The forest Republican.

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Comfort.

If there should come a time, as well there may,

When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,

And thou dost come to me for help, and stay, And comfort-how shall I perform my part ?

How shall I make my heart a resting place, A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite? How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face, And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite ? How shall I win the strength to keep my

voice Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs?

How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice, Nor mar the counsel of mine own heartthrobs?

Love, my love teaches me a certain way, So, if thy dark hour come, I am thy stay,

I must live higher, nearer to the reach

Of angels in their blessed trustfulness, Learn their unselfishness, ere I can teach

Content to thee, whom I would greatly blean.

Ah! what woo were mine if thou shouldst come.

Troubled, but trusting, unto me for aid, And I should meet thee powerless and dumb, Willing to Lelp thee, but confused, afraid!

It shall not happen thus, for I will rise, God helping me, to higher life, and gain

Courage and strength to give thee counsel wise,

And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain. Fear not, dear love, thy trial hour shall be The dearest bond between my heart and thee.

-All the Year Round.

A LITTLE FOOL.

"I am astonished, Eloise! after all my instructions as to what society and respectability demand of you. If you must marry and make a fool of yourself, why not marry Colonel Powell?" "Because I do not like Colonel Powell, and because 1-like some one

else, Aunt Ethel."

"I never heard of such a thing. Do you know what you are saying, miss? Such talk, I can tell you, is highly improper; and as for not liking Colonel Powell, that is nonsense. Colonel Pow-ell has everything necessary to win any woman's approbation-very old family, very fine manners, elegant residence, servants, carriage, money, and a member of Congress besides. Don't you know that you would spend the winters in Washington ?" I declare it does not tempt me a

"And I don't believe that he is a day more than fifty."

"He is seventy-five if he is an hour,

always spends twenty out of an income of nineteen. You have expectations-or at least had. I always intended, if you remained unmarried, to leave you the Bruce Place." "Dear sunt, thank you for the inten-

tion; but I would rather have Harry. I have a little bit of money of my own,

have I not?" "About four thousand dollars; just "About four thousand dollars; just enough to buy your wedding things, and marry you decently. For though you are going to make such a fool of your-self, I shall hot show the white feather about it. I must pretend to be happy when I are wrotched and reacting one when I am wretched, and receive con gratulations that will nearly choke me; but such trials are part and parcel of a woman's lot; I dare say I shall get creditably through them.

Miss Ethel rose with a proud air, but a pitifully sad face, and attempted to leave the room, but Eloise, with gentle force and many tender kisses, made her

sit down again. "Auntie," she said, coaxingly, "you have asked me a good many questions, and I have answered them truly; now I am going to ask you some, and I know you will be fair with me about them.

First, were you ever in love?" Half smiling and half sighing, Miss Ethel sat thinking over the bold ques-tion. At length she answered, slowly, "Yes, Eloise; I once loved as I do not think you have the power to love. It

is twenty-two years ago.

"Will you tell me about it?" "I cannot. Yes—I will try; perhaps it may show you what a waste of life is. Wait here a few moments."

She then left the room, but soon re

turned with a little tortoise-shell box in her hand. It opened with a spring, and showed a few yellow letters, a bunch of withered violets and the half of a plain gold ring. She lifted the latter and said :

"This is part of his dead mother" wedding ring; we broke it in two and swore solemnly over it to be faithful to the promises we had made to each other. Then he sailed away from me and I never heard from him again. For two years I suffered all the agonies of hope casions on which they had been used for deferred and slighted love, and at length I had a fever that left me the colorless little ghost I have been ever since." "Perhaps he was dead."

" No.

"Then he was a miserable creature, and I should have put him out of my heart and memory.'

"Yes, I think you would, Eloise. I think, too, that it is likely you would have let some other man make a fool of you a second time. I have a different nature. I did not cease to suffer for James Early for five years, but having conquered that weakness I never permitted myself to care for any other man.

