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# An Old Hen's Last "Lay."

Once a man of great invention Made a nest for hens to lay in, With a mean deceitful bottom, That would slide and let the egg out-Falling through a small aperture-Then would slide and close the hole up; And he sold it to the owner Ot a hen, the boss producer Of most delicate "hen truitage."

Now the hen was mighty gritty, And she spread herselt to do it, So she laid an egg enormous; Then arose in great elation, With her feathers all a-flutter, And her body all a-cackle, And she said, "as sure as shooting, I have hid an egg exceeding My most sanguine eackleations, Far beyond my egyspectation.

Where's that egg! May stars and garters In the name of all Eve's daughters Can I not believe my senses? Surely I have not gone crazy! Well, if this don't beat the dicken, May I never hatch a chicken."

Long she pondered o'er the matter, O'er this strange hallucination, O'er this most complete deception; Then she squared down to business, And she laid another avis, Though of course it was a-missing, Though she scratched around the litter, In her efforts to capy it.

But why make the story longer? Thus in fatal repetition, Ot this eggy operation, Passed the day until the evening, When the owner came to find her, Found her maught except her wattles, \* Hulf her bill and some pin feathers, While within the box beneath them Where that fooling slide had dropped them Found he eggs a half-a-bushel.

Gone, heroic Henawatha! Died she in the nest of duty, Victim of man's vile deception. Surely she must have interment With that nest as her sepulchre, For she layed herself within it. -Cincinnati Grange Bulletin.

# HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT WAS ANSWERED.

"A middle-aged lady would like to become housekeeper in a small family during the winter months. No wages required; best of references given." This singular advertisement met in eyes one morning while I sat alone at the breakfast-table, reading the Dail,

Two of the children were sick, m, inefficient servant added to our trouble my wife's health had nearly given way under her housekeeping cares, and every thing seemed to me on that special morning going to the dogs.

'My situation was a good one, and my salary fair, but then the doctor's bills were unusually large, and our cool wasteful, because Mary-that's my wife -could not attend to her kitchen and take care of the sick children at the same time.

Mary, atlow me to say here, is one o the sweetest of sweets women, not only in face, expression and manners, but in taste, in dress, and all the etceteras that make a man's home the best place this side of heaven. She thoroughly enjoyed everything that I-did-art, music, literature, and, during the first two years of our married life, we were literally in paradise. I gave not one regretful thought to my old companionships, although I had numbered among my friends some of the best fellows in town.

With their expression, though I could not have told why.

The dominant thought with me was and had been very fond of society.

Then the little ones came, and they were welcome; but troubles in the shape of accidents, illness, constant and petty cares, came with them.

Jack, our eldest, was now seven; Tom, five; Alice, our fairy little girl, three; and the little crib in the room up stairs held a rosy beauty who did nothing but

Tom and Jack, however, were healthy, energetic and consequently troublesome Mary managed them with a firm hand until scarlet fever took up its pestilent abode with us for nearly two months.

Mary grew thin and white with watching and anxiety, for our two noble, handsome boys are her idols; and since the fever left them with many a little ailment which could only be removed with care and time, the tender-hearted woman had forgotten aimost everything but their welfare.

Hence the cook had her own sweet will, not only in the kitchen, but about the house, and, to tell the truth, it was neither comfortable nor pleasant for me. Only the day before, the doctor had said that the boys would require constant attention all through the What was to be done, therefore, but submit to its verdict? The consequence was that I a e my meals deprived of the light of Mary's countenance -that Mary herself was growing more and more hollow-eyed, and looked no

organ like the neat, trim little lady, so that ous to be the all-in-all in a hus-"If I only had a sister or an aunt," she often said, "you would not be so lonely; but you married a woman with-

out relations. For which-though I did not tell her so-I hope I am resonably thankful. One morning—by-the-bye it was-the very morning I had read the advertisement-my wife came panting to the table, a smiling cherub in her arms, and sat down to her cold coffee trying t smile. I had marked the advertiseo ment in the Hem with my pencil, and now I laid it before her. She read it,

and her face brightened. with both to-morrow. "What do you think of seeing this

we are able to afford that, I hop:. If appearance—and yet yesterday she looked she can oversee the house and 'legislate' forty. the cook, and give you more time to attend to the boys—your humble servant includes himself"—I added, laughing, "what a blessing she will be!"
"I dislike to think of a stranger com-

ing to the house," said Mary.
"So do I; but, remember, in a little time she will no longer be a stranger; besides, if she is a capable woman, she will take entire charge of the premises. Of course, we needn't have her if we don't like her appearance or her refer-

After a tew more talks Mary concluded to send for the woman, and, accordingly, dispatched a letter as the advertisement required. "Well," said my wife, on my return

that day, "she came, she saw, she con-"Rather Cosarean," said I. "I trust

she is not a general in petticoats. Tell me all about it;" and I seated myself opposite the cozy sitting-room fire, be-ginning to dread the intrusion of a third party.

