The Forest Republican.

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Individuality of the Horse.

about the horse is its individuality.

This is a characteristic common to all

animals, undoubtedly, to a greater or less degree, but surpassingly so we think in the case of the horse. How this characteristic varies in horses is

well known by any one who has ever intelligently drawn a rein over a good roadster. The individuality of horses

varies as much as that of men. Every one has a different mental as well as physical make-up. Some horses seem to possess brains, to have some sense,

are quick to understand and obey the

least sign, n otion or word of their mas-

ter; others are not inaptly termed "lunk-

in a horse are sometimes due to the hab-

its of his driver or owner, and that the

horse itself may not be so much to blame

surprising difference in these mental qualities of horses. Some men drive

and use horses for years and yet never

realize anything, or that there is any more difference between them than

there is between so many barrels or sawlogs. Other men who handle horses a great deal, who buy and sell irequently, and who study much their

different characteristics, will tell you

how wonderful horses are, how much

more they know than some men, how much each one has to be driven and handled differently, and how much they will sometimes teach even their

drivers! Between a nervous, sensitive,

intelligent horse and his considerate

A Badger's Defense Against Dogs.

shooting ten miles west of the city when

they saw upon the banks of a stream a

badger. Two dogs accompanied the

hunters, and upon receiving the proper

encouragement began an attack upon the animal. The fight was a lively and

have easily settled the contest, the hun-

ters preferred to look on and enjoy the

struggle, and leave the fate of the badger

to be settled by the dogs. For ten min-utes the dogs howled and barked, and

would occasionally jump on the enemy.

inserting their teeth in its back, receive

a slight would in return and then retreat a few feet away. A false move-ment would then be indulged in by the

dogs, as though they intended to pounce

upon their victim and kill him without

further parley. The badger soon under-stood their false attacks, and when he

struggle, in which every time the dogs

were driven away with an extra wound

two and came bounding upon the scene,

fresh and in good trim and eager for the

the end, leaving gory marks upon the

that no badger was ever before discov-

ered in this part of Missouri, and the

The American Eagle and the Dogs.

bird was quite small, and from appear-

ances but a few weeks old. Mr. Buff-

ington has his pet confined in the yard

tain bird are really amusing. Measur-

weighing forty pounds, with taions three inches in length, there is but small

his heavy wing, and with a loud scream

he lights upon the back of the terror-

in a manner to stay. Down the street

he goes at breakneck speed. At a dis-

the dog an affectionate adieu, and quietly

returns as though nothing had happened

with whenever the dog can be procured.

lots of it in a mule's hind leg for the fel-

Jose (Cal.) Mercury.

hide of the third antagonist.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Charles Gonter and son were

One thing curious and interesting

Thoughts in a City Church. Forgive toe fault, if sometimes on Thy day, And in Thine house, my prayer bath folded

My spirit turned from Thee to things of sense, And found delight in vain imagining.

Oh, cool and quiet places where men pray! Without, the gentle sound of cawing Within, the country faces flushed with health, The white smocks bent above the dog-

eared books;

Bolt breath of mignonette and scented thyme From the warm hands of children sitting by, And through the open door a veil of elm Across the glory of the summer sky;

The sourd of voices in the shady lane, The trembling heat above some quiet mound-

And here the sunbeams' painting on the wall. The ivy's shimmering shadow on the ground;

And everywhere a presence, without name, Subtle, ineifable-a spell, no more-Breathing from arch and elm, from flower

Ay, from the trodden stones upon the floor-

A something that we know is not, to-day, A somewhat that gives strength to praye

And it we miss it, as we kneel to pray, Art Thou extreme, oh Lord, to mark it wrong?

Nay, for the desolate town was never Thine, Unloveliness hath never part in Thee' Yet where gross man has marred Thy handi-

Souls, it at he could not reach, are white and Tree.

