

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.

The Forest Republican.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Rate description (e.g., One Square 1 inch, one insertion) and Price (\$1, 30c, 10c, etc.).

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.

A Lesson. A little elbow leans upon your knee— Your tired knee that has so much to bear— A child's dead eyes are looking lovingly— From underneath a tangle of tangled hair— Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch— Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight— You do not prize the blessings overmuch— You are almost too tired to pray to-night— But it is blessedness! A day ago I did not see it as I do to-day— We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow To catch the sunshine till it slips away, And now it seems surpassing strange to me That while I wore the badge of motherhood I did not kiss more oft and tenderly The little child that brought me only good— And in some night, when you sit down to rest, You miss the little elbow on your tired knee— This restless curly head from off your breast, This lapping tongue that clatters constantly; If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped, And ne'er would nestle in your palm again, If the white feet into the grave had tripped— I could not blame you for your heartache then, I wonder that some mothers ever fret Their little children cling to their gown; Or that the footprints when the days are wet, Are ever black enough to make them frown; If I could find a little nobby boot, Or cap or jacket, on my chamber floor— If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot— And hear it patter in my house once more, If I could tread a broken oar to-day, To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky, There is no woman in God's world could say She was more blissfully content than I! But ah! the delirious pillow next my own Is never so distended by a shining head! My singing birdling from its nest has flown The little boy I used to kiss is—dead.

ANGELICA'S MAYING.

"No May-flowers in May! What is it called May-for then? Why, Kent is full of them!" cried Angelica; and she tilted her hat with a flourish—a pretty flourish that only made her the more charming. For little Angelica, who had happened to spend several summers at school in England, could not be brought to understand, after returning to her native wilds, that the climates of all English-speaking people were not as much on, and the same as the tongues they used. And having settled the point to her satisfaction, as usual, by declaring it to be, delighted with such form of speech because it would never have been allowed her at school, she started out to make it so, apparently, by letting the climate cease what was expected of it. "I hope you have overshoes on, Angel," said her grandmother, rather timid about encroaching on Angelica's newly-fledged liberty. "Nonsense! Overshoes! This time of year! Well, to oblige you, little granny," and she called for her tiny sandals. But a moment after Angelica ran back. "I believe I had best take overshoes," she said, and she tore off her sandals for Nora to put away. "Let us see—where's my blue scarf?" "Take your tipper, Angel." "Furs in May, grandma!" and she was gone again, only to run back, nevertheless, and exchange her mantle for a thick sack. "And they're bunched in Kent to-day," she said. "Angelica," called her grandmother, "if you really are going into the woods, do put on another flannel petticoat." "Humor the weather in that way" with a laugh like a bell. And this time she was decidedly off, by the slam of the door, enjoying tremendously those first experiences of her American liberty. "How absurd!" said Angelica to herself presently, as she was passed by a band of ragged children decked out in paper roses and garlands. As if they could not have some real flowers by this time, the little things! With the woods full of them, too! "If there's anything disgusting, it's the unreal, the artificial," she thought, and she still pursued this line of meditation after getting beyond the garden border of the town. "All the girls are now wearing false white-weed in the bosom, when the fields are white with them probably. How surprised they will be at home when I come in with my hands full—things are always there for the eyes that know how to look for them. Mr. Wilston had to confess that he had picked liverwort himself in the third week of March. I wish he wasn't so positive about the bad walking and the cold ground and the swamps. He acts as if he had a right over me already, and I've never said whether I meant to give him the right or not. And if he isn't careful, I'll say 'not,' and he needn't be looking at me with his lordly glances. I don't care whether a man's as handsome as Antinous or not, but I don't want a tyrant for a lover. And of course," she continued, coherently, "everybody knows there are violets, and columbines, and ground-laurel—!" Here Angelica paused to rescue an overshoe from the mud, and, finding it difficult, to leave the other one beside it. "I don't care," she said, "Good! Thick boots do for England; they'll have to answer here," and she went gayly onward into the edge of the wood by the river.

