

The Forest Republican.

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The Old, Old Story.

The pastor's little daughter
Sits smiling in the sun,
Beside her on the old stone bench
The story-book just done,
And looking in her wine-brown eyes
A lark just begun,
For yonder, pruned the apple trees,
Behold the farmer's son.
Slowly down the pathway
The pastor comes and goes,
And settles with his long, lean hand
The glasses on his nose.
Bore ever dry, brown branch before
So beautiful a rose?
Ah, he thinks his blossom only a bud,
Though he watches it as it blows.
Is it the story of Moses
In his rish-wrapped cradle found,
Or of Joseph and his brethren?
He thinks as he glances round.
"You have finished your volume, Amy,
Is it something scriptural and sound?"
And his little daughter blushes and starts,
And her book falls to the ground.
Go on with your walk, good pastor,
You do not yourself deceive;
It has been a scriptural story
Since Adam first kissed Eve.
And never blush, little lassie,
The tale was written above,
No other so speaks of Heaven
As the old, old story of love.
—London Reader.

AT SIMPSON'S.

"Any letters for F. F. Van Cleef?" in a nervous, anxious voice, was asked by a well-dressed, well-dressed, close-cropped young fellow of the hotel clerk.
"Ah! what name?" demanded that elegant functionary, not because he had not heard perfectly well, but to find time to lounge over the ten feet intervening between himself and the letter boxes.
The name was repeated in a sharp, quick tone.
"No; nothing."
"Please look in 'C.'"
The clerk stared; wondered what was up; reflected that the new comer had brought but little baggage; mentally resolved to keep an eye on him; shuffled over the letters in the "C" box; shook his head, and then relapsed into an arm-chair overcome with the exertion.
Frank took the elevator, let himself into his room, lit a cigar, reflected, and then sighed.
Eight years in Europe, home at last, summer well under way, a fair inheritance, principally in Chicago property, and a prospect of being independent of his brush for the rest of his life—such were the time and circumstances under which he found himself. Nothing to sigh at in that.
But expensive living in Europe had exhausted the gold remaining in his pocket after he had paid his passage money. His lawyers and the executors of his late Aunt Miranda's estate had been instructed, however, by the previous will to remit money to him at the Brunswick, so that was a matter of no moment. But the remittance had not arrived. Most of his baggage had been expressed to Chicago from the hold of the big Cunarder, and in it the address of his new lawyers.
"My lawyers'—sounds well," he reflected. "I wish to the deuce they'd send the same money."
Tuesday came, but with it no letters. It became annoying, but still he could wait. Presently he went out for a stroll, found it warm, and deposed the luck that kept him from getting away from the heat and dust to Newport, where he was to join some friends with whom he had spent the winter in Rome.
Entering the hotel, the clerk handed him a letter. Ah! money at last! No; it was a note, addressed to an Anglo-Boston land.
Dear Mr. Van Cleef:
Come and dine with us to-night. We saw your arrival in the Purthia's passenger-list in the morning paper, and are anxious to know how you are and where you are going to spend the summer. Come at seven. Dining by sunlight is like "playing tea," so we eat late.
Yours sincerely,
M. E.
No. 28 West 44th street.
"Now, who the deuce—Marie, Marie—I don't know any Marie, especially any Marie who is particularly interested in me, and who writes a charming note, says things which with women are for wit, and, smiling of the paper, who uses extract of violet liberally. Well, I'll be sure to go; it may divert my mind from my pecuniary embarrassment. I'll have to make a clean breast of it to the clerk soon, and probably be arrested for a swindler. A man who expects remittances and don't know his lawyer's address, who has no baggage and wants money to get to Chicago with, looks like a sublime cheeky confidence man."
"Evening dress—claw hammer coat, etc., but no gloves, no ties; why, money is a necessary, by Jove!" said Frank, as he took these articles from his trunk.
"I can't go to dinner and find out my unknown friends if I don't have gloves. Oh, if there was only a *Mont de Piete* in New York! By Jove, Simpson's! I will arise and go unto 'my uncle' and say, 'Uncle, lend me \$10.'"
Frank laughed, then grew sober again. There was a sense of degradation in the mere idea. Then, with a shrug, he took out a box of jewelry, none of it expensive, and turned it over.
"Hello, here's just the thing," he thought, as he took out a locket. It was an old cameo. Around it coiled a golden serpent, with brilliantly-enamelled scales and a pair of "pigeon-blood" ruby eyes. Frank had picked it up in a little shop in London just before he sailed for home. It was one of the fancies in which he had begun to indulge himself when he received the first remittance from his new lawyers and new property.
"This bauble is principally accountable for my being short of money," he thought. "I will make it remember

