# The Forest Republican.

VOL. XII. NO. 3.

TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 9, 1879.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

TIMELY TOPICS.

# JOSEPH'S ADVENTURE.

enonymous communications.

"Can't you tell some of your adven-tures?" I asked of a friend Joseph, who had returned from his many years avels in the bush, and was sitting with and my wife. And, though he had absent so long, he was, so to sponk,

"Adventures? Well, I have met with "Please tell us of one," chimed in

oseph laughed. "I can'tell you of a one that I met with in the moun-

Oh, yes, do! Which mountains?"
In California: up in one of its wild

"That will be the very thing."
"Well," said Joseph, running his tapering fingers through his hair and smiling at my wife. "I'll soften down things in the telling as well as my blunt speech and uncivilized modes of thought will admit of, and you must excuse the

rest." "Oh, I'll'excuse anything. Please be-

"When I started from home to settle in unfrequented districts," began Joseph, "I set up a theory that no man should "I set up a theory that no man should ask a woman to marry him until he has prepared a home for her. It is surprising how much you begin to think of a wife West yonder; which arises, I suppose, from the extreme loneliness of one's existence. I was no exception. The land I took up was in the Rogue river valley, and after I had got it a bit ship-shape I worked away with only one object in view—to bring home a wife."

But, Joseph, had you a selected a "But, Joseph, had you a selected a

"No. I intended to do that as soon as I could, though you may say I was rather young to be thinking of it. I worked on, and was pretty successful. I worked on, and was pretty successful. I built me a house, got a considerable stock of cattle, made a flower-garden for my wife, and even put up the pegs and nails she would want to hang her dresses on. I intended that same autumn to mount my horse, ride through the Wallamet valley, find my wife and bring her

At the notion of courting in that off-hand style we laughed a little. Joseph laughed too, as if the recollection pleased

"You think it strange, I see. It was not so very strange in those days out there, where girls were as scarce as angels. There was not a girl within forty miles of me; and as I assure you that the very thought of one, as I drove in those nails for her garments to hang on, went through me like a thrill. You don't be-lieve? Go West yourself and try it."
"But I do believe."

I had about two hundred and fifty head of cattle, a good house with a garden, a young orchard, vegetables growing, sweet-scented flowers—all in readiness for the wife I hoped to bring home to bless me and to take care of these my possessions. And what do you think happened to them ""

We could not tell.

"There came such a plague of grasshoppers upon the valley that everything perished. Crops, orehard, llowers, grass every green and delightful and promising thing; the grasshoppers destroyed all. You remember the second chapter of

"The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. I was ruined. My stock died-at least the greater portion of it; the cattle had nothing to feed upon. Yes, it was complete and absolute ruin. Joseph paused a moment, mentally

looking at the past. "I considered myself disappointed in love too," he resumed in the quaintest of tones. "Though I had not been out to find my girl, I knew she was somewhere in that other valley waiting for me; and when the greedy grasshoppers ate up everything I felt that I had been jilted. It actually gives me a pang now to think of those useless pegs on which my imagination had so often seen a girl's pink cotton dress and white sun-bonnet

Joseph gave a great sigh. He was an eccentric fellow.

became misanthropic-said to myself that between fate and the grasshop-pers I had been hardly used. Packing up my books and a few other traps I bade adieu to the Rogue river valley for ever and started for the mountains. It was a longish journey, as I had to drive before me the stock which was left me. There in the mountains I settled down again, built myself a fort and played hermit. No jilting girls should come near me

"A regular fort; a stockade eighteen feet high, with an embankment four feet high around it and a strong gate in the middle. My tent was in the midst of the inclosure, with my books and household goods, firearms and all the rest of my property stowed away in it.

