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Domestic Greeting.

As homeward comes the married man, He's met by wife at door, With fond embrace and loving kiss Ami-"Baby' throat is sore !

" And did you think to stop at Brown's And get that marabout I ordered yesterday ?- and, dear, Fred's boots are all worn out !

I'm glad you are so early, John, So much I miss you, dear-Fve had a letter from mamma; She's coming to live here.

w very glad you look, dear John; knew that you would be-The flour's out, John, the butter, and You must send home some tea.

lumber has been here again; If you don't pay he'll sue; And Mr. Prendergust called in To say your rent was due.

You thought they were all wool-Oh, that reminds me that your son Was whipped to-day at school. The roof has leaked and spoiled the rugs

" Fred's trousers are half cotton, John,

Upon the upper hall; And Jane must go, the careless thing ! She let the mirror fall

"To-day, as she was moving it (The largest one, dear John); Of course it broke; it also broke The lamp it fell upon.

"What makes you look so grave, my lov Take off your things and wipe Your feet-and only think, to-day Jane broke your meerschaum pipe.

"Oh, John! that horrid, horrid word! You do not love me, dear; I wish that I-boo-hoo-were dead-

You're cross as any bear." -Boston Transcript

AN EASTER LILY.

Feuds are not of the Middle Ages only. In the milder forms permitted by modern civilization they exist all the world

over, even in decorous New England. Such a feud had for over thirty years subsisted between the Greers of the Summit and the Greers of the Hollow, two substantial farmsteads distant about fifteen miles from each other. Fifteen miles is an excellent quarreling distance. It is near enough to promote frequent collision, and quite too far to admit of the softening influences of every-day in-There are versions and counter-versions as to the exact cause of the original dispute. Either side has its story, agreeing as to general facts, but widely differing as to the deductions involved. It was the gold and the silver shield over again. So much was conceded, that the alienation began with two old Greers, brothers, long since dead, who had gone to law about a bit of "medder land." The suit was decided, after his decease, in favor of Sam Greer, of the Summit. Later came a quarrel between the sons of the old men respecting the ancestry of a cow, avowed by one and denied by the other to be of the true Jersey breed. Sam Greer the younger met "young Tom" of the Hollow at a county fair; words ensued, and the result of the "words" was an action for assault and battery. The breach widened, as breaches will. Absolute non-intercourse was enforced between the families during Sam Greer's lifetime, and respect for his wishes, combined with esprit de famille, continued it after his decease. His children were too young to reason about the matter; his wife, a mild, tenacious woman, saw no occasion for interference. "It wasn't none of her affair, but Mr. Greer had a strong fealing about it, and she guessed things night as well stay as they were. Quarng was wrong-she knew that well en ugh-but this wasn't quarreling. She never had spoken to any of the Hollow people in her life, and she never wanted to; they went their way, and she went hers." Having thus disposed of the matter according to her light and conscience, Mrs. Greer dismissed it from her mind, and sent her daughters to a seminary," her boy to the School of Technology, and settled herself in comfort to enjoy the privileges and immunities of widowhood and the headship of the farm—privileges from which, she said to herself, she was not likely to be

of fellow who would want to settle down early and take this out of her hands. which await all me their relatives of the prosperity, they was um nit waxed in Young Tom" "Young Tom" was old Tom now, a bedridden paraly-tic, with faculties overclouded by the mists of his fearful malady. His wife, though a good woman, as the neighborhood allowed, "as well-appearing and good-hearted a woman as could be," had no faculty or knack of management about her. There was no son to step into the father's place and fill the breach, only aslip of a daughter, and girls-such girls as Azalea Greer, at least-do not ount for much. This odd name of Azalea was a first and last effort of fancy on the part of her mother, who imagined a resemblance between the rose fairness of her baby and the delicate pink-white blossoms just then abloom in the thickets which bordered the home-

ousted for some time to come, Philip,

her son, being only eighteen, with his

education before him, and not the sort

She was a pretty creature, gentle and slender, with a shy woodland grace not unlike that of he namesake, and the ro-mantic name shited her better than such titles usually do their wearers. theirs the pure pale pink which tinged her which it melted, while the singularly

