## The forest Republican.

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# The Forest Republican.

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#### At the Gate.

The galden flush of the morning lies O'er smiling river and bending skies; While o'er the meadow the sweet winds sigh, And breaths of fragrance blow far and nigh, And the tide flows by.

A boy stands under the oak tree tall, At the old gray gate by the orehard wall; He looks far away where the blue sea smiles Wondering where lie the Fortunate Isles, And the tide flows by.

A youth and a maiden pause and wait In the sunset light at : he old gray gate; They silently gaze in each other's eyes And dream of the rapture of Paradise, And the tide flows by.

Beside the gate stands a careworn man, 'Neath a wintry moonlight, faint and wan; He looks far away toward the cold, gray sea, With a sigh for the days that were once to be, And the tide flows by.

An old man stands by the moss-grown gate, Sorrowing, weary and desolate; The starlight gleams o'er a distant grave, And over it sottly the yew trees wave, And the tide flows by.

Through the old gray gate, toward the shining

They have borne the weary one to his rest; The new day breaks and the shadows flee, The tide of the river flows fast and free Far out to sea!

-Sustne W'. Moulton.

#### POLLY.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Dick! you are the most provoking boy in the world! You've got no re-spect for your sisters or anything on this earth. Give me my letter this instant, sir! I would not have such work managing you, my young man, if mamma had only left your hair long enough to

Dick, rejoicing in a very close crop. dodges under her arm as Polly makes a grab at his bristly head.

With a "Don't you wish you could get it?" and a delighted cackle at her grasping a handful of empty air instead of his auburn locks, he makes his es-cape, lodging the letter with a skillfu-twitch on a high bracket which holds a bust of Dickens.

The boys in the Lyons family had come mostly girls; in fact, Dick represented the single male off-shoot, and, like the bad little boy of the newspapers, he wouldn't for any money have risked being-born again for fear of coming a

'Joy go with you! Good riddance to bad rubbish!" is Polly's parting salute. and she proceeds to fish out from behind the plaster-of Paris coat-sleeve of Mr. Dickens the apple of discord. And her color, which had risen unbecomingly dur ing the scuffle with Dick, tones down

as she reads it. Supposing Job had received a kind letter of invitation from one of his mother's kind friends-for the first time, too -don't you think it would have riled even him, for a brown, smudgy paw, sticky with molasses, to have seized it, jerking it out of his hands, when he was in the midst of opening it, without so much as "by your leave," and toss it up to the ceiling!

The subject of this visit had been broached before; now comes the letter bringing matters to a focus. Not only putting in the peg, but

driving it home," says Kitty. Actually names the time for you to come," remarks Patsy; "and that is more than most city folks do. They will come and spend weeks with their country friends in July, and then tell one to sure to call when one goes to the city. Think of how Mrs. Aytoun treated the Dodson's, Kitty."

"And you've nothing to do but pack up your trunk and start, Polly," says

Mrs. Lyons, innocently. "Mercy on us, mamma! But pack

my trunk and start! Unless I get in myself I don't see what there'll be to pack it with. If I depend on my alpaca and blue poplin, I'll be leaning on a broken reed, I am sure; and I can toss my few things in, and then there'll be room enough in the trunk for Tootems and Dot to play hide-and-seek. "Come, now, Polly, I am sure you look

nicely in your things. Ever so much nicer than the Dodson girls, who spend

It is one of Mrs. Lyon's firm articles of belief that her girls look "nicer" than all other girls at all times. It fact, that as far as her girls are concerned, there is nothing for heart to desire.

"And actually," cries Polly, "if I had my hands stuffed with money at this moment I wouldn't know what to get or how to make it. That comes of living in the country on the road to nowhere. If I were papa I'd move to morrow and not hide my talents under a napkin.

"Tut, tut, Polly! Don't quote Scripture in a fret," says Dick. "Always keep your temper, my child."
"Mamma, will you please to make Dick behave!" seeing that he dodged all

her efforts to box his ears. Richard, my son!"

