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Friends of Long Ago.

When I sit in the twilight gloaming, And the busy streets grow still, I dream of the wide, green meadows, And the old house on the hill. I can see the roses blooming About the doorway low, Again my heart gives greeting 'Lo the triends of long ago-Dear long ago !

I can see my mother sitting, With life's snowflakes in her hair, And she smiles above her knitting, And ber face is saintly fair. And I see my father realing From the Bible on his knee, And again I hear him praying As he used to pray for me-So long ago!

I see all the dear old inces Of the boys and girls at home, As I saw them in the dear old days Before we learned to roam. And I sing the old songs over With the triends I used to know, And my heart lorgets its sorrows In its dream of long ago! Dear long ago!

How widely our feet have wandered From our old home's tender ties, Some are beyond the ocean, And some are beyond the skies. My heart grows sad with thinking, Of the friends I used to know; Perhaps I shall meet in heaven All the loved ones of long ago, Dear long ago!

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

It was about sunset of a changeful April day, when a young girl, lightly descending the steps of a handsome residence, walked briskly down the street, which presently merged into a shaded avenue, sprinkled with modest villas and neat cottages. She was enveloped in a waterproof el-ak, which wealed only the gr ceful contour of mer shoulders, over which fell a cluster of gold n-brown ringlets. Her little feet tripped daintily along the rough road, unset u idenly pausing she lifted a fresh, sweet face, with laughing brown eyes and a dimpled mouth. "Raining again!" she said, aloud; and stepping under the shelter of a lin den, she pulled the hood of her cloak forward over her little hat. And then, as the light April rain was driving

as the light April rain was driving directly in her face, she tic ver it a thick, brown double yell. "Sunshine "The uncertain glory of an April day. Very propoking weather, when one is compelled to go out; but then everything looks so tresh and beautiful that it would be really a sin to complain. The sound of a quick stop approachirg from behind caused her to glance back. It was already growing dusk. rendered deeper by the lowering clouds, yet she could discern a very nice-looking young gentleman approaching, sheltered beneath a huge umbrella.

"Nel'ie, will you take off that veil? I want to see your face, and to under-stand what you mean by talking in this strange way?" "Oh, you will understand it presently,

"Oh, you will understand to pate yon-when we come to that green gate yonhow came you to recognize me?" she asked curiously. "How could I have failed to recog-

nize you, rather. You have grown slightly taller, perhaps, but I knew your step and your beautiful hair, more beautiful then ever, Nellie. I was on my way to your house, when at a distance I saw you come down the steps, and I could not resist trying to overtake

you. for just one word and look." "Oh!" said Nellie, as a light dawned upon her; and then to put a check upon her companion's sentimentality, she added: "How it rains!" and quickened herpace

'Let it rain!" he answered, impatiently-"cannon bails, if it will, I want to talk to you, Nellie."

"Cannon-balls may suit your taste, perhaps, but would scarcely be agreeable to me; and as to talking out here in the rain and darkness. I am not romantic enough for that " He was forced to keep by her side as

she walked briskly on.

"Where are you going?" he inquired, presently.

Home "Home? Why you are taking a con-

trary direction from home," "I think not; I believe I know where

I live. "I did not know you had removed." "Did you not? Ah, here we are, at the gate. Please open it, if you can, on the inside."

He reluctar tly obeyed, but raised the latch so slowly as to detain her while he whispered :

"Nellie, you have not given me the welcome you promised. You have not "I don't believe you really want me to say them," she answered, very much incline i to laugh, yet almost frightened at her own audacity. "Not want it? When you know how

l love you!" "I don't believe it is me that you

love," she returned, pushing open the zate.

Good heavens, Nellie, how strangely you talk! Who, then, do you imagine I love?"

I am sure I don't know," said Nelir, slowly raising her veil and pushing mek the hood. "I don't know, but I on certain it can't be me!"

And she looked up in his face with a brown eyes shining with suppressed nirth through their long, black lashes. He stood gazing upon her as if petri-hed with astonishment. Then a deep

well and Mr. Gray imperceptibly assumed a more agreeable character. His cold politeness, and her equally

cool indifference gradually thawed, and each vaguely felt that, despite their mutual efforts to keep apart, there was something which mysteriously drew them together.

