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The Old Town Clock.

Upon the square in the quiet town, The courthouse stands, and looking down From the tower above is the well-known face Of the old town clock. From its lofty place, over the tree tops swaying tall, It patiently tells the time to all. In summer days, from the streets below, So close and dense the green leaves grow, Its pointing hands can scarce be seen; But over the rustling boughs of green, And mingled with joyous song of bird, Its warning voice is ever heard. Throughout each day and silent night, While the stars o'erhead are gleaming bright, Ever and ever sounds the bell And ever its lesson seems to tell, A lesson rung with every tone, To the midnight watcher sad and lone.

> Time is fleeting, Ne'er retreating, Another day Has passed away; Gone forever, Returning never; Every treasure, Every pleasure, That it carries, Never tarries; Time is fleeting.

"Time is fleeting," but naught heed they Who carelessly hear the bell each day; "Ne'er retreating" the thoughtless and gay Who make of their lives a holiday. "Time is fleeting," but they forget Who laden their moments without regret As they onward fly, with earthly gaining, With worldly care and sad complaining. "Gone forever," the steady knell Over and over seems to tell; And they who dwell both far and near, Can oft the quiet teaching hear, As through the quaint and shady streets The echo lingers and repeats.

.Down the river that wanders along, With a murmuring, ever-changing song, Till its shallow waters deeper grow, Oft float the bell-tones faint and low. Till they startle the dreamer idly affoat, Who tranquily, in his gliding boot, Drifts where the shadows and suabeans lie, Between the islands neath summer sky; And the fisherman hears them down in the

bay, And the hunter notes the hour of day, As the soft breeze lightly carries the sound Over the marshy hunting-ground, Where the lotus flowers, with spreading leaves, A rare and antique beauty weaves.

Sadly, ah! sadly, through the air They come to the hillside, still and fair; Over the lonely, sacred spot Where many rest who hear them not; 'Unheeded falls the echo there, Unheeded wavers in the air, Unheeded now, but once each tone By them was heard, and loved, and known. Hour after hour of their lives had been told. Now resting together, the young and the old, So calm, so hushed, no earthly sound Will call them from that sleep profound.

"Gone forever!" thus the bell Swayed in slow and selemn knell Till its voice was stilled and the faithful hands. Of the old clock fell; and ruin stands, With drear and melancholy face, Over the once-familiar place. With the fleeting time and into the past, The old town clock has vanished at last. -Monroe Commercial.

TODDLES.

I felt like a lady that morning. I was a lady, I thought, after all; quite as much so as Mrs. Jones, who lived in the great cupola house on the hill. Quite as much of a lady, I said to myself, briskly, as I dusted up my little shop, and arranged the sheeny ribbons and striped goods in the window. The window was hung with pretty lace curtains, and there was a globe of gold-fish in it that sailed about as courteously and busily as though they were getting their living as head clerks. It was a sweet soft autumn morning; Thummed a tune as I glanced cheerily out at little Toddles, flitting about in her scarlet ribbons under the old willow outside. Bless her little rosy face! why shouldn't I be happy when I've her to

I was happy, and I hummed again that old snatch of a tune, and noticed gayly to Toddles, wondering vaguely to myself what was going to happen that I felt so uncannily bright. Nothing - simply nothing; things were done happening to me long since. My way was straight hastily, and hurried in to confront and narrow, my days quiet and unevent-

As I sipped my coffee that morning I remembered that I held the cup up to the light, and I felt a certain sense of my usual customers, and I was a little satisfaction in the translucence of the shy of him. He hesitated, and seemed rare bit of china. It is so pleasant to bewildered when I spoke to him-men know that one's own election may keep never do get used to shopping-and it one aloof from the ugliness and squalor

It doesn't take much to keep one person, of course, and I don't count Toddles for anything. It needs but the odds and ends of things-a bowl of bread and milk, a cup of coffee, with now and then a lively bit of ribbon—to keep the little

one going famously. es, I always wanted to be a lady. And as I sat in my bright little room I half felt inclined to forgive Richard Gray the heart-break he gave me long ago. And, oh God! it was a heart-break. But if he had married me, perhaps he would have shut me up in some gloomy city house, to be a lady after his fashion, to stifle for want of a bit of fresh air, to walk softly under a thousand petty con-

ventionalities, and to cease being my own mistress. Ah! that I never could endure. So it is, perhaps, as well that Richard left me and went off some-

where-God knows where. where—God knows where.

