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The Every-Day Darling.

She is neither a beauty nor genius, And no one could call her wise; In a crowd of other women She would draw no stranger's eyes; Even we who love her are puzzled To say where her preciousness lies. She is sorry when others are sorry, So sweetly, one likes to be sad; And if people around her are merry, She is almost gladder than glad. Her sympathy is the sweetest, The truest a heart ever had; She is just an every-day darling, The dearest that hearts ever had. Her hands are so white and little, It seems as if it were wrong They should ever work for a moment, And yet they are quick and strong. Many a dear one needs helping— She will work the whole day long; The precious every-day darling, Every day and all day long. She is loyal as knight were loyal, In the days when no knight lied, And for sake of love or of honor, It need be, a true knight died; But she dreams not she is braver Than the women by her side— This precious every-day darling, Who makes sunshine at our side. Ah, envy her, beauty and genius, And women the world call wise; The utmost of all your triumphs Would be empty in her eyes; To love and be loved is her kingdom; In this her happiness lies, God bless her, the every-day darling! In this her preciousness lies.

NORAH.

We had been out all night watching the herring-fishers, but as soon as the work was over, and the faint glimmering of the dawn appeared in the east, we turned our boats towards the shore, and pulled swiftly homeward. There lay the group of curraghs, still upon the scene of their labor, loaded with phosphorescent fish and dripping nets, and manned with crews of silvery, waxy men. The sea, which during the night had been throbbing convulsively, was calm and bright as a polished mirror, while the gaunt gray cliffs were faintly shadowed forth by the lustrous light of the moon. Weighed with my night's labor I lay listlessly in the stern of the boat, listening dreamily to the measured splash, splash, of the oars, and drinking in the beauty of the scene around me: the placid sea, the black outline of the hills and cliffs, the silently sleeping village of Storport. Presently, however, my ears detected another sound, which came faintly across the waters, and mingled softly with the monotonous splashing of the oars and the weary washing of the sea. "Is it a mermaid singing?" I asked, sleepily. "The village maids are all dreaming of their lovers at this hour, but the Midian Marassing of their, Oh, yes, it must be a mermaid, for hark! the sound is issuing from the shore yonder, and surely no human being ever possessed a voice half so beautiful!" To my question no one vouchsafed a reply, so I lay still half-sleepily and listened to the plaintive wailing of the voice, which every moment grew stronger. It came across the water like the low sweet sound of an Eolian harp touched by the summer breeze; and as the boat glided swiftly on, bringing it ever nearer, the whole scene around seemed suddenly to brighten as if from the touch of a magical hand. Above me sailed the moon, scattering pale violetous light around her, and touching with her cool white hand the mellow thatched cabins, lying so secluded on the hillside, the long stretch of shimmering sand, the fringe of foam upon the shingle, the peaks of the hills which stood silhouetted against the pale gray sky. A white owl passing across the boat, and almost brushing my cheek with its wing, aroused me as length from my torpor. The sound of the voice had ceased. Above my head a flock of sea-gulls screamed, and, as they sailed away, I heard the whistle of the curlew; little puffins were floating thick as bees around us, wild rock-doves flew swiftly from the caverns, and beyond again the omnivorous blackened the weed-covered rocks. The splash of our oars had for a moment created a commotion; presently all calmed down again, and again I heard the plaintive wailing of the mermaid's voice. The voice suddenly ceased, and as it did so, I saw that the singer was a young girl who, with her hands clasped behind her, and her face turned to the moonlit sky, walked slowly along the shore. Suddenly she paused, and while the sea kissed her forehead, and the moon laid tremulous hands upon her head, began to sing again. As the last words fell from her tremulous lips, and the echoes of the sweet voice faded far away across the sea, the boat glided gently on ran her bow into the sand, and I, leaping out, came suddenly face to face with the loveliest vision I ever beheld. "Is it a mermaid?" I asked myself again, for surely I thought no human being could be half so lovely. I saw a pale Madonna-like face set in a wreath of golden hair, on which the moonlight brightened and darkened like the shadows on a wind-whirled sea. Large lustrous eyes which gazed earnestly seaward, then filled with a strange wandering far-off look as they turned to my face. A young girl clad in a peasant's dress, with her bare feet washed reverently by the sighing sea; her half-parted lips kissed by the breeze which traveled slowly shoreward; her cheeks and neck were pale as alabaster, so were the little hands which were still clasped nervously behind her; and as she stood, with her hands wandering restlessly first to my face, then to the dim line of the horizon, the moon, brightening with sudden splendor, wrapt her from head to foot in a mantle of shimmering snow.