Were you afraid of Indians?" "Indians and white men. Yes, I saw a good many Indians, at first, within the range of my rifle. They learned to keep away from my fort, finding it did not pay to attempt an invasion. Down in the valley below there were mining camps and you perhaps know what some of the hangers-on of such camps are, I sold heef, that is, heads of cattle, to the miners; and as I had sometimes a tidy sum of money by me, it was necessary to be careful. What a strange life for a young mad?"

said Mary. "For you, Joseph!"
"I herded my cattle, drove them to market, cooked, studied, wrote and indulged in a mixture of misanthropy and rifle practice. By the time I had entered on the second summer in the mountains I felt quite at home and was getting rich. After all, the life had its charms. man cannot quite tire of it when he is but a few years out of his teens.'

'And the girl-wife' "I am coming to her. Having had time to forget my ill-usage, a reaction set in, you see, and I thought, after all, I must ride to the Wallamet to see after But I was not in the hurry over it that I had been before. all very dull, you will say, but there'll be some stir presently.

"It is not at all dull."
"One Sunday afternoon (How did I know it was Sunday? you ask. Because I had kept count of the days all along; kept my diary regularly)-one Sunday afternoon I was sitting outside writing, when a shadow fell across the paper, and, looking up, I beheld a skeleton standing there before me. Accustomed as I was to lonely encounters with strange men of all kinds, my hair stood on end as I in the mountains ever since, subsisting on

He was "-"No, I assure you," interrupted Joseph, with an amused look at my wife, "the oy was not a young woman in disguise, if that's what you are thinking. He was just a poor, weak, half-starved lad named Edwards. I fed and nursed him until I got Sam Chong Sung to let him take up a claim alongside a Chinese camp, promising to favor the Chinaman in a beef contract if he would be good to the boy. I still continued to see a great deal of

roots and berries.

And did Edwards succeed?" "Yes; he got on. One day two Chinamen stole some of Sam Chong Sung's horses, and he offered four hundred dollars to Edwards if he would go after the thieves and track them. Edwards asked my advice, and I encouraged him to go, telling him where I fancied he would find the men. So he started in pursuit, and I confess I missed him. Again Joseph paused. We did not in-

terrupt him. "A man came to my fort one day who was naked and starving. He was a bad-looking fellow, very; but you will say a man naturally does look bad when his clothes are nowhere and his bones protrude through his skin. I clothed him, fed him, cared for him kindly until he was able to travel, and then he went The next Sunday I was sitting

outside my fort, as was customary on that leisure day, reading some transla-tions from the Greek poets—for I dare say you remember I was never much of a hand at the original—when, chancing to look off my book, I beheld a vision. " A what?"

"A vision. A vision of a lovely woman. She was riding up the ap-proach to my fort on a fine horse, riding cracefully and slowly, as if to give me time to get over my surprise; and I be-ieve I needed it. The picture she made is in my mind now; I see the very flicker of the shadow and the sunlight across the road, and the glitter of some steel hat fastened her horse's trappings as he arched his neck in impatience of her re-straining hand. Are you tired, old

Never less so in my life. "That vision, breaking in suddenly as t did, upon my solitude, gave me the queerest sensations. I was just spell-bound. Not so she. Reining in her horse at my gate, she squared round on her saddle and looked at me, silently asking my assistance to dismount. I helped her down-what else could I do?-and then, at her request, gently preferred, went to put up and feed her horse. Had she dropped from the clouds? I did not

"If you'll believe me, when I turned indoors, my guest had got her habit off. Evidently she meant to make herself at home. A tall, young, beautiful, well-dressed woman! Her eyes were large, black and melting; her hair was superb, her manner easy. She was hungry, she said; would I give her something to eat? And while I was making preparations to give her of my best she read aloud one of the Greek translations, an ode to Diana, commenting upon it herself. That she was a woman of culture and education. whatever might have brought her into her present strange position, was obvious. Well, now," continued Joseph, "you can guess whether a young man, isolated on the mountains, ruined by the grasshop-pers and jilted by the girl of the Walla-met valley, was bewildered or not. Entertaining goddesses was not in my line."

