# The Forest Republican.

18 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. E WEINEL. OFFICE IN ROBINSON & BORNER'S BUILDING ELM STREET, TIONESTA, PA.

### TERMS, #1.50 A YEAR.

No Subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications

#### Perseverance.

One step and then another, And the longest walk is ended; One stitch and then another. And the largest rent is mended; One brick upon another, And the highest wall is made; One flake upon another, And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers, By their slow and constant motion, Have built those pretty islands

In the distant dark-blue ocean; And the noblest undertakings Man's wisdom hath conceived, By oft-repeated effort Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not looked disheartened On the work you have to do, And say that such a mighty task You never can get through; But just endeavor, day by day, Another point to gain, And soon the mountain which you feared

Will prove to be a plain!

"Rome was not builded in a day," The ancient proverb teaches,

And nature, by her trees and flowers, The same sweet sermon preaches. Think not of lar-off duties, But of duties which are near, And having once begun to work, Resolve to persevere.

"STACY'S GAL."

The colonel, I think, was the first person to propose to her. He did it in the oratorical style for which he was noted in the camp and was promptly re-fused, much to his own and the boys hised, much to his own and the boys astonishment. I believe the judge was the next, but as he had fortified his courage with a large quantity of whisky his breath was strong enough and his words thick enough to ensure speedy words thick enough to ensure speedy rejection. He was considerably mor-tified at it and never able to explain the cause of his defeat, but when a Mexican woman drifted into the camp shortly afterward and engaged in washing for the men the judge itried his hand again and was accepted. It took him a month to get hoose from the bonds and he and was accepted. It took him a month to get loose from the bonds and he sware he would "never give any other female critter a chance to hook him again." and he carefully avoided all Indian squaws and homely senoritas who occasionally passed through Min-eral City. After the judge a dozen or more of the boys offered their hands and fortunes to "Stacy's gal" and fared in precisely the same manner. while old precisely the same manner, while old Stacy himself quietly chuckled and "bet on his galevery trip," as he afterward

home, we stopped to rest on the rock-created summit of Mineral Point. A few hundred feet below us lay the little mining camp, its log cabins looking doubly picturesque in the gathering gloaming The blue smoke was curling from a dozen chimneys as the men prepared their evening meals; and here and there, over the various trails, a blue-shirted miner, with pick and drills across his shoulder, came striding home. The sun sinking behind the Wasatch mountains, one hundred and sixty-five miles distant, cast great long shadows across the surrounding peaks, and veiled the ravines and gulches in depening dark-

Nellie sat on the croppings of a vein of quartz and I lay stretched out at her feet, watching her pretty, tender eyes as they wandered about the horizon, drinking in the beauty and the grandcur of the scene. She had some light, fleecy ar-rangement—a nubia, I believe it is called -wrapped loosely about her head and shoulders, and her hair, in whose meshes the sunbeams seemed to have caught, peeped from beneath, helping to frame a face stamped with innocence and purity. Young people always get senti-mental in the evening, when surrounded by quiet, and I was no exception to the rule, and almost before I knew it I was

toying with the little hand, so white and soft, lying carelessly on the flinty quartz "Nellie," I said, after a few moments, "don't you ever long to leave this rough

place and go back to the East?" 'Not now," she said, slowly, "though

I might under some circumstances. "Why not now?" "Oh, because-because-I don't want

to leave papa." "Is that the real reason?" I asked,

her shyness and evident avoidance of my eyes giving me hopes that set my heart beating with quicker pulsations. "Let us go down," she said, quickly,

as she arose "No, not until you answer me," and caught again the litt'e hand.

She drew it from my grasp, and, with a saucy "Come," started down the trail and I hastened to follow. I made several attempts to renew the conversation on the way, but Nellie always turned it off from the subject nearest my heart; and yet when I left her at her father's door she shyly extended her hand, and I thought I detected a soft pressure as I took it in mine. A mo-ment, and she had vanished, and I noticed a rosy flush on her pretty cheeks and an unusual light in her tender eyes. I went back to my little cabin with a strange admixture of certainty and doubt in my feelings, and a quickening of pulse that made me oblivious to my rough surroundings.

