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.

# Forest Republican.

VOL. XIII. NO. 3. TIONESTA, PA., APRIL 7, 1880.

\$1.50 Per Annum.

One Square (1 inch., one insertion - \$1.
One Square "one month - 3.
One Square "three months - 6.
One Square "one year - 16.
Two Squares, one year - 16.
Quarter Col. "30.
Half "30.

Rates of Advertising

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.

The Rattle of the Bones, How many bones in the buman face? Foorteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head? Eight, my child, as I've often said. How many bones in the human ear? Three in each, and they help to hear. How many bones in the human spine? Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest? Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest. How many bones the shoulders bind?

Two in each - one before, one behind, How many bones in the human arm? In each arm one; two in each forearm. How many bones in the human wrist? Eight in each, if some are missed.

How many hones in the palm of the hand ? Five in each, with many aband. How many bones in the fingers ten?

Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend. How many bones in the human hip? One in each like a dish they dip. How many bones in the human thigh?

One in each, and deep they lie. How many bones in the human knees ? One in each, the kneepan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee? Two in each we can plainly see. How many bones in the ankle strong?

Seven in each, but none are long. How many bones in the ball of the foot? Five in each, as the palms were put. How many bones in the toes half a score?

Twenty-eight, and there are no more. And now, altogether, these many bones fix, And they count in the body, two hundred and

And then we have, in the human mouth Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then bave a bone I should think That torms on a joint or to fill up a chink. A sesamold bone or a wormian we call,

And now we may rest for we've told them all - Indianopolis Sentinel.

# An Unexpected Meeting.

It was a small, one-story frame struc-ture, presenting some of the character-istics of a cabin and cottage, built only a little way in from the road, and spproached from it by a narrow wooden bridge, under which meandered, in which, in the fervid vigor of the sum-mer and the rigor of the winter, was dry and silent.

Away down in a meadow behind this little sentry-box was a large farmhouse, with a colony of smaller buildings springing up about it, and back of those was a wood, rising precipitously; to the brow of a protecting hill.

In summer-time this homestead of

Farmer Gilman was a smiling, shady place to look upon, as was, indeed, all the country in which nestled the hamlet of Fairbank, distant a couple of miles away; but now that the iron fetters of winter were on everything, it looked cold, cheerless and uninviting.

It had been snowing all day-snow was everywhere. It was on the rich pasture lands, on the closely-shaven meadows, on last year's tillage; it erowned fences, and maintained a pre-carious existence on the roofs of houses; it rendered sightless gaps in broken roads, and lent a treacherous expansion to highways; it, in short, blotted ou the ordinary landmarks, and was on great, white, staring eyesore on the face of the landscape.

Night had come on, and with it in-creased activity on the part of the storm. It was bitterly cold, too, and there was an edge on the air like a knife.

It was a night to enjoy a grateful meal and a comfortable fireside, and this was what May Sefton was preparing for her father's return in the little cottage by the roadside.

The ample stove was aglow with the crackling wood-fire; the bright lamplight illumined the neat, decorous little kitchen; the old easy-chair wore a look of expectation as it stood by the table that awaited the burden of the substantial supper, and the blue-eyed rose-bud herself was blithely singing snatches of a ditty, as if in defiance of the gloom and storm without.

Form dozen years and upward May Sefto had occupied this same abode with her father, and had been his sole

companion and housekeeper.

About that time George Sefton had made his first appearant in Fairbank, bringing with him little else than a fair, sweet child of four or five years old. and carrying about him an air of sup pressed suffering that silenced in-quiries, albeit that it somewhat excited curiosity. But this curiosity was satisfied and turned to sympathy when it was learwed that the stranger had recently buried his partner, and that the golden-haired child he so tenderly cher-

shed was motherless. George Sefton had not furnished Fairbank with this information in so many words. From the day of his arriva to the time whereof we write, he had never opened his lips on the subject of his antecedents.