"But you were rich and handsome. Did no one else care for you?" Miss Ethel smiled queerly, and after a slight hesitation said "Yes."

thing you would not do yourself."

position. Colonel Powell can give his

"Are you still in love with this Mr.

"No, I am not. If I should meet him

to-day, I do not think I should care to

"I suppose so. I heard of his mar-

"Don't pity me, child. I am to be congratulated. If it had not been for

my dear father's opposition, I should

have married for love, given my fortune

and my life into the keeping of a selfish,

little fool of myself as you are about to

"Aunt, do you really think that Harry would forget me in a few wceks

Of course he would."

does Harry generally leave you?"

"On the little bridge outside the

"Do not say ' farewell' there. Lovers

who part over running water never meet

again. Give him every lawful chance.

You may bring him into the park to-

So a few hours afterward there was

very bitter parting under the oaks in Bruce Park. Elose was almost shocked

when it was over. In her heart she had

only intended to frighten Harry, but her

lover had taken the proposal too seri-ously, and things had been said that she

provoked Eloise. She did not like the

serious matter, and she did not see how

For eleven months was the time she

probation. In eleven months she would

be of age, and could claim her small

fortune. If Harry was true to her, she

she had a shrewd idea that if she

Harry was indignant at all such pru-

dential considerations. He spoke very

disrespectfully of Bruce Park, and de-

"It was a very

"I will try him."

man-in fact, made just such a

"Who was it, Auntic?"

wife these advantages.

Early's memory ?"

" Is he alive?"

riage ten years ago.' "Poor auntie!"

speak to him."

fickle

make.

Place.

or months?"

tween his kisses, "you wanted to test my heart, and so I thought it only fair to depended on the condition of her wardrobe, and she wondered if even Harry's love could stand a shabby old-fashioned dress and one-button kid gloves." Harry " was sure she would make any

Harry " was sure she would make any dress look elegant;" and Eloise said, angrily, " He was very absurd," and thought so too. So the end of all Harry bade her "farewell" till the 5th of the following June, and that with many tears and protestations they finally be-gan their self-imposed trial of each other's fidelity. other's fidelity.

The next morning's paper announced the sudden "departure of Mr. Henry Torrens for New York on business of away?" importance likely to detain him some importance likely to detain him some months," and Eloise was angry enough at the information. She had hoped Harry would try again to convince her of "the folly of parting," and she was determined at this interview to be conday, and we shall sail for Calcutta imme-diately. Could not the two marriages vinced.

be made at once? Then. Harry, Eloise could live on at the old place, and keep For some weeks Miss Ethel did not have a very happy time. Elois wan-dered in the park, or about the big silent house, and was not at all cheerful company. At first Harry's letters were so long and frequent that a great deal of her time was satisfactorily employed in answering them. But by defrom flying out of your windows. grees they grew both shorter and less frequent, and toward the beginning of Aunt Ethel persistently turned the subwinter they stopped altogether.

ject, but when she came into Eloise's room to bid the new bride elect "good-night," the happy girl whispered: "Oh, The two women looked sadly in each other's face at the empty post-box every morning, and Miss Ethel had her will made during these days, and left her niece all she had, as some compensation. aunt, how generous you have been to us! Surely Mr. Early must be very rich, to let you give us such a magnifi-But yet often when she saw the sad face cent wedding present." that had once been so bright and pretty, she half reproached herself, and won-dered whether, where ignorance is bliss, if it be not folly to be wise.

One day toward spring-a bright, warm day for the season-Elois, who had now long ceased even hoping for a letter, was walking slowly up and down the great hall dividing the large draw-ing-room and the late Mr. Bruce's library from the rest of the house. ried for love?" These rooms were very seldom opened, and still more seldom used. Eloise only and I say if the girl is a little fool who marries for love, she who marries withgreat entertainments, the last being that which introduced her into society two years previously.

