Ellsworth. And he put up with it; but then there's no fool like a man when he's in love with a girl like that,

A Thrilling Adventure.

A merchant wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, collected a party of her young companions. They circled around her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. The father gazed proudly on his favored shild and honed that as bright pros pects might open for the rest of his children, who were playing among the

Passing through the hall of the basement he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand without the candlestick. II blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost alarm. "I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms were full of wood," said the

"Where did you put it?" "Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in the sand-

Her master dashed down the stairs; the passage was long and dark; his felt the suffocating blast of death. At grains, with a long red snuff of burnt wick. The sight seemed to wither all his power. The laughter of the company struck his car like the kuell of death. He stood a moment, unable to

of the dancers responded with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He faucied the candle was moving-falling. With desperate energy he sprang forward-but how to remove it. The slightest touch would cause the red-hot hand on each side of the candle, pointed toward the object of care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasp of thing. his fingers and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs he smiled at his previous alarm; but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell in fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his system recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his

Hon, J. D. Cox describes what is said to be the smallest insect known. It is a hymenopter of remarkable delicacy and beauty, parasitic on the leaf-cutter bee. Its body is twelve-thousandths of an inch in length, and its ten-jointed antenna twenty-thousandths.

Mexicans subdue fractions horses by Chicago doctors consider the house furnace as their best friend. It gives them more cases of lung trouble than all other influences.

Then she was seized with a fit of homesickness, and but that her friend was taken suddenly and really ill, nothing would have kept her there. Mr.

Would be the death of me. One morn-having a hood so arranged as to be pulled down over the eyes of the horse homesickness, and but that her friend was taken suddenly and really ill, nothing would have kept her there. Mr.

When I had tired myself out and was larged as to be pulled down over the eyes of the horse homesickness, and but that her friend was taken suddenly and really ill, nothing would be the death of me. One morn-having a hood so arranged as to be pulled down over the eyes of the horse homesickness, and but that her friend was taken suddenly and really ill, nothing would have kept her there. Mr. having a hood so arranged as to be

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Some men are like brooks, they are always murmuring. A button is a very small event which

is always coming off. A paste-pot doesn't denote time, yet

is known by its stick. Electricity exerts a peculiar and wor

derful effect on some plants. Fancy wood sawing is now made an occupation of insane patients.

A bird-fancier calls his canaries "Richs" because they have wings,

The largest metal statue in the world is situated near the city of Arona, Italy. Query for a druggist : Which is the easier -to put prescriptions up or down? If a girl's hair is plaited, you can't with propriety say she has golden bair

A new town in Idaho has See Onegirlia, because there is only one When a Mongolian wash-house in De-

troit took fire, "John" picked up his shirts and murmured: "The Chinese must go."-Free Press. "Excuse haste and a bad pen," as the

dirty porker said when it rushed out of its sty and knocked over the man with lavender pants. - Rome Sentinel. In the course of a recent libel suit the English attorney-general said : "There is at present a mania in literature, art

> WEARING THE GREEN. An editor wore a green coronet, As if he had been a fresh baronet, T'was a shade for his eyes, Turned up toward the skies. Twas a way he got into of wearin' it.

BP SAMCONY, I'll tell you a tale and it's strictly true; It hasn't a title to bother you: Tis bloody, and herrid, and something new. And as to the subject I'll give a clew By stating in writing a word or two,

That sprinkle and speck the narration through-Shoe, drew, knew, blue, Cue, daw, niew, stew, Quene, drew, too, who, Craw, flew, to, brew, Blue, ewe, slew, new, Do, few, chew, glue.

Perhaps you imagine I wish to guy!

That such is the case I at once deny; Tis not in my nature to tell a lie. And can't you discover, discern, descry, The points I am giving you on the sly? Then finish the story and guess, or try-High, shy, tie, fic, Dry, ery, sigh, die.

My, eye, sky, high

Fly, pie, sty, fry.

Buy, rye, tri, ply. Why, pry, thigh, wry. The plot of the tale is so deeply laidso mixed and confounded, I'm half afraid You'il think it a maniac's wild tirade. But no-'tis a story expressly made To show the ecople the stock in trade

Of doggerel poets of humble grade-Staid, maid, weighed, braid, Aid, jade, wade, glade, Paid, said, frayed, shade, Bade, played, raid, blade, Delayed, decayed, svade, fade, Decade, brigade, lemonade. -Yonkers Gazette

Following the Patern. A singular reproduction of an architectural defect has lately been brought to light in New York. When Dr. Cheever's "Church of the Puritans," on knees threatened to give way under Union Square, was built, it was made him, his breath was choked; his fiesh an exact copy of a church in Berne. him, his breath was choked; his flesh an exact copy of a church, in Berne, seemed dry and parched, as if he already switzerland, of which a member of the congregation traveling in Europe had the end of the cellar, under the very taken drawings. A striking peculiarity room where his children and their of the structure was the two towers, one friends were reveling in felicity, he saw much higher than the other, but similar the open barrel of powder, full to the in every other respect. The church top, the candle stuck loosely in the stood for twenty-five years, and was then sold to a Baptist congregation and removed to Fifty-third street; every stone being marked and placed in the position it had formerly occupied. The tall tower and the short one were carefully reproduced; and now some person, pry-The music commenced above; the feet | ing into the history of the original model in the city of Berne, has unearthed the architect's plans and specifications of the Swiss church, and, behold, the two towers are exactly the same height-the church was unfinished. The Swiss Calvinists were a little short of funds, and the result of their finanwick to fall into the powder. With un-equaled presence of mind he placed a petuated in the Western hemisphere. the unequal towers being supposed to be eminently the proper ecclesiastical

> What These Long Nights Mean. Ah, yes, fond youth! It may be very

nice to court a girl in the far northern

countries where the nights are six months long; but just think of the vast amount of peanuts and gumdrops the young man, when going to see his girl, must lug along with him in order to kill time and induce her to believe that his affection for her is as warm as ever. And then the sad leavetaking a few weeks before sunrise! He whispers, "Goodnight, love," and she softly murmurs, "Good-night, dear. When shall I see you again?" "To-morrow night," he replies, as he kisses her upturned face, "To-morrow night," she replies, with a voice full of emotion. "Six long weary months! Can't you call around a few