The Forest Republican.

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Little Mary's Secret. Oh, larks! sing out to the thrushes, And thrushes, sing out to the sky; Bing from your nests in the bushes, And sing wherever you fly; For I'm sure that never another Such secret was told unto you-

I've just got a baby brother! And I wish that the whole world knew. I have told the buttercups, truly, And the clover that grows by the way;

And it pleases me each time, newly, When I think of it during the day, And I say to myself, "Little Mary, You ought to be good as you can, For the sake of the beautiful fairy That brought you the wee little man."

I'm five years old in the summer, And I'm getting quite large and tall; But I thought, till I saw the new-comer, When I looked in the glass, I was small. And I rise in the morning quite early, To be sure that the baby is here,

For his hair is so soft and curly, And his hands so tiny and dear! I stop in the midst of my pleasure-I'm so happy I cannot play-

And keep peeping in at my treasure, To see how much he gains in a day. But he doesn't look much like growing, Yet I think that he will in a year, And I wish that the days would be going, And the time when he walks would be here!

Oh, larks! sing out to the thrushes, And thrushes, sing as you soar; For I think, when another spring blushes, I can tell you a great deal more-I shall look from one to the other, And say, "Guess who I'm bringing to you?" And you'll look-and see-he's my brother! And you'll sing, " Little Mary was true." -Mrs. L. C. Whiton, in Wide Awake.

THE LOST BABY.

The name of our little one was Mar-Pailip and I. She was our first baby the daintiest, dearest little thing that ever you set eyes on; cheeks like half-blown rosebuds, hair like rings of sun-shine, and eyes as blue as the depths of a June sky. Darling little Pearl, how we loved her. We had been married just a y ar and a half when Philip caught the Western fever.

I loved my husband with an intensity bordering on idolatry, but when he told me of his intention to leave our beautiful cottage and seek his fortune in the far West, it was a terrible blow to me. We had lived at Rosedale ever since our marriage, and I could see no reason wh we could not continue to live there Truly, the place belonged to my uncle, but then it would be ours at his death. and why should Philip fret and chafe so under a foolish sense of dependence? W had everything, elegant rooms, flowers, birds, pleasure grounds and servants enough to keep our hands from anything like labor, and uncle gave it all ungrudg-ingly; still my husband was not content: "I can't live this life, Belle," he said; "I wasn't made for it. My work awaits me somewhere in the world and I must

their father by-and-bye if he is nothing more than a drone in the hive of life." I was vexed and angry at first, and said a great many things that were unwise and unwomanly, but Philip pur-sued the even tenor of his way, all patience and forbearance. Our prepara-tions were soon made, the few things we held most precious we packed up, and bidding adieu to our sunny Southern

home, we started westward.

hunt it up. My little ones won't respec-

The excitement of the journey, together with my husband's constant tenderness and encouragement, reconciled me, in a measure, to the change of life; and when we had reached our little Western cottage my impulsive nature, always rushing to one extreme or the other, carried me into an ecstacy of delight and anticipation, even beyond anything my steadfast husband exhibited. He seemed greatly relieved to see me growing so thoroughly contented, and we began our new life very bravely.

The cottage was comfortable enough, but bare and humble in comparison to what we had hitherto been accustomed; the square, whitewashed rooms had a dreadfully forlorn look, and the little kitchen, with its one staring window, and the cooking-stove standing in the middle of the floor, filled me with shuddering disgust every time I entered it. But I had made up my mind to endure all and everything, and, as I have said, we began our new life very bravely.

