The forest Republican.

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Shadow-Evidence. Swift o'er the sunny grass I saw a shadow pass

With subtle charm; So quick, so full of life, With thrilling joy so rife, I started lest, unknown, My step-ere it was flown-Had done it harm.

Why look up to the blue? The bird was gone, I knew, Fur out of sight. Slandy, and keen of wing, The slight, impassioned thing, Intent on a goal unknown, Had held its course alone In silent night.

Dear little bird, and fleet, Flinging down at my feet Shadow for song

More sure I am of thee-Unseen, unheard by me-Than of some things felt and known And guarded as my own All my life long.

-Mary Mapes Dodge, in Scribner.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

"Thomas," said Miss Browne to the man-servant, "what is the name of the family living in the third house with the on this side the street—the house with the ash trees before it? Oliver says the name is Thurston, but children can't be relied upon in the matter of names. That be the name, miss," said Thomas.

"Leastways, its Thurston on the door." "Thurston! A pretty set they must be, too! That Thurston boy pummels Oliver within an inch of his life whenever he goes into the street. I can't keep Oliver in the house, and I can't bear this thing any longer. Why the poor child came how. longer. Why, the poor child came home yesterday with his nose bleeding and mud on his new suit, and I have made up my to send a line to young Thurston'

snall I take it round, miss?" "Directly," And Miss Nora proceede to indite this frigid note: "Mr. Thurston :

"DEAR SIR-You will doubtless be surprised at a note from a stranger; but I feel obliged to call your attention to the be haviour of your son toward our little Oli ver, who can scarcely go into the street without receiving a blow from him. I have endured this sort of thing till endurance i no longer a virtue, and must request your early interference.

Respectfully,

"II. Browne,"

The next day she received this reply: " Mr. Thurston regrets that Mrs. Browne has been put to any inconvenience by the on fact of his grandson, and begs to ask it Master Oliver did not provoke the quarrel and bear his part in it?

"Our Oliver provoke a quarrel!' cried Miss Nora. "What an insolent old man! and straightway returned:

"I cannot believe for an instant that our Oliver was to blam in the affair. I have inquired into the matter, and it seems that blow was entirely unprovoked. I am only astonished that you should uphold your grandson in such a grave fault.
"H. BROWNE."

"Mr. Thurston thinks that if you can se cure a faithful report of the affair from Master Oliver you will find that it is six of one and half a dozen of the other, so to speak. Mr. Thurston also begs that you will reorganize your own child's manners before offering suggestions to your neigh-

"If I can secure a faithful report from Oliver! When will impudence cease! Woman-like, she meant to have the last word: " Mr. Thurston :

"Str.-I can rely implicitly upon our Oliver's word. And if I fail to reorganize the manners of our boy, it must be because your own furnishes him with such evil examples. H. Browns."

"What an ass that Mrs. Brown is!" said Grandpa Thurston to the person who had been doing up this tender correspondence for him. "Give it to the simpleton hot and heavy this time, Luce. You weren't savage enough in your last,"

I propose we drop the subject here. She's a born scold, and will have the last word, say what you will;" and as Grandpa Thurston was paralyzed, and could only hold a pen by proxy, the correspondence came to a standstill,

"They found my last unanswerable," thought Nora. "What common people they must be, to bring'up a child so badly ! Shoddy, no doubt I'm glad I don't know them-that people are not obliged to know their neighbors in the city. They must be insufferable.'

Miss Nora Browne had been left in charge of her sister's household, while the lady and her husband traveled abroad, unhampered by Master Oliver's presence. Her home was some hundred miles away intand, and her acquaintances in the city were few and far between, while even these few were generally out of town at this season of the year. However, she was surprised one morning by a call from a friend, who, having become tired of the mountains,

had returned to the city for a few days. "How lonesome you" must be, Nora!" said Miss Elphinstone. "You must drop in upon us often; the horse cars run within a block of our door. And we'll have such larks! By-the-way, we are going down the harbor to-morrow in Cousin Lucius' yacht-he's just home from Europe, you know-and you must join us.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Nora "never having heard of 'Cousin Lucius' stence before. Never heard of Cousin Lucius! Well,

live and learn. But you'll come?" "Wild horses couldn't keep me at home,

thank you. The next day Thomas and old Russet took Miss Nora down to the wharf, where quaintance end here? the Sunbeam was ready to put out. a day it was! Not a cloud in the whole wide heavens, and "Cousin Lucius" on blush.