Abraham Gilman, or old Abe, as he was more universally called, to distinguish him from a younger Abc, had once asked George, when they were furiously struggling horse, and then working in the fields together, if he was not a wide wer like himself, whereat pletely turned over on the occupants. Abe's new employee had bent his head, and then maintained a silence so impres-

sive that the fact was taken for granted. As for May, if questioned on the subject, she could only tell of a big town

and a large house, and a fine lady that used sometimes to kiss her, and who, one night, she was told by her father, had died and was buried away for ever-

more.
"Six o'clock," cries May, stopping her warbling to laugh up in the face of the old clock that chimed the hour.
"Six o'clock," she laughs, as she turns "Six o'clock," she laughs, as she turns the fragrant rashers in the oven, and casts a searching glance at the table to see that it contains all her own homemade dainties. "Father will be here presently. I wonder if Abe will—Hush, you naughty thing," she adds, under her breath, and pressing her hands to her rosy mouth, as she hears a crunching sound drawing nigh.

crunching sound drawing nigh.

The sound draws nearer till it stops outside, when there is a scraping and stamping of feet, and then the door opens, and a fragrant, warm smell, and a bright gleam of light, and a smile of delicious youth and innocence stream out in the face of the night and salute

the intruders. The first to enter is a man, tall, and slightly bent, with a thin, aged face, and a fair, long beard, plentifully leavened with gray hairs. He bends down, with an air not quite in keeping with his homely garb, and impresses a fervent kiss on the sweet, upturned face that greets him. He then steps aside with a courteous movement and diswith a courteous movement and dis-closes the figure of a robust youth, with a beardless face wreathed in smiles, half-diffident. half-assured, altogether

guileless. "Come in, Abe," says the little hostess, as he beams at her from the

Smiling, Abe insinuates himself past her, without a word, merely rubbing the top of his frost-smitten nose by way of salutation.

In or about this hour, Abe Gilman generally insinuated himself into the presence of May, and beguiled his evenings in the company of her and her father. George Sefton had some books which greatly interested him, especially when read to him by the owner or his daughter, and he occasionally borrowed one, though frequently puzzled by some of the words; for Abe was not much of a scholar, but he had a taste for literature, and for May's society, which was a sort of education in itself.

"You bayen" had

"You haven't had supper, Abe," said May, invitingly, to the visitor, with a peep at him that might have upset a

more confident youth.

"I'm just goin' back to it," said Abe, apologetically. "I only kem for a book yer father promised to loan me."

"Better stay for supper now, Abe," said George Sefton, in his quiet but. kindly way.

"Don't require to be coaxed too much before you consent," said May, with mock gravity, and a merry twinkle in her blue eye, that sent Abe into a con-vulsive titter, and brought him to the

"Who went to Fairbank to-day?" inquired May, when she had set the meal in full motion.

"Abe, my dear; he brought you your

paper," answered her father. "I was chopping wood all day; much warmer work—eh. Abe?"

"Yes, sir," returned Abe, with an emphasis on the second word that left no mistake as to his thorough agreement with his friend's opinion. "I never thought I'd get home. There wasn't a soul to be seen in the village, 'cept what was keepin' the stove warm in the store There was a lady that kem by the cars, an' she wanted to start straight away for Mansfield, an' she offered ten dollars to any one that'd take her, an', by golly, sir, she couldn't to save her life git one that'd face it."

"She was a trump," laughed May, "and she'd face it herseif?"
"Yes, by golly, she would that," said Abe; "but she had so many shawls,

an' turs, an' wraps with her, that think she could have slep' in the snow for a week without being frozen."

"It's a nasty road from here to Mansfield, such a night," said George Sefton;
"but that was a stiff price."