For the first two or three months I had help, not very efficient help truly, but better than none. Philip entered at once upon the practice of law, and as his office was some distance from home, he did not return until evening, so we had no great amount of cooking to do. and between us, we managed to keep the cottage tidy, and to take care of little

Every afternoon we went to meet him, taking little Pearl, through the grand and gorgeous prairies, and as often as as his happy eyes caught sight of her he would hasten forward with fond embraces and approving words." Ah, Belle," he would say, "I believe

I am the happiest man in the universe, and you are growing contented, dear-I can see it in your bright face." The glory of autumn faded, and the chill November rains set in, bringing dreary, sunless days, and changing the gorgeous prairie-bloom into endless leagues of sodden gray. My girl left me, and little Pearl grew cross and fretful in her teething. In addition to his business, Philip had gone into farming, our after efforts were equally unsuccessand we had two or three laborers to feed and lodge, which greatly increased the every means of inquiry, but in vain. housework. Under this accumulation Little Pearl was gone! I had no baby! of trials my patience began to give way. worked late and early, but I grew morose and fretful, and never had a pleasant word for my husband. But he

never complained

"Poor Belle," he would say; "poor, over-worked little wife, he as brave as you can; better days will come by-andbye. Just as soon as I get off from my business I'll go to the city and obtain permanent help. In the meantime don't fret the roses from your cheeks and the

brightness from your eyes But despite my husband's loving words and constant help, for he took one-half of the household labor on his own hands. I continued to murmur at my fate, and one morning the crisis

Breakfast was unusually late, little Pearl cross to absolute fretfulness, and the sick laborer up stairs in need of constant attention, Philip obliged to leave early, and, after coaxing and hushing Pearl to sleep, I laid her in her dainty little crib and went about my morning's work.

I felt wronged and injured; and while I worked away, dusting off the soot and ashes and scrubbing up the mud, the hot tears fell so fast as almost to blind My husband was cruel, heartless, I thought, to take me from a home where all was beauty and pleasure, and bring me to that dreadful place to wear my life out in hateful drudgery. I would sooner be in my grave than to live on so from year to year.

In the midst of this despair, I heard

the sick man calling from above, and hurried to him. His fever was rising again; he needed cooling draughts and ice-cloths to his head. I went to work to prepare them with nervous haste, for the morning was slipping by, and the noon meal must be in readiness for the farming-hands. In the midst of my work and hurry, little Pearl's sharp, imwhat should I do? I had just spent over half an hour lulling her to sleep, and here she was on my hands again. "I won't go down," I cried in real nger. "She may have her cry out oh, dear, I wish I had no baby!"

But the instant the unwomanly wish had passed my lips, I repented of having uttered it. No baby, no little Pearl! The bare thought filled me with shuddering terror. Hurriedly administering the sick man's potion, I hastened down, eager to compensate for my unmotherly words by fond caresses.

There stood the little cradle in the acustomed corner, the dainty lace coverlid thrown back, the pillow still damp and warm from the impress of the curly

head, but Pearl was gone!
For an instant, I stood dumb—breath-less, then, in frantic foolishness, I searched the rooms, the yard, calling upon the child's name, as if she could hear and answer me. And then, at last, a happy thought broke like sunlight upon me My husband had been home, and stolen away the child to tease me. I set about preparing dinner, looking every moment to see him come in. In a little while the noon bell rang, bringing the laborer from the clearing. I hurried out to meet

"Where is Mr. Weston?" I questioned, with my heart in my mouth. "Haven't seen him, ma'am, since

"Not seen him? You surely have he's got my baby."
But the men shook their heads, and

catching up my shawl, I hurried off in the direction of his office. Half a mile from the cottage I met him

on his way home,
"Why, Belle," he cried, catching my arm and looking down in consternation at my draggled garments and muddy feet, "where are you going? What is the matter?"

"Oh, Philip, the baby, little Pearl, what have you done with her?"
"Done with little Pearl? Are you going mad, Belle? Tell me what you mean?"

