The forest Republican.

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Ups and Downs.

One day, as I have heard it said, It chanced a rag and bit of lead Lay in the kennel snug together In very wet and muddy weather. The rag was spoiled, and old, and torn; The bit of lead was bruised and worn; Two waifs, whose worth, at full account, Was of such very small amount They well together might remain, To bide the pelting of the rain.

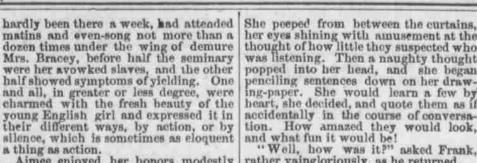
Yet, low as was their present state, They both had known a better fate. The rag had once been whole and white, In every way had pleased the sight; And, in its time, had beloed adorn A bride, upon her her wedding morn; Lent to her figure and her face An added, though unneeded, grace, Nor thought such parting and distress Could o'er betall a wedding dress! The piece of lead could not forget Its fortunes had been nobler yet; For, molded well, for use of one Who was his country's faithful son. It had-though that was long ago-Been sped against that country's foe, And, guided by unerring hand, Had stretched him liteless on the sand.

There came a man, with hook and bag, Who bore away the lead and rag, And both were to a shop consigned, With many others of their kind. When winter passed, and summer came, The former rag had changed its name To paper, and it might avow It ne'er had been so white as now. Meanwhile, the lead, so long despised, Was altered so"twas highly prized; For, meltec, purified and cast, It was a printer's type at last. They now, in this, their new condition, Were put into their old position; Drawn closer than before, to kiss, And find their apothesis.

What greater immorality Than helping genius not to die ? -Scribner.

IN THE ORGAN-LOFT.

The light of a September suuset lay full on the elm-tree boughs, and check-ered the pavement below with soft rosy glooms, when a cab from the station stopped in front of the quaint brick building which did duty as "seminary" to the Bracey theological students, and a young girl got out of it. Even-song was in progress. From the ornate little Gothic chapel which stood at right angles with the long wing where the students housed, sounded a Gregorian chant, rendered by a chorus of fresh manly voices. A little strip of closelyshaven lawn divided the chapel from the street. Its smooth green was broken now by long bars of pink light, and here and there a reddened leaf on the ivy above glowed like a carbuncle in the sunset fire. It was a pretty and peaceful scene, not at all resembling her pre-conceived ideas of what America was going to be, thought Admee Trenchard, as, after dismissing her cabman, she used a moment on the door-step befitted across the illuminated grass; the chant softened and died; a sleepy twitter was audible in the tree-tops. From the far distance came the soft chiming of a bell. The sweet bell note and the dewy silence won her attention so long that black-gowned figures began to pour out of the chapel before she remembered what she had to do. Then she rang, and entered, but not so soon as to be unobserved, and young Chasuble poked his chum in the ribs and whispered, "Hey! What's that? A visitor to the doctor! It must be that girl from Nova Scotia, the dean's daughter, you know, I'll tell you what, she's pretty." Faith rather than vision prompted this statement, but Frank Chasuble was justified in making it, nevertheless. Almee was pretty, very pretty. With the slen-der-waying figure which, with her rame, she had inherited from her Canaan mother, she combined that beauty so especially the dower of English girls, a compelexion of unequaled fairness. true roses and cream—and lips as fresh and red as a dewy clove-pink. Her hair had golden glints in it, and waved naturally back from a white forehead, beneath whose pencilled brows looked out a pair of clear eyes, as blue and fearless as a child's, in whose regard innoconce and ignorance were charmingly combined. For Amiee had been brought up in solitude by a shy bookworm of a father, and a gentle rectangular old aunt, and this was absolutely her first peep into the wider world which lav beyond her guarded school-room bound. Dr. Bracey, an old college friend of Canon Trenchard's, had taken Nova Scotia, the year before, as the objective point of his summer vacation, and had then and there fallen in. love in a fatherly way with his friend's daughter. "Poor dear little thing, "he called her in his thoughts, for she seemed to him cooped up and lonely, quite unlike the girls he was in the habit of seeing at home, and he plied her father with entreaties and arguments, till at length he won reluctant consent for a visit to "the States" during the ensuing year. This visit, for one reason and another, had been postponed till now, so here was Aimee just arrived. with three months of delightful novelty and adventure before her, and bringing a heart as unhackneyed as a baby's to finish meet them, whatever they might prove to hold. As may well be imagined, her advent ereated a tumult among the "Bracey Boys." Absorbed as these young gentlemen were supposed to be in devotional observance and theological lore, intervals more or less existed during which it was both possible and natural to notice the propinquity of a pretty girl, and when both prettiness and propinquity were so unusual, these intervals became more rather than less. Asimes had So Frank swept up the aisle and as-sumed the desk. His sermon was very fine, thought Aimee—very fine indeed.