"She came here about noon," said
Mary, "a peculiar, prim looking woman, in a plain traveling-dress. Her
tace and manner preposessed me in her

favor, and, according to her own account, she certainly is a very capable person. Only think that she can play the harp and piano, and is very well educated!" "Worse and worse," thought I; and then said aloud: "But what about refer-

'Her principal reference is Judge Nelson, and he lives in Ohio." "All right. I know his brother very well; he is a practicing lawyer here.
I'll write to the judge and speak to the advocate, and between them both we shall probably get a satisfactory certifi-

The funniest part of this veracious narrative is that I did neither, but allowed the matter to drift away from my memory altogether.

"Well, did you engage her?" I asked. "On the whole, I thought I had better. She can come here and stay awhile, and if we suit each other, of course she will remain. In fact, we must have somebody; your comfort must be looked after. As it is, she is at some expense, as boarding, of course, uses up what lit-tle money she may chance to have. I told her to come to-morrow and get a little used to the house. Did I do

"I am inclined to think you did," was my reply, "Best to have the strange-ness over as soon as possible." "But there's one thing I am sure you won't like," said Mary, after a brief

"Well, what's that ?" I asked.

"She wears spectacles."
"Horror!" was my rejoinder.

Blue ones! "Worse and worse!"

"I knew just how you would feel; but she has very pleasant eyes under them, and she thinks she may soon be able to dispense with them altogether."
"Then I will endeavor to endure the affiction with the best grace I can.

low does she look ?" "That's a woman's question, and I stan't answer," said my wife, laughing.
"However, I will say that she is tall
and fair, with blue eyes, blue dress and

a blue veil. "Blue seems to be the prevailing color," I said; and there the conversa-

tion stopped, tea being brought in.
On the following day I came home to company. In other words, I was intro-duced to Miss Campsted, and by stealth took an inventory of her charms, for the lady was rather good-looking. She wore a small, plain cap and the blue spectacles aforesaid. The hair, put smoothly back, showed ripples on the surface; the features were small and regular, but at first I was not pleased

that Mary could rest, and, with a mind wholly at ease, give herself up to the care of her little ones for a season.

For a few weeks things went on as smoothly as I could desire. The coffee speedily improved in color and flavor, the tea was delicious. Little entrees made their appearance which before our circumstances had not seemed to warrant. The table was always in order, even at times decorated with flowers,

and the work was well done, and as if performed by some invisible agency. "Harry, she is positively a treasure," said my wife to me, one evening, after we had retired to our room. "Thave so much more time, now, to attend to baby and the children. Miss Campsted is an admirable manager, and she has some very nice-looking people to visit her." "Has she many visitors?" I asked.

I thought she talked es if she were a stranger here." "Now and then one richly dressed, almost too richly," my wife added, in a hesitating voice, "But then we don't

visit, and really know nobody. She has a brother, too."
"A brother!" I cried, more and more surprised. "She tood me she had no re-

"Well, he wasn't here till yesterday, when he returned from California. I caught a glimpse of him as he went down street—and he is really a majestic-

looking man. "Oh, this will never do," I said, impatiently. "We are not rich, but there is considerable silver in the house, and some little gold in the way of watches and chains, which are, besides, valuable as heir-looms. I don't like the visitors

-I don't like the brother. "Now you are suspicious and unkind," said Mary. "I would trust her with everything in the house, even my husband," she added, laughing. "And though she calls herself middle-aged, and perhaps she is-some women wear so well—she looks almost like a young girl with her cap and spectacles off, and her hair dressed differently. You will see, for I have persuaded her to dispense

To-morrow presented Miss Campsted woman?" I asked. "She only seems to as a young lady of perhaps twenty-two Campsted is dwant a home during the hard times, and or three—not a year older, according to to shuddering.

The ripple in her hair ran to a curl now. The spectacles gone, disclosed beautiful eyes fringed with long, soft lashes. She noticed my look of sur-

prise, and smiled as she said:

"I have worn caps since I was thirty, but your wife has persuaded me to leave them off for a while. Do you, too, think it an improvement?"

