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Summer. Oh, brightest season of the year! Thou white-robed goddess all divine! We bow in homage at thy shrine, And roses strew o'er spring's cold bier!

So like thy sister spring thou'rt seen," In vernal drapery of green With flowery skirt, as only nature wears When she in happiest mood appears,

In the soft and sunny hours-Broidered and decked with greenest leaves, And garlanded with rarest flowers; While on thy head a floral crown we place, And in thy hand a lily for thy mace!

Oh, summer queen! with air of grace, Thou reignest sweetly in thy youthful pride; Oli, peerless queen with bonnie tace ! Scatter sweet blossoms-strew them far and

Fuff fields of waving grain, With myriad webs of shining pearls, Die tangled thick upon the waving plain; And tutted blossoms lift their yellow heads, To catch the dew-drops shaken from the blades

In rosy dances the morn advances, How dew-wet flag o'er all unfuris! Soft flooding steals its mellow light along, Melting the morning mists, and waking song, Till soon the golden-skirted clouds advance, Rejoicing in reflected radiance -Of thine, oh, bright, luxurious summer.

Ground-ivy and clover are now creeping over The heather and lawn; White lilies are blowing, and violets showing Their gold hearts glowing and glad to the

dawn! While here, amid the sheltering wood, Tire robin and the blue bird brood; The song birds at night attest their delight,

. That the rest hour is night The sad whip-poor-will and the bell-kird, still Wake the woods with their lone reply;

Then, in rhapsody'che al they foretell the au-Blash of day-dawning sky! .

Now rural maidens their tresses twine With fragrant bads of columbine.

And gleefully o'er hill and vale, Lights floats the sweet and wandering gale! Or while I walk through meadows wide, Or watch the rippling river's tide, Fresh odors, delicate and rare, Perfume the warm and ambient air -For thee, oh, rosy, blooming summer -

For thee-for thee! The glad earth throbs beneath thy feet, For thee, oh, warm and dreamy summer! While gleeful nature smiles to greet Thy happy face;

The heavens rejoice in thy glad voice, And winning grace, On, soit, sweet sneeny Lum Late apple blooms with ardor blush, And cherries smile with tinted flush: The peach tree buds are erimson red, While tuneful warblers pipe o'erhead,

For thee, oh, fragrant, fruitful summer! The busy little honey-bee Makes merry drone in locust tree-Now by its coming and its going, And by its bumming, it is showing The love it bears to thee-To thee, oh, honey-laden summer!

The love it bears to thee ! - Luther G. Riggs, in New York Mail.

GERTRUDE'S ABDUCTION.

BY SAMUEL AYERS.

"Miss Gertrude, I have important news for you," said Edward Ruther-ford as he crossed the handsomely-car-peted floor of the luxurious parlor of the Moor mansion, to where the young and beautiful Gertrude Moor stood by a window reading a book, in which she was so much interested that she was not aware of Edward's presence until he had

spoken. "What is it?" asked she, as with crimson checks she glanced from the book toward Edward.

You have probably heard that I visited the saloons last night with the Rev. Reuben Homes, who wished to secure items for a sermon which he intends to preach in the Methodist church next Sabbath."

"Yes, sir, father spoke of it this morning; but how can that be of any import-"Listen, Miss Gertrude, and you shall

hear. I have not language to describe the disgusting sights that we witnessed. To visited four of those gambling dens, it each of which were a number of rough. ggard-looking men engaged young man in either of the first two we visited, which was a great satisfaction to me; but as we entered the third one I beheld among the group that sur-rounded the card ble three young men, and one of them is 30

"Harold," say hertrude, sarcastically.
"Yes, it was harold."
"Nonsense pair. Rutherford," cried crirude, in angry tones, "L would Gertrude, in angry tones, "I would not believe such a thing of Harold Fulton thoughan angel should proclaim it

"Very well. You will learn some day that it is really true. Would to God it were false; for then you would not be-come a drunkard's wife. I must now come a drunkard's wife. I must now hasten back to the store, as I shall leave town by the one o'clock train." And without waiting for a reply from un-grateful Gertrude he bowed very courte-

ously to her and departed.