a thing as action. Aimee enjoyed her honors modestly and 'meekly. A little consciousness crept gradually into the frank eyes, a shade of innocent coquetry, perhaps, into the manner—that was all; and no harm either, pronounced Dr. Bracey, as he watched this gradual unfolding of the womanly instinct. He loved the girl, and it pleased him to see her having "a good time," after the fashion of her age and sex. "It will do her all sorts of good." meditated this worldly-wise old good," meditated this worldly-wise old theologue, with a chuckle, and rubbed his hands approvingly. he

Simple Dr. Bracey! The momentary amusement of his protege was all he had in his mind. It did not occur to him that happiness, most happiness, has to be paid for in one shape or another, and that the settling day, when it comes, is rarely a pleasant one. Among the crowd of admirers is always one who stands pre-eminent in a girl's fancy. In Aimee's this one was Frank Chasuble. He was the handsomest young fellow in the sem-inary, for one thing. His views were "high," but that was no objection to the church-loving girl; and as the only son of a rich man, he had it in his power to express and adorn these views with all the ornamental touches with which modern arts essays to decorate an austere faith. Nobody wore such waist-coats as he; his bands were miracles of fineness; the little cross at his button-hole was an antique gem. The secret grief of his life was the wearing of the inevitable student's black gown; its con-solation, the contemplation of a drawer full of advanced garments, embroidered stoles and the like, with which he pur-posed to bedeck himself the moment that ordination should set him free to do as he llked. He was altogether a fascinating combination—enough to kindle the fancy of any girl; and Aimee was in the fair road for a heartache when comething hearened of which I

when something happened, of which I shall now proceed to tell you. Among the little maid's accomplish-ments was a fair skill in water-color drawing, and it occurred to her some weeks after her arrival to turn this to drawing, and it occurred to her some wecks after her arrival to turn this to account for the benetit of Dr. Bracey, "the dear old doctor, who had been so very, very kind to her." She had once heard him express a wish for a view of the interior of his beloved little chapel, and with some shyness she offered to make one. The doctor was charmed with the idea, and carried Aimee off at once to decide on the point of view. The students were absent for the brief Thanksgiving vacation, so there was no Thanksgiving vacation, so there was no one to disturb the pair in their examina-wears on her head would be laughed at ation and discussion of the building. Α view of the east end, with the apse and the tall lancet windows over the altar, including a glimpse of the carved stalls on the right, was finally chosen; and as the best place for the artist proved to be the organ-loft, a small square space, raised about five feet above the aisle, Dr. Bracey installed Aimee there, showing her how conveniently she could set herself, and how she could regulate the light at will by closing or opening the curtains with which the loft was inclosed. " And here is a shelf for your things, he added, exhibiting a ledge at the back of the organ. "You might leave them there, if you like, and save the trouble of carrying them to and fro. Nobody will meddle with them. The organist sits round here, you see, and the bellows boy is blind, poor fellow." With this he departed, leaving Aimee to her task. She worked on through that quiet afternoon and the next, and so successfully that her work became absorbing and full of interest. On Monday the students returned. Frank Chasuble walked home with them after evensong, was asked to tea by Mrs. Bracey, and spent a long evening with Aimee over the piano. Never had he been so charming, so devoted. Her thoughts were fuller of him than of her drawing is, early on Tuesday afternoon, she betook herself to her perch in the organloft, secure, as she supposed, of three hours' solitude before the tinkle of the service bell at six should warn her to She had just got well to work when the opening door and the sound of foot-steps and voices startled her attention. Peeping from between the closely drawn curtains, she beheld, to her surprise, the greater part of the senior class entering the chapel. There were Arthur Burns, Vedderbake, Bensen, Frank, of course, that quiet Mr. Challoner, who always looked at her so much and said so little, Gregory, Tom Esher and a dozen others, all of whom she knew by name at least, and most of them personally. What could they be doing here at this hour? She had never happened to hear of what the students called "practicing Tues-day," on which monthly occasion the senior class met to rehearse and criticize each others' sermons. But the mystery soon explained itself, for presently Arthur Burns mounted into the pulpit and began to read from a manuscript, while his classmates, grouped in various unconventional attitudes, listened attentively. The discourse lasted about fifteen minutes. When he finished, the others proceeded to comment. "The ending was decidedly poor," put in Frank Chasuble. "You just stopped, that was all. There was no