deck, brown-bearded and white-handed, with great liquid eyes, and a smile that set the pulses beating when it beamed upon one,

the pulses beating when it beamed upon one, and that one happened to be a girl of twenty with an untenanted heart. The party was quite a family affair, Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone, their sons and daughters, with one or two friends, making up the list. "This is a regular snare, Nora," said Ellen Elphinstone, when they were dropping down the harpor. "I don't know how you'll feel about it, my dear girl; but, you see, we are not going to sail for the day see, we are not going to sail for the day merely, but out into the broad Atlantic, may be shipwrecked, or cast on a desert shore. But we shall be away a week, at the very least."

"Oh, how superb!" cried Nora; and then her face lengthened, "But, Nell, what-ever shall I do? I have no things."

"Providence will provide. You see, I had no time to notify you after our change of plan; but I packed up a double supply of 'things;' don't worry."

"But there's the housekeeping, and the

servants, and burglars—"

"But you've a housekeeper?"

"And there's Oliver, and— Oh dear!
it's delightful, but I ought to be at home."

"But your nephew has a nurse?" "Why, he's eight years old, Nell. To be

sure, his nurse lives with us still, and re-gards him as the apple of her eye, and Thomas looks after him like a detective;

"Oh, come! throw your conscience overboard," begged Lucius, coming up to close

"I'm afraid it's so light it will float," laughed Nora. "But I may as well enjoy myself;" which she straightway proceeded to do, after the most approved method of flirtation, as Nell called it. Lucius got out his chess-board, and they played for hours together.

"What ever can you see in that game?" Nell would harangue. "Life isn't long enough to learn it."

"It is linked sweetness, long drawn out," Lucius returned.

On wet days they read Browning below, or repeated in turn all the old ballads they could recall, or danced to Nell's violin. So hey drifted along the coast, touching here and there at some port, or going ashore in merry groups for books, or mail or a garden party. Nora acknowledged she had never had such a gay time in her life.

"Oh, if I could live on a yacht forever!" the said, one star-lit night, when she and

Lucius were sitting apart, as they had conracted a habit of doing.

"So you like a sea-faring life?" "Yes; how dull it will be to return to commonplaces! Just think, Mr. Elphinstone, a fortnight ago I had never heard of

you; aren't you mortified?'
"Such is fame! And now?"
"Why, now I feel as if I had known you a hundred years or more;" and then Nors lung her head at her own rash words.

regret that the time has seem ong," laughed Lucius. "To me this fortight has seemed like a dream. Tell me about yourself, Miss Nora," he said, after a rause. "How little I know of you, in spite d our long intimacy! I've taken you enitely on trust, haven't I? 'Continual comfort in a facs—the lineaments of gospel looks," he quoted.

"Flattery, thy name is man. What can I tell you about myself that you don't know already? You know my favorite poets and novels, my religious views, my slender accomplishments; you know I live in the country, and am just now keeping house in the city for my brother and sister, who are abroad. Do you like boys, Mr. Etphinstone?

"What a digression! I can tolerate them. By-the-way, speaking of boys reminds me of a correspondence I've had with an anxious mother on the subject. I rather think I have one of the precious epistles about me; they're such sweet-tempered specimens, you ought to see them. Listen, here's one of them," as he struck a match and read:

" Mr. Thurston: "'SIR-I can rely implicitly upon our Oliver's word. And if I fail to reorganize the manners of our boy, it must be because your own furnishes him such evil examples. 'H. BROWNE.

