- The forest Republican.

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Who?

Who is the sweetest baby That ever said " A-goo ?" Who is the dearest baby, With eyes so soft and blue? Who is the prettiest baby? I think I know. Do you?

Who has the softest golden Little rings of hair ? Who has the resiest cheeks and The smoothest forehead fair?

Who has the sweetest kisses, Enough of them and to spare? Who has the cunningest flugers, And who the pinkest of toes?

Who has a mouth like a rosebud, And who the daintiest nose? And who is as sweet altogether As the very sweetest rose? Who has the prettiest dimples,

Dancing in chin and cheek? And who is learning the descest Of all dear names to speak? And whose blue eyes are learning Mamma's dear eyes to seek?

Ah! surely, there's only one answer To the questions asked you here; Only one true, glad answer, Awaiting the mother's ear. Who is the prince of babies? Why, of course, my baby dear! -Mary D. Brine, in the Independent.

IMPROMPTU FIREWORKS.

"Are you my Uncle Robert?" said a weet, childish voice. And stopping the cheerful whistle that always ac-companied his work, and looking up from the plane that was loudly lisping as it rapidly skimmed along the board he was planing, Richard Foster saw, stand-ing in the doorway of his workshop—a bright June sunbeam resting on her pretty head—a little fair-haired girl.

Lost in astonishment, he did not an swer the child, but gazed at her with wide-opened eyes. She had appeared so suddenly and quietly, and, moreover, she was so unlike the round-faced, rosychecked, white-haired, chubby little ones of his native village—so tair, so findly with a star willage—so tair, so fragile, with a strange, yearning look in her large violet-blue eyes, and a tint of purest gold on the long flowing hair that fell about her small delicate face— that she seemed to belong to an entirely

'Are you my Uncle Robert?" she repeated, coming a step or two into the

shop.
"No, I'm not," baby; I wish I were," answered the cheery young fellow, recovering from his surprise; for he dearly loved children, and this child touched some chord in his heart that had never been touched before.
"My name's not 'Baby;" it's Eva," said the child, shaking the black hair

from her face, and regarding him with a And mamnia's name is Eva too." And then, with a little sigh "I fought perhaps you was him.

"What made you think so, baby-I mean Eva?" asked the young man, with a pleasant smile, tossing his plane aside, and sitting down on a huge block of wood that stood near.

"You look like him"—speaking with quaint preciseness. "He went away when I was a very little girl—I'm 'most five now-but I member him. He had a face like you, a nice laughing face; but"-glancing at the shirt sleeves-'he wore a coat, and he used to give me candies for kisses-two candies for one kiss; and mamma cries because he does not come back and take us away with him.' The dinner bell rang loud and long in

the cottage adjoining. The young carpenter mechanically rose to his feet, and then deliberately sat down again, as he said, with a tender look in his honest brown eyes, "I'm sorry mamma cries." "Yes, she cries"—in a lowered voice, and, completely won by the kind look, coming to his side, and putting her mite of a hand confidingly in his-"because papa has gone up there" (pointing to the sky). "I don't member him; 'twas long, long, long ago; and Uncle Robert don't come back; and she's a beggar!' -this last remark evidently quoted,

with a dramatic little gesture. Again the dinner bell rang violently. "Will you tell me where you live, Eva?" asker Dick, paying no attention to the summons; but before the child could reply a stout, buxom, black-eyed girl flew into the room from the rear door, and a slight, graceful, fair-haired

woman came in at the other. "Dick, why on earth don't you come to dinner," almost yelled the buxon and, "Eva, my darling, what are you doing here?" cried the pretty

I fought he was my Uncle Robert," said the child, smiling at the young workman as she dropped his hand and

went toward her mother. "He?" exclaimed the pretty woman. searcely glancing at him. with a light laugh, and a slight inflection of scorn, or something very like it, in her voice—"he's a carpenter." And eatching the child in her arms, she disappeared as suddenly as she had

Goodness gracious sakes alive!" said Dick's brown-faced, red-cheeked sister, with not an inflection but a whole volume of scorn in her voice. "A car-penter, indeed! And what is she?" "What is she?" repeated Dick.