For a moment she stood gazing with a peculiar far-away look into my face; then with a sigh she turned away, and with her face still turned seaward, her hands still clasped behind her, wandered slowly along the moon-lit sands. As she went, fading like a spirit amid the shadows, I heard again the low sweet sound of the plaintive voice which had come to me across the ocean, but soon it grew fainter and fainter until only the echoes were heard. I turned to my boatman, who now stood waiting for me to depart. "Well, Shawn, is it a mermaid?" I asked smiling. He gravely shook his head. "No, yer honor, 'tis only a poor colleen wid a broken, a broken heart!" I turned and looked questioningly at him, but he was gazing at the spot whence the figure of the girl had disappeared. "God Almighty, rish the dead!" he said, reverently raising his hat, "but him that brought such luck to Nora O'Connell—dear God! His curse, God knows!" This incident, coupled with the strange manner of my man, interested me, and I began to question him as to the story of the girl whose lovely face was still vividly before me. But for some reason or other he seemed to shun the subject, so for a time I told my peace. But as soon as I found myself comfortably seated in the cosy parlor of the lodge, with a bright turf fire blazing before me, I summoned my henchman to my presence. "Now, Shawn," I said, "close the door, draw your chair up to the fire, and tell me the story of the lovely colleen whom we saw to-night." "Would yer honor really like to hear?" "I would; it will give me something to dream about, and prevent me from thinking too much of her beautiful face." Shawn smiled gravely. "Yer honor thinks her pretty? Well, then, ye'll believe me when I tell ye that if ye was to search the country at the present moment ye couldn't find a colleen to match Nora O'Connell. When she was born the neighbors thought she must be a fairy child, she was so pretty and small and white; and when she got older, there wasn't a boy in Storport but would lay down his life for her. Boys' wild fortunes and boys' wild fortunes tried to get her, and begging yer honor's pardon, I went myself in with the rest. But it went awry wid us all; Nora just smiled and said she did not want to marry. But one day, two years ago now come this Scrappit, that lazy shaghaun Miles Doughty (God rest his soul!) came over from Ballygally, and going straight to Nora, widout making up any snatch at all, asked her to marry him." "Well?" "Well, yer honor, this time Nora brightened up, and though she knew well enough that Miles was a dirty blackguard widout a penny in the world—though the old people said no, and there was plenty of old fortunes in Storport waitin' on her—she just went against every one of them and said she must marry Miles. The old people pulled against her at first, but at last Nora, with her smiles and pretty ways, won over Father Tom—who won over the old people, till at last they said that if Miles would go for a while to the black pits of Pennsylvania and earn the money and buy a house and a bit of land, he should marry her." He paused, and for a time there was silence. Shawn looked thoughtfully into the fire; I lay back in my easy chair and carefully watched the smoke which curled from my cigar, and as I did so I seemed to hear again the wildly plaintive voice of the girl as I had heard it before that night: "I have called my love but he still sleeps on, And his lips are as cold as clay;" and as the words of the song passed through my mind, they seemed to tell me the sequel of the story. "Another case of disastrous true love," I said, turning to Shawn; and when he looked puzzled, I added, "He died, and she is mourning him." "Yes, yer honor, he died; but if that was all he did we would forgive him. What broke the poor colleen's heart was that he should forget her when he got to the strange land, and marry another colleen at the time he should have married her; after that it was but right that he should die." "Did he write and tell her he was married?" "Write? no, nor till he was dead either. Here was the poor colleen watching and waiting for him for two whole years and wondering what could keep him; but a few months ago Owen Macgrath, a boy who had gone away from the village long ago on account of Nora refusing to marry him, came back again and told Nora that Miles was dead and asked her to marry him. He had made legs of money and was ready to take a house and bit of land and to buy up cattle if she would but say the word to him." "Well?" "Well, yer honor, Nora first shook her head and said that now Miles was dead 'twas as well for her to die too. At this Owen spoke and asked where was the use of grieving so, since for many months before his death Miles had been a married man! Well, when Owen said this, Nora never spoke a single word, but her teeth set and her lips and face were white and cold as clay, and ever since that day she has been so strange in her ways that some think she's not right at all. On moonlight nights she creeps out of the house and walks by the sea, singing them strange old songs; then she looks out as if expecting him to come to her—and right her wrong, she'll never look at another man!" As Shawn finished the half-cloth chimed five; the last spark faded from my cigar; the turf fell low in the grate; so I went to bed to think over the story alone.

