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Husband Mine, That is to Be.

Though I would not make it public For a pocketful of gold, Yet I'd like to know a secret That has never yet been told; In your ear now let me whisper— Least my blushes you might see— This: If I am to have a husband, Pray, who is the man for me?

FIFTEEN, FOURTEEN, THIRTEEN.

It was on a blustering evening in March that Mr. Alexander Ashe, passing in his rapid progress through one of the tree-christened streets which bisect the city of Penn., took from his pocket a letter, and holding it well up to catch the somewhat uncertain light of a lamp, studied the address with a zeal sharpened by sudden apprehension.

"Confound Uncle Nat!" he murmured. "I wish he would learn to put tails to his 5's. 1314, no; 1514, no; that quirk certainly must mean a 3. Well, this is really too funny. It never occurred to me till this moment that there would be a mistake, but certainly it is 3, and not 5. A nice business it would be to make a blunder in—heirssing-hunting. Pshaw! But it's to please Uncle Nat. He's been good to me in his way, the old fellow has, and I can't well refuse so slight a favor as that I should call on these—what's their names?—Ashursts, even if he goes on to air what he calls his 'long-matured hopes' that the call may lead to something more interesting. It won't, though. I never saw a girl with money yet that wasn't altogether detestable. 1514, 1314—which is it? Never mind, this is Thirteenth street; so much is certain. Now let's see—the house must be on this side. Perhaps the name is on the door. By Jove! I never thought of that.

Sure enough, the name was on the door—"Ashurst"—revealed plainly enough an opportune street lamp directly opposite; and Alex Ashe ran the bell, muttering to himself: "A good thing that I'm not a girl, didn't go off in search of 1514. Still, I wish Uncle Nat would mend the tails of his 5's."

A narrow entry presented itself to his view when the door opened, for the house was small, and the misfortune of a small house is that each new-comer instinctively makes his measurements, and deduces from what he sees the probable extent and compass of what he does not see. "The ladies were at home," and a white-capped maid took his card into the parlor, and returning presently, ushered him in. "This was a pleasant room!" was his first thought as he entered. Not a "handsome parlor" in the least. He was used to those parlors where every mirror, bronze, curtain, and piece of furniture was the exact complement of similar articles on the other side the party-wall on either hand; where sofas and chairs wore fine clothes on occasion, and common petticoats for common days, and nothing seemed intended for use, comfort, or the indulgence of unauthorized or impromptu visitors. This was a room of different type, not handsome at all in the conventional sense, but full of individuality and charm. Thick rug-like hangings of the cheap Abruzzi tapestry of Italy draped doors and windows; the walls, of soft harmonious tint, were hung thickly with pictures and drawings, among which wandered, apparently at will, the shoots of a magnificent ivy. A bright fire of cannel-coal shone in the low grate; there were books everywhere; the piano stood open, and strewn with music sheets; a writing-table, heaped with papers, in one corner, and an easel and palette in another, showed that busy people used the room, and worked there when so inclined—a thing not often permitted in parlors kept for show; and on the chimney-piece stood a bowl of fresh violets, which diffused a spring-like odor about the place.

Two young ladies, evidently sisters, rose from seats beside the fire, and came forward to receive the guest. The elder, who held the card between her fingers, had a sweet and sensible countenance, a remarkably pretty figure, and a manner full of gracious dignity and composure. She was of that type of woman whom other women wonder that all men don't fall in love with; but they don't. The younger was in a totally different style—in air, round, brilliant, smiling, possessed of a thousand untaught graces, which lent to her manner inexhaustible variety and charm, but withal with the sunny candor of a child shining in her clear blue eyes. Amy Ashurst was altogether an enchanting creature, and Alex Ashe, struck and dazzled, mut-

tered to himself, with sudden excitement: "By Jove! Uncle Nat has hit it for once. Here is a girl with money who beats hollow all the girls without any that I ever met. I am everlastingly indebted to him." And while these thoughts whirled through his mind, Miss Ashurst was enunciating her soft little sentences of welcome. "We are glad to see you, Mr. Ashe, and mamma will be very glad when she comes home. I am only sorry that she should happen to be out this evening at Mr. Berguin's cercle, but they always break up early. She had a letter from your aunt, I think it was, in the autumn, in which she said that there was talk of your coming here toward spring; but she named no time, and mamma did not know when to look for you."