Nellie attributed this to her sympathy with his disappointment in regard to his cousin, and often expressed the wish reply. that the latter would love him, as she "Nellie, do you romember the request was sure he deserved, and make him happy by marrying him. It was inex-plicable to her that any girl could prefer Captain Lloyd to Mr. Charlie Gray. Neither had ever but once alluded to

their first meeting

Coming out of church one evening Miss Archer snid: "Nellie, what have you been doing with yourself this last terribly rainy week? Isn't such weather enough to give one the blues?"

"Oh, no," she answered, cheerfully.

"Oh, no," she answered, cheerfully. "I like rainy days at home, and can always find something to amuse me?" "Even in the rain itself," said Mr. Gray, on her other side. "What an enviable disposition is yours, Miss Cald-well, to be able to find 'fun' in such a

Nellie looked up quickly, and met the halt-laughing glance bent upon her. Instead of answ ring gayly back, as was her wont, she colored, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Mr. Gray," she said, as Miss Archer fell' chind with Captain Lloyd, "I want you to promise to forget that hatetul walk in the rain, and never again allude to it.

"I am not sure that I could keep such a promise-at least the first part." "That means that you haven't for-

given me "I really do not feel as though I had anything to forgive, or you to ask pardon

for," he said, pleasantly. "I was very silly and wrong, but you see I have grown older and wiser since,"

said Nellie, demurely. "If the increase of wisdom is in pro-

portion to that of age—" he commenced, but was interrupted by Miss Archer. "Nellie, are you and Charlie flirting? or what is that mysterious whispering about?"

"We are not flirting," returned Mr. Gray, coolly. "Miss Caldwell does not flirt. I have observed; and for myself, you know I detest it."

"I know you have some old-fashioned and absurd notions," retorted his cousin, laughing. "One must be very prudish and old-maidish to meet your ideal of perfect womanhood, Charlie." And again Nellie Caldwell felt contush crimsoned his handsome face and his eyes flashed with an indignant light. "I beg your pardon!" he said, with

Hitle, and looking in her face. "do sn't this remind you of-that evening?" "I thought," she answered, sharply,

" that you were never again to allude to that subject."

"I can't help it; it is too often in my thoughts. In fact, I like to think of

Her heart beat a little at his tone, but she looked straight before her, without

I made of you that evening ?" 'That request was not for me."

It is now.

Their eyes met for an instant. "Are you sure," said Nellie, half archly, but with a strange tremor in her voice—"are you sure you are not still taking me for some one else?"

"Quite sure, despite your golden hair, and your voice, and your similar-ity of name. If is Netlie Caldwell that I now ask to-to say those words!" he whispered, as he clasped one of her hands in his.

hands in his. "How long," said Neliie, half mis-chievously, half seriously—"how long since you said this to Nellie Archer?" "I never said it to Nellie Archer. When I left you and went to see the original Nellie," smiling, "I found her to be quite a different character from the ideal which my fancy had pictured, during a which my fancy had pictured, during a whole year's absence. Enough; you know what I mean." I never spoke to her of love, and to-day we came to a pleasant understanding, when she in-formed me that she had engaged herself to Captain Lloyd. I love her well enough as a cousin, but not as I must ove a woman whom I would make my

wife." They were bowling along the wood-land track, where the trees made a ver-dant arch overheard, through which the rein-drops slowly dripped, like a shower of diamonds. Nellie had never

before felt how beautiful the world was. They arrived at home in a drizzly shower, through which, in the misty east, a glorious rainbow shone. At the door he detained her for an

instant under the unbrella, as three months before he had done at the gate.

"Nellie, darling, you have not said those words—"I love you, Charlie." "No," said Nellie, blushing. "No, I won't say them now; but," and she gianced up, reguishly, "I do love that dear umbrella!" And she rushed upstairs as her

mother came into the hall, inquiring if they had gotten wet.

Domestication of the Buffalo.

The early explorers of the Mississippi will. I am very partially fond of ice-valley believed that the buffalo might cream, and this is manila, too, which is

Mrs. Partington at the Sociable.