Edward Rutherford had been in the employ of Moor & Co, for nearly two years, during which time he had learned o love Miss Gertrude Moor, daughter of the senior member of the firm, very dearly, and had resolved that when his

wealth who had been in the town only a lew weeks. It was with a great effort that he succeeded in allaying his sorrow at the ne succeeded in analying his sorrow at the untimely end of his brightest hopes; but he was determined that Gertrude should never know how dear she had been to him. Fearing that she might detect a trace of the feelings that agitated his breast, he had refrained from visiting her since he had heard of her engagement; but the incidents of the previous night had induced him to seek her pressured. night had induced him to seek her pres-ence to convey to her the intelligence that might save her from becoming the wife of a man whom he now knew to be

unworthy of her.
Gertrude watched him as he proceeded to the store, bitterly regretting her un-kind words; for she had observed the expression of sorrow on his face and knew he felt hurt. So much had her feeling toward him changed that a tear trickled down her face as she thought how much happier she would be were she engaged to him, whose love she had never doubted, than to Harold, whom she now believed to be a drunkard and probably only courted her for her money. Had she known that weeks money. Had she known that weeks must intervene ere she should behold Edward's face again she would doubt-less have wept bitterly; but she did not understand his last remark to her, and when, an hour afterward, he was on the train miles away from her, she sup-posed him to be in the store attending to

After a vain attempt to console her mind by reading, she went into the library and wrote Edward a letter, begging pardon for what she had said. When her father arose to return to the store, after supper that evening, she gave him the letter. He read the address and returned it to her, saying, "He is not

"Where is he?" asked Gertrude, in surprise, dreading to hear the answer.

"He has gone to Philadelphia on business for the firm, and, as he passes near his father's, he intends to stop on his return and spend two or three weeks with his relatives. It is a busy time to let him go, but he has not been at home for nearly a year and I could not well deny his request. I am sorry you did not use more courtesy toward the noble fellow when he came to bid you goodbye. It would—"

"When he came to bid me good-bye?" interrupted astonished Gertrude. Yes, and you treated him so indifferently that he returned to the store very much grieved." "But, father, he never bid me good-

"I only know that he said he would run up and see you before leaving, and that when he came back he was very much agitated." And Mr. Moor has-tened away, leaving Gertrude to her own

Before closing her eyes in sleep that night she resolved to tree herself from her engagement to Harold at their next meeting, for she was sure that what Ed-ward had told her was true, and she could never become the wife of a man who was guilty of such conduct. She arose very early on the following morning and wrote Edward a letter, telling him how bitterly she regretted her crue words and asking his pardon. She also told him of her intention to free herself from her engagement to Harold, Having scaled the letter in a neat white envelope on which she had previously written his address, she took it to the postoffice. Dead stillness reigned over the town, and she had thought to get back to her room without being observed; but as she was returning she met Harold Fulton, his haggard countenance and unsteady gait betraying the effects of debauchery. She passed by him without seeming to know him and hurried home. She did not relate her meeting with Harold to her parents, but when at breakfast her father spoke of engaging him as a clerk until Edward's return, she protested against it. He was, however, that day employed. He called on Gertrude in the evening and requested her not to tell her father of their meeting that morning. She told him that she would comply with his re-

never marry him. This did not please him, and he went

quest, and also that he must consider

their engagement as ended, as she could

away very angry. The Methodist church stood in a beautiful grove on a small eminence overlooking the town. Thither on the following day, which was Sunda", Gertrude, accompanied by her parents, went to hear the Rev. Reuben Homes deliver his sermon on intemperance. He illustrated the folly of intemperance, showed how strongly its guilt is denounced, traced its effects on its victims, and wound up by showing the drunkard's doom. In tracing its effects on its victims he gave an account of his visit to the saloons, describing vividly what he saw there. Gertrude was inspired with new courage in her resolution never to marry a drunkard. At the close of There was not a meeting Harold asked permission to ac-of the first two we company her home, which she politely She observed his sullen brow and revengeful look, but heeded them

> A week passed away and then there came a letter from Edward, a letter of passionate love and devotion, winding up with a proposal of marriage. Gertrude, exultant in her new love, immediately answered, accepting his proposal, and begging him to hasten to her. Harold soon heard of her engagement

> and forthwith left town. On the day after his departure Gertrude received a letter from him, in which he told her that as she had refused to be his wife, he had sworn that she should never be Edward's. He warned her at the peril of Edward's life to tell no one the contents of his letter. After consideration, she determined to send it to Edward, which she did by the next mail." She thought it best, however, to say nothing

about it to her parents.

Three days after Harold's departure the discovery was made that the firm of Moor & Co. had been robbed of \$340 in bank notes, the thief having placed bogus financial circumstances would allow to ask her to be his wife; but now all hopes were vain; for Gertrude was engaged to Harold Fulton, a young man of reputed were placed on his track.

