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Time's Panorama.

It needs no magic glass or mystic mutterings, To read the prophecy of coming years; No sage interpreter, to solve the utterings Of Father Time, the patriarch of seers. If all the world's a stage, and life a drama, Whose actors come and go, but come no more, Then is the future but a panorama Of scenes to be, but seen in thought before. Let the bright play flash on, but do not linger In contemplation of its changing hues; How instead where Time's prophetic finger Points, and behold the picture that he views, A decade hence—nay, two, it does not matter— Here are the self-same stage, the same old play! New stories counterfeited the hollow clatter Worn out long since by actors passed away. Here Vice looks mockingly on Virtue slain; There Youth and Beauty plight their troth together; Here Sorrow sits and there broods eternal Pain; There, shadow chills the friendship of fair weather. Sincerity still sows the seed of hate, Candor and Truth go cautiously in mask; Honesty plods; Corruption rides in state; Labor still bends, complaining, to his task. "Hail!" you exclaim, in accents discontented, "Is not your dialogue complete at last? This future, so minutely represented, Is but the present, tempered with the past!" Aye, so it is! Youth dreams of bright successes; Manhood begins to doubt, perhaps to fear; While Age his weakness faltering confesses; And so the world rolls on, year after year. Year after year beholds the same endeavor Of puny men for wealth or fame, and sees How history repeats itself forever, And Fortune still from her pursuer flies. One life there is worth living, and its beauty Transcends all charms that hopes fulfilled can bring; He who does trustfully his honest duty, Alone is happy, to be self or king.

THE BABY'S PICTURE

Miss Arethusa Peppard was out of temper. She said she was "mad." But it must have been a mild kind of madness, for her pleasant voice had only a dash of sharpness, and no fire flashed from her soft brown eyes. But she was out of temper; no doubt about that, and no wonder. She had left her mite of a cottage early that April morning, and gone over to New York to shop, and in the very first store she entered—a store crowded with people buying seeds and bulbs and plants—her pocketbook, containing her half-monthly allowance, had been stolen, and she had been obliged to return to Summertown without the young lettuce and cabbage and onion sets and parsley and radish seeds that she had intended the very next day to plant in her mite of a garden. And every day lost in a garden in early spring was ever so dearly known, or ought to know, is a loss indeed, and there's nothing in the world so exasperating to an amateur gardener, as every body also knows; or ought to know, than to hear from a neighboring amateur gardener: "Good-morning, Miss Peppard. How radishes are just showing, and we've had at least a dozen a day for three days past. And our parsley's up, and our onions doing nicely. And you used to be so forward!" So Miss Peppard, who was a dear little sweet-faced, wonderfully bright old lady, living in the neatest and most comfortable manner on a small income, with a faithful colored servant-woman a few years younger than herself, a roly-poly dog, a tortoise-shell cat, and three birds, had two reasons for being sorely vexed: the loss of her money and the loss of the days which she had expected would start the green things a-growing. "All the money I had," she said to Peteona—called Ona for short—as she rocked nervously back and forth in her rocking chair, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks flushed, "I only wish I could watch the thief. I'd send him to jail as sure as grass is green." "Dat's sho' enuf, Miss Peppard!"—Peteona always dropped the "d"—"an' it'd sarve 'em zackly right, w'en dey war ketchted, to be drug to de lookup by de heels." Then after a slight pause, which was Ona's way, she added an afterthought: "Dono, dough; 's pose dey might as well take de pore wretch by de head." "All the money I had," repeated Miss Peppard; "five-and-twenty dollars; and I can't get any more for two weeks, for berry I never did and never will. And there's the garden all laid out and ready for planting, and Mrs. Brown sets out her lettuce and cabbage plants to-morrow morning, and she'll be sending them here with her compliments—her compliments, indeed!—before ours have gone to head." "If she do, I'll frow 'em ober de fence," said Ona. "Better eat them, dough, I guss. Her compliments's can't hurt 'em." "And, oh! my conscience!" Miss Peppard went on (she could invoke her "conscience" thus lightly, dear old lady, because she had nothing on it), "baby's picture was in that pocketbook. And I can't get another. Polly said it was the last, and the photographer don't come that way but once a year." "Well, well, you are a pore soul," sympathized Peteona, "to go an' lose dat ar picter—dat lubly thing jus' like a borned angel. An' yer sister's onliest chile—cept five. Wish I had dat robber yere dis mornin'; I'd box his ears so he couldn't set down for a week." "He wouldn't be here long," said her