"There! Don't I pity Mr. Browne. Isn't she a Xantippe? Think of marrying a woman of that kind! Ye gods!" "But-but you are not Mr. Thurston?"

gasped Nora.
"Not exactly. I was his amanuensis on this interesting occasion. Grandpa Thurston has a mischievous grandson, besides myself, who had come to fisticuffs with said Master Browne. Grandpa Thurston is paralyzed, and can neither walk nor write, therefore the burden fell upon your humble

"Yes, I think the wind has changed, Mr. Elphinstone," said Nora, after a pause. "I must go below."

"Let me bring you a wrap instead, Miss

'Thanks; but it is growing late. The others have already gone; I really must follow. We get in to-morrow?" "Yes. Remember this is our last night

ar sea. Let us make the most of it." "I have enjoyed the voyage. It is only the end that is unpleasant. Good-night." Oh, what a fool!" thought Nora, as she lay upon her pillow, "ever to have written that silly, bad-tempered note to Mr. Thurston! It did sound spiteful, I confess. Perhaps I ought to have told him I was the author; perhaps he already suspects it. 'Isn't she a Xantippe? Think of marrying a woman of that kind!" she quoted Who wants him to? He needn't have taken pains to assure me of his indifference, she groaned, inconsequently, " as if I didn't know the difference between flirtation and love-making. Well, we get home to-mor-row, thank goodness! But, oh, dear! it

might have been all so nice !" When they parted next day Miss Nora was cordial in her thanks, but omitted to ask Mr. Elphinstone to call and see her. Nobody but himself observed the omission you don't want me to call ?" he asked, deliberately. " Does our ac-

" If you ever happen to come to Axmins-

"And why may I not see you here?"
"I am going home to Axminster," she

"Then I shall certainly happen to go The Elphinstones went to some fashion-able springs directly, and Nora lost sight of them for the once. She had dreaded lest Lucius should inquire her residence, and in calling establish her identity with Xantippe, and she was greatly relieved when Mr. and Mrs. Warner returned from Europe, and she could pack up and start off for Axminster. But fate had not designed that the affair and along the coast, and heaven knows should end here. The Axminster train was where, just as Cousin Lucius pleases. We thrown from the track, and when Nora came to her senses, she was lying in a cool room, with Nell Elphinstone bathing her

brow, and a racking pain in her head.
"What is it? Where am I? Where-how did you come here, Nell?" she cried. "Hush, dear! It was so lucky that the train came to grief just in the midst of your friends, so to speak. Now go to sleep, that's a dear. The doctor says that you are in no danger, but you'll have to stay here a long time; and nothing could be nicer than to have you here. And your sister has sent up a nurse, as she's not well herself; so don't

get excited.' Nora had, indeed, fractured an arm, and sustained bruises that would detain her at the Bitter Springs for some weeks; but as she began to mend she found that her lines had fallen in pleasant places, after all. Lucius Elphinstone made it his business to entertain and beguile her invalid hours; brought in the latest books, the choicest flowers, amused her with descriptions of the fashionable follies at the springs, with scraps from the operas and tidbits from the

burlesques of the day. "You see, we had a picnic in the neighborhood at the time of the accident," Neli confided to Nora one day, "and I insisted upon going with Lucius to view the wreck, and do what I could for the injured, and you were the first victim we stumbled upon. I wish you could have seen Lucius' face, it looked so white and strange, as if the iron had entered his soul."

"He is very good to care," said Nora, "Dear me, how coolly you take it!"
"I am very grateful." Had Lucius eally cared for her, or was he only shocked? "I am almost sorry that you mend so rapidly," Lucius said to her on the follow-ing day. "I hear that you will take wing to-morrow, and I shall have no one to listen

"There are plenty of listeners, Mr. Elphin-

'But none exactly like yourself." "Thanks. Who is that coming up the lawn? It looks like—why, it is Oliver?" "Oliver?" repeated Lucius, aghast, ace ing the color that trembled on her cheek the light shining in her eyes. But before she could reply, the door opened, and Oli

Why, Oliver, did you rain down? "I ain't a pollywog, aunty. No, I played hookey just to come down and see you. Mother don't know-and Jack Thurston he ent me the money.