"My uncle, probably. He is not married. I had no idea, however, that he had written to Mrs. Ashurst so long beforehand, though he bade me call upon her without fail." "Your uncle?" repeated Miss Ashurst, doubtfully. "I thought I recollected; but of course I might easily be mistaken. Pray sit down, Mr. Ashe. Oh, not on that chair; that is only comfortable for ladies. Try that big square one. What a blustering night it is!" "I thought so till I came in, but no one would suspect it from the atmosphere of your room, Miss Ashurst. What a delightful room it is!" "I am so glad that you think so," put in the beautiful Amy, whose voice was as sweet as her face. "Florence and I are always pleased when any one praises our rooms, because they are mamma's doing, and we think that she has the most perfect taste in the world."

Nothing could be pleasanter, I am sure. It is thoroughly individual, and yet has such a look of home, and that is not an easy look to produce in a city house, it seems to me."

"No, it isn't; but mamma is a real wonder-worker; she always gives that look," cried Amy, eagerly, dimpling and flushing, and looking twice as handsome for the pretty glow of pleasure. "We hear occasionally of love at first sight, and we smile at the notion as romantic; but for all our disbelief and our derision, the thing does sometimes happen even in these matter-of-fact days, and it happened that evening in the case of Alexander Ashe. His excuse must be that nothing in the world was easier than to fall in love at first sight with Amy Ashurst. Apart from her beauty, and her remarkable charm of manner, which in itself would have been irresistible outfit for a far plainer girl, every moment spent in her company made it more and more apparent that this outward loveliness was but the exponent of a nature lovelier still, 'pure as her cheek and tender as her eyes.' It would have required a tough heart indeed, or an already occupied one, to have resisted her spell, and Alex Ashe had neither. He had been rather indifferently to young ladies up to this time, and picked himself little as beauty-proof; but he melted like frost in sun under the influence of Amy's sunny looks, and with a feeling akin to that of the old woman of the nursery legend, wondered if this were indeed he, as he drifted unresistingly on under the bewitchment of the occasion. Two hours sped like two minutes. It was ten o'clock before Mrs. Ashurst walked in from her cercle. Her coming was like the breaking of a dream. She greeted him cordially, but there was a little perplexity in her manner as she said, 'I am very glad to see you, but somehow you surprise me a good deal. I was not prepared for anything so tall or, formed. You know, I recollect you as 'little Albert,' and your Aunt Carry never mentioned that you were so astonishingly grown.'"

"Albert—Aunt Carry?" thought the mystified Alex; and then, with a sudden sinking of heart, he began to surmise a blunder. "Do not quite understand," he stammered. "I—Can have made a mistake. I am Alexander Ashe, not Albert."

Mrs. Ashurst looked more puzzled than ever. Florence blushed deeply, and became grave and embarrassed; but Amy's blue eyes met his frankly, with such a sparkle of kindly fun in them that Alex took courage to go on. "Pray let me explain," he said. "The mistake, if I mistake there be, comes in this way. My uncle, Mr. Nathaniel Ashe, of Boston, whom possibly you may know by name, wrote me this note"—taking it from his letter-case—"in which he laid upon me his commands to call on his old friends the Ashursts before I left Philadelphia. He should write in advance, he said, to mention my coming, so they would be prepared to see me. My uncle writes a blind hand, as you may perceive, and I was quite at a loss whether thirteen or fifteen was the number; and while I was in search of upon your doorplate, and made sure that I was right, Miss Ashurst seemed prepared to receive me. Mr. Ashe, which confirmed my impression, and so—In short, you see how it is, I trust, and will accept my assurance that the blunder was unintentional, and made in perfect good faith."

"It was a perfectly natural one," said Mrs. Ashurst, pleasantly. "And now pray resume your seat, Mr. Ashe, and let me explain in my turn. I have a dear old friend, Mrs. Galloway Cummings, of Newburyport, whose sister married Mr. Francis Ashe, of Salem. She wrote some months ago to say that her young nephew, Albert Ashe, was coming on to study in the medical school of Philadelphia, and while he was looking for him in a vague way since February; so when my daughters read your card, 'Mr. A. G. Ashe,' they naturally took it for granted that you were he. You see, there was a blunder on both sides, and we have apologies to make as well as you."