Another week flew by and Edward's return drew near. He had shortened his stay at home in order to be with Gertrude. Nothing had been heard of Harold, though careful search had been made for him. It was the universal opinion that he had sought refuge in the far West. Preparations were made at Mr. Moor's for Edward's reception, and all went merry, as though nothing wrong had occurred; for, indeed, Gertrude's parents felt grateful that Harold had only gotten \$340 instead of their affectionate daughter, whose happiness would have been wrecked had she become his

sal opinion that Harold had gone West; but there was at least one exception. Gertrude did not believe it. She could not forget what he had written to her. She was more than once about to tell her parents, but the warning he had given her prevented her doing so. On the night preceding the day on which Edward was expected to arrive, she retired to her room at an early hour. Her mind was filled with apprehensions of evil. She spent several hours in meditation, occasionally breathing a silent prayer to God that all might be well with Edward and that she might see him on the morrow. She never once thought of her own safety. Why should she? Harold had made no threats against her, and besides she was apparently beyond his reach. The clock had tolled the hour of twelve. Gertrude felt drowsy, but feared to close her eyes in slumber lest she should be awakened by some horrible dream. At last, however, despite her efforts, she fell asleep on the chair with her head reclining on the stand. Some time afterward she awoke very much frightened. How long she had slept she did not know. The candle had gone out and the room was enveloped in dark-She endeavored to recall the cause of her fright; but, failing to do so, she flung herself on the bed and was soon wrapped in slumber again. But once more she awoke. The room was dimly ighted by the moon, which had just isen. A rustling noise on the carpet atracted her attention, and, looking in the direction of the window whence the noise came, she saw a man stealthily ad-vancing toward her. She sprang to her feet and attempted to scream; but a strong arm was placed around her waist and a hand over her mouth, and a voice which she knew whispered in her ear. "Attempt to escape or make a noise, pretty bird, if you dare." Lifting her in his arms, he glided out of the window and hurried through the lot back of the house to the alley, where a carriage awaited him, into which he conveyed the terrified girl and gave orders to the driver to make all possible speed, as daylight was fast approaching. Gertrude wept very bitterly. She was now in the hands of Harold Fulton. What fate awaited her she could not tell; but she prayed that God might give her strength

An hour had elapsed, and the carriage was rolling rapidly along the road, when Gertrude, whose weeping had somewhat subsided, discovered that Harold was asleep. No words had been spoken since starting except by the driver, who swore occasionally at the horses, but for sometime he, too, had been silent. Gertrude at once conceived the idea of making her escape. She listened a few minutes at Harold's heavy breathing, and being satisfied that he was asleep. she arose softly and looked out of the rear end of the carriage. She could easily and silently let herself to the ground, she thought. She stood motionless, uncertain what to do. The driver cracked his whip over the horses, and the carriage went rolling along at in-creased speed. Her heart beat heavily and seemed to rise in her throat, for she feared she would be detected. She gave one step toward the seat; but no, she would risk detection rather than submit quietly to the doom that awaited her if she remained in Harold's power. She glanced at the driver to see that he was not observing her, and with a prayer on her lips that her undertaking might be successful, she slid noiselessly to the ground. No one had seen her, and soon the noise of the receding carriage died in the distance. Throwing herself on her knees, the young girl, who had been brought up by religious parents, thanked the God whom she had learned to trust from childhood for the success of her undertaking thus far, and implored Him to enable her to return safe home again. Rising from her knees, she began at once her journey; for well she knew that sooner or later her escape would be discovered, and an attempt made to re-

capture her. On, on she went, getting nearer and nearer home. Day dawned, the sun rose in all its majestic splendor and cast its refulgent rays over the earth. Eventually our heroine drew near the town. Soon she expected to be safe at But now the hopes that all along had filled her breast gave way to despair; for, looking back, she observed a horseman approaching her at full speed. She thought it must be Harold. Determined on a last effort, she began to run; but she was sure this could not last long. He was fast gaining on her, and she was expecting soon to be seized in his ruthless grasp, when a half dozen horsemen came galloping around a curve in the road, and she fell fainting to the ground as they dashed furiously past her. A lively race ensued, which resulted in Harold's capture. But there was one who did not engage in the pursuit. It was Edward Rutherford, who had ar-Fived in town by the six o'clock train, and, learning soon after of Gertrude's abduction, had engaged at once in the search. He alighted and endeavored to revive her, but failing in this he took her in his arms and rode back to town, where medical assistance was procured and she was soon restored to conscious-

A few weeks afterward Edward and Gertrude were married in the Methodist

A Suggestion.