"Jack Thurston!" "Oh, yes. Jack and me's all made up ve ain't going to whip each other n more, Oh, I say," turning to Mr. Elphin "you're Jack's cousin, ain't you? "Did you ever see Mr. Elphinstone be fore, Oliver ?"

' Lots of times, over to Jack Thurston's Jack thinks there's nobody like him, you see. Jack and me got mad the first thing about you and him. Jack said he was th best fellow in the world, and I said you was, and I made his nose bleed, and he gave me a black eye, don't you remember, and then you wrote to his grandpa?"

Nora caught Lucius' eye. "So you are the author of those billefs-doux?" he said, laughing. "Yes, I am the Xantippe," humbly.
"But are you not H. Browne?"

"My name is Honora Browne." "Well, Miss Browne, since you leave to morrow, shall we continue our correspondence?" he asked. "Tell me, Nora, could you love me a little? Will you write and tell me if I may love you for ever and aye?" he whispered, Oliver having gone down to look on at the game of lawn tennis.

Love me, a Xantippe, a woman of that kind! Mr. Elphinstone, you are laughing at me."

"Come, Nora mayourneen, that's unfair. How could I guess that you were H. Browne, whom I mistook for Oliver's mother? Come, dearest, forgive me. Our

acquaintance began with a blow; let us perpetuate it with a kiss." And she obeyed.—Harper's Bazar.

Reduced to Figures.

The annual crop of the tobacco leaf is bout 420,000,000 pounds, two-thirds of which is exported. The traffic in eggs in this country is estimated to equal \$2,000,000 per annum;

6,000,000 dozens are exported from the country every year. The average yield of wheat per acre is 54 bushels in Russia, 12 in the United

States, 12d in Austria, 16 1-3 in France, 291 in Great Britain. The world averages an annual product of 681,000,000 pounds of tea, China producing 600,000,000, Japan 40,000,000,

India 35,000,000 and Java 6,000,000. England has 35,000,000 sheep, from which she realizes an annual product of \$150,000,000. The United States has, in round numbers, 36,000,000 of sheep, over 6,500,000 being owned in California, which ranks as the first wool-producing

State in the Union. Cotton brings to this country more than \$200,000,000 per year. Breadstuffs, last year, brought \$181,777,841 from abroad, and since 1865 has brought an average of \$100,000,000 per year. Our animal products, cattle, hogs, etc., rank next in importance to our export trade, amounting last year to \$183,232,575.

The swiftest railroad trains are run in England, according to a German government report, a speed of fifty miles an hour being common between London and Dover, London and York, and London and Hastings. Trains go at forty-two miles an hour on one of the Belgium sel a tablespoonful of pulverized char-The fastest in France and Germany do not often exceed forty, and in a day, and that none of his men were

TIMELY TOPICS.

Russia has many and varied troubles It is estimated that the cattle plague will inflict a loss of \$24,000,000 upon the chapire this year, and millions of bushels of wheat are being destroyed annually by a small beetle, for whose destructiveness no sufficient check has yet been found. As an inducement to the people to destroy the insect, a reward was offered for every quart of them that were brought in, dead or alive; but \$8,000,000 has been expended in this way without effect.

The Volunteer Life-Saving Corps, organized in New York by "Nan the Newsboy" and his boy comrades, Gilbert Long and Edward Kelly, has dis-banded after an existence of a year. The boys say that they took this course because they have not been properly encouraged by persons who promised to support the undertaking. They complain that the five dollars a week paid to them is insufficient, that the life-saving station is unfit to sleep in, and that they have been compelled to pay half of whatever money they have carned (by attending excursions as professional life-savers) to the society.

Ex-Governor Allen, of Ohio, was a Ex-Governor Allen, of Ohio, was a man of striking personal appearance, especially in his old age, when his hair had whitened till it was like silver and beautiful to behold. His complexion to the last was ruddy and clear, and his blue eye bright and intelligent. His figure was erect. A stroke of paralysis had affected his hands, and gave some uncertainty to their movements. This uncertainty to their movements. This interfered with his writing, and necessitated a special seal for him in subscrib-ing his name to official acts when governor. Otherwise there was little evidence of physical decay or weakening of mental powers up to the time of his death.