her eyes shining with amusement at the thought of how little they suspected who was listening. Then a naughty thought popped into her head, and she began popped into her head, and she began penciling sentences down on her draw-ing-paper. She would learn a few by heart, she decided, and quote them as if accidentally in the course of conversa-tion. How amazed they would look, and what fun it would be! "Well, how was it?" asked Frank, rather vained right as he returned

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"Weil, how was it?" asked Frank, rather vaingloriously, as he returned. "Very well written," said that quiet young Challoner. "but nothing to it, Frank. Words, just words." That de-sirable quality, frankness, was certainly prevalent at the Bracey. "What do you mean?" demanded Frank, fushing angrily. "How is a discourse to be expressed except in words, I should like to know?" "It is well to have sometaing behind

"It is well to have something behind

them-" began Challoner, but his voice was drowned in acclamations from a chorus of Frank's special cronies.

"It was first-rate. It was capital. No one could take exception to a sylla-ble in it "---and Aimee, unseen in her gallery, clinched a small fist and shook it vindictively at Challoner. It was out-rageous that her hero should be thus attacked. How did he dare?"

The two hours sped by, the last ser-mon was preached, and the class dis-persed. A few lingered on their way out to discuss the events of the vacation. Aimee, who had been glad to see the move, shrank back into her shelter again. She felt more than ever how awkward her position would be were it discovered that she had been there all the time

"We had a most gorgeous service on Sunday at St. Allen's," said frank Chas-uble, who had perched himself on the back of a bench directly below the or-oft. "I went with the Dixons. gan-loft. "I went with the Dixons. Miss Dixon is a raving beauty, I can

tell you." "Was that the reason you didn't come back Saturday, eh? I heard you tell Miss Trenchard you would."

"I dare say I may have said so in a weak moment; but there was metal more attractive where I was, my boy." "All I can say lis that Miss Dixon, or Miss Anybody else, has got to get up early in the morning if she wants to beat Miss Trenchard," declared Tom Esher.

