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#### At the Pasture Bars.

Returning lonely from the field She met me at the pasture bars; The moon was like a golden shield, The firmament was lit with stars.

As morning dawn her face was mild, As evening, so her limpid eyes; God never gave a sweeter child For weary man to idolize.

So winsome seemed her artless mirth, Her soft caress and ardent kiss, I thought of all delights of earth The angels surely covet this.

I know they mean to do no ill, But whom they love they lure away; Good angels love her as you will, But leave her with me while I stay.

Just as she is, for I would set The hand of time behind an hour, It that would stay a little yet The bud from blowing to the flower.

And when at length we homeward went The fragrant azure shone so clear, The great familiar firmament I thought had never seemed so near.

So near, the moon above the trees An airy globe of silver swung, And in the dewy tops of these The stars in mellow clusters hung.

So near that I could searce forego The thought that one who longing waits Might hear them singing sweet and low Across the golden portaled gates. -J. P. Irvine.

# THE WIFE'S WAGES.

"Well, Nettie, what do you want?" said Mr. Jarvis to his wife, who stood looking rather anxiously at him after he had paid the factory hands their

week's wages
"Why, Donald," sail she, "I thought
as I had worked for you all the week I would come for my wages, too! You pay Jane two dollars a week, surely I earn that, and I would like very much to have it as my own

"Pshaw, Nettle, how ridiculously you talk! You know that all I have belongs to you and the children—and don't I turnish the house and everything? What under the sun would you do with money if you had it?"

"I know, Donaid, that you buy the necessaries for us all, and I am willing that you should do so still, but I should like a lit le money of my very own. We have been married fifteen years, and in that time I do not seem to have earned a dollar. As far as money is concerned I might as well be a stave. I cannot buy a quart of berries, nor a money, and I should like to be a little more independent."

Mr. Jarvis, proprietor of Jarvis mills. worth thousands of dollars, laughed de-

"You're a fine one to talk of inde-pen lence," he said. "If you should start out to make your own living, you'd fetch up in the poorhouse soon enough. for what could you do to earn a living! The girls in the factory know how to do their work, and they earn their wages. When I have paid them my duty is done, but I have to board and clothe you, and take care of you when you are sick. If I had to do that for the girls, they would have precious little money left, I can tell you."

"Donald, I gave up a good trade when I married you. For five years I had supported myself by it, and many a time since have I envied myself the purse of those days. As for my not carning an thing now, I leave it to you to say whether it would be possible to hire another to take my place; and how much do you suppose it would cost you to do without me a year? I know the girls have but little left after paying their expenses, but they enjoy that little so much. Allie Watson supports herself and her mother with her wages, and they both dress better than I do. Jennie Hart is helping her father pay off the mortgage on his farm, and she is so happy that she can do so. Even Jane, the kitchen girl, has more freedom than I, for out of her own money she is laying by presents for her relatives, and will send them Christmas, as much to her own pleasure as theirs. Yesterday by presents for her relatives, and an Indian woman was at the hou e with such handsome bead work to sell, and, although I wanted some money so much, I had not a dollar! I telt like crying when Jane brought in her week's wages and hought half a dozen articles that I wanted so much. You often say that all you have is mine, but five dollars would have given me more pleasure yesterday than your hundreds of thousands

of dollars worth of property did."
"No doubt of that, Mrs. Jarvis. You have no idea of the value of money, and would have enjoyed buying a lot of bead trash that wouldn't be worth a cent to anybody. Jane needs a guardian if she fools away her money like that. She will be in the poorhouse yet if she don't look out. It's lucky that men do hold the money, for there's not one woman in

a hundred who knows how to use it!"
"For shame, Donald Jarvis! You know better! Look at Jerry and Milly Creg, will you, and say that he makes the best use of his money. She is at home with her parents every night, making her wage go as far as possible toward making them comfortable, while he is carousing in the village, wasting his time and money, and making a brute of himself besides. And why does Mrs. Sarton come to receive her husband's wages herself; simply because he cannot get by the saloon with money in his pocket, and if she did not get the money they would all go hungry to bed the day after his wages are paid. And I believe that every woman who earns money here spends it as wisely as the average of men, and I have yet to hear of one of them being in debt."

Mr. Jarvis knew that he could not wife a legacy, thus allowing her to be stock.

gainsay a word his wife had said, for independent of his purse. The idea of they were all true. Luckily he thought her earning money, as his other work-

of Jane.