A sudden fancy seized her; she would throw back the closed blinds, and let the spring sunshine into the dark rooms. Besides, there were all kinds of curious Besides, there were all kinds of curious ornaments there, and a great many books; to examine them would pleas-antly pass a few hours. Miss Ethel readily agreed. She was glad to see her niece interest her elf in anything that could beguile thought from the one sad, mortifying subject of her desertion. Toward noon she went to seek Eloise.

Eloise Bruce was always -on that sub-ject-a little fool."-Harper's Weekly. Her first glance showed her the girl sitting thoughtfully upon the hearth-rug with her lap full of letters, and queer tarnished Hindoo jewelry. She sprang up to meet her aunt, and with a strange-

\$1.50 Per Annum.

How Mushrooms Grow.

Mr. Julius A. Palmer, Jr., writes to the Boston Transcript: A few years ago the banks of the lot opposite the let you test your own also. Do you think you would remember me, if you never saw or heard from me for twenty-two years, as Aunt Ethel did that lover of hers?" Brunswick Hotel, this city, were sodded and the landl eveled to its present grade. As the pick of the work-man broke up the soil, a white substance ran through every piece. Starting with large branches, it divided and subdivided like the veins "Harry! I should remember you forever. I never, never would have mar-ried any one else, if you had staid away altogether. But indeed it was cruel to try me so bitterly." "And how about you sending me on the back of the hand. The smell was very strong, quickly noticed on the op-posite side of the way. This subter-ranean white vein-for it had that ap-"I won't ever do it again, Harry; and I never really wanted you to go. You ought to have known that." pearance-was nothing but the hidden part of the Corprinus comatus, a mush-A few nights afterward, as they all sat room freely eaten now, although twenty together on the moonlit veranda. Aunt Ethel said, very tenderly, "Children, James and I will be married next Thursyears ago thought to be poisonous. The common name of this substance is 'spawn." Just as a cutting of the grape-vine placed in conditions favorable to growth will shoot up, put forth branches and bear fruit, so a part of this Corprinus vine transplanted will continue to it from going to destruction. It is Eloise's now; I made it over to her toramify and in time show the result in the form of mushrooms. The whole day, and Mr. Green says you are going into partnership with their firm, so I hope you will have enough to keep love earth beneath your feet, on a country walk, is alive with vegetation to a great depth. This vegetation is just as real, and the various vines-or, in other words, the thousand varieties of mushroom spawn-are just as distinct as the hopvine and the woodvine, the ivy and the virgins' bower that twine their tendrils above your head. Just where grew this year a peculiar kind of toad-stool, there, next year and so on for successive harvests, will you find the same plant. There is no more mystery about "No, dear, he is not. In fact, he is yet what he calls a struggling man. He its appearance than in the growth of the chestnut on the tree that shades it. has great ventures on hand; he may be-come rich, or he may lose nearly all he has made. It is something about indigo, Rapidity of growth is not near as general as it is thought to be. The common mushroom and many others form for days just below the soil. A heavy dew or an evening shower straightens the am a very, very happy woman." Then Eloise whispered, slyly, "Auntie, do you remember saying a year ago that a girl was a little fool who marstem of the fungas and expands its top. It breaks the earth in the night, and the gatherer is able to find in the morning the white buttons where he could see nothing the night before. So, popular error has made mushroom growth pro-verbial for a superficiality which by the fungi at least is undeserved. Further, out it is the most foolish and wretched of women. On the whole, Eloise, I am rather proud of our good sense—eh, my the various varieties of toadstools succeed each other in rotation just as the bloodroot and anemones of spring are followed by the roses of summer and the cardinal or gentian of fall. These are not theories that are here advanced; Others, however, seemed to think differently; for Lizzie Bruce, meeting her friend Selina James one morning, said: "Selina, what do you think? Harry Torrens has come back, and Cousin Eloise has actually forgiven him they are the results of several years' careful watching of the growth of this order of plants. On the very spot where,

