## The Forest Republican.

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## Measuring the Twilight.

I am sitting in the twilight, with my face against the pane.

heart and brain;

They are deepening slowly, surely, and the night is coming on.

when the gleam of day is gone?

When I bounded through a mossy wood to join

a shade of care, Till the waning of the daylight brought its

grove I sped.

That my eye might catch the home-light ere day's glimmering light had fled;

splendor bright, Through the darkness on my pathway shone a

mother's beacon light.

many years, my eyes are dim with weeping and my

heart is drowned in tears;

in life's dark way, And I've found my sweetest treasures in my

elasping turned to elay.

The hand that led my youthful feet lies home

less in the tomb-The kindred one where soul meets soul my

worship may not own. And amid a world of busy feet I walk the earth

Life's skies are deepening and the clouds are gathering thick and fast,

Will the star of hope shine once for me when the rage is overpast?

The burden of my soul is borne upon the windless sir,

me king my despair. So I'm sitting in the twilight, with my face

against the pane,

heart and brain; Oh, spirit of my mother, gleam upon my soul

Till I have proved the promise mine, "At eye

it shall be light."

tions, in which my slender salary was divided and subdivided to suit our plans. I should have enjoyed these evenings much more if 1 could have persuaded Emily to add up a column of figures without counting on her fingers, but I could not.

eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three." she would say, drumming each finger on the table until she reached the sum total, which she gave with triumphant emphasis

feelings, I said no more.

"Mr O. D. P. D. L. P.-Lamb is always dearer than mutton, and does not go as far. I find that cream of tartar is certainly cheaper

the beginning of my note. Why, that was a very simple and convenient arrangement to save time and space in writing. Instead of having to write over and over again, "My own dear precious darling little pet," I just used those initial letters, and Emily knew exactly what I meant every time. It was really a capital idea, and we were the originators; and the truth is, if it had not been for the publicity involved I would have taken out a patent for the

In the same way she would write to

"D. O. D. D." (and I understood "Dearest old darling ducky," at once)—"Please find out if corned beef is more economical when hashed. Ask your friend Smith, there's a D.

Could any one with ordinary intelli-gence fail to read "dear sweet precious" in those last three letters?

Then, again, what could be more sentence: "Come up to dimer to-night, for I am going to make the apple dump-lings, P. O. P." Of course that means

tender secrets of two fond hearts. Therefore I will pass over the rest of our courtship, the wedding, with its accompanying bustle, and our trip to Niagara, and come at once to the time when we

said that it was infinitely superior to any house he had ever seen. I differed from this view also, but I said nothing. But then there certainly was a fine bay-window in the parlor, and a beautifully tiled hearth in the dining-room; so we took the flat without further discussion.

erator was not among Miss Vanteltuyfel's gifts. It was a new one, of the latest and most popular style, which I had just bought. I had been naturally a good deal influenced in my selection of that refrigerator by the very agreeable and intelligent colors. views, he had been so patient while I surveyed the entire stock, and he had laughed so appreciatively at my criti-cisms, that I felt as if I could not do less

largest refrigerator one can get is always the right one to buy. So I bought it, and though I was certainly astounded at the price, still that salesman's bland and cordial assurance that I had done a wise thing, "a really sensible thing in terly refused to go into our kitchen, I must confess I had doubts as to my wis-

Emily. "What shall we do?" asked she,

may pass "But, Charles," exclaimed my wife, "that won't do. It cannot stay in the kitchen, because then there will be no

dear, we must get a mason, and knock out these side walls at or.ce." But the result was that I had to go

back to my friend, the agreeable sales-man at Zinc & Co.'s, and ask him to ex-change our large refrigerator for a small one, the very smallest to be found.

I did not think he was as genial this

time. I supposed after what I had seen of him that he would have shown prefound sympathy at the recital of my per-plexities. But he did not. I don't think that he heard all I said to him, and I found that I had been mistaken in my man as I had imagined. However, make up the difference in price. So I

freezer, and a set of croquet. A great part of our furniture could not tion thus gleaned was carried duly to Emily, and carefully classified by her under various headings.

The evenings we spent together were piano, a buffet, or a bureau. But then, was not so much disappointed at this as as Emily cheerfully observed, small

most abtruse and perplexing calculations, in which my slender salary was divided and subdivided to suit our plans. large rooms," she added; and certainly that was very true.