"She's gone-little Pearl's gone. came down stairs and found her cradle cupty, and I was sure you had her.' He stood silent for a moment, his face growing as white and stern as death; then he said, solemnly:

"No, Belle, I haven't seen the child. haven't been home since morning. He started on before me, with long, rapid strides, into the cottage, and up to the little cradle standing in the corner, as if to satisfy his own eyes. Then he turned back to the yard, and began to examine the tracks in the mud around

the doorway. The farm hands were examining them also. 'Moccasin tracks, boss," said one old man, significantly, pointing to an inden-ture in the yielding soil. "Injuns, I

My husband's face grew a shade

"Yes," he responded, "that's it; come, my lads, we haven't a moment to He started off, followed by the labor-

ers, but a few rods from the house he turned back. "Poor Belle," he said, putting his arms around me, "this is terrible for you,

but you must be strong, and hope for the best. The Indians have passed here, and it was they, no doubt, who stole the We must try to intercept them before they cross the river; we may not be back to night; you had better go over to Mr. Delavan's and stay till we re-

But I did not go. I went into the lonely cottage, and fell upon my knees beside the empty little crib. God had given me my wish; I had no baby. Ah, me, the self-torture, the bitterness of those long, long hours can never be de-

Morning dawned at last, lurid and misty, a red sun struggling up through ragged billows of gray tog. About ten o'clock my husband and his party returned, weary, haggard and hopeless. They had followed the Indians all night; but when at last they came up with them, far beyond the river, they could our after efforts were equally unsuccessful. We offered rewards, and instituted

There was ample time for leisure then ; no peevish cries, no little baby wants to occupy me! But I, who had hated labor, flew to it now as my sole refuge and comfort. The only ease that I found face.'

was in constant action. My husband worked too, but his life seemed to have lost its impelling force, its happiest inspiration.

Years went by, and not content with my simple household duties, I took charge of a neighboring school-I aided my husband in his office. My mind expanded, my ideas enlarged, I was no longer an indolent, helpless repiner, but a strong, self-reliant, laboring woman, a true helpmate for my hus-band. Success crowned our united efforts, wealth and renown flowed in upon us, my husband was elected judge and spoken of for Congress-but we

were childless, for no more babies came. Ten years after our removal to the West, we received intelligence of my uncle's death, and, being his only heirs, we went down at once to attend to the settlement of his estate. Returning homeward, we made a tour of Niagara and the principal Northern cities.

One September night found us in New

York, and at the opera. The house was unusually gay, the music divine, but through all the gamour and perfume of gorgeous toilets, amid the wailing of the music, and the triumphant strains of the singers, I sat unconscious, almost indifferent, the old yearning in my heart roused up to strange and sudden intensity. Only one thought possessed me, and that was my lost baby, little Pearl. I seemed to be living over that terrible singers, I sat unconscious, almost indifferent, the old yearning in my heart roused up to strange and sudden intensity. Only one thought possessed me, and that was my lost baby, little Pearl. I seemed to be living over that terrible morning and long, long night again, and my soul cried out for my child with a longing that would not be silenced. Yet in the gay house and exquisite music. "Look in the box and gar law Box on "Look in the box and gar law Box on "Look in the box and gar law in the little creature. I couldn't bear to give her up—but I was sorry enough after my old man died, and we came to want. But I've kept the clothes she had on, and maybe, madam, you may hear of her people some day."

"Let us see the clothes," gasped my little creature. I couldn't bear to give her up—but I was sorry enough want. But I've kept the clothes she had on, and maybe, madam, you may hear of her people some day."

"Let us see the clothes," gasped my little gray house and even in the little creature. I couldn't bear to give her up—but I was sorry enough want. But I've kept the clothes she had on, and maybe, madam, you may hear to give her up—but I was sorry enough want. But I've kept the clothes she had on, and maybe, madam, you may hear of her people some day."

"Let us see the clothes," gasped my little gray house and even in the little creature. I couldn't bear to give her up—but I was sorry enough want. But I've kept the clothes she had on, and maybe, madam, you may hear of her people some day." in the gay house and exquisite music there was nothing suggestive of her short, sweet little life; why, then, did she seem so near to me? what was it that thrilled and shook me so?

The opera over, we started for our hotel. At one of the crossings the carriage made a sudden halt.