"She may get some one that'll take her yet," said May. "She may, and she mayn't," said Abe, grinning comfortably at the fire. "If Jack Price was around, I don't think he'd let so much money go. I think he'd skin himself an' that horse of his for the

whisky that ten dollars'd buy." "I fear he'd run the risk of it, Abe," aid George, smiling. "Poor Jack is a said George, smiling. rare fellow for his whisky."

"" Hush!" cried May, "this is a sleigh coming now; I'm sure I heard the bells Perhaps it's she. Look and see, Abe." 'He couldn't see his finger outside, my dear," said her father, taking down his

pipe off the mantle and filling it, whilst Abe rose to peep out.

The tinkling sound advanced rapidly, but it was dark as pitch, and sleet and snow were traveling furiously with the

Abe could see nothing from the door step, so he ran down to the wooden bridge that spanned the frozen stream. He could now discern the dark object coming furiously toward him, but h noticed, with anxiety, that it was in clining dangerously near the side of the road on which was the little ravine.

Onward came the snorting horse at the top of his speed, but closer and closer to the brink of the highway. Abe raised his hands and voice in

alarm to the driver, but his warning was not heard, or heard too late, for the next instant the herse and sleigh had tumbled into the bed of frozen water. The hoarse cry of a man in pain and a stiffed moan reached the ears of the horrified Abe, as he shouted out, "George! George!"

But George, who had heard the crash was on hand a moment after the accident with a lantern, and, taking the situation in at a glance, first released the

Jack Price-for he it was-was so full f whisky that, when he regained his liberty, he scarce felt the pain of his broken arm and bruised and bloody

other traveler in his arms, and a troubled lock had gathered on his brow.
"Take that druken fellow back to the village, Abe," he said, when Jack Price and his vehicle were once more in running order; "and make all the haste you can back with the doctor. I fear this is a serious case."

"Is it the lady, father?" said May, who had come forward and was holding the lantern, as George clambered up to the road with the unconscious bun-

dle in his arms. "I suppose so, May," he replied, fol-lowing her into the cottage. "Who ever it is, is, I dread, badly hurt."

May drew the lounge close to the fire, and on it the insensible woman was

Abe did not exaggerate when he stated that the lady was well protected from the weather. She was wrapped and mufiled up till her face was no longer visible, and May's first efforts were directed to relieve her from some of this now unnecessary covering.

George Sefton was bending anxiously over the two women, watching for a

glimpse or the stranger's face. When it was revealed to him, ghastly white, but still aggressively beautiful, his breathing for a moment ceased, and a scared expression lit up his mild, blue

May, too, was startled at the sight of the death-like face; but when she glanced up at her father, and beheld his ashen countenance and trembling form,

she was filled with terror.
"What is it, father?" she exclaimed.
"Do you think, 'hen, she's dead?"
His dazed look wandered from the

prostrate figure on the lounge, and rested on the innocent being kneeling at "No, I don't think she is," he replied, at length, in a voice scarcely above s

whisper.

The scared expression in his face had stolen into his voice, and it was hushed

and frightened. Tears welled up into May's eyes, and dropped on the cold hands she was chaing.

The lady, after a while, showed symptoms of returning consciousness. Be-

yond her pallor and insensionity, she presented no outward sign of injury.

"I don't think she's much hurt, father," said May, leaning tenderly over her patient, the tears still glistening like pearls on her eyelashes; but noting, with hope and pleasure, the increasing evidences of animation. He made no response to May's re-mark, but continued to stare straight down at the pallid, beautiful face of the

Suddenly a pair of eyes, larger and more liquid than May's, but of the same azure hue, are opened out upon him, and the conscious woman is scrutiniz-

ing his weird, haggard countenance.