"How long did she stay? "Wait a bit. What with reading and eating, our acquaintance improved fast, She offered to sing a song, and gave me 'Kate Kearney.' I might have lost my head to her perhaps, to say nothing of my heart, but for a certain inward latent doubt. I did not care that my girl should ride about, elegantly attired, on prancing horses, and drop down unexpectedly on hermits. Still, it was a feeling to find one's self near er, and certainly a novel one. I asked her history and she told it me. She was of a good New England family, reared in affluence, well educated and accomplished, but by a freak of fortune she and become reduced to poverty and exiled

from home."

"What was it, Joseph?"

"Ah! what indeed? The old story, I suppose; but I did not ask her. She had made her way to California, resolved to get on and get money; and she had got She went about from camp to camp with stationery and various articles needed by the miners and others, sold them these things, wrote letters for them, sang to them, nursed them when sick, and carried their letters exress to San Francisco to be posted. For all these services she received large pay-ments, and she had also had a good deal of rough gold given to her as specimens. Did she like that kind of life? I asked her, so contrary to her early habits, and she answered me quickly: 'It is not what we choose that we do in this world, but what fate chooses for us. I have made a competency and gained a rich and varied experience. Life is not what I once pictured it would be, but I am ontent.' She sighed as she said it; and I didn't believe in the 'content.'"
"But what had brought her to you

that day?" "She had not told me herself then, but

flowing silk gown touched my knees. Altogether, I began to think of those useless pegs in the house down in Rogue river valley. But what she said pulled up my wandering thoughts and turned out a pistol, but not before I had ordered them to present things. 'Shall you be surprised to hear that I came to do you a real service?' she asked. And she went on to relate that, having had to pass the previous night at a place not many miles away, in a house where the partitions stared at the specter. He was the merest boy in years, pretty and delicate by nature, and evidently reduced to this shadowy state by starvation. His story was soon told. He had left Boston on board a vessel bound for the northwest bad been wrecked at the mouth of the mouth of doubtful problem of gratitude, a fancy of the plot being the starved and naked wretch whom I had sheltered and sent away rejoicing not many days previously. All in a moment, while I was pondering on the doubtful problem of gratitude, a fancy of the plot being the starved and naked wretch whom I had sheltered and sent away rejoicing not many days previously. All in a moment, while I was pondering on the doubtful problem of gratitude, a fancy came over me that she might not be telling the truth; that it might be just an excuse got up to justify her own visit; and I playfully hinted as much. 'A woman does not trifle with subjects like these, nor does she deceive when she goes out of her way to do a service," she answered. 'I rode off from that house the other way this morning, made a long detour, and came here to warn you. And now that I have done it, if you will please to get my horse. I will ride away again.' All fair, that. I, full of thanks and repentance, asked her to stay longer if she was not perfectly rested; but she declined, and I brought the steed round and helped her to mount him. Once in the saddle her humor changed; she smiled and reminded me that I had not been polite enough to invite her to re-turn. A week of reading, talking, riding, trout-fishing and romancing up in those splendid mountains would be very charming; perhaps she would come if I asked her

"And did you ask her?"
"I did not. A young man with a reputation to sustain up there in the mountains couldn't invite a young lady to stay a week with him; could he now?" Joseph, quaintly; which set us both laughing.

"So I parried the question as easily as I could, and she rode away. In going slowly down the trail she turned and kissed her hand to me with a gracious sweetness. I assure you the struggle within my own mind was great at that moment; and I don't know whether I have forgiven myself even yet for what happened afterward."
"What did happen?"

"She came back again. She came back again and I drove her away. That is, I made the best excuses I could for not readmitting her, saying we should perhaps have fighting and murder and what not in my fort that night, and it would be no place for a delicately-bred woman. The pretty and modest girl who was to come from the Wallamet valley and hang up her pink garments on my pegs had rushed into my mind, you see. But I never like to confess to this part of the story, because I get laughed at. But don't you think I did right, having my reputation to keep up?"