"Oh, come along to dinner, Dick, and don't bother. I'm hungry, if you ain'tgiving him a by no means gentle pull.
"Stop a moment, Lib-" jerking away
from her-"that's a good girl, and tell me all about it.

Allahout it? Pshaw! you men are like! All about her, you mean. ou think she's pretty?" Well, all about her, then," said

Dick, utterly ignoring the question.

at once, or you'll be pestering the life out of me till I do. She's a widow—
'Mrs. Leonard Deming, M. D.,' that is, Mr. Leonard Deming was 'M. D.;' and she came here two days 'ago to live in the brick cottage round the corner, with her aunt, old Mrs. Paulding, who is always talking of 'better days,' and boasting that there never has been a mechanic she came here two days 'ago to live in the brick cottage round the corner, with her aunt, old Mrs. Paulding, who is al-ways talking of 'better days,' and boast-ing that there never has been a mechanic in her family. And yet she's as poor as

a church mouse, and no one knows how she manages to live."
"Go on, Lib"—as she stops to take

band was a doctor, and went off to some place or other when they'd been married a year or so, and caught the yellow fever, and died, and left her nothing but his 'M. D.' And she's as poor as old lady Paulding and just as proud; and, oh, Dick, the funniest thing—she's filled one of her aunt's windows with wax flowers for sale, just as though any one in this place would buy wax flowers! Co.ne

"Lib, I think wax flowers are beautiful"—he had never thought of them in his life before, and in fact knew nothing about them-" and I wish you'd set the other folks a good example and buy a lot of them from-Mrs. Deming for our par-lor mantel," and he thrust a bill into her

"Dick Foster, are you crazy? Wax flowers, and mother wanting a new cook stove this minute!—the old one's falling into pieces-and I haven't-

"A stitch to your back," says Dick, smiling. "You never have. But buy the flowers, Lib, dear, and mother shall have a new stove and you a new dress before the week's out. I'll work nights."
"But, Dick—"

But Dick had rushed away at a fourth and most furious ringing of the bell, and she was fain to follow without another

Day after day Dick Foster set his shop door wide open, and replenished the pretty bonbon box that was hidden tway behind some tools on a shelf in the orner, in hopes that he might some day gain raise his head from his work and ee the fair-haired child standing before him. But day after day went by, and June merged into July, and she came no

The wax flowers had been bought a few days after Dick had so suddenly discovered how much he admired them, and wonderful imitations of nature they proved to be, but, alas! wanting nature's wonderful fragrance; and they stood beween the china dog and cat that Dick on the high, old-fashioned wooden manel in the low-ceilinged sunny parlor.

Lib had come back from purchasing hem with a quick step and a snap in her lack eyes, and had immediately-as Dick knew she would the moment he caught sight of her—rushed into the shop to—as she was wont to express it free her mind.

"There, I hope you are satisfied," she egan, with a toss of her head, putting the vase of lilies and roses into his hand; but I think you'd better saved your money. Not but what they're pretty enough, and I don't see how she makes em; I couldn't. But of all the stuck-up things I ever saw, she's the worst. Your little girl thinks your brother looks like my brother,' says I, trying to make myself agreeable; 'does he?' 'I'm sure I don't know; I didn't look at him. My brother is a very handsome man, and an artist. We were a family of artists, although my share of talent took a very lowly form,' says she, handing me the vase—she called it a 'varse.' Good-afternoon."

To all of which Dick replied not a word, but turned away and sawed like rad, which so offended Miss Elizabeth Foster that she never referred to the pretty widow again until the afternoon of the 3d of July, when, with a gleam of mischief in her face, she burst out at the supper table: "Oh, Dick, I've a message for you. I met "Miss Eva," as the little servant-girl calls her. They say that girl serves Mrs. Deming for love: wish I could get people to serve me for that. 'Please tell the—the shavings man,' said Miss Eva, 'that I wanted to come again, but mamma won't let me. And, oh, Dick, if they haven't put fireworks for sale in the other parlor win-Wax flowers and fireworks! Ain't it funny?'