For a brief moment a crimson flush banishes the pallor, and the hands that May holds are clutched convulsively. Then the red blood deserts the face again, and it becomes ten times more The beautiful, liquid eyes droop abashed before the man's gaze, and traverse searchingly the room, till they rest

on May kneeling by her.
"I'm not deceived, then," she feebly mutters. Is this-" Her voice broke the spell, or stupor that had seized George Sefton at the first glimpse of her, and, in a low and

decisive tone, he said: "You mustn't speak just now, madam, till the doctor arrives, and we know what's the trouble. Prepare your bed for this lady, May," he added, mo-tioning the young girl to her room,

May had scarcely disappeared, when he was at the woman's side, whispering excitedly in her ear:

You mustn't let her known nothing. It's better for her-it's better for you. I don't want to reproach you now. I don't know what strange fatality brought you to my cabin to-night; but whatever it was leave us—leave her in the peace and innocence that you have found her. Since the hour that you de-serted her I've led her to believe you dead. I've striven to hide you and your sin from your child with the charitable mantle of the grave, and for that sole purpose I've since hidden myself here. Don't seek to undeceive her. Let her still think of you with re-gret. Let her memory of you continue to be a fragrant one."

The erring woman listened with closed eyes and blanched cheeks to the man's passionate words. "May I kiss her?" was all she faltered.

"Yes, if-" May entered, and George Sefton moved away, and flung himself into a chair in

corner of the room. May resumed her watch by the lady's side, taking the cold, slender hands once more in hers. She noticed that the lovely eyes, which were turned with infinite tenderness or her, were dimmed with tears, and that the hands she

clasped pressed hers caressingly.

The monotonous tick, tick, of the old clock was all that broke the silence of the room.

The lady closed her eyes, and May was beginning to think that she was go ing to sleep, when a sweet voice whis-'Kiss me, darling."

The young girl crept closer, and wind-ing her arms round the woman's neck, wrapped the poor soul in her chaste em-

Was it the instinct of love or pity? When George Sefton awoke from his painful reverie an hour later to admit Abe Gilman and the doctor, he found the two women asleep, the elder resting on the bosom of the younger. The girl was easily aroused, but the other awoke no more.

The friends who came for the dead woman knew not the unhappy husband under his assumed name and altered appearance, and May never learned that her mother had passed out of the sphere of sin and shame in her arms.

Her father lived long enough to see her the happy wife of Abe Gilman, and then passed away, carrying his scoret George Sefton had already raised the with him.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

It is proposed to build in certain districts on the western frontier of Kansas churches made of sods. A few such already exist. The walls are of sods, already exist. The walls are of sods, the roofs are covered with sods, and the floors are of earth. A church can be built, in size about 26x36, for an outlay in money of only \$10, and this has already been done in at least one instance. A wall of sods, if properly built, and protected, will last 100 years. Roofs of shingles and floors of wood are greatly to be desired, but, of course, they add very much to the cost of a church. of a church.

Germany, with a population of 42,tendance of 6,000,000 pupils; Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of 34,000,000 has 58,000 schools and of 34,000,000 has 58,000 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; Austria-Hungary, with a papulation of 37,000,000, has 30,000 schools and 3,000,000 pupils; France, with a population of 37,000,000, has 71,000 schools and 4,700,000 pupils; Spain, with a population of 17,000,000, has 20,000 schools and 1,600,000 pupils; Italy, with a population of 28,000,000, has 47,000 schools and 1,900,000 pupils; and Russia, with a population of 74,000,000, has 32,000 schools and 1,100,000 pupils.

Glucose manufacture is making an ex-citement in the maize districts of the West, the factory at Buffalo and its re-West, the factory at Buffalo and its remarkable success being the prime stimulant. Half a dozen establishments have been planted within a month in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Cyrus McCormick and others have, it is said, put \$650,000 into one at Chicago. It is to have a capacity of 20,000 bushels a day, which is the equivalent of 300 tons of sugar. A bushel of corn, costing about forty cents, produces thirty pounds of grape sugar, or three galloas pounds of grape sugar, or three galloas of syrup. This sugar, which costs them net two cents per pound, they can sell at from three and one-half to four cents, while the three gallons of syrup can be sold at from thirty-live to forty cents a