After supper I lit my pipe and sat upon my roughly-hewn door step. The sun had gone down, but yet there was light enough for me to see her cabin and notice her father standing in the doorway chatting with Mineral Bob, the

besides I've got to go East on business inside of a week, and I don't want to leave the Sunshine\_idle—I can't afford

VOL. XII. NO. 45. TIONESTA, PA., FEB. 4, 1880.

"Why don't you sell her to old Stacy?" I said. "He's got some ready cash

to sell his own mines." "Going out-Stacy?" I demanded, wondering why Nellie had never alluded

to it. "Yes, going to take that gal of his back to the States. This ain't no fit place for a pretty little thing like she is,

lows: you know. Nellie going to leave camp! By Jove, that wouldn't do. No, if she left I would, too. I shouldn't lose her, now that I had all but won her, so I said: "I tell you, Bob, I don't know that I shall stay wuch longer would Ber

shall stay much longer myself. Per-haps you would like to make me an offer for my interest in the Ajax and let me attend to your business in the East, if I can; I would be very glad to." "No; much obliged, partner, but no

one can do what I am going out for ex-cept myself. Same time I night be able to handle my own property better if I had the Ajax too, seeing as how the two claims join each other on the same vein. I wonder if o'd Stacy would sell out cheap enough?"

cheap enough?" "Oh, I guess so," I said; "especially if he is at all anxious to get away. I'll speak to him for you." "He said the other day," continued Bob, as though he were carefully weigh-ing the proposition, "that he'd sell to me on time if I could get a good man to go my security."

me on time if i could get a good man to go my security." "Would he take me, do you tlink?" "Take you? A great sight sooner than any other man in camp." "Well, then, Bob, you give me a mortgage on the mine, and if his figures are not too high JU! indem course are not too high I'll indorse your note

and turn you over my interest beside. The mine is solid yet, I guess, though I haven't been to it for a week." "That's the gal's fault," grinned Bob; "but it she wasn't good I wouldn't want to buy. I believe I'll go down and see the old man—it won't take long," and Bob buttoned up his cost and started out. and started out.

Half an hour later Bob returned with the necessary papers by which Stacy conveyed his third interest in the Ajax mine to him for eight thousand dollars, payable within thirty days. I indorsed Bob's note for the amount, he assuring me that if the mine continued to pay, as it had in the past, he could easily take it up when due, besides which, I rea-soned to myself, that I would soon be Stacy's son-in-law, and, in case of Bob's failure to meet the note, the old man would not be hard on me. I also transforred my third interest to Bob for a like amount, and secured myself for both sums by a mortgage on the prop-erty, and so I went to bed that night and dreamed of the little wife I soon

though I guess I could borrow it, and I should not return until she sent for me, etc., etc. She smiled sweetly, and looked tenderly out of her pretty eyes, and I took the train for Philadelphia,

and I took the train for Philadelphia, in a terrible temper, and yet feeling sure that I would be back again within forty-eight hours, and I was. I asked that I would be back again within forty-eight hours, and I was. I asked the clerk to send up my card, and he the clerk to send up my card, and he sid it would be useless, as the lady, with her father and the other gentle-man, had left the night before, for the South, he thought. They had left a letter for me, however, and--I snatched the letter, and tore it open. There were several enclosures, reading as fol-lows: people, then Greece may claim to beat the civilized world on the score of its sanitary perfection. Of all countries in Europe it seems to possess the greatest number of what may be called very old people-that is to say, of people from ninety years of age and upward; out of a population of 1,457,894, it has of these veterans no fewer than 1,398.