You see, I like it—my little shop.
There's something so delightful in seeing the pretty girls of the village, with now and then a fine lady, hanging over my dainty wares, and trying the tints of scarlet and blue and orange with many a laugh and many a glance in the mirror.

Leall it my recention when they work in I call it my reception when they pour in of a holiday afternoon. I love colors; love grace and beauty; and perhaps I might have been a bit of an artist, in my way, if I'd ever had the opportunity. Richard used to say so. But ah! he said many a flattering thing and many a false in these old days. And if I ever dreamed of any higher life than contents me now—well. I've given un dreaming.

—well, I've given up dreaming.

For there's Toddles, so round and sweet and soft and real. She leaves me little time for building air-castles.

You see, I love the child as if she were my very own. For she came to me one

day about four years ago a wee little baby thing, curled up in a heap on my doorstep when I went to open the shut-ters. Wherever she came from I never Toddles never explained; she just stretched up her little fat arms to me and gurgled "Tod-od-doddle," and that was her sole introduction.

It was surmised that the child had

been dropped by some traveling circus passing through the town, and I had excellent neighborly advice about putting the treasure in the foundling hospital. But one seldom takes good advice, and I

To tell the truth, I grew so attached to the child that I should even have been wicked enough, I fear, to regret any one's turning up to claim it. But that's not at all likely now, after so many years —no, not at all likely; no more likely than that Richard and I should ever meet again in this world. And that that is among the things that can never

It was on this wise, our parting: Richard's mother was old and feeble and miserly. She'd spent a good deal of money on him—sent him to college, and expected, folks said, to "make something of him." She always expected to get her money's worth out of her transactions. Richard held her in a sort of awe, somehow, though she was a little wizened old woman that he could have lifted with his left hand. But I liked him for

respecting his mother.
One day we two were sitting at twilight talking of the future dreamily, as

"My little one," said Richard, putting his arm about me, "it half seems too bright to ever be."
"Ever be!" I echoed. "Oh, Richard, if you talk that way, it will never be."
Richard smiled, but his face grew

overcast. I felt that a storm was com-

"Well?" I queried, seeing that he sat brooding and silent.
"Darling," he said, soothingly, "I knew it would come hardly to you; but how can I go against my mother? Her poor old heart is bound up in me, Jeannette, and she will never hear to-to any-

"That seems to lower you," I added in a steely voice that seemed to cut its way out of my heart like a keen, cold

"Oh, I am a coward—a poltroon! cried Richard, wringing his hands. " was born to bring trouble on those love. Who, who shall I leave to suffer for me now, Jeannette?'

"The one who will say least about it." I answered, hardily. My heart was throbbing heavily, like a clock that ticks the hour of execution; but I made no outery, and we parted in that final parting silently. And I have lived silently ever since.

One year after that I heard that Richard's mother was dead, and then that he had married: who, I knew not-who, I cared not. He had married another woman while my last words were yet ringing in his ears—right there, before the face of the living heaven, married another woman, and swore to love and cherish her, as he had often vowed to

love and cherish me! But I did not seem to feel this blow I had felt our parting. I just flung him out of my heart there and then, and my love and my silence vanished. I looked into the face of my misery with a smile, and I took this little shop in the village, and worked early and late, and made it thrive. Then, two years later, came my little Toddles to me, sitting like a lily on my door-step, as if some angel of peace had dropped her there. I have named the village street was grassy and quiet and her Theresa, but Toddles has always been her own pet name for herself, and I like

it because it is hers. The child has brought me peace. And I feel no vengeance against any one now." Nor do I rejoice that Richard's wife is said to have turned out ill, and spent the wealth she brought him.