But, judging from Dick's clouded brow and closely set lips, Dick thought it anything but funny; and Lib, wisely dropping the subject, devoted herself to mother's soft gingerbread with undivided attention

And the cloud still lingered on the carpenter's brow as he, pail in hand, just after supper, bent his steps toward the old well that stood a few feet beyond the brick cottage. He had developed an extraordinary fondness for the water of this well; it seemed as though nothing else could quench his thirst, albeit until a few weeks ago he had been perfectly satisfied with the cold as ice, clear as crystal water drawn from the well in his mother's garden.

As he drew near the isolated cottage he saw the fireworks in the window, and his heart came up in his throat. "So poor, so proud, so lovely," he thought. I'll buy them all to-morrow." And at this moment the pretty woman stepped out on the old-fashioned porch, and Dick

turned and fled. But a few hours after Dick was again seized with a terrible thirst—a thirst that he was firmly convinced could only be assuaged by a draught from the brick cottage well, and again, pail in hand, he set out, this time to reach the place of destination and begin slowly to return. It was ten o'clock. In the cottage all was silence and darkness. Dick paused Mother'll be hopping mad, and the victuals'll be stone-eold, but I spose I'd maple in front of the door and gazed at better hurry and tell you what I know the shutterless windows where the wax

ing about in every direction, and the white muslin curtains were in flames.

In a moment the strong young fellow

had burst open the door, thrown the pail of water upon the crackling firebreath.

"There goes the bell again!"—turning toward the door.

"You shall not stir a step until you finish your story," says Dick, detaining her with firm but gentle force.

"Oh, Richard Foster, what a tease you are! and only yesterday you was calling me a gossip, and saying how women's tongues did run on, and—eh!" (with a shrill scream) "what a pinch, you tormenting thing! Well, her husband was a doctor, and went off to some

"I'm not brother Robert," said Dick; but he didn't loosen the clinging arms, as it behooved him to do when he made the declaration. "I'm-the-the shavings man, and your window has been on fire. Fortunately, I was passing-" But he got no further, for the white-robed figure uttered a little shriek, and fled with precipitancy as old Mrs. Paulding entered the room from the other door, her best bonnet perched on her head and her night-cap dangling by its strings around her neck, a silver teapot in one hand and her favorite cat, grasped by the throat, in the other, on a queer little run, totally unlike her usual digni-

To her did Dick explain the cause of the wet carpet and the smoke-begrimed walls, and, amid her profuse thanks for his timely help, was taking his leave, when Mrs. Deming, lamp in hand, again made her appearance—this time in suitable evening dress.

"Oh, aunt, what an escape!" she began, setting the lamp on the table; "and to think I never awoke until the very last, I was so tired; and Eva has slept through it all. We might have been burned in our beds." And then, turning to Dick, she said, her sweet voice trembling in spite of her great effort to maintain her composure. "I beg your pardon for the absurd mistake I made; but I was so bewildered, and only half awake, was so bewildered, and only half awake, and I'd been dreaming of my brother, whom you "—looking him full in the face—"resemble very much." And breaking off suddenly, her voice trembling still more, "How can we ever thank you, Mr.—"

"Dick Foster, the carpenter," said Dick, with as much dignity as though he had said "doctor" or "artist."
"—Mr. Foster," her lips quivering and her fair cheeks flushing red, and she held out to him her dainty hand.
Dick flushed as ware to be here.

Dick flushed as rosy red as she, but made no movement toward her. His right hand hanging listlessly at his side, his hat held in his left, he stood in silence as though uncertain what to do. Do you refuse to shake hands with she asked, a look of pained sur-

prise flitting across her lovely face. "Why, God bless us! he can't," screame, the old lady; "his poor hand is dreadfully burned." And she hastened away in search of old linen and sweet

And it was-his working hand-ter-ribly burned; but when Dick went home that night he scarcely felt the pain for the memory of two violet eyes shining through tears, and a sweet voice saying. "Oh, I'm so very, very sorry—so very, very sorry!"

