The forest Republican.

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This Farm For Sale.

With weary heart and troubling hand I guide the team affeld; Good horses-ah, they seem to see The grief I try to shield. The skies are low'ring overhead, Mistortune blows a gale; Put up a board, and write thereon

What' sell the homestead broad and fair-The degrest spot on earth? Shall strangers sit where I have sat, Around the lamily bearth? The farm where mother took the vows

These words: " This farm for sale."

That made her tather's bride? The place where laughing Nell was born-The spot where Willie died?

What! must I part with memories So very dear to me? The mossy spring, the purling brook, The leaving apple-tree ? The shadows of departed ones Rise up and touch my arm: I hear their pleading voices now; "Do not desert the farm!"

Enshrined within my heart of hearts The house where I was born, O to sammer night, when heaven's rain Bat down the growing corn ; I'm room where I have often passed Beneath the abast ning rod-Where father laid me early on The altar of his God!

While I have strength to swing the axe-While I can guide the plow; While I can toil and bring the sweat Of labor to my brow,

I'll keep mistortune's wolt at bay! Love triumphs over gold! Take down the board and break it-The farm shall not be sold!

-T. C. Harbaugh

ESTHER'S FORTUNE.

"How cold it is! I say Marcia, put or some more wood, and close the win downlinds. 'Pears to me the winter-are colder now than they used to be." "You are older now, Aunt Phobe, and old folks feel the cold more than

when they were young." replied Marcia a tall, handsome girl of twenty, with a decided look and carriage; adding "l'il close the shutters, Esther, while you bring the wood.'

or disagreeable tas upon Esther, a stender, delicate looking girl, a year younger than Marcia. Aunt Phæbe Keeling never perceived

it-she had no thought but for hersel and her ailings-and if Esther was aware of it she made no opposition. Now she went out to the woodpile

and filled her basket with chips, and gathered some wood ready to carry into the house. There was no servant on the Keeling place, except an old negro man and woman who occupied the outer kitchen, and were expected to do the lougher work of the little fam-

she stood for a moment in the chilly November air, looking round her at the negle ted little gray farmhouse with its moss-grown roof, flanked by aged and half dead trees; at the stony field be tween the house and the river, sprinkled with stunted cornstalks and patches of yellow broom; and of the rocky hill behind the house, clothed with somber pines, whose low, monotonous murmur. mingled with that of the river, and sounded day and night like a moaning

No more lonesome or dreary place could be imagined than this barren remnant of the old Keeling farm.

And yet, here had the greater part of Esther's life been passed. Ten years ago her mother had returned, a penniless widow, to the aunt who had been to her as a mother, and with whom she had again found a home. On her deathbed she had said to Esther, "Take care of Aunt Phoebe in her old age"-an injunction which the gir, had remembered and obeyed, in face of all temptations to ne!" seek a more cheerful home.

At the farm they found Marcia, whose father, the brother of Esther's mother, had lived with Aunt Keeling till his death. Under his management the farm had yielded something; but afterward the place went down, and the old lady had sold it, field after field, till nothing remained save this long, narrow ridge of stony ground on which the house was situated, lying between the pine hills and the river, and which no one cared to purchase at any price.

A dreary place and a dreary life for E-ther, especially when Marc a, unable longer to endere it, had gone to teach school at Ashwood, a village some tweive miles distant. She came home once a month on Saturdays; and this winter, learning that Aunt Keeling was very feeble and could not live long. she had given up her school and returned to the farm, as she said, to take Mareia, a clever girl, with her own interests always in view, had learned that attached Aunt Keeling owned some two thousaud dollars in bank, and knowing her intention of leaving all she possessed to her two great nice s, she had considered it prudent to be on the spot lest Esther, who had remained with the old lady,

should come in for the larger share. As Esther stooped to lift the armful of wood, a man appeared riding along the open cart-track which led through the cornfield toward the village, a mile distant. He was a good-looking, manly gray homespun. On seeing the girl he turned from the pathway and dismounted by her side.