mistress. "Of all things in the wide world, I hate a thief. I'd have him put where he'd steal nothing for a year or two at least." "Might be a she; dar's she robbers," suggested Ona; "an' dey's all wuse den caterpillars. Caterpillars takes yo' things right fore yo' eyes—don't sneak in yo' pocket. Take a cup of tea, Miss Peppard. Dar's no use of frottin' no mo'. An' de cat's ben a-settin' on yer skirt for half an hour, wantin' you to notice her, pore thing. She jus' came in off de po'ch a minnit ago." Miss Peppard took the tea, and spoke to the cat; but she couldn't help fretting, and she slept but little that night, and awoke the next morning almost as vexed as ever, and denounced the thief at intervals of about half an hour from breakfast until dinner, although Peteona emphatically remarked: "Dar's no use cursin' an' swearin', Miss Peppard; can't do no good. Wish I had dat robber here, dough." But after dinner, for which Ona served a soothing little stew and a cooling cream custard, the old lady became a little calmer, and retired to her own room to write a letter to her sister Polly, who lived away off in Michigan; and she had just written: "And I can't make a strawberry bed this summer, as I intended, and I'll have to wear my old bonnet, and dear! dear! how I shall miss baby's picture!" Peteona opened the door sans ceremonie, as she always did, and walked in with a mysterious air. "Pussen want to see you, Miss Peppard—man pussen. 'Bout a boy's age, I guss." "What does he look like, and where did you leave him?" asked the old lady, laying down her pen, and looking a little alarmed. "Out on de po'ch. I look de do'. An' he's a dirty, ragged feller dat looks jus' like a dirty, ragged feller. Shall I broom him off, Miss Peppard? Looks as dough he ort to be broomed off—or gib sumthin to cat—pore, bony, dirty soul." "I'll come right down," said Miss Peppard; and down she went. And there, on the porch stood a dirty, ragged, forlorn-looking boy of about twelve years of age, looking exceedingly "bony" and half-starved, sure enough. He pulled off his apology for a cap when Miss Peppard opened the door, but said never a word until the old lady asked him, in a mild voice—she never spoke unkindly to dirt and rags: "Well, my boy, what do you want?" "Then you lost your pocketbook yesterday?" he blurted out. "Yes," said she eagerly. "That is, it was stolen from me; for I felt it in my pocket a moment before I missed it. Do you know the thief?" "I'm him," was the answer; and he raised a pair of dark eyes, that looked like the eyes of a haunted animal, to her face. "My conscience!" exclaimed the old lady, and fell into a chair that stood near, while Peteona darted out and seized him, shouting: "Golly! got yo' wish mighty soon dis time, Miss Peppard. Run for de constable. I'll hold him. Could hold a dozen like him—or two or free." "Let him alone, Ona," said her mistress, while the boy stood without making the slightest resistance. "An' he to be drug to de lookup?" asked Ona, with a toss of her turbaned head. "Wait till we hear what he has to say," said Miss Peppard. Then turning to the boy, she asked, as mildly as ever: "Of course you haven't brought me back?" "Yes, I have," interrupted he. "Here 'is, money and all, 'cept what I had to take to fetch me out here, I found your name in it on a card, and where you lived." "But, bless you!" exclaimed the old lady, more and more surprised, "what made you take it if you were going to bring it back? Come into the kitchen and tell me all about it. Ona, give him a drink of milk." "I shan't do it. Spect robbers gits thirsty as well as odder folks, dough." And she handed him the milk, which he drank eagerly. "Now go on," said Miss Peppard. "Why did you steal my pocketbook? and why, having stolen it, did you bring it back? Are you a thief?" "S'pose—I am," he stammered; "but I don't want to be no more. I wouldn't 'a took it a year ago, when my mother was alive; but she died, and father he went to prison soon after for beatin' another man; and I hadn't no friends; and it's hard gittin' along when your mother's dead and you hain't no friends, and your father's in prison." "'Tain't soft, dat's de fac'," said Peteona, gravely. "So I fell in with a gang of bad fellers, but I never stole nothin' but things to eat till yesterday. I come out of the house of refuge two weeks ago." "House of refuge!" exclaimed Peteona, holding up her hands. "An' a-settin' in my clean kitchen, on my clean olefolt! Wot nex?" "I was there for breakin' a winder and sassin' 'sop," said the boy, with a show of indignation, "and nothin' else, though they did try to make me out a reg'lar bad un." And then he went on, under the influence of Miss Peppard's steady gaze: "And the fellers said I was a softy not to have the game as well as the name, and so I went into that store 'cause I seen a lot of folks there, and I stole your pocketbook. And—droppin his eyes and voice—"there was a picter of a little baby in it." "My sister Polly's child!" cried Miss Peppard, her wrinkled cheeks beginning to glow. "Her onliest child—cept five," said Peteona. "And it looks like," continued the