"Oh, you'll scrape through," says Kitty, taking up the thread of discours where it was broken by the skirmish with Dick. "We'll all help you out."

"Dot, who was number four, and always dressed in the others' old clothes, gave up on the spot all right and title to any and everything new that she might, could, would or should have that

The family conclave was not broken up till far into the night. Certain trips to the neighboring town were planned and taken, and many demands made

upon the family purse.
But at last Polly's trunk was packedactually packed-with "good clothes," and there was nothing more to be done . It was in quite a gushing state of mind that Polly bundles herself up in a big

to assist sentiment; no nothing much, except bare brown hills and leafless,

draws very near.

"If I hit the tree," she says, "it shall be a sign that before the month is out I

"Just to think! I'm really starting!"
cries Poliy, eestatically, bobbing up and down before the squatty mirror to get a good look at her belongings. "Look out, Kitty, and see if the carriage is at the door."

"Merciful heavens! what is the matter?" they cry, as a shriek from their mother reackes them, and a confused sound of trampling feet.

"Lily Maid' did; and she's loving you. I heard her say so."

"Oh, no, Dick, you are mistaken!" cries the doctor, blushing furiously.

"Not a bit. I'll tell you who she is. It's my favorite one of 'em. It's Polly, that's who it is; and she soving you. I heard her say so."

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"As I have said, the doctor took in new "Just to think! I'm really starting!"

They rush down, and find poor Dick lying, white and still, on his mother's

"I knew it," groaned Mrs. Lyons. "I've always said he'd be killed by horses or guns, or be drowned! And now he'll believe his poor mother."

Dick, who had insisted upon driving the ponies, had gotten himself tangled up with the reins under the horses' heels, as a boy best knows how to do it. "Here is a broken arm," says John Cary, the doctor, "and he is a good deal bruised; but we'll get him around, I hope. Who will help me with this arm? I want a steady hand—no flinch-

Mrs. Lyons was so weak she could barely stand, Patsy trembling, and Kitty had cried till she could scarcely

"Here, Dot. take these things up stairs;" and Polly tosses off the spruce hat and gloves with an irrepressible

Poor Dick stood the operation like a man. That dreadful stretching and pulling, and grating together of the

roken bones. Polly, like a woman, exactly, held the uivering limb firmly and gently, helped in the last bandage, saw the color com-ng back to Dick's freekled face, and then ave a little sigh herself, and didn't know low she got up stairs to her room.

There she was bidden to lie down, comone people pin their faith to "taking mps," and would advise one to "take a

When they were all out, Polly takes off er "good clothes," her new button poots, the new traveling-dress and all; outting on her old alapaca) for tears nake ugly spots), she cries all sorts of ears-tears of sorrow for Dick, of vexaion with him; but most of all tears of isappointment and pity for herself. When she had wept out all her "little weeps," she went down. John Cary was gone, saying he would return in the

He was a well-looking, well-to-do, bashful man of thirty, or thereabouts, and esteemed quite a "catch" in the neighborhood. Indeed, it was the talk of the neighborhood how those bold Dodson girls had thrown themselves at

Patsy and Kitty acknowledged in sorrow their unsuccessful efforts to attract more than a passing glance, and began advising Polly, as soon as she came down, to "try her hand and air her new finery for his benefit."

As Doctor Cary had left Dick feeling quite comfortable, the Lyons family seemed in lined to celebrate this uncommon event of having an invalid in the house with considerable energy.

The younger members of the house nold, Tootems and Dot, crawled around the bed in a fever of curiosity to see how Dick's arm was mended; and Patsy, having recovered from their fright, wanted to amuse the patient, and see him laugh, and Mrs. Lyons was making some jelly and cake for "the poor

Only Polly was as glum as an oyster. She knew well that a small imp was at work within her, but could not make up her mind to drive him out; so she sat with red eyes and sulky face, gloomily knitting. She didn't laugh a bit over the girls' jokes, and Dick didn't see any point o them either.