There was no mistaking the costume, and the fact that the venerable dame led a small boy by the hand confirmed the impression that Mrs. Partington was in the assemblage. There was a momentary lull in the buzz of conver-sation, and the party gathered around the new-comer, eager 'o shake her by the hand. "Bless me!" said she, with a beaming smile, which played over her face like sunshine over a lake; Bless me! how salutary you all are! -just as you ought to be at a time like this, when nothing harmonious should be allowed to disturb your hostilities. You are very kind, I'm shore, and I am glad to see you trying to enjoy your-selves. We had no church sociables in serves. We had no entren sociables in my young days, but we had huskin' bees, and quiltin' bees, and apple bees, and "---" Bumblebees," said Ike, break-ing in like a boy on thin ice---" and though we had good times, and sociable enough, goodness knows, when the red

ears were found, they were nothing to the superfluity of this." There was a slight disturbance in the circle, as Ike in his reatlessness placed his heel on a circumjacent toe, but it was stilled as the master of ceremonies came up to introduce the minister. " Glad to see you. madam," said the minister. "I hope you may find the hour spent with us a happy one." "I know I shall, sir." replied she, "for happiness depends very much on how we enjoy ourselves. and enough of anything always satisfies me. How could I help enjoying my-seli in a scene of such life and ani-mosity as this?" "Very true, madam" "And then the lights, blazing like a consiernation, and the music and flowers make it seem like Pharaoh land." The minister was called away,

and the master of ceremonies asken Mrs. P. if she would like "an ice," which she faintly heard. "A nice-?" she replied, looking at him and hanging on

replied, looking at him and hanging on to the long—as if it were the top bar of a gate. "Oh, very." A rush by the contestants in a game here broke in between them, the band gave a crash, which seemed to start the roof, the mass of people waved to and fro, Ike started off with a new crony in quest of some suggested peanuts, and Mrs. Partington backed into a seat. She looked pleasantly upon the moving spectacle through her own parabolas, her fingers beat time to the music, and her "oll-factories" inhaled the breath of flowers and the smell of coffee from an adja-centroom, till she was becoming "lost," when she realized that a figure was standing before her, and a cold spoon was being thrust into her right hand

It was the attentive manager again with an ice-cream which he invited her to take. "You are very surprising, sir," said she, smiling; "I was unconscionable at the moment. Thank you; I

Rates of Advertising.

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Onward.

Like a bell of blossom ringing. Clear and childish, short and sweet, Flouting to the porch's shadow, With the laintest tall of feet, Comes the answer softly backward, Bidding tender watcher wait, While the baby queen outruns her, "Only going to the gate."

Through the moonlight, warm and scented Love to beanty breathes a sigh, Always to depart reluctant, Loth to speak the word "good-bye;"

Then the same low echo answers, Waiting love of older date, And the maiden whispers soltly, "Only going to the gate."

The gates we pass them upward On our journey, one by one, To the distant, shining wicket, Where each traveler goes alone-Where the friends who journey with us Strangely falter, stop and wait, Father, mother, child or lover;

"Only going to the gate."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Pasteboard shutters, in imitation of wood, are the latest.

The Governor of Kentucky, under the constitution of the State, is ineligible or re-election.

Seven Bibles or Testaments are now turned out every minute by the American Bible society.

A pretty girl's house is a legal institu-tion, for the simple reason that parties go there to plend.

A wooden shoe factory has been started in Illinois. It will use a great many feet of lumber.

Nashville got its name from Gen. Francis Nash, a brave soldier of the Continental army who fall mortaliy wounded at the battle of Germantown. The manufacture of clothing in Chicago has doubled in four years, and gives employment to 30,000 people. The value of the goods made is \$15,000,000. There are in the United States 380 theaters and 120 concert halls, 140 regular traveling companies, 50 variety companies, 68 companies formed to sup-port stars, and seven resident stock companies.

The Boston assessors' tabulation shows that there are 49,229 buildings in the city, of which 1,432 dwellings, valued at \$5,872,300, are vacant. The hotel of the highest valuation is the Bayker house at \$500,000 Parker house, at \$500,000.

An observer in England has found that the depth of the dew-fall in that country seldom exceeds the hundredth



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The girl walked on ; but in a moment the step was by her side, the shadow of the umbrella extended over her, and a gloven hand was eagerly held forth. "Cousin Nellie, is it really you?"

The girl started, and peered curiously "I am Nellie," she said, with some embarrassment; "but I-I don't re-

counize you."

Not recognize me? and after only one year's absence! Why, Nellie, am I so much changed And besides, did you not receive my letter, saying that you might expect me this week

"I don't think I did," replied Nell,e, demurchy; and at the same instant she thought to herself:

'I wonder who it is that he takes me forP

"It is strange that you should have missed the letter. But I hope I am not the less welcome for coming unexpect-

edly." "Well, it is unexpected, I confess." He was silent for a moment; then said, in a changed tone:

"You don't seem a bit glad to see me, Nellin. And yet, if you knew how I have oked forward to this meeting!" "That was very kind of you, and I am sure I ought to feel myself very

much flattered." Another ominous silence.

