The forest Republican.

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Better Luck Another Year. Oh! never sink 'neath fortune's frown, But brave her with a shout of cheer, And front her fairly-ince her down-She's only stern to those who fear! Here's "better luck another year!"

anonymous communications,

Another year! Aye, better lock another year! We'll have her smile instead of sneer-A thousand smiles for every tear, With home made glad and goodly cheer, And better luck another year-Another year!

The damsel fortune still denies The plea that yet delights her ear: . 'Fis but our manhood that she tries, She's coy to those who doubt and lear; She'll grant the suit another year! Another year!

Here's "better luck another year!" She now denies the golden prize; But spite of frown and scorn and sneer, Be stem, and we will win and wear With home made glad and goodly cheer, In better lock another year!

> Another year! Another year! - W. Gilmore Simms.

The Belle of Wolf Run.

A company of stroiling players in a burn. The great space is lighted by lamps of every description, the most ambitious of which is a circle of hoops stuck full of candles. This does duty as the grand chandelier, and is quite

Scated near the stage, before which hangs a green curtain, are two personsa man and a young girl, whom, even the unpracticed eye might take as rustic lovers. He is a tail, finely-formed young fellow, with a noble head and keen, sparkling blue eyes. She is the beauty-of Wolf Run, faultless in figure and feature, and with a something in her expression denoting that she is not quite satisfied with her position, even as the belle of the village, or her surround-

Margaret Lee had never in her life seen a play, therefore she was prepared to realize all the emotions of novelty. terror, wonder, delight, with which is novice looks on the strut and action of those who eater to the profoundest emotions. Of course she forgot where she was; of course she was dazzled and terribly stirred at the love scenes, which were, as usua!, exaggerated.

The hero of the drama was a handsome, worthless rascal, who learned, before the evening was through, to play at our unsophisticated little Margaret, reading her admiration in her eyes, and enjoying the smiles, the tears, and almost spoken interest, of the beauty of Wo'f

shawl to wrap about her, at the close of the performance.

Margaret had no words, she only gasped; "Oh, Charlie!" as they gained the door, and caught at his arm; for their stood the hero of the stage, still in his bespangled velvet finery, and evidently stationed at that particular place in order to catch a glance at her lovely

"Confound his impudence!" Charlie Vance muttered between his teeth. Margaret shivered a little as they lett the barn. Everybody, was laughing and talking. The soit, clear, round moon shed its, light upon a scene of moon shed its, light upon a seene of sat down, unmindful of the singing sylvan beauty; but the two spoke but stream, the soft shadows, the sweet few words until they had reached Margaret's home- a square white house set

"A little of that goes a great ways," "They stay here a week or more, I n't care to go again, do you ?' Oh, I do believe I could go every

night," said Margaret, fervently. "They're a hard set, Maggy," said her lover, a little malice in his voice. How do you know? Are you sure her at a bound. of that ?" she asked, eagerly and re-

Oh, they're generally thought to be. Well, good-night, Maggy; and he vain had gone ten steps before it occurred to acm him that they had parted without a

"I don't care," he said, sulleniy, half loud; "and that fellow stays at her uncle's tavern, too. Why should it net-tle me so, anyway?"

Now Margaret and her cousin Anne in his face. "How could you follow were almost as inseparable as sisters. It | me-how dared you?" was with a quick beating heart that the former took her way to the tayern next day, meeting Anne as usual at the pri-

vate entrance for the family. "Oh, Mag!" cried Anne, her eyes sparkling, "you've made a conquest."
"What do you mean?" asked Margaret, her fair face flushing, her pulses

beating tumultously. Why, you know-last night. Oh, isn't he glorious!-exquisite? And only think he asked papa who that very lovely girl was in pink ribbons in the second seat-and that was you! Papa save you from yourself. Go, and think aughed and told him his niece, and on your broken promises. somebody else said something very handsome about you at the table, and then papa up and said you were engaged to Charlie Vance, which sounded so ridiculous. And I give you my word of honor the gentleman turned pale.