"Oh, Dick, you just ought to have been looking when Polly fainted. Doctor John didn't even stop to look at her. Why, if it hadn't been for Patsy and me, she'd have tumbled on the floor. He only said, 'Sprinkle her face,' and went on punching you about the ribs,"

He's a slow old coach," chimed in "Polly hasn't made much of a start yet; I shouldn't wonder if a Dodson gets him yet. They are so persever-

ing.<sup>6</sup>
"Oh, I'm dying of love for him," says
Polly, sarcastically; "and, of course, I
shall cry my eyes out for him."

Dick was dozing, but these words of Polly's caught his ear, and he kept re-peating them to himself. He could see her eyes were very red, and that she seemed very sad.

Doctor Cary shook his head when he found the family party assembled round Dick's bed and the boy with a high

"Too many nurses entirely. Who will take the responsibility of keeping him quiet? Miss Polly, will you attend to the prescriptions?"

Of course Polly would, and she did her duty so well that Dick rapidly im-He could soon enjoy reading aloud, and delighted in having Doctor Cary sit with him and tell him the gallant exploits of the Homeric heroes.

He brought him Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and read aloud to him many a quiet evening, while Polly sat near, so-

erly working and listening.
"Geraint" was one of his favorites,

shawl for a farewell walk the evening preceding the eventful day.

Being December, there were no flowers tree; and brave "Sir Launcelot," who thrashed robbers in armor by the but she found out what a kind, good, devoted husband she had in those weary, trying weeks of pain. tumbled knights over like so many ten-

"The sheep were in the fold; the cows gone home;" even the birds gone to roost. But she would not be balked.

"Till try my fortune," she said; and, looking around to see that no one is nera, she stops before a large tree.

looking around to see that no one is nera, she stops before a large tree. As one of France's gifted writers had done before her, she takes a heavy stone and draws very near.

"If I hit the tree," she says, "it shall be a sign that before the month is out I

find a true love. If not—then not."

Like the French philosopher, Rousseau, she plumps the tree, and experiences the same feeling of relief and exultation.

CHAPTER II.

"Never, Dick, never! But I am not the slashing kind of fellow girls die over," says Doctor Cary, laughing rather sadly.

"Doctor," said Dick, in a hoarse whisper, "one of 'em's doing it. She cries,

and droops over her work just like the 'Lily Maid' did; and she's loving you. I

As I have said, the doctor took in new

ed him, and Dick's tearful words: "One of 'em's doing it, she loves you so."

It may have been that he loved Polly a long time unconsciously. At any rate, it seemed to him now that he had loved her

a very long time.

He could stand it no longer. The beautiful girl pining away for him. He sprang up and wrote her an offer of marriage in the dead of night. He handed this letter to Polly himself as he bade her "Good-bye" after his next visit, pretendedly to Dick.

Polly took it quietly without opening it, thinking it to be a new prescription for Dick, who, with his arm in a sling, now roamed at large. She sauntered into the sitting-room

where they all were.

"Does Doctor John always direct them to you, Polly?" asked Kitty, opening it. The next moment she screamed outright, "Patsy, come here! Dick, what do you think? Doctor John wants were not polly. Did you ever in to marry our Polly. Did you ever in your born days?" The excitement was intense.

"So there's to be a wedding in the Lyons family at last?" cries Patsy. "Mercy! the Dodsons will turn green with base envy. What luck! Tell us how you managed it, Polly-do, Oh,

And Mrs. Lyons came hurrying in, and smiled so blandly, and crowed so triumphantly over those "scheming Dodson girls," that Polly was perfectly confused. She did not get a chance to read her letter till it had been handed around the room. Even Dick tried to spell it out before she could lay hands on it. considered he had more right to it than any one else, and chuckled quietly to himself at the unwonted success of his manoeuver.

"Why, Polly will scarcely have to get any wedding clothes," cries one of the girls; "the finery up stairs will come in exactly."