me." On the back of the quaint old locket were the initials, "V. D. V.," and below them, "M. E." There had been a picture in it once, but there was left only the marks of the knife with which it had been pried out. It was growing late, and calling a hack, Frank jumped in and told the driver to take him to the new courthouse. Arrived there, he told the man to wait, passed through the building and out the other door, walked briskly to Simpson's, hesitated a moment, bolted in the door, and in a moment stood in a box at the counter, where a poor woman was pawing some clothing for food. Frank shuddered, drew out the locket and laid it down.
A dark man took it up, looked at it, turned it over, scrutinized the initials, tested the gold on a corner, and said, laconically:
"How much?"
"Ten dollars."
The man turned away, made out the ticket, handed Frank the money and his duplicate ticket, and turned to the next comer.
With a sigh at the atmosphere of misery hanging around the place, from the dark corners of which the hollow faces of the spectators of want and starvation seemed leering at him, Frank passed quickly out the door, regained his cab, said to the driver, "Brunswick—quick!" and rolled away.

Two little red lips quivered perceptibly, and two big black eyes filled with tears. To be hungry—absolutely, unpoetically and practically hungry—was a novel experience to Bessie Prang. To be hungry in a fashionable lodging-house, with plenty down stairs in a well-filled larder and cool, pleasant dining-room, was absolutely absurd. Sitting in a pretty room, amid a mass of pretty feminine knick-knacks and brick-a-brac, hearing the rattle of knives and forks come up on the air from the table below; and yet to be hungry was "positively, maddeningly incongruous," she thought. To be sure there was no reason why she should not have gone to the landlady and explained her situation and been sure of proper treatment, but they had been in the house but a few days, and had been taking their meals out at a neighboring restaurant. Bessie's mother had been called away to visit a sister who was ill, and she had left her little girl alone, not without misgivings, and the night before Bessie had lost her purse or had her pocket picked coming from dinner; at any rate it was gone, and with it the money which was to have bought her food for the next two days. A practical woman would have done the obvious thing and interviewed her landlady. But Bessie was even more than most women sensitive about going to strangers when in trouble, especially about money matters, and feared to encounter suspicion; so she went without her breakfast, and at lunch-time was ravenously hungry. What a curse a good appetite is at times! Then it occurred to her that she had heard her cousin Tom joke about his "Uncle," and she knew that he was alluding to a pawnbroker. What a horrid thing a pawnbroker must be. A kind of a cropper between a Shylock and a Fagin, she thought, and they would oggle her perhaps. Oh, no! She'd starve before she would go there. But as the afternoon wore on and hunger increased, and with it her perplexity, she began to cry. But crying didn't help matters any; on the contrary, the pangs of hunger rather increased, and with them her determination to find her cousin Tom's "Uncle." She resolved that no one but herself should ever know of her perplexity, "not even mamma, nor of her visit to the pawnbroker's—never that."
From under a mass of ribbons and laces, artificial flowers and dainty lace handkerchiefs, tumbled into a Bureau-drawer, she fished out a small box, and took from it a queer old locket. It was a carved cameo, surrounded by a brilliantly-enamelled snake with ruby eyes, and on the back the initials M. E., and underneath, V. D. V.
"Poor old grandma; how horrified you would be if you only knew, and hadn't been dead these ten years!" she said to herself softly, as she put the locket back in its case, and ran down stairs in the late summer afternoon.
It was a long walk down Broadway, the pavements were hot and scorched her feet, her face grew flushed with exertion, and her black curls clung damply to her white forehead. Besides, she was weak from long fasting. She thought at last that she did not know where she was going, but she mustered up courage to kick a policeman. He eyed her curiously, but told her civilly enough where to go. Hot waves of crimson dyed her face and neck as she passed in at the doorway under the trio of golden balls, and stood at the counter. She heard a poor woman refused the amount she begged for on an old shawl. It was moth-eaten, and they did not want it any price.
Then a voice said:
"Well, miss?"
She produced the locket.
"How much?" After a hurried examination she was relieved to see that the man took to her novel situation coolly enough, and she spoke for the first time.
"Ten dollars, please."
The money was counted out, she gave a dollar of it to the poor woman whose shawl had been rejected and who still stood in a dazed way on the sidewalk, escaped from her thanks into a Fourth Avenue car, and was soon bathing in her cool room, and forgotful, now that she had money, of her hunger.
Just then a note reached her.
DEAREST BESSIE: Do come over and dine. Feed and I are in town for a day or two. In haste, thine
No. 28 West 44th street. M. E.
"Put money in thy purse" and thou shalt be invited to dinner," thought Bessie, as she mentally resolved to go at once to her old school-fellow and her husband.