boy, bursting into tears—"it looks like—my—little sister." "Your little sister?" repeated Miss Peppard, her own eyes filling with tears. "Is she—with her mother?" "'S to be hoped she be," said Ona, with a sniff, "or somedoder place wher she'll be washed. Her brudder's dirty nuff for a hull fam'ly." "She's in a place ten miles or more from here," said the boy, "with a woman who need to know mother. Mother give her fifty dollars just afore she died. She managed to save it and hide it from father somehow, to keep Dolly till my aunt in California could send for her; but my aunt's dead, too, and I'm 'fraid Dolly'll have to go in the orphan asylum after all. Father don't care nothin' 'bout her. But if she does, if I'm a good boy, I can go to see her; but if I'm a thief—And when I saw that picture I said I will be good. It seemed as though the baby was a lookin' at me and wantin' me to kiss her. Nobody ever kissed me but her and my mother. Here's your pocketbook." Miss Peppard took it from his hand, opened it, found its contents as he had described them, and then sat for full five minutes in deep thought. "You want to be a good, honest boy," she said at last, so as to be a credit instead of a shame to your baby sister?" "Yes," answered the boy. "It's mostly 'yes, ma'am,' in dese parts," corrected Ona. "Well, I'll try you," said Miss Peppard. "You"—starting from his chair. "Yes, I. I want some plants and seeds from the store where you stole the pocketbook, and I am going to trust you to get them for me. But before you go there, do you know any place where you can buy a suit of clothes, from shoes to hat, for a very little money?" "Yes, ma'am," answered the boy, in a voice that already had a gleam of hope in it. "Second-hand Bobby's?" "Well, go to second-hand Robert's, buy the clothes—By-the-by, what is your name?" "Dick Poplar." "And, Dick," continued the old lady, "do you know any place where you can take a bath?" "'S to be hoped he do," said Peteona. "Yes, ma'am." "Take a bath, put on the new clothes, throw—with a slight motion of disgust—"the old ones away!" "'S to be hoped he will," said Peteona. "Then go to the seedstore and give them the note I will write for you. And here are two five-dollar bills." "An' dar money is soon parted!" exclaimed Peteona. "No matter 'bout de dust wad." But the boy fell on his knees before Miss Peppard and sobbed outright. "An' he'll neber come back any mo'," sang Ona, at the top of her voice, as she went about her work that afternoon after Dick's departure—"no, he'll neber come back any mo'." But he did. Just as the sun was sinking in the west, a nice-looking, dark-eyed, dark-haired boy, dressed in a suit of gray clothes a little too large for him, and carrying a package in his arms, came up the garden path to the door of the mite of a cottage. It was Dick, so changed Peteona scarcely knew him, and the package contained the seeds and onion-sets and young lettuce and cabbages, and before dark he had planted them all, under the superintendence of Miss Peppard, in the mite of a garden, and Mrs. Brown had no chance of sending her "compliments" that season. "And now ma'am," said Dick, after supper, "I'll go. I thank you ever so much, and I wish my mother had known you." "P'rhaps she knows her now," said Ona. "And I will be a good boy—I will, indeed." "With the help of God," said Miss Peppard, solemnly. "With the help of God," repeated the boy, in a low voice. "But I guess you'd better stay here to-night," continued Miss Peppard. "You can sleep in the woodhouse. Peteona will make you a comfortable bed there." "Shan't do no such thing!" said Peteona, defiantly. "Ona!" removed her mistress. "Till my dishes is washed, I mean, Miss Peppard," said Ona. "And then to-morrow morning you can start for that baby. I've always wanted a baby. Cats and dogs and birds are well enough in their way, but a baby is worth them all." "Golly! now your's talkin', Miss Peppard!" shouted Ona. "I's always wanted a baby—a wite baby—too." "And if you choose to stay in Summertown," said Miss Peppard, "you may have a home here until you can better yourself. There's plenty of work for you; and the youth upon whom we have depended for errands and garden help, etc., is—" "A drestful smart, nice, perlitte boy!" chimed in Ona: "as lassy and sassy as he can lib. An' I'll call you in de mornin' w'en de birds arise, an' we'll hab dat ar angel here in a jiffy; an' won't de cat an' dog an' birds look pale w'en dar noses is out'er j'm! But dar noses'll be as straight as eber." The very next night a sweet baby girl with great blue eyes and fair curls sat upon Miss Peppard's lap, looking wonderingly about, as she ate her supper of bread and milk, at Peteona and the dog and cat and the birds, whose noses, by the b, e, were as straight as ever. And before long Dick Poplar became the most poplar—'fudful, I know, but

