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answering gleam in her eyes? He half about the mother and daughters, Alex thought; they were so cordial, so intelligent, so unaffectedly fond of one another. Little by little he gathered the "I am afraid it is a distant cousinship, if any 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 apological and go in search of these and connections at the facts. And now I must wish you good-evening, with renewed apological and go in search of these and connections at the facts. And now I must wish you good-evening, with renewed apological and go in search of these are they provided for on her husband's death, and with far-sighted wisdom had used her little capital in giving her girls affects of their history, not from any formal revelation, but by chance hints and casual allusions. Mrs. Ashurst, as he conjectured, had been left sleen-derly provided for on her husband's death, and with far-sighted wisdom had used her little capital in giving her girls and casual allusions. 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 valued; and entering into the spirit of this life, so bravely busy, yet so tran-quilly 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

he hummed to himself, as he walked home after his second call at 1514; and from thenceforward he gave himself up 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

A Ceremonious Nahob.

see the embroidered covers taken off, and

devoured by Lord William's body guard. The present of a dinner is an established custom in the East. The nabob is a thirty. At my first visit he received me at the door of my coach, having bar-gained that I should do the like when most affectionate huvs, saying each time: "How d'ye do, governor general?" This I thought a very suitseemed less neat and appropriate at my departure, when, at the coach door, he repeated the four embraces, with " How

During the reception he sat on a sofa in a great hall, in which was also the musnud or throne, I on his right side, Lord William on his left. Then our 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 princessess, 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

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 roses on my handkerchief, then sprinkled me profusely all over my best Vienna embroidered coat with rosewater, 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 beteinut and then two roses.

Street Lights.

most magnificent spectacles was sup-posed to be the general lighting of the streets of Paris. The world was invited to witness the novel scene. It was be leved to be the highest achievement of modern civilization—neither 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 records when they 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 stum-bling 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 eye with lamps and wax candles. All Egypt was lighted up with tapers float-ing 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, after nine in the evening, before the windows of their houses; in 1558, vases filled with pitch and other combustible matter were kept blazing at distant inburning. 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. 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 bril-

streets with lanterns as early as 1414, but the tradition seems doubtful About 1668 the citizens were ordered next introduced, at the public expense

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 original nated 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 it 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 dopted 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. don, 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, jack-daw 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 feli down and hurt myself." "Yesterday! Then why do you cry to-

In the reign of Louis XIV., one of the

liant by night as by day. Its light was never quenched until, in its recent humiliation, its glittering boulevards and sparkling parks were hidden in un wonted gloom.

London claims to have lighted it

to place 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 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 ex-ample of Paris or London, and New York and Philadelphia early adopted the custom. Rome alone, still clinging to the usages of the middle ages, reiused to light its streets; the popes steadily opposed the heretical inven-tion, and preferred darkness to light. At length came a wonderful advance.

Sometime.

Legal notices at established rates.

Rates of Advertising.

One Square (I inch.) one insertion - \$1
One Square '' one month - - 3 68
One Square '' three months - 6 00
One Square '' one year - 10 06
Two Squares, one year - 15 7
Quarter Col. '' - 30 06
Haif '' - 50 00

Marriage and death notices, gratis,
All bills for yearly advertisoments cotlected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Job work, Cash on Delivery.

Sometime! Sometime! Laring cry! Chiming, rhyming, over and over, Out from the heart-tree branches high, Where birds of promise flutter and fly,

Now soaring up to the voiceful sky; Sweetest prophecies softly singing. Soitly sweet, like the voice of a lover; Rythmic measures roundly ringing-Ringing-singing-over and over.

Now nesting low in the honeyed clover,

Tenderly, gladly, floats the cry-Sometime, dear heart!-by-and-bye! ometime! Sometime! Birds in my breast, Chanting lays of a glad to-marrow,

Out from a broken, desolate next, Bravely rearing each golden crest, Flaunting your wings in the face of sorrow, Singing the while of coming rest,

Forther than mine your gaze is reaching! Let me your prescient cunning borrow! Answer make to my sad beseeching; Comes there indeed a glad to-morrow? Is it for me ye suttly ery

Sometime, dear heart!-by-and-bye? -Lucy Marian Blinn.