One of the Irish parish priests to whom Mr. Redpath, the New York Tribune correspondent, sent a letter of inquiry concerning the distress caused by famine, says: "It would be impossible for me to individualize, where hunsible for me to individualize, where hundreds and hundreds in my parish are in this state. May God, in His mercy, open wide to us the American heart. In it, under God, is our hope. A better day, I trust, is coming; and when it comes and when the merry word and joyous laugh are again heard, believe me, though we forget everything slee connected with the dread times of the year 1880, we shall never, never to rest year 1880, we shall never, never lorget America, who, by being the true 'friend in need.' proved herself to be the 'friend indeed.' Another priest writes: "My house is actually besieged from early dawn till tate at night by hundreds of ragged, hungry-looking persons, most piteously craving and clamoring for re-liet. No amount of private charity. I fear, will be sufficient to meet the present appalling distress.

Professor Swing, the well-known Chicago minister, thinks it must be ac-cepted as a fact that there is great suffering in Ireland to-day, and that the money forwarded from this land, and from all lands, and from England herself, is the tribute due from the fortunate to the unfortunate in an era which declares all men to be brethren. If the grasshoppers in Nebraska made outside help necessary, it the yellow fever in the South demanded an uprising in Northern charity, so the famine in Ireland proclaims that another time has come for help to pass over from the strong to the weak. The utter failure of crops for several seasons has made it impossible for parents to buy new clothing for the children, and hence the awful scene of several little ones wrapped in one ragged blanket, at once without food and without covering. Befor these repeated failures of crops there were thousands in this afflicted country who were just on the edge of star-vation. In good times these had not enough food or clothing, and now that the crops have failed for three consecutive seasons, it ought not to require much more than a rumor to convince one that there must be great distress in many parts of the Irish country.

# He Remembered Exactly.

A lying witness will often tell a very glib story, but he generally fails to guard all his weak points. At a recent trial in court the following took place in attempting to prove an alibi: Attorney S. - You say that Ellis

lowed for you all day on the 20th of ovember? Witness referring to his note-book

- What did he do on the 30th? S.- What did he do on to W.-We chopped wood. S .- On the 31st? W .- That was Sunday, and we went onirrel hunting.

-What did he do on the 32d? -He thrashed wheat on that day -What did he do on the 33d? W .- It was raining, and he shaved

out some handles.

S.—What did he do on the 34th?

W.—He chopped wood.

S.—What did he do on the—? But before the question could be fin shed, the witnesses's wife seized him by the collar and whisked him outside of the witness-box, yelling in his affright-

"You old fool don't you know there are only thirty days in the month of November ?"

When old Mr. Higginsworth was asked if he took a newspaper, he replied that "since our member of Congress has" stopped sending me the Congressio na Dispatch.

# " Mother, Have We Any Menl This

Day I'l Mr. Redpath, the New York Tribune correspondent sent to Ireland to inquire into the condition of the famine-stricken people, has received many letters from parish priests detailing a deplorable state of affairs. The following letter from Rev. John J. O'Keane, dated Dramore West, is a tale of suffering that ought to move a heart of stone:

The area of this parish is over 10,000 acres, the greater part of which is bog and mountain, and the remaining portion, with the exception of a couple of hundred acres of grazing land, consists of poor marshy low ands. The average size of the holdings is between six and eight acres, and the population, including all denominations, is about 600 families, nearly 4,000 individuals. Over 400 families are dependent on the relief committees, and 100 families in the parish are almost entirely in want of clothing, and the children in a state of semi-nudity.

On Sunday morning last, as I was about going to church, a poor young woman, prematurely aged by poverty, addressed me. Being in a hurry I said:

"I have not into to another to you Mrs."

