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A Natural Conclusion.

We left the crowded city far behind, And over hill and valley took our way; It was a morn in early June, and we Were off together for a holiday.

Now on a hillside, in a shady spot, A cool spring overflowed its mossy brim, And rippled down the vale, till, far away,

It faded on the meadows' purple rim.

Still further on, we reached a field of corn. With tender blades just springing from the ground;

While overhead a flock of noisy crows Kept watch from trees, or circled shyly round.

For, near at hand, raised on a little mound, An image stood, clad in habiliments old; "The silly crows!" said Charles; "if they

were wise, 'They'd recognize the cheat, and be more

hold!

"Yet I confess the scarecrow, as it stands, Is not ill calculated to deceive;

Though it would make the pose more natural To lower the head, and readjust that sleeve. Think for one moment on that accient garb! That battered hat may once have crowned a

head Within whose dome a mighty genius reigned, 'That moved the minds of men, or armies Ind.

"That sleeve, tricked in the semblance of an arm,

Perchance has held within its warm embrace The form of some fair woman, fond and true, With heart responsive to a pleading face. Would that the power were mine to sump

here Him whom my fancy sees in that disguise, Even as the marble warmed to conscious life Before Pygmalion's enraptured eyes!"

The figure slowly turned its head and spoke: "You are the chaps that run away, I allow From the insane asylum in the town; 'The keeper's out a-lookin' for ye now!"

-Philip Morse, in Scribner.

AN OLD PLATE.

"There, that's a likely-looking house," cried Mrs. Hunter. "I would almost be willing to bet that we shall find and-Freke, Umust go in." Mr. Freke obediently drew rein, and the glossy bays arrested their trot before

the whitewashed gate, which hung, he noticed, by a single hinge. The house, shabby and defaced as it looked, was evidently no common farmstead. It had been somebody's " residence " once, and still wore that look of better days gone by pulling them down so fast all over the

and astonished brown eyes. A remark-ably pretty girl, and a lady too; voice and accent testified that, as well as the gentle sc.f-possession with which she now confronted these uninvited guests. Mrs. Hunter recovered first. Women

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generally do on such occasions. "I beg your pardon," she said, with her pleasantest manner. "We knocked several times without being able to make any one hear, and at last we ventured to walk in. Then I saw this curious old walk in. Then I saw this curious old plate on the shelf, and I couldn't resist— Do you use it, may I ask, or is it of any particular value to you? If not, I might be glad to buy it, if your—mother were inclined to sell. It's a queer old thing, but I have some which almost match it, and I should like this " and I should like this.

"It belongs to my aunt-Mrs. Marsh," replied the young lacy, briefly. "I don't think she would wish to part with it." There was no invitation to linger in or manner. Evidently she exvoice

pected them to go at once. "Is your auntat home?" asked the un-daunted Mrs. Hunter. "I should like to see her if she is."

"No, she is not at home." The tone was perfectly gentle and polite, but still with the underlying reserve and sur-prise which made Mr. Freke feel so un-comfortable. Mrs. Hunter apparently did not share his sensations.

"I must come again some day when she is at home," she went on. "It is really a delightful old plate. What are these letters on it; do you know? I can't make them out."

"The letters are B. H. H. They stand for Barbara Holdsworthy Hagen," said

for Barbara Holdsworthy Hagen," said the girl, coming a step nearer. "Was she a relation of your aunt's?" "Her great-grandmother. Allow me; it seems to be dusty"—taking the plate from Mrs. Hunter's unwilling fingers. "And was your aunt very fond of her?" inquired that lady, insinuatingly. "She neaver saw her I heliow?" And

"She never saw her, I believe." And putting the plate back on the shelf, she

closed the door with a gentle decision. "You must think us very impertment to meddle with your plate without per-mission. And indeed we are; but please forgive me. It was all my fault; my friend Mr. Freke here had nothing to do with it, and the truth is, that I am so foolishly fond of old china that I cannot keep my hands off it wherever it is." The tone was very winning, and Raby's face relaxed in spite of itself. Barbara Hagen Glenn was my girl's name, but no one ever called her Barbara, not even Aunt Marsh, who had little tolerance for pet names or nonsense of any kind. Every-body said "Raby," and the crisp little title seemed to suit her better than a longer and finer crisp world. longer and finer one could. She half smiled; and when Mrs. Hunter went on still in the same charming tone—'What an odd, and curions, and delightful-looking oid house this is ! It seems just the place for a story. I am devoted to these old-fashioned houses, and they are