Nonsense!" said Margaret; but the flattering words had accomplished their work, and it was not hard to persuade her to stay to dinner, where of course her lovely blushing face did not a little

ness had gone out of his face as hes; one. His eyes had lost their gracious, spark-ing beauty. It might be that his cheeks were a trifle thin, and certainly his dark face was haggard.

other side of the spacious hearth, drooping and timid, her face very white, and I-hello?

the large eyes startled in expression, like those of a frightened fawn.

"You are changed, Maggy. I don't say it alone. God help us both, it's talked about all over the place. Last night, when I heard something at Dilleway's, I felt like going home and blow-ing my brains out."
"Oh, Charlie!"

The voice was more plaintive, and the little figure drooped yet lower.
"And it all comes of that infernal vil-

lain. It all comes of your going back and forth to the hotel, and with your Cousin Anne, to see him."

Margaret lifted her head with a piti-

ful gesture.
"He is going away to-day," she cried,

a great pain in her voice.

"And you will see him before he

"Oh. no, no, Charlie. Oh, don't look so cruel. I can't see him now, you know I can't!" Since you've heard that he's got a

wife elsewhere, ch?" "Charlie! I don't care; it isn't that," she answered, chokingly. How could she add—"It is because I have found him base, untrue, when he seemed to me like an angel of light."

Her red lips quivered; the tears stood large and shining on her lashes, her eyes were downcast, her hands folded with the rigid clasp of despair. I shall never see him again," she

whispered, hoarsely; "but if you say all is over between us, why it must be so."
"I don't say it need be, mind," he said, looking pitifully down at her. can overlook a good deal, I love you so much, so much! God in heaven only knows low much I have loved you. But I won't have the face of that man between us. God! no! no!" and his great shoulders lifted with the scarcely drawn breath, while a dark red hate smoldered in his usually soft eyes.

"It shall be just as you say," she murmured, meekly, without looking up. "It shall be just as you say," he re-plied, quickly. "Do you think you could learn to love me again, a little?" he asked, the anger all gone. She was so beautiful.

"Try me, Charlie. You are so strong and good, and noble; I always felt that -and one can't long like where one can't respect, can one?" Her hands were on his arm now, and the lovely pleading eyes uplifted to his.

"You won't see him again?"
'I won't--I swear I won't! What should I want to see him for now?" she "Then, we will wait. This troupe

goes to-morrow. Don't cry, darling; 1 dare say it will all come out right;" and atter a few low-spoken words, the young man left her, but by no means with peace seated on his bosom's throne. "Mamma, if anybody comes, say I'm out," called Margaret, from the top

stairs.

"Well, I guess nobody'll be here today, unless it's that actor fellow," was the response. "Don't walk in the sun," she added, for mother and father, were "Pretty good - wasn't it?" said she added, for mother and father were Charlie Vance, as he held her fleecy red proud of their darling's beauty, and they secretly wished for her a better match han even their neighbor's son.

> mined never to see that too fair fatal face again. "He'll be gone to-morrow," she half-

Deep in the woods she struck, deter-

sobbed, holding her hands hard against her heart, "and I shall never see him again. God be thanked! for, oh, I dare ot trust myself. The path, slippery, with pine-leaves,

d to a favorite resting-place-a cleared pot through which ran a crystal-clear iver. The place combined several disinctively beautiful features. Here she murmuring of the wind in the tops of the trees.

A footstep near startled her. In the river, as in a mirror, she saw a said the young farmer, who had evidently been thinking the matter over. her-a graceful figure clad in black velvet, the small hat, with its waving plumes, reflected, with the outstretched hand that held it, in the blue depths. She sprang to her feet, a burning flush

spreading over brow and neck, and would have fled but that he was beside My beauty! my darling! my own!"

and he vain to free herself from his caressing "An insult! I would die before would offer you an insult, my beautiful.