#### THURSDAY.

for 1879 was larger than for any pre-vious year since 1872. Returns of the commissioners of emigration show that for the year ending December 31, 1879, there were landed, at Castle Garden, a MY DEAR CHARLEY: You must pardon my terrible flirtation with you of the past few weeks, but it was the last I should ever have and you are the dearest of fellows to finish upon. 1 dare total of 175,589 emigrants, of whom 135,070 were aliens. In 1878 the total dearest of fellows to finish upon. I dare say you will feel a little vexed, but you'll get over it, Charley, and when Rob and myself get settled down to housekeeping—which I trust will be a long time yet—you must come and see us and be a good friend to your penitent NELLIE. arrivals were 121,369, of whom 75,347 were aliens. The principal nationali-tics of the emigrants who arrived last year were: Germany, 33,564; Ireland, 22,624; England, 21,655; Sweden, 12,-394; Italy, 7,220; Scotland, 6,067; Nor-way, 4,993; Switzerland, 4,683; Russia, 2,102; Krance, 2,221

The next was: DEAR PHILADELPHIA: You've had a

3,103; France, 2,331. DEAR FHILADELPHIA: I ou've had a good time with my intended wife and I haven't interfered; you indorsed my note for \$8,000 and I won't cheat you out of it. I trusted you and you came to "time;" you trusted me and here I am smiling. I enclose with this my A sportsman explains why he re-ceives the many sea-scrpent stories with a grain of allowance. He was hunting on the shores of a lake in the wilds' of Michigan, when he saw what he be-lieved to be a monster snake, fifty or sixty fect in length, and ten or twelve inches in diameter, with humps on its back two feet in length. At first its course was almost directly toward his place of concealment. When he was about to note that you indorsed and deeds conveying to you the whole of the Ajax. She's pinched, Philadelphia, and ain't worth a cuss. You sabe now the busi-ness that called me East, eh? Ta, ta.

concealment. When he was about to run for his life, the "serpent," then a MINERAL BOB. MINERAL BOB. I have never seen them since. I don't want to. I went back to the old camp the following year. The boys don't tease me now, but I thrashed two of them and got thrashed by three be-fore this silence on the subject was ob-served.—*Philadelphia Times*. few rods away, changed its course, and resolved itself at once into a colony of otter swimming in single file. His inference is that sea animals may sometimes travel in the same manner, and give sailors the opportunity of drawing the long bow.

#### Cabinet Recreations.

The suit of Budd Doble vs. the South-ern Ohio Fair association, of Dayton, Ohio, has just been tried before the The members of the cabinet sometimes have very amusing interviews with la-dies, as the following will illustrate: Young lady—" Mr. Secretary, I have called to see if you can tell me when Captain — is to be ordered away, and where he will go to?" United States district court for that district. The suit was brought to recover \$2,250 from the association on a con-

tract, in compliance with which that amount was to have been paid for an exhibition of speed by Goldsmith Maid Captain — is to be ordered away, and where he will go to?" Secretary—"I really do not know. Do you wish him ordered away?" on the track of the association, September 30, 1875. The association, Sep-tember 30, 1875. The association claimed that it was not an exhibition of speed, the time being 2:294, 2:24, 2:404. The plaintiff made a ples for a

Young lady-"No, indeed " (this with a very conscious look and a slight-increase in color); "only, if you were, would like to know, you know; for you see," pulling out her handkerchief and putting her little gloved finger in lier mouth, a la Maggie Mitchell, "you know Mr. —, now don't you?" Secretary—"How should I?" Young lady. "I then I'll toll you?" tract price as the performance was worth, if not the whole amount. The

judge decided, as a point of law, that no such partition could be made in a special contract, and that the claim must stand Young lady—" Then I'll tell you" (this with a look of determination). "I'm going to marry him, and if you are going to order him off why we want or fall in its entirety. A great deal of expert testimony was taken as to the

# Rates of Advertising.

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

#### Practice What You Preach.

Advice is cheap, the market's full, O'er ready some to teach,

While o'er the eyes the wool they pull, Nor practice what they preach.

The monstrous " beam " is never seen, The " mote " provokes their screech, The while seductive vice they screen, Nor practice what they preach.

Sweet charity take by the hand,

Fair justice's height to reach, Where others slip, you firmly stand, And practice what you preach.