"I have no time to speak to you, Mrs. Calpin; are you not on the relief list?"
"No, father," she answered, "and we are starving." Her appearance caused me to stop. She had no shoes, and her wretched clothing made her a picture of misery. I asked her why her hus-band had not come to speak to me. Her reply was: "He has not had a coat for the last two years, and this being Sunday did not wish to trouble Thomas Feeney for the loan of one, as he some-times leuds one to him." "Have you any other clothes beside what I see on you?" "Father, I am ashamed," was you?" "Father, I am ashamed," was the reply; "I have not even astitch of underclothing." "How many children have you?" "Four, father." "What are their ages?" "The eldest, a boy, eight years; a girl, seven; another tour, and a little one on the breast." "Have they any clothes?" "No, sir; you might remember when you were passing last September you called into the house, and I had to put the children aside for their nakedness." "Have you any bedclothes?" "A couple of guano bags." "How could you live for the last week?" "Fill tell you, sir. I went to my brother, Martin McGee, of Farrelinfarrel, and he gave me a couple of porringers of Indian meal each day. porringers of Indian meal each day, from which I made Indian gruel, of which I gave the husband the biggest portion, as he was working in the fields." "Had you anything for the children?" "Oh, father," she exclaimed, "the first question they put me in the morning is, 'Mother, have we any meal this day?" If I say I have, they are happy; if not, they are sad and commence to care." At these words she commence to cry." At these words she showed great emotion, and I could not remain unmoved. This is one of the many cases I might adduce in proof of

#### The Chinese Theater. In the north of China every town and every large village boasts of its perma-

the misery of my people.

nent theater, while the inhabitants of other villages, too small to be so fortunate, find little difficulty in extemporiz ing theaters of mat and bamboo on any chance arrival of an itinerant troop of actors. As long as the visit of these wandering players last, the people of the district give themselves up to the enjoyment of the holiday. Early each morning the roads from all the country round may be seen crowded with peo ple, the poorer ones on toot, and, if in the north of China, the wealthier classes on mules or in earts, all tending to the one point of attraction; the women gay in blue, red or green silks, and the men in their best and brightest attire. If we follow this pleasure-seeking crowd, we enter a theater built in the form of a parallelogram, at one end of which is a platform, generally, though not always, as wide as the building. The platform is divided breadthwise by a wooden partition with two entrances, the front part forming the stage, and the rear portion serving the purposes of green room, property room and abode of the troupe. The body of the theater, answering to our pit and stalls, is without seats or partitions; while above and enetreling the whole are the boxes in which the women and principal subscribers have their places. If the district should be a very poor one the probability is that we find ourselves opposite a covered stage or an open piece of ground, in front of which the carts of the visitors, full of their occupants, are arranged in a semi-circle, thus forming the walls of a truly Thespian theater. Within this a truly Thespian theater. enclosure stands a densely packed, goodnatured, eager crowd, whose power of standing is only equaled by their power of unflagging enjoyment. No money is taken at the doors. The troupe is generally hired either by a private individual or by a public subscription for a certain number of days, and free admission is granted to every one. The performances last from the early morning until late in the evening, with short in-tervals between each four or five pieces. The acting, generally speaking, is good tor the Chinese are naturally quick of observation, and are thus able, in every day life, to catch easily the tone of those with whom they associate, and on the stage to assume the characters they wish to represent. The possession of these faculties is the more important, as the actors get very little guidance from the play book, which almost entirely connde their directions to "enter," "exit" and "aside," or as the Chinese literally translated means, "ascend," "descend," and "turn the back and say."-Contentporary Review.

A certain painter was bragging of his wonderful command of color to a friend one day. His friend did not seem to take it quite all in. "Why," exclaimed are they?" at last asked the friend.
"Why, sir, I am one, and—and—and—and—and I forget the name of the other two!"

and I forget the name of the other two!"

## A Weird Fancy.

If the dead, lying under the grasses, Unseen linger near the bareft, Having knowledge and sense of what passes In the hearts and homes they have left, What tear-drops, than son-waters salter, Must tall when they see all the strite When they see how we full, how we falter, How we miss in the duties of life.

