The Forest Republican.

IN PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY J. H. VURNIE.

OPPICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIQUESTA, PA.

TERMS, \$1.50 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of unonymous communications

The Forest Republican.

VOL. XII. NO. 5.

TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 23, 1879.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

To a Little Maiden.

Sweet little maiden, Modest little maiden, Blushing little maiden, Thirteen !

There's an airy spell about you, There's a dainty charm about you, There's a modest grace about you, I ween.

Would you know wherein the spell lies, little spaniden ? you ask wherein the charm lies, little

maiden ? Shall I tell wherein the grace lies, little maiden?

Nay, may ! For were I to tell, Indeed, I know full well It would surely break the spell, Little maiden. But I'll whisper in your ear A word for you to hear; Just a hint-never fear, Little maiden.

Be always bright and ready, Press onward strong and steady, Ever help the poor and needy, Little maiden:

And the charm and the grace That are sealed on thy face Will never loose their place, Little maiden.

Her Blue-Eyed Boy.

-Boston Transcript.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy, For thee I sigh, for thee I weep, When others trend the mazy dance,

Or smile in happy dreams and sleep Torn from these loving arms away, By those who recked not tear or prayer, Ere thou couldst speak thy mother's nar My tiny bud, my babelet fair.

"My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy, Could I within thy bright eyes gaze, Or have an hour to kiss thee in,

would light up many weary days. But thou art far away from me; Between us ocean's billows beat, And I can but thy picture kiss, My fairy rose, my babelet sweet."

Miss Isabella Spooner finished reading hese verses and proceeded to cut them out of the paper they had graced, with a pair of seissors that in company with a bunch of keys hung from Ler generous girdle, a murmur of admiration and sympathy arose from her audience. This audience consisted of Mrs. Spooner, Isabella's mother, a tall, thin, pale woman with a gradual of forehead hat is, in regard to height—and very white, well-shaped hands, which looked as though they had been moded out of lard; Mrs. Descalaring a lade who looked. Dusenberry, a lady who looked about five-and-forty, but who, according to her her friends confidently expected that in a few years she would be a girl again, with lips so thin that they came near being no lips at all, bumpy brow, small, black, uneven eyes, a nondescript nose and a figure remarkable for its unobtrusive-ness; Captain Hottop, Miss Spooner's uncle, a hale, hearty, rather handso reman, who had spent most of his life in a sailing vessel; Mr. Wellington Octoper, a young pork merchant, called "Devilfish" by those of his companions who had been to the Aquarium, "because it enme so near being Octopus, you know," with reddish hair, reddish complexion and no forehead to speak of; Miss Eugenia Ann Octoper, sister of the pork merchant, a pretty, pert young girl, who came down to breakfast in diamond earrings, and talked a great deal about "style;" and

two or three elderly men and three or four young men, who, being mere nobodies, can, of course, only expect mere It was a lovely day in the last week of July, and these people were gathered together on the broad veranda of the Spooner homestead (Mrs. Spooner took few summer boarders for company), and, truth to tell, they could not have been in a pleasanter place. The house, substantially built of gray stone and draped with beautifully wistarias that climbed to the very roof, faced the Delaware river, and the gleam of the water

through the branches of the catalpa-trees that stood just outside the garden gate, laden with showy flowers, among which the bees were having rare riot, was a pleasant sight to see Miss Isabella Spooner, the real mistress of the homestead-her mother's extreme dussitude rendering her only the nominal one-was a comfortable, sentimental old

maid, with an obtrusive figure (in which respect she formed a great contrast to her friend Mrs. Dusenberry), light, very light blue eyes, and a snub-nose. She wore her hair brushed back from her forehead -a forehead much like her mamma'sand falling in a curly crop in the back of were always tied with a bit of bright ribbon, which imparted to them quite a juvenile appearance and charm.