Why, Esther, this is no work for you. Look at your hands—fit only for sawing. Why did you not call Uncle

He is at work, and lame, you know,

and I thought it a pity to call him such | now? You chanot live alone in this

" fhen, where is Marcia? She is twice as strong as you. But maybe she pre-fers wielding birch-twigs to carrying hickory-logs," he added, with a laugh. "Marcia knows that I am stronger than I look," Esther answered, simply. "I fear you take too much upon yourself. I fancy you don't look as well as usual. Doctor Farnham should take

tioning glance at her lace. A conscious blush tinged her cheek. "We don't employ Doctor Farnham." she answered, pretending to take his meaning literally. "You know my aunty don't like his family. I don't

better care of you," he added, with a

constrained smile and a curious, ques-

know why.' "She has reason. I've heard the story from mother Old Farnham jilted her when they were young, and you know Aunt Pheœbe finds it hard to for-

"Poor aunty!" She raised her eyes full to his. "I've never heard that said of Doc-tor Farnham," she answered, with un-

wonted spirit.
"Well, I hope you never may, since you think so much of him," said the young man, with something like a sigh, as he lifted the hewn logs and piled them on his arm as lightly as though

they had been so many twigs.

Passing across the yard, he laid his burden within the entry door.

Marcia looked in with a coquettish

smile.
"Won't you come in, George, and warm yourself?" "No, thank you, not now. I am on an errand for mother, and must get back before sunset."

And he hurried away.
"Who was that?" inquired the old lady from her armchair.

George Harrison, aunt." "A good young man. I wish he would marry Esther. I used to fancy

"So he did, and told her so last summer, and she refused him. His sister, Mrs. Temple, told me about it." "Refused him! And what for?"

"Oh, because just about that time she got acquainted with young Doctor Farnhan, and he paid her attention at he protracted meeting, and walked ward. People begin to notice it, Aunt Phoebe. They say that he means to marry her." with her whenever he saw her after-

"You don't tell me, Marcia! Doctor Farnham! He's of a bad stock-proud cheating and lost it speceriating. He'n speceriate—only he's no money to spec-

"Oh, he thinks that when he mar-It was always thus; the most difficult ries Esther he'll have your money to

> "He does, hey? That's what he's after, is it? Well," mumbled the old tady, her chin trembling with excite ment, "he'll get no money o' mine, nor Esther neither, if she means to marry him. Narra a niece o' mine shall marry a Farnham, if I can help it. I know em-and so did my family afore me-to our sorrow. We've had enough of them Farnhams."

An hour after Esther came in, her cheeks crimson, her eyes tearful and radiant with a soft light. To Marcia's question she replied that

she and been to the mead w-so they called the strip of marsh bordering the iver-to fetch home the cows. Aunt Keeling look at her with an

angry giare in her dim eyes.

That's Chioe's business. But,
Esther, what is this Marcia tells me bout you and that young Farnham? You've deceived me, Estner."

"No, Aunt Phæbe. I knew that you did not like him, and so I would not mention him. You see, I did not dream until this evening that he really cared for me.

This evening?" repeated Marcia. "Oh! so you met him down in the meadow. I thought I saw him down there with his gun. Esther," said the old lady, excitedly

tapping the floor with her staff-Esther, I want you to promise me one thing, and that is, that you'll never marry a Farnham." The girl looked into the fire and was

Will you promise, girl? Yes or "That would be breaking my promise to him, Aunt Pnobe," she said in a low

Your promise to him!" screeched the old lady, thumping the stick vio-lently on the floor. "Do you mean to

say you've promised to marry him?"
"Yes-this evening-in the meadow. I meant to have told you and begged you to like him. You would like him if you knew him, Aunt Phœbe." She clasped her hands on her aunt's knee and looked up pleadingly, with

eyes full of tears, But the old woman was in a quiver of rage, and she declared her solemn resoive never to leave Esther a cent of her money, except on condition of her giv-

ing up Doctor Farnham, And when a week after this, Aunt Keeling died, it became known to everybody that she had left her fifteen hundred dollars to her niece Marcia, while care of her. But the truth was that to Esther she had bequeathed the old farmhouse and the strip of barren ground

" That," she had said to the village lawyer who drew up the will-"that is to prevent her marrying Farnham."

A week after the old lady's burial Doctor Farnham came to see Esther. In this time he had not lingered about the river and the meadow, watching opportunities to waylay Esther as he and previously done, and the girl missed the sweet interviews which had thrown

a light and a glory over her dreary life. Now, on this his first open visit to young fellow, neatly dressed in a suit of her, she met nim blushing and smiling. and with eyes overflowing with tears of love and gladness.

He did not take her in his arms as he had done in the meadow, and the girl shrank shyly into a chair. After some commonplace talk,

Esther, what do you propose to do

dreary place. She looked down with a conscious blush. Of course he would take her away now, as his wite, to his own

"Have you no friend or relative to whom you could go?" he inquired. "No," she answered, with a cold chill

creeping at her heart.