rate, I shall just tell Mr. Wilston that I filled my basket in half an hour, for all his theories, and we have as many flowers in New England as they do in Old England—so!" And the sanguine little creature hurried on to do it. She found one pale little hepatica, and a bud beside it, and after an hour's diligence she found nothing else, not one sweet bit of epigaea, and she was getting lightly irate with the American flora, when she paused to see a bird wing through the spaces, and to tell him how silly he was to think it was summer yet, after all. "Mr. Wilston will be so pleased!" she said, indignantly, as if nature ought to take her part. It was a picturesque bit of woods just there; the long lofty stems of the undraped trees crowding up into the light, and the aisles on one hand extending into shadow, and on the other huge moss-grown boulders and thorny thickets lining the bank, where, some eighty feet below, the river went braiding along over rapids and falls in a way to please a poet or a fisherman. And it was a picturesque little body in the wood that Angelica looked, the wind tossing her hat half off, her glowing cheeks, her sparkling brown eyes, and her great shock of light brown curls blowing all ways at once as she leaned over the edge of the bank to gaze into the seething torrent below, and wondered, meanwhile, whether pond-lilies grew in that sort of water. Just then the wind slapped her skirt round a young walnut sapling. Vexed with the rudeness, she stepped it back again; she lost her balance as she did it, and over she went with a cry. Poor little Angelica! How many thoughts there are in a second! Her first thought was, "It's the end of me; I'm being torn to pieces on those rocks!" Her second one was, "Oh, what will grandma do without me now?" The third one ran, "And I've been so bad about Mr. Wilston, and he'll be so sorry for little Angelica, and I pushed Tommy yesterday; and once I told grandma a lie—!" And then there was a wild whirl of horror, of sharp rocks and drowning whirlpools, and great gulfs of death and oblivion. When the little body came to herself she was lying comfortably suspended in mid-air, in a cradle made of wild plum bushes and the old horse-brier and grapevines that had interlaced themselves together there, growing from the crevices. Above her was more than twenty feet of almost sheer rock, and below her the boiling river, rushing and roaring on. With a start of terror, as memory swept back upon her, she seized a stout stem of the vine, and clutched it with all her might; but a gust of wind coming at the moment, and rocking the cradle well, assured her that her clinging amounted to little, and she presently found the thousand and one briars of the wild smilax holding her more securely than it was possible her tiny fingers should. Before long she was able to gather her senses from their trance of horror, in which all reason had been dissipated, and she loosened her dress, and sat up in her nest to look about her. "It's of no use," she said at last. "The only way to get down is to free a grape-vine, and climb down on it; and it wouldn't be long enough, and it wouldn't be strong enough, and if I got down at all, it would only be into a boiling pit of deep water, and in freeing it I might be like the man who sawed off the end of the branch he sat on, and I could free it, and I might as well die of starvation and be picked by the birds, as die of drowning and be picked by the fishes. But, oh, dear! dear! dear! what are they doing at home now? Why can't some of them come after me? Why doesn't Mr. Wilston know how horribly I hang here between heaven and earth? Why doesn't somebody follow me? Oh, what have I done, what have I done, to be punished this way? Oh, you don't suppose I am really going to be left to die here! Oh, how cruel!" And then there was a great burst of sobbing, and she wrung her hands, and cried again. But the crying over, for the time being, Angelica began to look about her. The blow had been struck too powerfully to do much less than stun, and she yet hardly realized her situation in full. "Somebody may give this way," she said, "and somebody may come this way," and she hallooed till she was out of breath. "It wouldn't be a bad place for pleasure," she thought, "if one could get down or up when one wished, and if one had plenty of books and a lunch basket, Oh, how hungry I am!" Certainly it was not at all a bad place of its sort—swinging cradled there securely in mid-air, with the birds darting all about one; with the great sky full of sunshine overhead; with that fish-hawk sailing in slow circles ere he glunged. "This is the way some of the Puget Sound Indians bury their dead," she thought, "high up in air among the branches. Only they have tin pans hung with them. And that does so put me in mind of our Nora's cream—the very last pan she let me skim. And now I'm hungrier than ever. I wonder what time it is—long past lunch, of course. I'm hollow now; I shall be famished by dinner-time; to-morrow morning I shall be giddy. I wonder how long it takes people to die of starvation, and if it's very fearful? I mustn't think about broths, and haricots, and stews, and chicken pies, and—!" And Angelica paused, holding this unprofitable meditation for one about to die. "I ought to be reading my Testament," she said, "and yet the only thing I should enjoy reading just now would be a cookery book. Oh, I didn't know I was such a glutton! I suppose in my heart of hearts I am sure that Mr. Wilston will come after me." It was in the pause of thought following that she heard voices—a myriad, it seemed to her. She had shrouded from time to time ever since she felt; now she raised her voice again, and she couldn't make out whether it was the children answering her or a flight of echoes from the opposite rock. No, it was the children, she at length was sure. Yes, yes, indeed, there were the little faces peering over the brink, through the stems of the saplings—faces of those