'Nothing but a strap broke loose; all right in a moment, sir," said the driver, in answer to my husband's inquiry.

I leaned out while he was arranging it, looking over the silent city, and up into the solemn summer night. The sky was blue and cloudless, the stars mellow and misty, and a full moon hung like a golden jewel in the far west. My eyes filled with tears, and an inexpressible yearning filled my soul.

"Where is my baby—where is little Pearl to-night?" I murmured.

"Please, madam, just one penny!" The slender, childish voice, mellow and sweet as the note of a blackbird. startled me out of my reverie, and, looking down, I saw a tiny figure and an ap-pealing baby-face below in the misty moonlight. "Please, madam, I never begged be-fore, but grandmarm is so sick, and she's

at nothing since yesterday.' Just then the driver sprang to his box. and the carriage whirled off again, leav-

ing the little thing far behind, but I caught at my husband's arm in breathss engerness. "Philip," I entreated, "stop the car-

riage, I must see that child."
He glanced back hesitatingly, and there the little thing stood in the moonlight, just as we had left her.
"I must, Philip," I repeated; "don't

Andmy husband bade the driver turn back, which he did with a muttered imprecation.

'Now, my little girl," I said, leaning out and extending my arm, "come here and tell me how I can help you." "Grandmarm is sick," she replied,

oming close up to the wheels and raising her soft blue eyes to my face, "and so hungry, and I never begged before,

"And where does your grandma live, "Right down the street, in that row of tenements. "Take her up, Philip; we must look

into this case. My husband obeyed, and the driver. being promised double pay, turned down toward the tenements. I seated the little girl beside me, and took her little brown hand in mine. The bare touch of her slender fingers made the very blood in my heart thrill, and I wanted to clasp her in my arms and cover her poor, wan little face with kisses, with a

onging that was absolute pain. "How pretty she is," I said, smooth-ing back her tangled golden hair that shaded her white forehead and sweet

"She looks like a frightened bird," said my husband, smiling; "what will you with her, Belle?" 'Keep her forever, if I can," I replied,

with a feeling of intense happiness at my heart. Just then we reached the tenements.

"That's grandmarm's room," said the child, pointing upward to a window in hich a dim light was burning.

We left the carriage and followed her up a long flight of stairs, and into the low, humble room. On the rude couch lay an old woman, her strong, worn face wearing that pallor which never knows

"Grandmarm," cries the child, running to the bedside, "here's a good, nice lady come, and she'll give you some tea, and you'll get well now.

The old woman turned her head, her eager eyes fastening themselves upon us. Thank God!" she murmured, thought I should die and leave her

What can I do for you, madam?" I asked, bending over her.
"Nothing for me, I'm past help; it's the child I want looked after.' "Yes, but you must have nourishment-Philip, go out for some tea, and

we'll have a fire at once."
"Woman," she said, solemnly, "listen to me. I am dying-in a few hours I shall be in the other world-I could drink a drop of water, but nothing else." My husband procured it in a tew moments, and after drinking it she seemed somewhat revived.

'Now," she said, "while I am strong enough, let me speak about the child— when I'm gone she won't have a friend in the wide world-you look like a rich woman, would you-I'll take her and be a mother to her,'

I interrupted, eagerly. *Come round here and let me see your

I obeyed, bending down to the dying es that searched my face so keenly After a moment she drew a deep breath.
"Yes," she said, "I can trust you:
your face is good and honest—God has sent you—come here, little Rose—this is

your new mother: you must love her and be a good girl when I'm gone." I held out my arms, and the little thing nestled close to my bosom, looking up into my face with wondering eyes.
"I will be good to her," I said; "as

God hears me, I will. "I believe you, and now I can die in peace. I should a' been dead long ago, but for leavin' the child—that kept me She ain't a frien' in the world, and she's no flesh and blood o' mine. Ten years ago, my old man was alive then, and runnin' a flat-bost on a Western river. We fell in with a party of Injuns. They had a white baby with 'em, the prettiest, daintiest little thing I ever set eyes on. I had jest lost my own baby, and I couldn't bear to see them carry the poor little thing away, so pursuaded my old man to buy it.