STEMS OF INTEREST.

Two persons die every second.

Slow rivers flow four miles per hour. The average human life is thirty-one

During the past thirty years 2,500-000 people have emigrated from Ger-

The young man of the period wears a queer-looking high hat, but then, you know, that's his tile.—New York Mail. 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 h does not mind it so much as when a tew 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. -Statesman.

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 Mill 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 drankard 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 cog-nomen of "Jamie Strang," or "Strong Jamie." A writer in the Berwick Ad-vertiser said: "We have heard him state that the greatest weight he ever ifted from the ground was 105 stone, and that he had lifted eighty-five stone with one hand. When the Forlarshire militia were encamped at Eyemouth, 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 assist-ance. He desired them all to stand aside, and, going underneath the cart, removed it with its load to the opposite side of the road." This extraordinary man (it is averred 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 con-course of spectators. The Berwick Advertiser, a few days afterward, contained day?" "Oh, because you were not at an advertisement relating to statuettes home yesterday." Journal.

Husband Mine, That Is to Be. Though I would not make it public For a pocketful of gold, Yat I'd like to know a secret

That has never yet been told; In your ear now let me waisper-Lost my blashes you might see-This: If I am to have a husband, Pray, who is the man for me? Is be pale or is he rably ?

Is he weak or is he strong? Is he fille I with prou I ambiliou? Or content to plod along? Will he make me very happy? 'Pis a lottory, you'll agree, All about this strange onigen .-Husband, mine, that is to ba!

Is he sail or is he merry ? Is he short, or is he-tall? Eyes of gray or black or as ire-Which will hold my heart in theall? Will he love me as no other? And shall I as constant be, Randering homage to the helpmate

Seut by heaven to comfort me? Pray don't think me bold or forward. For no maideo in the laud But would like to take a sly peop (fast for fun-you understand?) At the " object" of the fature-

That delignitud mystery, That so makes one's poor heart flutter-Husband mine, that is to be! -M. A. Killer, in Baldwin's Mont hly.

PIFTEEN, FOURTESN, THIRTEEN.

It was on a blustering evening in March that Mr. Alexander Ashe, pausing in his rapid progress through one of the tree-christened streets which bisect the city of Penn, took from his pocket a ther, and holding it well up to catch

the somewhat uncertain light of a lamp, studied the address with a zeal sharp-oned 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 quirl certainly must mean a 3. Well, this is really too bad. It never occurred to me till this moment that there could be a mistake, but certainly it is 3, and not 5. A nice business it would be to make a blunder in—heiresshunting Pshaw! But it's to please 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'! well refuse so slight a favor as that I should call on these—what's their names?

—Ashursts, even if he does go on to air this side. Perhaps the name is on the door. By Jove! I never thought of

assurst"—revealed plainly an opportune street lamp the bell, muttering to himself: "A good hit that It's lucky i 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 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. "What 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-wail on either hand; where soms and chairs wore fine clothes on occasion, and comtuen petticoats for common days, and nothing seemed intended for use, comfort, or the indulgence of unauthorized or impromptu pleasures. 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 win-dows; 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 can-nel-coal shown 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 paints in another, showed that busy people used the room, and worked there when so incilned—a thing not often permitted in pariors kept for show; and on the chimney-piece stood a bowi of fresh violets, which diffused a spring-like odor about the place. Two young ladles, evidently sisters,

rose from seats beside the lire, 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—tair, round, brilliant, smiling, possessed of a thousand untaught graces, which lent to her manner inexhaustible variety and coarm, but withal with the sunny caudor of a child shining in her clear blue eyes. Amy Ashurst was altogether an enchanting creature, and slex 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 "Lam alreid it is a distant cousing."

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."

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.