The next morning Mrs. Foster had just cleared away the breakfast things, and gone into the sitting-room where Dick sat, installed in the only easy chair the house possessed, his right hand enveloped in bandages, a book in his left, and the vase of wax flowers on the table before him, when there came a gentle knock at the street door. The good mother, opening it, beheld a pretty blue-eyed woman, holding a pretty blue-eyed little girl, standing upon the threshold.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs. Deming," said the old lady, bridling and fluttering her cap ribbons. "Good morning, ma'am." "Your son," said the young widow, with a hesitation strangely foreign to her, "is he better? Has he suffered

much through the night?" "His sufferings can be of no consequence to you, ma'am," returned the old lady, sharply, in spite of a warning "Mother!" from the room she had just left. "He's only a mechanic, ma'am."
"He's a noble fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Deming, seizing the wrinkled, toilroughened hand that was raised as though to wave her away; "and, oh! please don't be cross to me. I haven't

slept all night thinking of him. Mrs. Foster's face began to relax, and the stern look completely faded away when little Eva, looking up with pure beautiful, beseeching eyes, entreated,

Don't be cross to poor mamma.' "Well, I suppose the fire warn't your fault," she said; "though how them fireworks exploded passes my comprehension. There must have been some powerful carelessness somewhere; and it's my opinion that folks that doesn't understand things should let 'em alone : and his hand's very bad indeed; and he won't be able to work for a month, just as he had the most industrious fit I ever know'd him to have-though a lazy boy he never was—and was earning lets of money. And his hand'll have to be dressed night and morning, and take

about an hour each time-"Oh, then I can be of use," cried the pretty widow, a bright smile breaking over her face. "I am a capital nurse. Let me come every day and dress the wounded hand. Your time, I know, is precious; and it is the least I can do, for was in my service-I mean my aunt's

that it was wounded."
Well, that's clever, and I'm obliged to you; but me and Lib—"
"Mother!" from the parlor,
"Well, Richard?"

"I shall be only too glad to accept Mrs. Deming's kind offer;" and Mrs. Deming

Three weeks had gone by, and the hand was nearly well. "I never saw anything heal so quickly," soliloquized Dick, one pleasant, fragrant morning, in

Dick the carpenter again."
"Dick," chirped a bird-like voice,
"mamma's got a letter from Uncle Robert. I run in to tell you," and little Eva danced into the room

"Great heavens!" thought Dick, turning pale, "he's coming to take her away;" and a moment after Mrs. Deming came in with the letter in her hand.

Are you worse this morning?" she asked, anxiously, looking at the young fellow's pale face.

"Yes, much worse," he answered, dryly. "Eva tells me you have a letter from your brother."
"I have at last. And he's in Berle

I have-at last. And he's in Paris, and does not expect to return to this country for many years. He has married a beautiful French girl, and, I fear, has almost forgotten me

"Your brother married and forgotten you?" burst in Lib, poking her head in at the door. "Well, that's nothing strange. Brothers will marry and forget sisters till the end of time;" and calling to Eva to come and see the newly

ing to Eva to come and see the newly hatched chickens, away she went again.

"And personally I resembled him, that is, I suppose; as much as a mechanic could resemble an artist," said Dick, with a feeble attempt at sarcasm; "but there the resemblance must end. I never could have forgotten you."

And then they are both silent for a few

moments, Dick breaking the silence at last. "I am very sorry for your disappointment. You had hoped to leave this humdrum place, where there is no one you could care for."

"No one I could care for," she repeated, slowly. "I am not so sure of that; but I am sure of one thing, Richard, and that is that I do not need your sympathy. I have learned to love this pretty, quiet

"You have?" shouted Dick. "Oh, if I were not a poor carpenter—if I were an artist, a physician, a lawyer, anything professional-I'd ask you to try and

earn to love me, and stay here forever.' "Try to learn to love you! Why, Dick, you dear, splendid, darling old goose don't you know I've loved you ever since the night of the impromtu

"My blessed darling!" cried Dick, catching her in his arms and kissing her

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!" said Lib, appearing at the door again. "My brother's going to be married too."— Harper's Weekly.