"Mr. Van Cleef," said the man-servant, opening the door of the drawing-room of No. 28 West 44th street, and Frank was ushered into the cool rooms and the presence of a tall, fine-looking man, whom he had never seen before in his life, a blonde, matronly little woman—"that's Marie," he thought—and a charming girl in white, with great black eyes, and a mass of soft, black hair rolled upon the small, clean-cut head in an embarrassing way. Then Mr. Franklyn stepped forward, and Frank said:
"There seems to be some mistake; I must have a namesake somewhere."
"Oh, no; we are cousins to your late Aunt Miranda, who has just made you her legatee, and as you have come home at last we mean, now that you are here, to make you accept a cousin's place in our house and our friendship," said Mr. Franklyn.
It is enough to say that the dinner was perfect, the hostess charming, the host a jolly good fellow and Bessie so bewitching that Frank was in love head and ears before the dinner was finished.
The letter from "my lawyers" was at the hotel when Frank returned, covered with the postmarks of half the "New Brunswicks" in the country, among which it had traveled while he was waiting for it at the Hotel Brunswick. The last murmur that he made as he dropped off to sleep was, "Found an 'uncle,' two cousins and—and—" and he was dreaming of a black-eyed girl in white in another minute.

The phlegmatic clerk at the pawnbroker's turned over two lockets apparently just alike and examined them curiously, then put them back in their wrappers and was about to put them away when a fellow-clerk approached and also looked at them. They changed them about a little and then placed them in the wrappers and in the safe. The next day both lockets were redeemed. They thought it curious at the moment, but odd things are of daily occurrence in the office of a pawnbroker, the theater of the daily tragedy of woe and want, poverty, hunger and dirt.
Frank looked at the locket when he reached his hotel; it was the same. There was the little, bright spot where the pawnbroker's hand had touched the corner of the case, but the rest was the same exactly. No—he rubbed his eyes—whereas when he took the locket to the pawnbroker the initials on the case had read:
V. D. V.
M. E.
Of this he was perfectly sure; yet, here now, they were plainly reversed, and read:
M. E.
V. D. V.
He puzzled over it for some time. Then he went down in a cab and demanded of the pawnbroker an explanation. The young man told him of the two lockets, exactly alike, left within an hour of each other on the preceding day, each pledged for \$10, each redeemed in the morning, and explanations how they must have been changed. The young man hoped that there was no harm done; remembered that the other locket was left by a "young woman"; really didn't remember what she looked like, and then went back to his work. Frank returned home puzzled. It really didn't matter; it was only a chance purchase of a unique trifle in jewelry; he hadn't the remotest idea whose initials were, but he was superstitious about it, and it troubled him. That the locket had a double in New York there could be no doubt, and so Frank resolved not to tell the story, but to wear the locket on his watch-chain, in the hope that it would some time attract the attention of some one who could solve the mystery.