I couldn't help it—boy in that neighborhood, he was so clever, so obliging, and not a bit "sassy." "De Lor' works in funny ways, sho' enuf," said Peteona, one April day about a year after the return of Miss Peppard's pocketbook. "Who'd b'lieve me and Miss Peppard eber wanted Dick drug to de lookup by de heels? An' all the time he was a-bringin' me an' Miss Peppard de libliest chunk of sugar, the sweetest honey-bug of a chile dat eber coaxed ole Peteona for ginger-snaps. She shall hab more, de Lor' bress and sabb her!"—pouring them from the cake box into the little uplifted apron. "Peteona'll bake dem de hull liblong day, for eber an' eber, for de blue-eyed darlin'—wid a little time left out for her odder work."—Harper's Weekly. Words of Wisdom. He who is starving does not look to see if the proffered loaf be fresh or stale. Those who have made mistakes and suffered for them are the ones to help others; to show that any error can be atoned for. You may mend a rent in a damaged reputation so that it may not show, but you can never make the reputation quite whole again. Beauty may attract love at first, but it alone cannot retain affection. It is the sterling qualities of the heart and mind that win in the long run. We love our friends all the time—when we are so absorbed in working for them that we seldom think of them, as well as when telling them of our regards. We do not, in our own minds, have a secret contempt for the work of the great man we do not know intimately, but we have for the work of the one we do know. How beautiful is youth! A little moonshine, a few musical water-drops, the strain of a song, and the young heart experiences poetry as it never could be entrusted to paper. It is a dreary sensation to find one's self wholly forgotten by mere acquaintances; but to find that we have no place in the thoughts of those we love, seems in a certain sense like being annihilated. The profoundest calm always seems to come just after the most terrific storm. The exaltation of spiritual rapture follows fast after a foul descent into the gloomy Hades of the soul. Life is a series of alternations at best; and he who mounts highest to-day sinks deepest to-morrow. Derrick, the Hangman. Derrick was the most famous or infamous hangman in English history. He is described by contemporary pens as a "prime villain," and succeeded Bull, the earliest recorded English hangman, somewhere about the year 1593. The earl of Essex took Derrick with him to Cadiz, where, after hanging twenty-three prisoners, he was sentenced to be hanged himself for an assault on a woman. Lord Essex interfered and saved the scoundrel's life. In return for this, Derrick, in 1601, with much complacency, out of his preserver's head at the command of Elizabeth. Sir Walter Scott enlarges upon Derrick in the "Fortunes of Nigel." He thrived on his dreadful trade; lived to a bad old age, and died infamously rich, just in time to lose the intense satisfaction of presiding over the judicial murder of King Charles I. He is alluded to as still living in 1647 and as being dead in 1650. During his later years Gregory Brandon was his assistant, and Gregory succeeded him, only, however, to die within a year, leaving his office to Richard Brandon, his son. This estimable creature was twice sentenced to death for bigamy. He began his career as a headman by decapitating the earl of Stafford, and in all probability he was the masked executioner who beheaded King Charles. The name of Derrick is now called a derick takes its name from its pleasing resemblance to the horrible tree so long kept in full bearing by the English hangman. The Dog as an Article of Food. By most people the dog is valued only during his life; his skin is not particularly valuable, and his flesh is little esteemed. This is by no means, however, the case everywhere. It is well-known that the Chinese use the dog as a regular article of food. Many of the North American tribes look upon an entire of dog as the greatest possible sweet morsel they can set before a stranger. Sir Leopold McClintock relates that in the Sandwich Islands he had the most profuse apologies offered to him because there was no puppy to be had for a feast to which he was invited. The Esquimaux, too, look upon a dish of young dog as a great treat, and it is related that a Danish captain provided his friends with a feast of this kind, and when they praised his mutton, sent for the skin of the beast and exhibited it to them! The Greeks and Romans also used the dog as an article of diet, and many ancient writers, such as Galen and Hippocrates, represent dog-meat as a highly desirable dish.—Cincinnati Enquirer. "Come, now, stupid," said the schoolmaster, "you don't know how much two and five make. Now listen. In one pocket I have two dollars, and in the other five dollars. Now, how many dollars have I got?" "Let me see them, and I will tell you." School was dismissed. A fashionable belt for the feminine waist, says the Wheeling Ledger, is called the Huss band.