very children at whose paper garlands she had laughed; and she called out lustily again—called, and called, with furious and half-frenzied cries, till her voice refused to come for more. Plainly she could see them, looking up, the children could not see her for the interlacing and protruding vines and branches. But they could hear her all too well—a voiceless voice; it roused all their little imaginations, and they scampered away as fast as their feet could carry them, in amazement and fright, to tell of the mysterious sounds that had heard. "Now I must die," said poor little Angel; and she fell back in her nest, worn out with her frantic exertions. "I suppose there is some purpose in it. If sparrows don't fall to the ground unheeded," she said, "God knows I am here." And it would have been very much to her surprise, if it had been possible for her to know it, that here she fell asleep. The sun was still shining brightly when she awoke; but she was unable to tell whether she had slept herself for a few minutes, or had slept over night and it was now next day. She felt so faint, however, that she was quite sure it was next day. "And he hasn't come for me yet," she sighed. "There is a great deal of vitality in young people," she said, "and I am only seventeen." And then in spite of her effort at resignation, tears welled over her eyes, to think of the light of her sweet-seventeen years so early extinguished. She put her hand into her pocket for her handkerchief, to wipe the tears away, before she remembered that she had hung it out as a signal of distress; and she drew forth, instead, a letter, one that Mr. Wilston had slipped into her hand the evening before, and that she had crumpled up, hardly glancing at it, and had then taken with her in the morning, thinking she would read it in the wood. What did he write her such letters for? Why did he want to love her? Why did he urge it again and again? She was only a child; she had just begun to taste the sweetness of life. Why couldn't he let her alone for a little while, till she had looked on her surroundings and seen what the world was; had had a little freedom and pleasure—at any rate, till she needed him? Till she needed him! The next thought came Ah, Heaven! did she not need him now? And a storm of tears answered for her. "Oh, if he did love me, if he really did love me, he would know what I am suffering; he would come and help me and save me. It would break his heart to see me!" she sobbed. "It would break mine to see him so." And then all at once she paused in her crying and exclaiming, and opened her brimming brown eyes wide to the sunshine. What! Would it really break her heart to see Mr. Wilston suffering so? Would she care? Did she—could she—Oh, if she never saw him again at all! Was it possible that, after all, she really, really—Was it possible that she—she loved Mr. Wilston? And if he never knew!—if he never knew! How good he had been to her! how patient with her! what a noble fellow he was! how tenderly, how passionately, his eyes had followed her! If he was ugly—well, she had never thought so. Now that she should not see his face again, it seemed beautiful to her. This was the first face she should look for when they both woke at last in the life beyond this. And what a forward and perverse child she had been! What had he ever seen in her to love? But he did—he did love her. And she hugged her little hands over her heart, suddenly conscious that the fact was precious. Well, if she must die, she must. But here was a mercy in the very act of death. It had been given her to love. It seemed as if the Angel of Death had touched her heart with the living fire. This great joy, this great rapture had buoyed her up over the abyss. There was a first moment for everything, and the first moment of her awakening, love, or her recognition of her love, had been like a winged spirit soaring over death, the seraph springing from the grave. "My love is my soul," she cried, "and my dying sets it free." And now if he never knew! But he should know. Some day they would find her, and the letter in her hand. And she refolded that letter, took her pencil-case, and addressed it to Mr. Wilston, and wrote with her trembling fingers underneath: "I never knew I loved you. You must forgive me. But I do—indeed I do. I am going to die presently. If I had lived, I would have tried to be a good wife to you." And she signed herself his angel, and lay back in her nest, little content. She lay there a little while, looking up at the blue of the sky rising from the red and purple of the rocks, with the white flashes of wings across it, her mind so made up to the inevitable that she had hardly any fear; and she began softly singing a hymn to herself. "If man's love is so precious," she was thinking, "what must God's love be?" In the midst of this tranquil moment, however, she was roused by a singular vibration running through the stout vine ropes of her cradle, and quite another line of thought as instantaneous suggested itself. She had been fully prepared for this fainting, painless passing away, high up in air, almost in the blue sky itself; but falling on the jagged rocks and boiling water—all that was horrible, and she felt her heart shaking. Ah, yes, certainly the vine ropes were shaking, too. Were they loosening?—were they falling? Oh, what was this? And some great flapping object was flying over her with a scream—an eagle startled from its perch—and a rope was following it, a great noose, and then a hand and arm had suddenly closed round her from behind, and a voice was curiously telling her to "obey, and spring backward." And Mr. Wilston was drawing her out of the nest of the cradling vines, and she was standing, trembling in his grasp, on the shelf of rock where he leaned, with a rope round his waist