Miss Isabella doted on poetry, and looked upon all rhymers as "heaven-In fact, she had an intense respect for and admiration of all persons connected with literature, and was wont to say, "Could I have been pen-gifted I

would have asked no other boon "How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry, in a soft, too soft voice, as Miss Spooner, after reading the verses quoted above, took her seissors in her hand. "They remind me of some lines I introduced in my first letter to Professor Ganz at the time I became so interested in the habits of the birds of North America. He said afterward, by-the-bye, that the brightness of that letter absolutely dazzled him." Mrs. Dusenberry prided herself on her letter-writing, and, anxious that her tal-ent should not be "hid under a bushel," wrote on the subject which she thought ould be most interesting to him, with a hint as to the impression he had made on her susceptible heart, to every man with whom she came in contact, as soon as possible after form-

ing his acquaintance. "And when do you expect her, Isa-

bella?" asked Mrs. Spooner, lifting her hands, of which she was very proud, from her lap, to regard them more closely, and then listlessly dropping

"This afternoon, toward evening," answered Miss Spooner, taking a letter from her pocket and referring to it.

"She writes: 'I hope to arrive just as
the sun is beginning to drown in your
beautiful river, and the evening star
peeps forth as bright—as bright, alas!
as the eyes of my blue-eyed boy.'"

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry. "It reminds me of a note I
received the other day from Dr. Drake.

received the other day from Dr. Drake, in answer to one I sent him, begging him for a copy of his lecture on the 'Human Skeleton.'"

"Well, I should say she was quite smart. Yes-s," said the young pork mgrchant, in a nasal voice. "Them verses sounded very pretty. I don't read anything in the newspapers but the lard quotations and the hog market reports myself, but I know good po'try when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes-s."
"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do.

She can write pomes by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She only does it for fun.

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in Captain Hottop, dropping his feet with a bang from the chair-top on which they had been clevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "pome" away in her pocketbook, and leaning back in her chair the better to meet the eyes of the captain. She's Mrs. Montgomery Montague, a charming young widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child—a

"Babelet," corrected Mrs. Dusenberry, at the same time playfully flicking the cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest in Miss Spooner's story had neglected to fan he rival of Madame De Sevigne, after naving been captured and detailed for that duty only five minutes before. "And when her husband died," con-

And when her husband died, continued the fair Isabella "(he was the younger son of an aristocratic English family, one of the very highest—intimate with the Queen—and he ran away to this country on a lark, and his folks disowned im because they thought he married beow him, though I've no doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her hockingly), his father sent for the boy, and tore him from his weeping mother's

"'And recked not tear or prayer," uoted Mrs. Dusenberry.
"But why did she let them take him?"

houted the captain. "By heavens! they ouldn't have taken him if she'd 'a held Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such a thing before?" "Well, they didn't exactly tear him

away," explained his niece.
"That's the poetical way of putting it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry.
"But she was left almost destitute." Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a deli-cate little thing, and—"

"Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork merchant.
"Just so," assented his hostess. "But most fortunately, she possesses the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which are showered on her wherever she goes-she is such a favorite-she manages to get along. I met her at Mrs. Bluelight's party last winter, and we took such a fancy to each other right off, and she told me her story in the conservatory. Young Chandler was there, too, but she didn't see him; he was at the other end of the room, behind some tall plants-he was very attentive to her afterward, and gave her a pearl bracelet on her birthday—and I cried till my nose looked like a—"

"Cherry," suggested Mrs. Dusenberry, adding in a sprightly manner: "Captain, if you desert me for this enchantress, I'll never forgive you," to the great astonishment of the honest captain, who had not exchanged three sentences with the lady, and, indeed, had never seen her until this

very July afternoon.
"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, " we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost you, Isabella."
"'My babelet sweet!" murmured

murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar eyes on her friend, on which the gawky youth at her side dropped the fan, and burst into a loud guffaw.
"Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here

And up the garden walk tripped light girlish-looking woman, dressed in a blue-gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long black ostrich plume, coquettishly set on her neck. In evening dress these curis the back of her head. Her pale yellow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the

group on the veranda. Miss Spooner, with astonishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, "we have just been reading your sweet, sweet poem, 'A Mother's Wail.' Welcome to the homestead!

"How beautiful it is!" said the little woman, clasping her daintily kidded hands, and speaking in a low clear voice perfectly audible to the listeners above as she turned toward the river. That glimpse of the water! the grand old trees! the fragrance of the air! and -raising her beautiful eyes—"the glorious sky, so like"—with a catch in her breath—"so like the eyes of my lost, my darling boy!"

In less than a week every man in house was more or less in love with Mrs. Montgomery Montague-the captain, the pork merchant, the old clerks and the young clerks.