There could certainly be no objection to the match, as Polly was eighteen, and Doctor John was plenty old enough to take care of her. Polly preferred waiting herself, but "the girls" would not hear of such a thing. So when Polly made another start to the city, it was on a little bridal tour, instead of beau-catch-

### CHAPTER III.

What boy could ever hold his tongue when he ought to, or keep a secret! "Polly, I must tell you," says Dick, after she had her bonnet on, ready to start. "Come off here—it is a secret. I

start. eaught the doctor for you, miss; I told him how you were crying your eyes out about him, and how you were dying after him. I heard you say so. Oh, I managed this matter nicely. Now, thank me for it, miss.

Polly was stunned. If she did not care particularly about John Cary herself, she at least imagined him to be greatly in love with her. It was too cruel to destroy the pleasant illusion.

And Dick stood hopping first on one leg, then on the other, waiting to be thanked. She could have boxed him. A moment more and the farewell were over, and Polly and her husband were rolling side by side to the station. "Polly, dear," says her husband,

"Polly, dear," says her husband we've been in such a stir and bustle and-and even our courtship in such confusion, that I'm glad we'll have a chance to get acquainted with each other. You'll call me John, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, yes," she answers, coldly. "Anything will do."
"And you'll kiss me, now, won't you,

Polly? Do you know you have never kissed me a single time yet?" Some people are coming, and they will laugh to see us such geese," says Polly, hurriedly, pulling her veil over her face.
"You scarcely feel that you know me

do you, Polly? She was crying so she could not an swer, and Doctor John sighed rather

sadly to himself.
"I don't know much about women's ways, I am afraid."
"Not this year, nor the next one, either." Dick's words seemed prophetic. Polly did not even get half way to the city. Doctor John had gone to the cooler to bring her a cup of water, and when next Polly opened her eyes, she was lying on her own bed in her own room, darkened, feeling very sore and weak and

Doctor John, looking much older and anxious and wan, had his fingers on her wrist, counting her pulse.
A railway accident, of course. had a terrible time of it getting

voted husband she had in those weary, trying weeks of pain.

When at last, there came a day when she could again be daintily dressed in becoming ribbons, and when once more crimps and curls were a part of life, it was a great day for them.

"We were married last year, Polly," says John, looking at her admiringly. "Here it is the middle of a new January. We've been man and wife five long weeks. Quite an old couple, aren't

Polly put her hand in his.
"You have never kissed me yet, "I'll do it now." And she put her arms around his neck.

"He! he! what fun!" same giggling from the half-open door, and Dick dashed off down stairs.

Patsy and Kitty came rushing up to see what could the matter be, and as Kitty reported, "Polly just up and kissed her husband as bold as a lion before them all," though her face was as pink as the rose on her bresst, and John Cary was

blushing like a girl.

And though when Polly got well and strong enough she gave Dick a good shaking, she thanked him all the same in the bottom of her heart, and they both petted and made much of the boy, till Patsy and Kitty declared he was on the

As I have said, the doctor took in new ideas slowly, but when they once made an entrance into his head, they came to stay.

For the first time in his recollection sleep failed to visit him at his usual hour. He iay tossing and tumbling, thinking. Polly's pale face an I wistful eyes haunted him, and Dick's tearful words: "One change of the layer way so."

Patsy and Kitty declared he was on the high road to ruin.

But John proving a good husband, Polly was right. Marrying a man is like eating mushrooms. If you die they were mushrooms. If a man beats you he is a toadstool; if not, be sure he is some kind of a mushroom, for which be thankful. thankful.

The First Sewing Machine in India.