"Well, how much do you suppose
Jane will have left when New Year
comes? If she should get sick how long could she pay for care such as you have?"

"It is not likely she will lay up many dollars out of a hundred a year; but she is laying up something better, I think. Last winter she sent her mother a warm shawl and a pair of shoes, and to her brother and sister money to buy new school books, and the warm, loving letters they send her do her more good than twice the amount of money in the bank would. This year she is laying by a number of useful and pretty things for them, and if-any misfortune should happen to Jane they would only be too glad to help her."

"Well, who do you suppose would help you if you needed help?" said Mr. Jarvis, for want of a better question. Mrs. Jarvis' eyes sparkled angrily as \$10

"Nobody. If you should lose your property to-day I should be a beggar, without a claim on any one for help. You have always held your purse strings so tightly that it has been hard enough to ask for my own necessities, leaving others out altogether. Many a time a dollar or two would have enabled me to do some poor man or woman untold good, but although you have always said that all your property was mine, I never could and cannot now command a

"Lucky you couldn't, if you wanted to spend it on beggars."

"Donald, you know that I would speed money as wisely as you do. Who was it that, only last week, gave a poor lame beggar five dollars to pay his fare to Burton, and then saw him throw his crutches aside and make for the nearest saloon? Your wife could not do worse if trusted with a few dollars. You say that the money is all mine, yet you spend it as you please, while I cannot spend a dollar without asking you for it, and telling what I want it for. Any beggar can get it the same way! Christmas you bought presents for us and expected us to be very grateful for them.
A shawl for me of the very color that I cannot wear, a set of furs for Lucy that she did not need, a drum for Robin that has been a nuisance ever since, and a lot of worthless toys that were all broken up in a week. There was forty or fifty dollars of my money just the same as thrown away, yet when I ask you to trust me with two dollars a week you cannot imagine what use I have for it, and fear it will be wasted. I am sure I could not spend fifty dollars more foolishly if I tried to."

"Well," snapped the proprietor, "I guess it is my own money, and I can spend it as I please. I guess you'll know it, too, when you get another present. "Oh, it is your money then. I under-stood you to say it was all mine, and in-

book, without asking you for the tended to protest against your spending it so foolishly. If it is your own, of course, you have a right to spend it as you please, but it seems to me that a woman who left parents and brothers and sisters, and all her friends, to make a home for you among strangers, a woman who has given her whole life to you for fifteen years, might be looked upon with as much favor as you give to beggars. who are very likely to be impostors. I know that you seldom turn them off without help. Perhaps I would be more successful if I appealed to you as a beggar. I might say, kind sir, please allow to me out of your abundant means a small pittance for my comfort. It is true that I have enough to eat, although I work for my master from morning till night, and if his children happen to be sick, from night until morning again, yet he does not pay me as much as he does his cook, and I am often greatly distressed for want of a trifling sum which he would not mind giving to a perfect stranger! The other day while he was from home, I had to go to the next station to see a dear friend who was ill, and, not having a dollar of my own, I was obliged to borrow the money from his cook. I was so mortified! And not long since the berrywoman came with such nice berries to sell, and my little girl, who was not well, wanted some very badly, but I had not even five cents to pay for a handful for her. Yesterday a friend came to ask me to assist in a work of charity. It was a worthy object, and I longed so much to give her a little money for so good a purpose, but though the wife of a rich man I had no money. Of course I might ask my husband for money, and if I told him all about what I wanted with it, and he approved of my purpose, and was in a good humor, he would give it to me; but, sir, it is terribly slavish to have to do so, even if I could run to him every time I wanted anything. People say I am a fortunate woman because my husband is rich, but I often envy the factory girls their ability to earn and spend their own money. And sometimes I get so wild thinking about my helplessness that if it was not for my children I think I should

just drop into the river and end it all.' "Nettie! Nettie Jarvis! What are you saying?" cried the startled husband at last, for the far away look in her eyes as if she did not see him, but was looking to some higher power to help her, touched his pride, if it did not his heart, for he had a good deal of pride in a selfish sort of way. He was proud to be able to support his family as well as he did. He was proud to think he did it himself. He was proud that when his children needed new shoes he could tell his wife to take them to Crispin's and get what they needed. He did it with a flourish. He was not one of the stingy kind-he liked to spend money; and when Nettie, who was once the most spirited young lady of his acquaintance, came meekly to him for dress or cloak, he was some times tempted to refuse her money just to show her how helpless she was without him. Yes, he was proud of his family, and wanted them to feel how much they depended upon him. He would have