"It was very good of you to take so much trouble for us," he said, in a tone whose sincerity Raby recognized. ble," he said; "wouldn't you now? What can a man do with all this con-fusion of Le Barons and Platts and Mor-"Very probably your aunt may not care to sell the plate—I should not myself if I owned such a one—but if Mrs. Hunter gives me the commission, I shall cer-tainly come, for the pleasure of making another call upon you." He lifted his hat as he spoke, and with a courteous bow followed Mrs. Hunter down the path

The Forest Republican.

TIONESTA, PA., MAY 14, 1879.

"That's a real gentleman," solilo-quized Raby, as they drove off. "And she—I don't know. Shc's pretty, and she—1 don't know. SLC's pretty, and her voice is pleasant, but somehow there's a difference. I don't think I like her—quite." She had her own ideas about life, this little Raby, about "real" ladies and "real" gentlemen, and in-stinct helped her surely to conclusions usually arrived at only by the slow pro-cess of experience. ess of experience

Mr. Freke did drive over next day. He was received very grimly by Aunt Sabina Marsh, whom he found intrenched, as it were, in front of her corner cupboard, and resolved not to cede her plate, or listen to any arguments whatever on the subject. This refusal, sooth to say, caused no particular grief to the disloyal messenger. He cared little for the plate, but a good deal for the chance for another chat with Raby, who was more piquantly pretty than ever, in the effort to hide her amusement at her aunt's grim and defiant manners.

Ernest Freke made one more call at the old house before he went back to town, but only one. "I could fall in love with that girl," he said to himself as he drove homeward; and he made a little picture in his mind of Raby in a fresh morning dress, pouring out coffee at the opposite end of a dainty breakfast table for two, with sunshine streaming through an open window behind, and touching with glints of gold all that beautiful hazel hair of hers—a pretty picture. Ernest Freke was half artist, picture. Ernest Freke was half artist, and his imagination naturally conjured such scenes; but he shook his head. He could not afford to marry (that point was settled long ago), unless, indeed— But here he shook his head again. The chances were against his falling in love with a girl who had money. He could not do without the money, and he would not do without the love, so he dismissed not do without the love, so he dismissed the idea of marriage. He was an hon-orable young fellow at heart, however, orable young lenow at heart, however, and he would not go again to see Raby. "What's the use?" he told himself. "Better not." But Mrs. Hunter and her guests became wearisome to him after that, and presently he went back to town and to his business, in which he immersed himself. For a while Raby's face floated before his eyes; but the image dimmed as months went by, and in time would probably have faded out altogether, had it not been recalled oddly and unexpectedly by the following cir-

He was passing one day the shop of

The Russian papers tell a singular story of filial devotion. A woman in Stavropol, sixty years old, had repripeths? They have all married and got different names long ago, most likely. Why, Mr. Freke, what is it? what have you found, sir? " for his companion had uttered a sudden exclamation. nanded her son, a full-grown man, and was excited to a still greater anger against him by her daughter. At last she grew so infuriated that she raised

There, on the shelves of a buffet which he had just opened, were ranged in splendid row platters and dishes and cups of magnificent India china, blue, her arm to strike her son; but he grasped his mother's arm and prevented the blow. For this action the old lady made crimson, and gold, with on each the same little shield and monogram, in sharp, gleaming lines of color, which he nd he was ordered to appear in court. Whereupon, filled with remorse for hav-ing tried to avert the wrathful blow of his mother, he seized an ax and chopped had last seen in faded tints on the old plate in Mrs. Sabina Marsh's cupboard months before. It was certainly the same; he recognized it instantly. But how came it here? And what was the off his offending hand. link between this rich and lonely woman and Mrs. Marsh and pretty Raby in their quaint solitude and bare poverty? delphia Press quietly takes all the ro-mance out of Italy by saying : "Out of mance out of Italy by saying: "Out of the window just opposite mine, and only a few feet from it, all day long there lolls an Italian girl, beautiful, dirty, lazy, badly-dressed, and always eating some-thing. Priest and soldier and beggar and donkey and tourist and sailor flow on beneath in a steady stream to slow music. She gazes list essly on the hu-man current forever, but takes no hu-man interest in it and shows signs of He made no distinct explanation to the puzzled executor, but advised him to defer advertising for a little while; and the next day but one found him at the