The Power of the Printed Page.

The power of the printed page so far ranscends any personal speech, in these days of universal reading, that any com-parison would be futile.

When the strongest array of facts, the nost cogent reasoning sion that melts into pathos, or ringing sentences that leap electric from point to point in the argument, can all be compassed in a form, and struck off by the hundred thousand and transmitted in one day to the people of a whole State, what voice, even though of a siren or saint, can hope to compete with its influence! And this power of print, wonderful as it now seems, is only at the Leginning; for invention is already rife with methods of rendering it vocal as human speech, instant as photography, and infinite in re-

Facts are what the world wants to see n print, and facts are short, sturdy things, just fit to put in print. Opinions are of value only as they hold facts in solution. Your moving eloquences are but facts on fire. Iteration, too. and reiteration a e essential. Facts which come through the eyes are more permanent, when fixed, than those got though the ear; yet, like telegrams, they require to be repeated to make sure.

In a right cause the printed page in its rapidity of reach and result is past belief. It is with such weapons that reforms are waged. Multiply impressions and effects become cumulative. Scatter a few scores of these documents in the quiet by-ways where the wrong is being brooded over and soon there will be a neighborhood in a blaze. Feed the flame, extend the circle, spread the papers, and in a few months a good result will be accomplished.

ing such a price for four months more of wedded bliss than you would have otherwise enjoyed, and for the chance Print is at its cheapest, and the amount of beginning your married life in a ro-mantic manner." They couldn't, of of invaluable publications to be had by the poorest fully equals his time to pe course.—Chicago Tribune. When a good paper is sent the whole year for a dollar or two, it requires a calculating machine to fix the minimum of prices paid for every right word said in it.—B. Gratz Brown.

His Idea of Business.

Jimmie Harvey, aged two years and a half, came into the Southern Police Station this morning with both thumbs pressing against his eye-balls, "Don't cry," said Lieutenant Farnan, and then everybody in the station echoed

lieutenant's words and as each don't cry" fell from an earnest lip Jimmie only bellowed the louder. "What's your name, little one?" inquired the lieutenant. Jimmie."

"Jimmie Harvey, an' I lives on Front "Have you lost your way, Jimmie?"

"Yes, sir. "How old are you?" "Dunno.

Jimmie what?"

Who's your father?" " Dunno. "Is he in business?" Yes, sir.

" What does he do?"

-Baltimore Bulletin.

"Why-why-he-he-licks me," was the bubbling answer, which, beginning faintly, ended in a downright bellow. Jimmie was placed on a chair to await the arrival of his father, when perhaps some more "business" will be transacted.

Between 1871 and 1878, both years inlusive, 3,860,000 persons were employed in British mines, and 9,058 of them lost

