### The Forest Republican.

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# The Forest Republican.

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#### A Summer Mood.

We said, when wan November days Had buried all the flowers, "The world no longer wears the charm Ot April's sparkling hours; A subtle change, a nameless spell Has turned the bloom to mold, The days are dark, the nights are drear, And we are growing old !"

But when the vivid foliage woke Beneath the soft spring rain, And from the maple boughs we heard The robins sing again, With the first note our hearts grew light, Our lips no longer cold, Grew glad with kindred melodies-

Can this be growing old? Rare meanings, radiant prophecies Each day and evening gave, All fairy land revived again In verdure, sky and wave. The violet on the river's brink, The river as it rolled, Sparkled in sunbeams at our feet, And smiled at growing old !

Then listening to the woods' low stir. The rapture of the birds, In the warm light of nature's smile More eloquent than words, We cried-" Be ours the heritage So joyously foretold-Our youth but slept; our souls are strong, There is no growing old !"

Jh, friend, lave cheer! within the breast Eternal summer lies, Our childhood's vanished rose is wet With dows of Paradisc. The river of our joy runs deep And flows o'er sands of gold, We drink the wine of youth divine, We never shall be old! -Frances L. Mace, in Portland Transcript.

## THAT UNLUCKY QUOTATION.

A STORY OF "PINAFORE."

They would have made a very pretty picture on a painted tile, as they sat on the porch in the vivid afternoon light. The cottage itself was as trim and complete as a toy house; its color was a soft gray. The late sunshine was goldenly clear, and all the green world was shining, fresh from a shower. Auntie Trib was sitting in a bright red rocking-chair, and her pretty old face was as pink and white as a bunch of roses; and as for Sallie herself—well, ask any critic in Rockdale, from the oldest inhabitant down to the tiniest toddler, and you will hear a more enthusiastic comment than any which I can supply. Rockdale is a neat little New England village, far away out of the world, in a rocky, hillyand-daly district, where the direct scendants of the Puritans still hold their

Auntie Trib's son, Free Grace Hill—called "Free" for short—made his name good at an early age by snatching his liberty and marching away "to town' -never mind what town; we can call it He verified his mother's title at the same time, for she became indeed an embodiment of tribulation; but Free disappointed her agreeably, for he found a good situation, and worked in it faithfully and steadily. He was now a neverfailing source of pride and delight when on his brief visits he dazzled Rockdale with his "town-made" garments, his dainty mustache and general air of

'style."
His last visit, however, proved an epoch in the history of Rockdale, and also in the history of his air little orphan cousin Sallie. He brought with him an older friend, employed in the same house with himself, but in a more advanced position. This personage, whom he designated as Jack Arnold, immediately sent poor Free into the shade, and cast him down from that pinnacle of fame which he had mounted at the cost of many a pair of highly-polished boots

and much studied elegance: I will not attempt to describe the effect which young Arnold produced upon the simple village maidens." Every pretty wile which had formerly been directed toward the fortunate son of Auntie Trib was now leveled at his friend, with a force and energy that produced the effect of a bombardment. Ere long, however, it was discovered that the new-comer was proof against every species of attack Not that he was invulnerable—far from it. The ruth was that he had fallen under the very first shot. He had not been beneath Auntie Trib's roof twentyfour hours before he had succumbed unconditionally to the force of Sallie's charms. The little Puritan maiden, with her cameo face and her steadfast gray eyes, stole at once into his heartan honest heart, for there is no yillain in this unpretending tale-and from thence forth he was her liege knight for life. It was not by passionate pleading and great deeds that he undertook to win her for his own; no, the task was but easy, after all. He was fair, good-humored, tall and handsome; Free said he was a capital fellow, and Sallie had great faith in Free; he was devoted and unreserved in expressing his affection: what more could maiden ask? Before his vacation was over he had bravely made known his love, and was shyly but readily accepted; and when he and Free left Rockdale they bade a tender farewell to a happy little damsel with a ring upon her finger.