"Look in the box and get 'em, Rose. The child obeyed, bringing a small bundle carefully wrapped up. I unfolded it with trembling hands, and then, as my eyes fell upon the embroidered frock, the little crimson sack and the dainty blue shoes-my own baby

clothes-for the first time in my life dropped down in a dead faint.
When consciousness returned I found my husband bending over me with a radiant face, and little Rose—my own little Pearl—closely clasped in his arms.

"Found at last, Belle," he murmured, tremulously; "God be thanked, we are not childless!"

Increase of Gambling.

As to private gambling, it can hardly be denied that there is a good deal more of it now than before the war, both ac tually and comparatively. It is a vice of our colleges, and games with stakes are played at many of the clubs, while in private houses it is very generally felt that the facination of the play is much that the facination of the play is much increased by the putting up of something at the corners. Betting of all sorts has also increased within twenty years, coming into vogue with other English and Continental fashions. Poker has its devotees by the hundred thousand; and the steady multiplication of horse races, boat races, billiard matches, ball games nishes occasion for gratifying the taste for taking hazards. The demand for ottery tickets has also grown within a juarter of a century.

Among the games of cards which are now most played in private circles, the noble and ancient game of whist has of ate regained its former supremacy. Euchre, of trifling consequence in comparison, and of far less interest for a mind capable of concentration, for a time eemed to eclipse the glories of whist in general estimation, leaving that dignfied game to be courted by old fogies But euchre had its day; and now the whole pack is brought into requisition by those who seriously follow the intricacies of the most engaging of games. Since the introduction of the new and

improved combination game, by the rules of which whist is made more scientific and satisfactory, the number of of a law court. Hence the crime of a whist clubs has increased throughout man who ill-uses his beast is aggravated the country, and it is steadily driving by the most contemptible cowardice. If out other games of cards. But why insist on money at the corners! Can't the game furnish excitement enough with-out such hazards? Many people think it can; and in fact it quickens the pace of the passing hours for thousands of minister a dignified rebuke, he still gets conscientious men and women to whom a money stake is an offence and a wicked- used beast cannot thus retaliate, thereness .- New York Sun.

How Coffee Came to be Used.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or fully civilized country in the world, make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America it had never before been known or used. It grew only in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee upon the reports of shepherds, who obrved that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant, brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies. The extent of the consumption now can hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

Rough on the Elephant.

A new wrinkle has developed in the circus advertising business. The camel has begun to fight the elephant, just abou time the afternoon exhibition closes. And in every instance up to date the camel has "licked." We pro-test against this. We do not object in the least to the advertising it gives the circus, but it is too humiliating on the elephant. No high-minded, right-feeling elephant can hold up his head when it has been printed in all the papers that he was "licked" six times in one week by a hair-lipped, sponge-footed, long-necked, hump-backed, mangy-look-ing camel, when he knows perfectly well that he could kick the stuffing out of all the camels in the great moral show, with one hand tied behind him.—Burlington Hawkeye.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A patent has been issued to Miss Harriet G. Hosmer by the United States patent office for her process of making artificial marble, regarding which so much has been said. The claims set forth that limestone, or other like sub-stance including alabaster stone, may be given the appearance and uniform hardness throughout of natural marble in its various colors by t ie application of moist heat or heat in the form of steam, in combination with a bath of alum and water, or with various baths composed of various chemicals and coloring matter.