So that I breath the breathe of fragrant lives And learn that where flowers sicken, bearts

The better man within me cries "Content!" Albeit the weaker whispers still "How long?" -Spectator.

old maiden aun's, who regarded me with curiosity and dislike, as if "a bounding human boy "were an odd and because I am to be married must I rather disagreeable animal; but they never feel that a woman is beautiful rather disagreeable animal; but they tolerated me after a while, and did their best for me.

191 Jult that I was intended for something better than to be a clerk in a jewelry store; I used to feel the stir of young ambition in my heart whenever I passed the "Ecole des Pages" in the Sadovoic-that great gilt structure, so imposing, yet of the color of half-baked gingerbread.

But I determined to rise, and, even in the ignoble sphere in which I found myself, I soon made my way, and was at last cofindential clerk in Carnrels & Shoveloff, the greatest house in their line in St. Petersburg.

Old Carnreis had been a diamond-

dealer in Frankfort, and had experience. Shoveloff was a Russian, and had put in a large capital; but we have nothing to do with them.

I found myself at twenty-three in the above-mentioned prosperous situation, and, moreover, engaged to a very pretty girl-an heiress. I had therefore some reason to congratulate myself on a certain December night when, after taking leave of Lisa, I was walk a rapidly home under the sparkling deep blue sky, well wrapped in furs, and quite warmed by my own thoughts.

We were so near the wedding now there was scarcely a chance of faiture. To be sure old Schroeder, a fat, tallowylooking man in the candle trade, had

cept a salary. But the young girl was not say these patients came; they were his only child, and had at last won her always brought. way with him. So it came to pass I had the prospect before me of being a rich man; and I thought of that perhaps more than I did of the young girl who was giving me her heart's purest and best affections. So you will say I and wealth. deserve all that followed; and perhaps I do, but that is poor comfort.

Lisa was a pretty little thing, with hair and eyes like a brown robin, and a winning trusting look that made a man feel like gathering her up in his arms and taking care of her. At the same time she had never stirred the depths of my being, and she was not the least like my ideal. Still I was quite serenely happy the next day as I went about my work, thinking of the future.

"To-morrow, Conrad, my boy," I said to myself, "you will set your foot on another round of the ladder of fortune-you will have one of the best and truest of girls for your bride, and a good round sum with her. She is not a diamond of the first water, to be sure, but more like a pearl-soft, moonbeamy,

At that moment a swish of silken drapery startled me, and the tap of French heels on the floor. I looked up and beheld such a vision of beauty that I felt like closing my eyes as it too much light had dazzled me. A lady, young, yet with the ripeness and bloom of summer, instead of the blush and pro-

mise of spring, stood before me. She was dressed in a costly combination of silk and velvet. She wore a sable cloak, and diamond pendants at her ears. But I scarcely saw the jewels, I had held the case in my hand till ears. But I scarcely saw the jewels, I had held although in that line, for looking into a this moment.

plunged their glances into me—in a strange and heart-fluttering style.

For the rest, the lady had waving golden hair, rippling very low down on her white forehead, a straight Grecian nose, a pale, high bred complexion, with a faint aristocratic bloom in it, and a mouth—ah. well, so rare and sweet no words could do it justice!

"I would like," she said, in a voice that seemed to melt into the air and make it all resonant with music, "to china in one corner that looked like a

make it all resonant with music, "to look at some of your very finest dia-

There was no one in the store that day but Alexis, a young relative of Shove-loff's who was learning the business. Alexis was a youth with fawn-col-

ored hair, white eyelashes and a suety complexion; very absent-minded, and given to writing sonnets to some young Alexand he that he had men at the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kasar. He was rolling up a pair of taded eyes, that looked like boiled gooseber-ries, in a frenzy of poetical composition

that very moment, and seemed quite obvious of the presence that illumined How insanely glad I felt that it was my lot to show the jewels, watching all the time the changing expression of the lovely eyes and the glitter of the golden

The lady wanted the best-of course she did; nothing but regal jewels befitted her royal style of beauty. I showed her all, with a fierce wonder at my heart whether she were choosing for her bridal, whether she were merely ex-amining previous to some gallant young officer or grand noble criving up and finishing the bargain, as his wedding gift to his bride.