All this did not happen long ago, but in this very year of 1879. Rockdale was nestled away far and deep among the hills; it was not very near the town of D—, and L—— itself was not a great How should Rockdale know what was agitating the world beyond? By newspapers, of course; but women do not often read the newspapers carefully, and the two women of this narrative seldom looked into them. Especially did they, in their Puritanic rigor, neglect the amusement columns. After all, why read of operas, plays and concerts that heart? At least he had ope one cannot see or hear? When anything tradicted his first denial of hav was "going on" in Rockdale itself, all mitted a dishonorable action.

the village was on the alert; but no one ever," indeed! Did he think she—shecared what the fashionable folk stared at would marry a man who had ever comthrough their opera-glasses in the great cities. So this year, when "H. M. S. Pinafore" sailed jauntily, with colors flying, into American waters, many of the inhabitants of Rockdale recked not of it, and this simple fact brought conof it, and this simple fact brought con-sternation to the house of Hill. The "saucy ship" found its way to L—, anchored there long enough to set a few enthusiasts to singing "Little Butter-cup" and "The Merry Maiden and the Tar" (incorrectly, of course), and not finding quite so warm a welcome as in-some of the larger cities, soon set sail again for a more congenial haven. But the mania for quoting the libretto the mania for quoting the libretto— especially the "hardly ever" epidemic— spread in that region, as it did every-

Our friend Jack Arnold went to see the performance, and of course he thought of Sallie all the evening, and envied young Hill, whose lady-love was in the party. The two young men were meditating a brief visit to Rockdale, and hence it was, perhaps, that Jack's thoughts were too far away to allow of his giving full appreciation to the incomparable little opera. All the tender music filled him with thoughts of love, from which the irresistible jingle of the merry choruses beguiled him only for the merry choruses beguiled him only for the moment. Therefore, when the day came for the journey to Rockdale, and he found himself at last in the presence of his beloved, his mind was quite absorbed by the joy of it, and he had no leisure for such trifling matters as the discussion of a pretty new opera. So Sallie was left still in her benighted ignorance also know potting of "Pineserone also know production and norance; she knew nothing of "Pina-

They began to talk of mundane matters, however, on the second evening, when they were all seated together.

"That poor Laura Beamis!" said Auntie Trib, compassionately. "Did you know she'd got back, Free?"

"Laura Beamis!" uttered Free, with a laurah and glancing at Jack who looked.

laugh, and glancing at Jack, who looked a trifle conscious. "You had a flirt-" "Yes," inter, upted his mother; "and "Yes," inter.upted his mother; "and they do say she's been jilted by some town young man to a degree that's made her a poor, broken-hearted consumptive."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Free. "Heart and lungs gone at one fell swoop! That is going into the dying business whole-

This irreverent comment was received by Auntie Trib with much reproachful indignation; but Sallie sat mute, with a wildly-beating heart. Gossip had carried to her ears the tale that Laura Beamis had claimed a former acquaint-anceship with Jack Arnold. The unfortunate girl had gone to live with her aunt in L—, and had returned in serious ill-health, the result, it was said. of a disappointment in love. Free's look

was peculiar. Could it be—
"My grief! it's an awful thing," con-Trib. She was engaged to him, I think, and he went off somewheres and came back engaged to some other girl. My! the poor thing looks as if she had one foot in the grave a'ready. It's really dretful, ain't it, John?"—with a sudden appeal to the silent listener. "Very-very, indeed," said Arnold.

"I—I knew her."
"You did? Well, I want to know!"
said Auntie Trib. "Why didn't you
say so before? Wasn't she pretty, poor Wasn't she pretty, poor thing, before she got so low-spirited?" "Who was the man?" asked Sallie,

"Very pretty, I think," said Jack, answering Mrs. Hill's question. He did not mean to ignore Sallie's, but Free broke in with a torrent of lively nonsense, and the conversation drifted away from Laura Beamis and her troubles. Sallie was slightly uncomfortable, but she had confidence in her lover, and did not allow herself to indulge, as yet, in causeless suspicion. Auntie Trib, however, recurred to the former subject, which had distressed her simple, sentimental old heart. She exclaimed, medi-

"My! ain't it dishonorable for a man to behave so!" "If I knew him," said Sallie, looking like a youthful prophetess, in her sweet austerity, "I would never touch his

hand again—no, not if he had been my best friend." What! so severe?" asked Jack, with

half-amused remonstrance.
"Whew! Look out, Jack," cried
Free. "You never did anything dis-

honorable, did you?" "Never," answered Jack, readily and quietly enough. This was irresistible.