In an article on "External Parasites" the Rural New Yorker gives this curious information: "There are three species of lice that disturb the peace and quiet of the human family. The head louse is the most common. It is said that in olden times it was thought no disgrace, but fashionable and desirable, to harbor and nourish the crawling pigmies of the were glad enough to sell, so I took the child and raised her as my own. I meant to hunt up her folks and I named it after to hunt up her folks and I named it after to hunt up her folks and I named it after to hunt up her folks and I named it after pinned in an entomological cabinet, but pinned in an entomological cabinet, but he will soon banish them according to the fashion well understood in all civ-

> At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, which opened at Chester, a report was received from Dr. P. D. Keyser, surgeon of the Wills Hospital of Philadelphia, detailing the results of an examination as to color blindness of train men employed on railroads converging in Philadelphia. He found that of those examined three and one-half per cent. mistook colors one for the other, their defects being of such character as to make them really incapable and unsafe to fill the positions they occupy. Then there were eight and one half per cent. additional who, although able to distinguish colors, were unable to tell the shades of colors, thus making twelve per cent. of those examined who were not quick and sharp in noticing and distinguishing colors and shades.

We have been apt to consider China as a heathen country, and such it is from the Christian standpoint, but it is far from an ignorant land. It has, without doubt, according to Barnes' Educational Monthly, over 400,000,000 of people, of which vast number there is scarcely one who cannot read and write. It has 2,000 than forty years of age. colleges, and their libraries outnumber ours ten to one. There are in that land of pig-tailed Mongols 2,000,000 highly educated men, while there is hardly i woman who is educated of all the vas number of its people, and not one who is thought to have a soul. Education is principally a discipline of the memory, and their schools are based upon an enirely different idea from ours. A liv Yankee schoolmaster would find little on!" employment in China, even though he understood the Chinese language and literature perfectly.

The sin of cruelty to animals is aggravated by two circumstances. First, the obligation under which we lie to the dumb creation, which are our servants. We owe so much to the horse, the mule, the cow, the faithful watch dog, and we ought to treat them kindly nay, gratefully. The want of these an other animals would be a felt calamity. But we want to remember that the sin is aggravated by their silence. They are dumb. If you are ill-used, you can cry for aid, and secure it. If you are hungry you can cry for bread, and get it; but the poor dumb beast cannot ask for food, nor appeal for protection to the officer strikes his equal, he may receive a blow in return, or he may be severely chastised for his temper; or if his antagonist, fore the cruel monster who mercilessly abuses the beast he drives or rides is the meanest of all cowards.

The Beggars of Rome.

It was estimated, a year ago, that the number of these real or would-be blind, lame, halt and infirm beings was not less than six hundred. Under the new system of providing for these apparently wretched creatures, all the professional eggars, who are well known to the olice, have been taken to their new nome in the former Convent of Sette Sale, to their intense dissatisfaction. Sitting all day long on the street-corners, and calling with faint and pitiful voices on the sympathies of charitable persons, and displaying their personal defects to a kind public, was not all of this gipsy life. After a well-spent day, the fortunate mendicant who had known how to plead well his cause, retired with a bag full of pennies-forty, fifty, perhaps hundred-to a neighboring osria, where wine and oil, and well-filled dish of macaroni awaited him; or else returned to a comfortable home and well-dressed relatives. Indeed, since these beggars have been confined in their new home, elegantly dressed ladies present themselves

at the doors of this infirmary to reclaim relatives who are within, and own themselves their mothers sisters, cousins, or sisters-in-law. The rules of the establishment are especially repugnant to these sons of liberty. They receive soup and bread during the week and meat on Sunday, but the deprivation from wine educed them to such desperation that they pleaded earnestly to have it given to them. As soon as they enter the es tablishment they are shaved, cleansed. and legs, arms and eyes are straightened up, producing a wonderful transformaion in their appearance. If released, they generally try to return to their old occupation.

Last year 51,592 Ohioans were married and 1,997 divorces were granted.

A Loving Heart.