"I certainly do," was my reply, "for I hate caps and abominate spectacles."
"What a fright I must have appeared in your eyes, then!" she said, sweetly, which speech necessitated a complimentary answer, and made me feel ex-

essively silly. Her brother dined there one day, He was a heavy, handsome, well-read fellow, apparently young and very clever.
"Would you object to my brother's
presence at dinner to-day?" soon became

regular form of request.

What could I do? Her brother was good company, played the piano, violin and flute with skill, talked well, and almost before I knew it, I was supporting

him as well as his sister. His conversation entertained me, and though my better judgment protested against the encroachment, still I allowed it until it was impossible to say no.

Mary occupied herself more and more with the children, who continued ailing and nervous. Gradually she withdrew herself from our circle on the plea of work for the little ones, and one thing and another, all of which excuses I allowed to convince me. Unconsciously I began to look forward to the pleasant after-work hours.

Miss Campsted read, sang and played equally well. Always she deferred to my judgment, sang my songs, read from my favorite authors. Her brother was equally ready to talk, or to add to the musement of the evening.

I became accustomed to this interest-ing partnership. Sometimes Mary stole in to sit with us a while, and then stole out again.

I knew she was not my Mary as of old, but I laid it to her cares. Nor did I notice that her eyes grew languid, her movements slow; that she seldom smiled, that her merry, silvery laugh never rang out as of yore.

I did not dream that she was fast becoming a prey to insidious disease.

"Your wife is not well," said Miss Campsted, on one occasion, "She devotes herself too constantly to her nursery cares. I often beg her to let me assist her, or take her place for a while, but she will never allow me. She does not do herself juscice, do you think? A wite had better forget her

think? A wife had better forget her children than neglect nearer ties." "What do you mean, Miss Camp-sted?" I asked, turning toward her. Something in her manner-in her

voice—made me angry.
"My wife," said I, i tones, "forgets nothing—no one; it is her duty to remember!" "Oh, of course! Pray pardon me. Mrs. Blair is most lovely! Pray—pray

forgive me, and understand me. It was solicitude for her welfare, and anxiety to relieve her of some of her daily burdens, that made me speak."
She put up her hands, white and

shapely, with an appealing gesture, and saw what makes any man a fool for the fime—tears on her lashes. 'Why do you talk of offending me?'

said, half-laughing, half-distressed, "I thought you spoke of my wife in rather a thoughtless manner; but, of course, you cannot comprehend her anxiety with sickly, nervous children.

"Indeed, I meant nothing but for he good. At least—at least—I sympathized with your loneliness, and felt so sorry for your wife," she murmured, confusedly. "Oh, Mary and I can take care of each other," was my reply.

Did the small arrow she had let fly annoy me? I think it did, on reflection, but not in the way she intended.

I thought of Mary's increasing pallor, silence, alteration; surely she was chang-ing, but what had I to do with it? I never thought to ask what had Miss

Campsted to do with it.

Mary grew worse, The doctor said it was some disease of the nerves. Miss Campsted was full of solicitude. She and her handsome brother were very at-

When I went into the hall Miss Campsted contrived to be there to bid me good-morning. I never thought of her now as middle-aged. She appeared to me, gradually, to become an imperti-

nent, forward young person.

One memorable day—shall I ever forget it?—I went up stairs to say something that had escaped my recollection,

after my usual visit to Mary's room.

I found my wife weeping hysterically with all the children grouped about her and crying in chorus.

"For Heaven's sake, Mary, what has happened?" I cried, frightened almost

out of my wits. "Don't stay, Harry," she gasped; "it does me no good. I am better alone.

Go down—please go down. "But I'm not going down or out, leaving you in this state," I said, throwing down hat and bundles and trying to take her in my arms.

But she resisted my tenderness 'No matter for me," she sobbed. shall be better soon out of the way, per-

"Mary, darling," I said, at my wits' end, "if you won't let me stay, at least let me send Miss Campsted up." "That woman!" cried my wife, with hysterical anguish—"no! Do you want her to poison me? It is bad enough that

she has ruined my home.

I was thunderstruck "Poison you!—ruined your home! Miss Campsted! What do you mean, Mary? Are you crazy? I thought you considered her invaluable," I repeated, still dazed

and nervous. "Invaluable!" murmured Mary, great tears running down her pale cheeks; "can I like a serpent?" Can I like one who has stolen from me all that made my life blessed—my husband's love? I hate her! Go! go! She has told me, oh, such miserable things! Leave me; Mis-Campsted is down stairs," and she fell

I have heard that an innocent man always has his weapons about him. I don't believe it. At all events, it was not so in my case. So obtuse and confused was I at this entirely new phase of matters that it took a minute and twenty seconds before the real import of her words reached my consciousness. I am quite positive of that fact, for mechanically I was following with my eye the hands of the clock in the corner. Then it dawned on me by degrees, and Mary, after a while, told me a pitiful story.