"She's the prettlest girl I ever saw in my life. I declare, in that blue dress she wore to matins to-day, she's stunning.

on Fifth avenue; I assure you it would." (N. B.-Frank had no more than once praised said "thingumy.") 'She's a nice, soft little girl enough Aimee Trenchard is, but she doesn't stand anywhere beside a dozen girls I could name. As for Netty Dixon, she's a real ripper." Poor Aimee! The blood tingled in her cheeks as if she had received a sharp, sudden blow, as these words fell upon her ears. She was too stunned to move, and sat perfectly motionless in her seat as the conversation went on. "Well, if that's your opinion of Miss Trenchard, I think you'd better leave off hanging about her as you do. You might give another fellow the chance if you don't want it," remarked Tom Esher. "My dear fellow," responded Frank Chastble, in an indolent tone, "you're quite welcome, I can't help it if a pretty girl—the only pretty girl who happens to be on hand, too—likes me better than she does the rest of you It shows good taste on her part, but really it's not my fault. I don't give myself any particular trouble to please the little thing, and I don't see that you are called on to take up arms in her behalf." "And I think," put in a quiet voice, "that you are speaking in a very im-proper tone about a lady. Miss Tren-chard is the loveliest girl I ever saw, and the sweetest. She is a thorough ady too, and as gentlemen we are bound to respect her name as much as we should herself were she present. was Ralph Challoner who spoke. He looked straight into Frank Chasuble's eyes, and that worthy quailed under the glance.

which met some of his impassioned sallies. She was far more attractive to him in this phase. He became piqued, inter-ested; eventually he fell in love, as he vrould have termed it. Aimee had her revenge, if she wished it, in the mortification with which he received the gentle but decided "No" which ended his suit. But he never heard from her or from any one else the tale of the organ-loft adventure. That she kept for the husbandno other than Ralph Challoner-who three years later visited remote Nova Scotia and bore away a bride. To him she confessed that the dear love which, to his surprise and rapture, met his so fully and completely, was born in the little curtained space, the reward of his

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manly interposition on her behalf; and knowing this, the chapel is still the Mecca of his imagination, the place to which his memory goes back to pluck that fairest flower of romance which is the recompense of all true and Mappy manhood and womanhood, whether clerical or lay, in England, or in America, or elsewhere.—Harper's Bazar.

A Great Engineering Work.

A few years ago an American engineer directed the attention of the Russian government to the feasibility of connect-ing the Caspian and Black seas by a ca-nal, and the important results that would follow its execution. Russia has had many matters to occupy her atten-tion of late, but this project has been duly considered, it appears, for recently works have been commenced by M Daniloff, an eminent Russian engineer, by which it is intended to unite the Black and Caspian seas by the aid of the Don and Volga rivers. The Caspian Sea is located in a great basin below the computer level and for a great basin below the telegraph business in the United States ocean level, and for ages the great rivers

Volga and Ural have deposited in the Caspian the soil of the vast regions which they drain. Hence the dimen-sions of the sea have become contracted, and large areas of what remains are growing unnavigable. Moreover, the surrounding country is, in consequence of the diminution of the water-space available for evaporation, becoming sterile, and commerce diminishes. As the Caspian sea is much lower than the Black and Mediterranean, if a communication were opened between them, the water rushing in would eventually raise the Caspian to a level with the Black sea, and in the former there would be a magnificent harbor, secure from enemies. Thus, also, there would be a provide the secure of th be opened a direct highway for steamers from Odessa to the northern shore of

Persia, greatly to the commercial ad-vantage of Russia. This enterprise will be one of the vast engineering works of the age, and will require many years for its completion.—Harper's Bazar.

A Revengeful Son-in-Law.