But I had forgotten the shop in all this reverie and reminiscence. There was a sharp twang of the little bell, and I heard a heavy step in the I set down my coffee-cup great muscular fellow with a big beard and a slouched hat, whose presence seem-

was some time before I quite made out what he wanted. It was some sort of woolen goods—a scarf or a kerchief, I think. These were not very salable stock just now, and I had put the box containing them out of sight somewhere. While I rummaged about, the stranger stood in the doorway, watching me in a way did not like; perhaps he wanted to steal something. He looked needy enough, and shabby enough.

"Oh, here they are at last," said I, eagerly, handing down the package from high and dusty shelf.

The man did not seem to hear me. He was looking at Toddles, darting about "Whose child is that?" said he, ab-

It was an impudent question, and I felt my bleed flush up hotly for a moment. But I reflected that this man looked wayworn and weary; perhaps he had come a long journey, and left a little

child like this at home.

"It is my child," I said pleasantly.

"Yours!" he repeated.

"Or at least," said I, "if not mine, it

as left with me to be cared for. "Left with you," echoed the stranger. Aye, so I have heard. Left with you by the wretched man, the outcast, the degraded, who knew none else on whom to thrust his burden when his tinseled wife fell from the tight-rope, and died there, groveling in the sawdust—knew none other of whom to seek the charity than the woman who had loved him.

I listened as one stupefied with opium. What did this man know or guess concerning me and mine? What object had he in view in lingering about the shop? But I said coolly, "That is a story that needs to be proved."

The stranger storyed and looked keeple.

The stranger stooped and looked keenly at me. "Verily," said he, with a low, sardonic laugh, "he has reaped his reward, it seems: he is both dead and for-

I began to feel afraid of this man, who seemed bent upon insulting or alarming

I pointed sternly to the door. "Sir," said I, "if you are satisfied with the goods, I beg you will take them away. I have other things to attend to."

For a moment after the great hulking figure disappeared through the doorway of my little shop I covered my face with my hands, and all the past of my life rushed entirely over me. I had not outlived it yet after all. outlived it yet, after all.

Suddenly I remembered Toodles, and hastened to the door to look after her. My customer had disappeared; the huge willow trunk hid the road from view, but I felt relieved, for there was my little one swinging back and forth with the long pendants of the willow. Only one instant I saw her in the sunlight—one instant. Then came a rushing, tearing, and tramping, a terrible sound in the air, and a great bull, tossing his horns furiously, and with eyes glaring madly be-fore him, came snorting and bellowing up the street. The great willow was in his course, and, oh God! my little Tod-

Then I know not whether I fainted or whether I screamed for help. I saw a tall figure leap out from somewhere in the very pathway of the mad animal, and the next moment Toddles, half laughing, half crying, was nestling in

The man whom I had sent from my loor a few minutes since stood looking on us yearningly-the man who had snatched my darling from its terrible

"Both dead' and forgotten," he said. "Oh Jeannette! Jeannette! do you not The rainbow ribbons in the little shop-

window spun dizzily round, and all things grew dim before my eyes. For 1 knew that Richard Gray was come back Poor and degraded and deserted, perhaps, he had come back to

He lifted his hat, and, stooping, kissed the little one, who did not resist him. "I brought you my motherless little one years agone. A beggar and a sinner though I was, I dared to pray your charity to my child, whom its mother, flying from her home, would have left to perish among the gewgaws and clowns in whose company she died. Yea, verily, my punishment has been bitter. And shall I leave you now, Jeannette, you and my child, and depart forever, hateful in your eyes for all years to come-hateful when not for-

But something filled my heart just then, like the rush of a mighty river. I looked back at my quiet life, my bright little shop, the years of silence and of sorrow. I felt Toodle's warm heart beating against mine. He had saved her. And I looked at Richard Gray, and put my hand in his.

Since then I have tried what it is to be a lady in the far West—a lady in a log-cabin, without china, or carpet, or neck ribbons, and Richard says I have succeeded.—Hårper's Weekly.