made fast to a tree above—a shelf of rock, she thought, with a swift pulse of chagrin, that had been there all the time, in a crevice round the corner of the cliff, and leading a narrow way up to the sod and the saplings above, if she had only had the sense to turn her head and look for it. Mr. Wilston did not speak a word. He was white as ashes, and she thought she could hear his heart beat. Still holding her and his rope, he crept slowly up the narrow shelf; then he set her down before him, untied his rope, and slowly coiled it away, looking at her all the time, with her downcast eyes and reddening face half hidden under all the bright brown blowing hair. "Now, if you please," he said, gravely, at last, "I will take that letter which I saw you had addressed to me." "A letter addressed to you!" she said, looking up then, a spark of the old spirit half eclipsing that new light which had dawned in her face. "Angel, how much longer—" "Longer! I wish you would tell me," she said, "how long I have been here already, and whether it is to-day or to-morrow, and what—" "How much longer?" he cried again. "do you want to torment me? I could claim you as my property by all the laws of salvage," he said, stepping toward her. "But it isn't necessary, for I read the letter as you held it in your hand before I threw the rope over you. You signed yourself my angel. You said you would be a good wife to me." "Well—I will," said little Angelica. And her face grew so rosy red that she had to hide it, whether she would or no, in the first shelter at hand—and if it was her lover's arms, how was that to be helped? "It wasn't such a bad Maying, on the whole," she said, presently, as they went their way home together. "After all, the American flora isn't much behind the way-side hedges in Kent. I didn't get much of anything but a fright and a cold, to be sure, and some love-ideness, but you got an armful of Angelica." "The sweetest flower for me," he said, "that blows under heaven."—Harper's Bazar.

What to Do in Case of Fire.

The loose garments worn by women and children expose them to special danger from fire. If the fire starts from the bottom of the dress, the natural upward tendency of the flame soon envelops the whole person, unless by self-control and presence of mind the necessary care be taken by the sufferer, or some one near, without a moment's hesitation. To obey the first impulse and open the doors and rush into a sure destruction. The only safety is to fall down instantly on the floor, and roll over on to the fire, snatching a woolen shawl or rug, if near, to wrap round the body. One is comparatively safe by rolling over and over, for the flames will not rise to the face, and the lungs and breathing will be less likely to be injured. Those who may be in the room, or may come in, have their work plainly before them. Keep doors and windows closed; snatch the first woolen thing to be found—a table cover—without thinking of the work of art on it. Pull it off! Who cares where the bric-a-brac roils to? It is a human life in danger. Or snatch a woolen shawl from a chair, a curtain or rug; anything that one human arm is morevaluable. Wrap the sufferer instantly into something that is woolen—the coat from your back, if nothing else offers—and thus closely wrapped roll her on the floor in the folds. Scores of lives have been saved in this way, or lost for want of such immediate action. In case the house is on fire there should be one "captain," if possible, who can lead the less self-possessed out of the burning building. Every door, window or aperture through which air can find entrance should be closely shut except during egress. There are always eight or ten inches of pure air close to the floor, and if one cannot walk erect through the smoke he should, as soon as enveloped in some woolen article, drop on the floor on the hands and knees and crawl out. A silk handkerchief or piece of flannel or woolen stocking, wet and put over the face, will enable one to breathe in dense smoke.

The "Liberty Cap."