The shortest deed on record is the form used in Indiana, according to a correspondent, who says: "Indiana has had in use for twenty years by statute the shortest form of conveyance that I knew of. It is as follows: 'A B conveys and warrants to C D (describe the property) for the sum of ' (consideration). Being only eight words, besides dates, names, description and sum paid. By the statute the word "warrant" implies all that is covered by what is known as full warranty. If the word "warrant" is omitted it operates a quit-claim. No seal is required, and a married wo-man acknowledges in the same manner as her husband. Mortgages and leases are made in a similar manner."

Writing to an English correspondent, who had asked his opinion as to the use of alcohol and tobacco in athletic exercises, Hanlon, the champion oarsman, says: "In my opinion the best physical performances can only be secured through absolute abstinence from their use. This is my rule, and I find after three years' constant work at the oar that I am better able to contend in a great race than when I first commenced. In fact, I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the system of an athlete, by irritating the vitals and consequently weakening the system. I eat wholesome food take regular and moderate exercise, avoid violent exertion, and generally trive to cultivate a cheerful state of mind, in order that sweet sleep may follow my daily work."

A Mystery Solved.

A few days ago Mr. Andrew Daily, a fireman on the middle division, had oceasion to move his quarters, and, therefore, rented a house on Sixth avenue. The house was a good one and the rent extremely low for the character of the premises and the rate of rents in this ity, being only four dollars a month. Mr. Daily was wondering to himself why he was so fortunate in this respect. Last week he went to the house with an assistant for the purpose of putting it in "apple-pie order" preparatory to taking up his abode therein. While thus en-gaged some of the neighbors startled him with the information that the house was haunted; that no one could live in it, and that was the reason why the rent was put to him at such a low figure. To an ordinary man this would have been enough, but Mr. Daily was made of sterner stuff, and went on with his cleaning operations all the same, inwardly resolving to solve the specter in the house if it was within the compass of human prowess and skill. While at work he and his companion heard a peculiar noise proceeding from the aperture between the roof and the ceiling. Armed with light and strong cudgels, it was but the work of a moment to mount through the trap door into the loft. Here they were confronted, in peering around in the darkness, by a snake with a large flattened head hissing furiously at the intrusion into his domains. blow was struck at his snakeship, which missed its mark, when it disappeared in one corner of the attic beneath the eaves of the roof. Mr. Daily determined that he would not live in the same house with such a venomous dweller, and proceeded to dislodge the reptile. He tore away the cornice and discovered not only a blowing viper two feet in length, but also a large house snake, both of which were killed. There have been no specter noises around the house since, and this resolute work has completely solved the mystery of the haunted house on Sixth avenue. How the reptiles got into such a lofty retreat is now more of a mystery than was the occasion of the strange noises that have frightened away every tenant who has essayed to occupy the premises for a good while past .-Johnston (Pa.) Tribune.

When Dr. Thompson was port physician, says a New York paper, a West India captain told him that on approachcoal in a wine glass of water three times was epidemic all around them.

The World's Food Supply.

From present indications the probabilities largely are that Europe will be an extensive importer of cercals at the end of this year's harvests. In England, France and Italy in particular the crops have been seriously damaged by an ex-cess of rain and cold. The silk crop has not escaped the harmful influence of the unseasonable weather and the yield of hay is reported as a low average. Naturally, the situation presents some alarm-

ing peculiarities. On looking over the whole field, and giving the yet unripened crop the benefit of all the expectations that can be rationally indulged concerning it, the French journals conclude that the deficit must at least reach 120,000,000 pushels, which, at the estimated price of \$1.33 per bushel, represents an aggregate value of about \$160,000,000. These figures affect France alone; but the horoscope in England, Spain and Italy is scarcely more cheering, while Switzerland, Bel-gium and Holland are always in the market as buyers. Under this aspect of the case French statisticians put down the following as a fair estimate of the amount of grain that the countries named