"Mamma," cried Bessie the next day when her confession made, she had redeemed her precious locket and was examining it. "Mamma, this is not my locket. This is the other one. This is poor grandma's love token to her faithful son; see, see," she rattled on in wild excitement. Mrs. Prange looked sharply, saw the reversed initials, and was as excited in a moment as Bessie. Cousin Tom was dispatched to the pawnbroker for information. He learned but little more than Frank, and so the mystery was talked of and speculated upon for the next week. Grandma's love story was told over and over. Briefly it was this: Mary Emerson and Van Dyke Vedder were lovers years before. They exchanged lockets made for them. Vedder went sailing away out into the west and married, leaving grandma, then young and pretty, to soon console herself with another lover and husband. She always kept the locket and a warm spot in her heart, as every woman does for the man whom she once loved. But she never saw or heard of him again in life. Bessie received her blessing, her little fortune and the precious locket from grandma on her death-bed. And now, after fifty years and without a clue, the lockets were exchanged by some mysterious agency.

Two months later Bessie and Frank met again at the Franklyn's pretty house at Newport. They had both forgotten the lockets, and soon forgot the world in each other.
One summer evening Bessie promised to be his wife, and as two little white arms went up around his neck, Frank was guilty of a most unconventional proceeding. He actually was surprised out of taking immediate advantage of his newly-acquired privileges. Among the lace about Bessie's neck rested the other locket. The love-tokens were love-tokens still.
Bessie told her grandmother's little romance, and the initials were explained to Frank, who explained, almost with awe; "Van Dyke Vedder, the faithless lover of your grandmother, Mary Emerson, was my grandfather."
In a handsome house in Fifth Avenue there hangs upon the parlor wall a velvet case. In it are two lockets, each as like the other as can well be imagined—a cameo surrounded by an enamelled snake with ruby eyes. Over them hang three golden balls.—New York Star.

TIMELY TOPICS.

It may be interesting for some people to know that it costs twenty-five dollars to take a dog across the Atlantic, and that the animal is taken at the owner's risk, unless special contract to the contrary is made with the steamship company. One company will not take them on any terms, neither will it take corpses.
Goldie, the naturalist, has found in New Guinea a tribe who suggested to him the origin of the rumors always current of a race of tailed men in some corner of the globe. These natives wear artificial tails. They are entirely nude, except for the caudal ornament, which is a plait of grass fastened around their bodies by a fine string, and depending behind to about half way down their legs.
New Orleans is determined that its fifth shall not invite yellow fever to its midst this summer. A sanitary association of citizens is backing up the board of health, and by their joint efforts the canals and gutters are being flushed, garbage removed, and the cemeteries, into which the city poor have been crowded until the neighbors could hardly endure the stench, covered two feet deep under river sand. Quarantine regulations will also be more strictly enforced than ever before.

A correspondent at Harrodsburg, the oldest town in Kentucky—the first cabin was built there in 1774, by Capt. James Harrod, after whom it was named—has been inquiring into the murderous record of the immediate vicinity during the last seventeen years, and has found that forty-three homicides have been committed there, and only two persons sent to prison for their crimes. Some of the tragedies have been barbarous in the extreme. Mrs. Tilford, a widow with seven children, married again, one Scott, a younger person than herself. He deliberately provided himself with a small arsenal, and set about exterminating his wife's offspring. He killed three outright, and wounded others. The motive was plainly to enjoy the property alone with his wife; but the jury found him insane. It was held that an act so diabolical could not be done by a man in sound mind. Scott afterward went to Texas and married again. One Davenport, a deputy sheriff, had a writ for his own self, and with a friend, one Scott, in quest of the sheriff, and shot him and his brother dead. The murderers were acquitted. Later, a certain Henry Noel, having heard that Gabbard had threatened his life, hunted him down, and finding him unarmed, put two bullets through his heart. Noel was not even tried. Timeolon Bosley was shot dead while coming out of church, by James Lawson, who had an old grudge against him. No punishment followed any of these murders. In several instances, where men of social position exercised the privilege of the commonwealth by shooting somebody, the shooters were hanged by mobs.