We have not space in the Register for an extended tale; but we have evolved an idea for one, which idea we are too unselfish to withhold from a waiting public because we cannot get all the glory of it. If some skillful pen will but fill in this bare outline with rich rhetoric and vivid imagination, not only will some "interestin' readin'" be produced, but a great moral engine will be sent into the world to accomplish great good. We should, perhaps, entitle our

"A BRAND FROM THE BURNING; OR, THE DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER'S SAL-

We would introduce the first chapter with a picture of the heretofore honest and prosperous farmer's happy home. The angel of peace dwelleth there, and the country paper comes to his postoffice

box every week.

Having been supporting this county paper for some four years without paying for it, he is surprised one day to get a poite note from the publisher to cash up. Indignant at being dunned, he resolves to punish the base insulter of his dignity by beating him out of the whole bill. Ah, rash resolve! "This, this, the source of all thy ills!"

As delay makes his fatal purpose manifest, direful consequences follow; his friends fall away and recognize him no more; the wife of his bosom deserts him and files an application in a Chicago po-lice court for divorce; his daughter elopes with a lightning-rod peddler and his best horse and buggy; his son, losing all self-respect in his father's degradation, goes to the city and enters politics; his cattle start on "a journey to the center of the earth," through a neighboring quagmire; his hogs die of cholera; his corn yields only tassels—all mankind and nature seem to conspire his ruin. Job had his comforters, spiritual and human; but "what charm shall soothe the melancholy" of the wretch who bears upon his soul the purpose of defrauding the trustful editor!

CHAPTER 2.—At last, deserted by all but his faithful dog (who has been kept in ignorance of the facts of the case), our in ignorance of the facts of the case), our delinquent resolves to end his bitter existence by suicide. (We suggest to the previously-mentioned skillful pen that the scene here should be very gloomy—dark eliffs, stormy sea, blood-red sun, etc.) Just as he is about to drain the fatal draught (or shoot the fatal shot, or stab the fatal stab—we also leave this to the taste of the filler-in)—the spirit of mercy, willing to give the old man anmercy, willing to give the old man another chance, inspires within him the thought—"Suppose I pay the printer, and all may yet be well!" Seizing the idea with avidity, and the dog by the collar, he hies him to the neighboring town. Realizing there thirteen dollars from the sale of this faithful animal, he repairs to the editorial sanctum, pays his arrears and for a year in advance, and has enough left to "set 'em up all around." His atonement is complete, and he walks forth once more "a man among his fellow-men." (The editor's astonishment and joy at being the pos-sessor of eleven dollars all at one time

should be artistically pictured.)
CHAPTER 3 shows the inevitably happy result of this Christian action. Fortune smiles broadly upon him once more—his wife withdraws her divorce suit and returns to his arms; the cloping lightning-rod peddler turns out a wealthy Russian count in disguise, and restores to our farmer the lost broad acres; the son abandons political life and becomes once more a respectable citizen; his kine wax fat, and his wheat fields yield some sixty and some a hundred-fold. The scene closes with a bright picture of the prompt-paying subscriber's happy fire-

If the above sketch, graphically de-lineated and broadly published, does not rouse many a delinquent conscience into action, then is all moral suasion vain, and the butt end of the law our only recourse.—Printers' Register.

Cabbage-Tree Ned's Story.

A writer in the Boston Commercial Bulletin upon life in Australia relates this yarn: One of the stories told me by the driver as we joited along had relation to the depth of the mud which covered the road. I have heard the same story in various forms since, for Ned was in the habit of telling it to every passenger that he carried to the diggings. I have also heard the same story assigned to a California driver. No matter; I know it was told to me by Cabbage-Tree Ned

"You see, young fellow," said he, " was driving along keeping well to the right of the road where the mud was shallowest, for I knew that I had a heavy load which 'ud prevent the coach from floating, and besides none 'o my horses could swim. I had just got to about where we are now when I noticed what I thought was a hat moving along on the top of the mud just a little ahead

o' me on my left.

