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A Country Thanksgiving. Ay, good man, close the great barn door;

The mellow harvest time is o'er! The earth has given her treasures meet

Of golden corn and hardened wheat. You and your neighbors well have wrought,

And of the summer's bounty caught; Won from her smiles and from her tears Much goods, perhaps, for many years. You come a tribute now to pay-

The bells proclaim Thanksgiving day. Well have you sown, well have you reaped; And of the riches you have heaped, You think, parlups, that you will give

A part, that others, too, may live, But if such argument you use, Your niggard bounty I refuse,

No gifts you on the altar lay In any sense are given away. Lo! rings from Heaven a voice abroad:

"Who helps God's poor doth lend the Lord." What is your wealth? He'd have you know Ta have it, you must let it go.

Think you the hand by Heaven struck cold Will yet have power to clutch its gold? Shrouds have no pockets, do they say?

Behold, I show you then the way: Wait not till death shall shut the door, But send your cargoes on before.

Lo! he that giveth of his board To help God's poor doth lend the Lord. To-day, my brethren-do not wait;

Yonder stands Dame Kelly's gate; And-would you build a mansion fair In Heaven, send your number there. Each stick that on her wood-pile lies

May raise a dome beyond the skies; You stop the rents within her walls, And yonder rise your marble halls;

For every pane that stops the wind There shineth one with jasper lined. Your wealth is gone, your form lies cold, But in the city paved with gold

Your heard is held in hands divine; It bears a name that marks it thine. Behold the bargain ye have made;

With usury the debt is paid. No moth doth eat, no thieves do stea!,

No suffering heart doth envy feel. Rivg out the words, Who of his hoard Doth help God's poor doth lend the Lord!

Go get your cargoes under way; The bells ring out Thanksgiving day?

RED RIDING HOOD.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Miss Dorothy Driscoll folded her plump hands over her shining silk apron, and congratulated herself that the day" had passed off very pleasantly. She had invited her little namesake, Dorothy Bell-Dodie, for short-to come up to Grayville and spend Thanksgiving with her, and everything had been highly satisfactory; to be sure, it may have seemed a little quiet and tame to Dodie, accustomed as she was to a houseful of noisy boys at home; but still Miss Dorothy thought it might be a pleasant change, even the quiet and the tameness; and so it was, for Lodie being the only sister, she was frequently called upon to do a thousand things for those same boys whenever sile had a holiday from school-teaching, and, the sfore, holidays to her were often as much workingdays as any other of the three hundred and sixty oda.

It was very pleasant at Miss Dorothy's. She lived alone in a dear little cottage, and everything always went on so systematically and perfectly well-ordered that it was a relief to Dodie, after the wild, rather upside-down way of things

Grayville was a trim little village, looking not unlike the toy sets of houses, fences and churches which children play with sometimes-the cottages were so very white, the shutters so very green and the fences that surrounded each little home so very peaked and tidy.

Dodie had arrived the afternoon previous, and was met by Miss Dorothy. who greeted her warmly, saying, as she stooped down to embrace the little figure, which was obliged to stand on tip-toe to receive the kiss:
"What a little mite you are still! Not.

own an atom, except in—ahem, well, I were not afraid you would be vain, I'd say what; but you are very like your mother, Dodie; I remember just how she looked at seventeen, and there wasn't a prettier girl in the country. How old are you?"

Nearly eighteen, Miss Dorothy; but indeed I am not so very little; the boys measured me the other day and I am almost our feet," and Dodie held herself very erect as she trueged on beside Miss Dorothy's height and breadth.

"Well, Indare say what you lack in size you make up in quality, but I am very glad to see what there is of you, I assure you; I hope you will spend a pleasant Thanksgiving; it will be dull. no doubt, with no one but an old maid to talk to; still I like to hear all the girlnews going. I did hope I should be able to catch a beau for you, for I heard that my old, or rather my young friend, Woodman, was coming home; but, as he did not come on this train, I dare say he is going to his grandfather's instead of his father's this Thanks-

As if I cared for a beau, Miss Dorothy!" cried Dody, tossing her head in-dignantly. "Indeed, I am glad you and I are to be all alone. I don't like young men; the boys at home, as well as those I have charge of at school, give are—?" Yes, I'm Willis Woodman, and you

me a surfeit of masculinity, so that when I want to have a real good time I always prefer girls, and 'maiden meditation,