"I cannot regret my share in the mistake," said Alex, rising to go, "since it has procured me one of the pleasant evenings of my life." He glanced at Amy as he spoke. Was there a little answering gleam in her eyes? He half-dared to hope it. "But about these Salem Ashes," said Mrs. Ashurst, desirous to set him at ease, and end the interview without embarrassment, "are they your relatives in any way?" "I am afraid it is a distant cousinship, if any. My uncle, I think, has spoken of some remote connections at Salem or Marblehead, but I am not sure of the facts. And now I must wish you good-evening, with renewed apologies, and go in search of these other Ashursts, at 13—no, 1514. That will be two squares farther up in this same street, will it not?" "Yes, and I think 1514 is Mr. Walter Ashurst's number. He is a distant connection of my husband's, but we have never met them. They are old residents in Philadelphia, and we new-comers, you must know. You see, we have mixed up obscure cousinships as well as names and numbers in this odd double misunderstanding of ours, Mr. Ashe."

So, with courteous farewells, Alex took his leave, and finding it too late for further calls, went back to his hotel heavy-hearted, for with all her courtesy and pleasantness, Mrs. Ashurst had not asked him to call again. What could be done? For he must and would; that he was resolved upon. His spirit rose when, a little later, he missed his letter-case. "I shall have to call to ask for it," he thought; and fortified by this reflection, went to bed and slept soundly. Next morning he devoted himself to the "other Ashursts," who were easily found. No. 1514 proved to be a mansion of pretensions, wide and ample, with bays, balconies, carved stone-work, a stable alongside, and in all respects belonging to the order of architecture known in newspaper parlance as the "truly palatial." Mr. Ashe was ushered through a marble-paved hall into two dimly lighted and magnificent drawing-rooms where the rival sets of satin meandered down either side of lofty, close-blinded windows, and a parterre of huge pale-colored flowers from the looms of Aubusson covered the floor. Each gilded and carved chair and sofa wore a jacket of linen for the protection of its silken glories, each table and console boasted its unmeaning strew of costly trifles; chandeliers, pictures, mirrors, all were swathed in tartan as a protection from possible flies; while the family hearth was represented by a lacquered register which grinned and winked from the midst of a slab of marble, monumental apparently, which filled the whole opening of the fireplace. This chill and gorgeous solitude Alex had to himself for a quarter of an hour, before a rustling on the stairs announced the approach of the ladies of the family, and Mrs. Ashurst and her daughters appeared in a resplendence of French dresses. She, a stately dame of the conventional type, welcomed him graciously, and invited him to dinner on the next day but one. It was but short notice to a slabs of party, she remarked, but they would do their best. The young ladies, three in number, were handsome creatures, very like each other, and like half a hundred girls whom Alex had met before. They talked enough for animation, and not too much for good taste; their attitudes and movements were studiously graceful; they had shrill, high-pitched voices, and were so perfectly at their ease as to give the impression of having been born equal to every social emergency which could possibly arise in the course of their lives. Alex mentioned the mistake of the night before, and found the tale received with rather contemptuous amusement. There was a family of that name, Mrs. Ashurst believed, but she knew nothing about them. They lived near Thirteenth street, did they? Ah! very odd, to be sure. Hadn't she heard somewhere that they taught something or other—appealing to her girls. Miss Ashurst thought that they did, and with a faint—very faint—degree of interest asked, "Isn't one of the daughters rather pretty?" after which the subject dropped.

Alex Ashe was conscious of a sense of relief when the call over, he found himself again in the street. "What tiresome women!" he muttered. Yet why were they so tiresome? He had been familiar with just such women all his life, but never before had found them unendurable. "But then I had never seen Amy Ashurst," he meditated. "Marry one of those girls! Not if they owned the mines of Golconda, and Uncle Nat went down on his knees to me."

His call of inquiry after the note-case he timed so as to hit what he suspected to be the leisurely hour of the family, in the later evening. He was fortunate; the ladies were at home, and evidently expecting him, for the letter-case lay conspicuous on the table, and Mrs. Ashurst began with apology. "I should have sent it to you had we known your address, but you gave us none, you remember."

"I should have been most unwillingly to give you that trouble; and besides—candidly—when I missed it, I was very glad, for it gave me a pretext for seeing you all again."

He was so frankly handsome as he spoke, looking straight into Mrs. Ashurst's eyes the while, that she was greatly pleased with him. "We are glad to see you, without any pretext," she said. "And now, Mr. Ashe, sit down and tell us if your quest of to-day has been successful, if you have found your uncle's Ashursts, the real Simon pures."