"That is a pity. Marcia is going back to her school. Could you not go with her, or teach a school of your own,

as she does?"

"I am not as clever as Marcia. I could not teach school."

"Then what will you do?"

"I don't know." she answered, faintly.

He looked at her a moment. She had become very pale. The light had died out of her eyes, the color from her cheek, and she had half turned away her face, and was looking out upon the dreary field and river.

He took a seat near her. "Esther, it is time that you and I understood each other. You know I love you, and were I not so miserably poor I should be glad to take you away from this place and make you my wife. When I proposed doing so I thought-that is, most people said that your aunt would leave you the greater part of her prop-erty, and she was supposed to be wealthier than has proved to be the Consequently I imagined that I case. Consequently I imagined that I should have enough to live upon in comfort until I could make a practice. You know I am but a beginner."

Esther slowly turned and looked at him with large, clear, wondering eyes.
"Were you going to marry me for—
for money?" she asked, with just a tinge of scorn in the last word.

"Certainly not." he replied, loftily. I merely understood that we should have enough to live on. As it has turned out, why, we should starvethat is all

He walked once or twice up and down the room, then stopped in front of

her.
"Esther, a man could do more mean and seitish thing than to marry without money, and so make a slave of the woman he loves. Don't you agree with me?" "I don't know."

"But I know all about it, young as I am. I have seen enough of that sort of thing. An unhappy, broken-down wo-man, slaving over cooking, washing, heaven knows what—while her husband toils for their daily bread. Esther, I love you too well to expose you to such

a life. I hate to give you up; but if you would prefer being free from your promise to me, I should consider it se fish to oppose it." She made no answer. "Of course," he resumed, coldly - of course, if you prefer that our en-

gagement should continue, I shall hold vself in honor bound, even though it be many years before we are able to "No," said Esther, slowly-"no. It

is better that the engagement should "I am glad you see it in so seasible a

light. It will save you much luture unhappiness." "It is hard to give you up, but there

s no alternative. And washall remain riends, Esther, and I will come to see

you sometimes." "No, I would rather not. And I would rather that you should go now," she added, chokingly.
"I will go if you wish it. And I hope

you will be happier, Esther, than it you had married a poor man like me, to lead a life of poverty and privation. God bless you! Good-bye." She passively gave him her hand. It was cold as ice, and her eyes had a

frozen, far away look as they followed him to the door. "Poor thing! I feel really sorry for her, but she will get over it," mused Doctor Farnham, as he passed briskly through the field, with his cane whisk-

ing off the feathery heads of the swaying broom, and with the high heels of his polished boots grinding down the tufts of moss in his way, and leaving them crushed an! dying behind him. Esther went to the window and looked after him as long as he was in sight-

looked with an agonized, straining gaze until his form disappeared in the dreary twilight. And then she gazed around at the bleak wintry prospect-the barren field, the cold, dark river, the somber pines—and throwing up her clasped hands above her head, murmured with white lips: "Oh, my God! how shall I bear it?" and sank insensible on the floor. So old Chioe found her, and ten-

derly put her to bed. Marcia was not altogether heartless, and she did her best to persuade her cousin to leave the lonely old farm-house and seek a more cheerful home. She even, probably moved by some feeling of remorse at the part she had had in depriving Esther of her fortune, offered to obtain her a place as governess, or lady's companion; but Esther retused it all. She expected, she said, to live and die at the old farm-house.

Oh, the dreary winter days, when snow lay deep on the ground and the river and the pines sang their perpetual dirge as the chill wind swept over And the long, weary nights, when a horror of loneliness seemed to brood over the deserted old house, and it seemed to Esther, in her sleepless dreams, that light and warmth and summer sunshine would never again look down upon, or upon her life.

One evening she sat alone, reading by the light of the pine-wood fire, while Chioe in the next room prepared sup-

It was a bitter cold and windy night; and Esther suddenly started up in alarm when there was a tap at the door. Then came a sound of stamping feet in the snow, and the door opening disclosed the stalwart form and frank, cheery face of George Harrison. "Excuse my unceremonious entrance,

please, Esther. I feared you would take me for a tramp and be frightened. I came over to see if you were snowed up, this awful weather, and I am glad to find you alive and well."

Esther was heaping fresh pine-knots on the fire.

"I am so glad you came, George," she said, feeling the cheeriness of his presence through the lonesome room.

"So am I," he replied, laughing.