her earning money, as his other work-folks did, never entered his mind. He "supported her," that was his idea of their relations! He never had happened to think that it was very good of her to take his money and spend it for the good of himself and children. He never had thought that any other woman would have wished big pay for doing it. He had even thought himself very generous for allowing her money to get things to make the family comfortable. Things began to look differently to him just now. Could it be that he was not generous, not even just to his wife! Had he paid her so poorly for her fifteen years of faithful labor for him that if she had been obliged to begin the world for herself that day it would have been as a penniless woman, notwithstanding the houses, the lands and mills that he had so often told her were all hers; for

he knew, as every one else did, that not

one dollar of all he had would the law allow her to call her own. How fast he thought, standing there at the office window looking down at the little houses where the mill hands lived. Could it be possible that his wife envied them anything? Could it be that he was not as good a man as he thought? He had felt deeply the wrongs of the slaves, whose labors had been ap-propriated by their masters, and when a negro, who had worked twenty years for his master before the emancipation freed him, came to Jarvis mills, friendless and penniless, the heart of the pro-prietor swelled with indignation at such

injustice. He was eloquent on the sub-ject, at home and abroad, and won-dered how any one could be so cruel and selfish as to commit such an outrage against justice. He had called him a robber many a time, but now Donald Jarvis looked to himself very much like the old slaveholders! Massa Brown had taken the proceeds of Cuffee's labor for his own without a "thank you" for True, when Cuffee eat he had given him tood, when he was sick he had given him medicine, and he had clothed him, too, just as he himself thought best. Mr. Jarvis had married a loving, conscientious woman, and for fifteen years had appropriated her labors. Her

recompense had been food and clothes, such as he thought best for her. A little better than Cuffee's, perhaps, but the similarity of the cases did not please him. He had expected his wife to be very grateful for what he had done for her, but now he wondered that she had not rebelled long ago. Had his life been a mistake? Had his wife no more money or liberty than Cuffee had in condage. Was Donald Jarvis no better

than Massa Brown? His brain seemed to be in a muddle, and he looked so strangely that his wife, anxious to break the spell, took his tempt force, and they, on reflection, arm, saying "Let us go home, dear, tea his hat in a dreamy way and they walked home in silence. The children ran joyously to meet them. The yard was so fresh and green, and the flowers so many and bright, that he wondered he had never thanked Nettie for them all. Hitherto he had looked upon them as his, but now he felt that his interest in them was only a few dollars, that would not have amounted to anything without his wife's care. His children were tidy and sweet, and everything around and in the house had that cheery look that rested him so after the hard, dull day at the mill. They sat again at the table, which had been a source of comfort and pleasure to him so many years, and he wondered how he could nave enjoyed it so long without even thanking the woman who had provided t. True she had used his money in bringing it all about, but how else could his money be of use to him? Who else could have turned it into just what he needed day after day for years? And he began to have an undefined feeling that

it took more than money to make a home. He glanced at his wife's face as he buttered his last slice of bread. It was not that of the fair, rosy bride whom he had brought to the mills years before, but at that moment he realized that it was far dearer to him, for he knew that she had given the bloom and freshness of her youth to make his home what it was. His daughters had her rose-leaf cheeks, his sons her youthful vitality, all had her cheerful, winsome ways, and comforted him now as she had in those days when, hardly knowing what care meant, she had lived for him alone.

And a new thought came to him. "Who was comforting her now when she had so much care?" Was not that what he promised to do when he brought her from her old home? He sighed as he thought how far he had drifted from her while holding her in a bondage equal to Cuffee's. Nay, he felt that her claims were far more binding than any which had ever held the negro, and that his obligations to her

were so much the greater.

Something called the children out doors, and Mr. Jarvis took his easy His wife came and stood beside "I fear you are not well, Donald, or are you displeased with me?"

He drew her into his arms and told her how her words had showed him what manner of man he was, and there were words spoken that need not be written, but from that day forth a different man was the proprietor of the Jarvis mills, and there was a brighter light in Mrs. Jarvis' eyes, for at last she had something of her own, nor has she regretted that she "applied for wages."

The German sou lptor, Muller, whose magnificent statue of "Prometheus Bound " has just been bought for sixty thousand marks by the government and placed in the Berlin national gallery, was, when a poor boy, a cook in a Munich hotel.