In the days when the sewing machine was in its earliest infancy, a lady residing in India imported one, and for a long time kept its mysterious working hid from the ken of her native tailor. This functionary was the very slowest of his proverbial slow "caste," and wasted no end of time drawling over hem and stitch. One day his mistress came to him armladen with yards upon yards of some dress fabric. "Dirzie," says she, "how long will it take you to run those breadths together?" "Tree day, missis," replies Dirzie, "Missis, please, plenty too much work." "Three days! Nonsense! Three hours, you mean. You are a very lazy man and I'll cut your are a very lazy man and I'll cut your pay. Give me the stuff; I'll do it my-self." Then the lady retires to her boudoir, from the inmost penetralia of which a sharp and continuous click and whirr reach the tailor's ears. He can't make out what the sound is, and he is much too lazy to speculate on it. He continnes to "chew betel," and yawningly to ply needle and thread. After an hour or and thread. After an hour or two "Missis" comes back, and throw-ing at Mr. Dirzie's feet the raw material now fashioned into a completed skirt says: "There! See! You wanted three days, you sleepy fellow, to finish this, and I have done it already." Astonished Dirzie turns over the drapery, examines the seams, scrutinizes the stitch, and satisfies himself that all is proper and according to tailors' rule. He is confounded. It passes his understanding. There lies the work done and no mistake. But how? He springs up from the mat on which he has been squatting; he kicks over the little brass vessel which holds his drinking water; he scatters right and left thread, needles, thimble; he stops not to put on his sandals or to adjust loosened turban and waistcloth. Scared and bewildered, he runs for very life into the bazaar, shouting as he goes along: "Shitan! shitan! (The evil one! the evil one!) rie do tailor business at Mem's house. I listen! I hear! He cry 'Cleek, cleek, cleek!' Two hour time he neber stop cry. Den! Plenty too much true dis word I tell. Ebery bit true. All

# A Curious Family Dispute:

bers' Journal.

work done tinish! I not go back dat bungalow." And he never did.-Cham-

A curious case, says a Paris paper, has just been decided at Fontainbleau, where a M. and Mme. Missiessy appeared in court to plead against each other for two of their daughters. It appears that this married couple have seven childrenfive daughters and two sons-and that the father had insisted on the three elddaughters becoming nuns. The mother offered no resistance; but when it came to depriving her of her two remaining daughters, who were also dispatched to a convent in spite of her enreatles and delicate health, she appealed to the secular arm. The court endeavored to shake the determination of the husband, but he remained inflexible, declaring that a voice from above had called upon him to submit, and that his daughters should remain where they The court of Fontainbleau took a middle course, and decided that the two young ladies in question should be re leased from the cloistered convent in which they have been imprisoned, and sent to the celebrated Convent of the Oiseaux in Paris, which is not cloistered, and where they will be able to receive the visits of their parents.

## A Vegetable Curiosity.

A remarksble treak of vegetation has appeared in the grounds of R. B. Tatman, at Worcester, in the shape of a potato vine which bears tomatoes. It appears to be a mixture of the two vegetables, and is accounted for by the fact that a strong tomato vine from chance sown seed grew in the same hill with the potatoes, and the pollen of the two plants became mixed. Unfortunately the vines were pulled up before the pe-culiarity of the growth was noticed. Some of our agriculturists may derive a valuable suggestion from this. As both the potato and the tomato are of the solanacæ family, it is not impossible that one should be fertilized by the other, and a remarkable economy of labor might be effected if careful and scientific cultivation should produce a plant which should bear good potatoes at the roots and good tomatoes on the tops, -Springfield (Mass.) Union.

# TIMELY TOPICS.

An international convention under the auspices of the king of Belgium and the honorary presidency of the court of Flanders is to assemble in Brussels this year to discuss the latest advances in the knowledge of American ethnology, philosophy, history, geology, and in fact of everything appertaining to America that is of interest to mankind. New light is expected to be thrown upon the dis-covery of the North American continent and upon its primitive inhabitants.
There are in Europe many students of
American history and science, and this
will be their third congress.

The far-famed Alhambra is in danger. The hill above Grenada, on which stands the palace of the ancient Moorish kings of Spain, has recently given signs of sliding away, so that this splendid monument of a memorable epoch in the history of Europe is in danger of complete ruin and downfall. It is also said that the Alcabaya, a spacious and splendid struc-ture at the base of the hill, which was formerly the residence of the Moorish nobility, is in danger of destruction from the same cause. The wall of this great Moorish palace is more than a mile in circuit, incloses thirty-five acres and is flanked by thirteen square towers. An effort to restore the palace was made by Queen Isabella in 1862, but the sums of money devoted to it were not sufficient to complete the work satisfactorily.