"There, let me do this for you. Now, we shall have a royal blaze What a comfort there is in a good, cheery pinewood fire, with the logs glowing on the hearth, and the blaze lighting up the walls. Have you had supper, Esther? No? Then if you don't object, I'll stay

and take a cup of tea with you, and I'll teil you my errand at leisure." Esther, as she drew up the little square table opposite the fire, and spread the white cloth and Aunt Phospe's best old china teaset, wondered at the sudden brightness that seemed to have come over everything. Her own face brightened, and she found berself smiling at George's remarks, when it had appeared to her that she could

never smile again. And when Chloe came in, her broad black face beaming benevolently upon the two, and her hands bearing a tray of crisp corn meal pones, and delicate milk biscuits and ham and eggs, which she begged them "to cat at once while they were hot and sizzlin', for ham and eggs warn't no 'count arter they onced got cold," then Esther felt that she had awakened from a wretched dream into the returning light and warmth of every-

day life.

"How nicely you pour out the tea.
Esther!' George said. "I wish you could do that in mother's place, who has never been able to handle a teapot properly since her wrists were sprained."
"Her wrists sprained?"

"Yes, quite badly, about two weeks ago. She slipped on the ice in going down the back entry steps. And, to tell the truth, Esther, I came to-night partly to ask if you could not come and stay a little with mother. You would be such a help and comfort to her, you

know. "I?" said Esther, with such an un-conscious pathos in her look and tone that it went straight to the young man's

"Yes, you. Mother would prefer to have you to any one else in the world. I am sure of it. Your nice, quiet, dainty ways just suit her, and you know she is lonesome now that M ggie has married and gone away. Will you come, Esther—say to-morrow?"

"Yes," she replied, slowly, "I will come, George, if I can be of any use."

And so it was that Esther went to the Harrison's pleasant home, intending to stay only a few days.

But she never returned to live at the

old Keeling place, and this was what George had intended when he, with so much artful delicacy, induced her to They would not hear of her going back to the lonely old house until

spring, and in the atmosphere of kindness and happiness her bruised heart slowly nealed What tended more than aught else to this result was the report, soon confirmed, that Doctor Farnham was to

marry Marcia Keeling, to whom he had begun to pay attention shortly after his rupture with Esther. So it was the money, after all, that he wanted," Esther thought, with a parting sigh to her broken idol. wonder whether George, also, when he

asked me to marry him, had any thought of Aunt Phobe's money?" The doubt was speedily put at rest. tor long before the first spring flowers were in bloom George had again asked Esther to become his wife.

This time she did not say him nay Not long after he one day came in from the village looking very grave and a lit-

"Esther," he said, "I have news for you-great news.' "You mean perhaps that Marcia and Doctor Farnham are married," said Esther, composedly.

"No; though they are to be married in a day or two-so I have heard. But this is news which concerns yourself alone. You know they are proposing a track for the new branch railroad from Well, I have just learned that it is to pass within a mile of our village, and that its course lies exactly through your property—the old Keeling farm.

"How strange! But, George, it will ruin the place.

'Ruin the place!" he repeated, laughing. "Why, Esther, it will be the making of your fortune. The line runs exactly through that long, narrow strip of the old farm land by the river, and it is the only u e to which it could be put. heard just now," he added, gravely, that you will be offered seven or eight thousand dollars for it. They think it a good place for a station between the

village and Ashwood." "Eight thousand dollars!" said Esther, with a gasp, "why, I shall be rich ! "Richer than I, and perhaps you will

look down upon me. He spoke lightly, but there was something of an anxious look in his face.
"Oh, George," said Esther, looking
up into his face with tearful eyes, and
placing both her hands in his, "I am

so glad that I shall have this moneyso glad for your sake !" And Marcia, when she had heard the news, wished that she had not manœuvered to get Aunt Phoebe to make that will in her favor. As to Dr. Farnham, who had given up the woman he

loved as much as he was capable of lov-

ing, for one whom he loved not all-his feelings can only be imagined. Years after, when George and Esther, happy and presperous, were speaking of the wretched domestic life of Dr.

and Mrs. Farnham, Esther said: "I never feel so grateful to Aunt Phoebe as when I think of that will of hers made to prevent my marrying Dr. Farnham. She understood him better

the company goes.'

A Strange Bird.