"'What! never?" asked Free, with intense significance.

"Well, 'hardly ever,' "returned Jack nervously rubbing his chin, apparently the very embodiment of guilty con-fusion. Then they both uttered cold little evasive laughs, and Free changed the subject

The truth was, they had both heard the joke so often that it could no longer raise a hearty laugh," and they did not reflect that the quotation was entirely new to their hearers. They talked on, ignorant of the overwhelming effect which their words had produced. For Auntie Trib was seriously alarmed, and egan to think that she ought to have inquired more closely into the young man's antecedents. She resolved to question Free at the earliest opportunity; but how could this be accomplished, since the two friends intended to leave Rockville at an early hour on the following morning? She decided to write a most urgent letter, and sift the matter to the bottom. But how was it with Sallie? The little incident was, to her narrow and innocent mind, a firmation strong as proofs of holy writ. Jack was evidently ashamed of some-thing in the past; he had been confused and silent when Laura Beamis was discussed; the events tallied; yes, the circumstantial evidence was strong. Free had said, "You had a flirt-"-" a flirtation with her," he had intended to continue, when his mother interrupted him. But what if Jack were innocent in the case of Laura and her broken heart? At least he had openly contradicted his first denial of having com-

mitted the faintest shadow of a dishonorable action? Never! not though her own heart broke, like Laura's.

All night long poor Sallie lay tossing on her bed, working her foolish little brain into a state bordering upon frenzy. She revolved the matter in her mind until she lost all power of correct and tranquil judgment. The more violently she excited herself, the more conclusive, to her thinking, became the proofs of poor Jack's baseness. At length she could lie there no longer; she rose, and by the faint light of the winter dawn she wrote a brief but decisive letter to Jack, slipped her engagement ring into the same inclosure, sealed the envelope, and wrote his name upon it. Faint and weary with her long conflict, she was about to lie down again, when she remembered that it was near the early breakfast hour appointed for the two young men, and that she had promised to assist Jerusha in her preparations; so she dressed hastily, with trembling fingers, and crept down to the kitchen. Had she obtained an hour's sleep she would have awakened with a clearer sense of things, and the unfortunate note would probably have been destroyed. But now her wearied and overstimulated brain continued to ponder upon the cause of her distress, and magnify it to gigantic proportions.

"For the land's sake, child," ex-claimed Jerusha, "you do look power-"I couldn't sleep," said Sallie, shortly, There, Jerusha, the table's set, and

there's plenty of time for me to go and rest a while now." And quietly laying the note beside Jack's plate, she hurried back to her room.

Her lover glanced around with restless eyes when he met Free and Auntie Trib at the breakfast table. He had not believed that Sallie would elude him

this morning. He seated himself, with anxiously drawn brows.
"What? why, here's a letter!"he exclaimed. Then, examining it, he read the word "Private" beneath his own name,

and flushing hotly, he slipped it into his breast pocket. "From Sallie," he

said, quietly.

"What ever does the child mean?"
cried Auntie Trib. "Ain't she up? Jerushy, go right up and get her."

"She said as how she'd ben layin' awake," said Jerusha, "and she went to get the said.

rest a spell."

"Well, you go along and tell her to come," said Mrs. Hill.