Precept is good, example's best,

Be chary then of speech. So live that very life attest

You practice what you preach. -Quincy Modern Argo.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

One concern in Maine has an orde or 10,000 sets of croquet.

Wilkie Collins, the novelist, says he has earned \$150,000 with his pen.

Eighty-five per cent. of the m embers of the Utah legislature are polyga mists. Half a million people visited the Philadelphia Permanent Exhibition last year.

The Denver (Col.) Herald says that the mines of Colorado last year yielded \$25,335,483.

New York city's assessed valuation is \$946,527,000, an increase of \$28,-293,000 during the last year.

The thrifty man will always put something away for a rainy day, even if it is nothing but a stolen umbrella.— Ficayune.

A young man recently had a nose grafted in a New York hospital. We have seen noses bud and blossom, but never heard of grafting them before.

Over two-thirds of the baseballs manufactured come from a Boston firm, who are now making 10,000 dozen an-nually. The leather for covering is tanned by their own workmen.

Said one of society's smart ornaments to a lady miend: "This is leap-year, and I suppose you'll be asking somebody to marry you?" "Oh, no," was the reply, "my finances won't permit me to sup-port a husband."—Derrick.

J. R. Holloway, of Marion county, Tenn., grew 1,500 bushels of peanuts last year, and considered it a very profitable c.op. Everything about the peanut can be utilized. The vines and leaves make a most excellent fodder.

To ascertain the length of a day and night multiply the hour at which the sun rises by two; the result will be the length of the night. Multiply the hour at which the sun sets by two, and the result will be the length of the day.

\$1.50 Per Annum,

TIMELY TOPICS.

istic, be a fair test of the healthiness of

a country or the tough vitality of its

Emigration at the port of New York

If longevity, as a national character-

The Forest Republican.

explaine She diad come into camp a week or

two previously to the greatest surprise of everybody, including her father. Old Stacy a good many years before, some eight or ten, had lost his wife, and so great was his grief that he could not be induced to remain longer in the place she had made a little heaven for him So he placed his daughter-his only child-in the fashionable female semi-nary of the State, provided her with everything that was necessary for her comfort or happiness, and then struck out for the San Juan silver mines to forget his loss among the excitements and privations of the frontier. Stacy was one of the fortunate few out of the unlucky many that enter a mining country, and in a few years he was possessed of properties yielding him an excellent inome from their hard, white quartz. He regularly corresponded with his daughter, and kept her supplied in pocket-money far in excess of her needs or requirements, but he never went back she determined to seek out her long-absent paternal progenitor. With an independence and courage, the wonderment of the boys, she traveled across the plains, took passage on the stages and inally rode into Mineral City on horseback, the first white woman in camp and the object of the shy adoration of that served me for a pitlow. I turned on my stool and glanced out of the

It was some time before the boys could stand their ground and face her, instead of scampering away at her approach, as had hitherto been the case; but the Western miner is not long in getting accustomed to strange things, and it was not over ten days after her arrival that the colonel immolated himself on the altar of his affections. . Encouraged by his example and unterrified by his unceremonious 'defeat, the boys one after another tried their luck, though, as I have before mentioned, with no better success.

Stacy was a partner of mine in the Ajax mine, in which there were three of us interested, and as we were doing considerable development on the vein I was of necessity much in his company and consequently in that of his daughter. She was a very pretty girl, with dainty, delicate ways far more befitting a house on Walnut street than a rough mining camp; but she loved her father with an earnest, clinging affection that would not listen to her leaving him, and so she continued to reign queen of Mineral City all through the summer of 1876.