I don't care who he is, or for whom he takes me," thought the fun-loving girl, as she walked demurely along beneath the umbrella held over her. "What right had he to address me and call me his cousin, before making sure who I was? Perhaps a little lesson will do him no harm." "Nellie," said her companion,

"do you remember the last slowly. night that we were together-alone ia the library?"

"I can't say I do, exactly." "Impossible! You cannot have forgotten it, and what you said to me in adieu. You promised that you would welcome me back with those words." "What words?"

"You said : 'Dear Charlie, I do love you!' Nellie, dear, won't you say them now, as you promised?"

The young girl started. He spoke so carnestly that she was fairly frightened. and felt herself blushing as though the words were addressed to herself, Nel lie Caldwell. Who the other Nellie was-the Nellie beloved by this handlie Caldwell. some young man-she had no idea. At any rate, though, she began to think it was time to put an end to this adventhus to betray his secrets to her? So she said, gravely, yet still with a spice of mischief:

"I think you are mistaken. I am quite sure I never said those words to any man.

He bent a little forward and looked earnestly under the hood and at the brown veil,

eremonious politeness. 'Of course it which her conduct must have pro-

I suppose it was," said Nellie, dcnurely

"I-I mistook you for another," he said, both embarrassed and angry. "Was that my fault?" she returned.

"Jout you-you certainly allowed me

to rest under the delusion." "That was for fun."

" Fun?"

"Perhaps I was wrong. Indeed I now rather think that I was," said Nel-" But, lie, coloring beneath his gaze. as neither of us shall ever mention this adventure, I suppose no harm is done,' she added, coolly. He regarded her an instant with a

strange, undecided expression.

"I beg your ,ardon! I am kreping you in the rain," he said. "Good eveningth

And, lifting his hat with icy politeness, he walked a way.

Nellie, as she entered the house, was met by her elder sisters with a shower of questions as to who was that elegantlooking man, how she had met him, what he had said.

Unlike herself in general, she returned brief replies; and escaping to her own room, threw asice her waterproof. changed her dress, and, seating herself before the fire, gazed absently into the glowing embers. Presently she laughed, then bit her lip with a vexed expres-sion, and finally began to cry. "I wonder what makes me do such

silly, unlady-like things?" she thought. 'I am always getting into some ridiculous scrape or other. What an opinion he must have of me? I shall be really ashamed to meet him again, as I sup-pose I must, if he is Mr. Gray."

Then her mood changed.

i don't care. He may be as dignified as he pleases, but he shall never see that I trouble myself even to remember this ridiculous walk, and the horrid umbreilat

Presently another change came over her.

"Poor fellow! I can't help pitying him, for I fear this has been merely a rehearsal of the real act. Why, Nellie Archer was in the parlor with Captain Lloyd nearly two hours this afternoon, when she must have known, from that letter, of Charlie's coming. I wonder if she ever said to the captain-or to young Doctor Bliss-what she said to her cousin? Poor fellow! And Nellie has been showing his letters to all the girls! She could not have done so had she loved him."

Nellie Caldwell was correct in her anticipation of again meeting with Mr. Charles Gray. The society of the little town was very gay; and what with church fairs and parties, and other social amusements, it was impossible that these two should not be thrown together.

Nelije hlushed, despite her utmost endeavors to look unconscious, when Mr. ture. What right had she to suffer him Gray was first presented to her; but the gentleman was so cool and composed that she actually doubted whether he

that she actuary and had recognized her. He conversed with her a little, danced with her once, and the observed, was with her once, and the observed, was

duced on this very particular young gentleman.

Some time after this, there was a picnic at a picture sque old mill a few miles from town. Nellie Caldwell spent rather a tiresome day, wondering why it was that she could not enjoy herself as usual, and envying Nellie Archer her high spirits. To-day, at least, she obgetting along unusually well together. she appearing radiant, and he serenely happy.

"I wonder if they are engaged?" she thought, and did not teel nearly so elated as she ought to have done at the prob

ability of such a consummation. He sought her out occasionally, but had little to say, seeming to prefer reclining at her feet on the turf beneath the, willows, looking dreamily on the water, or up into her face, as she talked. Several young ladies observed that they both looked very stupid and uninterested at each other.