will be compelled to purchase this year	
Bushels	
France	Ю
England	90
Italy 18,000,00	10
Spain	10
Holland and Belgium 12,000,00	Ü
Switzerland 6,000,00	0
Total 294 000 00	'n

	countries of the world, the same au- thorities estimate the quantity available for purchase as follows:	
1	Bushels.	ı
	United States	ł
1	Hungary 7,500,000	ı
	India 12,000,000	ł
1	Australia 21,000,000	ı
1	Southern Russia 30,0 0,000	l
	Danubian countries 6,000,000	ı
	10 mmt 2 000 000	1

On canvassing the wheat exporting

Total236,000,000 According to this computation there exists at present a wheat deficit in Europe of 60,000,000 bushels, upon which, counting upon a reasonable advance upon present prices, the authorities mentioned estimate that France alone will be obliged to expend \$200,000,000 for

foreign wheat.

After it is conceded that the foregoing figures are based upon the poorest imag-inable prospects of the European crop and the best cenceivable of our own and other exporting countries, enough remains to show that the United States will be a heavy exporter of grain this year, which prospect gathers especial importance from the fact that we are by a wide margin the largest exporters of grain in the world, and also from the fact that Southern Russia, from which the above estimates expect 30,000,000 bushels, will not be able to spare that amount because of the damage already done her own crop by the drought and vermin. While lamenting the misfortunes of our neighbors across the water in the serious matter of their food supply, we trust there is no bad taste in our being thankful that, while we are able to do so much to meet their wants, we are at the same time helping in this way to keep the balance of trade in our favor. -New York Graphic.

Curiosities of Sight.

Some years ago, Prof. Taft, of Edinburg, when ill, noticed in waking from a feverish sleep that the flame of a lamp in ris room assumed a deep red color. There was a ground glass shade on the lamp, and the effect of intense redness lasted only about a second. His explanation of this was that the nerve fibrils of the retina, with which green and violet are seen, do not resume their activity when a person awakes quite so quickly as the red nerves. Prof. Ogden N. Rood, of Columbia College, New York, records some observations confirmatory of this view in the last number of Silliman's Journal, showing that temporary green color-blindness may be produced nervous derangement and prolonged excitation. Twenty years ago he took chloroform, administered by a dentist in Munich. "Upon regaining conscious-ness," he writes, 'and raising my eyes to the face of the operator, I was a little surprised at not having previously remarked his unusually ruddy complexion, but the next instant saw that this was due to an optical illusion, for his hair appeared of a bright purplish-red hue The singular appearance lasted perhaps a couple of seconds, when his hair resumed its natural color, which was white." Effects of a similar character have also been noticed by Prof. Rood in his own convalescence from typhoid

"The Pot Game,"

They have a new game in Virginia City, Nev. It is called "the pot game." The Chronicle of that city says it is very simple; that almost anybody who has a pair of legs, a big club and a pot can play it. "In the first place you lay an earthen pot on the grass, next you blindfold a lady and give her a seven-foot club. You then lead her off about twenty paces and turn her round and round until she thinks that northeast is southwest. Having collected her senses, she begins to hunt the pot, and when she gets on to the patch of grass, where she supposes it is, trikes vigorously with her club, generally missing it by about twelve yards. The other day a lady who was taking a hand in the pastime struck blindly in the air, knocking down a faro dealer. He was completely stunned for a few conds, and, as his back was turned toward the woman when the blow was struck, he had no idea of what had hit When he recovered his senses, him. however, the woman had handed the club to the master of ceremonies, who was holding the bludgeon in his hand when the faro man turned round. faro man assaulted the master of ceremonies. The pot game soon became a riot, and the taro expert and his crowd other European countries thirty is the ever affected, even when yellow fever had thrashed seven men before the sport thing I once get hold of. - Burdette, in was satisfactorily explained."