Come with me; I want to show you a loyelier spot than this-come!' 'I will not, she said, firmly, wresting erself from him, not daring to look up

"Love will dare anything," he said, gayly, fastening his powerful eyes on her face, and drawing her glance up to his. "Come, I will woo you like Claude Meinotte." And again he put an arm about her; but, like a flash of lightning, the two were torn asunder, and the man was thrown headlong with one plow from the powerful arm of Charlie

Vance. "Go!" he said, sternly, pointing to the frightened girl. "I can save you from his insolence, but I cannot promise to

Later in the day Charlie came up to Margaret's house and asked for her. "Whatever is the matter with the child ?" queried the mother. I never

saw her in such low spirits. The young man made no answer, but went into the cool, shaded parlor. Presently Margaret came down, white as a lilly. There was an unspoken question in her wide, tearless eyes.

"Ne, I didn't kill him, though he deserved it. I don't want "Well, Maggy. what is it to be?" asked Charlie Vance, sterely. This was only a week afterward. All the softman as ever you see. Such men are always cowards. And now, Maggie, you're free. I never should want to think of the look you gave him while I held you in my arms, and I should have Oh, Charlie!"—she stood on the to think of it. I've come to say good-ier side of the spacious hear, h, droop-bye, for I'm off for the West, and if ever

There was a low, broken sob, and on his chest Margaret lay a dead weight. The girl had fainted away.

Well, a long sickness followed. Charlie could not leave her lying there between life and death, and the first visit after she could set up settled the matter. Margaret had conquered her vanity. which, after all, was more touched than her affections, and found that there was only one image in the heart that had been, as she thought, so torn with conflicting struggles-and that was the frank, honest, blue-eyed Charlie Vance, who had loved her ever since she was a

And of course they were married.

Snow Two Hundred Feet Deep.

The following remarkable account. from the London Times, of enormous snowfalls in Northwestern India, shows what a world of vapor is carried inland on the monsoons from the Indian ocean to strike against the loftiest mountainchain in the world, and be precipitated in such snow and rains as occur on the foot-hills of the Himalayas. About the sources of some of the great rivers of India occur the heaviest rains ever known; and further east, in Cashmere, it seems the snows are sometimes ter-

Some interesting details of this extraordinary snowfall in Cashmere in 1877-8 are given in a paper in the just issued number of the "Journal" of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, by Mr. Lydekker. Early in the month of October, 1877, snow commenced to fall in the valley and mountains of Cashmere, and from that time up to May, 1878, there seemed to bay have been apparent. to have been an almost incessant snowfall in the higher mountains and valleys; indeed, in places, it frequently snowed without intermission for upward of ten days at a time. At Dras, which has an an elevation of 10,000 feet, Mr. Lydekker estimated the snowfall, from the native account, as having been from thirty to forty feet thick. The effects of this enormous snow all were to be seen through-out the country. At Dras, the well-buit traveler's bungalow, which has stood somo thirty years, was entirely crushed down by the weight of snow which fell upon it. In almost every village of the neighboring mountains more or less of the log houses had fallen, while at Gulmarg and Sonomarg, where no attempt was made to remove the snow, almost all the huts of the European vis-itors were utterly broken down by it. In the higher mountains whole hillsides have been denuded of vegetation and soil by the enormous avalanches which wept down them, leaving vast gaps in the principal forests, and closing the val-leys below with the debris of rocks and

As an instance of the amount of snow which must have fallen in the higher levels, Mr. Lydekker mentions the Zogi pass, leading from Cashmere to Dras, which has an elevation of 11,300 feet. lle crossed this early in August last year, and then found that the whole of the ravine leading up to the pass from the Cashmere side was still filled with snow, which he estimated in places to be at least 150 feet thick. In ordinary seasons this road in the Zogi pass is clear from snow some time during the mon h of June. As another instance of the great snowfall Mr. Lydekker takes the valley leading from the town of Dras up to the pass separating that place from the valley of the Kishengunga river. About the middle of August almost the whole of the first-mentioned valley, at an elevation of 12,000 feet, was completely choked with snow, which in claces was at least 200 feet deep. In the same district all passes over 13,000 feet were still deep in snow at the same sea-