the wild azalea its unexpected vivid-ness. It was a face over whose com-binations of tint an artist would have raved. But there was no artists at the Hollow, and none in the little church at Hollow End, where Azalea sat on

point of divergence between the families. Philip Greer was two years older than his unknown second cousin at the Hol low. No Greer before him had received a college education, nor would he, in all probability, had his father lived to di-rect the matter. To be taken out of the rut of family traditions and jealousies was in every way advantageous to him. Contact with the world liberalized and widened, absence from home gave the natural generosity of his nature fair play, and he developed into a really fine fellow, high-spirited, frank and popular. Of the "feud" and its progress he was of course aware, but it held so little place in his thoughts that when, toward the end of his second college year, he sc-cepted the invitation of his chum, Robert Ashe, for a Saturday and Sunday at Hollow End, it never occurred to him that by doing so he brought himself into the close neighborhood of the hostile family of Greers whom his father had

disliked so much. "By George! this is pleasant," he exclaimed, as they drove over from the three-mile-away railroad station.
"What an air! It never seems worth
while to breathe in Boston. I could almost think I was smelling flowers; but

there can't be any up yet, I suppose?"

"Not hereabouts. We are very late with our springs," replied his friend.
"But that's all stuff about Boston air, Phil. It's first-rate air, I think—just as good as need be; and as for flowers. haven't you noticed the crocuses in the Public Garden, and the grass on the Common—green as June? Give me the

"And give me the country! I was born on a farm, and I hope always to

live on one."

"And I was born on a farm, and hope never to live on one," retorted Robert. The good-humored wrangle only ended with their arrival at the Ashe homestead. It was more than an ordinary farmhouse; it was a substantial old mansion, square, paneled, low-ceiled, such as still exist here and there in outof-the-way places, unreached as yet by the ruthless hand of "improvement." Inside were many comforts, and an air of old-fashioned refinement, which Mrs. Ashe, a woman of superior taste and education, had known how to value and

"What's going on, mother?" de-manded Robert, after greetings and supper were over, and the travelers, warmed and refreshed, were enjoying an unchid-den eigar by the fireside. I say, Phil, isn't it jolly to have a mother who don't

object to smoking? "It would be odd if I did, after the breaking in I have had," replied his mother. "A pipe-loving father and five smoking brothers to begin with then a husband with a cigar in his mouth, and three boys just as bad. I ought to be used to it by this time, certainly. What did you ask me, Robbie? Nothing ever 'goes on ' here, you know. Except the confirmation to-morrow.
That is something. It is Easter-Sunday, you'll recollect. Mrs. Allen and I have been at the church all the afternoon arranging flowers.'

"Where did you get flowers? Has any one set up a greenhouse since I went

away?"
"No; but almost everybody keeps pot plants, and they are all glad to lend them for the purpose. My large pittesporum is in bloom. I sent that over, with a calla or two and a pink azalea, and quite a number of geraniums. Mrs. Allen had roses and hyacinths and some pots of oxalis; and there were a number of other things-enough to make quite a Miss Greer brought a beautiful Easter lily, with at least a dozen flowers on it. I can't imagine how she contrived to make it blossom just at the right time. By the way, that is your name too, Mr. Greer. Are they connections of yours, these Greers of the

"Distant ones," replied Phil, stiffly. Then he chid himself as absurd, and went on, frankly: "That is to say. we are second cousins, I believe; but there was some quarrel in my grandfather's time, and we have had nothing to do with each other since. I don't know the rights and wrongs of the mat-ter exactly. Are there many of them?" "Only one daughter—this pretty little

"Azalea! Ye gods, what a name!"

put in Robert. "Yes, it is an odd name, Old Mr. Greer was dreadfully disappointed not to have a son, I have heard. He is bedridearly and take this out of her hands.