While we had our laugh out Joseph was pushing his soft, fine hair off his brow with those slender fingers that looked as no rough work had ever come near him; and what must they have been be-

fore it did come? He went on thoughtfully: "She finally rode away, not having been invited to get off her horse; leaving me in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. From telling myself I was a bear I turned to the other subject, the contemplated murder and robbery of myself. Had she simply invented that little fable? or was it a true bill? I felt inclined to believe it to be the latter. Anyway, I deemed it well to be prepared for all contingencies, barring and bolting my fort against intruders and sitting up late over the fire. This was Sunday night. On Tuesday morning three or four men rode up, one of whom was the traitor, my former naked and hungry protege. He no longer at tempted to conceal his true character He no longer at from me, but said he and his comrades were determine to 'clean out' the Chinese camp, and he asked me to join them in the raid. I was on my guard in answering him, simply saying that I would have nothing to do with robbing the Chinese, that they were my friends and customers, and I thought they had best be let alone. With that he went off. That same afternoon Edwards came in, having recaptured some of the horses. He was very tired, and asked leave to stay with the horses at my place till next day. I said nothing to Edwards of the gang just gone away, or that (as I suspected) they had talked of making a raid on the Chinese only to throw me off my guard; for it was my fort on which the attack was un-

doubtedly to be made. "Dusk came on. I sent Edwards, dead tired, to bed, made a great fire in the tent and sat by it, facing the window. expected visitor came, the villain! He made believe to have been drinking, and put that forward as a plea for asking shelter until the morning. The instant he was inside I made the gate fast, driving the big wooden pins home with an axe. I caught a gleam from his eyes as I was doing this which "— 'But why not have made the gate fast

before he entered? "Because he was safer inside than out. A conviction had come over me that this man was some most desperate character. His comrades were no doubt waiting near, and his plan had been quietly to

open the gate to them. "Had you no arms but your rifle?" "I wanted none; for we understood each other, my rifle and I. This villain understood us too. I don't think, either, that he liked to see Edwards sleeping in the tent. The lad was not good for much, but still he was somebody. It would now be a contest of skill between the fellow and me. He was waiting his opportunity, and so was I. Of all villainous-looking men he was the worst looking. swarthy, black-bearded, and with a hard face that must have been handsome once, and fierce black eyes gleaming with evil. He sat on one side of the hearth, I sat on the other, our eyes fixed on one another.

"You guess, I dare say, that I have a quick ear, for you know what my tem-perament is—all sensitive consciousness. presently I asked her. I shall never My good hearing had been cultivated, forget the smile with which she turned to answer. It pretty nigh disarmed me and by I detected a very stealthy movet We were sitting pretty close, too; her ment outside the for and then a fain-

him to throw down his arms or die! He hesitated; he saw that in my eye and aspect which made him quail. While I held the rifle leveled and my finger on the trigger, he threw down his arms, pistol and knife, with a dreadful oath. I had the best of him, and he knew it, for before he could have put his pistol into form or rushed on me with his knife the ball from my rifle would have been in him. His language was awful—and we are not very nice in that respect, you know, in California-the foam lay on his He demanded to be let out of the house, denouncing me as a murderer and a robber. To all his ravings I had but one answer, to be quiet, to obey me and he should live; dare to disobey me and he should die. He sat there, cowed, on the opposite side of the fire, not daring to make even a doubtful motion. Then I told him what I knew; that I heard who he was and what he intended to do. With that he broke down utterly, or pre-tended to do so; cried like a child, de-claring that now he knew my pluck, and was the first man ever to get the better of him, he loved me like a brother. All the same, love or no love, he had to sit where he was, and I in front of him with my rifle on my knees. There was a long night before us; he could have no liberty in it, and the restraint was horrible to One moment he laughed uneasily, the next cursed, the next cried. It was a strange experience, was it not? To pass away the time I asked him to relate the history of his life. He said he would, but would first of all just shake hands for the respect he bore me. Touching my rifle significantly, I pointed to the stick lying across the hearth-place between us. 'That's your boundary-line, my man,' said I; 'don't go stretching your hand over that.' This sent him into a fit of "What came of it?"