I don't know when it was that I was unduly attracted toward Nellie. I think it was when she asked me to call her thereafter by that name. She made the request so innocently, so sweetly, and tenderly, alleging that as I was her father's partner, a gentleman by birth me to say Nellie, instead of Miss Stacy, which sounded so formal, that I came very nearly adding other words to the name that our short acquaintance would not justify. After that I spent most of I nodded assent. her, it would be ever so much nicer for my evenings with Nellie, and sometimes of an afternoon we took delicious little rambles together on the mountain sides

best prospector in camp and the third owner with Stacy and myself in the Ajax. I turned my head and saw the lights in the shaft house of the Big Giant mine on Red mountain gleaming away in the distance; I heard the clanging blows of the blacksmith at his forge as he sharpened the tools for the morning's work, and the deep boom of the blast in the Little Emily mine came floating through the still night air. Then my eyes wandered back to the cabin which held Nellie. Bob was still there. his tall figure and broad shoulders contrasting greatly with the little old man in the doorway. What was he doing there so long, I thought, and I puffed my pipe viciously as I saw Nellie a moment later join the two. The night settled down and the cabins faded from view, their presence only revealed by the lights shining through the little square windows or the sparks streaming out of the stone and mud chimneys. was getting cool, too, and I knocked on a visit, and when that young lady was duly graduated with high honors my little home and stirred up the my little home and stirred up the smouldering embers on the hearth. An hour went by and the moon sent its beams across my little table, with its tin plates and cups; across my earthen and rocky floor, touching lightly my books on a shelf at the head of my bed and resting softly on the rolled-up coat

> window. The tops of the surrounding timber were silvered by the moonlight, and the cabins stood out against the dark background of the tall spruces. The sound of singing came up from the saloon, and the wind sighed fitfully now and then. And so I fell into a sombre reverie, and Nellie was the center about which all my thoughts revolved. Presently there was a knocking at my door, and at my invitation Mineral Bob entered.

"Hello! Philadelphia," he said, "I kinder thought you wasn't in." "Why?" I asked, rather sorry of the

interruption, though Bob was good company, and no one could look into his merry, blue eyes and pleasant face. covered all over with a luxuriant, rich brown beard, without feeling better and ss out of spirits.

"Oh, I sort of calculated you'd be somewhere around the girl. How's your chances, partner? Good, ch?" "Come in, Bob, and stop your non-sense. Here, fill your pipe and sit

down. Bob laughed good-humoredly and,

pulling up a stool, sat down near the fire and, as he filled his pipe, said :

" I've dropped in on a little businessabout the Sunshine, you know," alluding to a mine of his and one of the best in the camp. "You know I'm obliged to sink-ain't got no chance to tunnel, and education, and such a kind friend to and the surface water is getting the best of me. Must have a pump, if I want to

I nodded assent. "Well, them, Philadelphia," as he "Well, them, Philadelphia, is in mining camp, and I got irritable and use vigorous puffs, "I want to see what bigstot a dicker I can make with you gested that I had better run on and see family and get sweetened up a little, and into the heavy timber lining the kind of a dicker I can make with you gested that I had better run on and see about running the mine. I ain't got the my family and get sweetened up a little, and I savagely replied that I would, and

expected to have.

I saw Nellie the next day, and though she smiled sweetly and blushed most prettily I wasn't satisfied, as owing to her getting things in readiness for the trip next moving there was no oppor-tunity for a quiet little conversation. I told Stacy I was going out, and he haughed and said Nellie had spoken of it and he "didn't know but what it was a good scheme for his gal, 'cause it could hardly be expected that me and Bob would be good company;" and so the matter was settled and I collected my traps together, and those I din't care to take with me, I distributed among the boys. They all knew what I was going out for, and good-natured wittleisms were freely indulged in at my expense. But I liked it, and rather enjoyed my triumphs over the colonel and the judge and the others who had tried to win the little treasure that I had carried off, but had miserably failed.

I sat in my cabin that evening-the last I should ever spend in Mineral City -and somehow I got terribly blue and out of spirits. It felt like parting with old friends. Every tree and every rock seemed to have a hold on my affections, and the rough logs of my little home had a warm place in my heart. I couldn't shake off my low spirits, and so I went down to see my little one and from her sweet face and pretty eye draw the consolation I felt I needed. found her looking tired from her ar-ranging and packing efforts, but she seemed most glad to see me, and we sat on the doorstep and were soon chatting in a warm, confidential way. As I was about to go I took her little hand in my

big palm and said: Are you really glad that I am going

out with you?" "You know I am," she said, carnestly, her eyes dropping and her soft little fingers involuntarily pressing mine, and somehow before I fully real ized what I was doing I had leaned forward and pressed a hot, passionate kiss on her pretty lips, and with a little exclamation expressive of surprise and not of anger she turned and vanished. I was a happy fellow that night.