My wife, my one crown of glory, my idolized Mary, had been subjected to the most cruel of all tortures—that of hearing her husband's words and actions misrepresented, stories manufactured, lies cunningly invented.

I no longer wondered that my poor wife felt a dread and abhorrence for the creature, which no language could ex-press, or even feared for her life in the

presence of such a viper.

The strangest thing to me was, then—
in truth, always will be—that Mary did not tell me of these things; but a foolish fear of being thought jealous, and some-

thing also of pride and the sensitiveness of her nature, scaled her lips.

In my anger I suppose I rather overstepped the bounds of prudence in my next interview with the fascinating Miss Campsted, as some of my friends called her. I had a grand opportunity of witnessing the uncontrolled fury of a woman whose vileness had been prematurely unmasked.

Never, even upon the stage, have I seen such a perfect piece of acting.

Trouble never comes singly, they say.
I-had given Miss Campsted warning. when a person whom I had reason to believe was a detective entered my house. In an instant Miss Campsted grew pale and quiet, and begged me to allow her to see the gentleman alone. Of course I consented keeping strict

guard, however, ouiside the door. For some time the conversation went on in a low tone; then, gradually, Miss Campsted's voice changed to entreaty. Sobs followed and bitter weeping.
Suddenly in came Fred Campsted.

whistling softly an air from one of the Seeing me in the hall, apparently on guard, he started, slowly hung up his hat, took it down again, asked for his sister, and seemed very much surprised when I told him she had company. "You had better go in," I said, "for I

fear she is in trouble. '
"Oh, hang it!" was his rough response, "she's always in trouble. I sponse, "she's always in trouble. I have an errand down town, and must be

He turned, and there, facing him, standing on the doorstep, was another detective. How long had they been watching my house?

The man looked like a tiger. He gave

one bound, but in that moment two officers were upon him; then he seized his pistol, which was snugly concealed, and fired.

One of the men was wounded; but the other secured the prisoner and brought him, bound and raving horribly, into the house. "Do you know, sir?" asked one of the detectives, afterward, "that this house

has been a rendezvous for thieves dur-ing the past six months?" How should I, absent all day? How

was I to be made aware that our cook ead been bought from time to time with heavy bribes to allow the ingress of packages of great value? How did I know that Miss Campsted

brought three immense Saratoga trunks with her, professing that they had been eft in her charge? After that we examined those same trunks, wherein property was found concealed to the amount of forty or fifty

housand dollars-silks, velvets, diamonds and jewels. One of these packages-a very small one-I looked upon with great distrust. It was taken with the other things to the station-house, and found to be a machine calculated to destroy both life and property, for it was filled with explosive materials, and opened by ignorance or chance, life would most cer-

tainly have been the forfeit.

To this day I look with distrust upon such advertisements as the one that heads this story; and though that was probably the single exception in a thousand, no earthly power could induce me

to repeat the experience. And if, after a long search after some article not to be found, we conclude to give it up, we place it to the account of the fascinating Miss Campsted.

#### ARomance Unearthed by an Advertisement.

A Washington letter says: P. J. Donahue, a lawyer of this city, has filed a petition in the supreme court on behalf of Thomas McLaughlin, of New York, Jane McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, Michael McLaughlin, of South Carolina, Cath-erine Egan, of New York, Philip Mc-Laughlin, of Providence, R. I., and Archibald McLaughlin, of New York, being the brothers and sisters and heirs of Jane Howard, deceased. The property to be divided is a plot of valuable building lots in the most aristocratic por-tion of Washington. The death of Mrs. Howard has always been wrapped in mystery. In the early part of May last the discovery was made that Jane How-ard, who had lived alone and followed the life of a hermitess, almost denying herself the necessaries of life, and whose vocation was fortune telling, had disap peared. Her absence created alarm, and upon breaking open the door of her miserable shanty an appalling sight met the gaze of the police officers. Upon the squalid bed lay the body of the old lady, from which life had evidently departed tite for knowledge provoked. This is one of the police officers. some ten or twelve days previously; I was decomposed and partially eaten by rats. By the charity of friends and neighbors the remains were decently interred, and an advertisement was inserted for possible relatives. Through this medium the above persons were promptly heard from. It is said they have undoubted proof of their heirship, and the property will be sold and the proceeds divided among them.