We must have remained in this position until midnight. Several times I heard light sounds outside the fort, but, though ie too listened, he dared not respond to them; he could do nothing. After a while these sounds cassed; his associates, rightly judging that something or other had gone wrong and spoilt the scheme, had no doubt made off, tired of waiting. The fellow's head was bent, his chin resting on his breast, his shaggy beard spreading over it like a mantle. He suffored martyrdom. By-and-by we got to talking, but I did not relax my yigilance for an instant. Once started on his own history, the subject seemed to have a fascination for him. He had been honestly 'raised,' he said, by good and loving parents in the State of Missouri; had passionately loved a young girl in the town where he lived, and his description of her was so pretty and vivid that I declare it brought into my mind that other who was waiting for me down in the Wallamet valley. To get the means to marry her he resolved to go to California. He went, was successful, and, full of joyful anticipations, returned to find that she had married another. The man, the husband, had played them false, told the girl that her lover was dead, and married her himself. When he came out of the brain fever which this news gave him, he was invited to an evening party in the town. To this party came his love and her husband; and when he put out his hand to welcome her their eyes met, and both knew then how they had been betrayed. From that hour the man took to evil courses, and his first victim was the false hus-Mand. He became a desperate outlaw. Once again he saw his love; he met her in the streets of Sacramento; she was married again; and she turned from him with a cry of aversion. Yes, he might be a desperate man now, he added, but he had had his trials. I suppose should have done society a benefit had shot him as he sat there, but I did not, Perhaps you won't believe that I felt a sort of pity for the fellow, but I did. Well, morning came at last. I sent Edwards to get the gate open, and escorted my visitor out, telling him that there was not room for him and me in that part of the country, and that he had

better ouit it for another.
"And did he?" I suppose so, for he never attempted to molest me again. Not long after I heard of his death. He met his fate east

of the mountains. And what of that pretty Amazon, Joseph? I am sure she was almost as good to you as a guardian angel, coming

on horseback to give you warning."
"Was she not? And I had returned it by behaving so unhandsomely to her! But now, I just ask you, would it have been proper to let her come in on that week's visit, and I a young m n with a reputation ?

At any rate, you did not. But have

"Once; it was in 'Frisco, She was

married and staying at the same hotel with me. Her husband was a tall, dashing man, what with you would be called a gentleman, and very wealthy. She had been lucky, you see. I knew her as soon as she came into the dining-room, and in a few minutes I saw that she recognized me; but she did not take any notice and neither did I. She told me

vou ever seen her since ?

with her eyes that she remembered, but there was an appealing glance in them which I interpreted rightly. After dinwe got into conversation, three of us, just as strangers will do in a hotel, and I found the husband a very intelligent, well-informed man. In parting I got just a word aside with her. 'I am glad to meet you again, and thus,' I said. 'Hush!' she answered, 'I thank you for your reticence. In the past of a life that has been composed of ups and downs there is generally something or other lying on the memery that we don't care to

And about the young girl in the Wallamet valley ?" "I never found her," replied Joseph, plaintively. "Truth to say, I never started fairly to look for her. Perhaps it's as well."—D. C. Macdonald.

recall or proclaim to the world.

Each stalk of the banana plant pro-

At a Western Canadian manufactory is being made an implement which is to plant potatoes, at the same operation marking out the drills, dropping the manure, mixing it with the earth, and covering the seed. It will also hoe and hill the crop and pick potato bugs, and in three minutes can be so altered that it will dig 800 bushels of potatoes in a day. Could not the inventor, while his hand is in furnish his machine with a patent attachment for washing, paring, cooking and dishing up the potatoes?