And the women-well, the women didn't like her as well as they did be-

"She's pretty enough and clever tague, enough," said Mrs. Dusenberry, "but I for one am getting tired of her blue-eyed boy. As I said in a letter of mine sir? to a distinguished literary gentleman—immediately upon reading it he enrolled himself among my band of admirers—'I have lost children, lost them in the

grave, but I never bring my shadows to cloud the sunshine of my friends." And, to do her justice, she never did. On the contrary, so uncommonly well did she bear her bereavements that one could scarcely believe she had ever been bereaved.

But to go back to the pretty poet's lovers. Captain Hottop was the most devoted of them all. He had never been in love before, and love, like scarlet fe-ver, is a most serious complaint when contracted late in life. He followed Mrs. Montague around like a faithful, loving slave, carrying a heavy shawl to spread on the grass when she chose to sit beneath the trees, and a large umbrella to shield her from the sun when it was her pleasure to ramble along the road. He named his sailboat "Lilian" after her, bought a pony and phaeton and placed them at her service, swung her for hours in the hammock which hung in the orchard, and listened with patient, heartfelt sympathy to her longings for her

blue-eyed boy.
"Blessed if it ain't too bad!" said he one day (they were sitting beneath the catalpa-trees), as the little widow pressed her lace handkerchief to her eyes to dry the tears that sprung to them just after she had remarked that the twittering of the dear little birds was so like a baby's voice. "Couldn't you git him away from them folks? 'Pears to me I couldn't refuse you anything when you clasp your hands and look at me with tears in your

"Oh, captain," sobbed the sorrowing mother, "there are very few people in the world like you—very few. You are one in a thousand-yes, five thousand. one in a thousand—yes, five thousand. But I never had a chance to appeal to them personally. I was very ill when—when they took my darling away; and letters, with no matter how much feeling we write them, are so cold."

"Why don't you try 'personally,' then?" asked the captain, swinging her dainty parasol about, to the imminent danger of the delicately carved handle. She blushed, cast down her yellow-brown eyes, raised them again, looked

brown eyes, raised them again, looked him in the face like a child resolved to tell the truth, however painful it may be, and said, "I have no money wherewith to pay my passage to England. Understand me, I would willingly, most willingly, be a steerage passenger, a stewardcss, anything—anything to bring me nearer my child. But coming to them save as befitted the wife of their son and brother, my husband's proud family would certainly disown me, and I should be alone in a strange land more

heart-sick than ever."
"Well, if the want of money's all," eried her honest lover, "that's easily settled. I'll give you the money to go "that's easily n bang-up style—

But here he stopped in amazement, for Mrs. Montgomery Montague had risen from her seat and drawn her small igure to its fullest height. not insult me," she said, with trembling

"Insult you!" cried the captain, springing to his feet-"insult you, my dear little woman! I never dreamed of such

"But you offered me-money," she stammered. And I was about offering you my and and heart-that's the way they

put it in the love stories, don't they? Will you marry me, Lilian? and then, if choose, we'll go together for the "Generous man!" said the widow, a ear stealing down her pretty cheek.

'But don't you see"—and a smile suc-eeded the tear—" that that would never do? I could never plead for my child as the wife of Captain Hottop. It must be as the widow of Montgomery Mon-"Blessed if you ain't right!" exclaimed

the captain, looking at her admiringly. Well, promise to marry me when you return. Do, Lilian. No one could love on better than I. When I return?"

"Yes, for surely my promised wife can accept part of the fortune that will be all hers when she is really my wife, without anybody— Nobody need know.
Will you, Lilian?"
"I will," she said.

"Will what, my precious?" he asked,

"Everything," she answered; and turned and fled like a bashful girl, after he had clasped her in his arms and given er a kiss in true sailor fashion.

And by the very next steamer Mrs. Montgomery Montague started for England, with a valuable solitaire diamond engagement ring glittering on her pretty hand, a check for five hundred dollars in her silver portemonnaie, and many useladies felt all their old interest in her revive, novy that she had gone away indeed, as Mrs. Dusenberry informed the eightyyear-old grandfather of the youth who fanned her on the afternoon of Mrs. Mon-tague's arrival. "She was much too lovely, and made me quite jealous of you,

And Miss Isabella Spooner-hung the picture of young Montgomery, "that babelet fair," in the parlor, and wreathed it with daisies. "Heaven grant that we may see the darling himself soon!" she

said, with pious emphasis.