Meanwhile, to Greers of the Hollow had also are defined those changes which await all me definitions. As den now and a paralytic, and I fear things are not going well with them. There is no one to manage the farm but an inefficient hired man, you see, and it has run den now and a paralytic, and I fear things cient hired man, you see, and it has run down badly. I am sorry for Azalea Greer. She is a nice girl, and it is a lonely life for her; but there seems no help-

> The morning dawned as Easter morning should—fair, cloudless and smiling. It was early April, and the trees were leafless still, but the rising sap tinted their boughs with lovely shades orange, pink and rosy brown, and all the woods were full of sweet prophetic scents, caught from sun-warmed mold and invisible buds. Catkins swung their pearl gray tassels from the willows' branches; a sense of hope, of expectation, filled the The sunshine sifted down in a fine rain of gold, and winter and all wintry things seemed in a moment to slip away

and be forgotten.

The little church at Hollow End was fragrant with flowers. Phil thought of another visit, during which he walked the hired decorations of the great city churches, of choirs whose anthems of joy are calculated at market rates, note by note, and the contrast pleased him. The Like service, which had for him the charm of comparative novelty, seemed especially cheeks, and the soft clear white into tender and striking in the simplicity of which it melted, while the singularly its country setting. He was touched and its country setting. fresh red of her mouth supplied that sobered into a gentle gravity unusual to fury that on his second call Mrs. Green, point of brighter color which gives to his gay nature. At such unwented mo- with many apologies, begged him not to-

The candidates for confirmation were requested to come forward to the chancel. The last to appear was a young girl, whose dress brushed Philip's sleeve Sundays by her mother's side in a square old-fashioned pew. The Greers of the Hollow were Episcopalians, the Summit Greers rigid Calvinists—another with vague interest as she knelt or stood among the rest; but he could see only a siender figure dressed in gray, and a great knot of hair, like burnished red gold, at the back of a small head. The service over, she turned, and what seemed to him the sweetest deals as ever mortal possessed was suddenly revealed to his eyes—pure in outline, softly tinted, shy, tender, with long downcast lashes drooping over a cheek like a wild rose. No color relieved her dress, but below the fair arched throat a single lily was fastened with a knot of white ribbon.

To fall in love instantaneously with a stranger is a foolish thing enough, no doubt; still, young men have done it from time to time in all ages, and Philip Greer did it now. A sort of wave of Greer did it now. A sort of wave of surprise, joy. recognition, swept over and lifted him as on a tide as this sweet vision neared him, passed, vanished. Only decorum kept him in his place another moment. He longed to turn, to follow, to see that face again. With the final "Amen" he caught at his hat and made a bolt for the door. Alas! his charmer had disappeared. He sought with his eyes this way, that, but in vain. with his eyes this way, that, but in vain. At last a glimpse of a gray cloak surmounted by a little gray hat rewarded his search, and making what haste he could through the crowd, he gained the door in time to see her drive away in a farm wagon with two or three other peole. It was like the evanishment of Cinderella, and, as in that case, only one tangible trace remained behind of the fair departed. On the ground, close to where the wagon had stood, lay, broken from its stalk, an Easter lily. Phil had just time to secure this treasure and cram it into his pocket when he was joined by his friend and his friend's

"What made you hurry out so?" demanded Robert. "I saw you streaking through the crowd like a lamp-lighter, and couldn't imagine what was to pay.
Was it a fit coming on, or nose-bleed?"
"Neither. I—I wanted to get out,"
replied Phil, incoherently.

"Oh, that was it, was it?" rejoined Robert, with a chuckle. He looked so ripe for mischief that Phil dared not allude to the gray charmer, about whom he was dying to inquire. He gave the conversation a turn to indifferent sub-jects till he thought his friend's suspi-

cions were allayed. Then:

"Mrs. Ashe, who was that young lady
who was confirmed—in gray?" he asked,
in a would-be indifferent tone.

"In gray? Let me see. With a blue scarf on, you mean?"
"No, all in gray—with a tily."