Some twenty stallions and six or eight mare colts have been shipped from Nor-

Trouble With the Obelisk.

Commander Gorringe, in charge of the vessel which brought Cleopatra's needle from Alexandria, Egypt, to New York, had considerable trouble in getting away with the khedive's present: "I would rather," he said, when pressed for a description of the fight he was compelled to make at Alexandria before and after the removal of the monolith from its long occupied site, "drop a curtain over that entire affair. I hate to think that there are in this world so many picayune and disagreeable people as those who opposed my work in Alexandria. I desire, however," he added, "to give to the American con-ular agent at Alexandria—Constantine M. Salvago, a Greek merchant of that city—the credit and praise that is due to him for his share in the enterprise. But for his influence among the merchants of Alexandria, which was constantly ex-erted in my behalf, I fear we would have had much more serious trouble than befell us."

"What was the nature or form of the opposition to your removal of the obe-

lisk?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, it took a dozen different forms," replied the lieutenant. "The Egyptians themselves were, I think, well pleased with the gift of the khedive to the great country of the United States, for which country they have unqualified and unbounded respect and admiration, but the population of Alexandria consists in a very limited degree of Egyptians. It is made up of Greeks and Englishmen, Italians and Frenchmen, and Syrian Jews. The latter were most bit-ter in their objection to the removal of the needle."

"For what reason?" asked the reporter.
"Ah," replied Commander Gorringe, that is just what I would like to know. For no reason apparently beyond the reason entertained by the famous dog who made a resting-place in the manger. I really do not know why it was, but there was certainly at first a very gen-eral opposition on the part of the foreigners at Alexandria (who, by the way, pay no taxes, being under consular jurisdiction) to any disturbance of the obelisk. All of a sudden they were seized with the deepest and liverest in-terest in the ancient monument, which for years had stood neglected in the outskirts of the city near the Ramleh depot. The 'young bloods,' swore that the obelisk should not be removed. I was told by a friend that a sort of society had been formed for the purpose of opposing the removal by force. I imagine, however, that there was never very much backbone to that society. At all events, I told my informant that in my humble opinion it would be poor policy and exceedingly dangerous for those seemed to arrive at the same conclu-

"Were there any threats of personal violence against yourself?" asked the reporter. Commander Gorringe shrugged

shoulders and answered with a doubtful sort of a "no." He admitted, how-ever, that while walking in the bourse" one morning he was loudly hissed. "What did you do?" asked the re-

"I deliberately retraced my steps, was the reply, "and the hissing stopped."

A forcible detention of the obelisk having been decided to be at too great a risk, the foreign population of Alexandria next attempted to clog his work with legal barriers. All sorts of injunctions and stop papers were issued by the mixed courts of the city. One man made affidavit-or whatever is the Egyptian equivalent of that process— that the removal of the obelisk would seriously endanger the stability of his house. It being shown that the gentleman's house was not nearer than 212 yards from the base of the monument, his complaint was thrown out of court. The next step taken to impede the progress of the removal came in the form of a sort of combination which seemed to have been formed for the sole and express purpose of cheating the Ameri can commander. It was with the utmost difficulty that he could make the slightest purchase without being cheated and defrauded. "I really do not know," said Commander Gorringe, "why I am rehearsing all this that is past and gone. I assure you I would much sooner forget all about it." "But the opposition to your work

did not continue to the last, did it?" asked the reporter. "In some quarters-yes," was the re ply, "but not as a common thing." When you first removed the stone

from the perpendicular, was there any

demonstration of disapproval?"

"There was an immense crowd assembled, but the intense and universal curiosity with which the process was regarded seemed to preclude ail other feelings. You remember we made the first attempt to lower the obelisk on December 3, two days before it actually was lowered. Well, on that occasion the Russian admiral sent a guard of soldiers to see that the work was not interfered with. Hence, you see, he feared trouble if nobody else did."

Why He Wouldn't Go Fishing.

Billy Manning could tell the funniest thing in the world, and never "crack a smile." On one occasion he overtook the writer on Fourth street, St. Louis. I hadn't seen him for two years, but he came up and began to talk just as if we had been in company together ten min-utes before. Said he: "Some of the boys want me to go a-fishing. I told them I couldn't go, as I dien't know anything about fishing, and besides I 'You needn't take any tackle, they said. 'But how will you catch fish without tackle?' I asked.
'Nothing easier,' they replied. 'Kerosene oil.' 'How are you going to catch fish with kerosene oil?' 'Go out in a considerable add one-half pound of mandy to Bloomington, Ill. Three of | boat; pour kerosene oil on the water; the horses weighed 2,016 pounds each, the fish come up and swallow it; it

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Pigs on Dairy Farms.