The First Piano.

The name first given the new instrument was the hammer-harpichord; next, its power of giving both a loud and a soft note procured it the name of forte-piano—i. e., loud-soft; this next changed to piano-forte. In 1762 Mozart played upon the piano, at the age of six; and his letters in 1777 record his great delight in the pianos of Stein, a maker of that day. In 1767 the piano seems to have been introduced to the public in England, for a play-bill of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Covent Garden Theatre, May 16, announced that "at the end of Act I. Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from 'Judith,' accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called the piano-forte." "The use of this kind of instrument," said Thalberg, "led to its peculiar capabilities being thoroughly studied and appreciated, and the composer repaid their obligation to the instrument by writing for it many of the finest productions of music; and by practicing the execution of these productions to such an extent as to be able to bring them before the public with the greatest possible effect." Mozart, Handel and Beethoven wrote especially for it; and yet, although the note of the original spinet-harpichord was called by Dr. Burney "a scratch with a sound at the end of it," the early piano was not much better. The one on which Gluck composed his "Armida," which was probably as good as any of the great composers of the last century ever saw, was made in 1752. It was exhibited as a suggestive curiosity in the London Exposition of 1862, and was thus described: "It was four feet and a half in length and two feet in width, with a small square sounding-board at the end; the wires were little more than threads, and the hammers consisted of a few piles of leather over the head of a horizontal jack working on a bridge."
In his early life an important part of John Jacob Astor's business was the importation of London pianos to New York. In 1800, Thomas Jefferson, in writing to his daughter Martha, mentioned that a Philadelphia had invented "one of the prettiest improvements in the forte-pianos I have ever seen;" and he bought one for his Monticello house. It was an upright, and Mr. Jefferson said that he contrives "to give his strings the same length as in the grand forte-piano, and fixes his three unisons of the same screw, which screw is in the direction of the strings, and therefore never yields; it scarcely gets out of tune at all, and then for the most part the three unisons are tuned at once."—Julius Wilcox, in Harper's Magazine.
Prof. Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard College, says the whole number of comets which are capable of being seen from the earth, and which are contained in our sphere, may be fairly estimated at over 5,000,000,000. Considering the hardness of the times we should say that the sun's sphere was pretty well fixed, as regards comets.
When Neptune is in an affectionate mood he throws an arm of the sea around waist of water and hugs the shore.

A Curiously Told Tiger Story.

A paper published in India says: The following sensational story of an encounter with a tiger is supplied by Babu Doman Chunder Chowry, Zemindar of Mallah: "On the morning, 6th Bhadr, Kishen Lal and myself went with five elephants to the Kaduband jungle, four miles to the north of Rohanpore. My howda was on Makhma—Kishen Lal had his on Dantal. At 9 A. M. we encountered a tiger, and bang went two bullets from my rifle, hitting stripes, I suppose, on the loin and the belly, and Kishen Lal hit him on the thigh. Most probably the bullets did not break the bones and the 'spotted foe' took shelter at some distance in a hollow of a hollow overhung with long grassy jungle and was, of course, not visible. I at once followed the game with a couple of elephants, one being only a beater. Poor Makhma, on which I which I was mounted, unfortunately fell into the hollow, and, quick as lightning, the tiger was on his back, biting him. I lost no time in giving stripes two bullets in his body, and yet the fight between the elephant and tiger continued. The moment was critical. The feat of remaining in the howda became extremely difficult. With his trunk Makhma dragged stripes down four or five times and the latter made the bulky body of the formershake right and left some fourteen or fifteen times. During this struggle the mahut fell on the ground from the elephant's neck but had the dexterity to mount his back again and then to lodge himself on the back of the howda, which shook so fearfully at times it would come swinging to the ground. Of course, now, the combat was 'hand-to-hand,' and lasted for nearly an hour. The four remaining elephants followed me at first, but what with the struggle between their comrade and stripes, and the roaring of the one and the cries of the other, they became uncontrollable, bent a hasty retreat and took their stand more than sixty yards off. Dear Kishen Lal tried his best to come up to me, but the Dantal was too much frightened to obey the mahut. Chand Tare, poor creature, did afterwards come toward me, but she was only a beater and took her stand some fifteen feet behind. Poor Makhma was much the worse for this singular combat and fell prostrate on his right side, and stripes, too, fell on the ground. The tiger lay some four or five feet from me. Not seeing me, my followers were alarmed. They kicked up a row, Kishen Lal crying out 'uncle killed by tiger.' To see me was impossible. Lying on the ground I thought of God, pressed against the howda, handled the rifle and gave stripes a bullet. It told upon his neck, but yet he did not let go his hold of the elephant, which was still lying on his side. The contents of the other barrel I emptied into the tiger's back. He then left Makhma and all was over with stripes in an instant. The elephant was on his legs. The mahut got upon his neck and I mounted the howda. Makhma, poor creature, had been hurt in his trunk in ten or twelve places. The tiger measured thirteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of the tail. This is but a faint outline of what actually took place. Many a tiger has fallen by my rifle, but never in my life did I witness such a harai."