So began another evening of enchantment. This time when our hero took leave, Mrs. Ashurst cordially invited him to come again; and while he eagerly thanked her, Amy, taking the forgotten letter-case from the table, handed it to him, with a wicked little smile, saying, "You mustn't forget this, Mr. Ashe;" and he, quite unable to keep from laughing, replied, "No, since Mrs. Ashurst is so kind as to say I may come without an excuse; otherwise I should try hard to leave it for the second time." Other evenings followed, each pleasanter than the last. There was the sweetest atmosphere

about the mother and daughters, Alex thought; they were so cordial, so intelligent, so unafectedly fond of one another. Little by little he gathered the facts of their history, not from any formal revelation, but by chance hints and casual allusions. Mrs. Ashurst, as he learned, had been left suddenly and unexpectedly by her husband's death, and with far-sighted wisdom had used her little capital in giving her girls a first rate education in Europe, with a view to their becoming teachers. They had but lately returned, and were not yet thoroughly at home in their own country; but already Miss Ashurst was instructing large classes in French and German, and Amy giving music lessons to a number of pupils. Their evenings they kept free for the enjoyment of each other and of the little home which they so keenly, and entering into the spirit of this world, busy, yet so tranquilly content, Alex realized for the first time what the charm of home may be, where each inmate has independent occupation, but where all interests are shared and united as only they can be in those homes where love is lord and king.

He dined duly with "the other Ashursts," and duly paid his "digestion visit," but there the acquaintance rested. The insipidity of mere fashionable intercourse struck him so keenly, as contrasted with the domestic life he had just learned to understand; the elaborate graces taught to worldly schools seemed so poor and shallow compared with "the mind, the music, breathing in the face" of Amy, that it struck him as sheer waste of time to devote his hours to them.

"Who would care for a doll, though its clothes were of lace, And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?" he hummed to himself, as he walked home after his second call at 1514; and from thenceforward he gave himself up with heart and soul to the cultivation of his "happy accident." Uncle Nat was grievously disappointed when his favorite nephew, after a stay in Philadelphia so prolonged as to justify his most sanguine hopes, wrote to announce his engagement to an entirely wrong Miss Ashurst. "A girl without a penny, sir, I give you my word," and it was long before the old gentleman could forgive the outrage. He never did forgive it, in fact, till Mrs. Alexander Ashe came to Boston in propria persona, and then she made such a conquest of Uncle Nat as left him nothing to say in his own justification or to the reproach of his nephew. He lived to thank heaven for his own bad handwriting.

"For," as he would explain, "if the tails of my 5's had been one whit less indistinct than they are, you would never have gone astray in Hemlock street that night, my boy, and we should never have had this little jewel of ours for our own, and a sad thing that would have been for us all—hey, now, wouldn't it?"

To which Alex Ashe replied, with emphasis: "Rather!"—Harper's Bazar.

A Ceremonious Nabob.

I have told you, writes an English traveler, very little about the nabob (of the Carnatic), although no day passes without messengers from him—in the morning to inquire how I slept, and in the middle of the day to present a gift of fruit and flowers. He insists on my seeing these messengers with great silver sticks and returning my salaams by them, which is a great and grievous bore twice a day. After my first visit he sent me a dinner of at least fifty dishes, each of which was brought in the head of a black damsel. This feast was displayed on the floor of the colonnade, and I was brought forth to see the embroidered covers taken off, and to admire the cook-shop.

I made my salaam, and the repast was devoured by Lord William's body guard. The present of a dinner is an established custom in the East. The nabob is a very fat, thick-bearded person, about thirty. At my first visit he received me at the door of my coach, having bargained that I should do the like when he returned my visit. He embraced me as soon as I was out of the coach with most affectionate hugs, saying each time: "How d'ye do, governor general?" This I thought a very suitable salutation at our meeting, but it seemed less neat and appropriate at my departure, when, at the coach door, he repeated the four embraces, with "How d'ye do, governor general?" four times again.

During the reception he sat on a sofa in a great hall, in which was also the usual throne. I on his right side, Lord William on his left. The interpreter made us mutually happy by assurances of each other's perfect health, and the nabob returned thanks to God for the health of the king, the queen, the Prince of Wales and the princes and princesses, the court of directors, the house of peers, and all the members of the house of commons, every one of whom I assured him I had left in the most blooming health.