But Jack called out: "Don't disturb

her if she's asleep." Jerusha went up, and presently came lattering down again. "She's asleep," lattering down again.

she said as she entered. Poor Sallie had indeed dropped into a troubled slumber, and Mack would not admit for an instant the idea of rousing

"It would be cruel," said the softcarted fellow, Free and I will run lown here very soon again. He was disappointed and doleful, but he hoped the letter would explain mat-The ring had been dropped into the folds of the paper, and its shape could not be distinguished through the

thick envelope. Poor Jack wondered vaguely what the hard substance within could be, but the real state of the case never dawned upon him. As he and young Hill were walking ogether to the railway station he took he note from his pocket and tore it open

It was brief, mysterious, decisive.
"Queer enough," said Free, "for Sal
lie to give us the slip in this way. Just
like you not to wake her. She'll be

mad enough to— Bless me, Jack, what's the matter?" For Jack had stopped short, with a violent exclamation. His face was purple, his eyes blazing with wrath and pain. He held up the ring before Free's

astonished gaze. "What in the name of-" began Free But he was unheard; Jack turned swiftly, and ran like a madman back to the Hill cottage.

Sallie was walking the porch in an agony of doubt and trouble. Her brief rest had cleared her perceptions, but it had not yet freed her from the state of mingled perplexity and stubborn de-cision into which she had worked her-self. She was not yielding, but she was wretched and regretful.
Suddenly Jack appeared before her,
flushed and glaring, his excitable tem-

perament roused to its highest pitch. "Are you insane?" he cried, seizing her roughly by the arm. "Do you want

to drive me to pedition with your wicked cruelty? In Heaven's name, explain yourself." And he fairly panted for breath. "Let me go!" she uttered, sternly; " will not have you to touch me. Address me as if you were at least a gen-

tleman." Jack was goaded to frenzy, and answered intemperately; so the miserable quarrel raged high. No explanation was given; mutual recriminations passed back and forth. At last Sallie taunted him with an allusion to his flirtation

with Laura Beamis. "So it is for petty jealousy that you treat me so?" he cried. No," she answered. "It is because

I know you to be dishonorable. At the word Jack's heated face turned pale as death. The two foolish people were now at white heat.

'It is a lie," said he, in a voice of ominous calm. And she, as sternly and quietly, sent him from her, with orders never to return. So he turned upon his heel and left her there, and their bond was broken.

After this the days went on quietly enough. Night succeeded day with remorseless regularity. No one knew what Sallie Hill suffered; no one knew what she would have given to recall her bitter words. She had east Jack away without counting the cost; she had learned at last that she could not afford it; she was a bankrupt in happiness. Gradually the slim, haughty figure grew slighter and less erect; the proud little mouth softened, and let fall words of piety with greater readiness than of old. She was growing meek through pain. month changed her as a year might have "Hardly done.

Talking one day with Laura Beamis, who was growing stronger and more cheerful, she looked down at her ringless finger with deep dejection, and Laura, following her eyes, said, sud-

denly:

"Sallie, I hoped you would have married Jack Arnold. I knew him in L—;
he is such a good fellow! He and I once had a little innocent flirtation, before—before—well, when I first left Rockdale, and I have always since thought of him as a friend. You're not

engaged to him?"
"No," replied Sallie, in a tone which forbade inquiry,
"So that was all!" she thought. "I

believe I have lost all for nothing-for nothing! But it is too late." Still her pride never dreamed of bending. But further revelations were to come. At last a "Pinafore" company visited Rockdale, and Sallie, seated by a rustic swain, who basked in the cold light of

her rare smiles, heard with languid pleasure the inimitable opera. Suddenly, like the jest of a mocking fiend, there broke upon her cars the fatal words which had helped to destroy her peace, the familiar "What! never?" "Hardly ever." Strange words to be associated with heartache and misery! Yet, absurd as it may seem, they were, to Sallie's ears, freighted with a drearier spell than the ancient cabalistic mutterings of witch or wizard, or the fateful utterances of the oracles. For this, this mere quotation, this idle joke, she had wrought herself into a state of virtuous indignation and approx specification. ous indignation and angry suspicion of the man she loved. And she lost him. This was the bitterest touch; yet more was to come.