The Powder-Play.

Several times during the year in Morocco, the Arab inhabitants of a town hold certain half-religious festivals called the Feasts of the Aissouia, which, in many ways, are as revolting as the orgies of the lowest savages.
"Though the Arabs are shy of foreign eyes at their rites, the tourist may get an invitation to these performances, if he happens to have a friend among the natives. Following his guide through a maze of tortuous streets, and up a great many flights of stone steps, he will finally be conducted to a small hall of Moorish architecture, with the characteristic horseshoe arches supported upon marble pillars, and no roof except, perhaps, a fragment of striped awning. Around the inside runs a gallery occupied by veiled Moorish ladies, and ornamented with a few flags, which alone relieve the glare of whitewash on all sides of this queer building. The floor is laid with octagonal tiles of red and white, and upon mats, around a small 'aisle' in the center, sit the musicians and performers, while the spectators find places behind. The chosen performers will dance bare-footed upon red-hot plates of iron and on beds of living coals; will lick rods of red-hot iron; will take burning torches between their teeth and hold flaming oil-wicks until the blaze has burned straight into the palms of their hands; will swallow nails and stones; will even snatch up a living scorpion and crunch it between the teeth, with as keen relish as that with which a newsboy caters a shrimp. A this is gone through with (for money) to the harsh tumult of half a dozen rude drums and horns, which make a fit accompaniment to these horrid remnants of pagan worship."
A much more interesting, though no less noisy, recreation, is the powder-play, a game that may take place on foot or on horseback, for these Moors, as everybody knows, are nearly as much at home in the saddle as afoot. The horsemen engaged in the game ride at an exceedingly rapid pace, carrying loaded guns which they discharge as they dash about in all kinds of positions—above, below on either side and straight forward. The noble horses seem to enter into the wild rush and noise of the fun as much as their masters, and the celerity with which the various movements are executed is wonderful. Not only do the younger men take part in the sport, but old gray-headed men enjoy it with keen interest and equal spirit. Another kind of powder-play is performed on foot. The band strikes up a fearful din under the name of music, and in the midst of this distracting medley two lines of men, that have formed opposite one another, rush together, and throwing their bodies into wonderful attitudes, fire their guns and shout and yell as though in actual battle. The Arabs call this powder-play *Lab-el-bairade*.—Ernest Ingersoll in St. Nicholas.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is easy enough to make a short ex-stall
There are more short young men than tall ones.
To make your collar last—Make your shirts first.
The fuschia is sometimes called the lady's erdarp.
A rod, a line, and a poor worm at each end, typify patience.
Wood is often found at a depth of forty feet at Oscaloosa, Ind.
It is said about 1,000 settlers per day "boom into Nebraska."
The army Bill—William Tecumseh Sherman.—Buffalo Express.
Eight hundred thousand base balls are made in this country each year.
Two chunks of lead, weighing half a ton, have been mined at Washington, Mo.
Henry Clay's voice was called a band of music; Webster's a trumpet; Chauncing's a harp.
New Haven turns out 3,000,000 corsets annually, half of the country's supply coming from there.
According to the French newspapers there is general distress in the provincial manufacturing districts.
What is the difference between an old dame at the spinning-wheel and a young urchin chewing tobacco? One sits and spins and the other spits and sins.
The boxwood forests of the Caucasus, Armenia, and the shores of the Caspian Sea are rapidly disappearing under the constantly increasing demand for this valuable wood.
The construction of underground telegraph wires is going on in Germany, and that country will soon be intersected with a complete network of this invisible and inaccessible means of communication, which no thunder storm can destroy and no roving enemy can readily cut.
FOR WRITERS TO THE PRESS.
Write upon pages of a single size.
Cross all your Y's and neatly dot your i's.
On one side only let your lines be seen—
Both sides filled up announce a verdant green.
Correct—yes, correct all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spurious foolscap of a muddy hue
Betrays a mind of the most dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully; for on this score
Nothing precludes the practiced writer more.
The gallant who, when a young lady stepped on his foot while dancing and asked pardon, said, "Don't mention it; a dainty little foot like that wouldn't hurt a daisy," not only told the truth, but doubtless felt more comfortable than the boor who, when his foot was stepped on, roared out, "That's right; climb all over me with your great, clumsy hoofs."
—Boston Transcript.
The cattle plague is becoming more and more formidable in Bohemia. Several hundred places have been attacked by the disease. They are surrounded by a military cordon, and as far as possible prevented from carrying on intercourse beyond its boundaries. The loss to the inhabitants of the district is very considerable, and is not totally represented by that of the cattle slaughtered. Agriculture is in many places at a standstill, the cattle which serve as beasts of burden being locked up wherever the disease appears.