Mr. Lydekker gives other instances of snow in places in September where no snow had ever before been observed after June. As to the destruction of animal life in the Upper Wardwan valley large numbers of ibex were seen impedded in snow; in one place upward of sixty heads were counted, and in another not less than one hundred were counted. The most convincing proofs, however, of the havoe caused among the wild animals by the great snowfall is the fact that scarcely any ibex were seen during last summer in those portions of "Sir, those words are an insult to the Wardwan and Tilail valleys which me!" she cried with spirit, striving in are ordinarily considered as sure finds. So, als , the red bear and the marmot were far less numerous than usual. Mr. Lydekker estimates that the destruction to animal life caused by snow has far exceeded any slaughter which could be inflicted by sportsmen during a period of at least five or six years.

Words of Wisdom.

There is no good preaching to the hungry.

Better go supperless to bed than to run in debt.

The wild oats of youth change into the briars of manhood. The lesson of disappointment, humili-

ation and blunder impress more Good men have the fewest fears. He as but one who fears to do wrong. has a thousand who has overcome that

The hardest working men and women are those who do the working and planning; and they are few, for most people consider second-hand goods cheapest. Good words do more than hard speeches, as the sunbeams, without any

noise, will make the traveler throw of

his coat which all the blustering wind could not do. It is easy enough to find plenty of men who think the world owes them a living, but hard to find a chap who is willing to own up that he has collected the debt in full.

If a man's word is not as good as his bond the best thing is to get on with-out either. If this can't be done fook well to the bond and treat the word as though it had never been spoken.

War kills its thousands, but a cough its tens of thousands; Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, how-ever, always kills a coogh. Price only 25 cents a buttle.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Mr. A. S. Fuller, of Ridgewood, N. J., whose etomological cabinet is said to contain "8,000 species of beetles alone," is credited with the declaration that of the hundred thousand species of insects in the United States, there is "not one hundred whose true history is well known." So he reminds active young So he reminds active young men that there is a little room still left for them in this line of study, and mentions for their encouragement that one person bug-hunting in F.orida "found under a dead palmetto fan hundreds of bugs that were previously rated at \$75

The Detroit Free Press says that the practice of locking passengers in the railroad coaches is a custom that would never be tolerated in America. The very fact that the door was locked would stir an irresistible impulse in the libertyloving bosom of the average American to kick it open. There is even in England a sort of mild idea of this kind afloat. A gentleman of this city, who has traveled a good deal in Britain, says that most of the knowing passengers there provide themselves with the small square keys that will unlock the door of the British railroad carriage. Those nervous passengers who do not like to travel with locked doors, yet have no key, can easily make one with a piece of silver of the requisite size. Strange as it may appear, the door is unlocked in this way by slipping the silver in the guard's hand while the appropriate

words are whispered in his car Many of our greatest discoveries have been the result of accident, rather than a fixed and definite purpose. "It is curious to note," says the Chicago Trinune, "how nearly every invention that has proved to be a service and a blessing to mankind has been the result of what is popularly termed an accident. It is well known that many great discoveries in the arts, in science, and in mechanics have come to the knowledge of experimenters in a line quite different from the one in which they were operating, and what they called a blunder at the time led the way to the most important re-sults. It is said that the Goodyear process of utilizing rubber was purely an accidental discovery, and now it is claimed that Mr. Edison by a fortunate accident discovered that carbonized paper, instead of platinum, was what he was after."

