The Forest Republican.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. H WHINK. OPPICE IN ROBINSON & BONNER'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

Che Forest Republican.

VOL. XII. NO. 51. TIONESTA, PA., MARCH 10, 1880.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

Quarter Col.

one month - - 3 ca three months - 6 cc

Legal notices at established rates.

Marriage and death notices, gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (1 inch.) one insertion - \$

The Sifting of Peter.

amonympus communications.

A FOLK-SONG. "Behald, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may silt you as wheat."—St. Luke xxii. 31.

In St. Luke's Gospel we are told How Peter in the days of old Was sitted: And now, though ages intervene,

Sin is the same, while time and scene Satur desires us, great and smal',

As wheat, to sift as, and we all Are tempted; Not one, however rich or great, Is by his station or cetate Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is But he, by some device of his, Can enter: No heart bath armor so complete

But he can pierce with arrows fleet Its center. For all at last the cock will crow Who hear the warning voice, but go

Unheeding; Till thrice and more they have denied The Man of Sorrows, crucified And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering face Will make us teel the deep disgrace Ot weakness; We shall be sifted till the strength

Of self-conceit be changed at length To meckness. Wounds of the woul, though healed,

will robe, The feddesing sears remain, and make Confussion:

Lost innocence returns no more; Wone not what we were before

It though souls, through hist and heat, Rise trem dons! r and detest alli stronger, And conscience stid of the divine

W: bin there, lie on earth supine No longer.

H. W. Longfellow, in Harp r's Magazine.

The Romance of a Water-Color.

Pretty Marie Lawrence sat, in the elegantly furnished library, dividing her attentions between the book she had in one hand and the sprightly little kitten in her lap, which playfully toyed with the trimming on her dress, when her father entered, having returned from his office intent on getting the cream of the day@news before dinner was served by

a hasty scanning of the daily papers.
"By the way, Marie," he said, rather absent-mindedly, as he settled into a large easy chair, "there's a little package on the table in the hall which the expressman leit at the office to-day,"
"For me, did you say, pa? Why, I'm

not expecting anything by express."

The matter was quickly settled by Marie going into the hall and returning with a package about an inch and a half thick and perhaps a foot by a foot and a half square. There could be no mistake about it, for there were the name and address as plain as could be. The small red label showed that it had come from New York,

"I don't see what it is or whom it is from," she said, as she laid it down to go in pursuit of something with which to cut the binding cord and wrapper. A moment later she held at arms

lergth a little landscape done in watercolors and enclosed in an artistic gold-

She was not long in recognizing the locality, however, from which it was sketched, for it was perfectly familiar to her, being the old mill in the town where she spent a portion of every sum-Yes, there was the pond stretching back till it was lost in the distance; and the little stream as it crossed the roadway under the single-arched stone bridge seemed true to nature. How often had she visited that old mill,made dear to her perhaps by girlhood's mem-

But who was the artist that had painted it, and why had it been sent to

Sure enough, among her long list of acquaintances there was not a single

In the lower right-hand corner there was a cipher which had escaped her scrutiny, and which on closer examination took the form of "J. H.

Mr. Lawrence regarded the picture for a minute, and as he handed it back to his daughter he said that whoever the author of it was he was far from being a novice, for such blending of light

and shade was rarely seen.

The remainder of the household were taken into the library after dinner to look at the picture, and many were the utterances in admiration of it, and many were the surmises as to why it had been so unexpectedly sent to Marie, The mother said that probably it would be explained in good time. And sure enough, for the next morning's mail brought a letter for Miss Lawrence which partially cleared up to mystery.

"And so Jerome Hart is a : artist and strives to enter into correspondence with me, does he!" and Marie stamped her pretty foot in an impetuous manner and threw the letter to her moti cr.