The "Tim Finnegun" Mines.

A far-West story in nomenclature is given by the *Salt Lake Tribune*. A stranger asks a miner why a series of nineteen claims have the name of "Tim Finnegun." The reply, in the vernacular, explains the phenomenon: "Well, stranger, it was at Presscott, an 'me an' Tuscan Jake was playing a game of cursock, jes' for the drinks, you know, when in comes one of them crazy, bloodthirsty bloodhounds that turns loose in mining camps sometimes, ripped out his six-shooter and shot the barkeeper dead; then, turning on me an' Tuscan Jake, said: 'Now, either of you move an inch or I'll blow the top of your heads off.' We knowed he'd do it. There was the barkeeper dead, an' that was the pistol pointed right at us. It was fearful; we darn't take a full breath. Jake's feelin's worked on him so powerfully that he couldn't keep still; he hitched round a little. Quick as lightning a bullet laid him at my feet. The sweat stood on my face like cobblestones. I even wished he would shoot me an' have it over with. Jes' then a pistol flashed behind the wild beast, an' he fell dead in his boots. Tim Finnegun had got too much whiskey early in the evening, an' stretched out on some barrels in the corner an' went to sleep. The shots that killed the barkeeper an' Jake waked him; an' bein' sobered by his nap, he, unbeknownst to me an' the murderer, easily an' gradually drew his pistol an' sent the bloodhound to kingdom come. I hugged an' kissed Tim, an' I've named the claims after him; an' if I die before my wife—Tim's a bachelor—I want her to be named Mrs. 'Tim Finnegun.'"

Words of Wisdom.

Surely half the world must be blind—they can see nothing unless it glitters.
He who gives up the smallest part of a secret has the rest no longer in his power.
It is not what you have in your chest, but what you have in your heart, that makes you rich.
The word knowledge, strictly employed, implies three things, viz., truth, proof and conviction.
There is nothing lower than hypocrisy. To profess friendship and act enmity is a sure proof of total depravity.
The best kind of revenge is that which is taken by him who is so generous that he refuses to take any revenge at all.
It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.
It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.