How a Girl's Father Saved \$1,500. A young man who had long and dearly loved a beautiful girl on Warren avenue besought of her recently to name the happy day, which she did with such fond, reluctant delay that it would hardly have been thought that she had made up her mind what the date was to be more than two months before, so soon as she saw that he meant biz. They ac-cordingly waited upon the author of her being, and, going down on their knees, acquainted him with the lay of the land and besought of him his biessing. He was a practical and economical old man, with a mind fertile of resource, and when the young man had stammered that he loved her dearer than his life and had a salary of \$1,800, and that he hopedthe old man caught up his trusty Toledo (O.) walking-stick, and, calling his prospective son-in-law many hard names, drove him out of the house; then seizing his daughter by her tiny shel-lac car he awayed with her to the despet believes the despet by the despet by the seizers that the despet her seizers the seizers that the despet by the seizers that the despet by the seizers that the despet by the seizers that the seizers the seizers that the seizers the seizers that the seizers that the seizers that the seizers th to the deepest bedroom beneath the attic roof and locked her in there. What was the consequence? That very light a young man came with a rope adder, an ample cloak and a marriage icense, and stole his bride away, and hey were made one at a west-side church. The young woman said to her husband: "Algernon, my father benaved toward you as mean as all get-out; haved toward you as mean as all get-out; still he was my mother's husband, and we ought to have some deference for him, so let us go to him and tell him we are wedded, and ask his blessing. Besides I want to get my comb bag that I left on the bureau. "Well, I'll go," said the young husband; "but, mind you, Matilda, if he lays a hand on me save in the way of kindness. I'll knock his two eyes into one. I su ffered his previous indignities because he was the hoary-headed author of your being; now vious indignities because he was the hoary-headed author of your being; now he is only my bald-headed old father-in-law, and I won't stand it, if he is three times as old as I am." Accordingly they went home, and when they got there, and were excitedly feeling for the bell-pull, the old man opened the door and said, "Come in, come in. How's the blushing bride, eh? Bless you, my children. Now, by the time we have partaken of refreshments the hack will be here to convey you down town or to any railroad depot you may be pleased to indicate." They followed the old man into the parlor like people in a dream. "I was afraid once," he said, cheerfully, "when I saw Matilda coming down that ladder that the blame thing would break—for she's full sixteen ounces to the pound, Matilda is—and drive all my new rose bushes and tulips into the ground. Why on earth didn't you, when you were compelled to flee into the ground. Why on earth didn't you, when you were compelled to flee from my wrath, elope out of the front door? I left Matilda's dungeon-cell unlocked and I left the front door ajar. I went to the foot of the stairs and snored at the top of my voice so as to give you every facility." "Do you mean to say, venerable and respected said his new-made son-in-law, that you have and have had no objecions to my paying my addresses to your laughter?" "Never the least in the vorld," replied the old man, beaming olandly on them; "you are the son-inlaw I should have picked out of millions, if I had been permitted to choose, and even had I not been satisfied of your worth and sobriety I could not have ound it in my heart to refuse to do what Matilda desired me to do." exclaimed the young husband, hinking that perhaps he had married nto a family having the hereditary taint of insanity in the blood, "then, sir, what did you give r e the grand bounce for in such an energetic and inconsistent manner?" "Because, my dear boy," said the good old man, "I saw that if I did you would instantaneously take out a license and elope with the girl, and get married at an expense of \$6.50, borne exclusively by you, whereas if the mar-riage took place in the ordinary course of events I would have been stuck for a

Employment.

trousseau, and dresses, and flowers, and

the extent of at least \$2,500. You will

find \$1,000 in this pocketbook for ex-

penses during your bridal trip; the remaining \$1,500 I am 'in,' and they are

but the legitimate reward of my ingenu-

ty. You will surely not object to pay-

dejeuner, and presents, and so on to

The following sentiment was uttered by Daniel Webster, in a speech in the

They couldn't, of

Senate of the United States "Sir, I say it is employment that makes the people happy. Sir, the great truth ought never to be forgotten; it ought to be placed on the title page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to be placed in every farmer's magazine and mechanic's magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere, notwithstanding what we hear of the usefulness—and I admit the high usefulness of cheap food-notwithstanding that the great truth should be proclaimed everywhere, should be made into proverb if it could—that where there work for the hands and the men, there will be work for the teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread. And in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good-a country like ours, where, with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment, there is always great willingness for sine. If they can obtain fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses-good clothing-good food, and the means of educating their families; and if they have good houses, and good clothing, and good food, and means of educating their children from their labor, that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a contented and happy people.

Diwrnod i loni calon pob Cymro gwladgarol fydd Gorphenaf 23.—Utica Herald. Dontund er sta ndabl amedw ordo fit .- Rome Sentinel.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch.) one insertion - \$1 One Square " one month - - 3 one month - - 3 00 three months - 6 00 one year - -Two Squares, one year - Quarter Col.

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

What it Means.