Mrs. Lawrence read it slowly, and as she returned it to the envelope she asked her daughter if she had any idea

who Mr. Hart was. Not the faintest, only that the letter says he is an artist and has his studio at No. 185 — street, New York," came the response, "and he must be as poor in judgment as such people generally are in pocket to send me a picture one day, followed by a letter on the next, saying of climate and scene would rally her to that he has had a desire for some time to | her old self.

much in her expression as in her speech.
"To be sure," Mrs. Lawrence said,
"it was a peculiar way of seeking an
acquaintanceship which must of course follow should the picture be kept," and she quickly decided that it must be re-York bore the package which had created the admiration and at last the displeasure of the family. A letter written by Mrs. Lawrence was placed within the package, in which she briefly but concisely stated that she could not for a moment think of her daughter keeping the water-color without the ac-quaintance, by legitimate means, of its painter. Surely, Mr Hart's letter was on its face honest in purpose, but there

with a vagabond adventurer. Months passed, but the circumstance would not free itself from Marie's mind,

a dear friend, who summered at the same rural town with her, and who, womanlike, pretended to be a regular correspondent; but it was only when she had some bit of news of a social na-ture to communicate that she ever

"Do you know, Marie," wrote Miss Lovejoy, "that I have found out the name and all about the young gentleman with the fine, manly face and lovely physique who stopped at Dixon's up at Grosvenordale for a week last summer. You will remember him, and how we used to drive our heads almost crazy with wondering why he took such long walks every day, always carrying a portfolio under his arm. There is one thing which you will certainly remem-ber, and that is that you did nothing but rave over him, and when he caught your eye one afternoon, as we passed him while out strolling, you declared that you knew you could love him with just a little urging. Well, I won't keep you in suspense any longer. A short time ago I went to New York to visit my aunt Julia, and one evening cousin Tom took me to the theater, where almost the first face I noticed was that of our — or your — admiration of last summer. After making sure that there was no mistake, I asked Tom if he knew who the young gentleman was, pointing him out in an unobserved way with my fan, and he said it was young Hart

—Jerome Hart, he believed—and that
he was the young man whose watercolor paintings were exciting the admiration of every one who saw them, aguists and connoisseurs alike. When my cousin saw that my interest was not mere curiosity he told me that Mr. Hart was received everywhere, not be-

Everybody said that his fame would be world-wide in a few years." Marie could not deny that she had thought of the young gentleman daily since her country sojourn-so much so. in fact, that she fancied that her heart had becomed steeled against any one else, although the subject of her growing affection was unknown by name. When she read the name her heart gave a jump. Yes, it was the same person who sent her the picture a few months previous. To think that it was the one whose image was so impressed upon her

are rennement

marked genius

For days her brain was in a whirl, and her agony was intense.
"Oh!" cried she, "why were

hasty in deciding to return Mr. Hart's picture and letter? He is gone from me forever. I shall never know him."

She kept her grief to herself, not car-

ing to tell her parents, and tried hard to hide her sorrow, and to appear in her accustomed joyous spirit; but it was of no use: she could never forget the young artist, and could never forgive herself or her mother for their haste in giving propriety its proper accord.

twenty-two, found herself the wife of a moderately well-to-do country physician. She had married Dr. Ostrander, not so much that she had any love for him, but that it was the desire of her father, who had from an early period doted on the union of the Ostrander and Lawrence families, the doctor's father having been a college chum of Mr. Lawrence, and they had become more and more attached after leaving college, their homes being favorably situated for such friend-

Six months before her betrothal all the New York dailies and journals devoted to art had contained lengthy notices of the departure of Jerome Hart for Europe, where he had gone to reside in furtherance of his profession, and where his ability would be accorded the

attention it so richly deserved.

Marie made the physician a good wife considering her regard for him ceased with admiration, and they were contented and happy. His practice was quite extensive, and he had accumulated some property during the three years he had been there, having wedded Marie a year after entering into the active duties of his profession. It was with tender hands that she nursed him during a lingering summer fever, but the disease seemed to baffle the skill of his attendants, and just as the sun was sinking in the west on a sultry August afternoon his soul took flight to the bet-

ter world, and Marie was a widow. A few months were spent in the settlement of the estate, and when a pur-chaser for the slittle house had been found, Mrs. Ostrander, not earing to re-

tain it, returned to her old home. Even the luxuriant abiding place of her youth seemed to have lost its by the advice of her physician, her parents and friends, she decided to take foreign trip, in hopes that a change

Sweden; and it was not till the winter ason that they arrived in Paris, at that time being in its gayest attire.
Mrs. Ostrander gained considerable, and
the last letter from Mrs. Lovejoy to
Margery said that they had great hopes of bringing her around to the bright and robust woman that they had so

Among the few Parisians whom Mr. Lovejoy had letters of introduction to was M. Meunier, an exceedingly refined gentleman and a pleasart acquaint-ance. Several times he had told them of the royal academy exhibition, and explained to them that it was there that was no alternative; the rules of ctiquette must not be disregarded, or the their productions for prize competition,
quette must not be disregarded, or the their productions for prize competition,
quette must not be disregarded, or the their productions for prize competition,
quette must not be disregarded, or the their productions for prize competition. ever was fortunate enough to take even a second or third prize his star was ascending to the zenith of notoriety, and her father and mother had spoken of it more than once.