"I could not make out what it was at first, but at last I seed it was a hat and I felt kind o' frightened. Not that I'd be frightened at a hat, but what I was frightened at was that the hat was moving along in the same direction as myself without any visible means. Jingo, thinks I, now here's a go; what the deuce can it be? By-and-bye I came up abreast of it, and then got a little ahead of it. Then I seed there was a face un-

der the hat—jingo if it wasn't a man.
"Hallo, friend,"says I, "what are you tramping through the mud in that way Come along here, and I'll give you a lift in the coach

church by the Rev. Reuben Homes. horse ?" "And sure enough he was rid-Edward is now a partner in the firm of ing a horse, for I saw the ears of the

In the Trenches at Cold Harbor. A writer in the New York Sun, who

was a young primer in the Federal army, gives this incident of life in the trenches at Cold Harbor, Va., during the terrific fighting early in June, 1864: By daylight we had our earthwork finished, and were safe. The heavy artillery, armed as infantry, were some sixty or seventy yards in front of us. We being on the crest of the hill, they were below us. Behind us were a couple of Delaware regiments, the two having about 140 men combined. Back of us was a ravine, an alder swamp. and in the thickets bordering on the swamp was a spring of clear, cold water. The men in front of us had to go to this spring for water. They would draw lots to see who should run across the dangerous open grounds. This settled, the vic-tim would hang fifteen or twenty canteens around him; then, crouching low in the rifle pits, he would give a great jump, and when he struck the ground, was running at the top of Ifis speed for our earthwork. Of course every Confederate sharpshooter in range fired at him. Some of these men were shot dead; but generally they ran into the earthwork with a laugh. After filling their can-teens, they would sit and smoke and talk, nerving themselves for the deadly return. Adjusting the canteens, they would go out of the works on a run, and run back over the bullet-swept course. Sometimes they would come to us in pairs. One day two Albany men came leaping into our battery. After filling their canteens, they sat and talked of the beautiful city on the Hudson, and finally started together for their rifle pit. I watched through an embrasure and saw one fall. Instantly Le began to dig a little hollow with his hands in the sandy soil, and instantly the Confederate sharpshooters went to work on him. The dust flew upon one side of him, then on the other. The wounded soldier kept scrap-ing his little trench in the sand. We called to him. He answered that his leg was broken below the knee by a rifle ball. From the rifle pit we heard them call to him to take off his canteens, tie the strings together and set them on one side. He did so, and the thirsty men in the pits drew lots to see who would risk his life for the water. I got keenly interested in this dicing with death, and watched intent. A soldier springs out of the pit. Running obliquely, he stoops as he passes the canteens, grasps the strings, turns, and in a flash is safe. Looking out I see the dust rise in little puffs around the wounded man, and with quickening breath feel that his minutes are numbered. I note a conspicuous man in the rifle pit, and recognize him as the comrade of the stricken soldier. He calls to his disabled friend saying that he is coming for him and that he that he is coming for him, and that he must rise as he comes near, and cling to him when he stops. The hero leaves the pit on a run; the wounded man rises up; the runner clasps him in his arms; the arms of the wounded one twine about his neck, and he is carried into our battery at full speed. To the honor of the Confederate sharpshooters be it said that when they understood what was being done they ceased shooting.

Natural Enemies of the Telegraph.

There is, apparently, no apparatus so liable to be interfered with by what we may call natural causes as the electric telegraph. Fish gnaw and mollusks overweight and break the submarine conductors of the subterranean wires; while there is at least one instance of a frolicsome whale entangling himself in a deep sea cable, to its utter disorganiza-tion. It is stated that within the three years ending 1878 there have been sixty serious interruptions to telegraphic com-munication, in Sumatra, by elephants, In one instance, these sagacious animals, most likely fearing snares, destroyed a considerable portion of the line, hiding away the wires and insulators in a cand brake. Monkeys of all trib's and sizes, too, in that favored island, use the poles and wires as gymnasia, occasionally breaking them and carrying off the insulators; while the numerous tigers, bears and buffaloes on the track render the watching and repair of the line a duty of great danger. In Australia, where there are no wild animals to injure the wires, which are carried great distances overland, they are said to be frequently cut down by the scarcely less wild aborigines, who manufacture from them rings, armlets and other varieties of barbaric ornament. It has been sug-gested as a means of protection in this case that the posts should be constructed of iron, when the battery could be used to astonish any native elimbing them with felonious intent. - Scientific

An Accommodating Artist.