One of the most ruinous habits of the Russian peasants is displayed at marriage celebrations. A peasant, to celebratethe marriage of his son, procures twenty-five gallons of whisky, to get money for which he sells his horse, cow or pigs, and is ready to become a pauper. He cannot resist the practice for custom requires that the population of the village, men, women and children, must get drunk. A rich peasant at the marriage festival will procure one hundred gallons of whisky, and the neighboring villagers are invited to take part in the carousal

During a terrific storm at Venice, the square of St. Mark's, the piazzetta, and principal streets were completely inun-dated by the high tide. A large number of people were held captive in restaurants and in small by streets so elevated as not to be covered by water, while in the flooded parts masked revelers wading about bare-legged, noisy uchins and porters conveying on their back women fresh from balls and dressed in all sorts of finery and toggery, presented an amus-ing spectacle. Travel on the canals was suspended, as the gondolas could not pass under the bridges, and considerable damage was caused on all sides.

Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, who has arrived at Pretoria, telegraphs to the Portuguese government as follows: "In concluding my journey across Africa, I struggled with hunger, thirst, the natives, floods and drought. I have saved all my papers — twenty geographical charts, many topographical maps, three volumes of notes, meteorological studies, drawings, and a complete exploration of the Upper Zambesi with its seventy-two cataracts. Pinto left the coast October 25, 1877, with 400 followers, only eight of whom survived the struggles with the natives and the privations of the march.

There was a great hue and cry over the apture of one poor fox near Dayton, Ohio. Nearly 5,000 men and boys from all parts of the country formed a line around an entire township in which many foxes were known to dwell. The arrangements had been carefully made, and the discharge of heavy cannons at three points was the signal for a general movement toward the center. Every person had a hern or bell, or something else with which to make a din, the idea being to drive the foxes to a certain gulch, and there dispatch them. But one division did not start promptly, and a gap was left in the line, through which all the foxes but one escaped. The lone victim hid in a hollow tree, and was killed by a dog.

A famine next year in Russia is predisted by Russian journals. Last year about one-third of the crop was destroyed by beetles and marmots, so that the seed us been deficient; and the cattle plague ook off nearly ninety per cent, of the cattle in many places. To these things must be added the extraordinary drought of the past half year. Then in Russia there are too many holidays (about one hundred in the year); drunkenness is also a widespread vice, whose wastefulness is greatly felt. Most of the land in Russia s under mortgage to bankers, the proprietors are hardly able to pay their inerest, and the arrears are everywhere about twenty per cent. The grain, which is the chief article of export, and which furnishes taxes and supplies, is devoured by parasites while growing, after being gathered, and on railroads

A Distinguished Foreigner.

About a year ago, Messrs. Charles Reiche and brother brought five chimpanzees to the New York aquarium, of which only one remains. Recently, another arrived from Central Africa, and there was much curiosity to see how the two creatures would act at their first

When the stranger was put in the cage, "Tommy," the old inhabitant, looked at him for a moment with some little distrust, then he approached nearer, and after a little hesitation threw one arm over his shoulder in a manner that was almost human.

They looked in each other's eyes with serious faces, and then, clasping their long arms about each other, embraced. Then they separated, and "Tommy " extended his hand, which the newcomer took and shook. Then "Tommy" offered the courtesies of his cage to the new-comer, gave him a part of his blanket and the remains of his dinner.

When the new arrival was given his first bath, he objected strongly, and fought against soap and water and brush and comb like an obstinate child, while "Tommy" looked on in apparent glee. At ten o'clock at night, the new chimpanzee was wrapped up in his blanket, sleeping soundly, and "Tommy," with his blanket pulled up over his shoulders. sat a few feet away, watching him with great solicitude.

One of the oldest customs or prerogatives in regard to fish, was, in the time of Henry I., the right to what are now termed "royal," but which were former-called "great," fish, namely, the sturgeon and the whale. "Of sturgeon," says the royal autocrat. "caught on our lands (sic) we will that it shall be ours, saving to the finder his costs and expenses. Of whales, so found, we will that the head shall be ours, and the tail our consort's. Wise discrimination for the head was considered the daintiest part, the tongue being the tidbit. Fishermen would offer, as their costliest gift to the church, a whale's tongue, and it was, no doubt, highly relished by the ecclesiastics, for William the Conqueror gave a yearly grant of one to the monks of Marmoutier.