The German criminal code contains some laws that have no counterpart in members of the commission appointed American statute books. Such is that to investigate this subject that certain which prohibits, under heavy penalties, American vines offer a vigorous resistthe use of insulting language about the ance-more especially in respect to the peculiar formation of the root, the tisemperor, a law under which there have been very many prosecutions in the past sues of which are exceptionally thick-to the dreaded plague. On the other year. Another is the curious statute prescribing punishment for behavior in hand, it is apprehended that these vines violation of the respect due the dead. will only be a success in certain portions This law is said to have been rarely of France. The failure in the grape made the occasion for prosecution, but a case has just been before the circuit court crop is quite as severe as the failure in ordinary agricultural produce in Eng-land. The 300,000 hectares under vines, at Berlin in which it has been applied. Several months ago the widow Langenwhich represented in a great degree the heim was interred in the churchyard at wealth of the department of Herault, are Weissensee. She had been possessed of gone. Fortunately, Frenchmen are not ample wealth, but her numerous chilin fat years unmindful that lean may dren, with one exception, were greatly disappointed in their expectations, the follow, or the condition of things would be very serious indeed. bulk of her property having been be-queathed to one daughter. Unable to estrain the rage and disgust aroused by Words of Wisdom. this discovery, one of the sons-in-law of he widow, a provision dealer named It is always safe to learn, even from Hackmeister, presented himself at the interment, and as the grave was about our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends. to be closed stepped up to it, and, in the A quarrel, nine times out of ten, is presence of the priest and the assembled merely the fermentation of a misundermourners, with loud expressions of constanding. tempt, spat upon the coffin. He was ar-Every man throws on to his surroundrested and prosecuted, the attorney for the government demanding that he ngs the sunshine or the shadow that exists in his own soul. should be sentenced to six months' im-It is extraordinary how long a man prisonment. The court was merciful however, in consideration of the rarity may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend. of such an offence, and imposed fourteen days' confinement. There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in explanation of How a Dog Fooled his Master. our gusts and storms. A newspaper that is printed in the Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wistown of Palmyra, Wisconsin, the Enterprise, tells a story about a dog which it says is true, every word of it. The dog, whose name is Tiger, belongs to a surdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age. veyor, now at work in theservice of the Good intentions are at least the seed "I'm sure I meant nothing," he United Stat's government in that part muttered, uncomfortably. "No one of the country. One day not long ago admires Miss Trenchard more than I. of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and seasons whether they come up or no, or near the edge of a thicket, and he thought whether he or any other gathers the he might have some fun with him. So fruit. the surveyor shouted out: "Catch him, Tiger; at him, old dog," and jumped into the thicket, as if a deer, or at least Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and toler-

Rates of Advertising.

one month - - 3 00 three months - 6 00 one year - - 10 00 + 15 00 - 30 00 - 50 00 100 00 One

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.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Japan has fine macadamized roads on which the bicycle is coming into high favor.

The pain of a boil can be endured when some other man gets it in the neck. -Picagune

Statistics show that of the 968,000,000 people inhabiting the globe, 3,000,000 die each year of consumption.

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. No doubt it would live much longer if it didn't smoke so much.

In Massachusetts recently, a trog was found on the top of a church steeple 180 feet from the ground. It was the most aspiring croaker over heard of .- Pica-

St. Louis has just found out that Mary Duffy, an insane pauper supported at the poor-house for the past four years, has \$1,300 on deposit in one of the banks.

A sportsman was boasting yesterday of having shot a rabbit. "But it was not in season," said a friend. "Oh. yes," was the reply, "'twas seasoned after I peppered it."—Oil City Derrick.

A new temperance movement in Great Britain takes the form of a joint stock company, with a capital of \$5,000,000, in shares of \$1 each. It proposes to open temperance houses all over the kingdom.

Of an experiment in Bristol, England, for the lighting of the streets by the em-ployment of reflectors for the gas lamps, the result was the production of fifty per cent. more light with less than half the number of lamps.

Mr. Sommerville of Manchester, Eng-land, has devised a scheme for connecting France and England by means of a tunnel made of cast iron, which would be floated and sunk in sections to the bottom of the channel.

Much interest has been felt in Florence, Italy, at the discovery of over six hundred paintings belonging to the masters of the sixteenth century, laid away to rot and perish in government buildings; the authorities intend placing them in the royal gallery of the Uffizi.

A party recently visiting the Daly river, North Australia, appear to have met with an alligator far larger than anything hitherto seen. Nothing but the head was visible, but this is de-scribed as being about four feet in length and two feet dix inches in width. On and two feet six inches in width. On being fired at the monster disappeared.