gate of the old house again. No bright girl-face smiled a welcome this time: Raby had gone back to her school-teach-ing, and Aunt Sabina, grim as ever, re-ceived him. Her distant and suspicious manner

gradually thawed as she discerned the meaning of his questions. Mrs. Mor-peth was her aunt, her mother's sister. Her grandmother's name was Platt, and her mother was the Barbara Holds-worthy Hagen of the china monogram. Yes, her mother did marry a Le Baron. He was a Frenchman. He did not live

very long after the marriage. Did he turn out badly? She could not say—it wasn't for her to speak ill of her own father, but the family took offence and never would have anything to do with her mother afterward. No, she never saw her aunt, and she never wanted to. In her opinion they treated her mother shamefully. Raby's mother was older than she, two years older. She was dead now, and so was Mr. Glenn. Raby was the only child. Prove it? Why, of course she could, but why should she? Everybody knew about the Marshes and the Glenns—everybody that had any business to, that was. And pray why did the gentleman ask all these ques-tions?—what concern was it of his, any-

way?

So Raby was the heiress. There was a great deal of confusion in Ernest Freke's mind after this. He gave his best services to proving Raby's title and putting her in possession of her great-aunt's bequest, and for this end it was needful they should meet ; but these was needed they should meet, but these interviews were of a strictly business character. Ernest kept them so. "I won't make up to a girl, now she is rich, whom I deliberately turned away from when she was poor," he said to himself. Raby was not a little aggrieved by this turned away for but me

turn of affairs. "He won't even let me thank him comfortably," she told her aunt. "He just bows and goes away." After a while she and Mrs. Marsh month of June of last year, said that he came to the city, and then they met oftener. There were plenty of people to show attention to a young and beautiful heiress. Mrs. Hunter, among the rest was specially empressee in her civilities Mr. Freke was always encountering Miss Glenn at dinners or at parties, and after a while he ceased to fight against the new and sweet influence that had come into his life. He asked Raby to marry him, telling her the manful truth about himself, and leaving her to judge the matter 'I don't think you were to blamemuch!" pronounced Raby, lifting her soft eyes with a look which sent a thril to all his tense nerves. "A man can't al-ways marry a girl even if he likes her. And you hadn't seen me but three times you know. It was much more honorable in you to stop then than to go on a little longer and make me like you-more." This "more" was irresistible. It caused an interruption. "There's one thing I would like so much do," resumed Raby, a little later. You'll help me manage it, won't you, to do. Ernest?" I want to send Mrs. Hunter one of those big plates, like that old cracked one which she wanted to buy. Do you think I might, and will you take it to her?" It is a sort of debt, for if she hadn't come curiosity-hunting that day I might never have seen you, or heard of Aunt Morpeth or her will, or—" "Bless the old plate, then!" interrupted Ernest Freke. "Send Mrs. Hunter a new one, by all means; but that old one we will have framed, and hang up on our walls, and keep always, won't we, RabyP

Rates of Advertising.

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

The Deceitful Reporter. MERCHANT.

Kind reporter, I've important information, Sing hey, the kind reporter that you are. About a certain dry goods inundation, Sing hey, the cheapest goods in town by far.

BOTH The very cheapest goods in town by far.

REPORTER.

Good tellow, in conundrums you are speaking, Sing hey, the mystic merchant that you are; 'he answer to them vainly I am seeking, Sing hey, the cheapest goods in town by lar. BOTH.

The very cheapest goods in town by lar.

MERCHANT.

Kind reporter, on to-morrow I'll be going, Sing hey, the boss reporter that you are, To New York, and soon then I'll be showing The biggest stock-but take you this eigar. BOTH

The very cheapest goods in town by far.