The reigning Czar possesses in full measure the family love of being present at great fires, which his younger brother. the Grand Duke Nicholas, is enabled to gratify at will by his position as head of the St. Petersburg fire brigade. On one occasion this passion for "running with the machine" all but proved fatal to both. When the German Lutheran church, on the Moika canal, took fire his brother were among the first to reach those times a shilling a gallon, though the spot, and, while directing the operathe spot, and, while directing the operations of the fireman, incautiously approached too near the burning building, the belfry of which was already beginning to totter. Suddenly a huge beam, at least twelve feet in length, fel blazing from the roof, and struck the ground with a tremendous crash close to the spot where they stood, injuring several of the crowd with its flying splinters. General Trepoff, then minister of police, at once stepped forward. and succeeded in persuading the Czar to withdraw, but the Grand Duke Nicholas remained to the end, and saved the greater part of the building.

If Mexican robbers, who have always been one of the many curses of illgoverned, distracted Mexico, were dealt with as were the robbers near Guanajuato, according to a recent account, we should hear of fewer depredations there upon travelers. Thirty highwaymen, having attacked a mail coach with Winchester rifles, were put to flight, five of their number killed and several wounded by two young Americans, only one of whom was hurt. So the account reads, and it might seem to be a gross exaggeration, considering the disparity of numbers, were not most professional lawbreakers, especially those in Mexico. arrant cowards, who never take the offensive unless backed by greatly su-perior strength. One might imagine that the Americans had been armed with Gatling guns from the destruction they wrought, but their most effective weapons were, no doubt, coolness, courage and resolution. As one of them, George Green, is from Texas, and the other, Frank Senter, is from Massa-clusetts, the honors of intrepidity are, as respects section, equally divided They are obviously of the right material; just such citizens are wanted there, and many of them. A hundred brave, firm fellows of their stamp would be more effective than 10,000 pronunciamentos in favor of honest government and strict administration of justice-The education of the two Americans has unquestionably been of the kind most needed there. Their parents have, very plainly, in their case taught the young idea how to shoot.

Afghan Cruelty.

A Cabul correspondent of the London Times writes: As a specimen of the rule which we come to deliver the Afghans from I give the following, which I heard from Major-General Hills, before whom the case against Ibrahim Khan was tried. Ibrahim Khan, who is a brother of Yakoob Khan. when he left Cabul with other royal sirdars to join our camp at Kushi, instructed a confidential servant to bury some of his treasure. On Ibrahim's return with us the confidential servant and the hiding-place of the treasure was not to be found. Ibrahim, however, laid hands on the father-in-law of the man who had been entrusted with the business, and giving him credit for knowing something about it-whether justly or unjustly does not appear—tor-tured him to death by fastening up his head in a bag of snuff and tobacco, which was eventually set on fire, as the milder preliminaries had no effect in throwing light upon the whereabouts of

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

The Extravagant Sprees of Our Celebrated Forefathers. The following is from an address by

ames Parton before the New York Hisorical Society: This venerable society has seen fit for many years to hold feasts especially in June, when the festive strawberry gladdens the heart of man. He had asked, why this collation every month? What connection between sandwiches and history? But a venerable member had rebuked him, saying gravely: "Let no man speak disrespectfully of sandwiches here, for sandwiches built this house." One of the first acts of the Puritans in 1620 was to abolish that most time-honored and beloved east, Christmas. Some of them made the observance of the day a matter of conscience, and the governor had spared them "till they should be better in-formed;" but he had forbidden public games on that day. But in truth the Puritans never succeeded in abolishing Christmas, although they no longer ob served it openly, according to the old chronicles. They had simply changed the date on which it had been observed for 3,000 years, and observed it after the old fashion—on the last Thursday of November.