A dairyman writes that he finds there is no more profitable stock to keep on a dairy farm than good pigs. He keeps two pure Berkshire brood sows and one boar, and raises four litters each year The litters average eight each, and the pigs are sold when they are between four and five months old to make room for the new litters. They then weigh from 120 to 150 pounds dressed, and sell for seven cents a pound. Last year his pigs brought him in over \$250, and they did not cost \$50 outside of the skimmed milk and the buttermilk which they consumed. He has tried several kinds, Chester Whites, Yorkshires, Suffolks, grade Berkshires, and pure ones, and finds the pure Berkshire and the hall breed of this breed and Chester White the best feeders. The meat of these two kinds will sell more readily than any others, being lean and fat mixed, while Essex, Suffolk and Yorkshire are all too fat for sale in the summer time. He cures the hams and the sides for bacon, and finds it is more profitable than selling the carcasses. He don't think anything on a dairy farm pays so well as good pigs properly managed.

How to Have Chickens Fit to Est.

Don't imagine that it makes no diference how your chickens have been brought up. Don't suppose that they will be good anyhow. Chickens have been carefully dressed, deliciously stuffed, and yet they were not fit to eat. There was a flavor about them that no soda rinsings could cleanse and no seasoning conceal. These were chickens that had picked up their living around pig styes and other unclean places. A chicken may be spoiled in dressing it to cook. If killed with a full crop, and allowed to lie for hours before it is "drawn" or relieved of its internal organs, it gets an unpleasant flavor. Fowls should be caught and shut up without food for twelve hours before they are beheaded. Then the crop and intestines will be empty, and the task of picking and dressing it will be greatly essened. Old fowls are not necessarily tough-only cook them long enough. They are more tender twenty-four hours after they are killed than if eaten imme-

Transplanting by Night.

A gentleman anxious to ascertain the effect of transplanting by night instead of by day, made an experiment, with the following result: He transplanted ten cherry trees while in bloom, commencing at four o'clock in the after-noon. Those transplanted during day-light shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those transplanted in the dark maintained their condition fully. He did the same with en dwarf trees after the fruit was onethird grown. Those transplanted during the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected the crop and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots. The incident is fully vouched for, and if a few similar experiments produce a like result, it will be a strong argument to horticulturists, etc., to do much work at night.

# Propagating Hoses.

It is always very desirable, with those who have a very few choice roses, to have some extra ones, either to give a friend or to enlarge the flower garden. To do this, select ripened shoots, wellbranched, near the ground (preferring those limbs that, if cut off, would make a nice bushy plant), and with a sharp knife hack or notch the under side. so that, when bent, it will come in contact with the soil. These notche should be five or six in number, through to the heart or pitch. Now bend the limb down, and with the knife slit the limbs one and one-half inch up toward the end of the top, just below the notches, and be careful not to break the limb. Cover two inches in the sandy soil and lay a brick or stone over it to keep it down. Keep the soil moist, and by spring the roots will have formed, often four and five inches long. when it can be easily removed. most difficult roses root easily this way. -American Cultivator.

LEMON PUDDING -The peels of two arge lemons grated on sugar, or boiled and beaten in a mortar, half a pound of sugar, the juice of a large lemon, half a pound of butter, ten eggs, leaving out half of the whites. Beat all together, and putting a puff vaste in the bottom of your plate, bake it.

GINGERBREAD NUTS .- One quart of molasses, three pints of flour, one pint corn meal, one pound of butter, half a pound of coarse brown sugar, an ounce of allspice, a teaspoonful of cloves, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and two ounces of ginger. Put the molasses in a mug. then add to it the butter and sugar; have on the fire a saucepan of boiling water, in which set the mug and its contents. Let it stand until the butter and sugar are dissolved. In the mean time mix the spices, all pounded, with the flour and meal. Afterward knead the whole together, and cut into cakes not larger in circumference than a silver half dollar. Bake them about a quarter of an hour, but be careful not to let them burn.