REPORTER.

Good fellow, you have given timely warning, Sing hey, the thoughtful merchant that you nre:

I'll whoop you up lively in the morning, Sing hey, the merry fifteen-cent cigar.

BOTH.

fill her pockets again with cake. It is Italy—only the bulk of the people do The merry, merry fifteen cent cigar. not have cake, and get along with P. S .- It was the reporter that got the puff.

-Cincennati Enquirer.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Chinese never eat oysters in their fresh state.

The train that beats electricity-The train of thought.

Draughts which are never cashed-Those of a drunkard.

Oats that will grow in winter as thrifty as in summer.—Wild oats.

If you wish to know how to compose yourself, learn the art of type-setting.

The axe was an ancient weapon used in the most remote periods in wartare. The full capacity of the lungs is about three hundred and twenty cubic inches. In sitting for a picture the person who winks at the camera gets a reply in the negative.

There are more than five hundred eparate nerves and blood vessels in the human body.

"I fear that you do not quite appre- ' hend me," as the jail-bird said to his baffled pursuers.

If a man will tell me what he thinks ov his nabors, i kan tell him what his nabors think of him.-Josh Billings.

The laws of Germany are stern. For speaking disrespectfully of the Crown Prince in a public place of entertain-ment, a teacher of languages has been contenced to four months' imprisonment. The Rome Sentinel asserts that the healthy Indian is a well red man. If you were to see him licking molasses out of the bottom of a government bucket, you'd think he was a pail-faced man .-Ottawa Republican.



complaint against him before a judge.

The Rome correspondent of the Phila-

man interest in it, and shows signs of

intelligent life but about once every half-

hour, when she retires to a cupboard to

The tornado that recently swept through Collinsville, Ill., has directed

attention to the singular fact that cy-clones in temperate latitudes have be-

come much more frequent in recent

years. They were thought to be the pe-

uliar products of tropical climates. A

juarter of a century ago they were un-

duarter of a century ago they were un-known, or at least unnoticed, in the val-ley of the Mississippi river. Now they have become very frequent. Last year Mount Carmel, in Illinois, was visited by a cyclone, just as Collinsville was this year. It is certainly worth the while of our meteorologists to take up this matter and try to unreavel some of

this matter and try to unravel some of the mystery connected with their pro-duction. They have done a very great deal in the prediction of storms, but as yet very little has been done in the way

of learning the causes that lead to the destructive whirlwinds, of which no year now passes without bringing to the great central valley of the country a con-

Abraham Brown, aged forty-five, died recently in the Charity Hospital, New York city, of leprosy. The man's body was covered with ulcers, the fingers were

eaten off, and the feet had become swol-

len and shapeless. Dr. Leon, who first attended Brown after his admission to

the hospital in the latter part of the

iderable number.

garlie.'

which, to the experienced bric-a-brac hunter, suggests cobwebbed cupboards and low-raftered garrets full of cherished odds and ends. Mrs. Hunter tapped smartly once or twice, then turned with a laugh to Mr. Freke, who, having tied his horses, had followed up the walk.

"It is no use," she said; "these country people never use the front rooms of their houses. I shall go round to the kitchen door. I always try to make an excuse for getting into the kitchen, and this time we have a legitimate one, as nobody answers us here," So round the house she went, over

weeds and grass tussocks, and low-growing briers which caught at her silken skirts as she passed, and knocked at the kitchen door, which was fastened only by a heavy iron latch. Once, twice; then boldly lifting the latch, she went di-rectly into the kitchen-a large square room, with windows on two sides, and

a floor of worn, uneven boards, which sloped in unexpected rises and descents, and made walking uncertain pastime to unaccustomed feet. A fireless stove occupied the deep chimney, on one side of which stood a wooden settle cushioned with faded calico. Rows of milkpans tilted on their sides stood on the windowsills; there was a sink painted red, a table, two or three cane chairs, and on the wall a fly-specked certificate of mem-bership in the Bible Society, bearing date many years back. Over these artieles Mrs. Hunter's experienced eye darted in a second's space: then only pausing to say, in a whisper, "That's rather a nice old settle, isn't it?" she walked rapidly across the room to a cupboard, whose half-open door showed a glum of crock-"There, didn't I tell you so, Mr. Freke? Here is a find! Do you see that large plate on the upper shell?" Old burnt china, as I am alive, of the finest kind, and a real beauty! Who would ever have expected such a thing in a house like this? All dusty, too; I don't suppose they use it, or care for it in the least. People of this sort never do. Well, I call this luck.