When she reached home, Auntie Trib met her with a rueful countenance "My grief! Sallie," she exclaimed; " don't b'lieve you treated Jack Arnold right. Here's a letter from Free sayin' Jack's down with typhus fever, or some-thin' like it, and he says you've killed him, and that we must come down to - right off. But, law me! what's he thinkin' of, wantin' you to run your head into a contiguous disease!" (Auntie Trib's words were often changed at birth, like the captain and Ralph, when she spoke in haste.) "Why, you might as well face small-pox as typhus—not but what I'm sorry for Jack; but of course

"Go!" cried Sallie, who had snatched the letter. "Try to keep me, that's all! I must go to-night—to-night! It's ty-phoid, not typhus, suntie. Oh, if I could take it and die! Oh, Jack! Jack!" and quiet, dignified Sallie broke down, and

wailed like a child. They could not go that night; there was no train till daybreak; but Sallie made ready for their journey with fever-ish energy. Her poor bewildered aunt remonstrated feebly, but in vain; she was whirled off in the early morning light, and sat in a dazed condition on the train, with her best bonnet all awry,

beside her, gazing straight forward, like a mournful Fate. How the young proud heart had been humbled that night in prayer and tears! Would the journey It ended at last; and Jack, who was, am bound to say, not quite so ill as Free had represented, awoke from sleep to find bending over him-not the fair avenging goddess of his late troubled dreams, but the sweet woman whom he

loved. Of course he forgave her; of course he recovered. What would you expect? He was tender and vehement, and grief and perplexity and remorse had broken him down; but he was vigorous, and joy and confession and forgiveness restored him. Of course you knew from the first how the story would end; it is but a trifling tale of a tempest in a teacup. But Sallie had learned a lesson which she never forgot. How Jack laughed when he heard her

explanation! "As 'Pinafore' was the cause of our despair," he said, "let 'Pinafore' express our newly-recovered happiness." And he began to sing, feebly and in-

correctly, but still heartily, " Oh, joy! Oh, rapture unforeseen!" Free and Auntie Trib stood by like a

kindly chorus," smiling benevolently. "I'll never be so foolish again," said age whisper.

"No, of course she never will," cried Auntie Trib, failing to recognize the a great many times. With which exhibition of innocence the old lady brought down the house" as Captain Corcoran himself could never do. But you see her audience was so very happy. Harper's Bazar.

#### Words of Wisdom.

A hopeless person is one who deserts

Ignorance has no light; error follows false one. A fine coat may cover a fool, but never

conceals one. There is no grief like the grief which does not speak. He who blackens others does not

whiten himself. Genius is sometimes arrogant; knowldge is always diffident.

We are never so proud and so humble as when we are praised. What is styled timidity is probably nothing but the fear of showing too little merit.

A good constitution is like a money its full value is never known till it is broken. Good taste is the modesty of the mind;

or acquired. In general, there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

It the shoe of a monarch could do as nuch as the monarch himself, the court would be divided between his majesty

The dearer and more gaudy the silk handkerchief the further it is allowed to stick ou of the coat pocket.

#### TIMELY TOPICS.

A Vienna journal says that when start-ing for Livadia, the Russian Czar went to the station in an ironclad carriage, escorted by about 400 mounted guards. The station was surrounded by military and police, and entrance was strictly pro-hibited. Similar precautions of taken at all stations along the lifull of police and guards proceded the emperor's, and no one for twenty-four hours was permitted even to approach

There are certain comparisons between the vital statistics of France and Prussia, in a recent report to the Academy of ciences of Paris. Thus, it appears that in France 100 marriages give about 300 children; in Prussia, 460. It is also shown that in France the annual increase in population (births over deaths) is 2,400 for each million of inhabitants, while in Prussia it is 13,600. At this rate the population of France should double in 170 years; that of Prussia in forty-two.

Dr. Keith, of Illinois, asserts that diphtheria comes from potato eating. Dr. Keith claims this notion to be the result of his own experience as well as that of his father, extending over twenty-nine years, and embracing eleven hundred cases of diphtheria. In all of these cases the patients were potato eaters. Persons who eschewed the potato escaped the diphtheria, though residing in the midst of an infected district. It may be pre-sumed that this sweeping charge does not apply to healthy tubers, but only to those affected by the potato rot.