How bright and beautiful everything looked after the heavy rain! The ground was spongy to the tread; the dew still lay heavily upon the heather and long grass; but the sun seemed to be sucking up the moisture from the bog. Everybody seemed to be out that day; and most people were busy. Old men, drowsy heavily laden donkeys along the muddy road; young girls carried their creels of turf across the bog; and by the roadside, close to where I stood, the turf-cutters were busy. I stood for a while and watched them at their work, and when I turned to go I saw for the first time that I had not been alone. Not many yards from me stood a figure watching the turf-cutters too. A young man, with high boots, felt hat and coat of all the colors of the rainbow. When the turf-cutters, pausing suddenly in their work, gazed at him with wonder in their eyes, he gave a peculiar smile and asked if they could tell where one Nora O'Connell lived; he was a stranger here and brought his news from the States! In a moment a dozen fingers were outstretched to point him on, and the stranger, again smiling strangely to himself, walked away. I stood for a time and watched him go, then I too sauntered on. I turned off from the road, crossed the bog, and made direct for the sea-shore. I had been walking there for some quarter of an hour, when suddenly a huge shadow was flung across my path, and looking up again I beheld the stranger. His hat was pushed back now, and I saw for the first time that his face was handsome. His cheeks were bronzed and weather-beaten, but his features were finely formed, and on his head clustered a mass of curling chestnut hair. He was flushed as if with excitement; he cast me a hurried glance and disappeared. Five minutes after, as I still stood wondering at the strange behavior of the man, my ears were greeted with a shriek which pierced to my very heart. Running in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, I reached the top of a neighboring sand-hill, and gazing into the valley below me I again beheld the stranger. This time his head was bare—his arms were outstretched, and he held upon his breast the half-fainting form of the lovely girl whom I had last beheld in the moonlight. While I stood hesitating as to the utility of descending, the girl gently withdrew herself from his arms, then clasping her hands around his neck, fell sobbing on his breast. "Well, Shawn, what's the news?" I asked that night when Shawn rushed excitedly into my room. For a time he could tell me nothing, but by dint of a few well-applied questions I soon extracted from him the whole story. It amounted to this: that after working for two years like a galley-slave, in the black pits of Pennsylvania, with nothing but the thought of Nora to help him on, Miles Doughty found himself with enough money to warrant his coming home; that he was about to return to Storport, when unfortunately, the day before his intended departure, a shaft in the coal-pit fell upon him and he was left for dead; that for many months he lay ill, but as soon as he was fit to travel he started for home. Arrived in Storport he was astonished to find that no one knew him, and he was about to pass himself off as a friend of his own when the news of his reported death and Nora's sorrow so shocked him that he determined to make himself known at once. "And God help the villain that told her he was married!" concluded Shawn, "for he swears he'll kill him as soon as Nora—God bless her!—comes out of the fever that she's in to-night."

Just three months after that night, I found myself sitting in the hut where Nora O'Connell dwelt. The cabin was illuminated so brightly that it looked like a spot of fire upon the bog; the rooms in the house were crowded; and without, dark figures as thick as bees in swarming time. Miles Doughty, clad rather less gaudily than when I first beheld him, sat amidst the throng, pausing now and again to look affectionately at Nora, who, decorated with her bridal flowers, was dancing with one of the straw men who had come to do honor to her marriage feast. When the dance was ended she came over and stood beside me. "Nora," I whispered, "do you remember that night when I heard you singing songs upon the sands?" Her face flashed brightly upon me, then it grew grave—then her eyes filled with tears. "My dear," I added, "I never meant to pain you. I only want you to sing a sequel to those songs to-night!" She laughed lightly, then she spoke rapidly in Irish, and merrily sang the well-known lines: "Oh, the marriage, the marriage, With love and my bouchal for me; The ladies that ride in a carriage Might envy my marriage to thee." Then she was laughingly carried off to join in another dance. I joined in the fun till midnight; then, though the merriment was still at its height, I quietly left the house and hastened home. As I left the cabin I stumbled across a figure which was hiding behind a turf-stack. By the light of my burning turf I recognized the features of Owen Macgrath. He slunk away when he saw me, and never since that night has he been seen in Storport.—Belgravia.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial has interviewed Miss Anderson, who made such a sensation at Newport with her big trunk. By actual measurement he found the trunk to be seven feet nine inches long, four feet two inches wide and five feet three inches deep. On the top of the trunk it was the following: "Baggage Smothers: If you can't lift me, call for my help. Swearing won't make me budge an inch. Remember the Commandment: 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.'" Of the 40,000 postmasters in the United States only 2,000 are appointed by the President, and are paid by salary; the 38,000 others are designated by the Postmaster-General and are paid in proportion to the amount of business done at their offices.