And, by-the-way, I haven't told you about Ottilia yet. Most people would have called her our servant, but Emily said she was our "assistant in house-keeping." She spoke of herself in her note answering our advertisement as a young person of culture and refinement who had met with reverses and had had a blight.""

My own impression of her was that she was calculated to blight any one who might be doomed to her daily companionship. She had an unpleasant way of becoming suddenly abstracted while in the performance of her daily duties, and then raising herself with a prodigious start and a succession of hollow sighs. On one of these occasions she informed Emily confidentially that "the Vision of the Loved and Lost had glided on the

As a number of mishaps, including much broken china, had resulted from these inopportune appearances of "the Loved and Lost," we did not look amiably upon them. But when I advised Emily to change her handmaid, she re-

fused, on the ground of compassion.
"Why, Charles, she is such a well-educated and refined ye woman that she could not endure the annoyances of ordinary service," said my wife, earnestly. "She tells me every day that she is so happy with us, and she looks up to me as if I was her mother."

"Very affecting, certainly," was my mment, "considering that you are comment. twenty, and she will never see forty

"Oh, Charles! why, she is only thirty: she told me so; and you know she says that she is a blighted being," concluded my wife, solemnly; "so you ought not to be impatient with the poor thing." Of course Ottilia remained, and I had to reconcile myself to her woe-begone

ways. But her cooking was our great-est trial, and before many days Emily announced to me her intention of joining a cooking class.'

"It's such an opportunity, my dear!" she told me one evening. "Professor Stoopann is a very accomplished man, who has the most charming ideas touching and tender than this closing about cooking. He considers it a fine art, and he can make any one a perfect cook in ten lessons. We begin to-mor-

"Don't you think it would be wiser to teach Ottilia something," I observed,
"and let her do the cooking, instead of
attempting to do it yourself?"
"No, indeed," said Emily, promptly.

"I must take the lessons, and then in struct Ottilia by example rather than precept. Besides "-in a whisper-" I'm afraid the poor thing doesn't learn very easily; she's had so much trouble, you know.

So my wife became a member of the illustrious Stoopann's class, and grew more enthusiastic over his teachings

day by day.
"It's wonderful—perfectly wonderful -how much that man knows!" she exclaimed, when the course was half through. "And he's such an economist, Why, he has been teaching us that nothing need be wasted in a household, not even our old-But there! I came very near telling you my secret, and I want to surprise you some day.

That same morning I ran across my old college chum Jack Percival on my way down town. He had just returned from a three years' tour of the Continent, so I had a great deal to tell him. He seemed to be much interested when he learned that I was married and keeping house, and he readily accepted my in-vitation to dine with us the next day.

When I went home and told Emily about it, she at once proposed that we should invite a young lady to make the party complete. "It would be much pleasanter for

your friend to meet a young lady," "But then our dining-room will be so

crowded with four at the table that Ottilia will never be able to wait upon us," said I. Emily looked shocked. "Ottilia!"

she exclaimed; "I hope you don't expect Ottilia to wait on the table when strangers are present! Why, I wouldn't suggest such a thing to her."
"Then what is the use of keeping her?"

I asked. "Oh, Charles, you never have any sympathy for that poor thing! We can hire a small boy to wait. The grocer has a very nice boy, and I think I can get him cheap," said my wife.

"Very well," I replied, "have it your own way that what shall we have for the

own way ; but what shall we have for dinner? Jack is terribly particular about his dinner, I can tell you, and I think I'll order something from Delmonico's for this time."

"Oh, no, indeed! you mustn't do anything of the kind," said Emily, decidedly. "I'm just going to show you now the inestimable value of Professor Stoopann's instructions, and I know you'll be proud of your dinner. Leave it all to me, Charlie.

But what are you going to give us?" I insisted. Emily made answer, confi-

"Just wait and see, I tell you. This much you shall know, and no more. You're to have 'Potage St. Beuve, garni, and a Russian fish pie. Oh, yes, course. Now, don't ask any more ques-

When I brought Jack home the next afternoon Emily met us with such a cordial welcome that I could see he was pleased. The grocer's boy was in at-tendance, looking very well, the table was prettily decorated with fruits and flowers, and I felt intensely hospitable as took a sausage-chopper, an ice-cream I took my seat, and Emily began to disense the soup. The only drawback was that the young lady whom she had asked was my wife. However, she and Jack appeared to be getting on so well that I didn't think he regretted our intended