When the Duke of Argyll, father of the Marquis of Lorne, Canada's Gov-ernor-General, arrived in New York, on a Cunard steamship, he was interviewed before he could land by the ubiquitous reporters, one of whom described the Scotch nobleman and his family as follows: "Then came a pleasant, somewhat stout gentleman, with red hair, gray whiskers and slightly freekled face, who, it was whispered, was the Duke of Argyll. He wore a dark, mixed summer overcoat, standing collar and black cravat; and although he had three or four servants in attendance, was littered up with the small traps of a traveler. On the Duke's arm was his eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Campbell, a tall delicate-complexioned blonde, with light auburn hair and pale face. She wore a black cloak of some plain stuff, with a black fur collar, over an ordinary travel-ing-dress. Behind this couple came Lord Walter Campell, a younger son of the luke, and almost an exact picture, saving that he looks younger, and that his hair is redder, of his brother, the Mar-quis of Lorne. Lord Walter wore a blue flannel yachtman's suit, a blue checked shirt and black tie. He escorted his younger sister, Lady Mary Campbell, a pretty young woman of eighteen or twenty, with wavy auburn hair, who was dressed like her sister in travelingdress and plain black cloak.

A Rich Widow and Her Adopted Son. It is better to be born lucky than rich, the proverb says, and I believe it. You may be born rich and die poor, but if you are lucky you will never want. A case in point is that of Mrs. Mark Hopkins, the widow of the California millionaire. She was a school teacher in this city, and no longer a young girl when Mark Hopkins happened at the same boarding-house, wooed and won her. They had no children, so she adopted a boy of seven years of age by the name of Tim. He is nineteen now, and a very amiable unspoiled fellow, not particularly bright, and not at all dull. His adopted mother is perfectly devoted to him, and indulges him in all his desires. She is anxious to have him love literature, and is building a magnificent library for him. During her last visit to New York she bought \$7,000 worth of rare books from one importer. buys knowingly, too. The house she has just completed in San Francisco cost \$2,000,000, and Herter fitted up two floors at a cost of \$200,000. "My room is magnificent," said Tim. "I just gave oor Sallie, meekly.
"What! never?" hissed Free, in a Herter unlimited authority, and suits of armor are hung on the walls, and he has made it look like a castle." Mrs. Hopkins travels in her own drawing-room oke, although it had been explained to car like a princess, with French cook and silver table service. Her bedroom has a large double bed in it, and there is a handsomely furnished parlor and kitchen besides. When she stops anywhere, the car is switched off, and waits her pleasure on a side track. The last time she was in New York it was brought up to within a block of the Windsor Hotel. I would not pretend to say how many millions that the Widow Hopkins is worth, but you may imagine from her manner of living that it is a goodly sum. And rim, has he not been fortunate? A poor boy, picked up to be the heir to such a fortune. So I say again that it is better to be born lucky than rich, for neither Mrs. Hopkins nor Tim were born rich, but see what luck has done for them !— New York Letter.

#### A Sheep Butts a Mirror.

Quite a commotion occurred in a farmer's house a short distance out of Rome, N. Y. They were cleaning house, and left open doors leading to all parts of the house. In one of the rooms was a large mirror, reaching to the floor. the premises is a sheep whose head is graced with horns, and which is very fame, entering the house whenever an opportunity is presented. This wooly animal got into the house unnoticed. hat is why it cannot be either imitated When first discovered it was standing face to face with the mirror, shaking its head fiercely. Before it could be reached it jumped back for a good start, and then plunged its head into the mirror. Instead of coming in contact with some other animal, as it expected, it demolished a fifty-dollar mirror. The crasl. so frightened the animal that in its so frightened the animals to see him at his labors he often and attacks of the women of the house that they cannot see in the dark and and attacks of exit through a French lets them sit without a light and unable it found a place of exit through a French

### Beware!

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Keep wakeful eye and ear, my friend, For all mankind; Thou canst not know nor tell, my friend,

What lurks behind The flattering speech, the gracious smile-How little truth, how much of guile, Is hid within the heart the while. Beware !