One day the mail brought a letter to the leaders of the various despectively. The leaders of the various despectively, and when a first prize was awarded an artist it gave him rank with the leaders of the various despectively. to take them to the gallery on the very first opportunity when others than members of the society were admitted. At last, on a pleasant afternoon, his liveried establishment drew up in front of their stopping place, and a minute later the three Americans were in high glee, for their benefactor had brought the information that the salon would be thrown open on the morrow, but through the kindness of a friend, a member of the academy, he had obtained permission to take his friends there on that afternoon, and he would call at three for them. To be thus favored seemed to have a noticeable effect on the whole party, and it is almost needless to say they were in readiness some minutes before the time appointed for the start. Marie gave several expressions of her enjoyment during her drive to the gallery, and by the time the build-ing was reached she was the happiest of

An hour or more was spent in the departments of sculpture and drawing, and nearly an hour in the grand gallery where the paintings were exhibited. It was understood that this was but a flying visit; they would give a day to each of the departments later in the season.

It was getting late in the afternoon when M. Meunier suggested that they should go to the water-color department lfis favorite room, he expressed it. Marie was beginning to show signs of fatigue, but of course she would oblige

After the pictures on one side of the room had been hurriedly examined, and the party finding they would be late for dinner unless they made haste, M. Meunier proposed to cross to the opposite side to see a famous picture, and then cause he was a person of wealth or they would depart.
Why, what is the matter with family, but because he was a person of

Marie? See, she is ill!" came the quick words from Mrs. Lovejoy, who was the first to notice her blanched face as she stood like a monument with eyes riveted on the picture which their escort had taken them to see—the picture of a country mill with its pond at the side and a single arched bridge spanning the cream as it crossed the roadway as if in a hurry to get away from the ponderous wheel which but a moment before had made use of it. Marie would have fallen to the floor had not the two gentlemen made haste in supporting her.

A few minutes later she was assisted to the carriage, and the driver was told to lose no time in reaching the hotel, a mile distant. On the way Mrs. Ostrander came out of her swoon sufficiently to realize that her friends were deeply distressed about her.

It was only a sudden attack of a heart trouble, something she was subject to," she said.

She was taken to her apartment immediately on arriving at the hotel, and her friends who had accompanied her up-stairs, fearing that she was going to to be seriously ill, were told to have no ropriety its proper accord. The alarm. "No, it was unnecessary to call Four years later Marie, at the age of a physician," she said. Mrs. Levejoy remained with her until midnight, when her patient fell into a sound sleep.

The next morning Marie was a trifle late at breakfast, and when she came down it was noticed that her face which had begun to have some color in it, was still quite pale, but she appeared quite cheerful, and inquired after their friend, but made no allusion to the occurrence the day before.

Early that afternoon he called to inquire after the health of Mrs. Ostrander, and she went alone to their private reception room to see him, her commions being absent on a shopping trip

He was delighted to find her able to see him, and hoped she had fully re-covered. Had he kept them too long at the academy? Mrs. Ostrander assured him that such

was not the case, and when asked if she enjoyed the visit, aside from her illness, she replied that until they went to the water-color department it had been very pleasant. She then, in answer to a second interrogation, told him that the sight of the picture of the old mill brought up an unpleasant remembrance which, she was frank to say, was in a measure the cause of her fainting.

"How peculiar," said he, "that that icture of all should tend to make one On the contrary that was the most noted work of art in the entire collec-tion. Why," he continued, "that is the masterpiece of Hart, the eminent watercolor artist, who was taking all Europe by storm by his brush. It had taken the grand prize, and its value in itself was a fortune. Had she never heard of was a fortune. Had she never heard of Jerome Hart? He was an American,

he believed. "I have heard of him," she replied faintly, and then she asked to be excharms, and she daily grew paler, until, cused as she was afraid that she was going to have a headache, and Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy coming in at that moment relieved the gentleman of embarrass-

Is it destiny?" Marie murmured. as know me, and trusts that I will keep | So in the early spring it was decided she threw herself upon the sofa in her coughs, colds, etc.

the sketch, which of course means to start a correspondence with the fellow by writing a note of acceptance," she continued, showing her displeasure as much in her expression as in her speech.