Our trip was begun the next morning and in due course of time we all of us came to a halt in New York. What a delicious time I had had of it, and how considerate Stacy and Bob were to me. They never intruded their presence, but let me have Nellie to myself, as though they had no connection whatever with I felt grateful to them and meditated often upon what I could do to show my appreciation of their thoughtfulness and good feeling. Nellie was a little paradox, however-an enigma ] couldn't solve. I had proposed to her half a dozen times on our way East, but though she showed that her heart was mine and permitted me to squeeze

get married before. That is all. Secretary-" I have not thought of ordering him away, and since he is go-

ing to engage in such pleasant business will not. Young lady-"Oh! Mr. ----, ain't you good? I'm so glad. Now I'll have

plenty of time to get ready." Another young lady sends in her card and is admitted, when the following

colloquy takes place: Young lady-"'I have called to see if you will not give permission to Lieutenant ---- to come here from A-Secretary—"Any of his near relatives sick?" scanning her closely. Young lady—"No, sir. His friends want to see him so much, and you can

have him come if you want to." Secretary-"Oh! I see how it is. - 1

you will say you are his sweetheart, he shall come. Young lady -- "Yes, sir, he is!" say

ing this with both hands hiding her The secretary says that he gave per

mission to that officer to come, telegraphing to him to that effect within the hour. All secretaries are not like the one we are speaking of, so young ladies must not presume upon the above incidents; for they might not be as successful as our two fair friends were .-Washington Letter.

#### A Man Survives a Braining.

John Harris, who had his head split open by a falling axe at the new Yellow Jacket shaft, some two years ago, is again on the Comstock. Although that axe fell about 160 feet upon his head, and he lost in consequence a strip of skull-bone four inches long and two and a half inches wide, he has taken that head to England with him and brought it back, and thinks a good deal of it and with it yet. His is one of those exceptional cases in surgery of which there are not half a dozen in the books, and which ranks with that where a tamping iron, blown by a prematurely discharged blast, passed through a man's head from chin to crown, and yet failed

to kill him. The gash made by this axe in Harris' head was large enough to kill half a dozen men. When the bones were taken by the surgeons from the wound the large vein between the lobes of the brain sent a torrent of blood gushing forth. It was stanched with lint and the man rallied. The surgeon feared to remove the lint lest he should bleed to death, and it remained some two weeks till it became so far decayed as to force its removal. Contrary to expectation no blood followed, nor was there any secondary hemorrhage from the wound. Harris has pretty much recovered from the effects of the accident. He says he experiences no head trouble whatever, but he has a hitch in his walk, a sort of jerk, a let-go-and-go-on movement, which is the result of the hurt. He is a wonderfully good man for one upon whom the experiment of dropping an axe 160 feet upon his head was successfully tried .- Gold Hill (Nev.) News.

Bloak, chilly March and November are the wo worst months of the year for those suffer ing with pulmonary diseases. Keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup near by, and such sufferers will be able to brave the rough weather without danger. Price 25 cents.

the performance, but the jur failed to agree.

judgment for a quantum meruis, that is, for so large a proportion of the con-

The annual reports of the English and Scotch co-operative stores are now being published. The profits divided among the members of the societies range from one shilling three pence to two shillings eight pence on the pound sterling of purchases made during the year, and seem to average about two shillings, or ten per cent. Stating the amount in dollars, a member of one of these co-operative stores, about which Mr. Holyoake gave so much interesting information during his late visit to this country, re ceives at the end of the year \$1 in the way of profit for every \$10 worth of goods he has bought. This is clear gain to him, for he gets his goods at the regular market prices, and is besides as sured that what he buys is of good quality and free from adulteration. The Manchester Co-operative Wholes le society, from which the co-operative stores buy their goods, is a federative institution composed of 584 societies comprising 305,161 members. It has a capital of \$705,000 on which it pays five per cent. interest, and its profits are divided among the branch societies in proportion to their purchases, just as the societies divide their profits among the individual members.