She had the plate in her hands by this time, and was turning it over to examine the marks on the bottom. It was rather a dish than a plate, being large enough almost to merit the high-sounding "plaque" of the modern jargon. Its nattern of blue, pale crimson, black and gold had a grounding of blue so light as A tiny heraldic be almost white. shield, inserted into the design on one side, bore a twisted monogram in faint lines of black, blue and gold, and altogether, despite a crack and side. more than one nick on its rim, the old plate was uncommon enough to excus Mrs. Hunter's excitement. She was still examining it, regardless of dust or gloved fingers, when a clear young voice from a doorway uttered these words : "I beg your pardon, but did you want any-

Mrs. Hunter jumped. Mr. Freke umped also. His "feeling" for china was feeble; certainly it would never have jumped led him to enter a stranger's house un-bidden and rifle its cupboards, and a sudden sense of guilt sent the blood furiusly into his face. In the doorway behind them stood a girl in a gingham dress, with a white apron tied about a very slender waist, and thick rolls of bright hazel hair twisted round a pretty head, out of which looked a pair of grave | paused.

ountry, it is quite shocking. Do you think, if I came over some day, your aunt would let me go over it ?-it would be such a treat "'-the smile flashed into full, brilliant life, brightening the brown eyes so wonderfully that Mr. Freke, quite dazed, said within himself, "It is the most charming face I ever saw." Raby was fond of the old house. It vexed her often that her aunt cared so little for it, and dwelt on its inconveniences so much more than on its quaint-

ness. No one save herself had ever seemed alive to its merits before. Mrs. Hunter had made a "hit." "I think aunt wouldn't mind it," she

said, half to herself, then. "If you like I will show it to you now. But there is nothing to see but the house itself. That is really curious. I never met with another like it."

"Will you, indeed? How very kind!" cried Mrs. Hunter, with a rapid, raptur-ous blink in Mr. Freke's direction. Her imagination was already at work cheapening the treasures of the attic, as they followed their young hostess down the long entry which separated the kitchen from the front of the house.

A large square room lay on either side A large square room lay on either side of the entry. But here disappointment awaited Mrs. Hunter, for these rooms were altogether unfurnished. Up-stairs they met the same experience; in the two occupied chambers the simplest furniture; dust and bare emptiness everywhere else. Even the garret held nothing to reward search-none of the spinning wheels, or antique brasses, or eightday clocks with broken cogs, which Mrs. Hunter's soul coveted. Her taste for old houses was a simulated one. What she really cared for was their purchasable contents, and failing these, her interest visibly flagged. In vain Raby, with a pretty graciousness, pointed out the really curious points about the old dwelling the wainscotings, the high carved chimney-pieces, the oddly paneled shutters; showed the recess under the flooring in which valuables might be hidden in case of need, the bedroom in the lean-

to addition, where a shingled roof de-scended to for part of the ceiling; and even told a grost story, the story of a lady in a rustling skirt, which skirt she averred rustled still of windy nights; she herself had heard it. Mrs. Hunter listen-ed without interest. Her thoughts were dwelling on the old plate, and she did not notice, as did Mr. Freke, how excite-ment had quickened Raby's bloom and brightened her eyes with positive beauty as she led the way from room to room with a cordial simple grace, from which all reserve and stiffness had fled.

"And now about that piece of china," Mrs. Hunter said, suddenly, as they re-gained the kitchen. "Do you think your aunt would be likely to be in tomorrow? I must come over and talk with her about it: or perhaps, Mr. Freke, you will come for me if the Hol-mans arrive and I am detained?" "With pleasure."

Raby's face clouded a little.

I do not think my aunt will sell the plate," she said, in rather a constrained voice; "but she will probably be at home.