There was a superb necklace upon which she had fixed her attention for

some time. "I must own to a weakness for diamonds," she said, with a winning laugh, raising her eyes from the jewels and resting them on mine in a lingering way, that set all my pulses madly beat-

ing, do not wonder at it, madam," I said with an imbecile smile. "The glitting stones must suit you well. They must borrow light from you, though they cannot add to the—"

Here I stopped short. I felt a hot dush rising to my face. What! was I making fullsome compliments to a woman I had never seen before—a customer merely? I wondered she did not scathe me with a glance like heat lightning. I was relieved to hear her laugh.

I an German by birth, but was left an or plan at an early age and sent to St. Petersburg to be "raised" by two glances?

I the distribution of Lisa with a tinge of re-

I thought of Lisa with a tinge of re-proach. Bah! I said the next moment. again? I can admire her as a piece of statuary or a picture. "Yes, I may say I have a passion for

the splendid stones," she went on, gayly, "though they are so cold and white and hard-so soulless, as one might say. My husband indulges me."

Ah, ye gods, her husband!
"He has promised me anything ! choose for the anniversary of our wedding. Fancy, it is the first, you see. Perhaps when we have passed several of these milestones he will not be so complacent."

"I should think time would only increase his rapture." I stammered.
"Oh, you are very gallant!" with a charming gesture. "You should be a charming gesture. "You should be a courtier; but I must not allow you to say such things to me. Ten thousand rubles—with the earrings? Ah, it is a great price, but I think he will not

"He should not !" I said, emphatically.
"No?" with a playful look; "but he must see them first. He is so busy I can never have his company. His position is so confining you know. But of course

you do not know.' She took out a card from a silver fila

"MADAME PIERRE BERNHOFF."

Who had not heard of Doctor Pierre never regarded me with favor.

His Lisa, he thought, should have done much better than to throw herself away on a fellow who had nothing exform far and near—or, rather, I should

> But a man who had made such s reputation must be old, I thought, and I cast'a glance that was half-pity on the blooming woman who had, perhaps, sacrificed herself for a home, position

"I suppose that young man is sane?" she asked, with a glance at Alexis, who was in the throes of composition, and rolling his eyes in an imbecile manner. "Oh, yes-as sane as poeta usually

are," I answered, with a laugh.
"Then I suppose you can leave the place with him while you bring this lovely set to show my husband? My carriage is at the door. There was no trouble about that. Al-

though Alexis was in the clouds, he was very wide-awake when a customer entered, if he was in charge; otherwise, he laid down all responsibility. We drove through the Nevskoi-that

corridor of palaces and churches—past the splendid Alexandra theater and the Place Michel, with its English square, so refreshingly green in summer. Ah, here we are!" she oried, as the carriage stopped before a great, gloomy-

looking building. "I am sorry to have given you so much trouble. The next moment she had opened the door of a room at one side of the

"If you will step in here a moment I will go and see where my husband is. cannot always send a servant after him, because there are times when he must not be interrupted. I think he is

and me, he knows nothing whatever of diamonds. Of brains—diseased brains—he knows considerable, but his ignor-he knows considerable, but his ignor-

china in one corner that looked like a sarcophagus of an ecclesiological pattern, with pinnacie and spire. There was a much-gilded picture of St. Nicholas on the wall—that patron saint who is found in every Russian house.

I did not find much room for speculation in that room, or food for thought. Indeed, I had gotten all through, and I had gotten all through a had gotte

Indeed, I had gotten all through, and was going the rounds again and again rather impatiently.

Perhaps the lady had not found the

Herr Doctor, or he might be hesitating about the price. Impossible to look in her face, I thought, and haggle over

when one is the fortunate possessor of such a jewel—why, the door is locked! I have just turned the knob with the intention of looking out to see if my en-

chantress is coming. I fall back in con-sternation. What does it mean? Before I have a chance to speculate about its meaning, the door opens and two persons enter. A stout man with the complexion of a kidney potato, and a stiff little aureole of red hair. He wears a green cloth suit with gilt but-tons, on which the imperial eagle spreads itself.