Rolls.-One cup of warm milk, one teacup yeast, one and a half quarts flour, when this sponge is light, work in a well-beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teacupful of soda dissolved in hot water, one tablespoonful of white sugar, flour to make a soft dough; let it rise four or five hours before putting on the baking pan.

brown sugar, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, two tablespoontule of allepice, and the rist averaged about 1.900. They aggravated if any one had left his are to be brooded with common Western throw it up, and you hit em in the head with a club. "—San Francisco Argus."

It is considerably better than any catsup with corned beef.

#### A Harvest Song.

With beauty crowned, the bearded grain Basks in the harvest sun; The nurture needed for its growth From countless sources won.

The cool winds kiss the golden heads, I he skies bend soft and blue; And while men sleep, celestial hands Shake down the balmy dew.

And day by day, in rain and shine. Its story sweet is told Of Him whose tender love and care

The helpless world intold. For the old Judean miracle Each year is wrought again; With His own hand the Master gives

Bread to the sons of men. And never, while the rainbow spans The storm-cloud's misty trail,

Shall seed-time with its promise cease, Nor harvest-blessing fail! -Mary E. Sleight.

#### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Over \$10,000,000 a year are expended in private horticulture in Great Brita'n

There is not much danger when it rains "cats and dogs," but when it Spitz dogs, look out.

A Russian physicist maintains that the quantity of water on the earth's surface is diminishing.

Enormous natural caverns, one 600 feet long, have lately been found near Wells, Somerset, England. Mrs. Betsy Rice, of Lower Saucon township, Pa., is 107 years of age. She does not use spectacles, and is remarka-

bly active. A young lady suggested to her father the other day that they save all their old ice and give it to the poor.—New York Herald.

Of 100 patents issued from the government office in Washington ninety-eight never pay back the amount of the fee to

A bad little Philadelphia boy made his mother's hair rise the other day. He stole her switch for kite bobs .-Philadelphia Chronicle.

"If you feel like sneezing," says an English physician, "throw yourself flat on your back." And yet there are people who say that they can sneeze just as well standing up.

A man in Fannin county, Texas, re-cently caught a deer in a fish net. It appears that the animal was chased by dogs and, jumping into the net, became entangled in it and was captured. The Astor library at New York sends

its books to be bound in England, for economy. The price of binding an or-dinary thick octavo volume in half morocco in New York is \$1.50; in London about \$1.

The suburban who talks most eloquently of crops, flocks or herds, is he who has lived all his days between the pent-up walls of a city until week betore last. Fresh knowledge is what gives a man the itch.

"You see," said a lively old bachelor, on being advised to get married, "you see I can't do it, because I could not marry a woman I didn't respect, and it would be impossible for me to respect a woman that would consent to marry

A remarkable occurrence lately took place on the northern coast of California. A fore-and-aft schooner, while lying in a safe harbor, as was supposed, and having no crew on board on account of the safety of the position, was boarded by rats in such numbers that they ate away all her standing rigging, including headstays, and also the jibs, foresail and mainsail. All were destroyed beyond the possibility of repair.

# Story of a Wonderful Cure.

The papers have been commenting on the "summer stories" published in dif-ferent parts of the country, but the fol-lowing from the Catholic Mirror, published at Baltimore, co.ipses anything that has yet appeared: Mr. James Patterson, of this city, has a little daughter Katie, who is now nearly ten years old. Some five years ago she began to have a slight occasional pain in one of her knees, which became a trifle enlarged, and her parents took her to one of the leading physicians of Baltimore, who made light of the trouble, and gave some medicines that did the child no good. The enlargement increased, and when the father took her to another doctor, who also stands high in his profession, he pronounced it a case of white swelling, and he treated her for it. But ne did not succeed in curing her. Finally, she was placed in the care of an eminent surgeon, who has since died. He, too, failed. The swelling re-The swelling remained, and the tendons of the got drawn up so, that the child could not put her foot down flat on the ground. Her father had great faith in the apparitions at Knock. He wrote to Ireland to some friends for some of the mortar from the chapel there, but before it arrived an acquaintance gave him about a tablespoonful of water in which some of the mortar had been dissolved. That was about two months ago. The same evening he took the child in his lap, rubbed some of the water on her knee in the sign of the cross, saying some prayers at the same time, and then gave her the rest of the water to drink. He then went to his work as a watchman, and when he returned home the next morning he was met by his daughter, who greeted him with the words: "Papa, my knee is as well as ever it was." And sure enough the swelling had disappeared, the sinews had grown soft, and the little girl could waik as well with one foot as with the other. The cure is perfect. Since that day there has been no pain, and it is w impossible to tell which knee was