# Leap-Year Difficulties.

He was a nice young man, with cane, high hat and patert leather boots. He strolled leisurely down Fourth avenue, puffing daintily upon a cigarette, and occasionally twirling the waxed ends of his moustache. He was accosted by a stout woman with a florid complexion.

"Top of the mornin' to ye, Mister Charley," said she.

Good morning, Mrs. McGuinness." said the nice young man.

"Me darlint boy, would ye-" and she bestowed a bewitching smile upon him. He dodged out of her reach. The recollection that it was leap-year rushed

upon him. He answered : "Madame-realiy-I can't-I am very sorry it I cause you pain-but my affec-tions have already been bestowed upon another-and, madame-I can't-I can't marry you."

She gazed at him in astonishment and then said, indignantly : "Who axed ye to marry me! The idea of the likes of me, a poor lone widdy, with four children to support by washin', axin' ye to marry me. I was only goin' to ax ye for that dollar for washin'

He sighed and gave her a doilar, and walked sadly away .-- New York Sun,

# What it Costs to Run a Locomotive.

The New Jersey Central Railroad Company keeps a record of the cost of running locomotives. It shows that an average day's distance traveled by a ocomotive is 100 miles. The work for a month is 2,600 miles; but some locomotives exceed this, as in the case of No. 121, which in December last made 6,080 miles. In doing this 133 tons of coal were used and thirty-seven gailons of oil to ke p the machinery in order. The company says that \$12.86 is the average cost for 100 miles for men, fuel and repairs. In the case of No. 121 the \$22.58.

It is said in Arizona that a miner, doubting the capabilities of a certain assayer, got an old potato, dried it thoroughly, pounded it up fine and then submitted the powder for assay, and the result of the assay gave a yield of \$40 to the ton.

There are 150 varieties of grass in Nebraska, luxuriant in growth, excellent in quality, and they are among the grandest resources of the State. They are the herdman's stock in trade, and fat steers, mutton, wool and dairy products are the net results.

Wheelbarrows are in very little demand in Brazil, "owing to the almost universal practice of carrying burdens on the head." Not long ago the American consul saw a sturdy negro carrying a wheelbarrow on his head through the streets of Rio de Janeiro.

One hundred years ago, during the winter of 1780, the weather was so cold that some of the harbors along the coast were frozen over for nearly six weeks. In Marblehead harbor several vessels were frozen in from the last of December to the middle of February.

#### A Farmer Poet.

A farmer poet has blossomed into song in England and publishes under the title of "Wet Days" a series of poems, which give effective and graphic pictures of nature in language at once simple and eloquent. In "The Camp on the Hill" he writes:

There's something better than keep there; for once on that mossy sod

You leave the world behind you and are face to face with God.

There's a pool by the cairs on the top, where the wild ducks used to be,

And a lark from the Roman camp used to sing and soar over me;

I thought him the hill's own spirit it would have been shame to kill;

Perhaps you may here his song ere you reach the top of the hill.

. . I know God's everywhere; in the city and in

the Exchange,

As well as the hill and the moor, wherever mortal can range;

But ah! the pure sky yonder, no smoke obscuring the blue!

Man's not the same in the city, and God may be different, too.

This is from another poem, called Birds' Songs:

Birds are the only happy things; They sing through rain or sun content.

Our songe are prayers, not thanksgivings, Fear, hope or envy's fitlul vent,

Impertment regrets for wings

We could not use, for riches spent, For chances given and thrown away, Or something wanting night and day.

The London Standard says of these There is in them something poems: more than rhyme and rhythm; they are instinct with humanity. They have in their way a charm which will tell more with the multitude of readers than rigcost for repairs for the month was orous conformity to the artistic canons of any particular school.