The other individual is an old woman, with three chins and a snuffy appear-

"Calmer! What the deuce do you mean?" I asked, turning fiercely on "There, there. Not the least use in

that; all in good time. She will come, never fear; I have seldom seen a more charming and affectionate creature. 'I cannot part with him," she said; 'it wrings my heart.'"

"See here, I can't for the life of me make out what you mean. Let me see the doctor—Doctor Pierre Bernhoff."

The fat man sbrugged his shoulders.
"Well, I am Doctor Pierre Bernhoff."
"Where is your wife?"
He regarded me as one does a trouble-some child, then lifted his eyes with a

"In heaven."

did not show you a case containing ten thousand rubles' worth of diamonds for your decision ?"

"Ah, diamonds." said he, indulgently.
"Yes, yes—so you did. But you must have patience. She's gone now to show them to the Cham of Tartary, whose daughter is to wed to-morrow the Bashi-Bazook of Shiraz, and will wear your jewels on her neck. Ha, ha! Mashouka, you must have help. This is no mild

case, as the lady represented,"
I saw the whole plot at a glance. imbecile fancy had led me straight into I cursed my own folly and began to tell the doctor the truth as rapidly as possible; but I saw it had no effect. begged him to send at once to Carnreis & Shoveloff's for confirmation. I knew Alexis had not least idea of my whereabouts.

The doctor listened patiently, blandly and assented to all. But I felt a horrible certainty that he would do nothing. Why should he trouble himself with the vagaries of a lunatic?

"If monsieur will be patient, it shall all be done—to-morrow, I dare say." "Good God!" I cried, a sudden horror striking a terror to my heart. "I am to be married to-morrow!"

The doctor evidently regarded this as a fresh outburst of insanity. "To be sure, to be sure," he said, soothingly; "but it will all come right. It would have to be rut off any way, for Madame Sniepski has not finished

the wedding dress." "Oh, for heaven's sake!" I cried, in the most abject terror. "do not talk to me in that style, or you will drive me mad in earnest! Can you not see that this woman was an adventuress-that this is a clever trick to rob us of ten thousand rubles' worth of diamonds?"

"It reminds me of the case we had last fall-squint-eyed party--who had been robbed of the Robinson," murmured the doctor to the nurse. And then I lost all command of my-self, and made a mad effor; to escape. I

flung myself suddenly against the doctor and doubled him up; but he old woman flew on me like a tigress, and fought tooth and nail. She was a powerful creature, as were all the employees of the place; and beneath the vast cushions of fat were muscles of steel and a frame of iron. Then she never ceased yelling for help, and, of course, I was overpowered in three moments, while the doctor, recovering from his tempor-ary collapse, glared at me rather vin-dictively, his face the color of rasp-

berry-jam from rage and pain. There was no hope of his listening to anything after that, and I felt that my chance was g. n.. So I allowed myself to be led to a bare cell and locked in.

The sun was going down. I knew that I must spend the night there, and per-haps many a night. How was I ever to be found? Carnrels & Shoveloff migh publish the loss of the diamends. There was a slight hope in that; but it would take a day or two to give the matter publicity, and my wedding was to be to-morrow! Then it was more likely they would go to work in a secret way, which is more popular in Russia, and establishment if it should happen to get

enjoy the ill-gotten gains!
All these things burned and seethed in my brain, till it seemed as if I, too, must break out into important raving, or blood curdling oaths, or passionate prayers, such as re-cehoed through the long corridors about me; for I was in that department of the institution marked "Violent," and I could hear all night long the wails-the groans, the

heads," always awkward, lumbering about, difficult to teach, and never "make anything," in a horse-ological sense. It may be true that these traits my wedding day!
My wedding day! Lisa was kneeling perhaps at that moment breathing a prayer for our future happiness. She was a pious little thing, I knew. I pictured her lifted soft brown eyes, full of for his ignorance, but however much he can be excused on this score, there is a

lears and hopes; her pretty folded I had never loved her enough, but now—now that she seemed slipping away from me, now that a horrible chance hap severed us—she grew suddenly dear and precious.