Miss Dorothy smiled and shook her head at this uncommon state of mindat eighteen-but made no answer; she knew the time was coming, as it comes

But Dodie did enjoy the "quiet and tameness," nevertheless, and was so full of girlish sparkle and wit and merriment that Miss Dorothy almost felt a girl again herself. They went to the village church in the morning, of course, and came home to a delicious dinner, with the pudding that Dodie remembered being so fond of when a child. bered being so fond of when a child. Miss Dorothy recollected all her little namesake's tastes, and tried to gratify them. After dinner, Miss Dorothy said, as she washed the dainty Wedgewood out of which they had drank their after-dinner cup of tea, "I do wish old Mar-tha Pratt had some of this pudding, she is so fond of my roly-polies, and I dare say her Thanksgiving has been meagre

enough."
"Let me carry her some, Miss Dorothy; indeed, I'd like to take a little walk through the woods this afternoon, and can go while you take your nap, and be back in time to read the paper to you

before tea."

"Would you really like to, Dodie dear? Well that is real kind. I'll put up a little basket of 'Thanksgiving' right away, and you can start directly. Go up-stairs and get on your things, and I will have it ready by the time you are

Miss Dorothy bustled about and prepared the dainty offering.

"There, see!" she said to Dodie when she came back, opening the lid of the basket, and displaying its contents, "I have put in a part of our last churning, a loaf of new bread, halt a roast chicken,

and some prodding and jelly."

"And how tempting it looks! How kind you are, Miss Dorothy," said Dodie, taking the basket and lifting up her red lips for a kiss. "Good-bye, I'll be back in an hour."

' Are you dressed warm enough! For you know there is a wild sweep of wind through the bare woods. Why, child! you look for all the world like little Red Riding-Hood,"exclaimed Miss Dorothy, as she took in the petite figure in its bright red plaid cloak and the crimson scarf which Dodie had wound around her hat, and tied down under her dimpled chin. "Basket and all, even to the pot of butter," she said, laughing. "I hope you won't meet any wolf, my dear!" "Well, Miss Dorothy, if I do, I hope my story will end like the new version

of Red Riding-Hood, where a kind wood-cutter chopping wood near by hears Red Riding-Hood's screams and comes to her rescue, and they get married and 'live in peace and are buried in a pot of ashes,'" and Dodie kissed her hand, and ran laughing out of the of woods which separated old Martha Pratt's little shanty from the well-to-do village cottages. It was a bright, clear, cold day, the ground was frozen, and

walking good. Crossing a field of stubble, Dodie wa soon on her way through the woods How pleasant it all seemed to the city girl; this breezy breath of fine pure air! She took a keen delight in inhaling the faint faded perfume that rose from the ground as she crackled the rustling leaves under her feet. Finding a com-fortable-looking log in her path, she seated herself to rest half way; there was an opening cut in the woods just here, which gave her a picturesque view of the old mill and stream near by. Some men were building bonfires of dry leaves, and their gay songs and merry chatter reached her, and it all looked like a scene in an opera, Dodie thought.

"How I should like to stop up here a month, and not see a school-room, a school-book, a school-boy again!" Dodie, with a sigh. Just then she felt something cold touch her hand that hung beside the basket at her side, and turning Dodie beheld—what was it? es, it was a wolf!

With a piereing scream upon her lips, she was about to take to her heels and run, but found she was faint with fear and could not move, and the wolf was eyeing her hungrily; then, like a child, he covered her face with her hands and began to cry

A voice suddenly called out imperatively: "Wolf, come here directly," and then she heard a rapid step come crash-ing through the leaves, and again the voice said tenderly, " My dear little girl, did Wolf really frighten you so terribly! Go off, sir," and the dog ceased snuffing at the basket and trotted off obediently then a pair of arms was wound about her, and her arms were gently pulled away, when she opened her tearbedewed eyes to see a very handsome young man. With another fainter scream now, Dodie released herself from the affectionate embrace and half sobbed, looking after the abashed animal that stood eyeing the couple at a distance.
"Is he a dog? I thought he was a