## an almost colorless fluid, with a slice of lemon, a sprig of parsley, and several cloves floating in each place, and it tasted like hot water well salted. My resolu-tion was taken in an instant. I made up my mind that I would eat that soup, and

I did, but Jack never attempted a second "What is this, my dear?" I asked with reat cheerfulness, pretending to be entirely at my ease, as the next course

appeared. Emily smiled sweetly as she answered, "That is Russian fish-pie, prepared after the same recipe used in the emperor's

"Let us see, then, whether our tastes agree with the emperor's," I said, facetiously, turning to Jack, but he didn't seem disposed to talk much, I fancied. Truth compe's me to say that, after the most careful dissection of that fish-pie, I did not discover any fish. I found an onion, a slice of hard-boiled egg, some more parsley, and finally a scrap of meat, but that was all. I was getting perceptibly nervous now, when a new course

relieved me. "Here comes something at last." I said to myself, as a dish of chops, each with a fringed white paper wrapped daintily about the bone, and accompanied by tomato sauce, made its appear-My drooping spirits revived. "Chops are always chops," was my next reflection. Alas! I didn't know Profesor Stoopann.

The moment I attacked my chop I found it a fallacy. It was composed of something, I could not tell what, carefully shaped, and then tied fast tonothing more or less than a tooth-brush

handle, beautifully scraped and polished.
This was too much. I looked at
Jack. I saw the expression of dismay
on his face. I glanced across at Emily. serenely unconscious of my feelings; and yielding to an uncontrollable impulse, I ordered the boy in a voice of thunder to emove that dish.

As to the rest of that dinner I can only say it was worthy of the beginning. Even what appeared to be a magnificent tart or pudding collapsed like a soap-bubble at the first touch of the spoon, and left nothing but a little sweetened froth behind, too scanty to be divided.

I was not at all surprised when Jack pleaded an engagement, and hastened away, without waiting to smoke a cigar with me. He was going to dine, I knew. Having seen him down stairs, I returned to my wife, who was both astonished and indignant at my somewhat

warmly expressed opinions about the

"That soup!" she exclaimed; "you didn't like that soup? Why, it's one of Professor Stoopann's own inventions. He taught us to make it of the water in and it is very nourishing as well as economical. The professor has lived on it for years." the potatoes

And that fish-pie," I interrupted, what was that made of?-for there

was no fish there." Emily looked disappointed. "Why, how did you find that out so soon?" she asked; "for I thought the deception was perfect. Professor Stoopann said no one could tell the difference. That's wonderful. But since you've guessed so much I'll tell you the rest. That fishpie was made entirely of some scraps of nomical than the soup.

"And how about those chops? Can you tell me, my dear, what they were made of, or why you placed such an unpalatable joke on our table?" was my next question.

But just here Emily burst into tears. I-I-think you're-too-eruel," sobbed. "After I'd taken such painsand burned my face and my poo—or fingers—and tried all the professor's best dishes—just to be scolded—it's too much!"

"But, Emily, don't you see-" I began. She interrupted me. "I cut all those handles off our old brushes, and I polished them all myself with sand-paper, and tied them on, and everything, and then you find fault. It is cruel! Oo—oo—oo!"

Still, my dear, it is a pity that you had not chosen some other occasion for that display of ingenuity," said I, not yet vanquished. "You must have noticed that Jack ate nothing."

"Oh, Charles, you are too unkind! Didn't he praise that puff pudding? and wasn't it really lovely? and all out of one egg and two spoonfuls of sugar! Wasn't that a success, I should like to know? But you are a monster of ingratitude. Oo—oo—oo!"

Let me draw a veil over this scene. Suffice it that peace was finally restored by a compromise. I agreed to say no more about the dinner, and Emily pledged herself to abandon Professor Stoopann's methods forever. Perhaps, if no new cooking class is organized in our vicinity, I shall be safe; but I am not sure.—Harper's Bazar.