Remember, e'en thyselt, my friend, Hast crafty grown; Consider how deceit, my friend, Erst deeply sown Within thy breast, slow fed upon

Its kindlier nature, until won The victory o'er thy peace undone. Beware !

A taunting blank-When love itself is tricked, my friend, By wealth and rank; Take council of thy wit, and seek No layors that thy teelings pique-Of both the fawning and the meek Beware!

Ah, life's a losing game, my friend,

Trust him who makes thee pay, my friend, And squarely, too,

For all he grants; 'tis he, my triend, Alone that's true. He hath no subterfuge, no plan To cheat or cozen; such a man Thou canst respect, and waive this ban

Beware! -Erratic Enrique, in Puck.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The hair crop is very short this sea-

Oil-wells vary in depth from 100 to ,100 feet.

Walking skirts-The garden's marginal path.

Sticking to the bitter end- Chewing rhubarb root. London has 220 dry days in the year,

and Dublin but 150. The Japanese government has just purchased in New York State 200 Me-

rino and Cotswold sheep. It is very dangerous to make up your judgment concerning a young lady's weight by measuring her sighs.

A small boy in New York was brought to life after having been at the bottom of the Hudson for eight minutes.

Gen. Henry Lee was the author of the phrase, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens." It vas used in a series of resolutions presented to the National House of Representatives, December, 1799.

Reuben R. Springer authorizes a positive contradiction of the stories circulated throughout the country that there is trouble between Theodore Thomas and George Ward Nichols in the management of the Cincinnati College.

The Erie railway pays Jewett, its president, a salary of \$40,000; Tom Scott, of the Pennsylvania Central, gets \$100,000 for the same service. The \$100,000 for the same service. The president of the Baltimore and Ohio railway, one of the wealthiest corpora-tions in the United States, refuses to recept over \$4,000.—Chicago Commersial Advertiser.

Her liege lord had a bad cold, and she, though she is perpetually nagging him and even wishing him dead, goes in tears to confide to a friend the gloomy apprehensions inspired by her poor dear husband's hacking cough. "Ah, my dear," she concludes, "I shall immedi-Ah, my alely call on the best medical talent the directory affords, for if I were to lose y husband I know I should go wild.
After whom?" says her friend.

The great elephant fair of India is annually held at Sonepoor, on the Ganges. Thousands of horses and hundreds of lephants may then be seen, and the bargain-driving and deceit of elephant-sell-ers seem to be fully as great as the tricks of horse-dealers at home. The price of elephants has risen enormously of late years. In 1835 the price of elephants was \$225 per head; on the Bengal government requiring seventy of these animals in 1875, the sum of \$700 each was sanctioned, but not an elephant could be procured at that price. Seven hundred and fifty dollars is now the lowest rate at which young animals, and then chiefly females, can be bought. Tuskers of any pretensions command from \$4,000 to 7.500, but the Koomeriah, or best strain of elephant, will fetch almost any price; \$10,000 is not an unknown figure.

#### A Blind Artist.

One of the most remarkable disciples of art in the world is M. Louis Vidal, of Paris, who is totally blind, yet models as exactly and carves as truly as many another who is blessed with the sense of sight. He began the study of art when a very young man, and lost his sight by paralysis of the eyes when twenty-one years old. Having received good instruction and being wholly in love with his art, he would not allow his misfortune to check his career, but continued his studies until by degrees he found his sense of feeling grow so acute as almost to compensate him for the loss of vision. Unlike many of his predecessors, Vidal has executed many original works, and has exhibited for more than twenty years in succession and received a medal in 1861. Many of his works, though produced slowly, have been purchased by the State on account of their real merit, and the Empress Eugenie made the acquisition of one of his productions during the reign of the late Emperor Napoleon III. He prefers to work at night, when all is quiet, and when friends come to tell what he is about.