"Oh, no," laughed the gentleman, "his name only is wolf, his nature is amiable, and he is of the genus canis. I beg pardon for having mistaken you for a child, and so undertook to quiet your alarm as we do little ones; but you really do look like Red Riding-Hood, and here is the basket, which no doubt Wolf was

investigating when he so startled you. Yes; perhaps he was snuffing at the cold chicken, and I thought he was ready to eat me. Miss Dorothy said something about a wolf just as I started, you know,

Miss Dorothy! Miss Dorothy Dris-"Yes," answered Dodie, nodding her head. "I am going to take some Thanksgiving to old Martha Pratt,

Why, I know Miss Dorothy well; she is a very dear friend of mine; I meant to have called on her last even-

ing," said the gentleman. "Oh, then you are-" began Dodie, with a blush.

"I'm Dodie, Dorothy Bell, Miss Dris-

coll's namesake."

"Why, then we are old friends, too; I played with you one Thanksgiving day when I was a little boy."

"Did you? I don't remember," stammered Dodie, who had played with so

many boys in her lifetime that she never recollected one individually.
"Well, I do, and you wore a little red dress and white apron."
"And hood? and basket?" asked

Dodie, smiling. "No, you were not so exactly like the

little girl in the story as you are to-day; but let me carry the basket, I am going in the direction of Martha Pratt's cot-tage;" and the handsome young fellow took the basket from Dodie's hand and walked on beside her, talking volubly all the way. He was at college now, but he should graduate soon, and go right into business with his father. Was she at school yet?

Yes, she was at school. How soon should she graduate? I graduated over a year ago.

"I graduated over a year ago."
"What! and still going to school?"
"Yes, every day, to teach."
"Oh," and he looked down with a tender smile at the little girl-teacher, with the pitying thought, "Ah yes, I remember now, Miss Dorothy told me about her father's sudden death, and her being obliged to accent a position her being obliged to accept a position in order to keep her mother and brothers;" and then he changed the talk to something pleasanter, and almost before she knew it, Dodie stood at Mrs. Pratt's garden gate.

"I will wait for you outside," said Mr. Woodman; "Martha is a great talker and she will keep us too long if I

"Oh, dear, dear, dear, what a cold day for you to come so far to bring a poor old woman a dinner," said Mrs. Pratt, when Dodie had delivered her

message with the basket.
"Oh, but I enjoyed the walk; it was delightful," said Dodie, with almost a sparkle in her happy voice, and with a rich bloom of color on her cheeks and

"You did? But you were not alone

didn't I hear voices outside," said Mrs.

("What big ears you have, grand-mother,") thought Dodie, but she answered, "Yes, there is a gentleman waiting for me."
"Ah, ha! a gentleman? That means a sweetheart, I suppose. Well, well,

that is quite right, my dear; at your age sweethearts are all believed honest and true; but don't blush so, child, you are as pink as a rose."

"What big eyes you have, grand-mother," thought Dodie, but she replied: Oh, no, no sweetheart, Mrs. Pratt only-only a gentleman.'

"Who is he; any of our village boys? asked curious old Martha Pratt. "What a big mouth you have, grandstop a minute," she said, quickly; "it is after five; the crows are flying home, and it will be dark if I don't hurry. Miss Dorothy sent her best wishes, and will be over to see you very soon; good-by, Mrs. Pratt " and Dodie hastened out of the house, and ran down to the gate,

where her lad was whistling for her. Such a delicious walk as it was home through the woods; the sunset sky was gorgeous with color, and the whole world had never seemed so grand and beautiful before.

"What a perfect Thanksgiving 'day i has been," said Dodie with a soft sigh, as though she regretted its close. "It has indeed," was the low reply, " have never had so much to be thankful for in all my life!" They had reached Miss Dorothy's gate by this time.