A gallant act was performed recently by the daughter of the illustrious Italian patriot, a girl of twelve years of age. She was taking a bath at Civita Vechia, when a young man who could not swim got out of his depth, and at his cry for help the girl swam toward him, caught him as he was sinking, and brought him safe to land.

Herr Johann Boch, a weli-know painter of Germany was killed by a stroke of lightning some weeks ago while tak-

The year 1879 will pass into American history as a year of wonderful agricul-tural prosperity. The cotton crop is

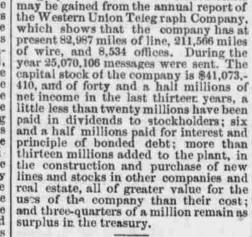
larger by half a million bales than ever before, the tobacco crop 12,000,000 pounds greater; and the sugar crop ex-ceeds by some 200,000 hogsheads all pre-vious yields. These are crops which be-lorg almost exclusively to the southern half of the republic. In behalf of the Northern States the excess of products this year over the crops of any previous year is, according to the Chicago Journal of Commerce, 20,000,000 bushels of wheat and from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 buskels of corn. The hog crop also is larger this year than for a number of years past—if it be not the largest ever raised.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Reviewing the reports on the Madras (India) famine submitted by Dr. Cor-nish, sanitary commissioner of that presidency, the commission has arrived at the following conclusions : First, that at the following conclusions: First, that the same atmospheric conditions which produce scarcity of food produce also epidemic diseases; secondly, that a large proportion of the mortality of a famine season is due more to epidemic disease than absolutely to want of food, although the destructiveness of an epidemic is in-creased by the fact that people half starving or ill fed are less able to with-stand disease; thirdly, that a point in the process of chronic starvation, when nutriment no longer sustains life, is often reached before people can obtain or will seek relief at a distance from their homes.

Some idea of the magnitude of the



At the recent meeting at Montpellier of the French Agricultural Society the majority of the proprietors whose vine-yards have been ravaged by the phyl-loxera were of opinion that they must look to the introduction of vine stocks from America as the only means of meeting the trouble they are in. Ex-periments have proved to the satisfac-tion of some of the most experienced

"Well, what better can a fellow do than stop when he's through?" asked

the speaker. "He can perorate. He can round and embellish," retorted Frank. "Any one can stop. It takes a cultivated man to stop eloquently."

We'll have your kind of stop now.' said his friend. "Forward, march, Chasuble; it's your turn.'

"I'm sure I meant nothing," he uttered, uncomfortably. "No one I don't know what you mean, Challoner.'

"Yes, you do," retorted Ralph, with the same quiet decision; "you know perfectly well what I mean."

But Frank did not seem inclined to take up the gauntlet. There was a moment of silence; then the young men moved away. If Ralph Challoner could have seen the look in Aimee's eyes as she peeped out at his retreating back, he would have been a very happy man, I think.

But with all the glow of gratitude, the soothing which had come to her mortified spirits with his chivalrous words, calmness was impossible now that the moment of reaction was come, and for half an hour Aimee wept as bitterly as a girl can weep. It was for the ship-wreck of shallow ideal that she wept, as well as from wounded pride. Had she learned to love Frank Chasuble, the pain would have gone deeper; but, as a re-cent writer has told us, there is such a thing as "imagination-ache," and the

suffering it causes, though not vital, is hard to bear. So Aimee wept on and only succeeded in drying her tears in time to appear at tea, when that useful plea of "a head-ache" accounted for her pallor and dejection.

Frank Chasuble found Miss Trenchard changed somehow" from that time the coal year 1878. forward. She was less accessible, less easily interested; he even detected a gleam of mockery at times in the smile

Sleep.