"We can but try," laughed Mrs. inter. "Good-afternoon, Miss-Miss Hunter. Marsh, and thank you ever so much." She swept down the walk. Mr. Freke

taxidermist, an elderly man, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, when he heard his name called.

"Did you want me, Mr. Balch?" putting his head in at the door. "I thought I heard your voice.'

cumstance.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Freke, I did want you very much, and I ventured to call and stop you," replied Mr. Balch, hurrying out from an inner room. "Excuse me; I just waited to put on my coat. It's about Mrs. Morpeth's will, Mr. Freke," "And who was Mrs. Morpeth?" asked Ernest, seating himself on a wooden bench.

" Mrs. Morpeth, sir! Why, you must know, I think, or at least you will know her house, the one with the queer steps, in Dun street—the Railed House, as the neighbors call it."

"Oh, that queer, handsome old house next to the junk-shop? I do remember. I have often wondered who lived there. And what did Mrs. Morpeth do about a will?'

"Well, that's just it, sir. I'm in a great difficulty. Mrs. Morpeth left me her executor, sir, and I don't know what to do about it. You see, sir, there's a good bit of property-a very good bit, She was clever, for a woman, very clever. And she bought up real estate all over the city. And there's the Railed House and what it holds; fifty thousand dollars, I should say it was worth, at least; some folks think it will foot up to sixty."

"That's a nice sum indeed, But what is your difficulty? Who are the heirs?" "That's just it, Mr. Freke-nobody can tell, sir. It is left to- But I hay a copy of the will here; I'll show you. But I have The document, briefly drawn, but in strict legal form, devised all property of very description of which the testator might die possessed "to the child or children of my niece Esther Le Baron, idest daughter of my sister Esther Platt. I do not know their present name or residence." That was all Nothing could be more indefinite.

" Have you done anything about findthese Platts-I mean Le Barons? said Ernest, folding up the paper.

"No, I haven't. I don't know how to begin about it. That was why I wanted to see you, Mr. Freke. Ought I to ad-vertise?"

"I should think so, certainly. But are there no letters or papers in the house to give a clew?

"I haven't lit on any, sir. But then I haven't searched regular, Could you spare the time to step round there with me, Mr. Freke? I should be very grateful."

"I couldn't to-day, but I might tomorrow.

So the appointment was made.

The Railed House had been a stately mansion in its day, with other stately mansions about it. Now, with a junk shop on either side, and a row of sailors boarding-houses opposite, it looked like the wreck of a fine old frigate aground in the mud of some ignoble harbor. Inside, it held a mine of riches for the curiosity-lover. Nothing had been added and nothing taken away for a century past. No papers were to be found, however; as one receptacle after another was vainly searched, the little taxidermist grew disconsolate.

"You would think the old lady burned up every thing on purpose to make trou- | horse's eye in Streator, Ill.

And they did .- Harper's Bazar.

Rapidity of Thought in Dreaming.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time-a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as time are also annihilated, so that almost while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamed that he enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise is the adjoining room had at the same moment produced the dream and awakened him A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. in embarking, on his eturn, he fell into the sea, and awaking in the fright, found .luat he had not been a hed ten minutes.

had applied remedies to alleviate the sufferings of his patient, but he believed the disease incurable. Brown did not. however, seem to receive any benefit from the remedies. The afflicted man had related contradictory stories as to his disease. He told several, however, that he contracted the disease in Cuba, but he declined to let them know any hing about his family relations. There is still another patient in the hospital afflicted with leprosy. His name is Charles Hinkle, a Mexican, about forty live years. He also states that he con tracted the disease in Cuba. The doctor says that his case is not so bad as Brown's was, and that he seems to experience relief from the remedies applied. All the loctors at the hospital say that the disase is not contagious.