Arrayed in snow-white pants and vest, And other raiment fair to view, I stood before my sweetheart Sue-The charming creature I love best. Tell me, and does my costume suit !" I asked that apple of my eye, And then the charmer made reply-Oh, yes, you do look awiul cute!"

Although I frequently had heard My sweetheart vent her pleasure so, I must confess I did not know The meaning of that lav'rite word.

But presently at window side We stood and watched the passing throng, And soon a donkey passed along

With ears like sails extending wide. And gazing at the doleful brute My sweetheart gave a merry cry-I quote her lan guage with a sigh-

Oh, Charley, nin't he awful cute?" -Eugene Field.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

scratch makes light of a match. Sailors are never averse to getting maried. It is always the maritime with them

No newspaper canvasser can raise a club as quick as the average New York

Three hundred members of the Moore family lately gathered at New Philadelphia, Ohio.

"There's a woman at the bottom of t," as the man said when his wife fell in the well.

If the man who gave us by mistake the lead quarter he was saving to put in the contribution box Sunday will call we will cheerfully allow him to rectify his error.—Stillwater Lumberman.

The Muscogee mills, at Pensacola Fla., have sold to a single New York railroad 4,000,000 feet of lumber, to be delivered in sixty days. This is the largest summer order ever filled by a Southern mill.

The circus poster decks the tence
In country towns remote,
And wakes a beatific sense
Of joy within the gost—
The Wm.

-New York Star. The city council of Pueblo, Col. passed an ordinance against carrying concealed weapons, and on the following day most of the male residents appeared on the streets with revolvers and daggers stuck in belts outside of their coats.

A man asked for admission to a show for half price, as he had but one eye. But the manager told him it would take him twice as long to see the show as it would anybody else and charged him double.—Cincinnati Saturday Night. Strong drink is the curse of Africa,

according to Mr. McKay, missionary of the American Board. "Go where you will," he says, "you will find every night, when grain is plentiful, every man, woman and child reeling with the effects of alcohol.'

Edward Payson Weston, the pedestrian, was once a newspaper man. This act was carefully concealed as long as was achieving nothing but failures. His great proficiency in walking was doubtless acquired by collecting his own subscriptions.—Norrist at n Herald.

A curious ancient Mexican library has en found in the ruins of a vast palace at Xaye, near Chiapas, in Southern Mex-The writings are inscribed on terra cotta tablets, half an inch thick, and are supposed to be sacred records, but the language in which they are written s not accurately known.

The "Twa Brigs " of Ayr.

The town divides itself on the sides of a river, which is spanned by the "twa brigs" celebrated in one of the poems by Burns. In the dialogue that occurs between the two structures the new one sneeringly asks the old:

Will your poor narrow footpath of a street, Where two wheelbarrows tremble when they Your rain'd, formless bulk o'stane an' lime, Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?"

And the old one answers: "Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride! This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; And though wi erazy eild I'm sair forlairn, I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless caira!

There was prophecy in the air that night when the poet, impelled by all-directing fate, wandered by the Wallace tower on High street to where the tide swollen Frith was sullenly dashing along the shore, and the new "brig" was indeed a "shapeless cairn" last autumn. while the old one was still bearing its burden of traffic. The former becoming insecure, had been closed and partly demolished; the latter, narrow and incom-modious, looked like a solid natural rock thrown across the stream. a sun-dial in the middle of the old bridge, and the cobble stones of the payement are interlocked with the cohesion of hornblende in granite. Eastward the river becomes shallow, and foams upon the rocks with which the bottom is strewn; the banks are green at no great distance above the bridge; and below, a mixed fleet of fishing boats. barks and smaller craft is moored to the wharves, that extend to the breakwater, over which the water of the Frith flies in southwesterly gales,-Harper's Maga-

Words of Wisdom.

He who runs after a shadow has a vearisome race.

Those who cry the loudest have generally the least to sell.

There are two kinds of geniuses-the lever and the too clever. It is the best proof of the virtues of

a family circle to see a happy fireside. How few faults are there seen by us which we have not ourselves committed.