The "liberty cap" takes its origin from the ancient Phrygian cap, which may be seen in all the representations of the Trojans in Flaxman's illustrations to Homer. In ancient Greece and Rome, slaves were not allowed to have the head covered, and part of the ceremony of freeing a slave was placing this cap on his head, which thus became the symbol of liberty and was so regarded during the Roman republic. A cap on a pole was used by Saturnus as a token of liberty to all slaves who might join him, and Marius raised the same symbol to induce the slaves to take arms with him against Scylla. After the death of Caesar the conspirators marched out in a body with a cap borne before them on a spear, and it is said that a medal struck on the occasion and bearing this device is still in existence. In Dr. Zinkeisen's "History of the Jacobin Club" we are told that the "liberty cap" or "bonnet rouge" was introduced by the Girondists and that it owed its favorable reception principally to an article by Brissot, which appeared in the *Patriote Francais* and in which he declared that the "mournful uniform of hats" had been introduced by "priests and despots" and proved from history that "all great nations—the Greeks, the Romans and Gauls—had held the cap in peculiar honor." It is also said that the "bonnet rouge" was habitually worn by the galley slaves and was adopted as the symbol of freedom after the release of the Swiss regiments of Chateau Vieux, and it is very likely that this circumstance gave the first impulse to the fashion, but it soon became identified with the "liberty cap" of antiquity.—New York World.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Two American inventors, working upon different plans, are endeavoring to perfect instruments by which it will be possible to view persons at a distance as we now speak with them by telephone. Both claim that this is possible, and they have only now to discover means whereby their wonderful inventions may be made durable and practically useful. The Pennsylvania railroad employ about 15,000 men, the New York Central about the same number, the Chicago and Northwestern, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, Chicago and Alton, Grand Trunk, Baltimore and Ohio, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, 10,000 to 13,000 each. Some idea may be formed of the number of railway employees in the United States and Canada when it is stated that there are about 1,800 roads in operation. The German emigration is starting to be authorities of the empire. It is just published that nearly 34,000 emigrants left the four ports of Bremen, Hamburg, Stettin and Antwerp for America during the past year. But a small portion has gone elsewhere. This report does not include the Germans who left British and French ports, who may be roughly stated at 10,000 persons. The new German army bill, it is feared, will bring the emigration up to the proportions of that year succeeding the Franco-German war, when it averaged 115,000 per annum. A boy named Morris Van Heister was shot in Chicago, on the evening of February 18, the pistol-ball entering on the left side of his head, near the base of the brain. He lay unconscious for one week; then was afflicted with partial paralysis, which continued for some time. A present his general health is excellent, although the hearing of the left ear is much impaired, and two of the fingers of his right hand are paralyzed. A curious symptom is his inability to pronounce any word, long or short, which requires much muscular exertion. He was asked where he lived, and promptly replied on Twelfth street, but was unable to say near what street. Asked if it was Centre avenue, he said yes, but was unable to pronounce the name Centre. Several names were given him to pronounce, without success, although he stated that he knew what answer was expected. The subject of color-blindness has recently attracted much attention, both in this country and in Europe, among scientific men and public officials. The defect is a much more common one than is generally suspected. There are various grades of the malady. Some have almost no perception of color, every color seeming to them gray; some confuse primary colors, mistaking red for green, etc.; others do not easily distinguish between shades of the same color—for example, not distinguishing between scarlet and crimson. Careful examination of large numbers of school children, both in this country and in Europe, reveals that color-blindness is a serious and growing defect of the human eye. That this is a very grave evil and a great source of danger cannot be doubted when we consider that signal lights are elements of danger rather than safety to the pilot or engineer if he has not an accurate perception of color. Public attention has been called to this matter to such an extent that it is very properly beginning to be regarded as a necessary test to rigidly examine seamen and railway employees before placing them in positions where life or property may be endangered by this defect. A very simple way of testing the eye is to put into the hands of a person word-steds of various colors, and ask him to separate the pieces into red, blue, green, etc., and then to shade them from light to dark. One who is color-blind will usually very soon make a mistake. Scientific men have given many plausible theories as to the causes of color-blindness, but the defect is regarded as incurable. A "Norther" at Vera Cruz. A correspondent writes from Vera Cruz, Mexico, as follows: The harbor may be as smooth as glass, as it very often is; the guards sleep against the gateposts; everything bumping up under the sun. In considerably less than ten minutes everything is changed. A whiff of cool air strikes the soldiers and wakes them up, and they see the storm coming—a little black cloud, growing larger every minute. Almost before they have time to slam the custom-house gates the wind is blowing furiously, and the air is full of sand, most of which goes into people's eyes. The harbor is full of big waves, and the ships are tossing around as if there were in mid-ocean. Every steamer gets up a full head of steam so that she can put to sea in case of her cables breaking, as they sometimes do. Small fishing vessels within sight of land do not dare to try and get in, but put out into the gulf. The water becomes almost as white as milk, from the stirring of the coral sand on the bottom, and in a few minutes the waves are breaking over the top of the custom house, fifty feet high, washing the roof. Sometimes they come with such force that when they strike the solid wall of the custom house they shoot up into the air 100 feet or more; and the Vera Cruzans, instead of getting in the strongest draught they can find and enjoying a good breeze from our northern country, like sensible people, wring their hands in dismay, and say: "What wretched weather" (or Spanish words to that effect). The northers often last three or four days, and cool off the whole country, even up on the table lands and all the way over to the Pacific coast, where the natives seem to consider themselves in great danger of freezing to death. "Like father, like son," as the young lady remarked when she decided to accept the young man for sake of the old man's money.