We were then still more deeply affected by our extreme attachment for each other, and by the singular felicity of beholding each other's faces. Many other similar affairs of state were transacted between us, and when the painful moment for parting arrived, his highness dropped a few drops of attar of roses on my handkerchief, then sprinkled me profusely all over my best Vienna embroidered coat with rose-water, saying affectionately that he knew he was spoiling my coat (but what is a coat to the effusions of friendship?). Then he put on my neck a garland of white flowers, gave me two packets of betelnut and then two roses.

The first thing a man does when he gets mistified at his local paper, because it failed to notice in piea type that he had whitewashed his hen-house, is to demand, in order, it stopped, just as though the whole concern would stop because one paper had been discontinued.—Waterloo Observer.

Street Lights.

In the reign of Louis XIV., one of the most magnificent spectacles was supposed to be the general lighting of the streets of Paris. The word was given to witness the novel scene. It was believed to be the highest achievement of modern civilization—either the Greeks nor the Romans seem to have thought of the wonderful invention. Yet the lights of the great city consisted only of dim lanterns and torches, dispersed at distant intervals, and compared with the bright glare of modern gas, would have seemed only a dusky gloom. Whether the Greeks and Romans lighted their cities at night is still in doubt. It is probable that Rome, except in rare instances of festive illuminations, was left in darkness. Its people, when they went out at night, carried lanterns or torches, or else wandered, in moonless nights, exposed to robbers and stumbling over obstacles. Antioch, in the fourth century the splendid capital of the East, seems to have set the example of suspending lamps through its principal streets, or around its public buildings. Constantine ordered Constanti-

nople to be illuminated on every Easter eve with lamps and candles. All Egypt was lighted up with tapers floating on vessels of oil at the feast of Isis; and Rome received Cicero, after the flight of Catiline, with a display of lanterns and torches. Yet the practice of lighting up a whole city at night seems, in fact, a modern invention. Paris and London dispute the priority of the useful custom. At the opening of the sixteenth century, when the streets of Paris were often infested with robbers and incendiaries, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning, silver tins in the evening, before the windows of their houses; in 1568, vessels filled with pitch and other combustible matter were kept blazing at distant intervals through the streets. A short time afterward, lanterns were provided at the public cost. They were at first only employed during the winter months, and were soon kept constantly burning. Reverberating lamps were next invented, and were usually surrounded by throngs of curious Parisians. In 1777, the road between Paris and Versailles, for nearly nine miles in length, was lighted; and in the present century, the French metropolis has steadily improved its street lamps, until the introduction of gas made the streets of Paris as brilliant by night as by day. Its light was never quenched until, in its recent humiliation, its glittering boulevards and sparkling parks were hidden in unwonted gloom.

London claims to have lighted its streets with lanterns as early as 1414, but the tradition seems doubtful. About 1668 the citizens were ordered to light lamps in front of their houses every night during the winter; but as late as 1736 the rule was imperfectly obeyed. Robbers filled its narrow streets, and life and property were never secure in the darkness. Gas lamps were next introduced, at the public expense; the number was rapidly increased, and toward the close of the last century the citizens of London were accustomed to boast of their magnificent system of street-lamps, which far surpassed that of Paris. The roads running from the city for seven or eight miles were lined with crystal lamps. At the crossing of several of them the effect was thought magnificent; and what would now be a dim and dismal array of smoking lights, seemed then one of the wonders of the time. Novelists and poets celebrated the nightly illumination of the overgrown capital. Vienna, Berlin, and other European cities followed the example of Paris or London, and New York and Philadelphia early adopted the custom. Rome alone, still clinging to the usages of the middle ages, refused to light its streets; the popes steadily opposed the heretical invention, and preferred darkness to light.

At length came a wonderful advance. For three centuries civilization had prided itself upon its lamps or lanterns; it was now to shine in novel brilliancy. The Chinese, who seem to have originated without perfecting most modern inventions, had long been accustomed to sink tubes into beds of coal, and carry its natural gas into their houses, and even their streets, for the purpose of illumination. They also used gas for manufactures and cooking. But they had never discovered the art of making gas. In 1792, Mr. William Murdoch first used gas for lighting his offices and house in Redruth, Cornwall. The Birmingham manufacturers at once adopted the invention. The unparalleled splendor of the light at once attracted public attention. The peace of 1802, transitory as a sudden illumination, was celebrated by the lighting of the factory of Watts and Boulton, at Birmingham, with a flame that seemed to rival the brightness of the stars. The invention spread over the world. London, ashamed of its once boasted array of endless lamps, now glittered with hundreds of miles of gaslights. Paris again called the whole world to witness its tasteful illumination. The cities of the new world lighted up every corner of their busy streets. Even Rome yielded to the useful invention.