in 1874, I gathered mushrooms, there, in 1879, I find the identical variety, so that the lover of fungus may have his regular harvest with all the certainty of the farmer who looks for the return of his "Certainly I would not; but then wheat crop or the results of his cranberry culture. With just that degree of certainty, no more and no less, for, as cer-tain years are favorable for the producto of certain fruits, as the potato erop sometimes fails and the apple orchard is shall be entering company, and having ally producing abundantly its expected variety, may pass a year, or even under difficulties become extinct. The blight which may visit all life, animal or vegetable, does not fail to fall at times upon my humble friends.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square	e (1 inch.	Jone	Inse	rtio	1 .	81	
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Quarter Co		THC:		196		30	00
Half "						50	00
One it	54	1.4	1.4	14	122	100	00

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

The Fall of the Year.

Oh! the elms are yellow, The apples are mellow, The corn is ripe in the ear; The birds leave off nesting, The earth begins resting, Because 'tis the fall o' the year.

The crickets are calling, The red leaves are falling,

In the field the stubble is sore; The day of the clover

And wild bee is over, Because 'tis the fall o' the year.

Since summer is flitting, Dear triend, it is fitting The heart should make double cheer: So let us go smiling With love life beguiling, Because 'tis the tall o' the year. Mrs. M. F. Butts, in Boston Transcript.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The board of education-The schoolnaster's shingle.

Man is often driven to desperation with his own hobby horses. Can an editor's hat be called the news

tile?—Syracuse Sunday Times.

Always in "order." The five letters which compose that word.-New York

"You don't seem to like me when I mold," the ink replied to the angry scribe.

A gauge that no man should measure his property by is the mortgage .- Rome Sentin

"This is a late fall," said Heffelspin, as he sustained a midnight tumble.--Rome Sentinel.

One family of four persons paid a bill of \$280 per week at a Saratoga hotel for the past season.

When a corner loafer dies in Tennes-ee, the newspaper says: "Anether old and-mark gone.

The St. Petersburg Globc says that 11,854 persons were incarcerated in the Central prison at Moscow during the summer, 10,477 of whom were condemned to exile in Siberia.

Great Britain's standing army of 133,-000 men costs \$65.000,000 per annum; France has an army of 470,000 men at an annual cost of \$100,000,000; Russia, 787,000 men at \$144,000,000; Austria, 296,000 men at \$51,000,000; Germany, 420,000 at \$92,500,000.

An eye to the future: Mother to her daughter just seven years old-" What makes you look so sad, Carrie?" Carrie, looking at her baby-brother three weeks old-"I was just thinking, that

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and he hobbles and coughs, and is altogether dreadful. I never, never, never will marry him." "Colonel Powell."

May I ask who, then, is to have the honor of becoming my nephew?" and Miss Ethel sat stiffly down, and began to carefully re-arrange the pink satin bows on her white morning dress.

Eloise sat down opposite her, and fingered nervously the rose-buds and ivy leaves that trimmed her garden hat. The two women were strangely alike, only one face was forty years old, white, and proud; and the other was only twenty, flushing and paling, and answer-ing every feeling of the heart. For some moments Eloise did not

speak, and Miss Ethel Bruce did not urge her. She sat patiently looking in her niece's face, until that young lady, finding courage in her desperation, said, with a bland defiance, "The gentleman who is to have that honor, dear aunt, is Mr. Henry Torrens.

"Impossible! You would not do such a foolish thing?"

0

"Oh yes, I would." "Do you know who he is?"

"He is-Harry." "Ridiculous! Do you know who his father is?"

Nor I don't wan't to know him particularly. Do you know him, Aunt Ethel?

"You will act very wisely to do so. Eloise, I am glad I have told you my sad little story; it may make you at least 'look before you leap.' Where "No. I dare say it would be very improper for me to know such a person. When we first met him last summer in the North, I don't remember that he over "named his family." Nor L

"That looks very bad Eloise. If a man has respectable relations, of course he talks about them.