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, dinpling 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 sight, and we smile at the notion as rothat the call my lead to something more interesting. It won't, though. I Lever saw a girl with money yet that wasn't altogether detestible. 1514, 1314 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. 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 directly opposite; and Alex Ashe rang the breaking of a dream. She greeted him cordially, but there was a little per-plexity 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 astonish-

ingly grown." "Albert—Aunt Carry!" thought the mysthed Alex; and then, with a sudden sinking of heart, he began to surmise a

"I do not quite understand," he stammered. "1- Can there be- I am half afraid I may have made a mistake. I am Alexander Ashe, not Al-

Mrs. Ashurst looked more puzzled than ever. Florence blushed deepiy, and became grave and embarrassed; but Amy's blue eyes met his frankly, with such asparkle of kindly fun in them that

Alex took courage to go on.
"Pray let me explain," he said. "The mistake, if 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 com-mands 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 casting about I found the name I was in search of upon your doorplate, and made sure that I was right. Miss Ashurst seemed prepared to receive a 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," grid "It was a perfectly natural one," and Mrs. Ashurst, pleasantly. "And low 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 we have been 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 apologica to make as well as you."

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 cannot regret my share in the

Mrs. Ashurst, desirous to set him at other. Little by little he gathered the ease, and end the interview without facts of their history, not from any for-

at 13-no, 1514. That will be two squares farther up in this same street,

"Yes, and I think 1514 is Mr. Walter Ashurst's number. He is a distant connection of my husband's, but we have never metthem. 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 supplements in this gald double within and numbers in this odd double misun-derstanding 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 heavy-hearted, for with all her courtesy and pleasantness, Mrs. Ashurst had not asked him to call again. What could be done? for go 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

Next morning he devoted himself to the "other Ashursts," who were easily found. No. 1514 proved to be a man-sion 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 rivulets of from thenceforward he gave himself up satin meandered down either side of lofty, close-blinded windows, and a parterre of huge pale-colored flowers parterre of huge pale-colored flowers was grievously disappointed when his months, and were soon kept constantly favorite nephew, after a stay in Phila the floor. Each gilded and carved chair delphia so prolonged as to justify his and sola wore a jacket of linen for the most sanguine hopes, wrote to announce and sola 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 tarlatan as a protection from possible flies; while the family hearth was represented by a lacquered register which grinned uncheerfully from the midst of a slab uncheerfully from the miast of a state of marble, monumental apparently, which filled the whole opening of the fireplace. This chill and gorgeous soitude Alex had to himself for a quarter tude Alex had to himself for a quarter before a rustling on the "For," as he would explain, "if the "For," as he would explain, "if the of an hour, before a rustling on the stairs announced the approach of the this outward loveliness was but the exponent of a nature lovelier still, "pure ladies of the family, and Mrs. Ashurst as her cheek and tender as her eyes." It would have required a tough heart indeed, or an aiready occupied one, to generate the state of the family, and Mrs. Ashurst and her daughters appeared in a resplendence of French dresses. She, a street that night, my boy, and we should 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 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 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 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 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 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 explain." him to dinner on the next day but one. It was but short notice to collect a party, she remarked, but they would do 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 his 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 Alex Ashe was conscious of a sense of relief when, the call over, he found nimself again in the street. "What himself again in the street. "I tiresome women!" he muttered. 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 medi-tated. "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 un willing to give you that trouble; and besides"-candidy-" when I missed it, I was very glad, for it gave me a pretext for seeing you all again." He was so frankly bandsome 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 retext," she said. "And now, Mr. 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 en-chantment. This time when our hero took leave, Mrs. Ashurst cordially invited him to come again; and while he eagerly thanked her, Amy, taking the 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

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. devote his hours to them.

"Who would care for a doll, though its clothes were of lace,
And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?"

have been for us all-hey, now, wouldn't

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

I have told you, writes an English traveler, very little about the nabob (of the Carnatie), although no day basses without messengers from himin 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 fitty dishes, each of which was brought on the head of a black damsel. This feast was displayed on the floor of the colonnade, and I was brought forth to

to admire the cook-shop.

I made my salaam, and the repast was very fat, thick-bearded person, about he returned my visit. He embraced me as soon as I was out of the coach with able salutation at our meeting, but it d'ye do, governor general?" four times

most blooming health.

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