How to Preserve Failing Eye-Sight. Sit in such a position as will allow the light to fall obliquely over the shoulder upon the page or sewing. Do not use the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light. Avoid the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast. Rest them for half a minute or so while reading or sawing or leading or sawing or leading. ing or sewing, or looking at small objects, and by looking at things at a distance, or up to the sky; relief is immediately felt by so doing. Never pick up any collected matter from the eyelashes or corners of the eyes with the finger nail; rather moisten it with saliva and rub it away with the ball of the finger. Frequently pass the ball of the finger over the closed eyelid toward the nose; this carries off any excess of water into the nose itself by means of the little canal which leads into the nostril from each inner corner of the eye, the canal having a tendency to close up in consequence of the slight inflammation which attends weakness of eyes. Keep the feet always dry and warm, so as to draw any excess f blood from the other end of the body. Use eyeglasses at first, carried in the vest pocket, attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eye with very little trouble, whereas, if common spec tacles are used, such a process is required to get them ready, that to save trouble the eyes are often strained to answer a purpose. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water is used, let it be flapped against the closed eyes with the fingers, not striking hard against the ball of the eyes. The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are onscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes. - Magazine of

Connecticut, with a school population of 138,407, had, during the past year, 130,937 children in her schools.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The microphone as a thief-catcher has proved very useful to an English resident in India, who found his store of oil rapidand mysteriously diminishing. He ixed a microphone to the oil cans, carried the wire up to his bedroom, and, after the house had been closed for the night, sat up to await the result. Very shortly he heard the clinking of bottles, followed by the gurgling sound of liquid being poured out, and running down stairs he caught his bearer in the act of filling small bottles with oil for easy conveyance from the premises.

English newspapers announce with considerable interest the discovery, made by the Paris Acclimation society, that Japanese wheat, planted in April or May, is ripe and ready for the harvest quite as carly as Furrescent control of the party early as European-grown wheat, sown some five or six months earlier, and the yield is equally large with that produced from any of the varieties of European wheat. If the same result can be obtained in the order ed in other places, says the Tokio Times. the use of Japanese wheat, it is presumed, will become universal, though no expla-nation of the phenomenon is yet supplied.

Dr. Jacob S. West, a resident of Boerne, Texas, prints a letter in a local paper on the manner of the introduction yellow fever into the United States. He cites instance after instance to support his theory that the fever is transmitted by means of coffee. Four-fifths of the coffee consumed in this country, he says, comes from the very hot-beds of the yellow fever pestilence. It has fallen under his country that the says has repetited the same and the under his observation that towns by which the most watchful quarantines were kept were caught by the smuggling of a little "innocent" coffee.

The Don Cossacks of Russia have a peculiar way of detecting thieves, and the result of it are some times peculiar. Five thousand roubles of the government money, appropriated for the equipment of a body of Cossacks, was locked in a trunk, which, for safe keeping, was de-posited in the village church, the key being intrusted to a judge. After a time the attaman required a portion of the money, but the judge who went to the church to obtain it quickly returned with the report that the whole of it had been stolen. Following the custom of the Don Cossacks, the attaman ordered the villagers to send him their handkerchiefs, which he delivered to a fortune-teller, who was required to identify the thieves. the was blindfolded, and at once seized two of the handkerchiefs, exclaiming:
"These are the thieves." They belonged to the judge and the priest.

The Mandalay correspondent of the Calcutta Englishman thus describes the massacre of the royal family of Burmah by order of the king: A council was held by the king and his young advisers, and the conclusion come to was that extermination was the only means whereby he could obtain safety. The immediate execution was, therefore, ordered of every one in prison. Executioners were easily obtained, and with darkness commenced the scene of slaughter. It being, however, found inconvenient to get through the job in one night, a division was made, mals. and some twenty were chosen. These were severely beaten and kicked, the women being shamefully treated. When lifeless they were hurled into a large well in the garden. Children were forn to pieces before their parents' eyes, and the parents then put to death. The Meckra prince was made a witness of the most trocious conduct toward his wife and children, and saw his aged mother beaten enseless to the ground and then dragged to the well and tumbled in. Thongya's family fared the same, as also the two Menghees, the Myodawlaw, his two sons, and the Phawoon. The princes, instead of being put in along with their families, were killed last and thrown into