But they never did. For, a couple of weeks after the widow's departure, Wel-lington Octoper burst in among them all

ping her mallet. A million tierces of lard and twice as many pigs, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, leaning in an unconscious manner against the shoulder of her part-

She's a fraud! Yes-s," continued the pork merchant. "Who?" they all cried this time.
"The widow, Mrs. Montgomery Mon-

tague, that is, Mrs. Maria J. Thompson.

"A fraud, sir! What do you mean, sir?—what do you mean?" bellowed Captain Hottop, as though through a speaking-trumpet, a flush overspreading

his weather-bronzed face. "Just what I say, captain. Yes-s," answered the pork merchant. "It ought to be the first of April—it ought—for, by ingo, there never was such a sell! only truth she told was when she said she was a widow. So she is. Yes-s. The widow of Jack Thompson, celebrated mince and punkin pie maker in Chicago. I met his brother on the street to-day. He's a pork merchant. And she never had any children."

"Not a blue-eyed boy?" gasped the captain.

"Not even a blue-eyed boy. Yes-s!"
said Wellington Octoper.—Harper's

A Kaffir Wedding.

General Cunynghame writes in his ork on South Africa: "I went to see work on South Africa: "I went to see the marriage of the chief Faku, with the daughter of another chief from the Klip river district. Faku is a chief who did right good service during the rebellion, and he is liked well. I was glad of an opportunity of paying some mark of respect, went as an uninvited guest, and was right hospitably received. Well, sir, before this I was always under the im-pression that a Kaffir marriage was a sort of bargain and sale, hop the broomstick affair, so many cows paid, and the woman handed over to the husband in the presence of the official witness; but I was much surprised to find it quite a different affair, and one of much ceremony. In civilized society the gentleman usually settles himself and a dower on the lady, but here the dower is given to the father, and he brings the lady in much Kaffir state to the husband. Proceedings open by a wild sort of dance, which announces the approach of the bride; in the meantime she and her bridesmaids were said to be washing and decorationg themselves at a stream near by. After a short time the bride'sparty advanced, and was re-ceived by the husband and his people sit-ting down, a space being left of about twenty paces between them. All guests were on the husband's right hand, he and they being surrounded by the hus-band's tribe—men, women and children —in a sort of half-circle. The dances and songs open with the men on the bride's side, and after the dance the men deposit their shields one on the other in the center of the space, the bride's father's shield, as chief, being placed on the top. The bridesmaids' dance and song then begins, the bride herself being still kept in the background. When this is over the bride suddenly appears in the center of the bridesmaids, with her face veiled, a knife in her right hand and a small shield in her left. The dance and song of bridesmaids begin again, all grandly advancing to the shields, and then stop. The husband calls to the bride to come to him, and she turns her back to him and dances with the rest back again; then again the men dance and sing. Several of the elders and wives of the bride's party run up in front of the husband and chaff him, tell him he is "no go," and not good enough, for the The men's dance then ceases, and the bridesmaids begin again. This time the bride's vail is lowered to the nose, and her eyes seen, and she advances be-yond the shields. Induana, on the bride's side, sits down in a peculiar manner, in-dicating that the husband must give her of milk, and so the dance goes on until she comes up to the husband

to him; he asks her lovingly to give him her hand; she does so; and as she does so she looks over her shoulder at She gave him one look, but that look was a piercer. More dances ensue, until at last she comes up unveiled. He asks her if she will be his wife; she says 'Yes.' She is then asked by the official witness if she is willing to be his wife, and to come and live with him, and she says 'Yes.' Other dances and ceremonies follow, but, as it was close to sundown, I had to saddle and leave. As far as I could see there was no constraint in the matter; on the contrary, from the look, rather a liking of the bride for the bridegroom. Everything was most orderly; beer (ubatywala) there was for the guests, but no drunkenness. The bride was one of the finest women I have ever seen in South Africa, six feet high, well formed

He speaks to her; she turns her back

Interesting Facts About the Blind.