Sunny eyes may lose their brightness; Nimble feet forget their lightness; Pearly teeth may know decay; Raven tresses turn to gray: Cheeks be pale and eyes be dim; Faint the voice, and weak the limb; But, though youth and strength depart, Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like that charming little flower, Peeping forth in wintry hour, When the summer's breath is fled, Gaudier flowerets inded, dead; So when outward charms are gone, Brighter still doth blossom on, In spite of time's destroying dart, The gently, kindly, loving heart.

Ye, in worldly wisdom old; Ye, who bow the knee to gold; Doth this earth as lovely seem As it did in life's young dream, Ere the world had crusted o'er Feelings good and pure before, Ere you sold at mammon's mart The best yearnings of the heart?

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer! Whether life of ease or care Be the one to me assigned, That each coming year may find Loving thoughts and gentle words Twined within my bosom's chords, And that age may but impart Riper freshness to my heart.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Weather report-Thunder. A hen lays and a ship lays to. Come to stay all summer-Warm reather.

More frogs' legs are now eaten in merica than France. Paris drinks in a year more than 30,000,000 gallons of beer.

The swells of the ocean get dead broke as soon as they strike the shore.

Establishments for the refining of petroleum are increasing fast in Japan. One hundred and eighty-three cotton mills have been built in the South since

The Crown Princess of Germany, who has been made a grandmother, is less

A party of twenty Americans will make a tour on bicycles through the west of England next fall. The human skeleton consists of more

than 200 distinct bones. Some 5,000 less, it is calculated, than shad a contains. A little Philadelphia boy startled a friend of the family by remarking that he was "four years old with his clothes

Bicycles are used to such an extent in London that it has been found necessary to adopt stringent rules to regulate the

The boy who left a piece of ice in the sun to warm up was no more foolish than the man who opened a store and

expected people to hunt him out and buy his goods.

A curious case has just been decided in Washington. Mrs. Senator Sprague, laughter of Chief Justice Chase, directed Mr. Alexander Gardner to make a series f photographs of her father's library, President Lincoln's commission to him and several other things, all of which was satisfactorily done, but not paid for. Mr. Gardner accordingly brought suit. The plea entered by Mrs. Sprague's counsel was that she, as a married woman, had no separate estate. will of the Chief Justice, which showed a personality of \$90,000 in favor of Mrs. Sprague and her sister, Mrs. Hoyt, was shown to be irregular, not being proper-y witnessed. The court, therefore, held hat Mrs. Sprague was a nonentity in law, and, as a matter of course, Mr. Gardner lost his suit. The case is of pecial interest, as Congress recently exempted Edgewood, her father's estate, on her account, from taxation, while now on her testimony it does not belong

A Supposed Yellow Fever Germ.

Dr. Walter Bailey, of New Orleans, has in his possession what he believes to be a real yellow fever germ. Looking at the particles through a microscope it appears to be a cloudy or colored substance divided in all directions by lines or fibers taking the form of a grapevine, which are somewhat darker in color than the main body of the substance. Scattered about these lines irregularly are several specks or spores of a dark brown with a minute light speck in the center. The germ, which has formed upon the inner surface of the lower lass in the eye piece of the microscope, is invisible to the naked eye; but when certain focus of less power than that under which the above description is made is obtained, the particles resemble dust mixed with linen fibers. As to the origin of the substance, Dr.

Bailey states that it so happened that he took out his microscope and cleaned it about the first of September last, when the yellow fever was raging in an epidemic form in New Orleans, and carefully rubbing and drying the glasses with a chamois skin the instument was losed up and laid away in a dry place in the wardrobe, where it remained until five weeks later, when, upon taking it out to examine some deposit in a se of Bright's disease, nothing could be seen but the peculiar half transparent substance which appeared upon one of the glasses. After examining the glasses carefully the doctor came to the conclusion that the object on the glass was a sort of vegetable of the fungus order which had grown upon the inside of the microscope after it was closed up and put away. He is certain that the glass was perfectly clean when he put the instrument in the wardrobe, because he remembers distinctly that he looked through carefully to see that it was all right, it being his sole purpose to have it ready for use.