The following account of the forces of the belligerents in the war now going on in South America, between Peru and Bolivia on the one side and Chili on the other, is given in a letter from La Paz to a German paper: "Peru, with a super-ficial area greater than that of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and a population of 2,700,000, has four ironclads (a frigate, ram and two monitors), six wooden ships, three training ships, five river steamers, and an army of 3,000 men only on a peace footing, but with the cadres of eight battalions of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, and two brigades of artillery, besides 1,000 gendarmes and 1,200 watchmen (vigilantes). Chili (with a population of 2,117,000) has two good ironclad corvettes and four wooden war steamers, besides some other ships which are unserviceable for war purposes. The armament of the Chilian navy consists of forty-four guns, and the personnel of 973 men. The Chilian army

comprises 1,500 infantry, 1,200 cavalry and 410 artillery, besides 6,000 national guards. Bolivia has no navy, and her army consists of 2,000 men; but it could easily be increased by the system of recruiting prevalent in the country, under which young and strong men are torn from their families to serve in the army. The population of Bolivia is 2,325.000.

The Champion Fat Boy.

In a letter from Illinois to the Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel, David Navarro says of his son, Mr. David Navarro, Jr.: He is now seventeen years old and weighs over six hundred pounds. We don't weigh him any more (or have not for more than a year), as it gives him the blues. He fears that he will get so large that he will be helpless. We show him for his size, and let others form their opinion of his weight. The tailor has just finished a suit for him. The vest measures seven and a half feet around, and the largest part of the body measures eight feet one nch. So you will see he is quite a lad He has measured with men who weigh more than three hundred pounds, and they did not measure as much around the chest as he measures around one thigh. He is sound and healthy and growing stronger as he grows older. He can get round better now than when younger, but doors are growing smaller and car-riages weaker. He broke the bottom out of two barouches last season.

"Seth Spicer" affirms that if a man dows his nose in public nowadays he is A worm two inches long and in size likely, within twenty-four hours, to receive two dozen sure cures for catarrh.round as large as a pin, was cut out of a N. Y. News.

Tissue paper napkins, with colored ornamented border, are used in the cheap dining-saloons of Berlin. They cost about two dollars per thousand. They are used because linen napkins were so frequently pilfered.

Perhaps the funniest object is the man who spends his first day in a newspaper office. He tries to appear as if he had been in a newspaper office all his life, but somehow he doesn't seem to feel easy. There seem to be too many boncs, in his shad .- New York Herald.

The amount of capital employed in otton manufacture in the United States in 1860 was \$89,000,000, yielding a return of eight per cent.; in 1870, 8141,000,000, yielding a return of seven per cent.; in 1878, estimated at \$208,000,000, yielding five per cent. return.

THE FARM.

God bless the farm, the dear old farm, God bless it every rood, Where willing hearts and sturdy arms

Can earn an honest livelihood And from the coarse and fertile soil Win back a recompense from toil

There is a tremendous dispute raging Madras over a hair from the prophet Mohammed's beard. This holy relic is inclosed in a case, guarded by an official who has a government pension of 100 rupees per annum, and six Mussulmans are disputing before the Madras high court for its possession.

Prof. Benjamin Pierce, of Harvard Col lege, says the whole number of comets which are capable of being seen from the earth, and which are contained in our sun's 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.

The Sawdust Magnates.

The wane in the circus business is noted in the New York Mail, and the whereabouts and occupation of many once famous therein are given. Dr. Spaulding is living on his money in Saugerties, N. Y. Yankee Robinson is Ben. an actor in Western theaters. Maginley, Tony Pastor and Frank Pastor, formerly clowns, are also on the theatrical stage. Andrew Haight, once owner of the Great Eastern Circus, is keeping hotel in Chicago. Of other proprietors, Joseph Cushing is farming New Hampshire, J. M. Nixon is man ing a theater in Chicago, Montgomery Queen is interested in Brooklyn street railroads, Levi North is also living in Brooklyn, W. J. Metchear keeps a hotel in Providence, George K. Goodwin runs two theaters and a dollar store in Philadelphia, Eaton and Daniel Stone are farming in New Jersey, R. F. J. Milas owns a Cincinnati theater, Burr Robbins is lecturing in the West on temperance, and the Cooper of Cooper & Bailey keeps a horse mart in Philadelphia; Dan Rice, after many ups and downs, is building a floating theater to run on the Mississippi. Barnum, Forepaugh, Rob-inson and Lent are the only old proprietors who are still in the business.