"Will you come in, and see Miss Dorothy?" asked Dodie timidly. "Thank you, I will come in to see Miss Dorothy—Bell," he whispered. Miss Dorothy Driscoll had had her nap, and wakened refreshed. She was sitting in her little low rocker now, waiting for Dodie's return; and as she smoothed down the shining breadths of her silk apron, she congratulated her-

self that the day had passed off so pleas-"If Willis had only come, then all my wishes would have been gratified," she was saying to herself, "I know they would fall in love with one another, and he is going to get in business

as soon as he leaves college, and they might be married soon, and it's a match have set my heart on. Just then the click of the gate sounded upon her ear, and presently, as if in answer to her earnest wishes, she beheld

Willis Woodman standing before her. "Why," she exclaimed, rubbing her eyes as if to make sure she was quite awake, "Why, Willis? and Dodie?" looking first from one smiling face to the

"Yes, both of us, Willis and Dodie," epeated Mr. Woodman, as though he liked the coupling of their names "Well, where on earth-?" she be

"I found her in the woods," quickly answered Willis, "she was frightened almost to death by Wolf—"
"A wolf," cried Miss Dorothy.
"Yes, my dog."
"Oh, dear! I see," laughed Miss Dorothy.
"Yes, was yes, why Dodie I ballow.

othy. "Yes, yes; why Dodie, I believe the story will end like the new version

"Story?-end? What is that?" asked Mr. Woodman. "Why! I called Dodie 'Red Riding-Hood' when she started, and she said the new way of ending the tale was to

bring in a wood-cutter, a Woodman, you know, who rescues Red Riding Hood, and they marry and live in 'peace and are buried in a pot of ashes,' like all respectable fairy story heroines and Dodie's cheeks were as scarlet now as the scarf she was folding up, and she ran off upstairs to conceal her embarrass-

"It won't be my fault if it does not end in that way, Miss Dorothy; for I as-sure you I have lost my heart at first

Miss Dorothy smiled and nodded her Bull's Cough Syrup always cures coughs and head encouragingly, and congratulated colds. Price 25 cents.

herself secretly that the evening promised as well as the day.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, he is just perfectly lovely," enthusiastically said Dodie, as she was helping Miss Dorothy set the tea-table, and Willis was out of doors bringing in some fresh wood.

"Yes, he is a very nice sort of fellow,

but I am real sorry to spoil your pleasant Thanksgiving," quietly replied Miss Dorothy, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. Dodie looked surprised. "Because, of course," continued Miss Dorothy, "if you don't like young men, and hate boys, and are so surfeited with hate boys, and are so surfeited with masculinity, it would have been much pleasanter for we two 'girls' to have had

our good time alone. In spite of Miss Dorothy's regrets, however, Dodie never passed a more delightful evening in all her life; and as tor Mr. Woodman, he was so thankful for the sweet gift the day had brought him, that he asked Dodie to spend all of her bolidays from that described the spend all of her holidays from that day thence-forth with him as his wife. She gave him her "promise true," and the very next Thanksgiving dinner eaten in Miss Dorothy Driscoll's little cottage, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Woodman were her honored guests.

A Woman's Testimony.

"I want to know, Mrs.—," inter-rupted Hubbard; "I want to know on which side of your house the L is, north, south, east or west?" "It's on this side," replied the lady, motioning with her hand.

" The east side?" "No."
"The west side?"

"No; it's straight across from Mrs. B.'s parlor window; not twenty feet from it, you-"

"Mrs.—," shouted the captain, "will you tell me if that L is on the east, west, north or south side of your "Itain't on any side of the house,"

replied the witness, compressing her lips. "It's at the end. You know it as well as I do. You've seen it many a

well as I do. I alve seen it many a time, and there ain't no use—"
"Come, come, Mrs. —," interrupted Jrdge Cromer, "tell the gentleman where the L of your house is situated.,"
"Haven't I been telling him just as plain as I could."
"Where is the L cituated?" sid Hale "Where is the L situated?" said Hubbard, desperately.

"Right in the lot, bang against the end of the house." "Will you answer my question?" shouted the affable captain, rumbling up his hair in desperation .

What question?"

"Is the L on the east, west, north or south side of the house?"

"Judge I've told him just as plain as ever a woman could. I didn't come ere to be sassed by no one-horse lawyer. I know him, and his father before him. He ain't got no business putting on airs. What kind of a family—"

airs. What "Silence!" thundered Cromer, 'Now, Mrs. —, which side of your nouse does the sun rise on p" "That one," said the witness indi-

"Is the L on that side?" Yes, sir."

"Then its on the east side."