What will be the largest ferryboat in the world is now being constructed at San Francisco by the Central Pacific Rail-San Francisco by the Central Pacific Rall-road Company to ply between Martinez and Benicia. It is to be longer than the great Pacific steamship City of Peking even, and has a greater breadth of beam than any vessel afloat. Its length is 424 feet, width 116 feet and wheels 30 feet in diameter, and it will be propelled by steam generated in eight steel boilers, steam generated in eight steel boilers, each twenty-eight feet long. The boat is a double-ender and is steered by four rudders at each end. The hold is divided into eleven water-tight compartments, which will make it impossible to sink her. Four tracks will be placed upon her decks, which will accommodate forty-eight freight cars or twenty-

A child at Dover South Mills, Me., eight years old, was born without eyes. He has eyebrows and eyelids, but nothing which indicates the presence of eyebballs, and doctors say that he has nother and the presence of eyer eyes. ing whatever in the nature of an eye organism. The little fellow is an unusually bright boy. He has never been heard to utter a word of compaint at his condition, and he invariably rebukes his friends if they give expression to any pitying words. That he appreciates, however, the misfortune that afflicts him is shown by this fact: His little niece and a cataract upon ber heard fears expressed lest it should destroy her sight. It was not long after this that his mother heard his voice in an adjoining room, and going quietly to the door she was surprised to hear him praying to God that the little baby might not become blind Paris recently celebrated the anniver-

ary of the taking of the Bastile and even the staid Journal des Debats became elo-quent over the event. "The taking of the Bastile," it said, "is not a mere military act, a material fact. It is an image; it is an emblem; it is, so to speak, the incarnation of a great social revolution. So it has been regarded both by France and the universe. In history it will always signify the abolition of royal warrants, of condemnation without a hearing, of personal and irresponsible govern-ment." The Bastile, literally, "the building," was built by Charles the Fifth, in 1369, as a fort at the gate of St. Antoine, Paris. Not long afterward it was used as a place of custody for state prisoners, and so continued until the 14th of July, 1789, when it was attacked by the populace and razed to the ground. Its site is now marked by a lofty bronze mounment known as the Column in July, with reference to the month of which the Revolutionists did their work of destruction. At the top of the beau-tiful column is a gilded figure of Mercury in flight.

## What Happened in August. The month of August, although less crowded with battle anniversaries than

June or July, has had an unusually large share of the world's greatest events. On the 3d Columbus sailed from Palos, in 1492, to discover a new world. The same day, twenty-seven years later, saw an exploit of almost equal daring—the outset of Cortez's overland march upon Mexico. The 4th gave the first blow to nglish feudalism by the overthrow of De Montfort's revolt against Henry III. n 1265. On the 10th, the storming of the Tuileries, in 1792, consummated the triumph of the French revolution. The 13th crushed at one blow the dear-bought supremacy of Louis XIV., by the defeat of Blenheim, in 1704. The 16th, 18th and 19th witnessed the great battles of Vionville and Gravelotte, and the com-plete surrounding of Metz, in 1870. The 26th is doubly memorable to France, as the anniversary of the greatest defeats and greatest victories—the hattle of Napoleon's two days' fight before Dres-den in 1813. On the 28th of August, 1631, Gustavus Adolphus defeated the Austrians, under Count Tilly, at Leipsic; and on the 31st. Hood evacuated Atlanta at the approach of Gen, Sherman, in 1864. But in addition to all these famous days, this eventful month has witnessed the execution of the Scottish patriot William Wallace (1305); the establishment of the Reformed Church of Scotland (1560); the outbreak of the Seven Years' War (1756), as well as three of the greatest battles, Minden, Zorndorf and Liegnitz (1758-60); the birth of Sir Walter Scott (1771); the liberation of the Christian slaves at Algiers by Lord Exmouth's bombardment of the (1816) and Gen. Winfield Scott's Mexican victories of Cherubusco and San Antonio (1847).

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#### Hope.