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A Shocking Fellow.

George Bell, of Portland, Oregon, now visiting friends in this city, possesses the remarkable peculiarity of being able to deliver a shock as perceptible and distinct as that from a galvanic battery. He attended the ball given by the Master Mariners' Association at B'nai Brith Hall, and there created considerable amusement for those who knew the secret of his powers by the way in which he treated the ladies to whom he was introduced and with whom he mingled in the dance. A Chronicle reporter called upon him at the residence of his brother-in-law, W. F. Peck, on Mission street, last evening, to request an explanation of the phenomenon. "You can call it a phenomenon or anything else," said Mr. Bell, "but I can give no explanation of it. I simply possess the power of giving these shocks, and that's about all there is about it. I don't care about any senseless publicity on the subject, though you can mention it if you want to. I will tell you how it works. There is a good deal of electricity in my system, and when I catch a person by each hand it seems to pass from me to them. You've seen people take hold of the handles of a battery; well, my hands are just like those handles. Give your hands and I will show you." Mr. Bell took the hands of the reporter in his and pressed them tightly. A shock of electricity, in no way differing from that given by a galvanic battery, was received. "You see," said the living battery, "when I draw in my breath the electric current seems to acquire great power." The reporter felt the truth of the remark as the sharp, prickly sensation increased, as if a hundred invisible needles were being shot through the arms. "There, you have the whole thing, description and experience, as much as I can give," said he, as he dropped the hands of the reporter. "I understand you could pick up needles, Mr. Bell, with your fingers as with a magnet," said the searcher for facts. "Oh, no, I never could do that. These stories are always exaggerated, you know," replied he, as he lit his cigarette and blew the white smoke out through the open window. "I presume it furnishes yourself and friends abundant amusement when you desire it," suggested the reporter. "Well, yes; I can have some fun now and then. I give the shock, you know, when no one expects it, and often I frighten the ladies when I place one hand upon a shoulder and grasp their hand with the other. They take it in good part nearly always, though I now and then get into a little trouble with those cross-grained specimens of humanity who never can take a joke." "How do the ladies treat your electrical powers? Are they more frightened than the men?" "Of course. Did you ever know a lady who wouldn't scream louder than a man could when she saw a child fall down stairs? Those who don't know me at all sometimes get frightened; but the ones who do usually say, 'Oh, how you shock me, Mr. Bell,' and laugh. I hook the ladies often, but I can't help it, you know." At this point Mr. Bell announced that he had an engagement to fill, and the reporter withdrew.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Miner's Good Fortune.

There is an Italian in Nevada City who owes a fortune to a drink of water. As the Transcript relates the incident, he arrived at the Golden Gate in quest of a fortune and found his way to the Sierra Butte mine, where he failed to get employment. After receiving numerous rebuffs, he started to return to the lower country again. He became so weary, footsore and disheartened that he began to wish himself back to sunny Italy once more, among the vines and olives. He grew feverish thinking of his trials and tribulations, and stopped at a spring to moisten his parched throat. Cattle had been that way a short time before, and with their feet stirred up the limpid water until it became thick with mud. The Italian scooped out the basin and waited until the sand should settle to the bottom, that he might slake his thirst and bathe his brow. By-and-by the water became clear as crystal, and he stooped to drink. An astonishing sight met his eyes. The bottom of the spring was strewn with bright yellow particles that glittered in their mastery bed. With all his ignorance of mining he knew he had found gold. He rushed excitedly to a camp where lived some of his countrymen, and told the story of his discovery, but they were incredulous, saying that some miner had stopped at the spring to drink and lost what was found from his purse. One of them, however, volunteered to help prospect the claim, although he had no confidence in developing a permanent or profitable one. The first day panned out \$700. Since then they have worked it constantly and on an extensive scale. It has paid handsomely from the first. Last year they took out \$40,000, and sold one-quarter interest for \$20,000 more.

Smallness of the World.