"I don't see that it makes any great difference to me. I do not intend to night." marry Harry's relations. I do not care much about them, anyway. Once he told me that his mother was dead, and I said mine was too; and of course we felt sorry for each other, and all that. But I am afraid I am a little jealous about Harry; I would just as lief be the only person in the world who had any right could not unsay. At first, indeed, Harry had laughed at Miss Ethel's doubts of him, and his laughter had to love him as not.

"You make me feel hopeless about you. Pray what do you intend to live upon

thing treated as a joke. "Harry has two thousand dollars a year. Harry could laugh at the idea of not

"Two thousand dollars a year! What seeing her for eleven months." a magnificent income! had fixed upon as the limit of her lover's

'Don't make fun of us, aunt. I cannot allow that; indeed I cannot. We ove each other, and shall be very

"Doubtless. May I ask where Mr. would then be willing to begin life with him on four thousand dollars. Besides, Torrens is employed?"

"In West & Green's law office."

humored her aunt thus far, Miss Ethel "I thought he lived in New York. What brought him here?" "How should I know?" said Eloise,

would not withdraw her favor. blushing, and involuntarily dropping her voice.

Her aunt watched her curiously, and shook her head for answer. "Where have you seen him—for I hope you have not dared to bring him within the precincts of Bruce Place.

as well say good-by forever. "He has never touched a paling of it. I met him at Aunt Kezla's; and I am sure she would have let Cousin Lizzie marry him very willingly. She thinks

ly solemn excitement, cried out:

"Oh, auntie, they are all yours, all yours! I was looking at that queer "Oh, aunt! So you wanted me to do abinet, and my dress turned it over, and a piece fell out of the bottom, and "Yes, dear. You wanted to marry; I did not. When I was twenty years of age, if I had wanted to marry at all, these things were scattered about." Then she ran out of the room, shutting the door carefully behind her. I should have married for wealth and

Poor Miss Ethel needed her privacy. Here was her lover's vindication; here were all the sweet words for which she had nearly died. He had suffered all she had suffered; he had poured out his agony and his despair in letters which had never until now reached her. The poor lady took them to her room, and never appeared again that day. But she had no hard words for the hands that had wronged her. "Dear father; he meant it for a kindness," was all that she said.

Still she grew very restless, and con-tinually declared that she was sure something was going to happen. But coming events often cast long shadows before, and it was full two months afterward ere Miss Ethel's presentiment came true. Then she got a letter one day which threw her into a wild, fever-ish excitement. "Eloise," she cried, almost sobbing with joy, "he is come; he is at the village; he will be here in an hour. How am I to bear it?"

Women seek each other's sympathy in hours like this, and Eloise-perhaps with just a little pang for her own sorrow-gladly gave it. But when she joined the long-parted lovers at dusk, and saw her aunt lingering with tender cares by the handsome dark stranger at the fireside, she knew that never again would Aunt Ethel want sympathy; it was easy to see her lover was still her lover, and that they thoroughly understood the past.

Perhaps the sight of their happiness was a little irritating sometimes to Eloise. She could not help blaming her aunt in some measure for the loss of Harry, and she wondered if she ever remembered now any of her old opinions about the folly of marrying for love. Many women would have reminded her of them, but Eloise was not ill-natured ; and when she saw the old lovers wandering about the gardens so happily to-gether, she only hoped that her own blighted youth might have some such recompense given it; for such a joy it would be almost worth waiting, a little while, but not twenty-two years; that was too strong a test of fidelity.