"Lisa," I groaned "oh, my darling,

pray-pray as you have never done he-fore, for my destiny hangs on that prayer!"

Oh, how slowly the hours crept on!
The little bar of dusty gold that lay upon the floor of my cell grew broader feebly. It seemed thinner as it broadened. I thought of its fading

with three chins and a snuffy appearance.

"Ah!" said the fat gentleman, cheerily, "and how are we by this time?"

I look at him in a puzzled way, and he scrutinizes me.

"Where is the lady?" I ask, somewhat impatiently.

"The lady? Oh, your wife thought it would be pleasanter for her not to see you again just at present. After a few days, when you are at home and calmer."

"Calmer! What the dence do you mean?" I asked, turning fiercely on

with horror.

Good heavens! Is there no help for it—none? Must I sit here, the sport of circumstances—an innocent victim, while my poor girl breaks her heart over the strange delay? I grow frantic. I call out. I implore. I beg the keepers to come to me. I adjure them by the memory of their mothers—of their sweethearts and wives, to listen to me—to believe me—to help me. Then I listen with a quick, throbbing heart. Every days, when you are at home and calmer."

"Calmer! What the dence do you mean?" I asked, turning fiercely on with horror. owner how large a union of fellowship and sympathy exists. In the stable, on the road, if overtaken by an accident, the cool, sensible man is sure to have a quick sympathy from his faithful horse. He trusts his master, as his master trusts him. If the master is quiet, the horse will be samply so knowing every.

not heed me—no one comes!

Oh, only a man to bring me something to eat! I do not see what—I am faint and sick with a great throbbing from head to foot, as if I were all one pulse of pain. I spring forward.

"Oh, for the love of God," I cry, "get me out of this! To-day is my wedding day. This is a cruel mistake! I will give you a hundred rubles if you let me out. I will leave you my watch in pledge. You have only to open the hall door. Think of it—the poor girl that I was to have married is—"

He did not even wait to hear me. He

He did not even wait to hear me. He looked slarmed and hurrried out, leav-

ing me to rave alone.
In vair. I knew the time was past— "Good gracious! Do you mean to surmises and whisperings of the guests, say that I did not drive up here with your wife a half-hour ago, and that she the mute anguish of my poor little girl. the mute anguish of my poor little girl They were disrobing her, perhaps, this very moment, laying as de the pretty dress and filmy veil, to be worn aghin -ah, when? Did she faint, or cry. or lay there dumb with anguish, I won dered? Would her heart say a kind word for me when others were traducing me? Oh, pure and trusting heart,

I have never valued you aright, and now I am punished for it! After that I grew calmer. There was no more hope, and so the quiet of des-pair came to me, and I sat dumbly watching the fading of the bar of sun shine till it looked like a faint golden mist, and then went out in darkness. Another night had come, and I slept from sheer exhaustion. I was awakened the next morning by

a familiar voice. "Hello, old straightjacket, here you are! No end of a row yesterday. Couldn't find a clew to you or the diamonds, or the lady so 'fair, fair, with golden hair.' Ah, my boy, you are too susceptible! But I found the card with her name this morning. You dropped it on the floor, and it got shoved out of sight. I followed it up, and it's all right. The prison-doors unbar. Ri-tu-

ri-ru, the captive breaks his chains." The keeper was regarding Alexis with a suspicous air, as if, instead of freeing any one, he fancied he should have another patient. That young gen tleman always took liberties with me on account of his relationship to Shoveloff, but I never enjoyed them till this morning. I seized his hand as if it had been my dearest friend. I thanked him with effusion.

The doctor did not appear. turned my valuables, but kept himself out of the way. Confusion at his mis-

take had perhaps overcome him. I reached the store to meet the united wrath of the partners. When I informed them that the diamonds were gone, I was at once dismissed from their employ. My offense was in permitting the case of jewels to go out of my hands I had been betrayed into this by the glamor of a pair of bright eyes. I went home disconsolately enough to find a note in my room from old Schroeder.