"Oh, that was your distant cousin, Azalea Greer. I am glad you noticed her. Is she not pretty Rather," answered Philip, hypocrit-

Hem!" put in Rob, maliciously "Didn't I notice a female in gray, by-the way, just in front of you as you fled from the church in that remarkable fashion? Was she the one? Was it the tie of blood asserting itself? Come, Phil, con fess. Did you experience a 'drawing,' a

conviction that she belonged to your folks? Or was it general curiosity?"

"General curiosity," asserted Philip, mendaciously. But he pleased and surprised Mrs. Ashe later in the day by some remarks-wonderfully sensible and judicious for so young a man, they seemed to her-on the subject of family quarrels, their folly and absurdity, and the

sweets of peace and good-will.

"Now there is that absurd feud of ours," he added. "The Greers always have been a fighting race, I imagine. They enjoy a battle. I suppose I have the combative element somewhere about me too, but every generation is bound to be an improvement on the last if it can, and I mean to make it the business of my life to bring about a more Christian state of things.

"That is a good and blessed resolve for Easter-day," said Mrs. Ashe, looking at him with kindly eyes full of approba-

Poor Philip! It is easy to resolve, but the vis inertia is strong, and it was less to accomplish his purpose. He made divers efforts during the long vacation to convince his mother of the impropriety of disputes, and the desirability of reconciliations where there had been disputes. She agreed with him in theory, but always it ended with: ain't called on to have anything to do with those Hollow Greers, so far as I can see. "Tisn't as if we wished to act injuriously to them in any way; we don't: and we never have; but they're there and we're here, and we'd better stay so. It don't seem quite respectful to your father, either, to be extending the right hand of fellowship to folks he couldn't abide the mention of. It's like going against his convictions; and, besides, I don't see any good to be gained by it.

As for the girls, they thought Phil downright absurd to be making such a fuss about nothing. How did he know that the other Greers wanted to be reconciled?

He didn't. That was the worst of it. What between mother and sisters and his own doubts, the poor fellow's courage might have failed many a time had it not been for that unconsciously given talisman of peace, Azalea's Easter Over its dry and odorless petals Philip vowed perseverance. He kept the lily in his pocketbook as a sort of fetich.

waning resolution. In September he made the Ashe over to the Hollow and introduced himself to his kinsfolk, who were more kin than kind. His reception was civil enough from Mrs. Greer, who had really no feeling on the subject, and Azalea wa shyly cordial; but the accidental me tion of his visit afterward roused Tom" to such a paroxysm of helple fury that on his second call Mrs. Green

come again. "It seemed to hurt her husband to have him in the house," she said. Philip's only consolation in this defeat was the pained blush on Azalea's cheek, and the pleading expression of her brown eyes, lifted for one moment

to his face as they parted.
"I know I could make her like me,"
he said that night to the lily, "if I could
have a chance. But what hard work it
is to get a chance!"

Only the faint heart, however, need be hopless of winning, and Philip Greer was not faint-hearted. It took time: there were many discouragements, many misgivings; but he persisted bravely, and one by one obstacles gave way and difficulties smoothed themselves out. Perhaps Mrs. Ashe suspected his secret; she certainly helped him greatly by frequent invitations to Hollow End and by bringing him and Azalea together. These meetings had their natural result, and by the time that old Tom Greer died, in the early winter, there was no impediment remaining, so far as Azalea and her mother were concerned. To con-vince Mrs. Samuel Greer and her daughters was more difficult; but here again Mrs. Ashe played a part in aid of true love. She invited Philip's sisters over for a visit; they met Azalea as though by accident, took a fancy to her, and being hearty, good-humored girls, felt their prejudices give way at once under the effect of her gentleness and charm.

"She was really a dear little thing," they told their mother. "It was a great pity her father treated papa so. He must have been a hateful old man, but Azalea was quite different. And, after all, she was their cousin. And mightn't they ask her over some day to spend a they ask her over some day to spend a week? Mrs. Greer objected faintly, but was overruled in the end; and Azalea once recognized and admitted as a factor in the existing state of things, the rest was easy enough. Rather a long engagement followed, but in Easter week, two years from the date of their first meeting, Philip obtained the desire of his heart, and the long feud between the Greer families finally terminated at the wedding, which took place in the little church where he and Azalea had first met.—Harper's Bazar.