"To be sure," Mrs. Lawrence said, that she should go abroad with Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy, who were to spend a she had kept from the gaze of Mr. Meunier during a part of their short interview by only the greatest exertion. She took her tea and breakfast without going down, and when Mrs. Love-

juy came to her room for the third or fourth time she was assured that it was only a headache, and that she would be down in time for lunch at noon. That afternoon she thought she did

not feel well enough to go out with Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy, and consequently they started alone

As soon as they had departed Marie hastened to her room and dressed for going out, and in less than a half bour she entered a cab, which was in waiting for her, having been ordered by one of the hotel attendants, and drove off alone, going direct to the academy

She crowded her way through the immense throng until she stood before the picture of the old mill. Yes, there was the same cipher before her that she had seen six years before. To be sure it was not the same picture, but the same scene in larger form and more minute in detail and finish; but it was the same to her.

As she stood there it had another intent admirer, she thought, although the surging column of people at her back made general expressions of comment as they passed it. It was a gentleman, she could see without raising her eyes, and when she did look up she found that his gaze was not directed on the picture but at her.
"At last!" were the only words he

spoke, as he grasped both her hands in

Mrs. Ostrander had an escort on her homeward ride, and before he had left the hotel it had all been explained. How he had seen her at the little village of Grosvenordale, and from the time he had caught her glance when passing her on the way back to his boarding place, from a short sketching trip, he had a longing for her acquaintance, and had finished up the very sketch of that day, and learning her name and address from the Dixons before his departure the next day, he had taken the liberty of sending her the water-color, although with the conviction that it was just a rifle improper, but he couldn't help it. For a couple of days his suspense was agonizing, and when the picture came back accompanied by the freezing letter he was almost broken-hearted. From that time he had loved her!

Conveniently removed from Paris, in suburban district, is now a charming illa, where Jerome Hart, justly called the greatest water-color artist in the world, and his wife live the happiest of mortals. In the richly furnished drawing-room of the house hangs a picture of the old mill, but not the one from the royal academy. It is a smaller one, and Marie Hart thinks she likes it better.

Annual Assay of United States Coins. The Philadelphia Record tells how the annual assay of United States coins struck off at the various mints during the year was made in the mint in that city under direction of the special com-

mission appointed by the President: The coins tested were the representatives of all those issued during the year. From each delivery made by the coiners in the several mints to the treasury : certain number are taken indiscriminately from the mass, sealed up in envelopes in the presence of the assayer and treasurer and denosited in a box named a "pyke." This box has two locks to it, and each of the officers named above carries a key. It can only be opened in the presence of the officials named. At the end of the year these boxes are forwarded to Philadelphia from the other mints and opened in the presence of the assay commission by the director of the mint. Each of the coins in the boxes is carefully weighed, and any diminution from the standard weight carefully noted. There is always a tolerance allowed in the weight of the coins, which varies from onefourth to one grain on each piece (the smaller tolerance on gold and the larger on silver).

After the weight of the single pieces is ascertained the commission has a certain number of single pieces assayed separately of all denominations from the different mints to ascertain if the fineress thereof conforms to the standard of the law, which is one-thousandth on gold and one and one-half one-thousandth on silver. Any deviation in fineness from the legal standard established by law is noted. The coins are then melted in a mass and assayed, for the purpose of learning whether the fineness of the mass conforms to the standard. There have been but two cases in the history of the government where any deviation has been found, and in both cases it was mere accident.

Any willful attempt to debase the coinage or belittle the standard weight would be discovered by the commission and reported to the President. The punishment for such an offense would be imprisonment and disqualification from ever holding office in the United

After the standard fineness and weight have been tested the commission examines the different weight and balances. and the balances not only in the receipt of bullion but in their operations from one office to another. All the weighing is done by a pound Troy weight, which is in the possession of the mint in this This weight was produced by our United States minister in London in 1827. It is the standard of all the Troy weights in the country.