The organ of vision is considered the

most delicate organization of the human frame; yet many who have been born blind have been enabled to see by surgi-cal operations, and the following is an interesting fact concerning one of that class: A youth had become thirteen years of age when his eyes were touched by a surgeon. He thought scarlet the most beautiful color; black was painful. ful and ornamental farewell gifts from the ladies of the Spooner household. The and he could not distinguish by sight what he perfectly well knew by feeling; for instance, the cat and dog. When his second eye was touched, he remarked that the objects were not so large in appearance to this as to the one opened at first. Pictures he considered only partly-colored surfaces, and a miniature abolutely astonished him, seeming to him like putting a bushel into a pint. Stanly, the organist, and many blind musicians, have been the best performers of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that the boys were playing in a distant corner of the room instead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slight-est sound. Professor Sanderson, who was as they were playing croquet on the lawn, blind, could, in a few minutes, tell how scattering the balls in every direction.
"Sold, by gracious!" shouted he.
"What?" asked Miss Spooner, drophread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a rveyor and planner of roads, his ear iding him as to distance as accurately the eye to others; and the late Justice elding, who was blind, on walking into room for the first time, after speaking a w words, said: "This room is twentyo feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve

TIMELY TOPICS.

Mr. David McIver, one of the proprietors of the Cunard line of steamships and member of Parliament for Birkenhead writes to the London Times, declaring un-hesitatingly that from his personal experience as a carrier he does not know of any nation whose trade prospects at pres ent are so gloomy as Great Britain's. depression in the United States and else where, he says, does not at all approach the depression here. The British exports to the United States are comparatively nothing, either as regards volume or value. The British food importations are steadily increasing, and the balance of trade is so overwhelmingly against Great Britain that he sees nothing except ruin for home industries, whether manufac-turing or agricultural, if the present state of things is allowed to continue.

While parents and guardians would consider themselves culpably negligent if children under their charge should partake of poisonous food or drink; yet now few are equally solicitous as to the character of the mental food supplied to the youthful mind. Three New York forgers, brought back from Barbadoes by that parents should simply forbid their children reading such demoralizing literature; it is equally important that every household should be supplied only with papers, books, and magazines that are elevating and instructive in their tone and contents. The active minds of youth demand some occupation, and will gravitate towards that which is exciting and stimulating, unless wiser counsels prevail. Let those in authority beware of the beauty of the evening star—"Oh, do not—do not praise it like that!" he cried; "I cannot get it for you."

The drowning of sixty English hussars in Afghanistan shows the wisdom of the old Peninsular general who said that "every English officer and soldier should be able to swim." It is true that the strongest swimmer has little chance against a raging sea or the rush of a mountain torrent, but, nevertheless, a knowledge of swimming has saved England more than one valuable life during her Eastern wars. In the Sikh campaign of 1845 a noted cavalry officer, when pursued to the brink of a flooded river by the enemy, slid from the saddle and grand my pocketbook out of town for charge my pocketbook out of town for charge enemy, slid from the saddle, and grasped his horse's mane with one hand while paddling with the other. The animal, thus lightened, swam safely to the shore. In 1857, again, Major Thompson and Capt. Delafosse, the only survivors of the Cawnpore massacre, saved themselves by plunging into the Ganges and floating down the stream, the incessant firing of the Sepoys from the bank serving merely to scare the crocodiles, who might otherwise have attacked them. They landed when a considerable distance down the river, and, after wandering in the jungle for two days, were picked up, half starved and covered with sores, by a British de-

tachment. Menotti Garibaldi, son of the general, and Achille Fazzari, his companion-in-arms, have been intending to sail in the autumn with 3,000 Italians for the southern coast of New Guinea, establish a colony there, and found a new city under the name of Italia. Their object is to find an outlet for that spirit of adven-ture and enterprise which Italian unity aroused in many who are still young Among those who are to join the expedition are between twenty and thirty now sitting as deputies in the Italian parliament. The party will number about 3,000, and will be divided into two parts: the military, commanded by Signor Fazzari, for the protection of the settlers against the natives; and the agricultural and industrial, to lay the veritable foundations of the colony and turn the resources of the country to account. Four steamers are to be engaged to carry the adventurers to their destination, and to convey all the requisite stores and requirements, from spades, pick-axes, saws and planes to printing-presses and a tele-graphic cable, with which they may place themselves at once in communication with the northernmost point of

The Prisoner of Rochelle.

Australia.

Here is a scene from the vaudeville of the "Prisoner of Rochelle." Corporal Cartouch amuses himself by going through the manual, while Leza, seated at her work-table, abstractedly questions

him concerning matrimony.

Leza. If a girl were to fall in love with you, corporal, what would you do?

Cartouch. Present arms! L. She would doubtless look to you

would have to-

L. Your butcher and baker would have

L. Your prospects of course would

And you would have to-

Charge!