Questioning.

Oh, lip, beneath the grasses gray, Beneath the dead leaves and the mold, If you could speak to me to-day, What strange, sweet secrets would be told! Dear lips, that I have often kissed, Unclose, and answer me, I pray; Or is death's silence like a mist That shuts the world and us away, So far away? Oh, eyes, beneath the dead leaves hid, I wonder if you cannot see, Through the soft fringes of your lid, The blossoms blowing for the bee! Say, can you see the grasses stir? At the warm kisses of the spring? Be nature's true interpreter, And answer all my questioning. Oh, heart, true heart! whenever I kneel Between you and the tender sky, Does not some influence make you feel That he who loved you so is nigh? Oh, dear, dead love! it cannot be That you forgot the things of old; I know you hear and think of me, Beneath the dead leaves and the mold, With love untold. —Eben E. Rexford, in Baldwin's Monthly. ITEM OF INTEREST. One of the greatest problems of life is how to avoid running into other people. —New York News. "I never do things by halves!" said the urchin, when he ate a whole pie he found in the cupboard. Illinois has the largest number of miles of railway (7,032) of any State in the Union, and Pennsylvania coming next with 6,027. The condor of the Andes is said to kill his prey with its bill, and the milliners of this country are trying the game on married men. —Owego Record. The Marathon Independent says there may be prouder planets, and there may be brighter planets, but when it comes to the matter of beats, old Jupiter holds his own. The girl puzzle is the latest. It consists in putting an average girl in front of the ribbon counter of a dry goods store and having her find the particular shade she is after. The Paugyet Woon, head of the glass factories, is King Theebat's master of ceremonies, and is one of the Burmese embassies to England. They have no glass factories in Burmah, but the title holds good all the same. Only a woman's hair, Binding the new to the past, Only a single thread Too frail to last. Only a woman's hair Threading a tear and a sigh, Only a woman's hair Found to-day in the pie. —Stoughtonville Herald. Very little is known regarding John Harvard, the founder of Harvard College. He was an Englishman, who came to this country and died in Charlestown, Mass., on the 24th of September, 1638. He left £700 to found a college. A monument to his memory was erected in the burial ground at Charlestown by the alumni of the college, and was unveiled in 1828, with an address by Edward Everett. At the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, the late James Savage once offered \$100 a line for five lines about John Harvard, and got no information. Cultivate One Talent. One talent, well cultivated, deepened and enlarged, is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success at this day, when so many matters are clamoring for attention, is concentration; to bend all the energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown; and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone. "The day of universal scholars is past. Life is short and art is long." The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into that must pour the whole stream of his activity—all the energies of his hand, his eye, tongue, heart and brain. Broad culture, many-sidedness, are beautiful things to contemplate; but it is the narrow-edged men—the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else—who accomplish the hard work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.—Manufacturer and Builder. Words of Wisdom. He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault. One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid. It is good in a fever, and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth. Only that which we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us. A good constitution is like a money box—its full value is never known until it has been broken. Taking a penny that does not belong to one removes the barrier between integrity and rascality. Will petitions that do not move the heart of the suppliant, move the heart of Omnipotence? The raven is like the slanderer, seeking carrion to feed upon, and delighted when a least is found.