Dr. Motley, after three years and a half spent in a voyage of scientific exploration around the world, says the voyage left a deep impression of the smallness of the earth's surface. We live in the depths of the atmosphere as deep as the sea animals live in the depths of the sea. Like these we can crawl up into the shallows, or mount at peril in a balloon; but the utmost extent of our vertical range is no greater than we can walk horizontally on the earth's surface in a couple of hours. If there were land the entire length of the equator it might be possible to run around the world in three weeks. A walk of about four miles a day would bring a man from Belling Strait to Cape Hope in about seven years. The earth as a component part of the universe may be compared to a small isolated island on its surface.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, finding that a great many children run away from home in all parts of the United States and Canada, and are either lost or stolen, and that the society is put to a great deal of trouble to ascertain where they belong when found, have hit upon a plan to aid in returning children to their parents, and intend to circulate a large number of notices like the following throughout the State: "The parents and guardians of children within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts are hereby requested to have at least one article of clothing upon their children plainly marked with the child's full name and residence, so as to assist the local police and M. S. P. C. C. officers in returning children to their homes when lost or stolen."

Of all the aerial phenomena with which the Northwest has been visited this summer, perhaps the one that struck Newburg, Minn., caused the most laughable scenes. The citizens of New Ulm, as well as those of the neighboring towns of Renville county, have just jumped, when the air suddenly grew hot—not with the heat of summer-evening sultriness, but with that of fire. So intense was the heat that people at first thought their houses ablaze, and afterward that some tunnel communicating with the realms below had blown out its terrestrial end. The blast of air passed from south to north and lasted about two minutes. Those who expected that the Biblical prophecy about the destruction of the world by fire was being fulfilled were soon enjoying a cool breeze that followed the remarkably hot one.

Over in the neighborhood of Cleveland Ohio, there exists an Old Maids' Association, a society which was organized seventeen years ago. The society has rigorous laws against the marriage of any member. Any one who marries is subject to a fine of a box of cake or one hundred big brass pennies, and by a vote of the society may have the letters U. D. I. branded upon the sole of the right foot. The annual meeting was held at Geauga Lake recently. Seventy ladies were present. Miss Georgie Nichols, of Aurora, Ohio, was elected president, the lady who preceded her in that office being impeached because, during the year, she had not only permitted six members to marry, but had herself gone and done likewise. Extracts from Tennessee's "The Princess" were read. In the evening a few mild young gentlemen were permitted to be present during the boat ride on the lake. Captain C. E. Henry, one of the favored, took advantage of the occasion to offer a silk banner to the town that next year will send the largest delegation of old maids.

Napoleon's First Glimpse of Eugenie.

A few nights before the coup d'etat which made him emperor, President Louis Napoleon gave a grand ball at the Elysee. The wealth and fashion of Paris were represented there. Perfume of flowers and strains of sweet music filled the air. Magnificent as the scene was, the president tired of it and longed to be out under the calmer light of the stars; so taking his friend, Edgar Ney, the Duke of la Moskwa, by the arm, he started out through the conservatory for the cool gardens. As he stepped through the doorway a picture met his gaze that almost took away his breath, and for a moment he stood as one in a dream. It was not long, however, before he saw that the beautiful vision was reality. Standing before a mirror in the conservatory was the most exquisite creature he had ever seen in his life. A young lady, whose golden hair had fallen from its confining comb down over her white shoulders, was trying to arrange the turtur curls with nervous fingers. The gallantry of a Frenchman would not permit him to stand staring in the doorway even at so beautiful a sight; so, stepping quickly to her side, the future emperor, with a courtly bow, offered his arm to his future bride and conducted her to a dressing-room where she could repair the ravages of the dance. It was a case of love at first sight, and the ardent Napoleon hastened back to the ballroom, where he awaited with impatience the return of the beautiful Espagnole. Nor did his regard for Mlle. de Montijo prove transitory. His attentions became so marked that one day Mlle. de Montijo asked a private audience of the prince, and told him that his attentions to her daughter were the subject of comment, and that she thought they had better leave France. This was at St. Cloud, where the mother and daughter were both paying a visit. No doubt the prince had made up his mind what to do, but princes cannot always lay bare their plans. The mother was told to stay until the next day; that he would have something of importance to communicate or the morrow. Did the beautiful old lady suspect?—New York Herald.

A Sign-Painter's Invention.