Convict Whom Prisons do Not Hold. One of the convicts in the Kentucky State prison is a man named Doddridge, whom prisons have never been able long to confine. A few years ago, for some crime, he was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment in Tennessee. The second year of his confinement he managed to secrete a pair of the uniform striped pan-taloons of the prison when new suits were served out. By the most cautious and tedious process he contrived to paint these a spotless white, so that the prison clothes disappeared under the layer of paint. The furniture manufactured at the penitentiary was disposed of by con-tract to a firm in Nashville, and as the manufactured articles accumulated they were hauled from the prison court in wagons. These wagons were driven by "trusties," or convicts who were granted considerable freedom for good behavior. Working at his task of varnishing the furniture, Doddridge observed the op portunity, and began to wear the painted pair of breeches under the prison suit. This he did for two years and more, watching eagerly, but never impatiently, for the opportunity which he knew must

One day there were a number of wardrobes to be moved, and Doddridge was assisting in carrying them out into the court and loading the wagons. watched the chance, and, as the last was in place, quietly opened the door, and quick as lightning was inside with the door closed. There he lay quaking with doubts as he heard directions given, the bustle of guards and fellow-convicts, and then the wagon moved out. In five minutes he was beyond the prison walls. The driver of the wagon was a "wusty," but Doddridge dared not trust him. Lying on his back in the wardrobe, he stripped off his prison jacket and trousers, and retained his gray woollen shirt and painted breeches. Then he cautiously raised the top of the wardrobe, saw that the driver was walking along by the horses, and, as they passed through unfrequented streets, he clambered out and found himself free, bareheaded, coatless, and in the suburbs of the city. He hid in a stable, however, until night, and then struck out through

alleys for the country. Luck favored him and he found means to get away from the dangerous vicinage of Nashville. He drifted to Evansville, Ind., and found employment in the St. Louis and Southeastern railroad as a painter. He lived an honest life for some months, and allowing his beard to grow, his face was soon covered with hair, which, with his alteration of dress and affectation of habits, made him feel secure against detection. Then the propensity for robbery returned. He had already committed murder, and he felt the fatal compulsion of fate. He gave up his situation at honest labor, and began to look about for a field for operations He went to Uniontown, Ky., and in a day or two had planned to rob a distillery, not of money, but of whisky. He had discovered means to introduce a hose from the roof to the "cistern-room," and by converting this into a siphon he could exact as much whisky as he could handle. He returned to Evansville, bought a small fish boat, three large casks (which he arranged ingeniously under the boat in the water securely against search) and a confederate. On arriving at Uniontown they were out of ready money, and while waiting to begin operations concluded to rob the store, which proved their ruin. He was again sent to prison, but says he is sure to get out.

A member of the rhetorical class in a cerand fortified by frequent glances at it his tain college had just finished his declamation, when the professor said : " Mr. you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death."

During the ten years ended December 31, 877, no fewer than 1,159 persons were killed in London and 23,379 maimed or injured by vehicles of various descriptions, the largest proportion of accidents being caused by light carts, by shich 215 persons lost their lives and 7,13 were injured.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The International Marriage Office, esablished in Italy some twelve years since, is said to be doing a good business It forwards circulars regularly to every pinster, widow, or matrimonially eligible woman—American and English so-journing in the land of sun and song receive them periodically-informing them fully of the benevolent object of the society. It requires a statement of the fortune and how invested, the permanent address, photograph and every obtainable particular of applicants for its serviceecrecy in all cases strictly guaranteed. These items are duly recorded, and correspondence and interviews are arranged between persons who wish to become acquainted with one another for connubial purposes. A preliminary cash deposit to insure good faith and to cover incidental charges is exacted, and if the match be consummated a certain commission, ranging from two to five per cent., is to be paid by the bridegroom. As may be inferred, nearly all, if not quite all, the masculine applicants are fortune-hunters, who expect to get the commission from the bride's funds. The office mentions among its applicants, numbering, 3,838, three princes, sixty counts, 170 barons, 260 landed proprietors, 300 army officers, 618 professors and office-holders, seventy-four savants and artists, 118 manufacturers, 740 merchants, 295 farmers and 1,200 professional men. It would be gratifying to know how many matches are made; but this very desirable bit of information is withheld, although the matrimonial bureau claims that its success has exceeded its most sanguine expectations. The Gloucester Relief Association is