Lost-A Comet,

An astronomer has many ups and downs in this world, although most peo-ple no doubt believe that it is most up, as far as looking is concerned. Professor Swift, of Rochester, a noted star-gazer, met with a curious loss a few weeks ago, and the worst is there is no insurance. He was scouring off the sky on a clear evening a month ago, when he suddenly discovered a comet. Now a comet is not to be picked up every day, and the pro-fessor felt considerably elated. Comets are pretty high now-adays, and genuine specimens without flaw or blemish are exceedingly scarce. The professor was overjoyed, and he was just preparing to mark it and put up a sign, "Any person trespassing on this comet will be prosecuted. Keep off the grass," when suddenly a cloud came in the way. What pen can describe the scene that ensued! Swift loudly called for help, but it was a time when no one is up except robbers or astronomers, and no one came. The situation was critical. If he went up on ladder and shoved away the clouds there would be no one to tend to the elescope business. The comet in the most cowarly manner took advantage of the professor's dilemma and made off. At least it is thought so, because the cloudy weather lasted several weeks, and when the professor got his astronomical shotgun in order again the celestial bird had flown. Professor Swift ought to advertise for the lost comet. A reporter interviewed the bereaved philosopher, and between his sobs the star-finder said that the comet was of uncommon appearance (all lost fish are big), and that was in the same field with Eta Eridani. Of course the comet must have got out of that field in some manner or other while the professor was attending to the clouds, and this is another great argument for keeping fences in order. Meanwhile, if any person happens to meet a comet of uncommon appearance without a brand on it, the finder will confer a great favor on Professor Swift by putting a little salt on the comet's tail and tele-graphing at once for the disconsolate astronomer.-Free Press.

CHIEF JOSEPH'S VIEWS.

What He Cannot Understand, and What No One Has Explained to Him-His Heart Made Sick by Broken Promises.

Chief Joseph, headed by the Nex Perces Indians, whose gallant fight against overwhelming odds last year is still alive in public memory, has an artide in the North American Review, in which he argues his case with a terse and simple eloquence. Following is an ex-

I have seen the great father (the President), the next great chief (secretary of the interior), the commissioner chief (Hayt), the law chief (General Butler), and many other law chiefs (congressmen), and they all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while their mouths talk all right I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country, now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for all my horses and cattle. Good words will not give me had my shillers. Good not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your war chief, General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not get my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many misrepresentations have been made, too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men about the Indians. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people; all people should have equal rights upon it. You might as well xpect the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born a free man should be contented when penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases. If you tie a horse to a stake, do you ex-

place, while he sees white men going where they please. They cannot tell I only ask of the government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I cannot go to my own home, let me have a home in some country where my people will not die so fast. I would like to go to Bitter Root valley. There my people would be healthy; where they are now they are dying. Three have died since I left my camp to come to

pect he will grow fat? If you pen an Indian up on a small spot of earth, and

compel him to stay there, he will not be

contented, nor will be grow and prosper. I

have asked some of the great white chiefs

where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one

Washington. When I think of our condition my heart is heavy. I see men of my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country, or shot down like ani

I know that my race must change We cannot hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man-free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself-and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we will have no more wars. We shall be alike-brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for

The Measles.

An unpleasant disease is the measles, but of short duration, and, if ordinary

care be exercised, not fatal. Its most apparent and usual symptoms are sneezing, slight cough, running at the nose and eyes, peculiar itching of the face, red eyes, very sensitive to light. It generally runs four days before the eruption, which lasts usually but three days —" three days out and four days in. the old ladies say. The third day little red spots appear on the face, generally in clusters, afterward spreading. The state of fever decreases as the rash comes to the surface. After about three days the little crescent-shaped pustules turn brown and the skin crumbles off. During this stage diarrhea often occurs, but it is best not to interfere with it.