It was not asked of her. On the morning of the fifth of June, when the dew was yet on the grass, there was a messenger to see her. He had with him an exquisite basket of white roses, and in their midst was a letter which made Eloise Bruce the happiest girl in Amer-And Aunt Ethel was just as de-Ca. lighted. "He must come here at once," she said; "they would wait breakfast for him-and he must never go away again.

clared he would not say 'Thank you' for every acre of it, and the old wooden Then the ladies discovered that Harry and James Early were already friends. They had met at a hotel in New York, and both having their hearts in the same Then Eloise argued that "it was very little Southern town, they had speedily well for him to talk of living on two thousand dollars a year and each other's not long in getting his pardon, though love. Men could get society, and have his excuse might well have been consida great deal of Harry." "Lizzie Bruce is different. She has five little sisters, and my brother Jake they could only afford one new suit in twelve months; but a woman's friends they could only afford one new suit in twelve months; but a woman's friends "You see, darling," he explained be-travel, \$17,000,000.

Just sneak to a fine lady about on bages and she will think you have mentioned one of the lowest things on earth. Madame, you are wrong; it is one of the most useful articles of food. Those ancient nations did not know food science, but they knew the value of good and nourishing things and they gave them the place of honor which they deserved. Cabbages were thought of highly by ancient nations, and the Egyptians gave the cabbage the honor of letting it precede all other dishes; they called it a divine dish. The Greeks and Romans had a great affection for cabbage and conceived the idea, which I have myself, that the use of cabbage keeps peo ple from drunkenness. I am persuaded the constant eating of certain vegetables kills the desire for alcoholic beverages. The Greek doctors ascribed all kinds of virtues to the cabbage. It was thought to cure even paralysis. The Romans thought even more of the cabbage than did the Greeks. They ascribed to it the fact that they could for 600 years do without doctors, and Cato actually maintained that cabbage cured all dis eases. The ancients knew several kinds of cabbage-the long-leafed green cabbage, the hard white, so much used in Germany for "sauer kraut," or fermented cabbage, the curly and the red. This last seems to have held the place of honor, and was at first introduced by the Romans into Gaul or France and then brought to Great Britain. Later the green-leafed cabbage was introduced. The Greeks were fond of aromatic seasonings-of oil, raisin wine and almonds. They boiled or stewed the cabbage and seasoned it with cummin, coriander seeds, with oil, wine or gravy, making rich dishes of a vegetable which we now boil in water and reckon among the plainest food. Something like a remembrance of cooking cabbage among the old Greeks has come down to the modern Greeks, for they stuff cabbage leaves with dainty mince-meats and then stew them with gravy .- Food and Health Leaves.

Little more was said at the time, for

dear, I know not what, and'I don't care.

I am going now wherever he goes, and I

"I remember, dear. I am wiser now.

everything and is going to marry him! I never would have done it. Would

The Cabbage.

darling?"

Why Some Birds Never Forage in Flocks.

Mr. Wilson Flagg explains in the Atlantic Monthly why certnin birds, like chickadees and robins, never forage in compact flocks, as do the sparrows and other grain-eating birds. Their food consists of insects, and hence they are compelled to scatter. Their natural gregariousness, however, causes them to und a note every now and then, in order to keep within hearing. Woodeckers do not call to each other while feeding, because their hammering is sufficient. Mr. Flagg notices a singular fact in the association together, yet not in the same troop, of the downy woodeckers and the chickadee. There ems to be a sort of affinity, he says, between the small woodpeckers, the creepers and the chickadee. They do not join company, but keep within hear-ing of one another from a sociable feel-When birds are grain-eaters, they ing. go in large, close flocks, like the red-winged blackbirds, because their food is abundant.

It is estimated that American travelers expended last summer, in foreign

The Tunnel Under the Hudson.

Work on the proposed tunnel under the North river between Jersey City and New York is now in progress. About forty men are at work building night hour is extended to ten o'clock. the perpendicular shatt, which descends by gravitation as fast as the soil beneath is removed. When this mass of brick masonry has been sunk about sixty feet, the archway built into one side and temporily bricked up will be opened, so that the horizontal shaft, or tunnel proper, can be pushed forward beneath the river's bed. On this latter part of the work an "air lock" will be introluced, consisting of an iron cylinder 16x6 feet, so arranged by means of a hinged door that laborers can pass through it into the compressed airchamber and go on with the excavation. The outward pressure of the air is expeeted to assist in excluding water and upholding the roof of earth. Colonel Haskin expressed himself to our reporter with enthusiasm, confident that in the end he will succeed in one of the most remarkable engineering feats of modern times. The expectation is that the Erie and Pennsylvania railroads, the New Jersey Central, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and other important lines which are now dependence on river transportation, will send their trains through the tunnel, which will have a capacity for 400 trains every twenty-four hours.