## Introduction of Wheat into America.

Prior to the discovery of this continent

by Columbus, there was no cereal in America approaching in nature the wheat plant. It was not until 1530 that wheat found its way into Mexico, and garni,' and a Russian fish pie. Oh, yes, I'm going to give you your favorite lamb chops with tomato sauce, for one of rice and showed them to his master, who ordered them to be planted. result showed that wheat would thrive well on Mexican soil, and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is near the Mexican capital. From Mexico the cereal found its way to Peru. Maria D'Escobar, wife of Diego de Chauvres, carried a few grains to Lima, which were planted, the entire product being used for seed for several successive crops. At Quito, in Ecuador, a monk of the Order of St. Francis, by the iar which contained the seeds planted is still preserved by the monks of Quito. Wheat was introduced into the present limits of the United States contemporated with the work which the ladies of this Christian Union are doing for the cause of country by the English and the Dutch.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

In China, where the opium habit uins and destroys many men annually, the efforts of the government to abolish or diminish the use of opium have recently been more energefic than ever. All these efforts have been in vain, as were those of many years previous. The Pekin government have at last determined to take the final step in the business, and an edict has been issued, which goes into effect next year, making the use or sale of opium punishable by death. It is hard to say how the edict will be met by the ten million opium eaters of the Ceestial Empire, or what proportion of them will come to this country to enjoy their fascinating custom.

There was buried in the cemetery of St. James the Less, in Philadelphia, recently, the man who was known as the Man of Roots-not Greek roots, but na-ture's own. Joseph Smith was born in the mining districts of England eightyone years ago, and coming to this country located at Ashland, Schuylkill county, Pa. While he was living at Ashland he chanced to find a curious root in the woods one day. He whittled aim-lessly on the root for a few minutes when, lo! it became a perfect owl's head. Joseph's interest in roots was at once excited and he began to collect all the curious ones he could find. He soon had his house filled with hundreds of shapes that were conjured out of laurel root. pine knot or stone, his strange fancy growing by what it fed on.

It is a sign of the growing interest among women in regard to the ways and means of industrial education that a petition is being circulated and numerously signed by women in all the States of the Union, which will be presented to the next Congress, asking its favorable consideration of a plan for the establishment of national schools of design. A Washington paper thinks that thorough training in schools of art and design will make the women and men who receive it self-sustaining. Skilled labor always commands its price, and technical education underlies the success of many branches of industry, and will help to solve the labor question. It is in this belief that the petition has been circulated and signed by professors in schools throughout the country, and by a list of women's names from all the States, including several hundred in this district, and also in the hope that Congress will take such action in the matter as the importance of the subject de-

While no new cases of the plague are reported in Russia, European medical ournals show that there without reason, the greatest fears that with the return of warm weather it will break out again with unabated virulence, and that its ravages will then not be confined to one distant district, but spread all over the empire and infest as well adjoining countries, There is now known to exist in St. Petersburg, Vitefsk, Odessa, Warsaw and in other districts in Russia a bubonic affection, with which Russian physicians are unfamiliar, which is very similar to, if not identical with, a bubonic disease which preceded the recent outbreak of the plaque in Astrachan cold roast beef, and is even more eco- and previous ones in Persia and Mesopotamia. By some, indeed, this disease is considered a mild form of the plague itself. While each new case of the plague causes the greatest alarm among the people, as the probable fore-runner of renewed devastations, the medical fraternity see in this seemingly trivial bubonic affection cause for the gravest apprehension in the near future. At any rate, danger of recurrence will not be passed for more than a year.

> Newspaper readers will remember the trial of England's criminal phenomenon, Charles Peace, who figured so much in type and on tongue a few months ago. Just before his execution this notorious outlaw made it known that he had murdered Cock, a Manchester policeman, for which crime William Habron, a young Irishman, was soon to be hung. A clever dodge on the part of Peace, the public thought, to provoke investiga-tion and thus gain respite. So Peace was hung. Shortly afterward the Cock murder was again looked into in accordance with the suggestion of Peace. It was found that the bullet which killed the policeman fitted the executed man's revolver, and that it did not fit young Habron's weapon. Other points were revived and Habron was released from the Portland He was not informed of the pardon, but supposed he was soon to be hung. His neck had been measured a few days before. At last it dawned upon him gradually that he was not to die. The relief affected his nervous system, but under good treatment he rallied and is now a happy man. Thus after an im-prisonment of three years and when within a step of the gallows an innocent man is saved from martyrdom to law.