Doctor Lauder Lindsay in his new book, "Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease," observes that "even as regards man himself it must be borne in mind that there are countless thousands—many whole races—that are intellectually and morally the inferiors of many well-trained mammals, such as the chimpanzee, orang, dog, elephant or horse; or birds, such as the parrot, starling, magpie, jackdaw and various crows."

Mamma seeks to console her crying child. "Why do you cry, John? What has hurt you?" "Mamma (and he bawls more lustily than ever), yesterday I fell down and hurt myself." "Yesterday? Then why do you cry to-day?" "Oh, because you were not at home yesterday."

Sometime.

Sometime! Sometime! Luring cry! Chiming, rhyming, over and over, Out from the heart-tree branches high, Where birds of promise flutter and fly, Now nesting low in the honeyed clover, Now soaring up to the voiletly sky; Sweetest prophecies softly singing, Softly sweet, like the voice of a lover; Rhythmic measures roundly ringing— Ringing—singing—over and over. Tenderly, gladly, floats the cry— Sometime, dear heart!—by-and-by!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Two persons die every second. Slow rivers flow four miles per hour. The average human life is thirty-one years. During the past thirty years 2,500,000 people have emigrated from Germany. The young man of the period wears a queer-looking high hat, but then, you know, that's his title.—New York Journal. Boston has seven colored lawyers, six of whom are in active practice, one of them being a graduate of the Harvard law school. The lower jawbone of a mastodon has been found in a sand bar in the Loup river, about twenty-five miles from Kearney, Neb. When a deep sleep falls on a man he does not mind it so much as when a few square yards of plastering come down or a chimney tumbles over on him.—Keokuk Gate City. When you see a man take off his hat to you it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.—Salesman. A mining company at St. Clair, Ill., dispensed with the services of a hundred men at \$1 a day by the use of labor-saving machinery; but they employed fifty men at \$2 a day to guard the apparatus. Remains of lake dwellings have been discovered in a peat bog near Milan, and in a street in Milan excavations for a house have brought to light what are believed to be vestiges of the old Roman theater. This year's Russian famine, says a Berlin dispatch to the London Standard, mainly affects the Caucasus. In hundreds of Armenian and Mohammedan villages the whole of the inhabitants are dead. The Russian press dare not allude to the subject. 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, too. It happened that on her way home lightning struck and killed her.

Only a woman's hair, Binding the now 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. —Steubenville Herald.

"Strong Jamie." The Berwickshire journals in 1844, gave much information concerning this remarkable man. Though short of stature, he possessed prodigious strength, which earned for him the familiar cognomen of "Jamie Strang," or "Strong Jamie." A writer in the Berwick Advertiser said: "We have heard him state that the greatest weight he ever lifted from the ground was 105 stone, and that he had lifted eighty-five stone with one hand. When the Forfarshire militia were encamped at Eymouth, he went to see an acquaintance among them. While there, a dancing-master was boasting much of his strength, whereupon one of the soldiers, knowing Stuart, engaged to provide a drummer who would lift more than the boaster could. Stuart, dressed as a drummer, was brought in. A piece of ordnance was lying before them which the dancing-master raised to the perpendicular, and then allowed to fall. He asked the drummer whether he could do that. Stuart pretended that he was not very sure that he could; but placing his arms round the cannon, he raised it entirely from the ground, and carried it to some distance. At another time, when at Velvet Hall, near Berwick, some countrymen were laboring to get a cart laden with hay out of a miry hole into which by some accident it had stuck fast. Stuart was appealed to for assistance. He desired them all to stand aside, and, going underneath the cart, removed it with his hands. This extraordinary man (it is asserted in many quarters) actually went fiddling about the country till nearly 114 years old. A small sum was then collected for him, toward which the queen and the late Sir Robert Peel contributed. Stuart declared that he 'hadna been sae weel off this hunder year.' At length his career closed. He died at Tweedmouth on the eleventh of April, 1844, and was buried on the fourteenth in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The Berwick Advertiser, a few days afterward, contained an advertisement relating to statutes of the veteran.—Chambers Journal.