A writer, whose ideas run in rhymes has the following to say of the usefulness of iron:

Iron vessels cross the ocean, Iron engines give them motion; Iron needles northward veering, Iron tillers vessels steering; Iron pipes our gas delivers, Iron bridges span our rivers; Iron pens are used in writing, Iron ink our thoughts indicting; Iron stoves for cooking victuals, Iron ovens, pots and kettles; Iron horses draw our loads; Iron rails compose our roads, Iron anchors hold in sands, Iron bolts, and rods and bands; Iron houses, iron walls, Iron cannon, iron balls; Iron axes, knives and chains, Iron augers, saws and planes; Iron globules in our blood, Iron particles in food; Iron lightning rods and spires, Iron telegraphic wires; Iron hammers, nails and screws, Iron everything we use.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

"I don't precisely just have to," is what they say in the West.

The beehive is the poorest thing on earth to fall back on .- Gate City. Hot weather enables a man to leave off a number of bad habits.—Picayune.

Nat. Burbank says: As soon as a pasenger car is loaded it ought to go off. There are 54,487 persons employed in the postal service of the United States.

Great Britain and Ireland, and their shipping trade, consume 113,000,000 tons of coal a year. Hon. John R. Lynch, a colored man, has been appointed superintendent of the census for Mississippi.

The increase of flouring mills in the four States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota from 1860 to 1878 was

from 1,138 to 3,000. Complaints come from Scotland that American cheese is being imported into Ayrshire in such quantities that much of the home produce of last year is still unsold and likely to remain unsold.

Astronomers tell us that it would take 1,250,000 years, provided there was a telegraph wire from the earth to the nebula in Andromeda, for a dispatch to reach there. So no wire will be put up. A new hay press has been patented in France and England which delivers the

bales in the form of a solid uniform cylinder two feet one and one half inches in diameter, which may be rolled along by one man. "No chang Says a contemporary now be expected before February 1." It going to be pretty rough to worry along without change seven months. No wonder some fellows undertake to

coin their own change.-Norristown A lady of experience observes that a good way to pick out a husband is to see how patiently the man waits for dinner when it is behind time. Her husband remarks that a good way to pick out a wife is to see whether the woman has

dinner ready in time. Of Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," it is said that he was a small man, and had rather a sad face, but a quick manner. He was noticeable for wearing a full, short cloth coat, and always carrying a gold-headed cane. He talked much and with animation, and

was gallant in manners to ladies. The story is told that Longfellow and Fields were making a short pedestrian tour some few years since, when, to their surprise, an angry bull stood in the path-way, evidently intending to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think," said Fields, "that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin."
"Yes," replied the poet, "it appears to be a disputed passage.'

A Humorist on Lake Ontario.

We struck our tents at Niagara the falls and took the train for Niagara the city, and there we embarked on a boat for Toronto. The passage was a rough one. A heavy northeast wind chopped the lake up into a most distressing state of irregularity and abruptness. steamer was crowded with excursionists, and they were happier when we left the dock than they seemed to be when we got well out on the lake. Lake Ontario, I observed, is just like Niagara Falls.

It takes everything you have. At least, it took all the excursionists Talk about easting your bread upon the waters! Supper was served on the boat and I

saw one man pay seventy-five cents for a supper that ought to have lasted him It didn't last him five minutes.

I never saw such reckless extrava-gance in all my life. One very pale young man told me he had crossed the lake twenty times, and

had never been sick, in all the term implies, in his life. In ten minutes I saw that young man ooking down into the angry waters, and am a sinner if he didn't throw up

verything he had in the world except is situation. He looked wretched. In fact, it was the wretchedest time L

ver saw anywhere. I am proud to say that I was not af-ected. I do not think my immunity feeted. from the prevailing distemper was owing to any superior physical qualities on my part. I think it was due to a certain moral grandeur and integrity that has always marked my actions, and also, in a great part, to my rigid training in the high schools of journalism, a traiaing that has developed in me an almost unconquerable aversion to giving up any-

Burlington Hawkeye.