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The largest bill ever introduced into a legislative assembly was the new code submitted to the Ohio senate. It contained 3,200 pages, and, as it was insisted that it should be read in full, the senate sat up till midnight to hear it through; even at that, hundreds of pages were slyly skipped. Mr. Edward King, who has been writing some interesting letters from the South to the Boston Journal, makes the broad assertion that the prettiest women in the world live in New Orleans. He says: "At the grand ball given by the 'Mystick Crew of Comus,' in the Varieties theater, several years ago, I saw twenty-five hundred ladies gathered together. It would not have been an exaggeration of the truth to say of any one of them that she was beautiful." The Peruvian government, having become somewhat alarmed at the rapid destruction of the cinchona trees in gathering the bark for exportation, has passed laws to repress the evil. Hereafter the gathering of bark will be restricted to certain seasons, and in no case will the cutting down of trees be permitted. This is a matter in which the whole world is interested, because cinchona and quinia are remedies of such importance that the source of supply ought not in any way to be endangered. T. S. Tucker and Louis Sedan, Colorado miners, have reached New Orleans, after spending five months working their way down the Arkansas and Mississippi rivers. They had no money to pay their way, and, building a flat at Canyon City, they started down the Arkansas river about the middle of September, floating by day and tying up at night. They had to push their craft over shoals, dodge hostile Indians, and were frozen up for seventeen days, but finally swapped their awkward flat for a skiff, and reached New Orleans in safety. The most striking fact with regard to the French working classes is that nearly all are possessed of money. However little they earn they save something. Thrift is their great characteristic; in fact, it is said of the French operatives that they spend less in proportion to their means than any in the world. Many keep their accumulations in an old stock-exchange secreted in their houses; others—a daily-increasing number—invent in various securities, the most popular investment being the purchase of land. Every Frenchman, when he can, becomes the owner of the house in which he lives. Of course he is greatly aided in this way by the French land laws and laws of inheritance, which cut the whole country up into small holdings. Savings banks with government security, building clubs, sick clubs and friendly societies are also in favor; but no money is tied up in trade unions. A striking example of the sanitary effects on body and mind of work as compared with idleness, is given from the records of the New Jersey State prison. In 1874, when all the convicts were employed, there were only three deaths. May 31, 1875, when they were still at work, only twenty-one out of 664 were idle because of illness, and only five were insane. December 31, 1875, after six months of idleness, fifty out of 717 were unfit for work, eighteen were insane, and there were thirteen deaths in the year. In 1876 only a few were busy, and there were twenty deaths; and on December 31 there were thirty-eight unfit for work. In 1878, with only 270 busy, there were nineteen deaths. In January, 1879, with the same number busy, there were 107 in the hands of the doctor. A True Hero. The city of Marseilles in France was once afflicted with the plague. So terrible was it that it caused parents to desert children, and children to forget the obligations to their own parents. The city became a desert, and funerals were constantly passing through its streets. Everybody was sad, for nobody could stop the ravages of the plague. The physicians could do nothing, and as they met one day to talk over the matter and see if something could not be done to prevent this great destruction of life, it was decided that nothing could be effected without opening a corpse in order to find out the mysterious character of the disease. All agreed upon the plan, but who should be the victim? It being certain that he would die soon after. There was a dead pause. Suddenly one of the most celebrated physicians, a man in the prime of life, rose from his seat and said: "Be it so; I devote myself to the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow at the break of day I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He immediately left the room, and as he was rich he made a will, and spent the night in religious exercises. During the day a man died in his house of the plague, and at daybreak the following morning the physician, whose name was Guyon, entered the room and critically made the examination. He then left the room, threw the papers into a vase of vinegar that they might not convey the disease to another, and retired to a convenient place where he died in twelve hours.