In a recent work on "Sleep," Dr-Mortimer Granville objects, without re. serve, to the use of narcotics in order to produce it. They produce not sleep, but a counterpart of it. When a man says I will take a sleeping draught in order to get a quiet night, he speaks in parables. What he really says is, I will poison myself a little, just enough to make me unconscious, or slightly paralyze my nerve centers, not enough to kill. He declares that if peoplei troubled with sleeplessness would resolutely set themselves to forming the habit of going to sleep at a particular time, in a particular way, they will do more to procure regular sleep than by any other artifice. It is not so much matter what a person does to produce sleep, but he should do precisely the same thing, in the same way, at the same time, and under 'nearly as ossible, the same conditions, night after night, for a considerable period, say three or four weeks at least.

ng a walk in the neighborhood of a Bavarian village, where he had been passing the summer. It was beginning to rain, and he opened his umbrella, which almost immediately thereafter was struck by a thunderbolt that killed the unfortunate artist instantly. A black mark, extending from the head downward, showed the course the electrie fluid had taken. The gold chain that Boch wore could not be found, and is supposed to have been consumed; the coin about his person was scattered in all directions, and his clothes were torn to bits. He was about fifty years of age.

Life in Sweden.

A correspondent of the London Times, traveling in Sweden, speaks of the gene-ral well-to-do condition of the country. Each of a dozen small towns which he visited had its school house, its church, its newspaper and most of them had its public garden; the streets were paved and lighted with oil lamps swung across as they' were in old l'aris; the houses were trim and neat. The people were as neat as their houses. He did not meet half a dozen beggars since he had been in the country Even in Stockholm he aw no signs of poverty, while a crowded opera house, overflowing cafes and brilliant shops betokened an easy opuence. There is a general level of comfort in Sweden without any violent contrasts. The army and navy of Sweden cost only a triffe. The national debt is only \$50,000,000, and has been solely employed in the construction of railways. All the children go to school and over ninety per cent. of the people can read and write. The subdivision of property is such that in the country the greater part of the population own their own farms. Near Gothenburg a friend pointed out from a hill near his house forty properties, thirty-six of which belonged to present owners, themselves the cultivators of the soil.

A Girl's Awful Fate.

The horned stinger of the Staked dains is one of the most deadly snakes in the world, though luckily it is seldom to be met with. It is very quick in its movements, and is said to be provided, by way of defence, with a sharp, venomous tail, which it brings in contact with any object which arouses its anger. Of this reptile the Fort Bend (Tex.) Snay tells an awful and improbable story, one too horrible to be repeated were it not for the circumstantial account given, The facts as stated are these: While gathering berries, a young woman of eighteen, daughter of David Slicer, of Dutch Cross roads on the Little Big Sandy, was attacked by one of these snakes. Terrified, she fell to the snakes. ground, when it fastened itself to her ace, and vibrating its deadly stinging tail compelled the persons who had now come to the poor girl's assistance to keep away. The reptile is then stated to have then made its way, right in the presence of two or three horror-stricken people, into the girl's mouth and rapidly disappeared down herthroat. Of course death ensued in a few minutes.

Scarcely has the warm breath of summer lied away, when coughs and colds, those avant couriers of dangerous disease, show them-selves. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup always cures them, and most quickly too.

a rabbit, had been seen. Tiger, of course, went bounding and barking in, but very soon returned with his tail between his legs, seeing that a trick had been played upon him. Now comes the good part of the story. Tiger made believe that he was going to sleep again. In about three hours he all at once sprang up, set his ears and eyes in the direction of the

thicket, gave a loud bark and leaped The surveyor followed, thinkforward. ing that Tiger had found some game. When Tiger saw his master parting the bushes curiously, he gave a peculiar "Ah wooh," and went back to his sleeping place wagging his tail, and satisfied that he had paid the surveyor back for fooling him.

The total amount of anthracite mined in Pennsylvania during the coal year. ending September 6th, was 17,123,275 tons, an increase of 6,601,043 tons over the product of the previous year. The bituminous coal mined was 2,372,568 tons, an increase of 156,073 tons. The total coal product for the year was 10,-495,843 tons, against 12,738,727 tons for

In a barber shop a comb and brush always play the leading parts.

able in our belief in such society; and actually or ideally, we manage to live without superiors.