At the fifth anniversary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of New York city, Hon. William E. Dodge presided, and in an address he told the, story of a lady, belonging to one of the best families in New York, whose husband—a leading citizen—was so much the slave of intoxication that he would eave his business often and remain at home on a drunken debauch for weeks. The wife withdrew from society, of which she was a bright ornament, and exerted herself to redeem her husband if possible, or to prevent his vice from becoming known. At length, when the truth could no longer be concealed, she confided in the speaker and his wife, and through their efforts the husband was induced to sign the pledge, which he kent for several years. "This day," he kept for several years. name of Fray Iodosi Rixi, introduced said Mr. Dodge, "he is occupying a very the new cereal, and it is said that the high position in this city, though I fear he is not entirely temperate. While none suffer more, none can labor more effectually than women; and I rejoice in

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

What does Vicksburg, Miss.? The scavenger is an offal fellow. Lost at sea-The contents of the

How to get rid of your fat-Sell it to the soap-grease man.

Pack your furs in eamfur, fur there'll e no fur-ther use fur them fur some

You wouldn't think it, but a bed-cover is like a blister. It's a counter-

The careful husbandman is having a little trimming put on his trees, and his economical spouse is having her bonnet put through a similar process.

The man who has a sulking wife Can't please her with a sonnet; There's just one way to end the strife-Buy her a summer bonnet.

- Waterloo Observe J. P. Sanderson, chief elephant catcher in India, has caught ninety-four ele-phants since his arrival at Mysore in December. Four men of the elephant-

catching force have been killed. "I have read the papers!" was the reply of a simple appearing old gentleman from the country, who was asked to take a hand in a game of cards on an Erictrain.

P. S.—Now is the time to subscribe. To BE TRUSTED .- One grocer asks another: "Is Mr. — a man to be trusted?" "I think you'd find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once you'll trust him forever. He never pays."

An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an author-ess if she could throw any light on kiss-ing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, but I think it's better in the The New York Commercial Advertiser has heard from the war in South Ameri-

ca. It says: "A terrific engagement took place on the 5th ult, between the Chilians and Bolivians. One brigadiergeneral lost his hat." A most interesting sight to see is that of a young lady with "lips like rubies," with "teeth of pearly whiteness," and with cheeks that have stolen the "deep

carnation of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of gingerbread! An Illinois man sleeps every night on a spot of ground left bare for the purpose in his house, and has an attendant shovel clean earth over him to take the

place of bedelothes. He believes that in this way he guards against disease. It is our good nature and not our fine furniture that makes home attractive.—

New York News. But when all the bed slats fall out of place, and waken you up with a crash about mid-night, what becomes of your good na-

ture? - New Haven Register. Every young man in the Sioux nation carries a pocket-mirror, either of glass, backed with quicksilver, or of some shining metal; but an Indian maid is not permitted to look at a reflection of her face, even in a brook, for this is the masculine privilege.

A boy ten years old, son of W. A. Albert, while playing in a corn bin in the elevator at Penfield, Ill., was drawn down a spout which was discharging into a car, and was drowned in the corn. No efforts could rescue him, although for some time his gasping could be heard.

It is entertaining to note the variety of opinion that prevails regarding perfect happiness. The printer, for instance, imagines that the millennium means a time when he will get fifty cents per thousand ems, and bedstead slats will be used instead of leads, -St. Louis Times.

A six-year-old boy, who had been im-prisoned up stairs for some mischief, "raised" a fine brood of chickens by fishing with a hook and line from his prison window.

SHOULDN'T BE MISS-ED. The antiquarian's bride.... Miss-Terry The boy's ..... Miss-Chief The politician's ..... Miss-Count The monk's ..... Miss-Sal
The soldier's ..... Miss-Ile Father Time's.... Everybody's......Miss-Fortune 

## Words of Wisdom.

Fear naturally quickens the flight o Knowledge is more than equivalent to

Tears are the gift which love bestows upon the memory of the absen and they will avail to keep the heart from suffoca-

How many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open

Don't you wish sometimes that the world would stop talking and let you think? And have you never been exasperated to hear some one utter the very hought which you had cherished as all your own, and which you were just going to utter?

Beware of him who is slow to anger. Anger, when it is long in coming, is the stronger when it comes and the longer Abused patience turns to fury. When fancy is the ground of passion, that understanding which composes the fancy qualifies the passion; but when judgment is the ground, the memory is the recorder and this passion is long

Quit brooding over your troubles, misfortunes and losses. A brave man, with a soul in him worth anything, gets out of such pitiful ruts and laughs at discouragements—rolls up his sleeves, whistles and sings, and makes the best of life. The earth is not Paradise—you

BY MRS. L. P. SELOVER.