—All the Pour Round.

## Rates of Advertising.

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Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements coll-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delvery.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A woman's glove is to her what his vest pocket is to man

Definition of nothing: A footless stocking without a leg.

What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

The kind of food that hungry tramps most dislike is a "cold shoulde Senator Jones, of Nevada, pays \$17,-000 rent for his Washington residence.

There were nine hundred and five soldiers killed by the Zulus at Isandula,.

South Africa. Hint to those affected by the "walkfever: The most useful pedestrian s the man who walks the floor nights

with the baby. "On this head," said the lecturer, "there is nothing left to be desired." The bald-headed man in the front row

immediately rose to a call to order. Framps are defined by Michigan law to be "persons refusing to work for the usual and common wages given to other persons for like work in the place where they may be.

Some idea of the size of the State of Texas may be gathered from the fact that, though the population is a million, there are are only four people to every square mile of territory.

There are 356 Protestant Sunday schools in New York city, with 88,237 scholars on their rolls. There are likewise of Roman Catholics, Jews, and so forth, sixty-two Sunday schools, having 27,-589 scholars on their rolls, making a total of 418 schools, with an enrollment of 115,826 scholars.

There is in Chicago a Sunday school for Chinese, which meets every Sunday afternoon. Of the hundred or more Chinamen in that city, twenty-six attend the school regularly, and there is atteacher for every scholar. The converts are said to be generous contributors for religious and charitable enterprises.

Many Italian emigrants have written home from Brazil that the country they expected to find a paradise is quite the reverse, and that they are treated like beasts while alive and when dying are without the benefit of priest or doctors. Hence a member of parliament has introduced a law "to restrain the insane desire of emigration."

## An Exciting "Tug of War."

A "tug of war" is a trial of strength between two teams of men, who grasp a rope and try to draw each other over a mark. A correspondent of the London News in Afghanistan describes a contest of this kind between two teams of native soldiers as follows:

The tug of war which excited the most interest was that between the Hazara mountain-battery team, and one from the infantry of the Guides. In both cases they seemed powerful sets of men. The tug lasted for about forty minutes; five minutes being the usual time in which such trials of strength are settled. The bull dog-like firmness with which these men held on was an evidence to any of those who at the moment may have thought back on the past history of India, that if these races had been properly drilled and led by the right men the haphazard frontier" of her majesty's Indian empire would still have been the river Sutlej. The Guide infan-try are chiefly Patans, while the moun-tain-battery are Sikhs. One or two of the latter lost their pugrees in the strug-gle, and their hair fell down over their ce, neck and shoulders in wonderful black masses. There was one man whose jet bluish-black locks were in such a quantity that his whole head and upper part of his body was completely vailed it; so dense was the mass that hecould not see through it. Although the skin was coming off his hands he would not let go the rope to throw back his hair, which hung down so long that, his body being bent, it trailed in the dust. If any one can conceive a lion with a magnificent black mane, he will have a picture of this hero as he lay on the ground holding on to the rope ike a vise. Not only was the skin of his hands peeling off, but he began at ast to spit blood; but not a sign of relinquishing his grip was given. The thick mass of hair hanging round his face like a curtain prevented the air from getting at him-it must have been suffocating-and when at last his team had won the victory, this splendid fellow tumbled over on the ground and all but fainted from sheer exhaustion. There was an instant rush of his comrades, and the restorative they employed was that of shampooning him all over the body; but he was not the only one that required it. About one-half the team reeived similar attentions from their friends: their exhausted condition will in itself tell how hard the struggle had been. The Guide infantry, who lost in this struggle, had nothing to be ashamed of. They held on manfully, and scarcely st an inch of rope till the end. During

thirty minutes it would have been hard

to say which would have gained the vic-

tory, and at the close it became only a question as to which side could sustain

the struggle a minute or so longer than

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\_" Rome Sentinel."