"Sir-Your infamous conduct derves a punishment that my hands are itching to give you, but I cannot leave my poor heartbroken child. I have been to your place of business, and heard the story of your elopment with a vile adventuress, and robbery of your employers' diamonds immensely valuable. am thankful my child has escaped you I thank God your deprayed taste made you unfaithful to her, and I know she will see the truth in time. I am going to take her away at once from the place Then I had a chance for reflection. be best for you have made hateful to her. It would ANTON SCHROEDER."

So all my plans had toppled down like a child's cardhouse, and I sat despairing among the ruins.

It is wonderful how the modest citi zen, who objects to seeing his name in the paper, will want to whip the entire pair of golden fringed violet eyes that "I can show them to him and he will not breathe a word openly of the loss, in print with one letter left out.—Winrested upon me—well, I might say decide in three moments. Between you and what would become of me in the

Rates of Ac

OneSo	mare (1	inel	one	insc	rtio			
One So	пате	6.6	OB	ome	nth		- 3	100
One Sq	tiaro	-84	thr	ea m	ontl	18 4	6	00
One Sc		11	one	s yes	(E -	4	10	00
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One	4.6	1.6		100			100	00

Legal notices at established rates. Marriage and death notices, gratis.

All bills for yearly advertisements col-lected quarterly. Temporary advertise-ments must be paid for in advance. Job work, Cash on Pelivery.

" Success With Small Fruits."

"I just rolled out here from the grocery," said the little green apple as it paused on the sidewalk for a moment's chat with the banana peel; "I am waiting here for a boy. Not a small, weak, delicate boy," added the little green apple, proudly, but a great big boy, a great hulky, strong, leatherlunged, noisy lifteen-year-older, and little as I am you will see me double up that boy to-night, and make him wail and howl and yell. Oh, I'm small, but I'm good for a ten-acre field of boys and don't you forget it. All the boys in Burlington." the little green apple went on, with just a shade of pitying con-"I just rolled out here from the gro on, with just a shade of pitying con-tempt in its voice, "couldn't fool around me as any one of them fools around a banana."

around a banana."

"Boys seem to be your game."
drawled the banana peel, lazily; "well,
I suppose they are just about strong
enough to afford you a little amusement.
For my own part, I like to take somebody of my size. Now here comes the
kind of a man I usually do business
with. He is large and strong, it is true,
but—"

And just then a South Hill merchant who weighs about 231 pounds when he feels right good came along, and the banana peel just caught him by the foot, lifted him about as high as the awning-post turned him over, banged him down on a potato basket, flattening it out until it looked like a splint door mat, and on a potato basket, flattening it out until it looked like a splint door mat, and the shock jarred everything loose in the show-window. And then while the tallen merchant picked up his property from various quarters of the globe, his silk hat from the gutter, his spectacles from the cellar, his handkerchief from the tree-box, his cane from the show-window, and one of his shoes from the eaves-trough, and a boy ran for the doctor, the little green apple blushed red and shrunk a little back out of sight, covered with awe and mortification.

covered with awe and mortification.
"Ah," it thought, "I wonder if I can ever do that? Alas, how vain I was, and yet how poor and weak and useless I am in this world."

trusts him. If the master is quiet, the horse will be equally so, knowing everything is safe; if the master blusters, or becomes anxious, or exhibits fear, the horse knows it at once, and becomes restive likewise. Oh, that men only knew that horses know much more than they give them credit for, and that they would use them more humanely, as they should, than they now do. Horses are not brutes, they are noble, intelligent, sensible creatures, the most useful animal servant which divine goodness has given to man!—New Enguseless I am in this world."

But the banana peel comforted it and bade it look up and take heart, and do well what it had to do, and labor for the good of the cause in its own useful sphere. "True," said the banana peel, "you cannot lift up a two-hundred-pound man and break a cellar door with him, but you can give him the cholera morbus, and it you do your part the world will feel your power and the medical colleges will call you blessed." goodness has given to man!-New Eng-land Farmer.