And never have any-Rest! Now, corporal, pray give me your-Attention!

Load! But you are not in your-

Prime! Your wife may-

Shoulder!

epistles into the-

Leave you, but she will soon-Return And then you'll have to bear on all

A man of your age isn't able to bear

Would you be-I think you have some other-

"One robin doesn't make a spring;" but one robbing makes a thief.

(Fires the musket.)

All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Rates of Advertising.

one month - - 3 00 three months - 6 00

one year - - 10 00

One Square (1 inch,) one insertion - \$1

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices, gratis,

Two Squares, one year -Quarter Col. "Half"

ITEMS OF INTEREST. Ants that keep the world busy-Inf-

What doesn't strike when it does strike?—A clock, when it won't go. People found abroad after eleven P. M. in Peoria, Ill., must explain them-

"I can bent you all hollow," as the machinist's hammer said to the

Since its foundation in 1795 the present Paris mint has coined 1,700,000,-000 gold pieces. A new work on chemistry contains

an article on diazoorthamidoparatolu-ensulphonic acid. Why are balloons in the air like vagrants?—Because they have no visi-

ble means of support. What color is pied type?-Meriden Recorder. "Well, it's not red.-Keokuk

Constitution. But it makes a printer feel blue,—Hackensack Republican. Professor (looking at his watch)-As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student—"What time is

The area of the New England States is about the same as that of England and Wales, but the population of the last named is 23,000,000, or between six and seven times the population

of New England. There was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a ove-sick millionaire when the object

A former paragrapher has settled in Toledo as a teacher of writing. One of his scholars said to him the other day: "Which is the proper way to make K, Mr.—?" The ruling passion was strong in the teacher, and he replied: "Make K while the sun scholars."

"Well, how is the spring trade?" my pocketbook out of town for change of sir-it's too thin."-New York Star.

AN EDITOR'S EPITAPH.

Oh, man of shears, You've had your share Of this world's fears And scanty fare. If you would look And see the lack Of joy you took,

You'd change your tack; But now all paste Your form is eased Your die is east; Your inky quills No more will quack.

Of brie-a-brae And petty squibs You'll no more squack -Lyceum Gazette

Artistic Savages.

The curious development of art instincts and art capacity in the Bushmen of South Africa and their failure to grow toward civilization in other respects, is sharply presented in a recently-published work on that country: "How strange it is that these creatures, so low in the social scale, should have possessed artistic skill superior to most savages! They have portrayed on the rough rocks scenes of the chase and of native customs with such vigor, with a few colors of so permanent a character, that the spectator might take them for rough, first sketches by some untrained artist, executed only a short while since. Each animal is characteristically rendered, and the manner of chasing and securing it, with the figures of those who assisted in running it down, are faithfully shown. Possessing such admirable talents in so high a degree, these people were yet incapable of attempting the erection of any description of house, but sheltered themselves in such caverns and rocky niches as nature happened to provide. Some of these drawings include forty or fifty figures, correctly representing the chase of the lion, the eland, the rhinoceros, the gnu, the blesbok and many other wild animals, all vigorously drawn and colored in a species of distemper. These little people are described as wonderful hunt-ers, their sense of sight being scarcely surpassed by that of the eagle, or their sense of hearing by that of the wolf. Their hardihood and endurance far surpassed that of any animal in the field, Support! while their cunning and adroitness was and then what a heavy burden you only equaled by the fox."

A Story of Victor Hugo. The story is told of Victor Hugo,

France's greatest living author, that many years ago the father of the present head of a Parisian publishing house was offered a manuscript by a pale young man with a large forehead. The publisher glanced over the pages and saw that the work was in verse. out attempting to read it, he handed it politely back to the young author with a few of the usual phrases about poetry being a drug in the market, de-pression of trade, etc., etc. "I am sorry, for your sake," said the young man, impressively, as he pocketed the rejected manuscript. "I was about to propose to you a contract by which I would have assured to you the right to all the future productions of It was a fortune that I was about to offer to you—but you refuse, and so no more need be said." He bowed and withdrew. The publisher, struck by his manner, reflected for a moment, and then hastened after his visitor to call him back. But he was too late-the young man had already disappeared. "Never before or since," the old gen-L. And you would throw all your tleman was wont to say when relating this story, "have I ever met with a young author who so fully believed in his own powers, nor with one that had so much reason for such belief, for my visitor was Victor Hugo."