And measuring the shadows with an aching

some bright star light earth's pathway How memory bears me backward to a brighter,

some child at play; Our hearts were tree and merry then, with not

shadows on the air. I remember then how fleetly through the leafy

And I minded not the shadows as, in all its

I've been measuring the shadows all along life's

My feet are pierced and bleeding by the thorns

For the light of home is sadly quenched in deep funereal gloom,

And the twitter of the night bird seems but

And measuring the shadows with my aching

# DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

I don't suppose Emily and I would have dreamed of marrying last May if it had not been for old Miss Vantel-tuyiel's legacy. The old lady left all her household furniture, including her china, silver and table-linen, to Emily, who was her favorite niece as well as name-sake; and, of course, that made us think at once of setting up a home of our own. We had been engaged two years already, there was no likelihood that my salary would be raised, and altogether we de-cided that we might as well make a be-

ginning.
Emily's paps and mamma—in fact, the whole family-objected at first to what they called our want of common sense; but finding us quite unmoved by their forebodings, they yielded, and began to make preparations for the wedding. "But now, Charles." said Emily to

deal to learn. Suppose we begin by studying domestic economy?"

"How?" I asked, somewhat be-wildered by this proposition.

"In this way," was the prompt answer. She drew from her pocket a small note-book, and placed it in my hand. "See here," she added, proudly. "that is my beginning, and I intend to follow it up. You must have a book too, Charles."

me, as soon as everything was amicably settled—"now, Charles, we have a great

tell papa that beef was sold by farmers for just half the price asked by city butchers. Mem.—To buy our beef and mutton always of a farmer. Might order vegetables, milk and fresh eggs at the same place.' "There, Charles dear, what do you think of that?" asked Emily, triumphantly. "Isn't that economy? And

I glanced over the first page and read: "Useful information. Heard Mr. Smith

phantly. "Isn't that economy? And only think how you will enjoy a nice fresh-laid egg for your breakfast!" "But, my dear girl," I said, trying to look grave, "we couldn't buy a whole sheep or a whole ox at once, you know." "But if the whole animal didn't cost as much as half an animal at the butch-

er's price, what then?" persisted Emily,

looking annoyed. "Even then, my darling, I think it would be cheaper to buy our chops and cutiets from the butcher," said I, per-suasively; "because, you see, we should get so tired of a whole animal before we had eaten it all." Well, we won't argue. You know

don't approve of arguments, Charles," replied Emily, feelingly, and so the subject was dismissed. However, I took Emily's advice, and began to study domestic economy, provided myself with a note-book; asked my married friends so many questions about prices, values and quantities that I became positively tiresome; I lost no opportunity of adding to my stock of knowledge as regarded fuel, provisions, wages and house rent. All the informa

The evenings we spent together were no longer devoted to the "sweet nothwont to delight themselves. On the contrary, we gave ourselves up to the

"Seventeen - and - six - let me see -

However, finding that my remon-strances seemed to hurt the dear girl's

About this time our correspondence lost much of its distinctly lover-like character, and for the same reasons. I used to send Emily so many scraps of useful information for her note-book, and get so many directions in return, that the results were rather peculiar. For instance, I would write thus:

by the barrel, but Jones' wife says she never buys but half a pound at a time. "Ever yours, Charle." But perhaps you may not understand the meaning of those six initial letters at

invention.

"precious old pet."

But enough. I have, as I said before, an objection to make public the

began our housekeeping. After much searching and many vexatious disappointments, Emily and I had picked out a "flat"—for a house we could not afford. The agent said that this flat consisted of five spacious and elegant rooms. My own impression was that there were one room and four closets. He

But when the refrigerator arrived on the first load next day our troubles began. I must explain that this refrigand intelligent salesman at Zinc & Co.'s. He had entered so heartily into my

than take his advice, after all. And he made it plain that the very selecting that refrigerator," was a great comfort. But when the refrigerator ut-

dom, though I did not express them to

despairingly. The men who had forced it up the stairs wiped their hot faces and grinned.
"I'll tell you," said I, with sudden inspiration. "We must get a carpenter to take down the door casings. Then it

room for the kitchen table and chairsno, nor for the cook, either!" she added, dolefully. "O-h!" said I. "Well, then, my

estimate of his character. He was not such an agreeable and intelligent young picked out a second refrigerator, and then I was obliged to buy several articles to