I lay in grief, And Hope drew near to where I tossed alone Without relief,

And paused a moment when she heard that Then raised her glowing eyes and met mine

Never a word she said,

et still I gazed and still was comforted. Then bending low with wond'rous gra-She laid her hand upon my eyes, Her cool hand on my burning face, And at her touch bright visions rise,

Fresh woods and streams and unimagined In softest tone She sang the song that has no close-

That deathless song which no one knows Save she alone; The song that leaves no memory, The song of endless victory

And future love: And as I listened to the voice above, I felt as one returning from the dead. Slowly I rose and raised my drooping head. -All the Year Round.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A prowed thing-A ship. The Rome Sentinel says a postman is man of letters.

The best wire-pullers-Telegraph repairers.—New York Express. "I'll take the starch out of you," as the erspiration said to the shirt collar .-

According to an official return, seventy-seven persons died of starvation in London last vear.

Selling introductions to beauties is the last method of money-making introduced at the English fairs.

An English paper tells of a black cat which decoyed birds for its eating by feeding them on bread crumbs. All should adopt this stirring motto during the heated term: Our temper: it must and shall be preserved.—Kansas

There have been constructed in the United States since the great crash in 1873, and within a period of five years, 11,563 miles of railroad.

A child remarked, after gazing ear-nestly at a man who was bald, but had heavy whiskers, "His head was put on upside down, wasn't it?" The New Haven Register sees one advantage in warm weather. At no other

season of the year can you spread the butter on the children's bread so evenly and so thinly. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., in the Amerithat the whole number of newspapers in the United States has increased since January of the current year from 8,703 New papers abound in the Terto 9,153. ritories. Suspensions have been fewer

than in any corresponding period for several years. After the recent death of a Piute chief in Nevada, an admiring Indian concluded to kill his own squaw, so that she could ecompany the chief to the happy hunting grounds; but the woman did not wish to be sacrificed, and so made her escape. The Indian then seized a baby, buried it to the neck in the ground, and stood guard over it, intending to let it starve to death. After three days the

child was rescued by white men. The Transatlantic circus had a lively day at Leesville, Ind. Some sharpers who accompany the show, failing in their attempt to swindle a resident with cards, snatched his money and hid in one of the tents. Soon afterward one of the women squestrians stole a watch from a man's ocket as she passed through the crowd. The robbed men fired into the tents with their revolvers. The showmen retaliated by seizing three villagers, dragging them nto a tent, and whipping them soundly with rawhides. This incensed the crowd, and a general fight ensued, in which four showmen and one villäger were wounded with bullets.

# A Shark in Strange Waters.

Two or three boating parties had a

good deal of fun with a shark that strayed nto the Baltimore harbor a short time He was a regular man-eater of the Southern seas, and twice came near proving it before he got through with the boys. A pienie party saw him swimming up with his back fin out of water, and now and then stopping to pick up stray bits by the way. They threw their lunch to him piece by piece, and watched him devour it with evident relish. He finally became so tame as to come nosing around the boat, and one of the party attempted to harpoon him with a boat-hook. doing so he lost his balance and fell overboard. He was soon dragged in by his companions, and not to soon, either, for just as his last leg was leaving the water the shark was at the spot and his great jaws were heard to snap at the hole in the water which the retreating leg left. By this time the party had got enough of playing with shark, and, having disposed of all their lunch, went on to pienie on memories of the big fish and hungry stomachs. The shark continued Creey in 1346, and the commencement of his way up the harbor, apparently onan exploring expedition, and another boating party of boys and girls met him. One boy was swinging his feet over the side of the boat in the water. The fish seized one of the feet, snapped off a toe and lacerated others. That was enough of shark for that boating patry, and the terrified boys rowed the screaming girls into port without any further fishing ex-perience. The shark was afterward seen by divers others who were swimming on the beaches, but they did not attract his attention, and he tried no issue with them. The last seen of the monster, so far out of his latitude, he was following a tug down the bay, and would probably find his way out to sea and back home Baltimore is puzzled about how this man-eater of the torrid latitudes hap pened to lose himself so far in Northern