The Puritans had little to make merry with. For years they had nothing to drink but water; and often the only viand was a lobster, with nothing to make a salad of. Then it was that the clam made its appearance in history. But often, when the pilgrims had made ready a feast of ground-nuts and clams, the Indians would come and eat it. To put a stop to these breaches of etiquette the pilgrims hanged a man, not an Indian—that would not have been strange or original—but they hanged one of their own number for stealing from an Indian. In this tragic way the clam appeared in history. In this proud and haughty town the vender of the clam, and even the horse who draws his load, are often mentioned in tones of dispar-agement; but it is far otherwise in New England, where they have "grand an nual Episcopal clam-bakes."

When America began to export furs and tobacco and codfish, the people of the country lived extravagantly. Bringing molasses from the West Indies, they soon learned to make rum of it, and rum became a circulating medium; but rum and tobacco soon vitiated the feasts of our forefathers. Even at the meetings of the clergy the room was often dark with smoke of tobacco and the steam of hot rum. If anyone supposed that in colonial times the peor le were more austerely virtuous than they are now, let him examine the records of the society, and he would soon find the magniwho began the temperance move-ment in this c untry, records that the price of rum was in and in small towns there would be a dozen rum taverns, which were alarm ingly injurious to the people. Other records show similar facts. From reading Franklin's memoirs, the lecturer, in common with others, had thought that sage a temperance man. But the sagacious Franklin, who knew well what to tell, omitted to state that after he became a prosperous gentleman he was no

onger a teetotaller. The absurd and barbarous habit of drinking healths was observed in all its rigor, but even this was to be preferred to the slangy habits of modern times. Later, tea and coffee came into fashion, though chocolate had preceded these dainties in the popular favor, and the chocolate was commonly boiled with sausages and the whole mess caten with a spoon. . The coffee in olden times was probably very bad, and even as late as John Randolph's time there was ground for his immoral remark: "Waiter, this is tea, bring me coffee; if this is

coffee, bring me tea."

In the time of the revolution, while the army was starving at Valley Forge, the people in the great cities were liv-ing in luxury and extravagance; and later, when the commerce of the country was pouring in wealth, the style of living was incredibly luxurious. The consequences of this extravagance were serious. For one thing it broke up President Washington's cabinet. Dinners did it. The salaries of the secretaries were all insufficient to keep up the style of living that was thought necessary.

A Curious Rolic.

Miss Mary McHenry, of Philadelphia, has sent to General Dunn, to be placed in his Lincoln collection, a curious relic of Wilkes Booth, with the following statement: In August, 1864, Mr. J. Wilkes Booth registered as a guest at the McHenry house, Meadville, Pa. He was there on the thirteenth of that After his departure it was found that he had, with a diamond, inscribed upon a pane of the window of his bedroom, these words:

Abe Lincoln. Departed this Li e, Aug. 13th, 1864, By the effects of

The glass remained in the window undisturbed until the country was shocked by the murder of Mr. Lincoln on Apri 14, 1865. A few days after that event Mr. R. M. N. Taylor, proprietor of the McHenry house, cut the pane from the window, framed it over a backing of black velvet, placed with it the autograph of Mr. Booth, which Mr. Taylor cut from the hotel register, and sent the whole to me, just as it now is.

The tremendous energy concentrated n a flash of lightning is shown by Prof. Mayer, of the Stevens institute, in an observation from which he concludes that at least 500 square miles of the earth's surface had its electrical condition changed at each flash of the light-

The Sisters of Charity in the United States number 1,179, in charge of one hundred and six establishments.

Choose for Me.

In the throng of a bazuar Bewildered, sighing. Mid toys spread wild, Mid clash and madding jar, "Weat to be buying,

Choose for me, father," said the child. In a labyrinth of flowers, Gold daisies flaring,

Pink bells inlaid, Round roses rained in showers, "Which to be wearing,

Choose for me, true love," said the maid In livelong, dazzling mrze-Joy's flood, love's passion,

Fame's star-arched goal-Which mine of these vexed ways? In thy compassion Choose for me, beaven!" prays the soul. -Laura Sanford.