#### TIMELY TOPICS.

The tea sellers and crockery dealers of New York city have been at swords point. The various tea dealers in that city have been engaged in giving away various articles of crockery and glassware to their customers, as an extra inducement to purchase tea. Pretty soon the crockery sellers found their sales were decreasing on account of this action of the tea sellers and they remonstrated, but without effect. Thereupon the crockery dealers held a meeting and resolved to sell ten and coffee from their stores at strictly wholesale prices !

Irish bids fair to be put upon the list with the "dead" languages. In a paper recently read before the London Statistical Society, it was stated that in 1871 the area in which Irish was spoken had decreased from 10,000 square miles in 1851 to 6,000, while the number of peo-ple speaking it had decreased during the same twenty years from 1,500,000 to 600,-000, of whom less than 400,000 spoke Irish only. It is also said that through out Ireland there are now probably not 5,000 persons who can read an Irish book, and not a single Irish paper is being published in the country.

M. Lacerdo has given much attention to the character and effect of the venom of the rattlesnake. The poison seems to be of the nature of a ferment. The red corpuscles of the blood of animals bittenby a snake begin to display small brilliant points on the surface, which increase rapidly in number, and then the globules unite with each other, forming a paste which cannot circulate through the veins. Affected blood, if introduced into the circulation of other animals, will produce the same symptoms and fatal termination as original virus. The author believes that the best antidote for snake-poisoning is alcohol, which may be given to the patient to drink or may be administered subcutaneously.

Professor Grote thinks that the Indian corn plant originally grew wild on the slopes of the Rocky mountain region, and on the sides of the valley of the Colorado. It was cultivated by the early men of that region, who were Asiatic emigrants in pre-glacial times. The cliff dwellers and mound builders cultivated maize. The plant was probably at first single-eared, and the grain smaller. Professor Grote believes that its present yield might be still increased by planting corn from plants producing the largest number of ears, so that finally a more numerously-eared variety may be introduced.

Experiments in the inoculation of horse-pox have been made by some French savant. In the early part of this year there was an epidemic of horse-pox in some parts of France. A white horse having been selected for the experiment, its virus was carefully collected, and even young soldiers who had never been cessful. Four of these were made use course with high honors. of for the inoculation of sixty-four other forty cases characteristic pustules were obtained. Then a number of calves were inoculated, and their virus was used for vaccination; but in this case without them." there were only forty-eight per cent, of successful cases, and in the former experiments there were sixty-four per cent. This seems to show that the horsepox virus is weakened by passing through the calf system.

A man employed on the farm of William Potter, in Sassafras Neck, Cecil county, Md., was dislodged from his position on the platform of a steam thresher by a wagon being driven close alongside. Another workman was standing near him holding a three-pronged fork with the prongs upward. Workman No. 1 the prongs upward. Workman No. I was forced either to fall upon the belt of the thresher, in which case he would have been thrown into the machine, or upon the fork in the hands of his fellow-workman. He chose the latter course. One prong of the fork struck him under neath the chin, and glancing from the bone, ran through the lower and upper lips and out about the cheek bone. With some effort upon the part of both men the fork was drawn out, when the wounded man sank to the ground. He discontinued work for the remainder of the day, but was at his post the next morn-

# Newspapers and Knowledge.

Newspapers of the present day, remarks a New York paper, contain articles upon subjects in science, literature at.d art, which twenty-five years ago no editor would have ventured to publish. This fashion has its objectionable points. It tends to encourage superficiality, to engender conceit, and to lead incompetent persons to form opinions upon very insufficient knowledge. But on the whole its tendency is good. A little knowledge is not dangerous unless it is misused; and all knowledge, however great, must be little in its beginning. The fashion of administering literature, science and art in small and simple doses brings great numbers of people under their influence who otherwise would remain without a tineture of any one of them. People who would not touch any bound book but a novel will read a little paper-bound pamphlet or a magazine article, or if not equal to one of these, an article in a newspaper upon a subject in which they would otherwise of the means by which the present time has become one of such general intellectual activity. The mind of the world at large has been excited to action by little books on great subjects.

"It you want to get at the circumference of a man," says Josh Billings, "examine him among men; but if you want tew get at his aktual diameter, measure him at hiz fireside."