"Is there any mail for me?" said she to the handsome Ike. "Certainly," said he. "Where?" said she. "Here," said he, with open arms. "That's my funeral," sang the maid. Friends are invited to attend without forther invited to attend without further no-tice. So much for what the maid made by getting the male mail .- Yonkers Ga-

Thirty-four years of constantly-increasing use have established a reputation for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup second to no similar pre-It relieves instantly and cures all

TIMELY TOPICS.

H. M. Stanley brought home from Africa the skulls of two animals called "sokos," which had been eaten by an affable chief with whom he hobnobbed one day, and Prof. Huxley at once pronounced them to be human. But Central America has now come forward with the susmetu, and so far as subscriptions go at present this animal would appear to come as near ourselves as the soko, for the other natives of its forests whom we call men and women call the susmetu human.

The German minister at Washington has recently inquired, on behalt of his government, for exact information as to the process by which the signal service bureau so promptly collects at the war department the meteorological reports from all parts of the United States—an extent of territory greater than Europe—and so rapidly drafts and publishes them upon the printed daily weather map. This is a high compliment to "old probabilities" and his staff. It understood that Germany proposes to take a step forward in meteorological observations; and all the assistance at the hands of the war department has

When Washington was on his way to Red Bank just 100 years ago he slept one night at Chew's Landing, a village which is also in New Jersey. Next morning he was surprised to find that half the inhabitants had formed themselves into a delegation to ask of him : contribution toward a new Episcopal church. He not only gave the contri-bution but signed the church book, and so did Carroll of Carrollton. The book has been religiously preserved in the vestry, and every governor of New Jerey has for many years given something to keep the building in order. Now, however, it is to be torn down and a commonplace brick church erected.

been cheerfully given

Some remarkable statements were made by a prominent physician before the class of the college of physicians and surgeons at Buffalo the other day. He announced that one-fifth of all mankind die of consumption alone, and one-third of all from the ravages of tubercles upon the bodily organs, including the lungs. Comparing this mortality with that from yellow fever during the epidemic of 1878, he said that it "would require 450 years of such epidemics of yellow fever to equal the devastation wrought by consumption in a single generation in this country alone, and 50 years of such work to equal the mortality caused by tubercles in one generation in this country." These statements are appalling, but they are made by a man who has devoted the study of life-time to the subject.

Dr. Willard Parker, an eminent physician and surgeon of New York, regards our system of caring for the insane as radically wrong. The institutions are too large. Too much care and responsibility are placed upon one man. It is a physical impossibility for him to consult the peculiarities of each of several hundred patients whose cases differ entirely from one another. Each case should be distinctly studied. He has, besides, to superintend and manage the institution and the grounds, to be firmer, treasurer, etc. "As well expect the captain of one of our large steamers to act also as stoker and ecok. The buildings are too magnificent. They should be inexpensive, so that when the wards become saturated with disease they may be destroyed and others erected. Some occupation should be provided adapted to the patients' conditions. Dr. Parker maintains that insanity is not diminishing in this country, as under proper treatment it ought to be.

Minnie Karell's fight with a burglar n her room deserves to be immortalized. She is a slight g'rl only eighteen years of age, and tends her father's bakery in New York. She was awakened at an early hour in the morning by a man standing over her bed, and was told by the burglar that if she screamed he would kill her. Nothing daunted Minnie screamed and at once struck the burglar in the face with all her might. Quite a tussle now ensued, the burglar trying to escape from Minnie's grasp, and she trying to hold him until her father and the workmen from below could come to her assistance. But the robber broke away from her and made his exit from a window, not, however, until Minnie had recognized him as John Oates, a resident of the next block. When the police came they found Minnie's bureau ransacked and all her best clothes gone; but fortunately they met a man named Rogers in the street carrying a bundle of female wearing apparel and arrested him. The clothing proved to be Minnie's. They next went in search of Oates and found him at a wake next door to the bakery, coolly smoking his pipe and condoling with the bereaved family. Minnie gets her heroism from her mother, who is dead. She used to tell Minnie always to fight when she got in trouble; and the old lady acted upon this principle, for she herself used to take a club to all who came to the bakery and didn't conduct themselves with propriety.

A young man named E mer Severance, who was working at Smith & Carter's camp, at Princeton, Minn., bet one of his companions a quarter that he could place a dipper of cold water on the stove and hold his finger in the dipper until the water began to boil. The wager was accepted. Severance held his finger in the dipper quite a while, but was obliged to withdraw it before the water had reached a boiling point, hence he lost his bet. On examination it was found that the finger was completely cooked; it pained Severance so that he was obliged to quit work and come to cown for medical treatment. The probto be amputated.