If the great, who go out with their inces Bedewed by a weeping world's tears, Stand near and see how their places Are filled, while the multitude cheers; If the parent, whose back is bent double

With delving for riches and gold, Lends an ear to the wrangle and trouble About him, before he is cold:

If the wife, who left weeping and sorrow Behind her, bends down from above, And beholds the tears dried on the morrow And the eyes newly burning with love; If the gracious and royal-souled mother, From the slience and hush of the tomb, Can hear the harsh voice of another,

Slow-blighting the fruit of her womb; If the old hear their dearly-forgotten Rejoicing that burdens are gone; If the young know how soon they're for-

While the mirth and the revel go on-What sighing of sorrow and anguish Must sound through the chambers of space What desolate spirits must languish

In that mystic and undescribed place Then life were a tarce with its burden, And death but a terrible jest ! But they cannot. The grave gives its guerdon Of silence and beautiful rest.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

M. de Lesseps never indulges in alco-holic beverages.

The number of families living in New York city is 213,467.

A hoarse shoo never brings good luck to a foraging hen.—Wheeling Leader. Peter Cooper has a fine collection of Greek and Roman coins which he has been gathering during the last fifty-nine

A slab of wood marks the grave of Stonewall Jackson's mother, who was buried on an eminence 700 feet above the river at Hawk's Nest, Virginia.

The proverb, "Every bullet has its bullet," is said to have originated in a superstition common among soldiers fifty years back that their name was written on the bullet that stretched them dead.

He told her that be loved her In tones so soit and meliow; But she said she couldn't marry him, For she'd asked another fellow. Steubenville Herald.

"Two sisters of Glasgow got mad at a plumber and threw him out of the fifth story window." But he got even with the sisters. He charged them double time from the minute he left the window until he struck the sidewalk.— Norristown Herald.

In digging the Suez canal Egyptian workmen were forced to make hods of their backs, placing their hands behind them and clasping the left wrist with the right hand. Boys under twelve years of age were made to do this It is hardly necessary to add that thousands perished under such inhuman treatment.

A physician at Areata, Cal., had for a patient a girl for whom he entertained a high regard, as she was the daughter of an intimate friend. He could not cure her, however, and she died without the exact nature of her disease being discovered. Immediately on hearing of her death he accused himself of a lack of medical skill, and committed . suicide.

There hangs in the office of the Walla-Walla (W.T.) Statesman the sign under which the Nez Perces fought and surrendered to General Howard in the war of 1877. It is nothing more than the skin of a red fox, with the exception that at the base of the neck there is a scalp lock. When fighting at Bear Paw mountain, this was hung up on a high pole, as a sign that they would use all the cunning and strategy of that animal while fighting.

Two gushing Boston girls were walking one day in the suburbs of the Hub, when they stumbled on a little old-tashioned mile-stone, forgotten in the march of improvement. One of them stopped, of improvement. One of them stooped, and parting the grass discovered the half-effaced inscription, "I. m. from Boston," upon which she exclaimed, ecstatically: "Here is a grave, perhaps, of some young girl who wished it written on her tombstone, how Boston.' How touching! so simple and so sufficient!" cient!"

An erring husband, who had ex-hausted all explanations for late hours' and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house, about two o'clock, very softly, denuded himself by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for ten minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole maneuver, said, "Come to bed, you fool! the baby ain't there."—Toronto Graphic.

There are at present in Europe 719 princes and princesses, each having a claim more or less remote to a crown. The one with the greatest number of titles is the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph. In addition to his title as emperor, he is nine times king, once archduke, twice grand duke, eighteen times duke, four times margrave, five times the painter, "do you know that there are but three painters in the world, sir, who understand color?" "And who visite make the fortune of photographers. The King of Portugal has eighteen first names, his eldest son has twenty