"Why didn't you say so then?" asked xasperated captain. "Cause you never asked me, you bald-headed old snipe. I know a thing

"That will do," said Hubbard.
"Take the witness," he added, turning to Tom Wren, the opposing counsel.— Eureka (Nev.) Leader.

Slavery in New England.

In the early days of the colony, before the importation of negroes, the Indians were sold as slaves. We quote from a letter to John Winthrop:

"SIR-Mr. Endecot and myself salute ou in the Lord Jesus, etc. Wee have leard of a dividence of women and children [Perquot captives] in the bay, and would bee glad of a share, viz., a young woman or girle and a boy, if you think good. I wrote to you for some boyes for Bermudas."

In the following letter, to the same, written 1645, a scheme for the slave-

trade is broached:

"If upon a Just warre with the Naraganset the Lord should delluer them into our hands, wee might easily haue men, women and children enough to ex-change for Moores, which wil be more gaynefull pilladge for us then wee con-ceive, for I doe not see how wee can thrive vntill wee gett into a stock of slaves sufficient to doe all our buisines, for our children's children will hardly see this great Continent filled with people, soe that our servants will still desire freedome to plant for them selves, and not stay but for very great wages. And I suppose you know verie well how wee shall maynteyne 20 Moores cheaper than one Englishe servant.'

The Connecticut Gazette during the evolution contained frequent advertisements for runaway slaves, among them, "very black negro men," branded with scars received in Africa, "Mustee boys," and "Indian women." The time seemed to have been seized upon for a general hegira. The reward offered for their return was seldom more than five dollars .- Lizzie W. Champney, in Harper's Magazine.

What He Liked Best.

Father to Young Hopeful, who has ust begun attending school—"How do you like your school, my son?"
Young Hopeful—"Pretty well, sir.'
Father—"What lessons have you

een studying to-day?" Young Hopeful-"Spellin', readin', rithmetic and g'ography. Father—"What exercise do you like the best?"

Young Hopeful-"Oh, recess, sir!"-

In October, when the woods are glorious in their scarlet drapery, is the time to seek the autumn leaves and ferns. A severe cold is often the result of such pleasure trips.

Yonkers Statesman.

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES.

His Serious Talk to the Soldiers of the

Mark Twain's remarks at the banque of the Army of the Tennessee in Chicago were in response to the following toast "The Babies: As they comfort us in sorows, let us not forgot them in our festivi-

The humorist said: Now, that's something like. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we haven't all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the pabies, we stand on common groundfor we've all been babies. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby -as if he didn't amount to anything If you, gentlemen, will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life, and recontemplate your first baby,

you will remember that he amounted

to a good deal-and something over.

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquar-ters you had to hand in your resigna-tion. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere bodyguard and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else; you had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of taetics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop you advanced in—the other direction, and which ty glad of the chance, too. When faces toward the batteries and advanced mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No; you got up and got it! If he ordered his pap bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you: you went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself to see if it was right!—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal biccoughs. I can

taste that stuff vet. And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young olks still took stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin "—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposes to take a walk at his usual hour-halfpast two in the morning-didn't you rise up promptly and remarks with a mental addition that wouldn't improve Sunday-school much) that that was the very thing you was going to propose yourself? Oh, you were under good discipline. And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your undress uniform," you not only prattled undignified baby talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing. "Rock-a-by-baby on the tree top," for instance. What a spectacle for an army of the Pennessee! And what an affliction for he neighbors, too, for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, and proposed to fight it out on that line if it took all night-"Go on! What did you do?" You simply went

on till you dropped in the last ditch.

I like the idea that a baby does not amount to anything. Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to: he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities-do what you please you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind never pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot; and there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection.

Among the three or four million eradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. For in one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. Think of it! and putting in a word of dead earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable, profanity over it, too; in another, the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way, with but a languid interest, poor little chap, and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet nurse; in another, the future great historian is lying, and doubtlessly will continue to lie till his earthly mission is ended; in another, the future president is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mis-chief has become of his hair so early, and in a mighty array of other eradles there are now some sixty thousand future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple, with that in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities is to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth-an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago! And if the child is but the prophecy of the man there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

There are 4,000,000 sheep in Texas. Tennyson smokes clay pipes that are

auisance to his neighbors The small boy who got slightly scalded was only a little son-burnt.—Lukens. Eight thousand five hundred railroad

ties are being brought into Arizona daily. "This world is but a fleeting show," and it is the same way with a circus .-

Cremated Dr. Le Moyne left three sons \$30,000 each, and two daughters \$20,000 each.