Wanted. Wanted-a man, good, honest and brave, Who doth all the vices eschew, Who'll battle undaunted his honor to save, To himself and his fellow men, true.

Wanted-a woman, no feminine tame. Like fashion and prejudice make, A creature of folly, just woman in name But a woman, as God did create.

Wanted-a friend, that shall stand by our side' When triends and prosperity speed; en mithful through all though others deride,

A friend that's a triend in our need. Wanted-a Christian, one who can feel For the sinner, who ever he be, Who'll pray with the sot, with the Magdalen

From sehisms and hypocrisy free. Wanted-sweet truth, and constancy rare, And faith, of a tangible shape, And justice, and mercy, and charity fair. This earth a bright Eden to make.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

-Modern Argo.

A strong-minded woman will alway be speaker of the house.

Marrying a woman for her beauty is like eating a bird fer its singing.

A man in Liverpool recently died from the effects of a bite on the finger, inflicted by a drunken woman. The Zulus cannot comprehend revol-

ers, and never take them from the dead bodies of their English foes. An editor in Memphis thinks that there is but one cure for yellow fever and that is flight, vigorously applied.—Free

A street sensation of St. Louis, re-cently, was a woman 117 years old look-ing for her lost daughter, a giddy young thing of seventy.

"That's a relation of yours, isn't it?" said a man to his wife, at the same time pointing to a donkey. "Yes, by marriage," was her stinging reply.

The Detroit Free Press has discovered that one pailful of hot water will clear a corner of loafers quicker than four policemen, and at much less expense. Never tell a man who is using a restorative that his hair is coming out nicely;

such a compliment might seem some what ambiguous.—American Punch. Tobacco can by grown in every one of the States of the Union. The annual production is now 40,000,000 pounds, valued at \$33,000,000 in its unmanufac-

The Tribune is publishing a series of papers on "The A B C of Finance." The PAY G of Finance can be conlensed into four words, P-av A-s G-o.—Albany Journal.

Albert Victor and George Frederick, sons of the Prince of Wales, were known by the nicknames of "Strat" and "Herraccinated were inoculated with it. Up ring" on board the training ship Briton six of these subjects it proved suc | tania, where they recently completed the

"Doctor," said a lady patient, "I sufmen, eight of whom had never been fer a great deal with my eyes." The old vaccinated. The result was that in gentleman adjusted his spectacles, and with a Socratic air replied, " I do not doubt it, my friend; but then you ought not to forget that you would suffer more

They were out driving. Said Theodore, "What tree, Angelina, bears the most precious fruit?" Angelina—Oh, Dory, I can't tell, unless it is a cherry tree!" Theodore looked unutterable Theodore looked unutterable sweetness as he gazed into Angelina's eyes and said, "The axle-tree, darling." Joaquin Miller says: "If you were

to take a newspaper in your hand and crumple it up and then spread it out again, the creases in it might fairly represent the streets and lanes and alleys of London, so angular, so awkward and irregular is this, the greatest of all cities Two sons of the Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, are now living in Summer county, Kansas. They recently appeared in the United States land office, at

Wichita, in a contest in which one of them was a defendant and the other was a witness. They are spoken of as intelligent, wide-awake citizens, and fully up to the spirit of the times. A dead African eagle was lately found at Maina, on the southern Greek coast. On examining the oird an iron-headed arrow over a foot long was found transixed under one of the wings. Evidently

the eagle had been fired at and struck in Africa by some native, and had borne the arrow in its body in its long flight over the Mediterranean until it fell dead from exhaustion on touching land at A ship carpenter at Belfast, Me., has corcluded to spend the rest of his life in a chair. When wages were reduced he declined to work any longer, and seated himself in a rocking-chair near his sitting-room window. There he remains all day long, only rising to go to his meals or to bed. His chair rockers have

#### fingers. He is supposed to have some savings on which he and his wife live. Wants Us to Eat Our Food Raw.

worn grooves in the floor, and on the

window-sill, where he drums idly as he

rocks to and fro, are the imprints of his

A German physician in relation to food as between animal and vegetable holds that "both vegetarians and meat eaters are on the wrong track. Vegetables are not more wholesome than meat or meat than vegetables, and nothing is gained by consuming a compound of both Whatever nutritive qualities they may possess," he says, "are destroyed in great measure and often entirely by the process of cooking often entirely by the process of cooking. All food should be caten raw. If this practice were adopted there would be little or no lilness among human beings. They would live their apportioned time and simply fade away, like animals in a wild state, from old age." It is hardly probable that he will find many civilized beings to fall into his views of eating everything raw.