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A hen with a clipped wing has a defective flew. There are but two cotton factories in the whole of Mexico. A lady need not be an athlete though she jumps at an offer. When you have a family jar you can't always preserve the peace. A good motto for a young man just starting a mustache—Down in front. A French physician says drinking boiled water will prevent yellow fever. Paris has a municipal laboratory where wines, beers and brandies offered for sale are tested. The debt of the city of Paris is now nearly \$400,000,000, and the interest about \$20,000,000 a year. On leaving a room make your best salaam to persons present, and retire without salaming the door. The hair-spring of a watch weighs 1-15,000th of a pound troy. In a straight line it is a foot long. From the debris of their coal mines France makes annually 700,000 tons of excellent fuel, and Belgium 500,000 tons. What is the difference between an editor and his wife? One writes things to set and the other sets things to rights. "He lived above his income." Was the dark reproach he bore, 'Till at last it was remembered, That he lived above his store. In Copenhagen there is manufactured from the blood of cattle a chocolate, which is said to be the most nutritious article yet known to science. The man who married a whole family lives in Traverse county, Michigan. His first wife died, and he married her sister. She too died, and then he married the mother of his two former wives. The editor of the Cincinnati Saturday Night discovered that his girl wore two sets of gold mounted false-teeth, and he sat down and wrote a poem entitled, "Rich and rare were the gums she wore." To ascertain the length of the day and night any time of the year, double the time of the sun's rising, which gives the length of the night; and double the time of its setting, which gives the length of the day. At one of our schools recently, in answer to the question: "What is the difference between an island and a continent, and upon which do we live?" a bright little shaver replied: "The difference is that a continent is much larger than an island, and we live on bread and meat and other things." A Dog Story. This comes from Charleston, Ind. Mrs. Brandon tells it. She says: "My husband had a dog which he brought from Kentucky, which seemed to me to have more sense than any animal I ever knew. She would look up when ordered to do anything, as intelligently as a child, and if she understood what was said, would give a pleasant bark, and start off to fulfill the order. I have often scolded her, shut the door after the children, and she would come in at the kitchen door, opening the latch with her foot, and always shut it after her. One time she had half a dozen puppies in the barn, which were her glory and her pride, but one morning when my husband awakened he heard a great row at the barn, and went out with his gun, expecting to find a horsethief. As he opened the door Flora went by him like an arrow, and though he called her loud and long she kept right on toward the village. In looking around the barn for the tramp he expected to find, he discovered that everything was all right, except Flora's nest. The puppies were all gone. "We did not see Flora for three days when she came back bringing a string of about three pounds of sausage, which she kept in her nest until they spoiled, and she died of grief that summer. One of our neighbors saw her, while she was missing, hanging around a but-her's shop in Louisville. She had followed those puppies fifteen miles—and recovered them." A Grocer's Trick. This happened long ago—in the early days of Minneapolis—and is related to show that even in those days the grocer was "up to snuff." A certain well-known individual, now a resident of St. Cloud, was dealing in groceries in Minneapolis then, and told the story himself the other day, as follows: "I happened to strike four chests of tea, which I bought at a bargain—twenty-five cents a pound. These four chests of tea was all I had, and of course, as my customers expected a variety of prices, I accommodated them. I turned the tall-tale side of the chests toward the wall, and marked the tea to suit customers. Deacon —, still a resident of the city, came in one day after some tea, and wanted a good article. I gave him a sample from each of the four chests to take home and try, stating their respective prices as thirty-five, fifty, seventy-five cents and a dollar a pound. Well, after testing the samples, he returned and rendered his decision, as follows: "That thirty-five-cent tea is a very fair article for the price; the fifty-cent tea is much better; the seventy-five-cent tea is excellent, and the dollar tea is a very superior article. I can assure you. But I can't quite go that figure. Let me have ten pounds of the seventy-five-cent tea." He was accommodated. How grocers have changed since then.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.