STEMS OF INTEREST.

Sound logic-Telephone talk. Hunting parties on the plains of Texas ceport buffalo very scarce Nine thousand miles of new railroad

will be constructed in 1880. There's one thing you can borrow on your personal security—Trouble.

When a stag takes to the water he wims for deer life .- New York Herald. Gen. Grant says he thinks Washington is the handsomest city in the world.

An ounce of taking care of yourself is better than a pound of doctor's stuff.-Addic Boyd. Darwin has won a \$2,400 prize, offered

at Turin, for discoveries in the physiology of plants. A funny conductor says car wheels make more revolutions than are made in

Central America.

Oh, it was pitiful, near a whole city full, snow-shovel he had none. Gone to borrow one.—New York Express.

The employees of nearly every leading railroad in the United States now wear a uniform adopted by the company. An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it.—Detroit Free Press.

Bismarck has bought 40,000 seedlings of the American maple, which he in-tends to plant in his forests in the Sach-

We know an elderly maiden lady who says she is willing to waste her sweet-ness on some heir, desert or otherwise,— Salem Sunbeam 'Fhe first colored member of the Ohio

legislature, Representative Williams, of Cincinnati, was feasted by his colored brethren recently. Ex-Senator Revels, the colored politician of Mississippi, is president of the

University at Alcorn. He says he has abandoned politics. Lives of great men all remind us, For some things they care not a rush, But to this fact they can't blind us:

Each one wants his own tooth-brush. -Salem ounbeam. Up to the twenty fifth of October 156,-734 people had the cholera in Japan, of whom 90,627 died. The abolishment by the British and Germans of the rigid quarantine there is citied to explain the

great mortality. "Grandpa," says Minnie, reflectively, with some assurance of being able to impart useful information; "Grandpa, do you know where this snow comes from? Let me tell you. The angels are up in the sky cutting up ice with seissors."--

New York Graphic. The following are among the prominent sales of thoroughbreds for the year: Falsetto, \$18,000; Spendthrift, \$15,000 Lord Murphy, \$10,000; Wallenstein, \$9,000; Sly Dance, \$8,000; and Mis-take, \$5,000, besides many transfers ranging from \$2,000 to \$5,000 each.

Remarks a writer: "A gentle hand ean lead an elephant by a hair." Now, what foolishness that is to put into the minds of children. Why, bless you, elephants don't have hair; they just have hides, that's all. Perhaps a gentle hand might lead him by the tail, but, mind you, we have our doubts even of that. - Rockland Courier.

How the Count Joannes Was Bounced.

The death of the Count Joannes recalls an incident in the editorial room of the Boston Transcript some years ago. before the Count left Boston, and when the genial Dan, Haskeil was editor of the paper. The Count's frequent visits had become a source of annoyance to Haskell and his associates in the editorial room, and but little respect was entertained by them for the numerous titles claimed by the Count, while his consequential airs and lofty style had become a positive bore.

Rushing in late one forenoon, where Haskell, Fox, Dix and Whipple were scratching away for dear life at their respective desks, the Count slapped down small slip upon Haskell's desk and asked in a loud and indignant tone:

Why was that item about me published in yesterday's Transcript? Haskell laid down his pen, and, rising to his fect, confronted the Count, who stood in a dramatic attitude with folded arms, and said, in his decided, matter of

"Mr. Jones, leave this room (pointing to the door), do not enter it again as long as you live; we are tired of you. and you may rest assured that as long us I am editor of the Transcript your name shall never again appear in its columns except under the head of 'Obit-uary.' Go!"

The Count was so taken aback that he did not utter a word, but elevated his eyebrows, fixed his hat more firmly upon his head, and strode majestically to the door toward which Haskell still pointed and van shed behind it.

The editor sank back in his seat with a sigh of relief, but there was a peal of laughter from those present, in which even the sedate Whipple joined .- Beston Commercial Bulletin.