The "oom in which the sick child lies should be kept moderately dark. Keep the child well covered, especially about the chest. Administer plenty of warm beverages, such as weak tea, arrowroot, oatmeal-water and the like; put a gently-drawing poultice on the chest. Sometimes a dose of purging medicine is called for early in the disease. Be very careful to protect the child from taking cold, as alarming consequences are liable to result in that case. If medical advise is handy it should be had, though, unless the disease is not running its regular course, it may be dispensed with .- Health

When a safe gets into the hands of burglars it is no longer safe.

The Violet.

Lonely and sweet a violet grew The meadow weeds among One morn a rosy shepherd maid, With careless heart and idle tread,

Came by, Came by

The meadow lands and sung.

"Ah," said the violet, "would I were Some stately garden flower! That I might gathered be and pressed One little hour to her sweet breast.

Ah, me! Ah, me !

Only one little hour! On came the rosy shepherd lass, With heart that idly beat,

And crushed the violet in the grass. It only said, "How sweet! How sweet!" it said, with fainting moan "If I must die, to die alone

For her, For her, To die at her dear feet." -From the German of Goethe.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Good harp players manage to pick up a living with their fingers.

The Mammoth cave of Kentucky is oon to be illuminated with the electric

The active manufacturer of dentists' tools is the only man who can do tooth things at once. A man, who still carries in his body a bullet which entered it at Antietam,

calls it lead astray. Dealers in second-hand clothing stand ever ready to relieve poor erring human-

ity of its abandoned habits. The fiery, untamed steed of spring is again with us. We allude to the insidious horseradish.—Waterloo Observer.

In 1859 the cattle plague in the vast herds of Australia was effectually checked by a simple method of inoculation, which was extensively practiced.

Child, pointing to a bronze group representing a terrific contest between a lion and a crocodile—"What are those things doing pap" Father—"Talking politics,

In the olden time a lady's hair rarely changed till she was over lifty; in these days a lady's hair will often show several shades of color before she is thirty.-

Andrews' Bazar. A facetious boy asked one of his playmates why a hardware dealer was like a bootmaker. The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the former, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

They were discussing the venerable theme of money and happiness; "money does everything for a man," said one old gentleman, pompously. "Yes," replied the other one, "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for

Rev. Dr. Ingram, who died recently in Shetland at the age of 103, is said to have been the oldest minister in the world. Four generations of the Ingrams have lived in the same house in Shetand, and they were long generations, too. The deceased's father died at the age of 100, and his grandfather at 105.

The number of men actually engaged in fishing in the four provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, is 42,000. It is estimated that thout 200,000 persons are supported by the various branches of this industry on the shores of those provinces. One thousand decked vessels are employed in this British North American fishery, and 17,000 open boats.

A new fat woman is on the stage. She is Mrs. Peter Miller, of Helena, Arkansas, and though but four feet six inches high she weighs four hundred and three pounds. She measures three feet nine inches across the back, and is therefore almost as broad as she is long. married when sixteen years old, and then weighed but one hundred pounds. She is now sixty-eight years old. PERFUME.

I am the spirit of the wooded steen. I roam at will through quiet dells, And find pale palaces of sleep

I steal o'er beds of balmy moss, Where erst the silvery brooklet ran; I'm charmed while hiding in the moss Or Laura's fan.

I shrink from gusts of rain and storm In some blush-rose's bosom gay; Full oft I stray through gardens warm, In far Cathay.

Some fond sultana's curls of gold I kiss and steal through cloudland's tents In bottles I am often sold For fifty cents

Predictions for the Future.

A number of young ladies will marry ell and die ill. An epidemic of colds will set in next

The pototo bug. Paris green. Scientific reports as usual.

Many hundred new doctors will be turned loose to kill the first year of practice, and to cure the second. Seven hundred old, overloaded and

badly-manned ships will go down and be never heard of during the next seven Bank failures will struggle along one by one; bank presidents and cashiers abscond, and the community will enjoy

its usual astonishment. People will continue to say this is the hottest summer I ever knew. Vice versa

Several old rich men's wills will be Numerous houses will burn down next

Several great people will die and a number of smaller ones.

There will be several railroad accidents, a long and searching investigation and the usual gradual simmering down and dying out of the whole affair .- New York Graphic.