Kisses.

Little child, when twilight shadows Close the western gates of gold, * Then those loving arms of mother's Tenderly about thee fold. Over lip, and cheek, and torehead, Like a shower caresses tall; For a mother's kiss at twilight

Is the sweetest kiss of all. Pretty maiden at the gateway, Shy, sweet face and downcast eyes, Two white, trembling hands imprisoned, How the golden moment flies! Lips that softly press thy forehead, All the rosy blushes call; For a lover's kiss at twilight Is the fondest kiss of all.

Happy wife, thy noble husband, More than half a lover yet-For those sunny hours of wooing Are too sweet to soon forget-On thy smiling lips uplifted, Full of love his kisses fall, For a husband's kiss at parting

Is the dearest kiss of all. Weary mother, little children With their dimpled hands so fair, Passing over cheek and forehead, Soothe away all pain and care.

Lead your doubting heart to heaven, Where no dreary shadows fall, For the kiss of sinless childhood Is the purest kiss of all. -Rose Harlwick Thorpe, in Free Press.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Flattery is like cologne water, sniffed at, not swallowed.—B Traveller.

The man who got hurt by stopping suddenly said it was the result of his bringing up.

The vice-president of the New York elevated railway states that the company employs 25,000 men, and there are nearly 2,000 applications for the first vacancy. The telephone is only about two years old, but some of the jokes about it sound

as though they were ragged when the

pyramids were young. — Burlington Ex-Governor Shepherd of Washington nas a silver mine at Chihuahua, Mexico, that yields \$3,000,000 a year with no apparatus except the old time arastras

and mule. Mark Twain has furnished parents with a valuable recipe for bringing up boys: "Take 'em by the hair of the hair," he says, "and you're pretty sure to raise 'em."

"Stony Batter," the little log house near Mercersburg, Pa., where President Buchanan was born, is still standing. "The Latin school" which he attended is also intact

France has just been able, ten years ent, to ngure up the her of the Franco-German war. It was \$3 000,000,000, aside from losses to com-

merce and industry. The San Francisco public library has put in electric lights in place of gas. The monthly bill is reduced from \$256 to \$90 and the lights burn till midnight, while the gas used to be shut off at 9:30

"There's something about your daughter," Mr. Waughop said, reflectively, "there's something about your daughter—" "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is. I had noticed it myself. It comes every evening about eight o'clock, and it doesn't get away usually till about two o'clock. some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there is in it.

One Hundred and Eighteen Years Old. A Washington correspondent writes:

Washington now claims, besides other things, to have the oldest man in America as one of its residents. The oldest man is a colored man, Shadrach Nugent by name, a Mary lander by birth, but for over sixty years a resident of Washington. He claims to have been born about 1762, and that he is now over 118 years old. Many of them in this section at least claim to have been at times servants of George Washington. Nugent makes no such claim, though he says he often saw George Washington, and that he has shaken hands with every President that this country has had from Washington down. Whether he is 118 years old or not is not known to anything like a certainty, but he has docu-ments from many of the oldest and best known citizens certifying that they had known him from forty to sixty years. The gentleman who says he has known Nugent for sixty years says he was at least forty years of age when he came to this city, and that he may have been much older. This gentleman's letter was written several years ago, which makes the proof tolerably clear that he is over 100 years. He drove a cart for the father of the Hon. W. W. Corcoran, our phil-anthropist and banker, when Mr. Corcoran, the father, was but a young man. This is important in view of the fact that W. W. Corcoran recently celebrated his eighty-second birthday. He has records of his birth and other papers referring to the same incidentally, which have been copied from the court records at Frederick, Md , showing undoubtedly that he is nearly that age. He "fit into" the revolutionary war as a body servant of Lieutenant Groff, who commanded an independent artillery company which was organized about Frederick. In 181: he saw the public buildings in this city burned by the British, though he, like many others, viewed the burning from a point in the adjoining woods, several miles distant. He is yet able to walk about the city, using a cane. Although he has lost the sight of his left eye, he can still read his Bible, which is his strongest hold. His health, as a rule, is good and always has been. His teeth are as sound as they ever were, while ability was that the finger would have his hair is now as straight as a white man's and snow white, but very thin.