the name of a society established in Gloucester, Mass., for the relief of the widows and orphans of the lost fishermen of that city. It has no accumulated fund, but depends upon the voluntary contributions of the benevolent to meet the oressing demands constantly made upon its charity. It has no salaried officer or unnecessary expense. It is cautious in its distribution, and makes careful inves-tigation of all cases brought to its notice. Its field is an extended one. Nearly 600 Gloucester fishermen have sunk beneath the waves the past five years. The last great gale (Feb. 20, 1879) swept off 143 men, and left fifty-three widows and 141 children dependent upon the charities of the day. In their name, and in behalf of a large number of earlier beneficiaries of the organization, the association confi-dently appeals to the charitable public. The widows and children of the lost fishermen, who are able to work, would gladly avail themselves of any honest employment, whereby they could earn the wherewithal to provide the necessities of life. But, unfortunately, there is but little for them to do near their homes at this season, and they must be assisted by the charitable. The "Gloucester ishermen's and Scamen's Widows Orphans' Aid Society," the "Female Charitable Association," and the "Glou-cester Relief Association," are doing and have been doing all within their power to alleviate distress; but to do the work before them, to relieve the distress which is so terrible, they must have more funds and the associations trust that the appeals which have gone abroad may be promptly met, and the good work of aiding the distressed ones in their midst may go on with the utmost alacrity.

At the execution of Knox Martin, at Nashville, a short time ago, an unusually large number of doctors were on hand and it was generally understood that an attempt was to be made to restore life. To prevent any doubt as to the total extinction of life, the sheriff kept the body hanging fifteen minutes after death was pronounced certain. As soon as the last strand was cut the medical men eased the body to the ground, removed the loop from the neck, and made prompt efforts to reset the dislocated bones, and relieve the pressure on the spinal cord. The body was put into the coffin and carried to a cow-shed near by, which, in spite of the efforts of the police, was shortly filled by excited people, who crowded in till the air was so hot and close that breathing was difficult for a live man, to say nothing of a dead one. They stripped the body and began vigorous rubbing of the arms and legs, alternately raising and depressing the chest to produce breathing. His head was raised and a galvanic battery attached, the electrodes being applied to the base of the brain and the chest. When the currents were turned on, muscular contortions ensued, giving every expression of emotion. Pain, fear, anxiety, delight flitted in ghastly succession over the dead face. After artificial respiration had been kept up five minutes, the pulse came back, the hands were elenched and cturning breath and open, staring eyes indicated returning vitality. The animal heat of the body increased from 90 to 994 degrees in ten minutes. There was also an apparent return of voluntary motion, the head and neck being spontaneously raised in the coffin. The signs of anima-tion, however, subsided, and the experi-ment censed. More was accomplished than ever before in the way of resuscitation, and if with the usual time of hanging and plenty of pure air to breathe in case the subject did revive, the physicians believe they might have succeeded in bringing the dead to life.

Worth, the man dressmaker of Paris, does not find the republic to his liking, and everybody can easily understand why. In addition to the simple manners which have been thought becoming for a republic Worth is no longer unrivaled in his special field. There are other men dressmakers who are thought to be better, and who do not make dresses for actresses and so get themselves talked, about in the newspapers. Strangely enough, while it is the republic of France which almost destroys Worth, it is the republic of the United States which saves him. Mr. Worth does not hesitate to say, that were it not for the ladies of the United States, he would have to close up his shop. American ladies, therefore, he considers the best-dressed women in the world.