As the evening waxed late, there was a sudden stir among the company. It was certainly going to rain, some weather-wise prophet had declared, and the elder portion of the company, at least, were anxious to get safely under shelter before the shower came. Mrs. Caldwell collected her dessert-

spoons and her daughters, who had come with her in the family carriage.

"Why, Nellie,' said one of her young companions, "you are surely not going so soon. It would spoil the party; besides, you will miss the plantation songs, and your favorite Virginia reel."

Mr. Gray stepped forward. Would Miss Nellie accept a sent in his buggy? and would Mrs. Caldwell intrust her daughter-in his charge? If Miss Nellie could remain to enjoy the reel and yet arrive at home almost as soon as the carriage with the fat and lazy horses.

So Nellie stayed, and her spirits rose unaccountably.

The final favorite reel was scarcely ommenced, when a few scattered drops of rain startled the gay throng. An immediate rush was made to the conveyances.

"Don't be alarmed." Mr. Gray said. as he assisted Nellie into his buggy. ** I will be but a passing shower, probably, and we will take the road through the woods, which will afford some shelter in addition to that of my umbrella."

A few other vehicles were going the same way. Mr. Gray's was the last in the procession.

"You don't object to the umbrella?" he said, raising it, and adjusting it to its socket in the back of the buggy. "I hate umbrellas!" Nellie returned.

"Do put that down-there is hardly

any rain." "Nevertheless, I am responsible for your safety and good condition, so will keep it up till we get to the woods."

"A little rain never hurts me."

"But it may hurt your hat. Are you a woman, and never gave a thought to that important question? Why, there was not a young lady on the ground today who did not make that the first con-

cobserved, was sideration." "Well," said Nellie, laughing. " per-And Miss haps I am not much like other young

"Perhaps so. In fact, that idea pre-men slipped down on it.

be made to take the place of the domestic ox in agricultural pursuits, and at the same time yield a fleece of wool equal in quality to that of the sheep; but no persistent attempts have yet been made to utilize it by domestication. That the buffalo calf may be easily reared and thoroughly tamed has been conclusively proved, but little attention has been paid to their reproduction in confinement, or to training them to labor. During the last century they were domesticated in various parts of colonies, and interbred with domestic cows, producing a half-breed race which is fertile, and which readily amalgamates with the domestic castle. The half breeds are large, fine animals, possessing most of the characteristics of their wild parentage. They can be broken to the yoke, but are not so sober and manageable in their work as the tame breed-sometimes, for instance, making a dash for the nearest water, with dis-astrous results to the load they are drawing. It is somewhat difficult also. to make a fence which shall resist the destructive strength of their head and horns. But the efforts at taming buffaloes have not been many or seriously carried on, and no attempt appears to have been made to perpetuate an un-mixed domestic race. Probably after a few generations they would lose their

natural untractableness, and when cas-trated would doubtless form superior working-cattle, from their greater size, strength and natural agility.-Ernest Ingersoll, in the Popular Science Monthly.

Bear Sausage at Berlin.

Liver sausage is regarded as an exquisite delicacy throughout Germany, and it would appear from a quaint achievement recently effected in Berlin that its maximum of toothsomeness can only be obtained when the material composing it is extracted from the careass of a deer. A few days ago an exhibition of culinary art was opened at Hamburg; and the Berlin committee of restaurateurs, desiring to contribute thereto an edible worth of their gastronomic renown, applied to Dr. Bordinus, the managing director of the zoological gardens, for leave to purchase and slay one of the society's bears, in order to convert the ursine liver into a sausage of paramount excellence. Having a of paramount excellence. bear to spare, the learned doctor parted with one for the moderate consideration of ten guineas, and the committee, twelve in number, proceeded to the doomed one's den, where Herr Wiese, the proprietor of Sommer's salon, shot bruin through the head, and afterward narrowly escaped mutilation by ven-turing to stroke the luckless beast's turry coat before it had quite given up the ghost. The beast's liver was duly shopped up, spiced and manufactured into a gigantic sausage weighing twentyfive pounds, and his remains having been artistically set up by a noted taxidermist, he now occupies an honorable and rampant position at the chief en-trance to the Hamburg exhibition, supporting upon his fore paws a silvern platter containing the dainty comesti-

ble prepared from his own body .- London Telegraph.