An interesting story respecting the habits, under peculiar circumstances, of the chapparal cock, commonly known as the "road runner," is related by a California lady, who takes pleasure in reproducing any interesting matter regarding the natural heauties of her native State: It appears that a family named Davies, being engaged in olive culture, occupied the "Old Mission" at San Diego, around which is a dense growth of cactus, passing through which, one day, Mr. Davies heard a strange noise resembling the sound made by a pair of pigeons billing and cooing, winding up with a succession of cooing, winding up with a succession of short, quick, jerky notes, thus—perroot! per-root! per-root! The listener searched until he discovered the cause of his surprise, which was a nest of four young birds of the species Geococyx Californianus. He took them home, and succeeded easily in raising them in a coop, like chickens, the old ones feeding them. Their beautiful plumage soon attracted the attention of a number of visitors to the Old Mis-

The birds were finally released, but they regularly returned at night to the coop and lingered around, becoming satisfied habitues of the barnyard. Two of them died. The two remaining fought until one vanquished the other, which for a while repaired to the cactus, but returned with the nest-making season. In the meantime the sole remaining bird had become so selfish in its attachment to Miss Davies that it became a nuisance to the household. It would allow no living thing near her. showing its jealousy by darting fiercely at the object of its hatred, pecking it furiously with its sharp bill, whether cat, dog or child, oftentimes drawing blood, after which it would retire satisfied. For its own dainty consumption it would bring in beetles, bugs, spiders, and when anything larger was captured —tor instance, a lizard or small snake —it would fly to its mistress, structure around her until noticed and petted for its enterprise, during which it coos like a parrot whose feathers are being rubbed down. With the returned mate it began a nest on a small table by the window in the young lady's room. The nest-a most uncomfortable affair, about the depth of a soup-plate—was made of large, rough sticks, some of them about ten inches long, which they brought and laid on the outside of the windowsill, if the window remained closed, for the occupant of the room to add to the nest, which she faithfully did, and the nest was soon completed, the inner lining being dry grass and straw. But one egg was laid in this rude nest in its present location, inasmuch as the male one day decided the fate of "household and home" by bringing to his mate a large gopher snake, which twirled itself around his beak more than half alive, whereupon, with a peculiar nervous sensation, the lady immediately removed their lodging to the ground" among the cactus, where the birds hatched a promising brood, and again brought them to the house for food like chickens. The young birds are much like young turkeys, and at full size are about as large as half-grown turkey hens. The "road runner" particulary mentioned never forgot its attachment to Miss Davies, and would tollow her everywhere after its chicks were grown; they only parted when the family let the country, leaving the birds behind, which they now regret .-San Francisco Bulletin.

Where the Icebergs and Ice Fields Come From.

The icebergs come chiefly from Greenand, being formed by rivulets, etc. The vast ice fields seen upon the banks of Newfoundland are brought there by the vast currents of the sea and wind They come mostly from the coast of Labrador, and are parts of the fields that are formed during the long winter in the great bays and inlets of the Labra-dor coast. Icebergs are continually changing their line of floating, owing in part to the breaking off of pieces of the upper mass and the melting away of the submerged portion. Their motion is always slow, and accidents can rarely happen from them to prudent mariners. They float along the banks of Newfoundland, and finally, striking the warmer waters of the Guif stream. soon disappear. The movement of a field of ice is accompanied by much crashing, and is often obscured by a dense tog, through which rise the tops of the bergs. On two occasions during the Arctic cruise of the Juniata, in the Polaris search expedition, that vessel barely escaped destruction by iceber s. One of these was in the middle of July, 1873. During a dense fog at midday, off Cape Farewell, an immense berg was suddenly seen to loom up out of the tog not more than a ship's length directly ahead. Fortunately the vessel was run ning at slow speed, and her course was quickly changed, and she cleared the ice mountain by about 100 feet. another occasion, off Fiskernaes, in a dense fog, another very large berg was seen a little on the port bow, and a ledge of rocks on the starboard bow, not more than 500 feet distant. The engines were stopped and reversed, and the vessel only escaped destruction by a few feet.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

About a year before his death some one sent William Cullen Bryant a picture of apple blossoms. In acknowledging it he wrote: They do not exactly suit the last days of life's Decembut they agree charmingly with that new springtime of existence, my entrance to which cannot be far off, and where I hope to find the orchards of paradise in full blossom.

"The New York Tribune is experimenting with type-setting machines."
If the "leading American newspaper" is as successful in its experiments with type-setting machines as it has been in Bore-" What time do you retire its attacks upon co-operative news-here?" Young lady (bored)—"Soon as papers it may as well send the machines to the nearest junk shop.

The Hill of Life.