The following story is told of Thomas Hicks, the artist. The scene was Trenton Falls, N. Y., a summer or two ago. Mr. Hicks, who had been on a trouting expedition, was approaching the inn with a single large trout, which he intended to sketch, when a gentleman who had just arrived with a party of ladies, noting his rough fisherman's costume, took him for a servant of the house, and called out: "Here, my man, do you know all about the falls?" "Yes, sir," replied the artist. "Come, now, show us the way there." "Certainly." The artist led the way to the falls, and on the way was so entertaining that the tourist insisted on his going over the whole route with him. At the close of the journey he handed the artist a dollar, and asked his name. "Tom," was the reply. "Well, Tom, you are the most intelligent guide I ever met, and ought to be in better business. If you ever come to New York call on me, and I will try and help you." "Thank you, sir," said the artist, who had keenly enjoyed the situation, and had accepted the "What would I get into your coach for," he cried, "and leave my own horse?" "And sure enough he was riding a horse, for I saw the ears of the animal just ahead of him sticking out of the landlord replied that no "Tom" was the landlord replied that no " As to Harold Fulton, he was convicted and sent to prison for five years. At the expiration of his sentence he went deep that day,"

the mud, but the horse, being tired, was in his service, the truth soon came out, but Mr. Hicks keeps the dollar as a souvenir of his afternoon's work as a guide. venir of his afternoon's work as a guide. | statistician.

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Farm Life.

Saw ye the farmer at his plow, As ye were riding by? Or wearied 'neath the noonday toil, When summer suns were high? And thought you that his lot was hard, And did you thank your God That you and yours were not condemned Thus like a slave to plod?

Come see him at his harvest home, When garden, field and tree Conspire with flowing store to fill His barn and granery; His beautiful children gayly sport Amid the new-mown lay, Or proudly aid with vigorous arm

His tasks as best they may. The Harvest-Giver is his triend, The Maker of the soil, And earth, the mother, gives them bread, And cheers their patient toil; Come join them around their winter

hearth, The heartfelt pleasure sec-And you can better judge how blest The farmer's life may be--Mrs. Sigourney.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A turtle recently brought to New York was eight feet long and six feet broad. North and South Carolina and Louisiana produce annually 80,000,000 pounds

It is a peculiar feature of the butter market that a bad article outranks a good one.

A wife costs ten cows in Zululand. What can be the matter with the cows! Boston Post.

This is the time of the year when the sentimental youth names a row-boat after his girl, and has it painted green. Mr. Vanderbilt's income is over \$1,000

an hour-which, says a Western editor, is more than some of us make in a whole If you are over-anxious to know why the elephant wears a trunk, irritate him sufficiently, and you will discover that he carries his choler in it.—New Haven

"There are too many women in the world; sixty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.

Over 50,000 tea plants have lately been distributed in the Middle and Southern States by the United States Bureau of Agriculture. In about four years these plants will be large enough to allow a full believe been stated by the state of the

full picking of leaves. "Well, how is the spring trade?" said a gentleman to a friend the other day. Dry goods never brisker," was the re chair in the house is covered with bundles, and I think of sending my pocketbook out of town for a change of air-

it's so thin. About this time of year city people are getting terribly anxious about the welfare of the country cousin. This anxiety and solicitude will grow as the season advances, and, when they can bear it no longer, they will pack up four children and two trunks and go and see about it .- Middletown Transcript.

A NICE SCREAM. Gaily the maiden, In colors bright, Walks with her lover In the twilight, O'er hill and dale, Till they encounter "Ice cream for sale"-

Then the young man wishes that Socrates had never discovered ice-cream, or that he had borrowed a quarter before he left home.

—New York Express.

Statistics for Girls.

A young English statistician who was paying court to a young lady, thought to surprise her with his immense crudition. Producing his note-book, she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken aback by the following question: "How many meals do you eat a day?"

"Why, three, of course; but of all the oddest questions. 'Never mind, dear, I'll tell you all about it in a moment. His pencil was rapidly at work. At

ast, fondly clasping her slender waist: "Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give you the exact figures.

"Goodness! Gracious! What can you "Now, just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness

But I don't want to hear," "Ah, you are surprised, no doubt, but

statistics are wonderful things. "Just listen. You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed oxen or calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 327; ducks, 304; geese, 12; turkeys, 100; game of various kinds, 824; fishes, 160; eggs 3,124; vegetables (bunches), 700; fruit (baskets), 603; cheese, 102; bread, cake, ete., (in sacks of flour), 40; tea and coffee (cups), 18,600; water (gallons), 3,000."
At this the maiden revolted, and

jumping up, exclaimed:
"I think you are very impertment, and disgusting besides, and I will not stay to listen to you!" upon which she flew into the house.

He gazed after her with an abstracted air and left, saying to himself: "If she kept talking at that rate twelve hours out of twenty-four, her jaws would in twenty years travel a dis-

The maiden within two months married a well-to-do grocer, who was no