A Boston artist painted an orange pee on the sidewalk so naturally that six fat

my favorite." She ate with a sense of enjoyment caught from the scene and went away soon after, when Ike had joined her, with plethoric pockets, bidding the manager convey a good-night from her to the party, saying she had

Then and Now.

Owing partly to the improvement in tools and shop appliances, and partly to the system of subdivision of labor, there is no parallel by which the workman of to-day can be gauged or compared with the workman of thirty or forty years ago. Then the apprentice was taught-crudely, perhaps, but still taught-all the mysteries of his calling, from the pr. paration of the crude material to the linish of the completed result. The carpenter hewed his timber from the tree trunk or limb by means of cha.k line and broadaxe. He bored, and mortised, and cut tenons, crected the frame of the building, boarded and shingled, and clapboarded and lathed. The wheels, made bolts and nuts, chipped and filed and drilled, forged and tempered axes and chisels, and performed numberless jobs of a variety of forms and for a variety of purposes. The machinist sometimes made his own patterns and often his own tools, worked at the vise and the planer, the lathe and the forge, and was ready to undertake any job, from repairing a broken stove to building an engine.

Our venerable contemporary, the Boston Journal of Commerce, remembers when the above practice was universal. We congratulate it on surviving to see all this changed. Now timber is sawed and not hewed; mortises and fenons are machine cut; houses are built by the shinglers, the lathers and the joiners, as well as by the earpenters; and the doors, windows, window and door frames and sashes are factory built. The horse-shoer does nothing else. The forger of steel seldom works iron. The tool maker is nothing but a tool maker. The machinist is a bench man, a lathe man, a planer, a fitter, or he has a specialty in cotton machinery or woolen, or never works but on steam machinery .- Scien

Meteoric Iron in Snow.

tific American.

Observations of snow collected on mountain tops, and within the Aretic circle, far beyond the influence of factories and smoke, confirm the supposition that minute particles of iron doat in the atmosphere, and in time falls to the earth. By some men of science, these floating particles of iron are believed to bear some relation to the phenomena of the aurora. Gronemann, of Gottingen, for instance, holds that streams of the particles revolve around the sun, and that, when passing the earth, they are attracted to the poles, thence stretching forth as long fila ments into space; but, as they travel with planetary velocity, they become ignited in the earth's atmosphere, and in this way produce the well-known lumi ous appearance characterizing auroral phenomena.

Professor Nordenskjold, who examexceedingly minute particles of metallic iron, phosphorus and cobalt.

part of an inch during any night of the year, while the average annual depth of the deposit is not more than an inch and a half.

Of the 2,126 commissioned officers in the United State regular army, only 829 are graduates of West Point. Of the remainder 174 rose from the ranks, 984 were appointed from civil life, chiefly from officers of the volunteer force during the late war.

A drunkard fled into the woods, near Nashville, Tenn., while wild with delirium tremens, dug a grave, and was found lying in it dead. His wife was made frantic by the sight, and she loudly called upon heaven to let her die It happened that, on her way too. home, lightning struck and killed her.

According to an official statement, the effective strength of the Swiss Federal army on the first of January, 1880, amounted to 119,947 men, as against 119,748 in the previous year. The num-bers required by the existing law are 105 388 men in the regular army and blacksmith shod horses and oxen, tired 97,012 in the Landwehr, or altogether 212,400. The actual total at present is 215,063.

Words of Wisdom.

Youth looks at the possible, age at the probable.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

No man ever looked on the dark side of life without finding it.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.

They that laugh at everything, and they that fret at everything, are alike fools.

No manner of speaking is so offensive as giving praise and closing it with an exception

As the firefly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mindwhen at rest it darkens.

How many are there like Atalanta in the fable, who lost the race by stopping to pick up the golden apple.

Pleasant occupation tends to prolong life, for longevity is much dependent upon the feelings of the mind.

It is not merely the individual but society that suffers by every idle, every selfish, every mean, every unjust man.

As the sun appears largest when he is about to set, so does the proud man swell most magnificently just before his

Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself.

Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, Poor Richard says: "A life of laziness and leisure are two things."

He is most secure of life who lives for his fellows. One lives through all periods who has in all periods lived for his race. We must see humanity ined snow in the far north, beyond through our ambition always, if we Spitzbergen, says that he found in it would make and perpetuate that life would make and perpetuate that life which consists in an undying reputation