A woman who opened a small millinery store in the western part of the city, says the Detroit Free Press, engaged a painter to paint her a sign. When it came home the other day she saw that it read: "Mrs. J. Blank, etc., and she called out, 'You have got an extra 's' in Mrs., and you must paint the sign over again.'" The painter saw the error, but he did not want the job of correcting it, and he replied: "Madam, haven't you had two husbands?" "Yes, sir." "You were a Mrs. when you lost the first?" "I was." "And do you think a woman can go on marrying forever and not lengthen out her title?" Mrs. Blank means a married woman or a widow. Mrs. Blank means a woman who has been married twice, and is young enough to marry again, and only yesterday a rich old cocoon was in our shop, and said he had an idea that you were heart-broke he'd come up—"Oh, well, you can nail up the sign," she interrupted. And it is there to-day.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Some one asks the difference between a small boy and a glass of soda water? Only five cents. For the daily supply of the British metropolis about 5,500 beasts are sent to the London market. The St. Paul Pioneer Press estimates that the farmers of Minnesota will realize \$40,000,000 for their wheat crop this year. Dentistry is not new. A four-thousand year old mummy has been discovered with a filled tooth and the unpaid bill in his pocket. The widow of Commodore Vanderbilt, among her other charities, is credited with supporting thirty-four families in the South. The Emperor of Austria speaks fluently nearly every one of the various languages in which the inhabitants of his empire-kingdom converse. A girl, getting off a train at Cape May, was asked if she might be helped to alight and she replied that she did not smoke.—New York Herald. A physician says ice-cream exhausts the vital forces. For "vital forces" read pocket-books. It only exhausts the vital forces of the young man who, while out promenading with his girl, is making herculean efforts to dodge a dozen ice-cream signs.—Norristown Herald. The potato bog idly swung in the breeze, While he watched two farm boys with their machines. And said, as he adjourned to some neighboring trees, "If they think they can catch me, that pair is green." —W. J. Lampton, in Saturday Night. Mr. Worth, of New Harrison, Wis., was a remarkably handsome young man. He was engaged to marry Miss Dakin, a wealthy girl. She pointed what she thought was an empty pistol at him and shot him in the face, disfiguring him terribly. She now refuses to keep the engagement, saying that such an ugly husband would make her constantly nervous. Mr. Tom Taylor, editor of the London Punch, and dramatist, has a house that is simply stuffed with pictures. There is hardly a square inch of wall uncovered. In one apartment, used as a summer-room for reading, working or painting, the walls are covered entirely with prints of Sir Joshua Reynolds' paintings; and opening from this is a chamber dedicated to sculpture, where an owl perches familiarly on a bust of Minerva. Chivy, as this bird is called, is a great favorite in the family, and very friendly with his master, though shy with strangers. On an average there lie in the docks at London 1,000 vessels, carrying 9,000 sailors. The docks cost about \$100,000,000, and are constructed of solid granite, with huge gates, which are opened when the tide is at the full for the ingress and egress of vessels. When the tide begins to fall the gates are closed, and as the ships are always at the same level there is no chafing and no inconvenience arising from the action of the tide. The warehouses surrounding these docks are of the most colossal dimensions, and are stored with merchandise from every quarter of the globe. THE BAKER'S LOAF SONG. I kneed this every hour, My darling sweet tart dear; Dough-nut dis-pies my love, Or turn-over a deaf ear. It quite often I do loaf, I surely am well bread, And rank among the upper crust, I am no muffin head. Although I like to crack-er joke, I am a pious man; At hops I make a bun-dance, As well as any can. Dough not think I wish to sponge; In your e-steam I'd rise, Star of the yeast but shine on me, With love light in your eyes. —Toronto Graphic. Words of Wisdom. Adversity is the balance to weigh friends. Ignorance is a subject for pity; not laughter. A knowledge of mankind is necessary to acquire prudence. Choose those companions who administer to your improvement. Truth is hid by great depths, and the way to it does not appear to all the world. Conversational powers are susceptible of great improvement by assiduous cultivation. The friendships of youth are founded on sentiment; the dissensions of age result from opinion. Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the eye, link us with nature and innocence and are something to love. The business of life is to go forward; he who sees evil in prospect meets it on the way; but he who catches it by retrospection turns back to find it. Affections, like spring flowers, break through the frozen ground at last, and the heart, which seeks but for another heart to make it happy, will never seek in vain. It is very pleasant to see some men turn round, pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air in winter, or the flash of fire-light in the chill dusk; they shed radiance on all around them. All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before they come may be deservedly censured, yet surely to dread the future is more reasonable than to lament the past. Mountains never shake hands. Their roots may touch, they may keep together some way up, but at length they part company, and rise into individual, isolated peaks. So it is with great men. The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet, if there is nothing else to satisfy our hunger, we take another bite and find it possible to go on.