And then the little green apple smiled and looked up with grateful blushes on its face and thanked the banana peel for its encouraging counsel. And that very night, an old father, who writes thirteen hours a day, and a patient mother who was almost ready to sink from weariness, and a nurse and a doctor sat up until nearly morning with a thirteen-year-old who was all tv interesting one, and though a shot could of a figure three, while all the neighbors on that block sat up and listened and pounded their pillows and tried to sleep and wished that boy would either die

And the little green apple was pleased and its last words were: "At least I have been of some little use in this great, wide world."

Love that Ciorifles the Humblest Man.

There is nothing in the world so sad as human nature, and the tears come into my eyes now as I think of the pitiful story Tom told me as he smoked his paid no attention to one of them the after supper pipe last night. The other day, just before I came home, Tom had succeeding one was sure to result in a occasion to go over the lake. On his way back, and when the train stopped at the or two, until finally, all worn out and covered with blood, they gave up the bay, he noticed a man getting into the car in front of him with a little baby lying in his arms. The baby seemed fight. A large buildog, owned by a neighbor, heard the noise of the other young, and the man hushed it in his arms with a gentle, rocking motion, bending over it now and then to kiss its white face, the train got under way the conductor came to Tom and fray. The badger was about tired out, and it was but a short time after the serival of the third dog before he was said: " Come with me, I want to show lying dead, having fought bravely to you the saddest, strangest sight you ever saw in your life," and he led the way into the next car. "Do you see that man over there?" said he, and badger is full grown, and probably weighs thirty pounds. His fur is of grayish color, and he is altogether a very pretty anima'. He was looked there sat the man whom Tom noticed with the baby. His precious little bundle lay quiet on the seat in front of him, upon as a great curiosity, from the fact and, as these other two men watched, he leaned over, looked long and earnestly in the little flower face, and then kissed the frail finger-tips he held so gently in his hand. "That baby's dead," said questionis, where did he come from?the conductor. "It died this morning at the bay. He couldn't bear to put it "It died this morning Some three months ago, while hunting in the mountains east of the Twelvein a coffin, because then it would have to go without him in the baggage car, and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms." And the car rat-tled on; the boy called his stale slices mile house, Mr. Buffington captured a young American eagle. At the time the of sponge cake and his cigars through the train; the passengers laughed, and smoked, and fought the mosquitoes; back of his shop, and the many curious monkeyshines indulged in by the mounand he, stricken to the heart's core, sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers ing some eight feet from tip to tip, and that would never again softly clasp his, looking down upon the white lid's that chances for any dogs residing in the neighborhood. For as sure as one makes his appearance the eagle spreads had closed over the bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at nighttime over its delicate heart-and the world was nothing to him .- New Orleans

A Safe on Wheels." The removal of the bureau of engray -

stricken dog. The scene that follows is one of great interest. The dog, without further notice, darts through the side gate and out into the street, with the eagle attached to his back, and that, too, ing and printing to a building half a mile from the United States treasury a Washington has made it necessary t provide new arrangements for transfer of money and bonds between tance of about two blocks the eagle bids the two establishments. The department has had constructed a heavy. van-like wagon, a sort of vault on The same experiment is gone through wheels, built of iron and steel, and arranged internally like a bank vault with a sheet-iron lining. The doors are fast-ened with tremendous bolts and the It does not seem necessary to remark that dogs of any description are seldom seen in that part of the town, and the locks are of the combination order. The body of the concern is painted an same dog never more than once. It would be a blessing to our city if we had one such bird on each block.—San olive color with gilt ornamentation. It was only put into service a short time ago, and when drawn through the street by two immense horses it attracts con-"Have animals a sense of humor?" siderable attention, especially as it is asks Evelyn. They have, and there's always accompanied by five armed agents of the treasury department, two guarding the front and three the rear. low who contracts to lift it up .- Owego