It is estimated that American travelers have expended in foreign travel the past summer \$17,000,000.

The rice crop of South Carolina for the ear is estimated at 44,000 tierces, and that of Georgia at 2,600 tierces. A new kind of corn has been discov-

ered in the mountains of Georgia. The husks are bright purple, and are used by housewives to make a dye. Henry J. Byron, the successful London

dramatist, says a new play is like a cigar. If it is good everybody wants a box; if it is bad, no amount of puffing will make The reading-room of the British Mu-

eum contains three miles of bookcases eight feet high. The dome whence the electric light irradiates the vast room is next to that of the Pantheon at Rome. the largest extant. An the beginning of this century, the

total number of copies of the Bible produced by writing or printing did not exceed 3,000,000. Since then the British and American societies have alone printed 116,000,000. Ditches are dug alongside the Iren Mountain and Southern railroad, three

feet wide and two deep, by means of an enormous plow, which is drawn by a locomotive. This machine does the work of a thousand men. At a London book sale, a copy of Drew's "Essay on Souls" was knocked down to a shoemaker, who, to the great amusement of the assembly, innocently

asked the auctioneer if he had any more books on shoemaking to sell. A miner lighted a fuse at the bottom of a Leadville shaft, got into the bucket, and shouted to the man at the top to hoist. The rope broke when he had been raised fifty feet, and let him fall. The blast exploded, and he was torn to

pieces in the air. TIME'S CHANGES. 'T was in Arabia's sunny land He wooed his bonny bride; His umber Ella, rain or shine, Was ever by his side; But now he does not Kaffir her; No love tale does he tell her; He'd fain Bedouin something else-

Anecdote of General Hooker. Louis H. Bond writes to the editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer: I served on General Hooker's staff for nearly a year, and on one occasion was assigned to duty as judge advocate of a general court-martial, before which a private soldier in a Michigan regiment was brought, charged with desertion. The evidence showed that the prisoner had deserted three times, on the last occasion "in the face-of the enemy." The court-martial sentenced him to be shot, and the record of his trial and conviction was forwarded

came to my quarters, which adjoined his "Bond, in this case against private , what do you think had better be done? Are there no extenuating circum-stances?"

to General Hooker for his approval. A short time subsequently General Hooker

" None that I know of, general. He has deserted three times. "Isn't there something in the case upon which you could base a recommen-

dation of mercy?

"Not a thing. The proof against him was positive and not denied, and the witnesses say further that when he was with his regiment he was a worthless fellow and a constitutional coward. "That's just the thing," said the general, positively. "The man is constitutionally a coward, and you recommend

him to mercy on that ground. I'll tell you what's the matter, Bond, his mother is at my quarters begging for her son's life, and I want to spare him.' In accordance with this suggestion, the recommendation for leniency was written, and a few minutes thereafter a feeble old lady, with silver gray hair and a tearful face, was bowed out of the gen-eral's door by the brave old hero, and

turning away, she exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "God bless you, General The Secret of Business Success. A man with but one eye need have no difficulty in understanding how business success is achieved nowadays. To attempt to build up a successful trade by the oldtime, passive plan is almost out of the question, for the people have been eduated up to looking into the newspapers for information as to the points where

the best and cheapest goods can be cb-Although it does not by any means follow that those who do not advertise refrain because they have nothing specia to offer in the way of bargains, yet such is the inference drawn by many purchasers. Advertisement writing has become a fine art. Many of the advertisements same old problem a second time! And of the day furnish pleasant reading, especially when the prices of good are

annexed, and those prices are low. The most successful dealers now are those who persistently keep themselves before the people. "If," they argue, before the people. one advertisement helps business somewhat, a great many will help it still more, hence we will keep it up during the season." That there is philosophy in that kind of reasoning seems clear. It is a fact that in all our cities the most successful merchants, the men whose names are most indentified with those cities, are the men who advertise incessantly and largely.-Philadelphia Star.