We only ask, my heart and I, A little peace, a little rest; We've traveled far, my heart and I, And none responds to our request. The hill of li e is steep and high, And thorns with grasses underlie,

We know it well-my heart and I. We've had our ioes, my heart and I; We've had our triends, We've had our loves, my heart and I, Where triendship ends.

We've bid a hundred loves good-hye, We've seen a hundred friendships die, Aye, that we have-my heart and I. We've met with scorn, my heart and I; We've met with praise;

When envy let his arrows fly To mar our days. We'd laugh to see them pass us by; If cunning torged a subtle lie, We would his flendish arts dely, And toil our toes-my heart and I.

When beauty, blushing sweet and shy, Would, unaware, Pierce my warm heart with glances sly We'd shun the snare.

And faithless hearts would vaiuly try To separate my heart and I. Now here we are, my heart and I,

Old trout avoid the angler's fly,

While far below We hear the murmuring nation's cry, And reap and sow; We've sown and resped, my heart and I And only ask in peace to die.

God grant us rest, my heart and I.

-John Scott.

A dear little thing-The diamond. "To have the gout is to have the

ITEMS OF INTEREST

well " thing. A serious step-Out of a second-story

window to the ground below. "Where do you hail from?" queried a man of a trader. "Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I

A hotel landlord at Indianapolis wears a hat woven of pineapple straw, which weighs only two ounces. It was made on the island of St. Helena, and is valued at \$100. The French society for the encourage-

ment of national industries offers a prize of \$200 for an essay on the tools employed in America in the manufacwatches. No man can truly say he is happy and healthy, and that he loves everybody, when he owes a year's subscription to a newspaper and has corns.—Williams-

port Breakfast Table. Cornell is to have a class in journalism. A pair or two-dollar shears and a bottle of gum arabic have already been

purchased. The scheme certainly promises well.—Atlanta Constitution. New York rays more for tobacco than for bread. Dealers say that there are smokers in that city who average 100 igars a week, and men whose eigar bills run up to thousands of dollars per

annum. When the sad and weary editor isn't editing, When a moment through the day his pencil

Then he listens to the sanctum bores a-buz-And a-talking of the weather and the crops.

-Oll City Derrick. "I'm afraid you don't like babies when they cry," said a matron to a gentle-man, as she tried to soothe the darling in her arms. "Oh, yes," said he, ike them best when they cry, because I've always observed that then they are

invariably carried out of the room. Mr. Frederick Tyler, of Hartford, Conn., who is now a little more than eighty-five years old, and is in fair health, can remember seeing a man who born in 1699. It was his own grandfather, Mr. Tyler, who was born in that year, and lived until 1800, covering the whole of the eighteenth century with his life.

I would not cause one shade of pain To overspread that face so tair; Ah! no, dear girl, nor would I deign To add a might unto your care. I would not have that lovely hue Of features clouded by a frown, But duty bids me say to you,

Your back hair's all a coming down! The average fisherman has probably noticed that no matter where he may go fishing, whether it be seven miles or seventy-five miles from town, the rural resident always assures him that "there are more fishermen than fish around And the saddest part of it is that the assertion appears to have foundation in fact in nine cases out of ten .-Rome Sentinel.

The Girdle Round the Earth.

If you send a telegraphic dispatch from Paris it will reach Alexandria. Egypt, in 5 hours; Berlin, in I hour and 30 minutes; Basle, in 1 hour 15 minutes; Bucharest, in 5 hours; Constantinople, in 5 hours; Copenhagen, in 4 hours; Cuba, in 10 hours; Edinburg, in hour 30 minutes; Dublin, in 3 hours; Frankfort-on-Main, in 1 hour 20 minutes; Geneva, in 1 hour 15 minutes; Hong Kong, in 12 hours; Hamburg, in 2 hours 30 minutes; Jerusalem, in 6 hours; Laverpool, in 2 hours; London, in 1 hour 15 minutes; Madrid, in 2 hours 30 minutes; Manchester, in 2 hours 30 minutes; New York, in 4 hours; New Orleans, in 8 hours; Rio Janeiro, in 8 hours; Rome, in 1 hour 30 minutes; San Francisco, in 11 hours; St. Petersburg, in 3 hours; Saigon, in 11 hours; Southampton, in 3 hours; Sydney (Australia), in 15 hours; Valparaiso, in 12 hours; Vienna, in 1 hour 45 minutes; Washington, in 6 hours; Yokoh ma, in 14 lour-, and Zanzibar, in 7 hours .-