The tunnel will be about one mile under the river, with approaches at either end-12,000 feet altogether. It will be circular in form, 26x24 feet, fitted with a double track railway. Total estimated cost, \$10,000,000 .-American Ship.

An Indian's Fight With Bears.

An Indian known as "Peavine Tom has had a hand-to-hand encounter with some bears on the mountain above Buck's ranche which must have been a terrible battle. He was hunting in the locality spoken of and found a "bear wallow" in a little valley and suddenly came upon five bears. He says that he shot one, killing it, when another attacked him. His only dependence was in his butcher's knife, and with this he managed to kill the second one. About this time another attacked him, and the conflict, must have been fearful. Part of the Indian's scalp was torn from his head, his face was badly lacerated and his arm, side and one thigh were fairly "eaten up." No bones were broken, however, and he managed to stagger and crawl to the road, where he was found and taken to Buck's ranche. Mr. Wagner dressed his wounds and at last accounts he was improving and in a fair way to recover. He says that he would have been killed but that he kept his face down most of the time and let the bears bite his back. A party went out to the scene of the fight and found the three bears dead and the Indian's knife sticking in one of them. He must have been "game to the backtone," and deserves the title of the "boss bear hunter."-Pulmas (Cal.) National.

beaux, that brother of mine will be just old enough to bother the life out of me."-Puck.

The new liquor law in Michigan is uite stringent in its provisions, and imposes severe penaltics for its viola-tion. Under this law no intoxicating drinks are to be sold on Sunday, nor on week days between the hours of nine It also prohibits its sale in any billiard-room or other place where games of chance are played.

Now knock the nuts from off the tree And store them in the barn, And shear the chickens and the geese. And spin your winter's yarn. Dig up your outside windows soon, And train them to the wall; Put on the rubber moldings, too, And the storm door withal. Your cellar floor with coal now dress, And sharpen up your ax; Your name set on the voting list, And promptly pay your tax. And when the winter's storm shall rage, And snow and hail shall come, Just spend your evenings with your wife And family at home.

-Boston Transcript.

Newspaper Borrowers.

An exchange recently published a let-ter from a lady subscriber in which she complained bitterly of the annoyance she experienced from the habit her female neighbors had of constantly borrowing her paper. The exchange tailed to advise her on the subject, and as the matter is a serious one we have ourselves looked about for some method of relief, and now think we can offer the suffering lady and all others similarly situated an adequate means of succor. Here is our plan: Let the lady immediately upon receiving the paper carefully cut from it some item—it makes no particular difference what it is-most any item will do, only let it be neatly and carefully removed from the paper. Then the foi-lowing proceeding will be sure to ensue: In a few moments the neighbor's boy willfcome after the paper-he will take it home-within three minutes he will emerge from the house-he will scoot down street and very shortly return with a folded newspaper of the same date as the one just borrowed. By the time the clipped paper has circled round among all the female borrowers, the street will be lively with hurrying boys, and the revenue of the newspaper will be materially increased. Not one woman among them all would be able to sleep a wink without knowing just exactly what that cut out item was. The next day the lady will pursue the same course, and similar results will surely follow. * In an extremely obstirate neighborhood these proceedings have to be repeated three or four days, but not longer. By that time the lady will be able to read her paper in peace, and the newspaper finances will be the gainer through seveal new subscribers. The rule is infallible where the borrowers are females, but it can't be vouched for in the case of men. There isn't that inherent curiosity to work upon, you know, and-and-but perhaps we are getting a little too deep. -Boston Courier.