Love's Belief.

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 - -

One Square (1 inch.) one Insertion - \$! One Square " one month - - 3

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis.

Two Squares, one year -

Quarter Col.

I believe if I were dead, And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie Cold, dead and dumb to all the world contains, The folded orbs would open at thy breath, And, from its exile in the Isles of Death, Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead, And you upon my liteless heart should tread-Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to

It suddenly would pulse beneath the touch Of him it ever loved in life so much,

And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe if in my grave, Hidden in woody depths by all the waves, Your eyes should drop some warm tears of

From every salty seed of your dear grief Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leat,

To prove death could not make my love forget. I believe if I should fade

Into the mystic realms where light is made, And you should long once more my face to see, I would come forth upon the hills of night And gather stars like taggots, till thy sight, Led by the beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my love for thee (Strong as my life) so nobly placed to be, It could as soon expect to see the sun Fall like a dead king from his heights sublime, His glory stricken from the throne of time, As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe love, pure and true, is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew That gems life's petals in the hour of dusk, The waiting angels see and recognize The rich crown jewel Love of Paradise, When life falls from us like a withered husk.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

You cannot cure a cold in a sample

The man who sets a bad example batches aischief.

A fast horse---The one that is hitched to lamp-post. The man who was made to command was

nade to order. Over 130 students at Harvard take lesons in singing.

Regarded out of "danger"---Any letter that is not in that word. When is a girl not a girl? When she

urns into a confectioner's shop. " As the crow flies," seems to be a favorite expression with many writers; and not with-

It is estimated that under the new census Pennsylvania will have population of

"If a man has no views of his own, says the New Orleans Picaryune, " he should buy a few of the stereoscopic kind." You may not see the point of this sharp

paragraph immediately, but if you look harp you will find it at the end of this line. Opium smoking finds a little toleration in Japan. A man was recently sentenced

to ten years' hard labor in Yokohama for violation of the law against the practice. Wars come so thick in Europe that the soldiers don't have a chance to sit down

for a few moments' rest, and hence the necessity for keeping standing armies. Of the five hundred newspapers which appear in Russia, a large number are not in the Russian language. Forty-two are German, several are French, and others are

in the dialects of the Baltic provinces. What is supposed to be the largest tree in the Southern States is a tulip-bearing poplar near Augusta, Ga., which is 155 feet high and nine feet in diameter, its lowest branches being fifty-five feet from the

ground. The following extraordinary inscription appears on a tombstone in the English graveyard at Peshawur: "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Blank Blank, A. M., who spent seventeen years as a missionary among the Afghans, and translated the Holy Writ into their language. He was shot by his attendant. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

"Shirlely Dare" dares to write thusly : I wish American ladies and genffemen would take to the fashion of wearing handknit thread, wool and silk stockings, adds that such stockings can be bought for four dollars per pair. It is probably on account of their cheapness that editors don't wear them. Newspaper men have become so accustomed to wearing stockings costing ten and fifteen dollars a pair, that they will not take kindly to the suggestion to discard them for a cheaper and inferior article .- Norristown Herald.

How Curran Saw a Villain.

Curran, the eminent Irish barrister, once met his match in a pert, jolly, keenyed son of the sod, who acted as a hostler at a large stable, and who was up as a witness in a case of a dispute in the matter of a horse-trade. Curran much desired to break down the credibility of this witness, and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself—by tangling him up in a network of adroitlyframed questions—but all to no avail. The hostler was a companion to Sam Weller. His good common sense, and his equanimity and good nature were not to be overturned. By and by Curran, in towering wrath, belehed forth, as not another counsel would have dared to do in the presence of the court :

Sirrah, you are incorrigible! The truth is not to be got from you, for it is not in you. I see the villain in your

"Pfaith, yer honor," said the witness, with the utmost simplicity of truth and honesty, "my face must be moity clane and shinin' indade, if it can reflect like

For once in his life the great barrister was floored by a simple witness. He could not recover from that repartee, and the case went against him.